

**TOWARDS A PHILOSOPHY OF THEATRE INSPIRED BY
ARISTOTLE'S *POETICS* AND POST-STRUCTURALIST
AESTHETICS IN RELATION TO THREE SOUTH AFRICAN PLAYS**

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This is to certify that the work described in this thesis and portfolio is my own. No part of this thesis or portfolio has been presented or is currently submitted in candidature for any degree at any other university.

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Date: 10th April 2014

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EPIGRAPH

“Reality is ungraspable. For convenience we use a limited reality consensus in which work can be done, transport arranged, and essential services provided. The *real* reality is something else - only the strangeness of it can be taken in and that's what interests me: the strangeness of human consciousness; the strangeness of life and death; the strangeness of what the living and the dead are to one another; and the strangeness of ideas - Orpheus and Eurydice for example, Miranda and Caliban, King Kong and Fay Wray - that seem to have been with us from long before the stories of them happened.

The real reality, the flickering of seen and unseen actualities, *the moment under the moment*, can't be put into words; the most that a writer can do - and this is only rarely achieved - is to write in such a way that the reader finds himself in a place where the unwordable happens off the page. Most of the time it doesn't happen but trying for it is part of being the hunting-and-finding animal one is. This process is what I care about and what I write is as much process as product.

Russell Hoban foreward to *The Moment Under the Moment* (1992)

THIS THESIS IS DEDICATED TO SOLOMON PLAATJE (1876-1932) founding member of the South African Native National Congress (which became the African National Congress in 1912). Plaatje was the translator of *The Comedy of Errors* and *Julius Caesar* into Setswana and a pioneer in Setswana orthography, a journalist for the first Setswana language newspapers, fluent in English, Dutch, Afrikaans, German, and many African languages, author of the first South African novel written by a black African in English - *Mhudi* (1919/1930) - and a historian of African life under British and Boer colonial rule (Willan 1984). I admire the courage of a man who could interpret at the summary trial of a starving African, sentenced to death by Colonel Baden-Powell's officers for stealing a goat during the siege of Mafeking (Pakenham:208), could

record in his *Boer War Diary* the executions of Africans forced to carry messages for either side when captured (*ibid.* p. 102) and could with objectivity and passion become one of the first historians of what Eddie Roux in 1948 quoting the Caribbean slave proverb termed “Time longer dan rope”. Time, however, is running out, and the rope of oppression is already being used by black ruling elites to tie up those who they in effect disenfranchise and to sweep away the benefits of educational and infrastructural colonisation in repeated acts of African state terrorism or because of a state of anarchy present in the extensively crime-ridden, elective oligarchy of the new South Africa. Plaatje (“the little short one”) shares his Afrikanerised name with another hero of small stature - Plato - a nickname by which this other physically diminished person is known to us, who with Aristotle his pupil and later colleague have inspired this attempt to locate a small part of South African theatre in an ancient Greek context. I hope this is in the tradition of an enlightenment project of which, as Jurgen Habermas suggested is a modernity preserving a secret tie to the classical (Habermas 1985: 4).

And for Hilary, Justine, Philip, Neill, Jamie, Tom, Lola, Joe, Matt, Anna and Renee – for their encouragement, criticism and humour.

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ABSTRACT: TOWARDS A PHILOSOPHY OF THEATRE INSPIRED BY ARISTOTLE'S *POETICS* AND POST-STRUCTURALIST AESTHETICS IN RELATION TO THREE SOUTH AFRICAN PLAYS.

I have attempted a reading of Aristotle in terms of *mimesis*, *ethos*, *mythos*, *lexis*, *hamartia*, *anagnorisis*, *peripeteia*, catharsis and *anamnesis* - as an existential "being-there" (*Dasein*) of the characters' freedom and actual historicity - in three of my plays in which I performed or witnessed in productions in England, Wales, three Scandinavian countries, the U.S. and South Africa. I have analysed other Southern African "womanist" performative drama and feminist theatre. I assume with the ancient Greeks that in serious theatre there is *theoria*, an educated, discursive looking, which involves a dialectics of *logos* in *dianoia* intertwined in the *mythos* - ethical truth in the discourse of the plot. Whilst aesthetics cannot be reduced to psychobiography, creative writing is motivated in part by the author's and the dramatic subjects' psychoanalytically understood personal and political unconscious placed in the *ethos* - the character on the stage. The aesthetics of tragedy relate to both *peripeteia* (reversals) and *anagnorisis* (recognition of responsibility) which occur within an arc of development, crisis and denouement of the vicissitudes of purported wisdom in understanding how performative drama and critical theatre have been presented in what has become known as The Struggle in a post-apartheid South Africa and post-colonial Zimbabwe by comparison with historical conditions in South America, India, even China. The values of *nous*, *phronesis* and *sophia*, intuitive, practical and interpretative wisdom are connected to the *Nicomachean* and *Eudemian Ethics* with which the tragic-comic hero and his Other are imbued or violate. The post-structuralist aesthetic as developed in the literary theory of the twentieth century is essentially the interaction of *synchronic* and *diachronic* language emerging from the *signifiante* and the *semiosis* of the *chora* (the feminine or maternal unconscious) within the de-familiarisation techniques of Russian and Czech Formalism. This provides a creative and meaningful limit to a consciousness of being-white and being-black-in-the-world against disempowering Nothingness or perceived Otherness threatening moral beings. Nothingness and the Other are characterised magically and as witch-craft in oral-cultures which deny the unconscious and resort to paranoia and persecution of Otherness in the subject projected onto the other - the "colonial personality". *Shades of Brown* has been re-written as *Jannie Veldsman - A Film*

Scenario and I have incorporated into a revised *The Cape Orchard* a retrospective anticipation of the coming of the new South Africa. I reflect on what tragic drama on the stage and in real life in South Africa means now that the new South Africa is over its honeymoon period and faces serious problems of failed governance. Within the dialectic of an enlightened rabbinical morality of Hillel the Elder (“What is hateful to you do not do to others....” and “If I am not for myself who will be for me...?”) and Kant’s categorical imperative of human beings as *a priori* ends, I follow the fortunes of an old Jewish veteran of The Struggle, dating back to the Defiance Campaign of 1952/3. Fugard’s work is exemplary in fostering a sense of Sartre’s Nothingness and nihilation which “haunts” Being and is the space of undecidability in relation to my condition of freedom allowing the transcendence of Being. Being asserts reparation and redemption in the face of the depressive and paranoid subject/object split in the subject’s being-in-the-world. Plays ideally submerge this existentialist, psychoanalytic and Aristotelian dramaturgy in the form of Kierkegaard’s *faith* and Nietzsche’s *will* which are part of the Encompassing in Karl Jasper’s metaphysics - the residue of a Judaeo-Christian ethics facing the *anomie* and *aporia* of the post-modern. The new South Africa was only ostensibly built on Greek and Judaeo-Christian secular ethics – “truth and reconciliation”. It inherited state, revolutionary and criminal violence, as well as a sophisticated economic infrastructure, mass-poverty and a segregated educational, social and welfare system which in the *milieu* of ANC incompetence and corruption have for the very poor got worse but to the benefit of a new African oligarchy, the beneficiaries of a dysfunctional affirmative action policy. What is to be done? Irigaray’s striking metaphor “the speculum of the Other woman” suggests that we are reflected by the instrument we use for investigating what may be Other to us: “we” are westerners trying to live in Africa. “We” are Other – not as autochthonous as the African majority. But the autochthonous can also behave as Other and may even fail to recognise the Other in themselves. Franz Fanon’s “colonial personality”, like ex-president Thabo Mbeki, misunderstands the colonial Other *in himself* which, disastrously, he projects and attacks in the *imaginary* and *persecutory* Other, only to suffer the return of the Real, as do the dramatic fictions Van Tonder in *Shades of Brown*, Dianne Cupido in *The Cape Orchard* and Harry Grossman the old man’s son in *The Zulu and the Zeide* (inspired by a short story by Dan Jacobson).

The Russian and Czech Formalists and Structuralists show us how to foreground the Real through techniques of de-familiarisation which can be applied to modernist and post-modernist “womanist” performance drama and feminist theatre. De-familiarisation, especially in an Africa struggling between failed and successful colonialism and often ruled by more or less corrupt elites, sensitizes us to a moral nihilism which characterises the failed African state - described by Conrad as a “heart of darkness” transcended in *aletheia* – being oneself in the self-showing light of one’s *ethos* operating through a personal and political unconscious mystified in the rhetoric of oral-cultures. Playwrights such as Yael Farber, Fraser Grace, Aletta Bezuidenhout and Fatima Dike express a *semiosis* of the unconscious and the *signifiante* and “absurdity” of *logos* suggesting that all is not lost in post-apartheid Southern Africa as regards human values, whilst struggling with the political correctness demanded in The Struggle. A partially successful colonialism in parts of Africa could within a British education system, produce a Wole Soyinka who transcends the propaganda of agit-prop by showing the parabolic arc of tragedy afflicted with *peripeteia*. The weight of African backwardness is not only the negative heritage of colonialism and slavery but Africa’s immersion in traditional partially modernised, but still patriarchal, often tribally and religiously split oral-cultures. These enable the colonial personality to unconsciously or opportunistically exploit his paranoiac sense of his victimage at the expense of the writing-cultures of development which entail *anamnesis* and the redemption through *anagnorisis*.

CRITICAL COMMENTARY

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION, CIVILIZATIONS, COLONIALISM

The production and adaptation of ancient Greek drama in South Africa is the subject of research by Aktina Stathaki (2009). She concludes (p.286 ff.) that the African majority is effectively cut off from a classical literary theatre usually produced in English and Afrikaans, although the Greek classics have been translated into and are produced in the Bantu languages and have been adapted to the South African *milieu*. The main public and artistic stimulus for ancient Athenian theatre in South Africa is white, educated and middle class. The problem for the mass of the African population is not language *per se* but educated literacy and the multiplicity of their social and educational problems. This applies even to post-apartheid adaptations of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides which identify with the liberation struggle. The new South Africa has not succeeded for the poor and leaves the would-be critical Chorus in an *aporia* - a moral *cul de sac* – the nihilism of the post-modern - which the clichés of anti-colonialism do not address. Stathaki reviews English-language productions of the *Medea* and the *Oresteia* by Fleischman and Reznick (2008) and other drama graduates' re-working highly relevant themes of revenge, truth and reconciliation in post-apartheid South Africa. She acknowledges, as well, a community theatre, addressing issues like corruption, which do reach out to the African population. By all accounts in 2009, when she was researching, fifteen years after the new South Africa was initiated, the old categories of race evidently still did still correlate with class and education even taking into account a growing educated black and brown middle class. Lack of educated literacy, then, seemed to a Greek classicist to be a barrier to the drama she hoped would make the ancient Greece *zeitgeist* meaningful in another society, in one respect like 5th and 4th BCE Athens, using ritualistic masks, dance and music, half-way between orality and writing, south of the Limpopo River. Her odyssey was revealing: not *ex Africa semper aliquid novi*. Educated literacy, already an old problem, may have got worse since the end of apartheid because of a dysfunctional black economic empowerment programme driving professionals of all ethnic groups to emigrate and, ignoring talent, leaving behind the most incompetent, loyalist cadres of an ideologically driven ANC government (Johnson 2010: pp.432, 443).

Yael Farber, a native-born white South African, in her play *Molora* (2009) which means “ash” in SeSotho, displaces this issue of ideological *aporia* by looking back to The Struggle although the liberation movement *per se* cannot deal with the scandalous corruption and crime of the present. The retrospective looking back to The Struggle is something of an ideological ploy – seeking out moral vindication from the anti-apartheid past instead of facing the corruption and stagnation produced by affirmative action which favours a new black middle class in the absence of educated skills constantly compromised by affirmative action (Johnson 2010: 58, 110-116, 147, 169, 179-180, 343-344, 433, 453, 455, 446-447, 471, 457, 587, 607-608) and black economic empowerment on behalf of an ANC elite either inexperienced or unprincipled in dealing with a neo-liberal capitalism (Johnson 2010: 50, 386, 387, 391-392, 399-400, 407-409, 416-418, 421-424) .

For many still left by the wayside whilst a new African oligarchy advances itself, The Struggle was traumatic and hideous. Farber uses *leit-motifs* from the *Oresteia* which she fuses with the themes of revenge and reconciliation, dramatised in the historical actuality of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (1998). The families of thousands of victims of state assassination and sectarian killings, faced the murderers of their kinfolk - police, army and intelligence agents seeking amnesty in return for the ritual of confession, including ANC hitmen who killed dissidents (like Tennyson Makiwane ex-director of the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London in the 1960s, expelled for ideological deviance and assassinated in 1980 in the Transkei for the crime of criticising the white Stalinists in the SACP). But the dead are buried and the wounded and psychologically scarred can never have their lives back again. This is not a Japan or a Germany which reinvented itself economically and spiritually after committing even greater atrocities in the Second World War. African developmental backwardness affects even the southern tip of the continent, the so-called “capitalist powerhouse”. But, as a Walter Ong suggests, (Ong 2002: pp.27-29): “[..] shifts from magic to science, or from the so-called ‘prelogical’ to the more and more ‘rational’ state of consciousness, or from Levi-Strauss’s ‘savage’ mind to domesticated thought, can be more economically and cogently explained as shifts from orality to various stages of literacy..[M]any of the contrasts often made between ‘western’ and other views seem reducible to contrasts between deeply interiorized literacy and more or less residually oral states of consciousness.” And “Plato’s exclusion of poets from his

Republic was in fact Plato's rejection of the pristine, aggregative, paratactic, oral-style thinking perpetuated in Homer in favour of the keen analysis or dissection of the world and of thought itself made possible by the interiorization of the alphabet in the Greek psyche." The Struggle itself, a product of modernisation and literacy, suffers from oral states of consciousness which permit magical political rhetoric keeping the African patriarchy in power in the name of the rhetoric of affirmative action and black economic empowerment which leave the much vaunted "masses" out of the new moral-political calculus.

Farber's *Mies Julie* (2012) looks back through "oral-style thinking" to The Struggle as if this will *magically* address the problems of the ungoverned present - as if by ridding the country of one more racist - Mies Julie herself - those who have never ruled will somehow become a force for enlightenment - at least by comparison with the stereotyped tyranny of the Boer farmer whom Mies Julie has introjected and acts out in relation to her ambivalently needed and hated black lover. It is an exceptionally "well-made play" in the Aristotelian tradition, a re-writing of Strindberg's drama of sexual/class neurosis, as sexual/race neurosis which show signs of the neo-classical within its post-modern drama - the connected series of events leading to a fall in (some) better than average people who suffer above all *peripeteia* - reversal - but also who recognise their tragedy (*anagnorisis*). Nevertheless *Mies Julie* stays within the modernised oral-culture of The Struggle. She transforms the Swedish original into a liberation play implicitly seeking a redistribution of the land, now, in 2012, an issue which has already caused tragedy and economic breakdown in Zimbabwe. Our ultimate sense of terror and cathartic pity is two-fold: on behalf of the native-born, young, white Afrikaner woman, who is less than averagely good, in fact hateful towards her black servant-lover and childhood playmate John, who is heroic but divided. She is neurotic, ambivalent, racist, hateful but pitiful as a human being. She is trapped by her conflicting emotions: passionate desire at odds with a racial prejudice seemingly inflicted on her by her historical fate, which she recognises, tragically, in her dying moments when we reach out to her as she bleeds to death. John himself tries to contain and protect her, but remains poor and spends his life worrying about the Karoo farm, pacifying his Christian mother who, steeped in biblical and tribal orality, hallucinates an ancestral amaXhosa spirit. He is proud of his autochthony in a native land that is his when the *baas* is away. Race is at odds

with sex in Mies Julie, causing such conflict that suicide becomes the solution. But what will become of John when her father returns to find a dead daughter bleeding from the uterus? How will the land be re-distributed? He sings and dances a liberation song with a sickle in one hand and Mies Julie's rifle in the other - the very sickle she has stabbed into her uterus following their sexual intercourse – the purpose being to kill herself and any child conceived. What are we supposed to think? Are we allowed to think at all outside the box of the anti-apartheid cliché and the stereotypical metaphor of ancestral autochthony which, as shown in Zimbabwe, makes only brutal sense in terms of a national socialist quasi-tribal Shona dictatorship of a totalitarian President Mugabe who uses North Korean trainers to kill, allegedly, according to their leader and Mugabe's previous ZANU-PF coalition partner, Joshua Nkomo, twenty thousand amaNdebele - to crush a small minority which had legitimately won seats in the legislature after independence in 1980 (Catholic Commission 1997)?

Certainly a mixed-race South America, despite the brutal, military, internal neo-colonialist rule of *las juntas* followed the lengthy struggle to emerge from direct forms of Spanish and Portuguese colonialism. This history has the advantage of conferring a trans-ethnic national identity on for example Brazilians and Venezuelans – given that in the whole of Central and South America perhaps thirty to forty million of the pre-conquest indigenous died of European diseases and at the hands of the Christianising *conquistadores* of which I shall say more (Library of Congress – Federal Research Division: Country Profile – Venezuela March 2005, Wikipedia 12/12/13, Wikipedia 21/12/13, Schaffer 1982).

Farber tries to “pay back” the privileges of her privileged European educational background. She affirms an ethic that was intrinsic to the ancient Athenian thinkers and writers who, as Goldhill (1986) shows, discussing Greek society empirically, were aristocratically educated, wealthy members of an oligarchy of a *polis* that excluded slaves, women and foreigners. For the elite there was a coalescence of the public and the personal which motivated playwrights and philosophers to fight in patriotic wars against autocratic Persia and militaristic Sparta. As Stathaki shows this union of the *polis* in the *psyche* and the *psyche* in the *polis* cannot be sustained in the post-modern fragmentation exacerbated by apartheid and not healed in post-apartheid because of the failure to assimilate a trans-ethnic identity, let alone one based on a

transcendent educated writing-culture. Farber, a white writer, now re-works a play already presented in India on behalf of women who suffer gang-rape (Gardner 2014). At least post-colonial India is united in an Indian-English despite huge problems of sectarian violence, the caste system, the oppression of women. In *Mies Julie* an implicit Chorus challenges the *aporia* produced not by the dispossessed male (John cares for his childhood friend, but whom she, perversely, almost wants him to rape to confirm her neurotic sado-masochism about ethnicity and sex) thus creating, through her neurotic introjection of the stereotyped racist father who presumably sees all black men as rapists, a moral *cul de sac* caused by the self-destructive female who needs and is full of self-hate to do with her victimage. In the end she suicides rather than face *anagnorisis* - self recognition. False consciousness in *Mies Julie* is essentially part of the problem. Although a catharsis of pity and terror occurs through her death, the implicit discourse of the unspoken chorus, the narrative tone, is split between pity and self-righteous rage, revenge against a tortured tormentor of black men who brings on her own torment through a perverse Calvinist racist consciousness. Although a remarkable play, current issues are evaded, displaced from crime and corruption and incompetence, backwards, into anti-apartheid agit-prop and the seductive mythology of autochthony which in Zimbabwe has destroyed the last vestige of white liberalism as exemplified in Fraser Grace's *Breakfast with Mugabe*. No one tries to explain as Dr Peric does to the hallucinated, depressed and anxious African president north of the Limpopo, to *Mies Julie*, suffering a rape-complex in the semi-desert South African Karoo, the unconscious cause of a problem because no one allows a psychoanalytic writing-culture to emerge. The crimes of the dictatorship against patriotic white Zimbabweans have been pitifully documented and corroborated in the Bailey and Thompson (2010) film and demonstrate the hatred directed towards the scapegoat and the greedy worship of the magical remedy (the *pharmakos / pharmakon*) of an economically insane policy of land expropriation - a problem in a pseudo-revolutionary oral- versus a liberal writing-culture, the "authenticity" of rhetoric versus the "science" of a way of creating a land policy through gradualism. *Logos*, the word indicating rationality for the *polis* was known two thousand three hundred and forty years ago to Plato who was worried about the advantages of literacy over the appeal of orality (Ong 2002: pp.78-144). In Aristotle's terms populist *dianoia* overcomes ethical *logos*. The latter is possible when a flexible, visible alphabetic writing-culture promotes thinking as well as using the dynamic societal power of oral-

cultures in the transition from myth or magic in ancient prehistoric societies to a self-consciously fashioned history. The *episteme* of science occurs abusively when its writing-culture is subjected to the rhetoric of totalitarian state control and this has been disastrous in modernity and in semi-totalitarian (politically Leninist) post-colonialism. What is remembered is the *anamnesis* of the colonial oppressed now incorporated into a post-colonial African state as the rhetoric of a new African oral-culture of the charismatic dictatorship of an African patriarchy backed up by the military and the police. Civilization as *nous* (intuition), *phronesis* (practical wisdom) or *sophia* (ontological understanding of Time and Being) is submerged in both syncretic pagan-Christianity and Marxist jargon which evades *phronesis*: what is seen is the hegemony of Anglo-Boer feudalism coexisting with an exploitative industrial capitalism and repressed ambivalent puritan Calvinism which has, magically, to be dismantled by cadres and appointees operating the same structures. Christine, John's syncretically pagan-Christian mother is in harmony with a pagan, silent, narrative chorus who takes the form of a visible ancestral amaXhosa spirit, a throat-singer plucking a bow. She haunts the Karoo farmhouse, an unquiet spirit implicitly urging a return to African autochthony – as if this will save an industrialised, modernising South Africa. This oral-culture of magical hallucination is real; the writing-culture of Christine's church bible is merely another source of orally unquestionable condemnatory morality, which in turn is at odds with the secular demagogic songs demanding vengeance, sung on Freedom Day 2012, nearly twenty years after the new South Africa was initiated. The Land Bank which was to have facilitated agricultural redistribution has actually been repeatedly pillaged by African oligarchs (Johnson 2010: 172-174). This *anomie* and *aporia* already embodied in the political unconscious remains there whilst the unconscious of a need-to-be-raped ambivalent Mies Julie whose stereotype of African violation she provokes in her lover remains obvious but never subject to discourse, *theoria*, remaining sensational performative drama, applauded by the politically correct who see John as the victim and hero (Gardner 2012).

Dimetos (1975 /1977) by Athol Fugard is a play drawing on Greek themes, inspired by an image in Camus (1935-1942) taken from a myth relating to the body of a beautiful woman decaying on a beach. Although the characters might be of any ethnicity, culturally they are Europeans. It played to largely white audiences, first in

Edinburgh and then in London. It tries to draw out a sense of humanity facing a cosmos where time erodes loveliness. We are in the grip of drives seeking the plenitude of Being opposed by anciently validated sexual taboos which overdetermine us eventually reducing an innocent virgin not to assert any kind of feminism but to retreat into Nothingness – again - suicide. Again a critical *theoria* disguised in patriarchy prevents a performative feminist drama fighting back, just as it fails to do in Mies Julie. In Fugard's play the political unconscious contains the symbolic rape by the *white* father which haunts the Anglo-Afrikaner *white* Fugard-father as if he cannot get away from Africa into a Greek ethos after all. In Dimetos's love for his niece Lydia, she feels betrayed because he did not protect her against the sexual violence of his friend Danilo. On the contrary he unconsciously allowed Danilo's unfulfilled sexual advances to happen, vicariously. Lydia retreats into her virginity, but feels penetrated by what men do, which is to make holes in things exemplified by her uncle's suppressed incestuous sexuality. His voyeurism violates her innocent love for him and shames her into a suicidal annihilation. She hangs herself. She uses a knot he taught her when she had to go naked into a muddy well to rescue a horse and her dress would have hampered her. What they did was to hoist up the horse which had fallen in and Lydia soothed the frightened animal with her bare body on his back – an image which has transfixed Dimetos sexually. She says her suicide is a protest against the penetrate-able void men see in women – the holes they make - a passively aggressive protest affirming the Being of the female "void" – demonstrating through her death the power of the Nothingness that haunts Being when it asserts its nihilating power. What a message for South African women at the mercy of AIDS! Part of the absent presence in the play is not only the white father unconsciously embodying and pseudo-protecting the white daughter from rape by the Other: Fugard's mother - a Potgieter – in old age had a softening Calvinist conscience, a spiritualisation into love of libidinal passion now spent but so as to meet Fugard's / Dimetos's atheism – a benign Other for which perhaps the playwright grieves (see Fugard / ed. Benson 1983: p. 17 and the notes in the Bibliography below). It is certainly a play for puritans seeking catharsis through terror – he and his helpmeet are ostracised - as much as, or more, than pity. Dimetos's issue with libidinal *hamartia* - a failure of *anagnorisis* - self-recognition – goes together with his *anomie*. He is an engineer in a dystopian city on the cusp of an industrial revolution. The city needs his skills but does not let him address his spiritual transcendence

(which will evade his sexuality?) This is, then, a Freudian play about civilization and its discontents which Fugard's performative political drama evades. The Others are steeped in and act out the "unknowing" oral-cultures of oppression and resistance in Fugard's Struggle plays. But he takes refuge in a writing-culture because the performative drama of *The Struggle* has exhausted him and left him hungering for the *theoria* of the intra-psychic world of the writing-cultures that have never let him go (Vandenbroucke 1986: pp. 204-219). It disconcerted the critics wanting again the raw reality of humanity against apartheid. Bravely, Fugard turns *Dimetos* into a kind of Oedipus at Colonus, waiting for an apotheosis from the now absent gods who cannot receive him transcendently as compensation for his inadvertent sin and suffering. He and Sophia are superstitiously cast out of their village because of the taint of Lydia's suicide and then are afflicted by the stench of the rotting body of a sea-mammal which has died on an inaccessible rock. This is the return of the Real of traumatic memory. Danilo returns to declare that he acted out *Dimetos*'s incestuous desire unconsciously. In *Dimetos* Fugard situates himself in the mainstream of classical and modern psychoanalytic and philosophical ideas - a concern with Time and Being and now the return of the traumatic psychoanalytically revealed Real – the memory of Lydia inadvertently killed through the fateful agency of a third party. *Dimetos* becomes mad trying to invent a machine that will stop Time and the pain of Being – a psychotic concretisation of Time and Being which *are* transcendent if only we can overcome the subject/object split – the post-modern *aporia* by identifying with God, or even an atheistic *sophia* embodied in *anagnorisis*. Alone amongst the London critics Harold Hobson greeted this play as worthy of Fugard's hero, Samuel Beckett (Vandenbroucke 1986: pp. 204-219). Unlike Mies Julie, Lydia as Fate is vindicated.

We have to wait till 2000 and the coming of Thabo Mbeki and his confrontation with Charlene Smith a raped white journalist who could not get banned emergency anti-retrovirals from a government hospital or clinic, who is called a racist by the Sussex University educated president to find the equivalent in society of the presence of the contested sexual Other in a political unconscious acted out in public. She revealed that her attacker was black and identified a culture of endemic aggressive male sexuality which explains the higher rate of AIDS amongst disempowered Africans as compared with whites, Coloured and Asian people in South Africa. This was a fact not a racist perception and could very well have led to Charlene Smith's being infected with the

HIV virus (Johnson 2010: pp. 217-221). Part of Mbeki's final downfall was his bringing the presidency and South Africa into disrepute by his unscrupulous playing of the race card in an atmosphere dominated by the power of the patriarch addressing the revenging, unaware, "unknowing" political-sexual unconscious of the African and African-American male. The arrogance of the disempowered African and African-American male had been identified by black writers like Alice Walker in *The Color Purple* in the depiction of Mister. Gcina Mhlophe in her reportage "My Dear Madam" explains why disempowered amaZulu coal-delivery men insult her sexually and why insecure whites remember Shaka and Mugabe but forget Hitler (Mhlophe 2002: pp.39-42, 33-38). Both writers understand the power of the psychoanalytic writing-cultures that cut through an abusive oral rhetoric that has not stopped to think but reaches for the race card as soon as violent black sexuality and white state terrorism become issues.

The Island (1973) is directly inspired by Sophocles' *Antigone*. The Greek play was South Africanised by Fugard, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, and was workshopped in a group originally set up as the Serpent Players in New Brighton, an African township near Port Elizabeth. It is yet another Struggle play but at least the Antigone is not allowed to commit suicide as she does in the Theban Trilogy. Two black African political prisoners, John and Winston, are on Robben Island. Scenes adapted from the Greek play are being rehearsed for a concert to be performed for the other political prisoners and the Afrikaner warders will also be watching. John as Creon accuses his niece Antigone of treason - burying her brother "the traitor" Polynices - against his orders. Polynices killed their brother Eteocles - they have killed each other in single combat. Eteocles was granted the succession but in revenge Polynices wanted to destroy Thebes in a civil war. Creon decides that his rebellious nephew shall suffer as a disgraced soul. The agonising fate of the unburied body's soul is to experience eternal disgrace and because of this special and anciently feared ignominy, this means there is no place for such a spirit to rest in peace, and its suffering is boundless and infinite. Antigone buries him in the name of family love. Their uncle Creon sentences Antigone to death - to being immured in a cave for her offence against the state of Thebes ("South Africa"). John has had his sentence reduced and is to be released from the Island. Winston has several years more of his time to serve. So in the "real" play outside the Greek play, Winston, who plays Antigone, is to be

symbolically immured as the classical Antigone would have been, had she not hanged herself. Winston is to be walled-up without the consolation and company of his friend, cell-mate and comrade John. Taking off his costume as Antigone, Winston finally affirms his existential freedom of faith and will. He swears to return to his gods in a South Africa which is his home – refusing to accept Antigone’s deathly unheroic solution of self-inflicted martyrdom (Kruger 1999: pp. 156-157, 161, 164, 169-170).

Ironically, Fugard and his novelist wife Sheila now find post-apartheid South Africa in such a state, produced in part by the revolutionary sincerity of its martyrs and heroines – part of a generation that refused education before liberation so that many in an out of government turned to crime - that the Fugards now live and he works in San Diego at the University of California - the extraordinary fate of a couple partly responsible for creating a post-apartheid cultural ethos since the 1950s and both heroes of post-colonial literature. Perhaps like Dimetos they have withdrawn from the apparent insolubility of socio-political problems in the present post-apartheid era. Writing about medicine David Hammond-Tooke (1989) suggests that South Africa is still immersed in syncretic oral-cultures at odds with a genuinely liberatory writing-culture concerning physical and mental health. Johnson (2010: pp. 110, 203, 385, 430, 443, 463, 471, 583) describes a fatally compromised educational system undermined by affirmative action replacing competence with African-ness or just non-whiteness and ANC cadre ideology. Africa with its self-aggrandizing elites has become intolerable to many of its artists and intellectuals not only the Fugards. Wole Soyinka wrote *Death and the King’s Horseman* after retreating to Cambridge following his imprisonment during the Biafran war in the 1960s, and in the 1990s was banned by General Abacha from Nigeria (Banham and Plastow 1999: p. xxv).

In effect, now, and seen in its historic context *The Island* is not only a political solidarity play but at least for its senior author is marked with an existential statement about the freedom of the conscientious human being to transcend political time – if necessary the freedom to leave an intolerant and intolerable South Africa.

What eventuated was not the unilateral victory of the struggle by the black African majority, some courting martyrdom, fighting for the native land with which Kani as a black African identifies himself - “a combatant from the stage” (Kani 1988). In

actuality, the *assassination* and *self-assassination* rather than the quasi-religious martyrdom of black and white heroes (Ruth First, Neil Aggett, Jennie Schoon and her daughter) did and has continued to stir the conscience and the consciousness of the world. As well the white regime surrendered for good, capitalistic economic reasons (Thompson 1990: 321-342) and De Klerk's religious beliefs played a part allying him with Nelson Mandela's ethic of "*Wat is verby is verby*" – what is past is past. The play in 1973 is prescient in that ten years later and right through the 1980s the activists brought about Winston's assertion of rebellious autochthony in the townships which only Mandela's and the ANC leadership's release, the unbanning of all the liberation organisations and the negotiation of a liberal-democratic constitution eventually defused in a humane act of peaceful surrender on certain terms on the part of the Botha and the De Klerk governments. Actually, the white police and army, like their erstwhile ally Israel, might have gone on indefinitely crushing resistance, but only in the face of world public opinion, bloodshed and the US investment boycott. On the Island there were not only revolutionary Marxists like Walter Sisulu and Govan Mbeki, but pragmatic Christians like Nelson Mandela for whom violence was repugnant and a last resort. Mandela's membership of the SACP and its espousal of state socialism through the magical oral-culture of the Freedom Charter must have been a means to an end - so it seems from his role in post-apartheid South Africa. De Klerk, the last white president, a DRC "Dopper" to whom "God spoke", succeeded in a referendum amongst white voters which endorsed the end of white rule and led to a democratic constitution. But to what end? The cases of Oscar Pistorius and Winnie Mandela (Gilbey 1994) give us some insight into a paranoiac society in which no one can feel safe. Again in Walter Ong's terms there is less "deeply interiorised literacy" and more "residually oral states of consciousness" (Ong 2002: pp 28-29). There cannot be a shift from magic ("I feel you are my enemy therefore it is so") to moral "science" ("you may be my enemy or my friend because it is ethically and arguably so depending on how you and I behave") without an extensive writing-culture comparable to— say - South Korean schools - or the schools in Venezuela which promote the musical literacy of El Sistema.

In *Orestes* (Fugard 1978, Vandenbroucke 1986: 149-152) Fugard and another workshop group combined the myth of Orestes' revenge on his mother Clytemnestra who carried out the judicial murder of her husband Agamemnon as a punishment for

his sacrifice of their daughter Iphigenia. This cycle of violent retribution was fused with the case of John Harris who committed a deed of vengeance but which he saw as a moral cathartic act for which, like Mandela, he was prepared to die. Against the orders of the African Resistance Movement which were never to attack people, only government installations, he set up a timed suitcase bomb so as to explode in the concourse of Johannesburg railway station killing a white grandmother and maiming her grandchild. Harris telephoned a warning through to the police, but it is probable that they chose not to respond by covertly allowing this act of terrorism which would justify further repression by the Vorster government – another act of vengeance. Harris was convicted for murder and hanged on the 1st April 1965 in Pretoria Central Prison. He was the first white man to be executed for a political offence by the Afrikaner nationalist government which first came to power in 1948 in a predominantly white election. One asks the question – was it for a President Jacob Zuma who enriched himself through bribes from an arms deal (Johnson 2010: pp. 250, 515-518, 552) – that John Harris and his victims suffered and died? What magic is at work in the dynamics of martyrdom? When will the atavistic oral-culture of The Struggle be canalised into an educated writing culture? The tragic truth is that the tree of liberty does grow from the blood of martyrs as much as the repression of the political unconscious prevents it flourishing in the light of knowledge.

The influence of classical writing and philosophy, which originated in Greece, came to us over a period of two and a half thousand years later, combined with influences stemming from what Karl Jaspers calls the axial ages in ancient Palestine and ancient India and China through the life and followers of the Buddha, yogic Brahmins, Lao-Tse and Confucius. This confluence of ancient wisdom, the need to understand and to detach from the pity and terror of tragedy, is evident in the South African drama of an African playwright Fatima Dike. Her first play, performed at the Space Theatre in Cape Town, was *The Sacrifice of Kreli* (1976/1978). This was written in poetic and demotic isiXhosa and English. Dike acknowledged that her inspirations were Shakespeare and Athenian drama as *genres* within which she would dramatise a heroic and tragic episode in amaXhosa history (Gray 1980: pp. 157-164). It is set in the 19th century in the colonial Eastern Cape. It concerns an amaXhosa king whose army is trapped away from home facing war with the British, but hoping for supernatural intervention. The *agon* is an internal clash between rivals, the military

logos of the praise singer, and the “Dionysian” ecstasy of the diviner trying to reach the ancestors who will inspire a solution, if only a sacred ritual can be performed. It is fatally delayed and the diviner is sewn into the hide of a sacrificed ox and suffocates to death as it bakes and shrinks in the African sun. The discourse of the *mythos* causes us to be revolted by this witch-hunt, this tragic pagan source of our pity and terror is foreign to the classical ideals espoused by Dike. Modern political resistance and economic assimilation into a new urban-industrial society are worked into the plot as an alternative discourse to pagan, religious violence. One young warrior sees the city as the future. He transcends the *agon* between diviner and militant praise-singer, refuses to be a victim – has the freedom not to become another *pharmakos* (a scapegoat) but rather sees the city as a cure for pagan tribal religion – a *pharmakon* – a remedy - even at the price of abandoning his traditional autochthonous dignity to become a landless proletarian. He has begun to think historically. He must know that on the mines in Kimberley and Johannesburg Africans work for money which represents a new form of power. And what will the white mine owner do if he and his fellows go on strike for more money?

Mythos (plot), then, also involves the hegemonic power of the rulers and the resistance of the ruled. This discourse was called *dianoia* as well as *logos*. Greek thought is essentially in an existential *process* because it consists of *dialectic praxis* – an ongoing dialogue the aim of which was to assuage violence, to avoid dogmatic formulae, to assert instead knowledge and intuition of the good which is always contested, or as they put it, part of a *praxis*. Thus one may interpret *logos* as rationality imbued with Aristotle’s *Nicomachean* and *Eudemian Ethics* - *arête* and *eudemonia* but virtue and happiness are sought as *occurring together* in a wider ethical context: through the intuition of *nous*; in showing practical wisdom - *phronesis*; in a wider interpretative wisdom - *sophia*. In *The Cape Orchard* Jan Pieterse is an idealised character who tries to achieve these qualities in his struggle to turn a previously white-owned winery and fruit-farm into a worker-management cooperative. Like Lopakhin he thinks things through. Revolutionary formulae are to be avoided in the Cape liberal tradition. Dianne is still trapped in revolutionary rhetoric which finally confronts her in the form of the Real – her one and only son’s death at the hands of amaXhosa tribalists used by the police as provocateurs. Valma is trapped in another intra-psychic kind of magical thinking which she works through.

Fugard, born and bred in South Africa, in whose shadow I write, and in three of whose plays I have performed (see Appendix One – The Author in Context) draws on the philosophical link that can be made to Greek tragedy through the insights of Albert Camus (Walder 1984: pp. 5-6, 21, 53, 97.81, 103) and above all the drama and philosophy of Samuel Beckett (Walder 1984: pp. 9, 25, 55). *Waiting for Godot* represents human suffering and what transcends it - reiterated in *Dimetos*: Being and Time endured and understood rather than revolution or war. In *Godot*, love, concern and hatred are shown by the two tramps Vladimir and Estragon towards each other but no one resorts to murder or suicide. Lucky is a terrible reminder of soul-murder produced by Pozzo's totalitarian en-slavery. Mr Godot (faith / will) never keeps his promise to come and change their lives but we are finally uplifted by the transcendent beauty of the myth of Godot and the reality of regeneration: winter and the spring - miraculously happening *every morning* - to the tree on their country road, which, after an arid day springs new leaf overnight. The play may have been originally conceived in Roussillon in the French countryside in the middle of the Nazi occupation where Beckett and his wife were evading the Gestapo (Bair 1999: pp. 340-455) although written post-war. What happens on one day returns every day with joy and sorrow which Vladimir remembers and Estragon forgets. But what is it that returns?

Nietzsche in *The Birth of Tragedy* wrote of the ancient Greek awareness of the abyss of human suffering concerning which tragedy is a catharsis, a purging of and through pity and terror. This in *The Birth of Tragedy*, in *The Gay Science*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, *Ecce Homo*, *Beyond Good and Evil* and *Twilight of the Idols* (Nietzsche / Hollingdale 1977: pp. 249-276) is what eternally returns to those who are free spirits not Nazi *ubermenschen*, although Nietzsche welcomes the triumph of the will rather than the quiescence of catharsis. This is what Lacan (1977a, 1977b) calls the order of the Real joining with the Imaginary and the Symbolic. In Nietzsche this happens through Apollonian *logos* and Dionysian ecstasy – *ek-stasis* – standing out through joy but, unfortunately for us, living in the wake of anti-colonialist fury and state incompetence – how are we to transcend the reality of much of Africa? How can the *logos* of Being and Time, *Dasein* – human “being-there” be thematized in a crime-ridden cognitively impoverished environment still rooted in the oral cultures of modern revolutionary nationalist magic or pure traditional magic? *Dasein* consists in what Heidegger (1927/1962) calls facticity which is the absurd and arbitrary fact of being oneself in one's un-chosen situation and one's constant fallen-ness – the vertigo

of being constantly cast out and cast down and the inability to exercise one's freedom to be oneself within the narrow and perverted ethical limits that this Nazi Heidegger implies when he veers away from existentialism into sophisticated word-magic.

Heidegger's bitter foe Jaspers is strong enough to return to religion or an Enlightenment ethical Encompassing, the comprehensive, the transcendent. We only see this ethical Encompassing when faced with what Jaspers calls a boundary situation: illness, danger, death, invalidation of our being as part of Being (Jaspers 1936 / 1956, 1950, 1951). Having endured and survived the Nazis, Jaspers goes further than Kant and asserts an *unconditional* categorical ethical imperative based on Nietzschean will and Kierkegaardian faith. What sense does this make in a South Africa ruined by "no education before liberation"?

Nietzsche responds to the poetry, music and dance of the chorus in Aeschylus and Sophocles, the *melos*, as an *ek-stasis* – a standing-out - of what, thirty years after Nietzsche's death, would become Heidegger's "self-showing" of being-in-the-world in the *ek-stasis* of *aletheia* – the uncovering of beings in the light of their own being. *Dasein* can be uncovered or concealed, concerned, or full of idle talk, containing proper rational talk – *Rede* - or the totally inauthentic which consists in denying freedom to realise one's potentialities – given democratic Greek values – by no means shared by Heidegger in actual practice in Nazi Germany after Hitler's victory in 1933 when Heidegger, disastrously, fell in with the Nazis. How could a philosopher who knew Kant, deny the freedom of Jews to be treated as ends, not as the victims of a genocidal, paranoiac, Thousand Year Reich? The insanity of philosophers is matched only by the betrayals of politicians and revolutionaries in an Africa constantly plagued by the very opposite of the value of the human being and Being itself as an end in itself.

According to Sartre, Heidegger was not a Nazi activist in the full sense although he became rector of Freiburg University from 1933-1934 and acted in accordance with Nazi policy to ban his predecessor and teacher the Jewish Edmund Husserl and the other Jewish academic staff from using the library (Steiner 1978: pp. 112-121). So *aletheia* can be negative as well as positive. Heidegger makes the fatal, inexcusable mistake of separating his anti-metaphysics of what he called his ontological phenomenology which seeks to deconstruct the language of philosophy and "think Being" – but separated from ethics, disastrously so, since no action or thought is free

of ethical implication. Heidegger knew Kant's ethics very well. Heidegger, born into a Bavarian peasant family may be regarded as practising *projective idealisation* of his unrealised "greatness" in Hitler! Karl Marx's anti-Semitism and anti-black racism (Marx 1865 / 1975-2005) is *projective identification* (Hindshelwood 1991: pp. 396-398) of the genuine victim. He referred to the socialist Lassalle as a "nigger-Jew" judging from the shape of his head and his kinky hair. Why this self-hatred in a baptised German Jew, both of whose grandfathers were rabbis? It is said he saw two of his children die of malnutrition in a London which, like religion, was the heart of a heartless world. Marx's sociology and economic analysis have benefitted civilization as much as his theory of history seething with revolutionary hatred caused colossal suffering in the hands of characters like Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, Mugabe – and, as everyone knows who followed the South African AIDS fiasco played a part in producing the paranoia of a political Leninist like Thabo Mbeki who in the name of a magical, fraudulent science, caused the unnecessary death of thousands (Johnson 2010: pp.204, 367).

Athol Fugard records revolutionary hatred but eschews it in *My Children! My Africa!* (1989). In *Boesman and Lena* (1969 / 2000) perhaps the most exemplary work for me as a playwright, which is why I must dwell on it here, Fugard has Lena dance (Gray 1979: 65-71). It is at once existentialist theatre and neo-classical tragedy. In her dance Lena stamps her presence into the African ground in a kind of Dionysian ecstasy which reveals her *aletheia* as transcending her absurd and cruel facticity, and her terrible sense of her fallen-ness. Lena, a childless woman, and a penniless vagrant has an epiphany through her communion with her dead children, and through the eyes and ears of a dying African she calls respectfully Outa - who is only able to repeat her name – to her great joy. Using Nietzsche's neo-classical aesthetics we might say these are her Dionysian moments. An *aletheia* of empathy, truth and goodness occurs in the Dionysian mode in Lena. This *aletheia* transcends mundane and heroic tragedy through song, dance and verbal music, which is the *melos* of Lena's ecstatic "goat-song" (possibly the origin of the Greek word for tragedy).

Logos, the ethical and political truth in the Apollonian meaning of the *mythos* and *dianoia* (plot and discourse), explains Boesman. He exemplifies the deadly and fateful causal links that Aristotle identifies in tragedy. *Logos* of a kind is the province of Boesman's vengeful and brutal *ethos* (character). Boesman has internalised the white

man's cruelty but he has a rational grip on the couple's endless wanderings from place to place - when and where they re-build their *pondokkie*, their portable shack, digging and selling fishing bait and returning empty bottles for a few cents which they save so as to buy cheap wine to forget until the next demolition eternally returns. The logic of Boesman's literal and metaphorical *peripeteia* – wanderings around and reversals in which he identifies aggressively and defensively with the white man as destroyer – is his cruel Apollonian logic. He sees Lena's search for an ecstatic transcendence as mad. Her transcendence, which she usually bottles up as depressive confusion and misery, counterpoints his brutal logic and is fulfilled finally in Lena's great Dionysian catharsis. This is revenge on Boesman for his cruelty when she threatens him with the hangman's rope because his fist marks are on Outa's dead body - the dead body of an old African man who died in a state of utter poverty and neglect ("natural causes") but who was at the mercy of Boesman's futile beating. Boesman is "wild" she says, descended from Bushmen. Both are categorised as Coloured and she calls herself "'n Hotnot meid" – a Hottentot girl. Both are Afrikaans-speaking and Lena knows no isiXhosa. Boesman hates and is jealous of Lena's revelation - her *aletheia* of her self-showing in the light of herself as ageing, alcoholic, vulnerable, lonely and grieving. She shows herself to Outa, the uncomprehending isiXhosa-speaking man (who could and be and has been played as any other kind of Other) whom Boesman loathes as what he calls a *kaffer*, who has the impudence to come to their place to die. Lena's *logos* is to have dialogue concerning her terrifying pain in simply being who and what she is and in her fear *and our fear* of a meaningless death. Outa who is not yet dead listens to her, hears her agony, sees her wretched withered body clothed in a rag of a dress and can at least repeat her name whilst he himself dies. That is his small redemption. Her threat to report Boesman to the police as a murderer because his fist marks are on Outa's dead body (inflicted after he died) restores her dignity and brings Boesman to his senses. This play is a comedy in the Greek sense because after their *peripeteia*, their reversals, and after their *mutual moral recognition*, their *anagnorisis*, they are happier and more realised, partially redeemed, restored to reason after all their suffering which transcends apartheid and has to do with what Shelley (2005) terms dispossession of which Fugard is a kind of sacred or priestly witness. In a conventional sense it is a Greek tragedy because, as in *Godot*, it will repeat itself periodically as an eternal return of violence, grief, communion and catharsis to which they have reconciled themselves, belonging together, being evicted again, finding

another place, finding another Other of whom Boesman will again be jealous. Mass poverty and inequality coexist with the corruption and the extortionate wealth of a new, self-righteously anti-colonialist black bourgeoisie who have simply replaced the old white bourgeoisie including competent and genuine white liberals, with ANC loyalists. This means that Lena and Boesman as archetypal figures are still on the mudflats and coastal *dorpië*s with their abysmal slums around Port Elizabeth (Johnson 2010:558-560).

Existentialism expresses the urge to find *a sense of freedom* despite the *peripeteia* suffered in the epitome of modernist existentialist theatre *Waiting for Godot* (which Fugard did not simply reproduce with educated white actors but with an all-African cast in the St George's Hall of the Anglican Cathedral in Johannesburg in November 1962 – Fugard / Benson 1983: p.65). For Fugard this was the *Erlebnis* experience of a lifetime which he incorporated into his own existentialism. Existential freedom and reversals of freedom inspire and enrage Zack and Morrie (*Bloodknot*), Johnnie and Hester (*Hello and Goodbye*), Milly (*People are Living There*) and as I have shown at length, in the three characters in *Boesman and Lena* the creative growth of whom Fugard describes as an embryonic process of deepening, rooting and becoming organic in his *Notebooks* (Fugard / Benson 1983: pp. 62-69, 76,103, 105-107, 118, 168,173, 187-190, 204-213).

Fugard has found a kind of *parole* the *langue* of which is various and diverse. South Africans of all ethnicities experienced western influence originating in the Dutch East India Company's refreshment station founded in 1652. Malignantly and benignly the west, Arab civilization, the English, French, Portuguese, Greek, Spanish, and Jewish languages and influences brought enlightenment to Africa as well as unspeakable suffering - German ethnocide of the Herero in Namibia and a terrifying "heart of darkness" in the Belgian Congo. Colonialism also brought some health, infrastructure and education – when the colonial class needed an African *subaltern* or an Asian or Jewish retailing class. But out of an inevitable evil (highly exploitative trade, mining, commerce, agricultural production and secondary industrialisation) some good did come. Where, as in South Africa, there was a long-term settler class like the Afrikaners and the English-speaking who put down roots, there was also a more positive westernism. Even a hard-headed economic logic could be passed on as well as a Christian interculturalism which remained meaningful for the masses and,

stripped of its religious sanctimony, leaves behind the shadow of a rational ethics. The real issue is the perversion of the Rainbow Nation idea in the aspirations and performance of the black elite, which invalidates and embarrasses Mandela's vision – a vision which he himself was unable to effect.

The South African economy always was multi-ethnic, although unbalanced in terms of white wealth and power, and black dispossession, poverty and oppression. But full modernisation would entail a liberal, social-democratic and a feminist stance - totally problematic issues for the African nationalists now in South Africa, despite its democratic new constitution. These issues *always* entailed problems for the European empires (including South Africa's internal settler colonialisms), which, although largely gone as formal structures, are still attitudinally present in the post-imperial epoch in many of the new rulers, in alliance with a globalising capitalism. Loren Kruger (2004) writes of a post-imperial Brechtian theatre. In South Africa apart from people like Fugard liberalism abdicated when the South African Liberal Party dissolved itself in 1968. This is in contrast to Russian liberalism led by dissidents like Sakharin who went on confronting a totalitarian regime in the form of Stalin's Soviet Russia (Trehela 2012b / 2014).

Marxism and liberalism have had an effect, but have not liberated South Africa, and in post-apartheid things are probably less egalitarian. People are more aware of the rights of women, and the need to embody Christianity as a prevailing often syncretised religion in policies that show *caritas*, which should inform African nationalism, appealing to those who feel and are disenfranchised in terms of land, jobs, income, education, welfare and the traumatic presence of widespread crime. But the flight of white skills has probably been irrevocably impoverishing (Fukuyama 1991, Johnson 2010: pp. 5-12).

The inter-connectivity and the contradictions of a globalising capitalism, despite its capacity for division of the working class, for bribery and corruption, brought some advantages to South Africa in eventually establishing an infrastructure, now inherited by the post-apartheid African nationalist government – and no one can tell how long or if that infrastructure will survive and renew itself.

The great lesson to be learned is that colonialisms, segregation, apartheid, negative and destructive as they were, cannot be simply “swept away” by “liberation.” As in Boesman, colonialism has been internalised – in Boesman’s case for ill but still giving him the logic of the economics of survival, and in terms of her intuitive Judaeo-Christian ethics of Lena, for good. The Boesmans, the Lenas and the Outas are still there in their millions and added to them are now hundreds of thousands of poor whites (Johnson 2010: pp. 559, 574).

The issue has to do with failed or successful colonialism even after the white supremacists have renounced exclusive political power whilst retaining more than their share of economic power (Fukuyama 1991, Johnson 2010: pp. 180, 200, 216-217, Ferguson 2003: pp. 361-362). Anti-colonialism may seek to purge the “colonised personality” by revolution, bloodshed and hatred (Fanon / Sartre 1961 / 1967), or, as presented by Nelson Mandela and Desmond Tutu, cleansing the nation through truth and reconciliation in cathartic processes recalling Aristotle’s analysis of drama in his *Poetics*: pity and terror at held at bay through recognition (*anagnorisis*).

But South Africa’s heritage of the ANC’s political Leninism and now its more or less liberalised capitalism make it a far cry from the social democracies of western Europe and the largely white countries of the old British Commonwealth. African backwardness is an awkward historical fact not found on the same scale in Australia or Canada. India, with extremities of wealth and poverty as or more extensive than South Africa has a socio-economic dynamic as well as ancient religious and modern secular writing-cultures that at times can break free of sectarianism as between Muslim and Hindu, rich and poor, high caste and low caste.

It is of great relevance to *The Cape Orchard* that Africa specialists in the Soviet Union, from as early as 1986, realised the intractability of African backwardness and advised the ANC that it had no interest in supporting military or revolutionary change anywhere in Africa (Sparks 1990: pp.362-397). Jan Pieterse is the beneficiary of a successful education, of long-standing urbanisation and the well-learned sophistication of the *old* South African infrastructure (Sparks 1990: pp.364-366). And further, the transition to a would-be democratic South Africa was made all the more inevitable by the prospective demise of the Soviet Union in 1989-1990 onwards. Without the dreaded fear on the part of the white regime of world communism -

something which would, it was feared, keep on bringing back totalitarianism – the new South Africa could become some sort of reality. A different international geopolitics made possible the conditional offer by the leader of the Afrikaner nationalists F.W. De Klerk of political democracy.

What he could not do was to force the ANC to modernise the public services and business with expert appointments from the developed world to replace some Afrikaner bureaucrats and English-speaking white managers who had no motivation to create a social democracy. Rather, what the ANC actually did do, through Thabo Mbeki, was to fill the central administration in Pretoria, the provincial and the local governments, business, industry, trade unions, with ANC cadres who had merely ideological ambitions, who did not know how to run an effective educational, health, transport, economic and basic utilities systems producing predictably catastrophic results (Johnson 2010: 620-621, Treasury of the Government of South Africa 2012).

The ANC, the Black Consciousness Movement, the United Democratic Front, the churches, progressive people of all ethnic groups and the trade union movement *per se* could not win or would not attempt a civil war against the most powerful security and military machine in Africa, although once in power under the Mbeki vice-presidency and presidencies they behaved like an ideology-bedazzled revolutionary class. This conflict between rhetoric and reality happens not only offstage but in the dialogue between contending characters onstage in *The Cape Orchard*. The characters get to hear that power will be handed over by negotiation. In return the ANC leadership has promised there will be the retention of the capitalist system. Is this a sell-out? But sell-out is not the issue. Fortunately, in the Western Cape there is a community of experienced and skilled white, Coloured, African and Asian South Africans - who are prepared to forget about race and class - professionals and workers who have benefitted from the Cape liberal tradition and can work together to make “Vreugde” a cooperative enterprise rather than an ideologically “pure” catastrophe.

There were and are positive reforms in housing output and some utilities in some local authorities not wrecked by incompetent ANC cadres. There was a basic welfare benefit for the very poor and fluctuating expansion in the economy (Johnson 2010: pp. 6-8, 102-110, 142, 203, 430, 432, 443, 474, 583). Big business bought into the

ANC through its leading members who like Tokyo Sexwale and Cyril Ramaphosa became very rich capitalist entrepreneurs. Big business tried to improve its image as supportive of black economic empowerment, apparently on principle, but also in practice to enrich the emergent black elite, to keep the economy under capitalist control and to make big business itself previously largely white, politically acceptable, through the influence of UDF/ ANC leaders like Sexwale and Ramaphosa (the latter is now deputy-president of the ANC and therefore in line for the post-Zuma presidency).

It is nothing short of outrageous that South Africa is still held up as a “miracle” of peace, truth and reconciliation when acolytes connected to the previous leadership of the ANC under Thabo Mbeki plundered state enterprises like the Land Bank from 1999 onwards (Johnson 2010: pp.172-175). Jan Pieterse is the exception: an example of a black businessman and an intellectual whose vision is for “Vreugde” to become a worker-management cooperative in *The Cape Orchard* - a living example of Cape liberalism dating back two centuries.

In the dystopian reality, why not a utopia to give some idea of *arête* and *eudemonia*? The virtue of happiness and the happiness of virtue happens despite Augusto Boal’s critique of Aristotle in his *Theatre of the Oppressed* and Boal experiencing the world *en masse*. Revolution, even South Africa’s botched and incomplete transformation happens because people, individuals, *en masse*, are unhappy with the old regime and seek a new regime. Shostakovitch and Yevtushenko were individuals within the Soviet mass. The Rainbow Nation idea was brought into being not only by a revolutionary civil war in the townships, in which many innocent people died, but by a ruling class relinquishing power through Botha and De Klerk to Mandela and Mbeki.

Given African backwardness partly due to the persistence of oral cultures of revolutionary rhetoric and the persistence of a traditional magic, one needs a modest sense of perspective: Boesman and Lena surviving one more day may be just as revolutionary for them as John, dead Mies Julie’s lover, celebrating Freedom Day with a rifle in one hand and a sickle in the other, singing and dancing a freedom song with the imagined masses. Not every revolutionary wants to dance on the grave of the ruling class. Yes, he triumphs over her disgraceful humiliation of him. Millions,

perhaps billions surviving one more day in the slums they have adapted to, free of drugs wars, vigilantes, criminal killings and rape, may likewise, be a revolutionary achievement for individuals.

Gcina Mhlophe calls herself “one of the masses” (Perkins 1998: p. 81) but “seeks the individual” in three hour-long interviews (Mhlophe 06/10/89, 09/03/90, 30/04/90). There are millions of maritally raped women but only one Nokulunga, a half-sister, who will be remembered (Mhlophe 1983a, 1996, 2000, 2002b).

In fact, corruption became widespread under the Mandela and the Mbeki presidencies post-1994, personally illustrated in the Land Bank saga of an individual, white economist, Helena Dolny in 1999 (Johnson 2010: pp.172-175). These problems continue now into Jacob Zuma’s presidency (Johnson 2010: pp. 7, 10-11, 45, 77, 142, 183, 432, 439-440, 441-442, 445-446, 556-557, 588-559, 590, 598-599).

This comes out in the conflict between Jan Pieterse and Dianne Cupido in *The Cape Orchard* over the crime of “necklacing”, the burning to death of perceived *impimpi* – alleged government informers and sell-outs. Underneath these terrible events there is the scenario of class struggle within all the non-European groups and within the group which calls itself the Coloured people, and who, in Europe and North America would call themselves “black”. There is also a struggle between criminals and honest people where the honest suffer – a situation which can and is covered up by ideology and political correctness – again as illustrated by Helena Dolny, victimized in the Landbank saga (Johnson 2010: pp.172-175) – basically because she was competent, honest and happened to be white and stood in the way of African businessmen on the make.

Historically analogous to an imperial or quasi-imperial white supremacy, was the autocratic military rule of ancient Greek / Macedonian colonialism, at odds ideologically with educated ethics, and with the idealised aesthetics and the idealised democratic politics of Hellenism. This ideal Hellenism was inevitably contradicted by the often corrupt and brutal practice of ruling the Mediterranean, Middle Eastern and Western Asian worlds - a vast empire dependent on suzerainty. Alexander the Great was the pupil of Aristotle but that did not stop him in the end demanding to be worshipped as a god.

Classical Athenian thought was in a sense a new modernism, another kind of writing and thinking about the public nature of virtue. Hellenism was a philosophical and practical imperative for rationality and scientific analysis to replace mythology and superstition, even, it was feared, religion itself, other than Greek and then Roman paganism – hence the execution of Socrates by the Athenian state.

Educated Hellenism benefitted the privileged, those whose families could afford education and excluded even educated slaves, women and foreigners from the right to rule the *polis* and the empires built upon the *polis*. Syrian Greek Hellenism and then Romano-Hellenism oppressed other paganisms and ethnic autonomies including my own historic Judaism.

The Hellenised Hasmonean Jewish dynasty was intimately connected to the Seleucid Syrian Greeks. They and the Ptolemy dynasty in Egypt inherited Alexander's empire. Both suzerainties were poisoned by military and secular concerns based on the contingencies of power, war and alliances. For Jews, the Hasmonean dynasty was at odds with the rabbinical orthodoxy of the Pharisees and the esoteric messianic communalism of the classical *Hasidim* as described by Josephus Flavius. The classical *Hasidim* described by Josephus were part of the same movement as the Qumran sect who kept the Dead Sea Scrolls in the Negev desert in a community which attempted to maintain a purity transcending an institutionalised religious ethic which, perforce, had to come to terms with politics, history and war (Schama 2013: pp.108-237). An attempt at ethical purity and transcendence is of great significance to the Zeide (the grandfather) in *The Zulu and the Zeide*.

From my secular ethical standpoint, a positive influence in the social function of the synagogue, had a lasting effect on the early Jewish-Christian and Greek-Christian communities in the rabbinic period contemporary with Philo Judaeus of Alexandria (c. 20 BCE- 50 CE) who spoke and wrote perfect Greek (his *logos* perhaps represented in St. John's "In the beginning was the Word"). Josephus Flavius' (c.30CE -100 CE) *Antiquities of the Jews* in Latin narrates in classical, heroic terms the passion, and the military and religious ardour of the Galilean Jews in revolt against Rome. Rabbi Hillel the Elder's "Golden Rule" ("what is hateful to you do not do to others") reflects in part Greek philosophical moderation symbolised by the Golden Mean ("moderation in all things"). What may be called his second golden rule:

“If I am not for myself, who will be for me, if I am for myself only what I am, if not now when?” adds a realistic political dimension to his ethics which inspired secular Jews in what came to be known in South Africa as The Struggle . But it also produces a contradiction soluble only by dialectical argument and ultimately by a vote by a legitimated and qualified assembly of debaters – the ideal Greek and then Roman legislative, executive, religious, cultural or judicial authority linked historically with Westminster, the Knesset (to which Israeli Palestinians as opposed to the Palestinians of the West Bank send elected representatives quite different from the South African apartheid state). The current Cape Town legislative assembly entails no constituency responsibility and representatives are selected by party bosses who arrange candidates in a PR list reflecting a priority over which the voter has no control.

There were always factional religious groupings and tribal and class divisions in Judaism going back at least two thousand years, paving the way for the Jewish Enlightenment and for a Jewish understanding of the eventual growth of secular multi-party systems in the western democracies which secular and religious Jews would join after Emancipation. The idea of holding the executive to account and establishing a protected, independent and learned judiciary was part of biblical Judaism.

Democracy did not by any means exist universally in the Greek / Macedonian Empire outside the colonial *polis*. Democratic *and* authority-based debate occurred in the Sanhedrin, the assembly of rabbis on *halachic* (religious) matters in Palestine. Doctrinal authoritarianism and Hellenised dialogical discussion prevailed in diaspora communities in Babylon, Persia and Egypt and then in Spain, in central and eastern Europe, in medieval, early modern and modern times as Schama suggests in his *Story of the Jews*. Josephus Flavius, countering Terence and Manetho’s anti-Semitism compared Moses’ invisible deity to Plato’s Ideas. The historical background to, and part of the *langue* implicit in my plays depends on the *diachronic* of Jewish and Greek religion and dramaturgy of what I shall say more when I analyse my research on other South African playwrights, Gcina Mhlophe and Fatima Dike (Picardie 2009).

The contradiction between bourgeois Jewish success and religious piety is one of the diachronic or historical themes implicit in Jewish *langue* in *The Zulu and the Zeide* and is expressed in Yiddish and modern Jewish *parole* in South African English,

reflecting the wider *langue* of the Jewish Enlightenment, the *Haskalah*, in being Jewish-in-the-world: the Zeide joins the Defiance Campaign in 1952/1953 after he meets up with an old ANC comrade, Selena Ngakane. All this was part of my late adolescence and early adulthood.

The writer, then, to be authentic, draws from his conscious and unconscious cultural world, selectively, as it adds to the intriguing and de-familiarising nature of the *mythos*. It is of importance to my own back story as a writer that it was in later classical times that the *Mishna* – the basic core of the Talmud - was redacted by Rabbi Judah the Prince who coexisted with Greco-Roman authority in Palestine early in the first millennium.

As a small boy at the Slabotka seminary near Kalnius (Kovno in Yiddish) in about 1905-1908 my father studied the *Mishna* and the *Gemara* which is a further commentary on the *Mishnaic* commentary. Although he finally rejected Judaism and in old age became a Christian, as a teacher and a father the dialectical method of disputation, partly Greek, partly Jewish, never left him and was transmitted to me culturally. If not for this I would have not been able to play a small part in what became known as The Struggle and would not have been able to infuriate the Afrikaner nationalist and the Pan-African nationalist critics of *Shades of Brown* on its reception in Johannesburg and at the Africa Centre as I show in Appendices Four and Five. Part of who I am cannot ignore the fact that some of the classical early Church fathers were violently anti-Semitic (such as John Chrysostom – Archbishop of Constantinople in 398 CE who wrote a diatribe “Against the Jews”) and that the history of the churches in medieval and modern times is also a history of anti-Semitism. In many Jews this had the effect of consolidating the Jewish diaspora around an early Zionist conviction as a people longing to return to Palestine if only to fulfil the promise in the biblical book of Isaiah concerning the coming of the messiah, the human prince of peace, not a divinity – and not returning before the messiah actually comes. This sentiment co-existed with a rabbinical Judaism which also expressed a pre-Kantian ethical but monotheistic universalism together with an often contradictory nationalistic Mosaic and Levitical law – the Priestly Code binding only on Jews (Johnson 1993: pp. 97-168, Vermes 2012, Schama 2013). The conflict between Jan Pieterse’s philo-Semitism and Dianne Cupido’s anti-Semitism picks up

this theme in what is implicit and explicit in the play *The Cape Orchard*. The fascist in the Afrikaner Van Tonder in *Shades of Brown* has predictably anti-Semitic views, but the non-fascist parts of his *psyche* are a less bigoted form of Calvinism and include tenderness for his wife and child which are at the core of his quite different and liberally informed outlook in *Jannie Veldsman – A Film Scenario*.

Educated Christians and Jews profited from white supremacy and black exploitation, but also transmitted not only religion and, in unusual white people, the secular ethics associated with Judaism and Christianity. The recipients were often the modernising Africans who were also still involved in their own oral cultures of tribal tradition. That is to say that there was in South Africa the *logos* of classical learning and knowledge of the Enlightenment with its stress on the social contract between citizens and state. This, however, existed amongst educated whites, Africans, Indians and Coloured people - alongside Dr Verwoerd's Bantu Education Act which was designed to produce an education into servitude for Africans. Despite Bantu Education, through open and subversive formal and informal learning, interculturalism survived.

Some whites who benefitted from a richer and wider secondary and higher education, mitigated the horrors of segregation and apartheid. This occurred through their religious and secular beliefs, through their professional or business work, trade unionism, or actual membership of the liberation movements in South Africa (Bentley: 2013, Mendelsohn and Shain: 2008). White and black Christians, Hindus, Muslims, Jews, liberals, liberal-leftists and Marxists, as activists or as sympathisers in business and professional roles, had an important effect in negotiating with the apartheid regime before, during and after the white regime's surrender of power to the liberation movements. In this they worked with all the ethnic groups. Alan Paton, Trevor Huddleston, Chief Albert Luthuli, Archbishop Tutu, Braam Fischer (a member of the SACP and a distinguished advocate who defended Mandela, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Ahmed Kathrada and the others in the Rivonia trial in 1963-1964), Ismail and Fatima Meer, Helen Joseph, Bettie Du Toit, Sam Kahn, Solly Sachs, Nadine Gordimer, Helen Suzman, Albie Sachs, Joe Slovo and Ruth First - and of course Fugard and the playwrights, actors and directors at the Market, the Open Space and the Baxter Theatres, and at the universities - in their thousands - added to what was and is known as The Struggle.

Gcina Mhophe's and Fatima Dike's plays are also, in part, embodiments of white and black liberal Christianity and progressivism, and show the success and the partial success of these ideologies. Dike dramatises the failure of apartheid ideology. She espouses a kind of feminism and black consciousness which is remarkable, as well as being to some extent aesthetically integrated into the dramatic fabric of her two earliest plays. In other playwrights, such as the black consciousness writers, western ethical and political values in the form of a nationalistic Marxism were asserted to act as a counter to Afrikaner Calvinism. Dianne Cupido is articulate, shows *nous* about her suffering as a Coloured girl and young woman used as cheap labour by the De Villiers family who hold her in a kind of mitigated feudal relationship.

The cost of what purports to be civilization – the art of living in cities - includes climate change and the ecological degradation of the natural, human and animal environment affecting the global population generally, and the hunter-gatherers and pastoralists living in pre-literate oral cultures, which are fast disappearing. This is why Jan Pieterse in *The Cape Orchard* and Jannie Veldsman in the rewrite of *Shades of Brown, Jannie Veldsman – A Film Scenario* speak the language or a translation of the Cape /Xam, the now extinct Bushpeople of South Africa who have been assimilated into the Coloured and the African people, and, together with other African or Malay ethnicities, into some quasi-European Afrikaner families like the Van Tonders. It is ironical that the founders of the new South Africa could only avoid language bias by choosing a motto on the national coat of arms which is in the country's extinct twelfth language /Xam, the language of the exterminated Cape San: “!ke e: /xarra //ke” which means “Unity in Diversity” (Wikipedia 31/01/14). In Freud's, Levi-Strauss's and Jameson's words, the taboo now becomes the totem, the profane becomes sacred, the political unconscious becomes the patriotic conscious.

South Africa suffers the *anomie* of modernism as well as of the moral perversity of the double-think encouraged by apartheid and misguided affirmative action promoting incompetence. By contrast the *Nicomachean* and *Eudemian Ethics* are not split off from Aristotle's *Poetics* or his *Metaphysics* and relate to his psychological and ontological concerns (*De Anima – On the Soul*) – the presence in all of which is being – *to on*, manifested in different empirically accessible or supernaturally imaginary forms. The mysticism of Plato's Ideas are transcended by the actuality of

being, which in the soul is an energetic force measured by ethical Aristotelian action. Jan Pieterse in *The Cape Orchard* quotes Heidegger's secular metaphysics which give him a sense of ontological security to heal the colonial personality in himself which victimises the Other and postures as a victim of the Other. Pieterse knows that Heidegger was a Nazi. He quotes Heidegger because he feels that despite his Nazism he had something important to say about the unification of Being as Time – as did the /Xam – remarkable cave-painters (Lewis-Williams 1981) poets and story-tellers in the prehistoric world who in their folk-lore unified animal and human beings in a metaphysics which transcended death (Bleek and Lloyd 1911 / 1968, <http://sacred-texts.com/afr/sbf/sbf07.htm>) - thus respecting ecological limits on hunting and gathering so as not to exhaust nature, although despised as primitive by Boers and exterminated by Boers and “Bastaards” (Marais 1939 / 1968, Marks 1972) whose industrialised capitalist agriculture plays a part in a world-wide environmental breakdown.

By the same logic of healing the split between hateful objective ideology and the subjective Christian ethic, in fact existential transcendence of the subject / object split which has to subsume Enlightenment ethics, Nelson Mandela made peace with Mrs Betsy Verwoerd and with the Transvaal state prosecutor who sought the death penalty for him - Advocate Percy Yutar. Mandela enjoyed talking to his predecessor but one - P.W.Botha - who was responsible, ultimately for war and atrocities committed by the apartheid army and police.

But has apartheid not gone? Should anti-apartheid not therefore go and should theatre not address the issue of post-apartheid success and failure? According to his critics (Billington 2010, Isherwood 2012) Fugard is still breast-beating about the Afrikaner role in creating apartheid (in one of his most recent plays *The Train-Driver*). This is in the midst of a still continuing state of South African poverty, increasing South African inequality and mass African immigration from failed or autocratic states like Zimbabwe which, it might credibly be argued, is essentially a genocidal, Shona, anti-Ndebele, anti-white, tribal hegemony, which held fraudulent elections and disguised itself as the national socialism of ZANU-PF. It was suspended from the Commonwealth and collapsed economically when it illegally allowed attacks on white-owned farms, the role of which was to keep the economy solvent and the

population fed (Johnson 2010: pp. 265, 359, 363-364, 346, 359, 363-364, 367, 611-612). South Africa, in effect, allows and supports Zimbabwean dictatorship (Johnson 2010: pp. 63-69) in the name of black, African nationalist solidarity in *The Struggle against colonialism*. Fugard, meanwhile, has in fact retreated from the political into the personal.

Denialism characterised Thabo Mbeki's foreign policy towards Zimbabwe just as occurred in his health policy over AIDS. Thabo Mbeki had read Fanon and understood that black anger is cathartic. But as well, his *political* tactics of Leninism, acted as a defence against *anagnorisis* - Aristotelian or Freudian recognition. It was Leninist Marxism that was part of the very air that he breathed (Gevisser 2007: p.162) not ancient Greek *logos* or psychoanalytic caution about over-revealing himself in his ideological denunciations of the white man's view of Africans' sexuality. In an attempt to capture the African nationalist constituency – but driven on also by a kind of paranoia - he banned state subsidy of anti-retrovirals which can control but not cure HIV/AIDS. In what soon became evident was an attempt to vindicate pan- Africanism magically, irrationally, he effectively banned the anti-retrovirals from government clinics and hospitals because the science behind them was supposedly based on a (European) medical “paradigm” against which he took a stand on ideological grounds – against all the evidence of reputable scientists, and played along with what became clear was fraudulent and cranky medicine. In fact he misused the meaning of the word “paradigm”. The scientific findings of science as a paradigm may be questionable but then the methodology is unsound not the paradigm. The application of science as a paradigm to society which is not an organic entity and cannot be “sick” or “pathological” to be treated like a body. In this case the misuse of the medical paradigm may be unethical. But science as replicable science is not in itself a paradigm that in Mbeki's words “can be changed”. The *laws of physics* demonstrated by Einstein changed the *laws of physics* discovered by Newton and Galileo, but the *paradigm of science* was not changed. Van Tonder the fascist Afrikaner bans filthy, liberalistic discourse in Veldsman when the whole content and concept of ideology as reflective not of eternal values but of socio-economic and ethnic self-interest, is a questionable “paradigm” for him as an Afrikaner fascist, but *may* be a valid paradigm in Marxism. It *may* be questionable paradigm in that context because ideology is a qualitative human discourse not necessarily based on deterministic

quantitative empirical data. It has to be argued in terms of qualitative criteria and “ideology” as a paradigm *can* be changed as paradigm or brought to different paradigmatic conclusions. Why? *Liberal* ideology as a more valid form of the paradigm than ethnocentrism threatens him as a white man who is not really a white man but a Coloured man who is afraid of the stigma. So he projects that stigma onto irrational hatred of Coloured and black people, just as, I would argue, Thabo Mbeki projects not hatred but his anxiety not only as a black man actually running South Africa for the first time from a black African power-base, but about the grand-paternal and great-grand paternal Mbekis, his immediate forefathers and ancestors, as people who were stigmatised as “the Jews of Kaffirland” (Gevisser 2007: pp.3-30). The man who questioned the medical science behind the anti-retroviral treatment of AIDS did not look at the historical/ideological paradigm which prompted his authoritarian over-reaction governed by *hubris* - seeking to colonise the patriarchal, African nationalist constituency by the magic rhetoric of The Struggle.

What Mbeki could not accept was the paradigm of the political or historical unconscious. Some amaFengu became officials, teachers and traders working with the British colonial system in the Eastern Cape (Gevisser 2007: pp.3-30). The world context for this was a Victorian technology, mining enterprise and a capitalist financial system. This extended over the whole British Empire. The empire defended itself with a powerful navy, and colonial armies. Some of its financiers had connections with the European and American economies and world-wide. Ironically, but in accord with their historical role in capitalist western civilization, *some* of them like Alfred Beit (Cecil Rhodes’ financier) and the Rothschild families - *some* of those financiers were *also* Jews. Understandably and tragically, those Jewish middle-men would be hated and despised by those who perceived *them* as the cause of proletarian misery and part of an international conspiracy. The amaFengu were originally African refugees from internecine African wars the causes of which included competition for land exacerbated by British and Boer colonialism. For over three hundred years land was seized and defended by superior military might. This land was often the best land and land that contained mineral resources. The amaFengu were pushed into the already diminished lands traditionally held by the amaXhosa chieftainships. The amaFengu because of their insecure status were, *some* of them, all the more likely to take on roles as intermediaries between the colonial rulers and the ruled: the

amaXhosa as a potentially united language group had now become “truly” autochthonous after the Cape /Xam (the San or Bushpeople) had been exterminated by the Boers and the “Bastaards” (Khoi / European people). The previously autochthonous, living in the central interior region of the Cape Colony were killed in an ethnocide beginning in the late seventeenth century and more or less completed except for the enslavement of San women and children by the end of the eighteenth century (Marks 1972). The amaFengu would become threatening to the traditionalist amaXhosa who nevertheless gave them refuge. The amaFengu, an originally immigrant refugee element, would become Methodist missionaries, teachers transmitting a curriculum of pacification, praising Christian conversion and the protestant work ethic. The pragmatic Marxist Thabo Mbeki, under huge stress to deliver to the new Rainbow Nation was, we can presume, conflicted about the ultimately bourgeois “colonial” nature of his undoubted work ethic: he was the go-between in England for the neo-colonial pacification of what the Marxist in him would regard as a bourgeois democratic South Africa. That, via his diplomatic skills and his erudition, was his role in Botha’s and De Klerk’s endgame (Milne 2008) - totally airbrushed out of Nicholson / Chadwick / Singh’s film *Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom*. How could he reconcile that with his Marxism? The answer is to look at the personal as not fully in accord with the political, which is, itself never pure, always tainted by the worst and not the best features of Machiavelli’s *The Prince* which *was intended* not just as a guide to manipulating power, but how to achieve ethical ends.

Marxists tend to ignore the personal/political as an unconscious paradigm in Marx himself who hated socialists like Lassalle not just on ideological grounds but for being descended from nigger-Jews – his “unconscious” denigration of his own ancestry in the famous letter to the co-founder of the world communist movement – Engels, a factory owner in Manchester (Marx 1962, 75-2005 Vol. 31, p. 338), an incident to which I have already referred. Engels frequently helped the impoverished Marx family. Both of Marx’s grandfathers were rabbis, one of whom was descended from Rashi, the great medieval Torah commentator from Troyes, but, like so many German Jews, Marx’s father and Marx himself were baptized as a protection against German anti-Semitism. Was any Fanonesque psychology known to Thabo Mbeki about Marx’s or any other famous *projective identification of the stigma of the*

stigmatised in the perceived stigma of the Other? Mbeki had come across Fanon in his student days and quoted Fanon on the redemptive value of black awareness (Gevisser 2007: 162, 220, 281, 323, 736).

But Mbeki seemed to be unaware that he himself suffered from the adverse psychological effects of what he became – a colonial personality - liable to a paranoia blaming the Other for the faults (of the stigmatised amaFengu and his cold, puritanical father, Govan) which ultimately defeated him – perhaps becoming his own worst enemy, the victim of his own amaFengu demons, as well as the inherent difficulties of a liberation movement having no experience of the nuts and bolts of running a modern state.

The Real is rooted in the return of the repressed – sometimes the Real is rational and sometimes it is irrational. This is in Lacan “that which comes back to itself” through the “discourse of the Other” like the prospect of death and the recurrence of hope, love and hate, felt or denied and projected out. The Real comes back with a vengeance from the Other, but transformed by the Other’s rational or irrational Real. Thabo Mbeki eventually learned that his Real was not the Real of his most powerful significant Others – the enemies he made in the course of his AIDS denialism and his purging from the Deputy-Presidency of Jacob Zuma on account of Zuma’s corruption revealed in the Shabir Shaik trial (Johnson 2010: pp. 528-535, 536, 537, 552-553, 561,633, 639).

It was none other than Jacob Zuma, the son of a domestic worker, who had virtually no formal schooling, who was taught English by a fellow prisoner on Robben Island (Johnson 2010: p.88) who eventually ended the highly educated Thabo Mbeki’s hopes of a further five year presidency after the December 2007 Polokwane ANC conference. It was Jacob Zuma, the same Zuma whom Thabo Mbeki had fired in 2005 as Deputy President (Johnson 2010: p.511) for corruption as evidenced in the Shabir Shaik trial, who rallied his amaZulu majority tribal support against the previous more educated amaXhosa exiles. Jacob Zuma was, uniquely in post-colonial Africa, relatively peacefully *elected* as a new ANC leader, if only within the ruling party, and therefore, because of its built-in majority amongst the largely African electorate, Zuma became the next president in 2008 (Johnson 2010: pp.627-646).

Most informed people in South Africa know that Thabo Mbeki blundered badly in his AIDS denialism, whilst protected by loyal but doctrinaire appointees who would support him in his bid for a role initiating an African Renaissance (Gevisser 2007: pp. 322-325, 587-589 and *passim*). Pieterse, Veldsman, Dianne and Valma are also wracked with conflict between black pride and black humiliation. Mbeki is not alone in his tragic dilemma.

In Edmund Husserl (1936 / 1938/ 1978) phenomenology stresses the intentionality of how we understand the world which implies ethical and political judgement. Existentialism as such only leads on to an ethics and a politics insofar as its writers follow the possibilities of freedom in memoirs, literature, film, drama and the other arts which can reflect social action and, of course, in politics. Politics can attempt to be positively Machiavellian in using power to a good end which existentialism in itself knows nothing about, not having an ethics but practising a phenomenological ontology (Warnock 1967: 57). Philosophy and psychoanalysis insofar as they are ethical – that is reparative, redemptive and transcendent – do lead somewhere in understanding existence and therefore drama and society (Jaspers 1935/1956: pp.131-205, Lacan 1977 a & b, Bowie 1991: pp. 80-84, 94-95, Klein/Mitchell 1986: pp.12-13, 14, 24,46,51,58, Segal 1991, Heidegger 1927/1962). Veldsman dies, but Pieterse, Dianne and Valma live on in the existential freedom the writer can give them, at least in the fiction which is the real field for existentialism, as Sartre acknowledges in *What is Literature?*

Being, *Dasein* – *Being-There-In-The-World* or the Real, both rational and irrational, furthermore, is expressed in class-conflict and in South Africa, racialised and gendered class-conflict which is Jameson's usage of the Real in the history of the political unconscious contained in what he calls the prison-house of language (Jameson 1972: p.130). Van Tonder belongs to the Afrikaner working class, the proletariat, who were dispossessed of their land as a direct result of the Anglo-Boer War, the purpose of which was to seize for the British in South Africa and in Britain, control over the gold and diamond mines in the territories of the Trekker Republics (Pakenham 1993: pp.11-12). He is imprisoned in the transmitted memories of his father and grandfather's generation in the prison-house of language about the Afrikaners as victims in another oral-culture defended by the magic of rhetoric..

To have discourse about the rational and irrational Real, the playwright explicitly uses the oral *synchronic parole* as well implicitly the wider written *diachronic langue* embodying abstract thinking - a mind-set which occurs in what Goffmann and Lakoff call framing devices (Williams 2014) used over time *diachronically* (developmentally in the history of the *langue* – the total language as a whole) but expressed in the *synchronic parole* of vital everyday contemporary speech (see Appendix Six for a formal analysis of the interaction between the *synchronic* and the *diachronic* axes across which the inverted “U” parabolic arc of *mythos*, *logos* and *mimesis* moves up and across). This approach makes use of De Saussure’s structuralist linguistics set within Walter Ong’s context (Ong 2002: pp.31-114): the emotional appeal of the oral culture interacting with intellectual writing-culture which can *both* have roots in the *synchronic* and the *diachronic*. Oral cultures *can* be older and wiser historically than writing-cultures, but *can also* be totally unscientific and mythological, as can be the misguided writing-cultures of totalitarianism.

Veldsman tries to confront Van Tonder’s oral-culture of victimage expressed as *synchronic parole* with an oral and writing-culture of both *parole* and *langue* drawing largely from the *diachronic* which draws from history and psychotherapy and which understands the displacement of victimage onto others who become substitute victims – the non-white majority who, according to the *logos* of the writing-culture of anti-colonialist discourse underpinned this time by demographic science must eventually outnumber the whites, so that Van Tonder is fighting a losing battle.

As Ong has shown the psychodynamics of orality are powerful and vigorous but can seem to be part of an irrational Real applying a limited local mind-set. David Hammond-Tooke (1989) has demonstrated the widespread use of medical magic in South Africa against the context of a writing culture drawing on the whole *langue* and its mind-sets or framing devices which can have a more universal relevance but which the playwright has to submerge in the *synchronic parole*. The rational and even the irrational Real embodied in a vital oral-culture can interact fully with a writing-culture that is essential to civilization. Jan Pieterse’s existentialism contains a romantic “primary-ism” that seeks to legitimate an extinct autochthonous group and its living descendents in the Coloured population – going back to the original Adam in more sophisticated terms: the Bushpeople, the extinct /Xam, only present in assimilated

form in the Coloured and the *aBantu* – the Bantu-speaking Africans. Mandela himself had obvious San ethnic-biological features – an apricot-yellow/brown skin, high cheekbones and almond or crescent-moon shaped eyes.

The oral- and writing-cultures of anti-apartheid activism are evident in history and are very powerful. At the Edinburgh Festival (McMillan 2012) where there is no overt censorship and there is a wide degree of freedom of expression, South African theatre still celebrates anti-apartheid and anti-racist triumphalism, fully shared by McMillan as critic. Yael Farber's *Mies Julie* is technically brilliant and ecstatically applauded – with good reason. It does not challenge the ruling hegemony of wealthy black and white urban oligarchs who now preside over South Africa's destiny, where the police continue to brutalise prisoners and striking workers (SAPA 2012, Sacks 2013, Sosibo 2012). *Mies Julie*'s neurotic racism is not the general social issue, however brilliant the play as South Africanised Strindberg. President Jacob Zuma's amazing rise from the humblest beginnings to his career as a political policeman assisting Joe Modise who was in charge of *Mbokodo*, the intelligence service of *Umkhonto We Sizwe*, is much more the issue. Zuma was a beneficiary of corruption who fought off the contempt of the educated amaXhosa elite. His elevation of the ANC as above the state and the law are, arguably, also much more the issues (Johnson 2010: 88-92; Trehwela 2009b: pp.111-114, Johnson 2010: pp.507-572). Van Tonder of the Special Branch, a torturer and a murderer finds an echo in the late Joe Modise when *Mbokodo* used as its prison for ANC mutineers, the Quatro camp in Angola (Trehwela 2009b). Pieterse and Valma De Villiers have become aware of the dark side of The Struggle in the 2012 re-write of *The Cape Orchard*. What does The Struggle amount to when its rhetoric replaces justice, crime-control, adequate education, decent welfare, education and social services?

Chekhov too challenges the ruling hegemonies of the old and the on-coming Russia. As a good doctor and the outstanding playwright of *fin de siècle* Russia, Chekhov is intuitively aware of people's unconscious political and personal motivations and how medical science and social progress are betrayed by the ideological evasion of the Russian imperial state, the vulnerable position of the intimidated middle-class and the hopelessness of the incompetent gentry, the suppressed fury of the peasantry sunk in conditions of abysmal poverty. In *The Cape Orchard* I echo his challenge by

foreshadowing something wrong not only in how the police and the army behaved in defending the apartheid state but in the behaviour of some of the comrades of the UDF / ANC in the 1980s. Stalin's, Lenin's and Trotsky's Soviet Russia are foreshadowed in the challenging vigour of Lopakhin in *The Cherry Orchard* who, had Chekhov lived to reflect on the 1917 revolution, might have been "liquidated" as a new-bourgeois or a rich peasant. This is in contrast to the perceived pragmatism of Jan Pieterse and Leonie De Villiers in *The Cape Orchard*, living within the Cape liberal tradition. Lopakhin, had he existed in a Chekhovian portrayal after the revolution, may have been ingenious enough to join the Party and might have ended up running a factory or collective farm. I have tried to learn from Chekhov of how the techniques made available to western dramaturgy and first understood analytically by Aristotle in the *Poetics*, combine with modern social realism which requires political and moral transparency, not in its devious characters, but in the author's intention to let them reveal themselves in the light of their own unconcealment of being – *aletheia*. Jan Pieterse is either a sell-out or a successful example of the new black and Coloured bourgeoisie – depending on how one perceives The Struggle.

The third play, *The Zulu and the Zeide*, is written in a Jewish tragi-comic tradition which, to even mention in the context of revered Jewish authors is hubristic: I.L. Peretz, Sholom Aleichem, Isaac Balshevis Singer, Philip Roth and Amos Oz (Livinoff ed. 1979) as well as the American-Jewish humorist Leo Rosten, the creator of the inimitable Hyman Kaplan. The play is a dramatisation of a short story by fellow South African, Dan Jacobson and goes further. History is represented as the unconscious narrative of the Other. The Other anti-Semite in the insecure Jewish self drives the Zeide to counter-assert a miraculous survival in the Holocaust. In *Shades of Brown* - the Other Englishman infuriates and influences the Afrikaner nationalist. In the offstage Rudolf De Villiers in *The Cape Orchard* there is the Other of English- and Afrikaans-speaking South African economic nationalism working in the upper echelons of mining industry and finance. In Dianne Cupido in *The Cape Orchard* the Other cruel colonial white man in African nationalism is not at all feared. She is consciously fighting fire with fire alongside the comrades – the equivalent ideologically of the amaXhosa and the amaZulu who faced the bullets of the imperial forces who conquered them and the amaBhunu (the Boers). The Other in the subject self of which the subject is not fully or at all aware then becomes integrated with the

other Others in the subject so that there can be no consciousness of any foreign presence. Wilson and Thompson (eds.) (1969 / 1971) have published various relevant chapters on all these topics (except on the Jews) from a strictly historical and anthropological perspective.

What are implicit in Wilson and Thompson are the stereotypes of Otherness which are made manifest in Fanon in the subject. Shaka, Dingane, Ceteswayo, Mzilikazi, Lobengula become fighting kings exactly because Queen Victoria's armies and Piet Retief's Boer commandos are vicariously internalised by the amaNguni's already existent military and regimental system of making war - aggravating the much older pre-colonial process of the aggressive socialisation of young men under the guidance of old generals. By singing the praises of Boer fighting men, Veldsman, who repeats the praises of Dingane, shows how the Afrikaner delegation were killed as unarmed peace envoys. The praise-song purges the amaZulu of guilt by contextualising Piet Retief's men as *would-be fighting* Boers but now partly-admired and partly-parodied as Piet This, and Piet That. The Other scenarios are enacted in the subject who is cathartically cleansed of guilt and of the fear of retribution by controlling the images of the murdered men as what Melanie Klein would call "introjected" figures (Hinshelwood 1991: 331-334). Under Shaka fear of death were virtually "abolished" by the Zulu king's terrorisation of his warriors. Shaka was himself terrorised as a boy by his half-siblings in the struggle for the succession of the previously small and relatively insignificant Zulu group. He too "introjected" his persecutors – took them in and killed them psychologically within himself by killing them in the Other.

Despite Mugabe in Zimbabwe and Amin and Obote in Uganda, British influence ultimately did not precede or lead to a constant state of absolutist tyranny, perpetual anarchy or universal economic corruption in at least some ex-British colonies or protectorates. It may have produced containable colonial personalities by contrast with Amin and Obote who perhaps were not exceptional by comparison with Mobutu of Zaire (now the DRC) and Bokassa of the Central African Republic where anarchy and/or absolutism continued apparently indefinitely until a new "strong man" emerged.

Instead British colonialism sometimes laid the ground-work for some vestige of the rule of law. There was some parliamentary democracy, an independent judiciary, an

educational system (originally founded by missionaries), a financial system and a civil service the aims which would have been to be impartial, to refuse corruption by money. A beginning to these good intentions occurred in the Cape Colony in the nineteenth century. The electorate included an African and a Coloured franchise based on property and educational qualifications which intellectuals like Moeletsi Mbeki the ex-president's brother commends as a valid form of post-colonial democracy under the early Union of South Africa which laid the basis for mass-democracy (Johnson 2010: p.575). Veldsman, originally from the Cape, lives and breathes the spirit of Cape liberalism.

The white democracy post-Union of 1910/1912 united Boers and the English-speaking after an imperialist war against the Trekker Republics of 1899-1902 (Pakenham 1993:11-12). After this war the Union came about to promote Afrikaner-British reconciliation, and the heritage of Cape liberalism was abandoned but re-surfaced in the constitution of the new South Africa. Union's purpose was to bring the two white groups together in unity against the "threat" of reasoned requests for an extension of democratic rights in landholding and the vote for non-whites. The exclusivity of English economic dominance and the resentful return of a vengeful Afrikaner political nationalism (Wilson and Thompson eds. Vol. II 1971) created a white hegemony which enabled the whites to eventually remove the limited African and Coloured franchises. This is very clear to Van Tonder but he is, as Jameson would have it, trapped in the prison-house of his (paranoid) language, both because of his oral-culture of victimage and his narrow educational writing-culture based on a language no one speaks outside of South Africa.

In order to get South African colonialism and post-colonialism into perspective so as to understand my plays it may be helpful to look at the differences between the post-colonial cultural fate of China (Chang and Halliday 2005, Kraus 2012, Lovell 2014), and Venezuela (El Sistema 2013, Library of Congress 2005) on the one hand, and South Africa and most other parts of Africa on the other. Venezuela now, it should be remembered is not what it was in the heyday of Hugo Chavez (Walker 2014).

In Venezuela, for example, despite its increasing crime rate and, currently, massive inflation hitting the poor and the presence of vigilantism in Caracas (Walker 2014), over half the population appear to have no *ethnic* problem about regarding themselves

as *mestizos* - mixed race. Poverty appears to be the issue. This is by contrast with South Africa where although there is now evidently poor white poverty, poverty is still associated with being black although being a black South African now may involve a kind of xenophobia against black immigrants which never existed under apartheid because the regime allowed no black African immigration. In South Africa there is no completely unifying language like Spanish or Portuguese. There are eleven official languages in South Africa and each carries with it a somewhat different cultural configuration especially as between the isiNguni groups which are isiXhosa, isiZulu, siSwati, isiNdebele-speakers, and the SeSotho / SeTswana / SePedi / xisTsonga / TshiVenda-speakers which differ not only from the isiNguni-speakers but amongst themselves (Wikipedia 31/1/14). The difference between Afrikaans-speakers and English-speakers amongst the whites can be very great culturally and a wide range of Methodist, Calvinist, Anglican, Roman Catholic and charismatic “Zionist” African churches exist. By contrast all over South America Roman Catholicism is a unifying factor. Only 12 % of Venezuelans are Protestants (Wikipedia 21/12/13). European colonists brought with them a unifying writing culture there and into other parts of South America. US destabilisation of left-wing regimes in South America and the establishment of military dictatorships were followed by resistance and the election of left-wing or populist governments. Hugo Chavez, a left-wing populist, was an example of an indigenous person who became president of Venezuela who used religious imagery and visited the Pope – whatever has happened now to his legacy and the apparent return of destabilisation. The Catholic Church resisted state intervention in its schools and resisted the state’s intention of removing religious education from state schools. There has been a rise in the development of charismatic Christianity amongst the urban poor. No doubt the rise of state vigilantism and the heritage of Chavez left-wing populism may have had a negative impact on non-Catholic Christians in Venezuela but the conflict now is over the impact of rising prices on the poor, which *appears* to have no ethnic implications. On the other hand the *indigenous* may have additional problems that the highly urbanised and industrialised mixed population do not have. But this does not coincide with colour prejudice or ethnic prejudice as understood in Anglo-Saxon countries although these factors may be latent in South America.

African slaves in South and Central America and the Caribbean were the survivors of transportation which killed millions. Slaves revolted and there *was* and *is* inequity based on degrees of colour with regard to populations with a high proportion of ex-slaves from Africa, but the pre-conditions for a multi-cultural assimilated artistic identity could be supported in countries like Brazil and Venezuela – the latter with its network of youth orchestras (El Sistema 2013) playing classical European, popular Latin and African musical fusions such as by Villalobos. Whether a post-Chavez Venezuela will be able to sustain El Sistema in the present conditions of massive inflation and destabilisation of the current regime is open to doubt.

Above all in most South and Central American societies there is an extensive Spanish and Portuguese writing-culture rivalling and exceeding the largely oral cultures that still, happily, exist amongst the indigenous. Venezuela rivals South Africa in terms of murder rates and Mexico exceeds it in terms of narcotics cartels, and drug wars. These issues and slum-poverty especially in Mexico create massive rates of crime, anarchy, chaos and encourage migration but there is no evident *institutionalised* racism to the extent that this is perceived to linger on in South Africa.

Despite colonial and post-colonial repression in South America Augusto Boal was able to write and facilitate performances about a resolved and on-going Brazilian anti-Aristotelian theatre aesthetic – a Brechtian “people’s theatre” - which had universal appeal (as early as the 1950s). It was only later that a Brechtian theatre did indeed become the prevailing discourse at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg – in the 1970s and 1980s - but to what end now that a black bourgeoisie is in power but is not fully in control of the economy, crime and other social issues like health and education?

South Americans with an educated European background had access to the slums and rural villages of the poor. Except for those like Fugard who had the nerve and the talent and religious ministers like Father Trevor Huddleston, few white liberals or even communists like Benny Turok whose Congress of Democrats office was centrally based in Johannesburg city itself, dared to break or evade the law and convention by going into the segregated black African townships. Few white communists (Roux 1964 / 1984) had enough knowledge of the Bantu-languages or access to interpreters to informally convey the frame analyses which bridged oral- and

writing-cultures in terms concrete enough (Ong 1982 /2002: pp.1-3, 5-9, 11-14, 16-30,77-114, 147) to make them meaningful to emergent African societies. Goffmann and Lackoff (Williams 2014) suggest that modern societies create common *frame analyses* which also convey emotionally charged insight stemming from committed ideology. In teaching his dramaturgy we can see what Fugard did. Alone and with African collaborators he developed an eclectic regional theatre language of words and body, feeling, intuition and intellect, crossing ethnic boundaries but informed by the classical humanism, Dionysian and Apollonian, of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes and their modern equivalents Camus, Sartre and Beckett with Heidegger the “tabooed” dark god behind the “sacred” Irish, the French and the French/Algerian existentialists.

It was exactly this dynamic between vivid emotional albeit formulaic poetic orality and the flexible philosophical *logos* of dramatic writing structure which enabled the ancient Greeks to move from actually *memorising as they listened* to conveying that oral *anamnesis* so as to bring alive the vitality and religious relevance of the Athenian drama festivals *in writing* - as Ley (1999) points out in his opening chapter on the development of ancient Greek *mimesis* which has become today’s interculturalism. This can only happen when a culture, as Ong puts it, is half-way or more than halfway between orality and writing. A culture that is totally submerged in writing or totally submerged in orality cannot produce a vital dramaturgy. Perhaps this explains the lived vitality of Fugard’s *lexis* – his South African diction and the instantaneous appeal of South African poetry and the novel whether by black or white writers – Oswald Mtshali, Wally Serote, Sipho Sepamla, J.M.Coetzee, Nadine Gordimer (Alvarez-Pereyre 1984, Walder 1984, Dovey 1988, Clingman 1986).

The heritage left by Paulo Freire and Augusto Boal in education and theatre in Brazil which declared its independence of Portugal in the early nineteenth century, has occurred with the explicit adoption of European, indigenous and African cultures on the basis of sexual miscegenation which happened in South America from early colonial times. Africa still lives with the recent, bloody, repressive and some positive effects of colonialism. In Portuguese and French African colonial territories this colonialism did not outlaw sexual miscegenation and encouraged an assimilated class of Africans. But this did not happen on the scale of the mixed liaisons and marriages

as between fellow Catholics in South America. Apartheid and post-apartheid could only happen in South Africa because of its peculiar colonial form of repressive sexual-religious Calvinism and indeed its sexually repressive form of Anglicanism/Protestantism and, for that matter, its African “Zionist” charismatic churches which spiritualise libido in ecstatic “hot”gospel.

Apartheid lives on in the arts and in much of the education system as a structural problem produced by previously degraded standards under Bantu Education and the Bantustan “bush colleges”, by the vagaries of affirmative action and by general administrative incompetence post-apartheid (Johnson: 2010: pp.211, 443). The need for the re-education of failing teachers is surely as much and more of a social problem than the absence of drama teachers. But Carlin (1999: p.162) puts it this way: “Unfortunately, the fact of the matter remains that it is a very limited number of schools that offer as a drama subject – none of the ‘black’ schools do, nor do most of the integrated state schools outside of Kwa-Zulu Natal”. But what kind of drama would be offered when a high proportion of teachers are actually semi-literate and struggling to cope with AIDS (Johnson: 2010: pp.211, 443)? A Brechtian theatre of revolutionary *gestus*? The Nietzschean/Greek abyss of human suffering in South Africa takes a distinctly non-philosophical form when teachers with AIDS and semi-literate teachers are struggling to cope (Johnson: 2010: pp.211, 443). Teacher training colleges and the universities have deteriorated because higher education entities have become public service management organisations which do not appoint the best academics for the job and favour lecturers who are handmaidens for ANC policies and *ipso facto* do not adhere to an ethos of intellectual excellence and an ethical pedagogy. J.M. Coetzee in the novel *Disgrace* shows how perverse is the revolt against moral decency in a white lecturer David Lurie in a previously Coloured university who romanticises his affair with a Coloured student, Melanie, and uses it to wilfully produce a self-inflicted tragedy by turning himself into a *pharmakos* – a punishment-seeking scapegoat who will not apologise and show penitence and so is fired and ends his days putting down unwanted dogs and having to endure the unreported and unpunished rape of his lesbian daughter by a gang associated with her new African farmer-neighbour Petrus. The utterly disillusioned ethos of the previously segregated universities, although now, ostensibly multi-ethnic in post-apartheid, is distinct from the previously liberal multi-racial English-speaking

universities such Witwatersrand, Natal and Cape Town where there was not such an atmosphere of doom-seeking guilt because they admitted students and appointed staff on merit (Johnson: 2010: pp. 318-319 587). Liberal guilt and black victimage did not need to work itself out. No wonder Gcina Mhlophe says she sees no black women playwrights emerging in 1997 or - likely to emerge without going “back to workshop theatre” and seeing to it that more black women go to university (Perkins 1998: p.82) – which is to say that workshop theatre and a reformatory education rather than affirmative action is needed. I know from trying to teach psychology to the all-non-white social work students of Botswana University in 1995-1997 whose schooling had been in the hands of missionaries for a century and more that Franz Fanon’s colonial-personality syndrome led to such an over-valuation of purely behaviourist quantifiable psychology that Freud’s “unconscious” was laughed out of court as a white man’s myth. Discussion of the psychodynamics of repressed aggression, the death-wish and sexuality was seen by African students as perhaps unChristian or possibly the fantasies of an irrelevant European understanding of neurosis, or a racist attempt to attribute animal drives to humans. Whereas in the west Freud has been assimilated into the intellectual ethos of higher learning and an acceptance of *homo sapiens* as a primate species with a large neo-cortex at odds with instinctual drives, and psychoanalysis is seen to be one entirely normal way of understanding psychopathology this is not so in this African university. Thus witchcraft and mental illness remain linked together as symptoms of each other with, implicitly, a magical and supernatural basis rather than seen as in part regression to earlier stages of the ego and universally found mechanisms of defence (Hammond-Tooke 1989, Kline 1984: pp1-43, 155-158).

This syndrome, the failure to think-through scientific findings at odds with oral cultures, was implicit in the whole Mbeki AIDS fiasco. During the Mandela and Mbeki administrations many of the best older teachers were compulsorily retired to save government money, many of the remaining teachers were not only semi-literate but over 12% had AIDS (Johnson 2010: pp.70, 211, 215-216, 443). It is possible to argue that partly as a result of the failure of schools to socialise boys, and colleges to educate competent and law-abiding teachers (who themselves add to the rate of sexual abuse on or near their own professional territories) girls and female infants were and are being raped by boys and men – a general indicator of perhaps cultural

failure, perhaps disempowerment, which schools, churches, trade unions, political parties, NGO's should be addressing collectively with or without drama teaching. These are the statistics from "Human Rights Watch 2001: IV Background: South African Police Service, 'Statistical Analysis of Reported Rape Cases,' in a SAPS report entitled *The Incidence of Serious Crime in South Africa Between January and December 1999*. For the twelve to seventeen-year-old age group, the Western Cape reflected the highest ratio of rapes at 889.3 per 100,000 of the female population, followed by Gauteng at 722.0. For the age category of zero to eleven years, Gauteng was identified as the province with the highest ratio of reported rape cases per 100,000 of the female population with 220.9 cases, followed by the Western Cape at 176.4, Free State at 149.4, and KwaZulu-Natal at 139.2. The England / Wales figure in for all-age reported rape cases is approximately 279 per 100,000 of the female population in all age groups, with infant rape relatively rare (Rape Crisis/ MoJ/ONS/HO 2013).

The absent presence in *Have You Seen Zandile?* is actually present as the "political unconscious" of the play, and is explicit in Mhlophe's "Nokulunga's Wedding", a factual account of marital gang rape of her half-sister in the Mount Frere district of the Transkei as a young adolescent and would not even have been reported to the police, just as Mhlophe's own abduction by her biological mother was not reported to the police – which *hamartia* – mistake – is part of the very *mimesis* of the play calling into question how critical theory can address the very concept of *logos* – in my definition the *ethical* truth entailed in *mimesis*. Critical *action* is what Mhlophe does in her community work now in Durban. If her biological mother had her way Mhlophe herself would have been sold through a degraded *lobola* payment and maritally gang-raped in mid-adolescence as happened to her half-sister not lucky or bright enough to get into the boarding-school which saved Mhlophe from "Nokulunga's" fate. Nokulunga is doomed by patriarchal oral-cultures.

Looking at these facts and figures, well may it be asked by the new Chinese "colonialists" in Africa (Johnson 2010: pp. 368, 460, 489): "Why is it that Africans failed to unify and modernise regional areas of this vast place let alone how is it that the rape of infants and young children is so prevalent in a supposedly modernising society with a liberal-democratic constitution?" We might ask in return quote

journalists and serious research: “How is it that Chinese men demand rhino horn powder to cure impotence? And new ivory for carvings to decorate the home – both of which entail the unnecessary slaughter by illegal poachers in a trade of hugely extravagant proportions endangering African species being plundered? How is it that China has colonised Tibet? How is it that China erects a digital firewall against Google search engines which might expose the huge wealth of the communist Party elite and the atrocities of the “deified” Mao? How is it that Han ethnic supremacy entails the suppression of minority Muslim ethnicity? How is it that Chinese are trafficked as slaves to the west? How is it that China supports North Korea?” This is not to trivialise the issue of rape and civilization or to sensationalise the argument but to indicate that the irrational, the totalitarian, the hypocritical and the ecologically barbaric Real are everywhere and that humans beings everywhere can and do behave in duplicitous, power-hungry and irrational ways which damage a society and the environment on a huge and global scale when magical rhetorical orality defeats the humane sciences of rational writing. This is exactly the tone and purport of Lacan’s Real which tries to introduce into critical theory a subjective and objective reality lacking in positivistic social science and certainly in even in his own charismatic psychoanalysis. The Real is so, notwithstanding the fact that the symbolic judges it as irrational or the imaginary might actual charge it with its own fantastic sensationalism intimately connected with orality. It remains to be proved as to whether the mirror that distorts reality into fantastic speculation is itself distorted or curved like the old-fashioned speculum. This is the whole burden of critical theory in literature. The marital and extra-marital rape of infant girls and adolescents in South Africa is not creative literature, or male projection or a mere theory, but a fact, the Real – and not a racist concoction either.

The fact is the Chinese unified and modernised China, the Spanish and Portuguese and local liberators like Simon Bolivar unified, and began the modernisation of Venezuela. There is a price for all this. The indigenous South Americans were decimated by disease or wiped out by the militant Christianity of gold-greedy *conquistadores*. The price in China was even greater. Perhaps as many as forty five million Chinese died as a result of the Long March, the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution (Chang and Halliday 2005) – many more than were killed as a result of the slave trade in Africa which may have accounted for up to ten million

violent deaths before and during transportation and over fifteen million living slaves transported (Meltzer 1993, Lovejoy 2000). Marx (1867) argued that slavery financed industrial capitalism. Modern economists dispute this but agree that a proportion of western economies were enriched by slavery and stimulated the wealth that accrued from the sugar, rum and cotton products of Caribbean and American slavery which in turn enabled capital accumulation in, and the expansion of, European and American markets internationally, which in turn funded further European imperialism and colonialism. Were these just “mistakes” – *hamartia* – material for performance drama, literary theatre and films, the reality of which western Europeans now apologise, or are these phenomena better seen as part of the reality of history? They are certainly part of the Real.

The purpose of slavery was modernisation not for the slaves but for the white beneficiaries of slavery, the captains of industry, trade and the agricultural aristocrats who grace the pages of Jane Austen’s and Charlotte Brontë’s novels’ insight into whose failings are manifested in a literary art of which feminists are justly proud. Gilbert and Gubar (1979) and Jean Rhys (1966) point out the reason why there was a madwoman in the attic above the house of a wealthy Mr Rochester - eventually loved by Jane Eyre. He married Bertha Mason for her money - made on the backs of Caribbean slaves transported from Africa. The only good-enough mother-figure Bertha Mason has in Jean Rhys’s very credible reconstruction of the Real history behind *Jane Eyre* in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, is a black woman and a slave, separation from who precipitates not just a fictional madness. Who made “the mistake” here? Rochester? The whole industrial capitalist system? A writing-system as cruel and worse than any relatively un-armed orality?

Colonialism, then, creates not only pain and terror, but guilty or creative dependency which may be sublimated in art. The actual torture and execution of a man like John Harris and the torture and suicide of a man like Neil Aggett may very well have been the result of political actions which were in part reaction formations in honour of their African attachment figures. As Naidoo makes clear in her biography, Neil Aggett was preoccupied by his father’s killing of Africans when Mr Aggett was in the Kenyan police reserve during the Mau Mau emergency. Like millions of “white Africans” they owed part of their psychological security and integrity to black men and woman

who nurtured them as their own, as did Peter Ngubane nurture me and indirectly my African creativity. For me this was part of my *anagnorisis*, my recognition of myself as what I was and would become, not a mistake, not a madman in the attic. This orality of love transcends the psychological science that corroborates it in writing.

Niall Ferguson (2003) estimates that up to ten million Africans died as a result of ill-treatment or would not have been born in the Belgian Congo enriching not only King Leopold II but indirectly enriching Belgium and Europe which needed the rubber trade and nurtured millions of a new European bourgeoisie and their children. In the recent Congo (Kinshasa) post-colonial wars perhaps 5.4 millions deaths have occurred (Deibert 2014). With a background of victimization, it is possible that the previous victims can, after independence and the initiation of a western, liberal, humanist consensus through the UN and NGO's, use their victimage to justify the further victimization of others in the anarchic armies of Congo (Kinshasa) composed of otherwise young, disempowered African men with nothing except their AK-47's who will if challenged point back to colonialism as the *raison d'être* of current post-colonial war and pathology. President Thabo Mbeki with all the power and privilege of his office and with erudition as an master's graduate in economics of Sussex University, well read in English poetry, but vulnerable and afraid of confronting problems head on, resorted to rages, tried the angry self-righteous victimage stratagem in relation to African crime statistics and the viral causation of AIDS (Johnson 2010: pp. 187-188, 339-243). This caused NGO's like the Treatment Action Campaign, with some justification, to accuse him of mass-murder by default. Mbeki actually told the victim of an African rapist, the journalist Charlene Smith, that her declarations about the endemic nature of rape in African male culture, as well as the refusal of the government to make post-rape emergency anti-retrovirals available, was symptomatic of her racist hysteria (Johnson: 2010: pp 216-221). This is part of today's Conradian "heart of darkness" going back by a historical chain of events that the great Polish novelist himself experienced as a child-deportee in Tsarist Russia as another victim of another imperial power. If Conrad with all his resources of talent and his gift for languages and his personal courage and competence as a seaman and an author can have *hamartia* – a fault which in this instance causes blemishes or only by serendipity causes him to project his childhood rage and pain onto other issues which enhances his writing "by mistake" – is this not a universal human trait? I shall

look at the “heart of darkness” in my own literature again. Is *Heart of Darkness* one whole moral-ethical mistake – as Chinua Achebe would maintain?

What has happened in China is that a long history of a pictogram-literate culture going back at least two thousand years of imperial dynasties united at least large parts of a vast country through a Mandarin-speaking bureaucracy and a predominant Han ethnic culture. There were what the Marxist comrades during and after Stalin called “mistakes”. The price paid there and in other Far East Asian countries was a colossal cost in human lives and happiness.

The Other however is not only in history. Perhaps the Other is part of a human psychology dating back to Palaeolithic times where the Other did indeed lurk everywhere around small, threatened and therefore threatening hunter-gathering groups whose genes we still have. How else to explain in a country which produced Bach, Goethe, Kant, Beethoven and Nietzsche, an initially elected majority party in the Reichstag in 1933 - the National Socialist Workers Party of Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler? Other than to point to the hypnotic power of rhetoric and then action in the face of the demonically portrayed Other – very functional in the face of predators and rival groups – competing for survival? Is this not the reason why we respond with such rapt attention to the compelling power of the modern, allegorical re-iteration of hunting out, demonizing and sanctifying both the heroic Other and the diabolical Other in Golding’s *Lord of the Flies*, Orwell’s *Animal Farm* and their Southern African counter-part Jacobus Coetzee in his terrible revenge in the land of the Nama in the eighteenth century in J.M.Coetzee’s *Dusklands*? Or the power of *Tsotsi* in pre-apartheid as relevant in post-apartheid as it ever was? We are still hunting men and gathering their money. This is to eat as well as to placate the internal, the unconscious Other who haunts us as the mother’s body haunts us as irretrievable, so for the very poor and those bereft since childhood of love and mercy, the only ultimate course of action is theft through murder until there is no further choice but reparation and therefore redemption - in terms stated by the man in Tsotsi’s gang who should have been a teacher – Boston - “decency”. Veldsman dies for decency under the indecent boot, but Pieterse goes on living for decency, so do the Zulu and the Zeide. The Other and the subject and the Other in the subject cause “mistakes” – *hamartia* - in the search for Boston’s “decency” embodied in both oral and writing cultures.

China supports North Korea. This country according to the Kirby UN inquiry report of 2014 worships one family dynasty and uses the techniques of the Orwellian state to control thought. It divides the population into groups of more or less useful citizens. It kidnaps two-hundred thousand women to be used as wives for foreigners in the country. It uses criteria of racial purity in controlling abortions. It uses food to control the behaviour of conformist and allegedly deviant citizens. It has prison camps in which alleged deviants are starved and die of malnutrition; it does not adequately feed the “lower orders” (of three classes and fifty one categories) – this is the price paid for a kind of modernisation which melds with traditional Far Eastern (what Marx called Oriental) despotism (Kaiman 2014, Walker 2014). Its drama and dance are choreographed performances in honour of the state and the ruling dynasty. Are these mistakes? *Hamartia*? Africa, the birthplace of mankind, is, in vast areas, ungovernable or not governed such as in the Central African Republic and in South Sudan. What “mistake” did African socio-geography and history make in creating these conditions?

The Far Eastern civilizations, partly discovering science and learning autonomously, partly copying from the west and now in some respects exceeding the west financially, industrially and commercially did not rival the ancient Greek and Enlightenment cultures in promoting the idea of the *individual* as a unique being, as well as what Aristotle calls a social animal. But as Stathaki (2009) points out in the ancient pre-capitalist Athenian society and in its drama, the educated, free ancient Greek experienced what she suggests is an ontologically more benign unity of the self and society, a potential resolution of the conflict between the gods, fate and freedom (p.24), unlike the subject/object torn apart by slavery and apartheid – although her tone is more measured (pp. 287-296). We simply have no idea of what it must have been like *not* to experience the ontological nothingness entailed in the capitalist and post-capitalist schism between the private and the public realms. This unity of these realms was, according to Stathaki a characteristic of pre-capitalist ancient quasi-democratic Athens, which is one reason why Greek tragic drama must so appeal to the alienated but educated citizens of mass-democratic modernism who are torn apart by the incomprehensible every day of the working week as they wander into work and back home through a public/private split, the *anomie* of which rots the soul – at least

as Fugard shows in *Dimetos*, the alienated engineer of a dystopian city, as true for him in Port Elizabeth as in Edinburgh.

In the locality-based pastoral-agricultural cattle economies of much of traditional Africa there were and are the surviving structures of some kingly states and chiefdoms all over this vast continent with no surviving record of the drama of the individual as such. There was the African iron-age city Great Zimbabwe and the kingdom of Mwene Mutapa which still has a cultural relationship with modern Zimbabwe. Through spirit-mediums a link was made with these ancestors and this supported the morale of ZANLA guerrillas fighting against the Rhodesian regime (Lan 1985). These events have influenced one play of David Lan, originally a white South African anthropologist, who wrote *A Mouthful of Birds* (Joint Stock/ Royal Court 1986) with Caryl Churchill and with choreography by Ian Spink – “a meditation on possession, madness and female violence” (Wikipedia 22/09/09). This adapts *The Bacchae* of Euripides. It is certainly possible to link the oral culture of the Shona and the national socialist culture unpinning Robert Mugabe’s ZANU-PF Shona-based dictatorship. Fraser Grace in *Breakfast With Mugabe* shows the abuse of Shona supernaturalism – Dionysian magic – in the political realm. The fate of the amaNdebele is sealed by those morally vindicated in the name of a demagogue who invokes the *mhondoro*, the Shona spirit medium Charwe Nehanda to justify his deeds – including the Matabeleland attacks by the North Korean-led and North Korean-trained Fifth Brigade in the early 1980s (Catholic Commission 1997). In Aristotlian terms one asks if Mugabe actually make “a mistake” historically or was it “inevitable” that in post-colonialism “tribal” (and was it, or is it just tribal?) hegemony was established to avoid a breakdown in society? This issue is raised in terms of the mistakes (?) of the farm invaders in killing an apparently good man’s wife in Fraser Grace’s play – a black wife who is seen by Mugabe as “the spoils of the conquerer” and therefore vulnerable to the rage of the invaders who see her as a tribal and ethnic traitor (rationalised as an ideological traitor?) Is it their very intention to make this “mistake” - for them part of a holy war?

Chiefdoms, ancient cities and kingly states have a connection with Uganda, Botswana, Nigeria, Mali and Ghana. Wole Soyinka, a Nobel Prizewinner for Literature, has made the link between African super-natural oral culture, and

colonialism. The violence of the conflict between the oral culture of tribal ritual, and colonialism is portrayed. British colonialism contains a white, upper class which practiced empowering and profitable rituals because they too are a partly exploitative, partly benevolent English “tribe”? This is expressly the theme of *Death and the King’s Horseman*. A Hegelian dialectic goes on between a local African and a colonial culture dramatised performatively and not only theatricalised by *theoria*. Without the horseman’s and the district commissioner’s “mistakes” there would be no gripping theatre as *theoria* coming through the performative drama. The great advantage of theatre and fiction is that mistakes can be written, read, rehearsed and performed in the hope that they will not happen again.

In historical reality where there were positive effects in Africa for white, mixed race and African subjects many of those benefits have been destroyed – such as the transport system in the Democratic Republic of Congo - ex-Belgium Congo (Kinshasa) – an enormous territory treated by King Leopold II as his personal property flowing into a Belgium and a Europe enriching itself and, as Joseph Conrad put it in 1902, a heart of darkness then, and it must be said again now (Deibert 2014).

What, then, more precisely, is the heart of darkness? It is an apt metaphor for describing moral chaos, the *aporia* of ethical nihilism, a black hole in which operate self-aggrandizement and capitalist profit supposedly seeping down to create local employment but supporting in post-colonialism, another elite. The sensitive artist feels the uncanniness of philosophical absurdity and *angst* and the regret of inauthenticity, a failure of realisation because all are trapped in the fact of having no foreseeable future other than to fill the emptiness created by a colonialism that has no heart and in which instead there is greed, oppression, cruelty and charismatic religion reviving new eclectic forms of supernaturalism. That heart of darkness can in the course of time become the plenitude of Being/Time of an ethics of decency and a politics of hope in the hands of an artist like Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. In the novel *Half of a Yellow Sun* everybody is faulty, dislocated, ignorant, the wrong colour, sexually betraying, incompetent or too clever by half in the midst of Fulani, Hausa, Igbo and Yoruba groupings fighting for a Nigeria where things do fall apart, where the centre cannot hold except in the ramshackle *bricolage* of the creative act of writing (Kellaway 2006). This was a society that was divided up by the European

imperialists in the Congress of Berlin (1884-1885). It takes a great effort of creative imagination to bring off an artistic feat of this magnitude because we know what this arbitrarily divided Africa does to people generally. In the Columbian Marquez (1988) and the Chilean Dorfman (1994) it does seem to matter that both these authors are of apparently European descent because the indigenous context has been decimated, wiped out, the political unconscious is subjected to amnesia. *Death and the Maiden* is about the vengeance of the tortured facing the torturer and both are Chilean Europeans in a drama that could be located in post-Franco's Spain. The African mistress of Jeremiah de Saint-Amour whose suicide opens *Love in the Time of Cholera* is essentially the Other and insofar as she has a character it is to be in accord with the entirely admirable Spanish values of secrecy and honour about her lover's death and their relationship. To be black and African is to be the exotic counterpoint to what is essentially Spain in Columbia where and when aristocratic and high bourgeois values still prevailed. Peter Schaffer in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* dared to show how it came about that European colonialism effectively wiped out the previous South American historical memory.

What the classical *peripeteia* (the reversal) in Conrad's metaphor of the heart of darkness is, is a political unconscious of sympathy for the enslaved beneath the racist contempt of its English gentleman narrator Marlow who calls the Congolese niggers causing Chinua Achebe to retort that Conrad is a bloody racist (Bratlinger 1966/ 1996, pp. 277-298). It is no accident that the original setting for a widely used rhetorical effect, trope or metaphor is central Africa. For Achebe, Conrad is himself enveloped in a moral nihilism - a heart of darkness. Achebe in his novel *Things Fall Apart* uses W.B. Yeats' poetic metaphor which casts light on darkness by showing the centre that once *could* hold - the very opposite of a heart of darkness - say in the opening wrestling match. In the African novel this idea resists the disintegration produced by a colonialism (or was it modernism?) destroying the great oral traditions in Nigeria's previously largely pre-literate oral societies thus recuperating the novel fusing a Hegelian synthesis: negating cultural colonialism or exploitative modernism through a humanist African version of what is nevertheless a western artistic form and transcending the colonial novel and the oral societies that colonialism attacked by offering a synthesis which African society is still struggling to achieve. By contrast Islam brought Arabic to West and East Africa in the medieval period and later but this

never became part of an African renaissance as such perhaps because associated with slavery and it has lately abandoned its association with the Greek classics because associated now with *jihadism*. This is a mistake – *hamartia* - which mars Aristotle's heritage as a founder of modern empirical science and as an important contributor to ethics, politics, metaphysics, ontology and so on which non-Greeks often value, a metaphysical wholeness (*Things Fall Apart*) that Achebe sees violated by colonialism.

Conrad was we are told by F.R. Leavis (1962) along with George Eliot and Henry James, part of the great tradition in the English novel. In my view Conrad uses not only the technique of impressionist de-familiarisation, but *narrative racism*, shockingly and dangerously. This brings alive an extraordinary account of human cruelty in the context of a continent of unimaginable beauty made unforgettable by contrast with his narrator's ugly contempt for black Africans. Dead and dying Africans, even his speared helmsman on the river boat who helps him, is thrown overboard like a sack of potatoes whilst Marlow ducks the assault from the riverbank. He does not know the man's name. Marlow toughs it out as the *pukka sahib* amongst people he calls niggers. In Rider Haggard (*King Solomon's Mines*) the implication is that the Africans could not possibly have built Great Zimbabwe. But they did (Ranger 1979). But by a process of paradoxical injunction we come to hate not the Africans or even the Belgians with their "pilgrim" staffs of authority and their Winchester rifles and their burning and plunder, but Marlow – and then we realise that Marlow is channelling our own unspoken – if not racism – our fear and hate of the Other in ourselves which we project onto the objective Other. He de-familiarises everything he describes because he is so disgusting in how he describes human suffering (how he reacts to the death of his helmsman) and yet Marlow in theory at the beginning of the novella proclaims a liberal generosity on the side of the colonised who are enslaved because of the colour of their skins and the shape of their noses. There is, however, in Marlow a gentlemanly gesture of admiration for Kurtz's African mistress who offsets "the horror...the horror..." of tropical delirium, lust and greed – perhaps because she is a woman, a glittering object of desire and he must be gallant. Marlow is capable of a redemptive and reparative insight through his impressionistic word-painting of the mystery and beauty of the Thames estuary and of African light and darkness which Conrad's evocatively intricate English learned as a second or third language also de-

familiarises and etches out quite unforgettably. Achebe does not forgive Conrad because of his artistry. In my view Conrad transcends his Sartrean *bad faith* in pretending to have no responsibility for Marlow's poisonous descriptions of African pain and death by turning human tragedy into a white man's adventure story to be read in the gentlemen's clubs of London. The reason for this transcendence is not just the entrancing impressionism of style. We are left in perpetual suspense and therefore return to the novella again and again in order to go through the catharsis of pity and terror we feel not because of Marlow but despite Marlow. In this Conrad opens up a post-modernism dangerously stripped of ethical concern, representative of a world without simple decency which we must find in ourselves by – as I say – paradoxical injunction (Foreman 1990). That is, we can discover what is ethical and good by listening to a writer/therapist, in a certain ironic way, suggesting to us that we should listen to the very opposite narrative. Or – if we trust the writer/therapist because he rewards us with his artistry and skill - we can decode his paradoxical injunctions. Presumably this is why in an atmosphere of love and encouragement of acceptable behaviour, children learn to be good by listening to apparently bad, horrific folk- and fairy-tales – such as the Brothers Grimm – as long as both parties know they are “just playing” and as long as all the other processes of learning such as modelling, cognitive insight and reinforcement are going on at the same time. *Heart of Darkness* is *not* for racists who have grown up in an atmosphere of paranoid mistrust. Perhaps Achebe fears it for that very reason.

Peripeteia – reversals - leading to mistakes – *hamartia* - plunge my characters into a heart of darkness – such as the moral nihilism of Dianne Cupido's support of the burning alive by the comrades in late 1989 of an African town councillor who is regarded as a sell-out. Dianne is in part enacting her own bitterness as an exploited Coloured maid of a white madam. This assumes in the audience an Enlightenment ethics against moral relativism. Burning Mr Sebe and his family distracts her from her lifetime of toil and resentment and consolidates her present attempt to keep the African comrades onside whilst trying to save “Vreugde” from bankruptcy. I hope the audience trusts and likes Dianne enough to react to her as if she is giving them a paradoxical injunction. Because I trust myself I deal with guilt through writing concerning the suffering of abandoned friends and comrades one of whom was the very same John Harris who inspired Fugard's *Orestes*, who went to my own school

and was hanged on the 1st April 1964. I do not make my guilt worse by saying I should visualise his suffering. I react by doing everything in my power to do the opposite. Balancing Dianne there are the equally important narratives of Pieterse, Valma, Leonie, Boetie Koekemoer which, on the whole, are reassuring, a group of characters who add up to an attempt to portray decency. She, Dianne, is herself more than decent. She is only uttering thoughtless words which Pieterse challenges - although we don't know what she says offstage to the comrades - words as concealed injunctions.

There are limits to tolerating the paradoxical. I marvel at the childlike faith of my father who was naively colonised as a child in South Africa by a white man's Christianity. Here was a Jew whose parents suffered as children in the 1880 pogroms instigated by the Russian Orthodox clergy and the Tsarist police at Easter time. His own parents and in-laws could actually recall when the peasants pillaged, burned and raped their way through the *shtetlach* - the little villages of Russian-speaking Eastern Poland and elsewhere within the Pale of Settlement. It was their fault they stayed in Europe - or was this a way of saying it was their fault for not being Christians? For him to become a Christian even in old age - was beyond my comprehension. More than likely an uncle or cousin Pinkus Piekarsky (my paternal grandfather was Moses Josef Pekarosky) came from the village where he was born, Milejczyce. Pinkus Piekarsky and all the Jews in the village - who in all numbered perhaps fifty - were deported in 1942 to a death-camp, probably Sobibor, nearby (Wisniewski 1999: 91-92). This happened in Poland a Catholic country, and in the east a Russian Orthodox country. My father's flight into Christianity was like Oedipus' flight from Corinth to Thebes trying to avoid his fate only to be confronted by it at the crossroads. My grandfather actually threatened to kill my father if he mentioned his Christianity in the house one more time. My father had spent a lifetime retreating from the Slabotka seminary into what Yiddish-speakers call a *meshuggas* - a madness induced in him when he fell in love with Jesus in the Cleveland Primary School at the age of eight evangelised by a teacher in this Witwatersrand mining town. In old age he lay on his bed lamenting what the Jews had done to Jesus. Where had this come from? By his own admission from what happened when deprived of a father setting up a business in South Africa, experiencing the Slabotka seminary retrospectively not as a training in rabbinical disputation, not as a dialectic seeking a Jewish ethical *logos*, but as a

prelude to the Jewish killing of the son of God. All he needed – and got – was an alternative evangelical figure whom he found in the Cleveland Primary School in his religious education teacher. And all his life he called South Africa “a free country” and a “*goldene medina*” – a golden city in the spiritual not the material sense where he might believe as he liked irrespective of the objective South African situation or the subjective integrity of those who loved him. No wonder his hardworking Orthodox father threatened to shoot him with the revolver he kept near the till of the “*kaffer*-eating house” for which he had a “concession” on the mining compound near Cleveland. This was how impoverished Jews started to extricate themselves from the misery and pogroms of Eastern Poland and Lithuania. At least the African miners had their traditional autochthony intact – brave, strong amaZulu BaSotho amaXhosa warriors whose venture into the hellish pits going down six thousand feet included being led by a mine boss usually a dispossessed Afrikaner, if they were lucky perhaps a Welshman, a Scotsman or a Cornishman with a tradition of worker solidarity. In reality he despised his father’s religious ideology, although he admired my grandfather’s struggle to survive. At the age of twenty-three my father was writing prize-winning poetry for the Welsh Eisteddfod in Johannesburg celebrating the Christ child and rejecting the synagogue, full as it was of noisy Jewish prayer. He saw himself as resisting the mistakes of Judaism. I saw him betraying the integrity of a secular Jewish ethics of loyalty.

All the characters in these texts try to deal with the despised Other present in the self and projected outward - such as the manner in which Dianne Cupido a mixed-race maid and trade-unionist can be inspired by Winnie Madikizela-Mandela and her “boxes of matches”(Gilbey 1994: 145-146, 147, 148, 149, 160). She welcomes the burning alive of Mr Sebe, the African councillor, the so-called sell-out because, in part, she hates the fact that she has been forced to sell out too, to survive, and cannot see that she is punishing herself in welcoming the death of Mr Sebe: he enacts her own suffering – he is her scapegoat or *pharmakos*. Valma has an identity problem about being adopted as a Coloured child by a white liberal woman and over-identifies this sense of Otherness in her which belongs nowhere by trying to be more white than the whites politically. She then passionately identifies with her dead brother Gerry who has hanged himself in police detention after seeing what the ANC did to their own members at Quatro camp in Angola (Trehwela 2009b). She finally “comes

together” in herself transcending her mistaken identifications and feels free to express her *aletheia*.

Where am I in all the confusion of the 1980s and the early 1990s in the civil wars in the townships? Physically I was sometimes there. I was at the assassinated Chris Hani’s funeral in or near Benoni on the Witwaterand, a mining town which was the radical socialist ANC leader’s home. I lectured once at Vista University in the heart of Soweto. I lectured once at Fort Hare University in the town of Alice, in the Transkei. I worked for eight years setting up and helping to run a nursery school in Hillbrow, which was becoming a dangerous inner city ghetto. This was painful but not morally an Aristotelian mistake or an error - *hamartia*. I was robbed and eventually carjacked but lived to tell the tale. I suffered terror but my terrorists pitied me. My catharsis entailed re-writing *The Cape Orchard* in the newly revealed light of the horrors of post-apartheid, at last free of the sentimental clichés of anti-apartheid rhetoric.

It is not possible to become fully African if one is a diaspora Jew. But insofar as it is possible to become one’s dramatic characters I am with Jan Pieterse who descends from slaves and who reflects my beloved friend Peter Ngubane, my mother’s head man in charge of his kinfolk - other Zulu flat cleaners. Peter had San (Cape /Xam) ancestry, that is, Bushman ancestry, and was a constant companion, story-teller, actor of animal impersonations and whom I seek to commemorate in Veldsman’s and Pieterse’s love of the San people and their folklore. Peter Ngubane becomes Eva the slave girl who seduces the ancestor of Van Tonder in the cave and who gives her child to the barren wife, the female ancestor of Van Tonder, thus bringing autochthonous San or Cape Malay genes into the family for the first time. These were “mistakes” in Calvinist purity, historically in South Africa, but not now.

This political unconscious of the denied Other is derived through post-structuralist critical theory and comes as a concept from Lacan’s rational and irrational Real embedded unseen in “what comes back to itself” here in the form of the colonialist rational and irrational Real. Peter Ngubane was exploited as a migrant domestic worker. But his oppression did not destroy his kindness and love and his presence in me as my “Real” father. But what kept coming back to me as my and his Real, was that no one believed I would make it to KwaZulu-Natal to go and find Peter and the Ngubanes and return in one piece – such was the uproar in a civil war between the

UDF/ANC modernisers and the Inkatha Freedom Party Zulu conservatives where – obviously – I would be seen as a liberal white man predisposed to favour the enemy, the multi-racial liberation movement. Peter's /Xam Cape San extinct culture keep coming back to me as Real. Apartheid and the civil war in KwaZulu-Natal did not eliminate the anciently symbolic African and the anciently symbolic Jewish in me. These may be difficulties in me but do not impoverish me as mistakes.

By comparison with my little individuality it is grandiose to mention Mao. But on a colossally greater scale Mao could not eliminate the anciently religious in China, or Stalin the anciently religious in Russia – the Real which returns through the political unconscious (Lacan 1977a, 1977b *passim*, Bowie 1991: pp. 3, 82, 83. 91-102, 98-99, Jameson 1972: p.130). The attempt to eradicate “reactionary” religion is a huge mistake in terms of people's suffering.

To put it in more formal terms: creative inspiration occurs via what Kristeva sees as happening in Plato's *Timaeus* in the context of which she and Plato call the *chora*. She associates the *chora* with the rhythms and rhetorical figurations stemming not only from the womb and the attachment relationship but through a Language Acquisition Device in-built in human development and with it the growth of intelligent creativity as proposed by Chomsky (1966) and cited by Kristeva (ed. Moi 1986: 125). When I write I write through the image of my mother as if the female part of me is gestating characters (*ethos*). Plot (*mythos*) arranges them in relation to each other through a kind of life-wisdom replicated in the troubled stories of immigrant Jews who either became a sure success or whose failure in South Africa was even harder to bear where they were protected by their status as whites. This gave recognition (*anagnorisis*) an additional societal meaning in a place where the Fates and the Furies were introjected hate, rage, resentment to do with the arbitrariness of a wildly unfair capitalist system always on the fringes of illegality in a rough, new, colonial country. The gods were not so much identifications of love, gentleness, attachment, concern, intelligence, but more the irrational vagaries of racists in government and the police and anti-white racists amongst Zulu and Pan-African nationalists. It was not a mistake to defy these false gods and honour ethical aspiration.

My father's failure to sustain his promise as an South African Welsh Eisteddfod poet (who celebrated his bardic chair victory by changing his name from Pekarsky to Picardie) produces in my own imaginary forehead a Zeus bringing forth an Athena fully armed not gestated by the actual father escaping his good and true Jewish *aletheia* which he betrayed. If I was gestated – as I must have been - it was by a fantasy father San-Zulu Peter Ngubane. And by a Plato, who as someone said, was a Moses speaking Greek as well as by a Moses speaking Hebrew which I love and admire as the vehicle for an ancient and modern literature as moving to me as Shakespeare. My father, said my middle aunt, had to be sure that my mother was a virgin – as I have already noted – and which as I reiterate it again suggests to be just how deeply and treacherously “colonized” he had become as a Jewish Christian. At least my mother and two aunts were fully armed against the vicissitudes of the South African struggle for relative poor Jews to survive – which they certainly did.

The split between Athena the virgin and Zeus the progenitor despite his gender, through his intellect – as I read the myth - is a cover for Zeus's constant betrayals of Hera, Zeus the rapist of Leda in the form of a swan and many others. No wonder this mythology initially offered to me by my father, as an alternative to the realities of my divided, conflict-ridden upbringing in what was, obviously an arranged marriage needs to be seen as part of *his evasive political unconscious* not just *a betrayal of the Jewish people whose mass-murder he shrugged off as their fault*.

Yet it was my father who first told me bedtime stories not about Moses or Christ but of the demi-god who became my first hero - Perseus on Pegasus fighting the Medusa in his brilliantly polished shield. I was to learn much later from Sartre that anyone can be *massif*, impenetrable, unaware of transparency, unaware of consciousness and the power of negation, unable to know that in Nothingness lurks not the antinomy of Being, as Hegel thought, but to fight the Medusa, the chillingly negating in all of us, we should try to think Nothingness as the condition of Being, the first of which she magically effects but to see her in reflective consciousness is to overcome her deathly capacity for nihilation. Having overcome being turned by her into *massif* stone, one is able to be able to think again about Being (Sartre 1943 / 2003: 27-69). This was as powerful for me as a Ur-myth as Moses at the burning bush being spoken to by *Eheyeh Asher Eheyeh - YHVH - I am that I am*.

South Africa, then, is an extreme place in an extreme continent where cultures mix and syncretise. There was both genocide and slavery on a scale unknown on earth since the Roman and Egyptian ancient empires and paralleled only by Hitlerism although Mao exceeded this killing (Chang and Halliday 2005). There was and is a physical and a natural beauty which is breathtaking. There is poverty and misery in the midst of wealth now partly in the hands of a black elite. Without this background we cannot understand South African theatre as an example in some instances of successful colonialism by white liberalism which freed some black intellectuals and some artists from the extremity of Africa – although who is to say that they would not have flourished as village poets and makers of exquisite handicrafts? Africa had its own agrarian farming cultures and in Africa there still is and certainly was to be found the primordial which was orally and musically transmitted in celebratory ritual, costume, dance, epic recitation and mime (Schipper 1982, 1989 Chinweizu 1988) and in shamanistic cave-painting investigated by David Lewis-Williams (1981). But this culture was not able to link up with modern ethical and political cultures because colonialism and the contingencies of the African environment and history somehow stopped something happening in Africa that happened in China which was as or more isolated from the west.

We should look again in detail at how the absence of alphabetic writing cultures in Africa until the arrival of Islam with its own special non-African agenda in the north and north-west stopped it preserving its own cultural riches in written prose or verse accompanying choreographed praise-poetry, prayer, dance, and music. Typically writing-cultures express complex and concrete cognitive, visual, metaphysical, aesthetic and scientific ideas which began to be recorded in Arabic writing in the north-west of Africa from the Muslim conquests onward and, until the recent *jihadism*, preserved in the Timbuktu library (Wikipedia 25/02/14) but the books of which never fertilised a renaissance such as occurred when the ancient Greek classics in Arabic began to have currency in Europe.

African music, dance, costume, sculpture and painting have been globally influential and are presented (amongst other media) through the theatre, but not so extensively influential by comparison with the ancient heritage of westernism and the other ancient civilizations of the Middle and Far East. Classical civilisations were

channelled by Arab and Judaeo-Christian cultures for over two thousand years. They are acknowledged as valuable by African and non-European scholars (Mwakikagile 2000).

The classical *zeitgeist* including ancient techniques of de-familiarisation seem curiously modern and comparable to folk-stories which for millennia have used the same technique of making the ordinary strange as depicted by the Russian Formalists and the Czech Structuralists (Zima 1999: pp.17-49). We can, in the hands of an artist, experience de-familiarisation in the classics and what became modern re-written classics, some of them inspired by the Aristotelian “well-made play” which, to be more than banal, must allow us to experience de-familiarisation. Wole Soyinka’s *Death and the King’s Horseman* (1975) becomes more than colonial or anti-colonial writing because of the weird, witty and ironic sense of de-familiarisation we experience: the British district commissioner and his wife are wearing the awe-inspiring funerary clothing and masks of the Yoruba as fancy-dress to a dance at the club in honour of visiting British royalty – as a joke. Soyinka despises them a little but never loses sympathy with them even when his heroes’ hearts break because the Yoruba king is dead and his horseman is imprisoned by the British for the crime of even preparing for ritual suicide so as to join the Yoruba king in the afterlife - a sacred obligation. The achievement of a beautiful, classically shaped play affirms the nobility of the indigenous, and compares it positively with the inadvertent savagery masquerading as civilization of a British colonialism in Nigeria (which was still less malignant than Afrikaner apartheid and Anglo-Afrikaner segregation policies). A British education may explain why (*arguably*) the continent’s leading black playwright retained a Euro-African neo-classical form for one of his most successful dramas. The horseman delays his ritual suicide for one more sexual adventure and is held up even further by being arrested by the district commissioner (characterised as a chinless wonder) for breaking the law against suicide. Out of love and devotion to his father and Yoruba tradition his medically trained doctor son kills himself on the father’s behalf.

South African theatre writers like Herbert Dhlomo (1985 eds. Visser and Couzens) and Fatima Dike (1976 / 1978) never achieved Soyinka’s recognition for their heroic *genres* although they too looked back down the ages as if a written culture could be

created so as to authentically reflect a locally variable orality with its own concrete, situationally interpreted conceptions of time, space and narrative but trying to Africanise European “universalism” (Ong 1982 /2002: 137-138). Yoruba clergyman scholars in the mid-to-late-nineteenth centuries developed a written Yoruba bible. There were courtly traditions associated with long established organised kingdoms in historically settled urban and agriculturally rich settlements. Soyinka’s English language is majestic, poetic, eloquent and ironic, as ornately wrought as the original praises, prayers and obloquies are in Yoruba – from what one can gather from translations into apparently sympathetic English (Finnegan 1978 / 1982: pp. 149-168). Soyinka’s effectiveness comes partly from the fact that Yoruba is spoken by the largest ethno-linguistic group in Africa. Yoruba culture and Nigeria for all its more recent toxic divisions and the Biafra civil war in the post-colonial period seemed to be relatively more united by English-medium schools and a university system (Finnegan 1978 / 1982: pp. 144-148, 149-168) than happened in a South Africa divided into “tribal” schools and “tribal” (“bush”) universities which persist in their mediocrity – given modernist demands and the needs of modernisation (Johnson: 2010: pp. 429-430).

Bantu-language story-telling by local exponents remained obscure until a researcher recorded the *instomi* – the folk-tale - hoping not to lose this already declining art form and morality story, fully alive only in remote country areas like the Transkei. The impact of European urbanisation, the migrant labour system and the alienation of the land under segregation and apartheid impoverished the *instomi* and replaced it with township music and township commercial theatre. The output of amaXhosa tellers of the *instomi* was recorded by an American academic (Scheub 1975, 1997). The economy was so extensively dominated by internal settler colonialisms that the basis for a proud Yoruba-type folk tradition flowering into a folk-theatre which could marry colonial and indigenous cultures was eroded. Artificially revived Bantu-speaking cultures were revived to serve Afrikaner political and white capitalist hegemony in “reserves” used as pools of migrant labour. Balancing this in the cities was a more developed cultural and economic infrastructure now inherited by African nationalism.

European performative drama was learned from Africa as well as from Eastern Europe and Asia so to produce experimentation which benefitted from highly

dramatic signs rather than a literary theatre. A part of the European theatre intelligentsia in an exhausted west demoralised by two world wars, by the great Depression, by ideological polarisation in the Cold War responded not to a theatre of ideas *per se* but through exponents of a physical theatre. Artaud, Barba and Grotowski would regard as admirable “cruel,” “holy” and “poor” theatre - the sheer presence of the human voice, mime and dance, through the ecstatic expression (the Greek *ek-stasis* “standing out”) of the human body. This happens in ritual, witchcraft and religion inspired by African animistic, godlike and ancestral spirituality. Avant-garde experiments were re-imported back into South Africa by Fugard, Simon and Astbury where African performers were already immersed in folk-cultural *poesis* not altogether extinguished in the towns and cities and fortified by American cinema models of glamour and gangsterism Africanised in plays like *Sophiatown* (Purkey / Stein / Junction Avenue Theatre Company 1986 / 1988).

The body as the essential vehicle for the *psyche* in both an experimental and an African theatre contradicts the idea of Greek theatre/*theoria* which refers to a critical looking, which has to be spoken and argued as well as moved, danced, originally accompanied by *melos*. Theatre in western Europe had become deadly, empty, over-familiar, needing to purify minds soaked in ideology by reviving the dramatic body which refused to talk any more but wanted to feel and signify rather than to posture. It wanted its mind to stop gabbling conventional and spiritually debilitating speech, ashamed of itself for its imperialist and class pretensions, and exhausted by its war against Nazism. Eventually in Britain a radical leftist theatre, inspired in part by Brecht, came about with writers such as Osborne, Bond and Joan Littlewood and a theatre of the absurd inspired by existentialism, psychoanalysis and surrealism by Pinter, Beckett and Ionesco. Only Arthur Miller and Eugene O’Neill seemed to remain connected to the ancient Aristotelian dramaturgy. But despite Fugard’s successful physical workshop theatre, these experiments now seem to have somewhat run their course when faced with the nature of the modern state and society in South Africa with all its social deprivation and in the hands of black elites not yet able to govern with experience so soon after liberation, struggling to educate themselves and their populations in “the basics”. According to Stathaki’s comments on the typical audience for the classical play one wonders how many Africans are truly sustained

and transformed by Farber's *Molora* and the other adaptations from the ancient Greek?

Mhlophe's play *Have You Seen Zandile?* and her poems and stories (*Lovechild*) are widely read. In a country still suffering widespread illiteracy perhaps it is an excellent thing that for the masses, writing is formulaic orality, and relates to a children's and working-class urban and rural oral culture fused with popular journalistic stories and the remnants of traditional myths and legends. Journalistic pieces fused with a radical reaction to white South Africa in "The Toilet" and "My Dear Madam" before she became a journalist and broadcaster, then an actress and singer/poet / performer, seem to meet a great popular need.

Mhlophe had passed her Matriculation exam in the 1980s at an ex-missionary boarding school in the Transkei suffering under Verwoerd's Bantu Education syllabus and she and even the school seem to have revolted against it. It was there that she met the school chaplain who introduced her to a praise-singer called Cira. She was chosen to chant the praises of a retiring teacher in poetic isiXhosa. In her interviews with me (Mhlophe 06/10/89, 09/03/90, 30/04/90) she stressed her ardent desire to "find the individual" after performing in the black consciousness plays produced by theatre-writers and activists like Maishe Maponya in which she appeared in the title role in *Umongikazi / The Nurse* (1983 / 1998). Maponya, through the Nurse, urges the other black workers at Baragwaneth (now Chris Hani) Hospital to form a free trade union to fight unethical white doctors who let premature babies die in the sluice room rather than put them in incubators. A local white doctor jokes that if they live they will grow up to be petty criminals likely to steal her handbag. This is stated in the form of outraged denunciation and farcical, grotesque humour, not dramatically or discursively evidenced.

The workshopped play *Zandile* is a *bildungsroman* in drama form which, like Maponya's agit-prop, avoids serious discourse. In Mhlophe's case the issue is what it is to be a talented individual in the mass of the African population, a girl and a woman trapped by appearing to have no statutory rights against a degraded tribal customary law, and up against male chauvinism which treats girls as owned by their biological parents. The author appears to be so loyal to her relatives – perhaps itself a sign of South Africa's suffocating oral-cultural-localism - that she cannot bring herself to

demonstrate openly and enact even in a semi-fiction this obvious issue: an absent biological mother violating what in the western democracies people take for granted as the rights of the child. We are not told whether or not the rights of the child were embodied in child care law during apartheid and in theory enforceable in the courts vis-à-vis Africans prepared to go to a social work agency. But we do know that there was the Jan Hofmeyr School of Social Work, long established as part of the University of the Witwatersrand, training black and white social workers. There was social work training all over urban South Africa including Durban where Mhlophe was born. There were departments of African Law and Administration or at least faculties of law covering traditional tribal law and modern statute and case-law at all the originally multi-racial liberal universities.

Mhlope/Zandile's father, called in the play Mr Zwide, and her mother, a rural peasant and domestic worker, had an affair in Durban and their daughter, Mhlophe/Zandile, was abducted from the care of her loving and educationally stimulating paternal grandmother who was never told by her collusive son who kidnapped Mhlophe/Zandile in middle childhood from Hammarsdale near Durban. The biological mother had cased the joint previous to the kidnapping and virtually enslaved her as a peasant. In the play she tries to sell her off in an arranged marriage during early adolescence to the richest boy in a neighbouring village for what has become a prostituted form of *lobola*. This was traditionally bridegroom's dowry intended as a gift binding the two families together and insuring that the husband would value and support his wife since he had committed himself to her through the gift for which he and/or his family may have worked long and hard, not in order to exploit her because he had paid for her. But, in any event, an educated and enlightened girl or woman would want to have nothing to do with an arranged marriage. We are left in the dark as to how it was that a relatively sophisticated grandmother who valued education who, when deprived of her beloved granddaughter as a result of a kidnapping by the biological mother with pecuniary intentions, simply had no way of contacting an attorney or the police or a social work agency in an Europeanised place like Durban with a British colonial tradition, not a hotbed of Afrikaner nationalism. It is not enough for us to assume that under apartheid such a moral and criminally atrocious event could not be opposed in the 1960s. If the law could save Nelson Mandela and the other Rivonia trial accused

from the death penalty in Pretoria in 1964 then there can be no question that the trauma suffered by Gcina/Zandile merited and would have benefitted from legal or at least social work intervention.

Mhlophe's intelligence and determination to succeed as an individual meant she went to a missionary English- and isiXhosa-speaking boarding school and avoided the fate of her kidnapping mother's other daughter by her legitimate husband (Mhlophe's half-sister) who, disguised by the fictional name Nokulunga in the story "Nokulunga's Wedding", is told nothing about the arranged marriage and the payment of *lobola*. She is abducted and subjected to marital gang-rape. The play *Zandile* was workshopped by a group of three a co-actress Thembi Mtshali and an experienced director Marilen Van Renen but is submerged in a *naïf* narrative of the author/protagonist using the voice of the child and the seventeen year old young woman to tell Gcina's more hopeful story but one which could also have ended up with marital gang rape. It may be that the collectivist ethos of the African family's oral culture with its bonds of love and affection cannot be objectified as having a negative side – opened out fully as in Ibsen's demonstration of the nuclear and the extended family's double-dealing and hypocrisy. But in the days of the liberation struggle there was a cross-ethnic writing culture to support black women in South Africa. In her interviews (06/10/89, 09/03/90, 30/04/90) Mhlophe spoke generously about liberal and radical feminist women who helped her in Yeoville – then a bohemian and multi-racial place at a time when apartheid was facing its endgame in the 1980s.

The political unconscious of *semiosis* is blocked, absent not only in *Zandile* and in *Lovechild* but absent also from Maishe Maponya's *Umongikazi / The Nurse* (1982/1998) which first made Mhlophe's name as a gifted actress, singer and dancer leading on to roles in other plays directed by Barney Simon at the Market Theatre in which she was outstanding as perhaps the most talented performer to emerge in The Struggle of the 1980s. But these are virtuoso performance dramas not feminist theatre. Nothing is left to the imagination so that, artistically, the agit-prop play *telling* us baldly as in Maponya's play that white doctors killed premature babies by ordering nurses to leave them in the sluice room to die because after all if saved by incubators they would grow up to be criminals and snatch women doctors' handbags - repels us

by the crudity of the caricature because we have no way of entering the narrative other than through righteous indignation whether the narrative is true or propaganda. In Aristotelian terms, for a sophisticated as opposed to a mass audience interested in propaganda and righteous indignation, there is no *mimesis*: this one-dimensional reality does not match up to what an educated western audience is prepared to believe. What is represented may be literally true – but without the perspective of what Aristotle calls *dianoia* and *logos*, rational discourse – it is unbelievable just as the concentration camps were once unbelievable. We have not only to see them happening – we have to hear directly or if indirectly graphically learn about Adolf Eichmann being efficiently and modestly obedient in transporting millions to their death as in *Hannah Arendt* by Von Trotta (2013) or – in *Schindler's List* by Spielberg (1993) – see or indirectly and graphically hear about Amon Goeth the commandant of the Krakow concentration camp shooting Jews at random, and sexually molesting his Jewish slave girl as well as hearing the whole Nazi discourse that made such events possible. We need Maponya to show us or indirectly explain through characters and plot how a fictionally disguised but real doctor and the nurse actually went through this murderous procedure and how the premature babies actually suffered and died in the sluice room. Bravely, what Maponya did was to show his script based on research with the nurses, to the doctors in the hospital. This was his way of putting an end to these atrocities. But we are just told about his ethical action by the playwright in his statement as a prologue to the published script (Perkins 1998: p.66). We are just told this but do not see this most heroic and admirable outcome dramatised. For *mimesis* to come about we need to see this confrontation and the reform of the atrocity through a *mythos* of tragic and heroic action where there is *anagnorisis* – self-recognition.

The subtlety of the weaving in of the feminist unconscious through Jungian archetypes of the *semiosis* is present in another play, this time by an white Anglo/Afrikaner writer and actress Aletta Bezuitehouth (1990) in *Time of Footsteps*. This is a play of atmosphere simmering within interior monologues but also showing the sensitive nature of interethnic inter-action amongst four women, two black, two white, trapped in Mocambique during the civil war between Marxists (the MPLA of Machel) and the Renamo forces supported by South Africa's apartheid government. They communicate by revealing themselves in their own light of their *aletheia*, their

uncovering themselves in their own being-there rather than by any formal writing-culture of feminist psychoanalysis which in fact it implicitly dramatises. There is available to Bezuidenhout and to us, the writing-culture of modernist stream of consciousness such as found in J.M.Coetzee's feminist novels *In the Heart of the Country* and *Foe* – a kind of *mimesis* with which we need to be familiar as the opening up of the *semiosis* of the unconscious. The Rhodesian girl has malaria. She hallucinates the beauty of the *veld* and the forest through which she drifted in an idyllic childhood. The Zimbabwean woman plays her drum until she incarnates the spirit of a *mhondoro*, a medium in touch with a whole genealogy of spirits going back in time and who can help the guerrillas live in the bush. The hard-bitten wife of an Afrikaner roads engineer originally from Kenya cannot stand the sound of the drum which makes her asthma and migraine worse. She laments the African wars that destroy her husband's and his labourers' work and treasures the memory of the gentle, curative hands of her Asian doctor in Nairobi. A Ugandan African working for the Red Cross as a doctor remembers her father, a traditional healer who harboured a python as the symbol of his magical ("placebo"?) power whilst complaining about French psychiatry which treated patients as medicated objects when she was training in Paris. We believe in these people and learn more about the trouble with Africa than if we are just told, naively, by the Ugandan doctor that Sandhurst military college more or less caused the atrocious monster Idi Amin. Such is the fear of free discourse on the South African stage even on the cusp of the end of apartheid that no other woman on the stage challenges this over-simplification. Sandhurst also turned out selfless, altruistic war heroes who helped win the war against Hitler, men who hated and detested everything that Amin (like Hitler) stood for. The half-educated Hitler went to the same junior school in Lindt, Austria, as Ludwig Wittgenstein, perhaps the greatest philosopher of the twentieth century. How could this school have "produced" both a Hitler and a Wittgenstein? When the discourse loses its *logos* the *mimesis* loses its credibility.

In Vusizizwe Players' (1985/1996) *When You Strike the Woman You Strike a Rock* again we are tempted by brilliant performance drama based on movement, mime, strongly characterised township *parole* moving through a classical arc of development, crisis and denouement in the lives of three African women selling chickens and oranges at a bus station in or near one of the Cape Town townships. But

the very strength of the oral culture that supports the play, removes it from the *langue* of how and why they and South Africa generally got there and how they will escape the Boers and their helicopters harassing the township and taking away their children. One of its most striking scenes is that of a Boer farmer sexually harassing a woman. No one for a single moment in the play will mention Afrikaners with compassion because this is a propaganda play. No one has any idea that a Boer politician, actually P.W.Botha was, whilst the play was touring internationally, preparing to be true to his Afrikaner roots so as to begin negotiations through his security personnel and through Afrikaans and English-speaking businessmen and intellectuals so as to establish a relationship with the leaders of the liberation movement. You are either for us or against us. Such was the monolithic, even Stalinist control the anti-apartheid movement had over liberation performance drama touring overseas. That is how it was. No critical theatre starring Africans dared stand up and say “There are Boers and Boers. There are Afrikaners and Afrikaners”. Pieter-Dirk Uys (1989) half-Afrikaans and half-Jewish wrote a serious theatre and did a stand-up cabaret drag-act accessible to audiences in the townships, in big cities in South Africa and in European capitals about the ridiculousness of apartheid and white supremacy. As well Uys did AIDS educational workshop theatre.

But the politically *naïve* atmosphere is one in which a Julius Malema can emerge as a ANC Youth League leader in 2008 (funded by white oligarchs who wanted to keep in with what ever was going on) on the basis of a liberation song: “Kill the farmer, kill the Boer” (Johnson 2010: p. 639).

Dike’s *The First South African* (1977 / 1978) is a man who embodies aspects of multi-racialism but is threatened with failure in apartheid South Africa because conceptually it is not ready for him and he is not ready for it. He is a kind of Hamlet figure. He acts out urban African tragedy. Except in his opening prologue where he plays a Chorus, he speaks a kind of Nietzschean “goat-song” in the lingo of the streets, a tragic but truthful and eloquent *tsotsi-taal* as well as formal respectful isiXhosa to his mother and in his final psychosis, he has a kind of broken poetry. His Hamletesque dilemma consists of these quandaries: he looks white, but he has an isiXhosa speaking mother. She, Freda Jama, comes from somewhere like Dike’s own township, Langa, near Cape Town. The boy is her love-child by a man who must have

been a very blond German conceived in what was South West Africa when it was under apartheid control and is now Namibia. In a prologue, now an adult, played by a European actor, Zwelinzima as a chorus speaks as a poetically inspired praise-poet.

In his opening Nietzschean “goat-song” Zwelinzima in tragically ominous and then in hopeful cathartic terms, deconstructs the Noah / Ham / Shem / Japhet story. Like Ham, Zwelinzima is cursed by God but not because he is black and saw his drunken father’s naked genitals, but because he is white and yet not-white: he ought to be brown like his friends. He never saw his father, let alone his genitals. He has no symbolic *phallus* of authority to be his signifier of all signifiers – that is part of his problem - but he has his beloved mother’s “*chora*” – the womb-bowl of the female unconscious which comes from his woman-author Fatima Dike from which he never fully emerges.

In the prologue Zwelinzima passes through an imaginary mirror of identity and joins hands with his brown brothers in defiance of God / *Elohim* – the punishing (in this case racist) God of Judaeo-Christian condemnation. Zwelinzima is also called by the nickname Rooi, “Red” - for short - again emphasising his red-earth autochthony and the blood of circumcision. He is not allowed to leave *Elohim*’s dreadful hell despite the hopeful prologue. He falls and drifts into failed exploits in the white world and the world of the *tsostis* - the petty criminals. Finally he disappears into the collective unconscious of folkloric magic – in European terms - psychosis. Only in the prologue is Rooi allowed to successfully predict a hopeful outcome to the Judaeo-Christian and African condemnation of his status as a lovechild unsanctified by *lobola*, bridegroom’s dowry, or marriage. His stepfather Austen Jama, lacks the *phallus* of authority, is no role-model for him. Austen is a “good native”, a passive, long-suffering Christian. Rooi ends up mad, but poetically in touch with a kind of collective unconscious which is cathartic. He ends up not with his mother’s *Elohim* but with Being itself – in Jewish terms *YHVH* – the universalist God of the world and the cosmos and only spoken of as *Adonai*, the LORD.

Potentially he seeks out of his perceived Nothingness in apartheid society, a state of Being as plenitude. He is invalidated, subjected to nihilation, but he is also potentially Being-In-The-World as shown in his poetic prologue as the Chorus. From then on his *peripeteia* fluctuates and ultimately he ends up tragically mad, and yet, in a

paradoxical state of *anagnorisis*. To begin with and periodically he has no place in apartheid society because although technically Coloured he looks white. Yet he speaks isiXhosa, *tsotsi-taal* the criminals' jargon of the townships, and, since he courts a white girl who works in the office of his car salesroom where he too has a job, he must be able to speak standard South African English or Afrikaans. He has been circumcised in adolescence so technically he is one of the amaXhosa but has no identity-socialisation from a father he can respect. That means he is outside the symbolic code of societal meaning, lapsing into the imaginary world which becomes his recurring Real. Because he seems white, and tries to escape his fate and his identity, he betrays his mother who warns him not to play with fire. He tries to pass for white, succeeds for a time with the white office girl, but finally Fate, in the form Freda Jama predicted, rejects him. The white girl causes him to lose his job in the motor-car salesroom when she discovers and reports his true ethnic origin. His Christian mother Freda Jama suddenly dies of a heart attack in the middle of a plea to him to reform his delinquency – sleeping with girls and now, in the name of the democracy of love, refusing to pay *lobola* or a fine to an angry putative father-in-law for getting Thembi pregnant and refusing to properly marry and help her take care of the child that he has procreated with her. He sells *dagga*, marijuana, to make a living. Technically non-white, he is arrested for sleeping with Thembi, because the constable who discovers them in the back of the lorry parked next to a police station – of all hiding places - thinks he is a white man. In his prison-cell he fights his stepfather Austen Jama who is not only submissive in his attitude to apartheid, is a totally passive Christian and never got Freda's heart ailment treated in time. His friends, on the other hand, are African survivors in the maelstrom of township life, properly brown in skin colour. They finally reject him and he evades them. Maddened by the double-binds in which his life has ensnared him he gets a job as a poor-white. Thembi despises him for not sticking by her and the baby she has conceived. She hates him for taking this job reserved for European paupers – supervising African railway gangers he calls "boys" and she threatens to "expose" him as Coloured person.

In his madness he discovers the Real of the collective pre-*aBantu* "unconscious". This is the mythology of the /Xam, the Cape San or Bush People who preceded the amaNguni, the BaSotho and the BaTswana by forty-thousand years in pre-historic South Africa. He not only receives messages from passing airplanes but sees a giant

rabbit – perhaps his way of describing Hare – the first disobedient creature in /Xam folklore (as described in: Bleek and Lloyd 1911: pp. 57-65) who disbelieved Moon that Hare's mother was not dead just sleeping and who because of his lack of faith in the word of the /Xam's deity, brought death into the world. As a punishment Hare and his lying lip and palate are split and cleft by the guardian of immortality – just as Zwelinzima's psyche is split by the contradictions of his marginal and bewildering identity so at odds with his appearance. Zwelinzima also talks to his armpit and we know that the old man Sun hid much of his radiance in his armpit until the children on the instructions of an old woman threw him into the sky so that people could see more clearly what they were hunting (Bleek and Lloyd 1911: pp. 45-57).

By contrast the characters in *Have You Seen Zandile?* live mainly in the *synchronic parole* of colloquial English and some isiZulu – the everyday speech of what happens in the present. Its past, its *diachronic langue* is full of *lacunae*, absent presences. The basic questions – why does the beloved grandmother not defy her collusive son Mhlophe/Zandile's father or why does the good school chaplain the Rev. Fikeni not go to court to fight the mother who steals her daughter for selfish emotional and financial gain, are not asked or answered. There is important *significance*, but no Kristevan *semiosis*, no plunging into the forbidden – the challenge to the father and the father-figures. The oral culture has closed itself off from a critical writing culture and so it seems lacking in a credible *mimesis* in Aristotelian terms.

The purposely *naïf* play, then, is quite different from the serious adult play such as the Bezuitenhout or the Dike play. The *langue* of *Zandile* is not *logos* and *dianoia*. The story is physically embodied as a successful performance because it is a workshopped play by women who are superb actors with a good director. There is the artistically implicit and unconsciously present intellectual discourse of feminist theatre *hidden* in women's performance drama as described by Feral (1982) – but can the former make the latter articulate when its feminism is hidden by a *naïf* voice? It only emerges in answer to questions not posed. Feminist theatre is practised more fully by Dike and other writer-performers such as Pam-Grant (poor-whites not surviving against successful blacks in *Curl Up and Dye*); Stopford (poor-whites making good in the Rand Revolt against the mine-owners in the 20s in *Patchers*); and Bezuitenhout (Afrikaner, Rhodesian, Ugandan, Zimbabwean women relating as women in the post-

colonial catastrophe in *Time of Footsteps*). *The Nurse* and *Zandile* are womanist performance dramas – without extensive verbal discourse which one can of course read into it *between the lines*. This is in contrast to theatre as *theoria* which is watching and conceiving critically through remembering (*anamnesis*) and recognising ourselves (*anagnorisis*): “Yes. I am just like Zandile’s father” or “If I were Zandile’s grandmother I would go to a social work agency or the police” or “We need to have a proper police and a judicial prosecution into the killing of premature babies at Baragwaneth Hospital where the various parties can actually show, demonstrate, factually report and be cross-examined about what is alleged to have been going on - to fictionally dramatise the forensically established facts” – all of which displays *dianoia* (discourse) and *logos* (ethical and empirically demonstrable truth in judicial reality and in theatre). It doesn’t happen. Brecht’s *Galileo* embodies drama and theatre in the fullest plenitude of discourse concerning a scientist trapped by the Inquisition. Because the pope is so humanly credible and does not want the church to be made to look ridiculous and the Inquisitor so implacable cruel in his logic concerning science as subversive and the politics of power as supreme we are captivated by the *mythos* as *dianoia* ultimately flying in the face of *logos*. Their scene ends with a witticism. The pope says do no more than show Galileo the instruments of torture. The Inquisitor agrees that that will be enough to force his abjuration of his discovery that the earth moves round the sun by showing the scientist the instruments because he is familiar with instruments (Brecht / Sauerlander / Manheim 2007: 55). Agit-prop and the *naïf* do not intertwine *mythos* and insightful discourse – the stuff of theatre as *theoria*.

Logos has to do with the mythological *semiosis* as well as what goes on in consciousness and in the social world. No one is aware that the folk story *Gogo* tells Zandile as a primary school child is a politically unconscious reversal of the San (/Xam) story about Moon which, on the other hand, Zwelinzima discovers intuitively or, more probably, by repute. Moon is the one who is a god and the presiding spirit of eternal life. Rabbit/Hare is an animal creature who in questioning the god gave rise to death. To be conscious is to be human and to be human is essentially to know death. For the beloved Christian grandmother *Gogo* in *Zandile* the banishment to the Moon of the bad amaZulu girl who gathered wood for the fire on Sunday, the Sabbath, is a consignment to Limbo created on the moon by the Christian God. The author of *The*

First South African is probably aware of the relevance of Zwelinzima's hallucination of the rabbit (Hare) and of the armpit (source of the sun thrown into the sky by an early autochthonous ancestor of the San). Thus a cosmology of the autochthonous gives *TFSA* depth and a loving ontology, a sense of Being which transcends suffering and madness in its final unravelling, its catharsis.

To the San, Moon was a life-giving deity containing in its darkened disk the souls of the dead ancestors including the souls of hunted animals who once, in what the aboriginal Australians call the dream-time, were human. As a conquered, despised people who were pre-historic hunter-gatherers and who expressed the most refined artistry in cave painting (as described by Lewis-Williams), in their knowledge of *veld* or herbal medicine and in their practice of the trance-dance as represented in their cultural and genetic successors in Botswana and Namibia (discussed empirically in Lee and DeVore's contributors in 1976) the San are the repressed Real. They are the Real who come back in the form of alternative medical and artistic practice.

In De Saussure's structuralist account we only speak a limited *parole* of what is happening in our language now in face to face interaction but the creative writer Dike has to draw on previous language usages – a deconstructed version of the biblical Ham myth whether or not Jung was right in proposing that there are collective archetypes associated with cultural learning or inherent in the mind of which Dike may or may not have been aware.

Aristotelian dramaturgy needs the *diachronic langue* and the *synchronic parole* in an emotional and cognitive frame analysis or discourse. The back-stories of *The Theban Trilogy* came from the oral and written tradition (later transcribed by Hesiod) of ancient Greek Homeric and pre-Homeric myth.

The plot, then, of the well-made play can be understood as describing a parabolic arc with the *diachronic* and the *synchronic* as intersecting axes.

The *synchronic* is measured on the vertical axis in terms of where the ever-moving plot and the *parole* is now. From this emerges Aristotle's dramaturgical elements happening currently – *peripeteia* etc. impacting on the parabolic arc and indenting its shape *across*. It actually inseparable from *immediately* past pushing the arc up: five minutes in and Oedipus is still entirely innocent – but is he? – the arc rises and curves

slowly. Ten or twenty minutes in, the arc is being pushed up and across by damaging revelations from Tiresias remembering the past, then the shepherds remember, then Jocasta recognises (*anagnorisis*) fully, and, horrified, remembers, now and what happened then, and the memory and the current eventuality clash and then and only then she hangs herself. Then, an hour in, Oedipus blinds himself with her hair-pins and begs Creon to banish him – because the past has now caught up with the present in a crisis and is enacted in the fulfilment of the curse until we and they can bear no more and everything unravels leaving us purged by and of pity and terror. The past slides back like a real or mythical or human incarnation of the Pythoness at Delphi and we are left with emptiness, catharsis, a kind of paradoxically full emptiness, a being in nothingness.

The *diachronic* is, say, the horizontal axis of how the *langue* of the receiver and critic *has been accumulated in the past* as the plot leaves behind what Derrida famously calls “the traces” and which in Lacan link in with long chains of signification in which the phallic signifier of all signifiers (our desire for authority, socialisation and intellectual meaning which is common or ought to be common to both genders and all sexual orientations) and the Kristevan *chora* of the mother’s body are operating – the desire to return to the origin of our (female-oriented) desire to be conceived of, to be born and nurtured again. The *past peripeteia* etc. emerge from the horizontal axis and when remembered through *anamnesis* add a richly embroidered texture to the parabolic arc going *up* through traumatic memory an *across* through current action precipitated by memory and by the immediate impetus happening on the stage now.

The *diachronic* is past time, the *synchronic* present time. The *diachronic* registers the impact dictated by *peripeteia* (reversal) on the actual arc itself which is *mythos* – plot containing *dianoia* – discourse – and *logos* - interconnecting reason in the past projected as the ultimate meaning of the drama interacting with *parole* in the *synchronic*. So the current dramatic tension is heightened by the past events registering further dramatic tension and embroidering and enriching the texture of the parabolic arc of a series of tragic events with roots in past *peripeteia* etc: “this happened yesterday, last week, last month, a year ago, in my adolescence, middle years, infancy” – zig-zagging the height of the arc. All the Aristotelian elements such as *ethos* (character), *lexis* (diction), *anagnorisis* (recognition or insight), *anamnesis*

(remembering), unravelling (denouement), *peripeteia* (reversal) and catharsis (purging of and by pity and terror) shape the *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos* as it travels across the now of the dynamic synchronic and up because of past remembered diachronic time, impacted onto the parabolic arc of *mythos* by *peripeteia* etc (reversals), *anamnesis* (remembering), *anagnorisis* (recognition – insight) and then coming to the end of the story which closes the arc down: a happy ending implies a further move *across* the *synchronic now* of the present Aristotelian elements and moving up the remembered diachronic past piling up and thickening the parabolic arc containing mythos, etc.

The *synchronic parole* is where the play is at, at this very moment and where the *peripeteia* etc. come from *now*, impacting on its *mythos*, *logos* and *dianoia* as denotative meaning but its *diachronic* may be rich in *langue* or impoverished leaving behind long and rich traces of connotative meaning or being, that is, shallow, banal, not de-familiarised. Whereas the *synchronic* derives mainly from *parole* - current highly emotionally loaded linguistic speech practice - the *diachronic* can draw in the more abstract and complex linguistic practices of *langue: the past literature of drama, mythology and history remembered as connotative embroidered text-ture.*

Part of the play's *langue* is also emotionally loaded but submerged in ancient and unconscious sources repressed or suppressed or available for retrieval in the mind/brain or available in libraries, dictionaries or in electronic digital storage relating to the past and the possible future of a current *mythos* – plot.

Great drama in terms of the well-made neo-classical play is de-familiarised drama of *diachronic previous* depth and widespread *langue*. By contrast debased popular or propaganda drama is banal, over-familiar rooted in the sensationalist confrontations of dramatic *parole* in the *synchronic* present.

However Mhlophe's, Mtshali's and Van Renen's play is a crucially important social document, not propaganda. It returns to the sentiment of love and the betrayed attachments of childhood, adolescence and young adulthood in which Zandile/Gcina triumphs over her vicissitudes through sheer optimism, faith, loyalty and love which defy the horrors of apartheid. This Mhlophe has explored with insight and courage in her prose works such as "My Dear Madam" and "Nokulunga's Wedding" which are

in a sense the political unconscious absent from *Have You Seen Zandile?*- or in De Saussure's terms the *diachronic langue* absent from the *synchronic parole*.

A subversive theatre, then, used to happen before 1994 when the Rainbow Nation was born and to an extent still happens at the Market and the Baxter Theatres in Johannesburg and Cape Town but does not do what Aristophanes and Socrates dared to do: pillory the corrupters of the youth now. In Aristotle's *Poetics* this has to happen in the parabolic emotional and cognitive arc of the becoming, being and resolution of the idea of *hamartia* – mistake or moral or inadvertent fault. As I shall show only a white British playwright Fraser Grace dares to write the tragedy of Mugabe's Zimbabwe in its full horror, and only one young white South African woman Yael Farber has reached a world audience post-Fugard. Farber cannot turn her brilliance into a critique of the current rulers and in foregrounding John, Mies Julie's Other, reiterates the anti-apartheid message in the incendiary and populist terms felt by the landless people on her father's farm as if a slow Zimbabwe is brewing on the land question. This may indeed be happening according to Johnson's analysis of the fate of the white farmers in South Africa now - with the Land Bank pillaged and plundered by ANC acolytes (Johnson 2010: pp.172-175, 428, 541, 585-586, 600-602, 632). But even if the Land Bank has been restored, the land question is only one of a number of other serious issues like housing, education, crime and income-maintenance that effect the now largely urban population.

Tragedy is everywhere in Africa in the form of civil war, catastrophic climate change and vast inequality. Yet, as I must repeat, no one has written about the Mbeki tragedy-farce and put in on the stage, film or as a drama on TV. Nothing has been written along the lines of Fraser Grace's *Breakfast with Mugabe* (2006).

This remarkable play shows the tragic downfall of a white Shona-conversant psychiatrist Dr Peric who is called in as the best psychiatrist in Zimbabwe to help the president deal with an *ngozi*, the angry spirit of an accidentally killed or assassinated comrade of the ruling ZANU party. This is the departed soul of Josiah Tongarara who either had an accident or was attacked by enemies in the party or enemy agents from South Africa or Britain and who may have become prime minister and then president rather than Mugabe. It is significant that in the play we are told that Mugabe's first wife Sally, a Ghanaian, made Mugabe swear that he had nothing to do

with Tongarara's death. The play is dedicated to those in Zimbabwe and in exile who, presumably, would have helped with the use of the Shona language used as greetings and whilst urgent messages are being passed when its specifically African and the anti-colonialist ambience of its protagonist Mugabe makes it necessary to make non-Shona speakers actually feel excluded by the whole Mugabe cult which we learn is partly based on anti-British hatred and we already know it is also motivated by hatred of the amaNdebele, in the nineteenth century, under Mzilikazi and Lobengula, foreign conquerors of the Shona.

Part of the plot is also the indictment of this pitiful and terrible country expressed in the desperate attempt of the second Mrs Mugabe, Grace, portrayed as a woman in her late thirties when Mugabe was 77 in 2001, to get Dr Peric to persuade the president to let her leave Zimbabwe with her children in case she (and he) suffer the same fate as Nicholae and Elena Ceausescu who were executed in the anti-communist revolution in Romania in 1989 and who paid the Mugabes a state visit. She is in no doubt that her husband is a tyrant not because he oppresses and tortures the amaNdebele and the multi-ethnic MDC opposition, but because he keeps her and her children in State House as virtual prisoners.

Josiah Tongarara was the leading general of ZANLA the Shona-majority guerrilla army, killed in the last days of white Rhodesia. The *ngozi* has been making the president anxious and depressed and, significantly, panic-stricken about the safety of his second wife Grace with whom he was having an affair whilst still married to Sally who was already ailing and who has died. A three-year old son died when she and the children had gone to Ghana whilst Mugabe was still in detention in Rhodesia. What caused Mugabe endless grief, pain and hatred was Ian Smith's refusal to let Mugabe go to his son's funeral in Ghana to join with Sally in their burial rites – crucial for an African father. Mugabe was not so touchingly sensitive when directing the ethnocide by the North Korean led and trained Fifth Brigade of what are alleged to be the killings of twenty thousand amaNdebele supporters of ZAPU who won all the Matabeleland seats in the legislature after independence in the early 1980s but are the minority tribe and party (Catholic Commission 1997). Despite his hatred, ruthlessness and capacity for tyranny – Mugabe is terrified that his wife - half his age - will be spirited away by the *ngozi* at the airport of all places – naturally – for where else

would she go if she really was going to leave him? Grace has hinted to Peric that she will buy his tobacco farm for her niece for a good price if he will indeed help her end her virtual imprisonment in State House – and escape the old man. Shrewdly Peric avoids being dragged into this intrigue but as the therapy proceeds, usually in the morning at or after breakfast, we get the point that the *ngozi* is actually a hysterical symptom onto which is displaced and into which is condensed Mugabe's personal insecurity as an old man with a younger wife wanting – so he fears - to be rid of him. As well, the *ngozi* as symptom “contains” his guilt about taking the place of Tongarara as the leader of the party and the nation when Tongarara was as or more deserving than Mugabe.

Peric gets Mugabe to talk about how he must have felt when his first wife Sally died after independence (which came in 1980) whilst he was already having a relationship with Grace and actually having a second generation of children with her and how years before, he felt when Ian Smith would not let him out of detention in Rhodesia to fly to Ghana under escort to attend his son's funeral. As a matter of historical fact Mugabe gave Smith abundant promises that he would not escape into Ghana and would have been accompanied by security personnel. The most serious marital row between Sally and Mugabe had to do with Mugabe having to swear to Sally that he had nothing to do with Tongarara's violent car crash which killed him. Thus the *ngozi* is associated with his first wife who had left Zimbabwe during Mugabe's detention but returned after independence. Now his second wife is showing signs of wanting to leave Zimbabwe. So the *ngozi* is a displacement and condensation of anxiety, fear of abandonment, and perhaps to do with guilt about the nature of Tongarara's death. Mugabe has also displaced the spirit-mediums by assuming the mantle of the chief spirit Charwe Nehanda so is vulnerable to the spirit world and its vengeance. So the *ngozi* is what Freud calls an over-determined psychological symptom, charged with significance as a result of a confluence of unresolved conflicts and repressed grief, anxiety, insecurity and hatred and perhaps even some human guilt about his crimes justified by his hypnotic rhetoric. Mugabe is helped and the sense of spirit possession is revealed to us as what it is – a meaningful symptom – which is to say that western psychoanalytic therapy is actually shown to be cross-culturally valid. It is at the airport when they go on trips abroad and when his wife could conceivably escape from the tyrant, that Mugabe has a panic attack about the *ngozi* spiriting Grace away.

But – and at this point the play becomes like a Greek tragedy – by a purely absurd coincidence terrible news arrives - after the final session of psychotherapy. This has been successful in that Mugabe has been put on the spot by the brilliance and compassion of the white doctor’s diagnostic and therapeutic skills.

This is the news: ZANU-PF farm invaders, who for months Peric knows are already on his land, are reported to have taken over Peric’s Two Trees Farm near a town ironically named Concession. A woman has been killed. He learns minutes later that his black wife who belongs to another minority tribe is one of the fatalities, as well, some farm workers and others have been injured including his 75 year old African farm manager. The news is brought by the security policeman ironically named Gabriel who is present throughout much of the play until he has to be ordered out of the consultations and of whose intrusive surveillance even Grace Mugabe is afraid. Peric is devastated and shouts an accusation against Mugabe. Gabriel tells the psychiatrist that white honkys are not allowed to shout in State House. In a fantasy of the dictator’s omnipotence, for a moment Peric thinks Mugabe has himself ordered the attack as some sort of response perhaps in revenge *against* the very success of psychotherapy which has been painful yet truthful. In his anguish about his dead wife he calls Mugabe “comrade fucking Bob!” and for a few seconds “becomes” the “psychotic” patient who thinks Mugabe has killed her. This is Peric’s *peripeteia* and in this we begin to feel our catharsis. Gabriel smashes him in the face for insulting the president but is met with a counter-attack in the course of which Peric’s enraged humanity reveals itself: he challenges Gabriel to go on fighting like a man but in isiNdebele the language of the persecuted minority. He shouts to the Shona-speaking ZANU political policeman “Man!” He says “Fucking MUNTU!” but at least “Muntu” is not the Rhodesian equivalent of the South African insult “Kaffer” which would be the derogatory “Munt!”. “Muntu!” is the vocative of the root word “-ntu” – and “uMuntu” means human being, black man, person with feelings (Doke et al 1958: pp. 227).

In the last scene, after Peric has used a letter to the farm occupiers given to him before the fight by Gabriel and written by Mugabe asking the militants to retreat from their occupation of the farm, he is visited by Grace Mugabe in the kitchen of the farm. She condoles with him and offers again to buy his farm for her niece. Peric cannot speak

and pushes a plate as if offering food to his dead African wife who was a nurse and who actually fought with the ZANU guerrillas in the war of liberation and as a result was wounded and cannot have children. Grace has already observed it was bad judgement to have married a member of a minority tribe.

In their penultimate encounter Mugabe has mocked his marriage to a black woman as “the spoils of the conqueror”. Although the symptom has gone nothing can change Mugabe’s cruelty and obsession with power. Now Peric is haunted by a much loved absent spirit at the now empty table. In the final Aristotelian unravelling we know from her utterly confident tone that Grace Mugabe will succeed in buying the farm for her niece who will install a swimming pool thus adding to the wealth and luxury of the majority-tribe’s oligarchic splendour. Apart from the largely Shona party faithful in a privileged position, many average Zimbabweans especially amaNdebele will have already fled and will continue to flee to South Africa or suffer in the meltdown of the economy. Peric will have lost the place he loves and is bereaved of the person whom he loved most dearly with whom he felt happiest and by whom he was most loved. Finally we have to listen to Mugabe’s ultimate rant about colonialism and imperialism and B-liar – Blair the Liar – again the focus of his paranoia since the *ngozi* of Tongarara has been exorcised. We have already learned that Peric has been dismissed as the president’s psychiatrist and there will be another one to replace him – presumably not the best in Harare but one who will not be so successful in penetrating the old man’s grief, terror and anxiety and will allow him to hide much more effectively behind the mask of an ideology of hate.

At the back of our minds is the thought that if Peric was less ethical in the penultimate session when Mugabe was for the time being relieved of his symptom and offered the doctor anything as a token of his thanks for the successful treatment he might, instead of saying as he does, he wants nothing (except we assume a legitimate standard fee) – he could have asked Mugabe to see to it that the invaders, who were already within the gates of Two Trees Farm – be stopped and evicted. Then this tragedy would not have happened. In a gesture of great pathos Peric has offered Mugabe a tobacco leaf from his farm as a sign of his love of his land and his country. Mugabe has refused the token and gives it back and there is something ominous in this refusal: he cannot

receive a gift. The farm belongs to “the people” (in fact the oligarchy) and it will be obtained through force and power.

Fraser Grace allows the absurdity of a tragic fate to take its course and we finish reading or watching the play with that sense not only of tragic *peripeteia* but of the *anagnorisis* of recognition – “yes, he is the tragic man we have been looking for in ourselves – why indeed do bad things happen to good people?” Our recognition is tempered with pity and terror on Peric’s behalf – which – *anagnorisis* - the content triggering catharsis, are the final marks of tragedy very much in the ancient Greek philosophical mode. This play epitomises Aristotle:

Besides [the other elements of drama e.g. *mimesis, anamnesis, anagnorisis, dianosis (logos), mythos, hamartia, catharsis, ethos, melos, skene, opsis, lexis, deus ex machina* to which I have added *pharmakos/pharmakon*]. the most powerful elements of emotional interest in Tragedy [are] *Peripeteia* or Reversal of the Situation, and [the] *Recognition* (i.e. *anagnorisis*) scenes [which] are parts of the plot (i.e. *mythos*)”.

Aristotle *Poetics* (350 BCE translated by S.H. Butcher lines 55-57 with my bracketing and interpellations).

But the land question is only one issue symptomatic of a sense of autochthony - belonging to the soil or ground and therefore entitled to own - which is indeed an important issue for Africans. For whites this is seen to be at variance with the actual possession of technological competence which until now has tended to be actually monopolized by whites or has in a racist way been seen as something that by virtue of natural ability is the inherent monopoly of whites.

But possession also has to do with emotional relatedness to what is humanly “possessed” with love and care. Not so in Zimbabwe for a “white African”.

In this context it is relevant to return to Yael Farber’s *Mies Julie* (2012), the white Afrikaner Mies Julie, who is in fear of her racist father (a factor which is never analyzed) so to underline exactly how and by what theatrical means the *semiosis* is given depth.

Mies Julie has respect for her black lover John's Zionist-charismatic church-going mother which gives her racist stereotyping of John a context which is of course that John's mother has also been a mother to Mies Julie whose own mother is dead.

The black mother, who is the house-servant, actually senses the hovering presence of a Xhosa ancestral spirit playing a one-stringed bow and throat-singing. After the series of neurotic approach-avoidance conflicts to which I have already referred as picking up on Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, Mies Julie allows John her lover-servant to penetrate her.

I have to return to the final scene when after mutual orgasm and his ejaculation; she stabs his seed in her uterus with a sickle. She does not want to look inside herself psychologically or physiologically because she cannot bear to even speculate through a metaphorical speculum that she might carry his child. If there was a pregnancy it might be the very thing that would give her and her black lover and her putative African mother-in-law autochthony and legitimacy in a really New South Africa. That is her paradoxical tragedy.

But Johnson suggests that, by contrast with Zimbabwe, the land question is not the main problem issue for most people in South Africa. The "objective" issues are corruption, driving out white skills and capital, unemployment, sheer political incompetence (Johnson 2010: pp. 627- 654) and indeed crime including of course the high prevalence of rape and AIDS (Johnson; 2010: pp.155, 184-185, 191, 200, 203, 217-218, 446).

Hilda Cronje who played Mies Julie in Edinburgh and at the Riverside Studio in Hammersmith, London in 2013 in a lengthy interview after a matinee performance told me that her father, an Afrikaner, descended from Great Trekkers farming in Natal, struggles to make a living. Her father is a commercial farmer presumably suffering from negative "disaffirmative" action and is not getting an agricultural grant because he is white. But apart from this "Corruption in the ANC is the issue" – I quote Mies Julie not as Mies Julie but as herself, as Hilda Cronje.

A theatre of the oppressors and the oppressed and the actively involved, rejects Boal's thesis that Aristotle's system of drama is coercive or satirical on behalf of the ruling classes (Boal 1979: 7-50). Both *Mies Julie* and *Breakfast with Mugabe* observe many

of the conventions of the Aristotelian “well-made play”. One reason why they are effective is that they use estrangement techniques – bizarre happenings – de-familiarisation. We don’t expect a psychiatrist to be so brave, so effective in removing a symptom in an old man who is also a ruthless authoritarian. We don’t expect him to still respect a terrifyingly strong and utterly committed policeman/spy, an antagonist, as “uMuntu” – human being, black person, someone with feelings and yet to utter this cry in the language of the twenty thousand killed by his patient as tribal and party antagonists: “Muntu!”

We don’t expect an amaXhosa woman who is a Christian to actually see and to have incarnated in a performer a strange throat-singer plucking an African bow who is the actual ancestor buried beneath the stones of this Afrikaner farmhouse in the Karoo. Yet both these plays are neo-classical if modernist well-made plays with a *mythos* which has *logos* operating through the classical parabolic arc of development, crisis and resolution bringing catharsis through pity and terror – yet de-familiarising the ordinary and making it artistically strange and therefore appealing. In Sophocles’ *Oedipus Tyrannos*, in surreal Greek mythology, in cultic religions and in Aeschylus’ *The Oresteia* we also experience techniques of de-familiarisation – which are revivifying and strangely “modern” - subversive of the impunity of heroes and heroines who are subjected to weird and terrible forces of an unexpected and extraordinary kind in the form of fate, the furies, vengeance which cause us to question the social order.

When Aristotle mentions *peripeteia* and *anagnorisis* he can be understood as meaning what the Czech Structuralists and Russian Formalists understood by the estrangement effect – de-familiarisation - described by Roman Jakobson and recognised as weird, uncanny (as Freud in 1919 describes it in the E.T.A Hoffman story *The Sandman*). This is, as I have already stressed, very dangerously present in Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness* where the narrator is - periodically - a racist and from whom we have to distance ourselves, making what he horrifically describes, doubly horrific by re-interpreting for ourselves what *he* reports in de-humanised terms – by adding in our *own Erlebnis* experience - to use Gadamer’s terms.

Besides, what would Boal reply to the argument that it is not un-revolutionary to show the cycle of revenge, in Greek tragedy? Surely also it is revolutionary to bring

an end to cycles of revenge. Revolutionary change through reform of the otherwise revengeful parties locked in a war of attrition is surely as revolutionary, and more humane than utterly wiping out a hated aristocracy or bourgeoisie or an ethnic elite?

David Lodge (1988: pp.15-210) extracts from Shklovsky, Jakobson, Genette, Todorov, Barthes, Lacan, Foucault, Derrida and the other Formalists and Structuralists this idea of de-familiarisation which enables one to distinguish between ordinary writing and literature or story-telling that is fascinating within its *genre* exactly because it succeeds in breaking some of the rules of the *genre*. Ordinary writers do not break the rules of the *genre* as compared with the inspiration to tell the story from a unique point of view as if it has never been told that way before. That too can be put at the service of the reform of inhumanity, such as in the Tolstoy work where the story is told by a puzzled horse totally bemused by what human beings do to each other.

In the classics like the *Oresteia*, events are made strangely and *therefore* horribly real where father kills daughter, mother kills father with the aid of lover but “enchants” husband (Agamemnon) by getting him to walk on an blood-red, rich tapestry, like a spider enticing a fly into a beautiful web which seems in all its natural symmetry to be the epitome of nature – a kind of almost invisible transparent veined leaf innocent of sticky danger which both deceives and fascinates the fly. Agamemnon has sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia to placate the gods so as to get a good wind for the fleet sailing on their odyssey to Troy to retrieve Helen for Menelaus. For feminists what a telling contradiction in terms: to kill one woman to save another woman. And it is also Clytemnestra’s bizarrely smooth hypocrisy which is so de-familiarising and therefore gripping.

This de-familiarising also happens in the Fleishman and Reznick re-write of the *Medea* - *In the Paradise City*. De-familiarisation occurs in the following way: Medea is a black woman. She shows us the short grey trousers and white shirts of the typical white South African schoolboy - which she has just removed from them. We have seen these clothes a thousand times before. But in this context the utterly familiar is utterly de-familiarised. We know she is going to kill them naked. This, unbelievably, is going to be her revenge on her faithless white husband Jason for his infidelity and

naked ambition in marrying a king's (white) daughter –after what she has done for him in getting the Golden Fleece.

When applied to the killings and counter-killings in the form of “necklacing” so-called *impimpi* – merely alleged police informers who may be relatives, neighbours and previously friends – we are also de-familiarised to ourselves. We have the uncanny, weird feeling that comes from the return of the Other normally repressed in the self. When will *we* become suspects? Are we guilty anyway by just being whites who allegedly provoked this civil war?

The Pythoness as Delphic Oracle, the murderous fury of the Bacchae all expressing Nietzsche's Dionysian at war with the Apollonian - are inspired by the fascination of the uncanny and weird. Freud suggested the *unheimlich* touches off our own repressed complexes about the horror (he thought of the castrating effect of the blinding Sandman and Dr Coppelius). This is one side of Freud's interpretation of a much more universally weird, unconscious, aesthetically available imagery which art allows us to release.

Mimicry of the phallogocentric and the vulval is demonstrated by Luce Irigaray's ironical re-presentations of classical and Enlightenment philosophers (Moi 1985: 127,128, 129-37, 138,140,147, 148, Irigaray 1985, 2004 vii-xv). She de-familiarises male philosophical thinking. What relevance does this sophisticated feminism have to the womanism or feminism in the South African writers to whom I have referred?

What concerns Irigaray is male psychological and ideological bias from Plato onwards. There is hope that such a sophisticated approach will make sense when black women escape from sheer poverty and educational disadvantage (including enduring semi-literate black teachers who are themselves said to be “virtually uneducable” - Johnson 2010: p. 443) and will be able to enter into a feminist take on philosophy which is no longer the preserve of men.

Less that a third of all school pupils starting school manage to get to the top class and the major drop-out rate is amongst Africans who constitute four fifths of the population. The largest single ethnic grouping, proportionately and even absolutely, of university graduates, are still the whites (Johnson 2010: p.432).

Loren Kruger (1999: 3-5, 9-11, 17-18) in her history of modern South African theatre writes of this “subjunctive” – a political and metaphysical wish-fulfillment - theatre preparing for the day the big change comes about.

I have re-written two of the plays which are presented here, *Shades of Brown* (1978 / 2012) and *The Cape Orchard* (1987 / 2012), with hindsight, because the ubiquitous aftermath of the highly discriminatory apartheid system has been another ruling class: the successfully positioned African nationalists and their Indian and Coloured allies and white allies who have been in *The Struggle*.

On 10th May 1994 the subjunctive could have become indicative but didn't for reasons that I read back retrospectively in the re-written *Shades of Brown* (*Jannie Veldsman – a Film Scenario*) and *The Cape Orchard*. What was seen as a miracle offered by the gods of history and geopolitics, has for the very poor, the African masses, remained if not a Greek tragedy, a deep disappointment with redemption and reparation not for the many but for the newly successful political / economic black or non-white class who replicate the greed and corruption of their apartheid and segregationist predecessors with whom they are in mega-economic alliance – according to the analyses of Johnson's report based on extensive research and participant observation – a South Africa balanced between democratic renewal and failed colonialism (Johnson 2010: pp. 573-626). Or which is the same thing, balanced between a benign colonialist success and an ideologically misguided democratic failure – with the “worm in the bud” in both these systems – given Johnson's, Fukuyama's and Trehwela's honest empirical findings and liberal values.

In summary: progress towards a classical realisation of Habermas's “secret link” between a modernist European enlightenment and the classics has not happened generally speaking in South African education or theatre. The renewal of the well-made play and the partial assimilation of the classics have been attempted. There still is a westernised heritage present in the South African ethos through the presence of four-to-five million whites and many educated mixed race people, Asians and middle class Africans. How can three or four plays written in exile about South Africa possibly add to the culture of such a complex and huge society of nearly fifty million people grappling with poverty, inequality and modernisation? By looking at exceptional individuals.

THE EXISTENTIAL SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA

It is not possible to conceive of South Africa without taking classicism, the Kantian *a priori* of the ethics of the categorical imperative and the Hegelian *zeitgeist* further, conceiving the existential situation, the phenomenological ontology of being a white and a black South African at an exceptional level. Jannie Veldsman defies his persecutory patient Van Tonder by affirming his black consciousness and giving the black consciousness salute in the form of the clenched fist. This symbolic meaning touches on the wider philosophy in which my thinking and my plays are embedded. In the South African context an essential quotation for me is by N.C. Manganyi concerning an opponent F.J.Engelbrecht on the real or true self which finds authenticity in itself as a *hypostasis* (“without which nothing”) so that *something does come from nothing* and about which Lear who is after all a tragic old man being robbed by his two daughters - is blind - in the context of the silent virtue of Cordelia – she who refuses to flatter her father with false and high-flown praise. She says “nothing” but loves him. It is astounding that an educated Afrikaans clinical psychologist should not know how pregnant with meaning Cordelia-type silence – *nothing* – in Afrikaans *niks* - can be. Philosophically and psychologically it is the equivalent of the singularity of Nothingness, the heart of darkness, out of which either nihilism or creative Being can be born. Being and Nothingness are not Hegelian antimonies but in order for Being to be, in all its fullness and plenitude, we like Cordelia, need to understand the nature of the nihilation implicit in Goneril and Regan’s hypocritical fulsomeness. In order to know what is, one must *be*, one must be able to silently empty consciousness of presence, especially deceptive false presence, one’s sisters’ lies. “I am Cordelia. Shakespeare creates me as real. I *must* have an inkling of their hypocrisy. I have known of their ambitions for years. I don’t want to be consumed in this vortex of lies. I shall pretend I know nothing of their abyss of greed – that is what I shall show.” In this sense Nothingness is a condition of Being – wiping clean of consciousness - and through knowing Nothingness I know I am free to enact something out of a consciousness that can negate what oppresses me (Sartre 1943/2003: pp.27-69). What is the actual content of Cordelia’s Being? Cordelia ends up hanged: her “nothing” portends tragedy. She knows intuitively what her dreadful sisters are going to do: make a meal of their father – and like Engelbrecht *they* will see silence and impotence as *niks* - nothing. Engelbrecht deracinates phenomenology:

Dieperliggend egter is 'n gevoel van frustrasie, 'n soek na die 'eie ek' wat verlore en opgebreek word. Die swart gebalde vuus is nie slegs 'n teken van swartmag en swart-bewussyn nie, maar veel eerder 'n simbool van aggressie - van botsing in sigself en tussen drome en werklikheid. Die swart vuus is nie soseer gemik teen die witman en sy wereld nie, maar teen die swart man en sy frustrasies self - teen sy andersheid d.w.s teen die gelykmarkers. Dit is eerder 'n hand wat gryp in 'n leeg - na niks'

Engelbrecht 1972:27 quoted in Mangyani p.76

Engelbrecht can be translated and paraphrased as follows: “Nevertheless there is a deep-seated feeling of frustration, a search for the ‘own self’ which is a search which is itself lost and disintegrated. The clenched fist is not only a symbol of black power and black consciousness but more a symbol of aggression, of conflict in the self and between dreams and reality. The black fist is not so much directed against the white man and his world, but against the black man and his own frustrations - against his otherness – that is to say against those who would deny individual differences. More than that, it is a clutching in emptiness towards nothingness” - my translation from the Afrikaans.

Nothingness? If he means *negritude* as *negritude* he may be right. Blackness as blackness is a badge of pride or stigma not awarded on merit. In itself blackness or being Jewish or Palestinian is not meritorious. In Senghor, Martin Luther King, Biko, Mandela blackness is meritorious. Hitler’s German or Austrian identity is disgraceful. To think forward from consciousness I must think intelligence and creativity. But Engelbrecht was an apartheid apologist at an apartheid university who according to Mangyani sought to denigrate the black consciousness movement and to reinstate a “Bantu” sense of time which was not the sense of time of white civilization. To Engelbrecht the black clenched fist contains nothing and indicates a reaction-formation against internal disintegration of the self – presumably from the context in which Engelbrecht was writing, the social selves caught between tradition and modernity. But to me the empty clenched fist symbolises not only black pride and black power but can be read as an entity containing Nothing-ness which is not as in Hegel dialectically related to something, but rather is a condition of Being which in Africa traditionally is sunk in oral traditions repeating the verities of the past

which do not work in an overpopulated, undereducated, elite-ridden, under-resourced, ecologically threatened Africa threatened as a totalitarian colony of China. It is a condition of the freedom to enact Being - the title of Sartre's great work being *Being and Nothingness* not *Being and Nothing!* And in French, literally, its title indicates "I" and "le" *The Being and The Nothingness* – but then moral virtue, intelligence and family loyalty must come about through ethics because existentialism and phenomenology provide no ethics. The Socratic virtue of knowledge *may* be ethical. What Kant knew is that there is a moral consciousness as the basis of ethics. But, truly, I cannot act for mankind. I may be able to save my mother from a howling mob. It was not Sartre but Camus who had the courage to take on a ferocious Algerian Arab nationalism when it threatened poor whites like Madame Camus and the other *pied-noir* French settlers, as much as the fascistic French generals threatened the Arab nationalists. Nothingness and suicide in *The Myth of Sisyphus* are the conditions of my freedom *not* to commit suicide – to go on living so as to save my mother without whom I would not be. She is part of my being. Being in the full sense is conditional on other connections in society and biology and neuro-physiology and these in turn are connected by *logos* not to a fixed determinism going back into an infinite regress which is what Sartre calls a "series" which has to stop *if* I have a transcendent awareness of my freedom. My freedom emerges from the baseline of the Nothingness of Sartre, leading on to his theory of bad faith – I am free to act in good faith, not to pretend to be a puppet, I can wipe out my determinisms by nihilating them. I am free to take on the encompassing of Jaspers which gives coherence to my actions, I am free to achieve my *aletheia* as in Heidegger – showing myself in my own light. My freedom to be transcends even what Heidegger calls my facticity and fallen-ness into an absurd world.

The black clinical psychologist N.C. Mangyani (1973) in accepting the concept of being-in-the-world questions what the white clinical psychologist Engelbrecht *could* mean by a hand that clutches at "*niks*". Neither for Mangyani or me is "*niks*" nothing although it may be nothing in a purely negative sense for the apartheid apologist Engelbrecht. For me, remembering Sartre, more so remembering Camus, remembering Husserl being banned from the Freiburg library by the personally

insufferable Heidegger, it is a positive Nothingness from which the black man suffers, which Jews suffer, which we all individually suffer which allows us to think freedom in Being. To wipe consciousness clean of presence we can then in the face of our otherness, in the face of those who deny our individual differences which is exactly our Otherness to others and therefore our Otherness to ourselves, we can free ourselves by not being an *idiot* in the ancient Greek sense – an isolated individual. Being and Nothingness are not Hegelian antinomies which have to synthesise into Something - when all around men and women were and still are prevented from being Something by being tortured and murdered, starved, displaced, appropriated and suffer if they fall into the hands of a still unscrupulous police, still suffer if they live in the slums, still suffer if they are immigrants, still suffer if they are poor – still suffer as poor rural and poor urban women - used as exchange objects and sexual objects of no other use-value for rapists and unfaithful partners who spread the HIV virus to them and their children. Mhlophe's half-sister "Nokulunga" feels she is totally enslaved and polluted by marital gang rape into which Mhlophe's mother has enslaved her by selling her for *lobola*. She has not the education or the motivation to enable her to run away to her lover in Germiston on the Witwatersrand. The police will do nothing to help her. They are also corrupted by patriarchy, power, cruelty (Mhlophe 1983a, 1998a, Sosibo 2012, Sacks 2012, SAPA 2013, Malala 2013, Johnson 2010: pp. 17-19,155, 184,184-185, 191, 200, 203, 217-218, 445-446, 447, 544, 558-559, 590).

Engelbrecht and Mangyani were writing during a period of censorship but today there is another equally negative phenomenon - a period of alienation from incompetent African governance. One could not say openly what it was that one's fist was clutching towards under apartheid – and today one cannot with impunity openly defy the riot-police over a wages dispute about which a government-controlled union the NUM in COSATU is incapable of mediating (Sacks 2012). Massacres happened under the apartheid system and under the current system of incompetent governance. What was being clutched at was a positive sense of black power to do something, to make something out of the ultimate *pharmakon*: the remedial poison of a fist saluting fellows in the struggle is apparently nothing in itself and indicates perhaps a feeling of alienation – I salute power because I and you as yet are diminished in our Nothingness but out of this absence, out of this poisonous state of affairs, I can think

Nothingness as the absence of freedom and thereby feel my freedom because there is theoretically Nothing to stop me being free excepts Hillel's ethics. A Truth and Reconciliation Commission of South Africa in 1998 (Volume Three) corroborated that the apartheid state was civilised enough to keep records of those killed by its security police and death squads. There are still NGO's, whistle-blowers, journalists, professionals devoted to a constitutional social democracy who publicised the Marikana police killings (Sacks 2013) and scandals to do with Thabo Mbeki's paranoid state and the Leninist politics of the inner circle of the ANC (Feinstein 2007).

The day the redemptive *Jannie Veldsman – a Film Scenario* is set, is the day John Harris was executed for a political murder he did not intend. Hendrik Verwoerd was in power and, indirectly, Verwoerd killed a mitigated murderer acting according to his conscience who phoned through a warning to the police which they chose to ignore. During John Vorster's subsequent regime Steven Bantu Biko was not literally killed by Vorster's Minister of Justice Jimmy Kruger but Kruger by implication was indeed a murderer. Part of Van Tonder is an *anamnesis*, a re-collection of the cruelty of all totalitarian regimes and of all the actual killers of Biko, and of Neil Aggett. Aggett's particular torturer Stephan Whitehead (Naidoo 2012) kept him awake for days and worked on his conscience and although Aggett hanged himself in his cell Whitehead contributed to the self-murder of a man who had killed no one, who was a loving and caring doctor, a true Christian and a good trade union organiser (Naidoo 2012). The martyr / criminal John Harris and the innocent martyr Aggett are *pharmakos* and *pharmakon*, scapegoat and a remedial poison for us, the witnesses. Human decency was both annulled and in some strange way admitted for what it was in Van Tonder's acting out his four murders and processes of torture, and indeed ludicrously acknowledged in Kruger's and his Afrikaner Nationalist audience's response to Biko's death which is symbolised by the four political prisoners attacked, killed, driven insane and maimed by colleagues of Van Tonder in the revised version of the play now titled *Jannie Veldsman – a Film Scenario* - Abraham Ngo, Dennis Pieterse, Khoza and Bambata: "I am not glad and I am not sorry about Mr. Biko. It leaves me cold (*Dit laat my koud*)... I can say nothing to you... Any person who dies... I shall also be sorry if I die." (followed by Afrikaner Nationalist audience laughter at a party conference). The new Van Tonder of the film scenario is not left cold but anticipates

the repentance shown at the Truth and Reconciliation Commission by some security officials asking for amnesty in the 1990s. Adriaan Vlok an Afrikaner Nationalist justice minister actually washed the feet of a black radical Frank Chikane whom the security police tried to poison (Chikane 2013). The drama of the TRC is anticipated in the interrogation by Dianne Cupido of her white mistress Leonie De Villiers. The drama of the discovery of the atrocities committed by the ANC in their military camp for dissidents in Angola in the 1980s (Trehela 2009b) is incorporated into the revised *The Cape Orchard*. His witnessing of what happened in the Quatro camp is partly responsible for the suicide of Gerry De Villiers, Leonie's son, who is partly modelled on Trofimov in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* which inspired the 1987 play. Here a writing-culture is transfused by an ethical oral-culture

Engelbrecht's image of a black fist that clutches in an emptiness – “towards nothing” then, is not nothing except in the philosophical sense to which J-P Sartre refers – but behind Sartre's Nothingness there is the substance not only of Sartre's freedom but of Heidegger's (despite his Nazism) being-in-the-world which drives out theoretical nothingness since the living take on the end of all my projects after my death if only by ignoring them. What “nothing”, *Nichts*, not-Being as in Sartre's *The Being and the Nothingness* is, is what the Afrikaans *niks* is. Which is a condition of freedom and Being.

But actually this existentialism does not necessarily lead to a politics and an ethics. Another analysis is required at an empirical level. As I showed earlier, this Africa is not China where the state capitalist system still directs a large section of the economy, where relatively low wages, long working hours and regimentation of the labour force and the cultural norms of obedience and high commitment to education and the media, arts and drama are all put to the service of a propaganda for Chinese society (Lovell 2014). Again, as I showed earlier, this is not Venezuela or Brazil with natural resources and a unified, mixed-race, culturally normative, Catholic Spanish- or Portuguese- speaking identity over-riding class stratification based on capitalist power and the greater access of the middle-class (in Argentina overwhelmingly white European) to education and the professions. There *is* no core South African *psyche* coalescing writing and oral-cultures although Chipkin (2007) is prepared to debate this. There is victimage, the eternal scapegoating of the white man, the bad heritage of apartheid. In South Africa there are no real equivalents to the Barack Obamas, the

Oprah Winfreys, the Alice Walkers, the Toni Morrisons, the Spike Lees, the August Wilsons, the Steve McQueens, the Dianne Abbotts and the Forest Whitakers in their tens of thousands as there are or are likely to emerge in time to come in the western democracies not so much through affirmative action but simply assimilation of the previously excluded from the body politic.

In existentialism, in phenomenology, in classical ontology I experience myself through anxiety, sadness, anger and the kinetic communication of sign/symbols the background to which is not nothing, but the strength to deal with the post-modern *aporia*, a positive sense of Nothingness – not-yet-consciousness –which is in the container of what Julia Kristeva (1984, and Kristeva / ed.Moi 1986) calls the *chora* (sometimes a depressed *chora* under the black sun of melancholy - Kristeva 1987/1989) and in another work she calls the “abject” (Kristeva 1982) from which the existentialist retreats into a nihilation of the disgusting object and which Sartre in his philosophical novel *Nausea* describes as a kind of revolting primal ooze. The existential mood in the form of rational despair is found too in what is arguably Fugard’s greatest play *Boesman and Lena* (1969 / 2000) in the filth-making mud-flats into which two hopelessly alcoholic vagrants find themselves being sucked. “Rational despair” is noted by the London critic John Peter in *The Cape Orchard* in his *Observer* review (reprinted in part together with other reviews before the text) felt at least by three articulate Coloured characters almost as alienated as Boesman and Lena. . It does not lead to apathy in *The Cape Orchard* but to activism so as to fill the emptiness of the Nothingness that lies behind this existential mood at least in Pieterse, Dianne and Valma. The emotional orality of existentialist absurdity has become a highly active writing culture of activism so that Sartre’s *Being and Nothingness* is transfused by the actions of Roquentin, Sartre’s fictional surrogate in his novel which preceded it - *Nausea*.

This existentialist activism, then, is integrated into my perception of what is significant on the stage. As suggested by the title of Brook’s inspiring rhetoric, out of *The Empty Space* and under Beckett’s tree by a desolate, empty country road in *Godot*, out of Pinter’s silence in the pauses before and within Pinter’s characters’ poisonous empty talk in *The Caretaker* and *The Homecoming* comes the remedy of *logos* and *dianoia*. In Heidegger’s words, the ontological-existential basis of language

is talk – even idle talk indicating the unconscious Real of history as suggested by the psychoanalytic Marxist Fredric Jameson in *The Political Unconscious*.

RELATING THE THEMES OF *THE POETICS* TO ANCIENT ATHENS AND THE *EIDOS* OF APARTHEID SOUTH AFRICA

Athenian society and drama took for granted important issues of autochthony (Goldhill 1986:66-69) just as being born a black South African still means something different from being born a mixed-race or an Indian or a European South African – despite the glorious hopes for the new Rainbow Nation. Both Veldsman the Coloured man from Cape Town who moved to Western Coloured Township near Johannesburg, and Jaap Van Tonder, descended from Boers and working-class Afrikaners in the city, are autochthonous. But this is not enough. There were levels of autochthonous society in Athens as there are in South Africa – very rich and very poor, migrant labourers and women living in the backward rural areas who were or are near-slaves (as depicted by Gcina Mhlophe in “Nokulunga’s Wedding”). There were and are women excluded by patriarchy as well as aliens without autochthony. Not being born into Athenian or South African or African society makes a difference but more than that and most important in ancient Athens was belonging to the autochthonous elite – an essentially oligarchic group in the fifth century BCE -consisting of wealthy and powerful families from whom leaders often came whether the state was democratic, oligarchic or tyrannical – monarchic - (Goldhill 1986: 64). The same is true of the new ANC elite in South Africa. There is the long-standing amaXhosa elite hegemony characterised by the Mandelas the Madikizelas and the Mbekis and there is the Zulu majority-tribe elite characterised by the Zumas, the Buthelezis and the Zwelethinis. There are the Sisulus who being totally urbanised and professionalised are above tribal elite hegemonies. There is an Indian elite sponsoring Zuma – the Shaik family (Johnson 2010: 511, 512-514,518-519) but there are hundreds of thousands of Muslim and Hindu Indians in South Africa who are not tied into the new political elite. There are gangster elites such as those who inherited the mantle of the Spoilers gang in Alexandra Township presided over by the *mafia* of the late Joe Modise first minister of defence in the Mandela government. Rich oligarchs also sponsored theatre which had close links with Greek religion and the value system of an aristocratic society which had deep cultural roots in the binding force of its Homeric cultural mythology,

its *eidos*. Although as mentioned the South African ANC oligarchy allows and encourages a hagiographic state theatre like the Cape Town Opera's triumphalistic *Mandela Trilogy* (Evans 2012) and the Nicholson / Cartwright / Singh *Mandela – Long Walk to Freedom*, the Market Theatre in Johannesburg and the Baxter Theatre in Cape Town and multi-media geniuses like William Kentridge and the Handspring Puppet Company's Brian Jones and Adrian Kohler still flourish (the latter's *Woyzeck on the Highveld* was revived in 2012). Their *Warhorse* puppets star in a world-wide hit play and film inspired by Michael Murpurgo's story. Although the heyday of an oppositional theatre seems to have waned as an African nationalist government seemingly encourages self-censorship there is much in the South African *eidos* - its cultural setting - which derives from what has happened because of modernity affecting South African intellectual life before, during and after apartheid. There is the usual modern and post-modern fragmentation and discontinuity of aesthetic cultures in South Africa (Mzamane 1986, Coplan 1985, Gray 1979, 1980, Coetzee 1988) adding to the uncertainty and the blurring of lines between the clear cut heroes and villains of the apartheid era. Ancient Athens was in a stronger position as regards its *eidos*. However different city-states may have been from each other, most residents spoke varieties of Greek and to a lesser or greater degree shared Greek culture(s) and Greek myths, philosophies and science depending on the different education of rich and poor, men and women, slaves and citizens, the indigenous and the aliens. Divided within the Peloponnesian peninsula and the islands and competing economically and militarily with each other and with other powers and other markets, they also united against political entities such as a common enemy, the Persian Empire (Goldhill 1986: 61) and Greece became an empire itself.

South Africa has no external enemies or imperial aims. Rather it is preoccupied with its own demons. In Sophocles' drama, characters could speak what I presume is a nearly universally understood and comprehensible way about their *anagnorisis*, their moral identity – were they good or bad to themselves, to each other, to the gods or in the eyes of Fate despite or because of their reversals of fortune – their *peripeteia* – contexts that afflicted them often in quite arbitrary ways – such were the often absurd contingencies of fate and chance which a dramatist like Sophocles handled with consummate control and skill (Kitto 1961: 140, 152, 171, 183). Tragedies, so we can assume, were understood by the 17,000 or so people who watched the play in an

amphitheatre in a mood of reverence - *a duty for citizens*. Who is entitled to speak on these deeply personal issues on an off the stage? Above all, the oligarchically-sponsored *autochthonous*. Fugard is native born but when all is said and done, Fugard is a white man, an Anglo-Afrikaner, whose own appreciation of psychoanalysis is often brilliantly intuitive, but not part of a formal writing-culture except through the psychology of existentialism which in Sartre certainly has absorbed the basics of Freud whilst rejecting unconscious determinism in the name of existential freedom. Fugard's supra-African mythological play *Dimetos* was on the whole a critical failure and is not revived. Fugard is now an old man living and teaching in San Diego California but with a house still in South Africa. It is crucial to understand the disappointment felt by old exiles who have seen their dream of a New South Africa disintegrate. But, on the other hand what right does a white playwright who lives in California condemn Thabo Mbeki – and in Fugard's own words, deserve to “rot” (Palmer 2012)? In terms of its *eidos* – its economic and socio-cultural situation - the riddle of the South African sphinx - lies in its developed world / developing world contradictions, its backwardness in not developing a widespread, unifying post-colonial writing-culture like the more stable of the South American countries - not in Mbeki deserving to rot.

Fugard fulminates but has insight when not disappointedly angry. As proof of his adherence to The Struggle (the liberal-cultural wing) he is allowed to protest against the pitiful propaganda of a paranoiac president but dare not be seen or heard suggesting that Africans are often cut off from the writing-culture that produces literary and psychological insight. And yet his Port Elizabeth plays – above all *Boesman and Lena*, like the ancient Greek tragedies are full of psychoanalytic insights. In *Dimetos* he courted critical failure to live up to an heroic self-revelation – that Freud and Sophocles were right about incest as the secret taboo involving the crucial suppression and diversion of libido which energises the nuclear family and can destroy it as it destroys the virginal illusions of poor Lydia who in all innocence gentled a fallen horse lying naked on his back.

Deeper than the personal unconscious is the political unconscious which becomes conscious but retains its irrationality in the working out of the madness of what then appears as fate. The killing of the old Cape liberal tradition of enfranchisement, the killing of the relatively benign spread of some Christian or emancipatory secular

education for Africans and Coloured people (Roux 1948 / 1964, Marais 1939 / 1968) demolished under the black consciousness slogan has handicapped people who were school pupils in 1977 during the Soweto uprising and who maintained the disaffected war-cry of the militant youth: “No education without liberation”. Fugard’s (1989/1998) *My Children! My Africa!* is about the irrationality expressed in the contradictions of colonialism – how the colonised resist what appears to them to be their own colonisation although within it there are the good elements of education. A good black headmaster is burnt alive by his own pupils because he spoke to the police about disorder breaking out in the school. Now that some sort of liberation has come the ever-increasing numbers of the African population find that the school system has been in some areas for the very poor been degraded and worse than it was under apartheid according to Mamphela Ramphele, ex-vice chancellor of the University of Cape Town who founded a political party in opposition to the ANC *Agang* (Plaut 2013) and should have joined the Democratic Alliance which has a successful liberal white leader, Helen Zille and resources.

In my plays (including the original version *Shades of Brown – Jannie Veldsman and His Struggle with the Boer* 1978/1979 and the re-written version *Jannie Veldsman a Film scenario* (2012) there are *different instances* of the search for a valid autochthony and the assertion of different roles and different kinds of family arrangements as compared with ancient Athens. This is not merely to do with the literal fact of being descended from a supposed literal first inhabitant (only the extinct or fully assimilated /Xam and Khoi now absorbed into the Coloured and Bantu-speakers groups could claim this – Marais 1939 / 1968). In a new film scenario for *Jannie Veldsman*, there is a cathartic ending, putting right a previous *hamartia* (a faulty aim or miscalculation) where someone then achieves the object of reuniting a “white” mother with “that child” – the *objet petit a*, a loved object of desire which had to be renounced and is again renounced but with the attachment to that child acknowledged. The re-write reverses the career of Oedipus and although the intensity of the nuclear family is complicated by issues of colour, a child is acknowledged not abandoned on a mountainside. The “white” mother had to give up that loved first-born brown child so as to conform to the vicious regulations of the 1950s but finally in a *hypostatic* moment (becoming personifications of “true” South Africans) both “white” parents acknowledge the brown adoptive parents to whom the child has

become attached realising they themselves are not white after all. Being mixed race will have use-value in itself and indeed exchange-value, status, in the coming *zeitgeist* and this gives meaning to the plays' *a priori* aesthetic of *peripeteia*: moral suffering will be put right. At the end two "white" Afrikaners in their *anamnesis* and *anagnorisis* (their recollection and realisation of who and what they are) are brought to self- and other-realisation by means of the creative making (*poesis*) of the drama, (*ἀλήθεια*) Heidegger's term for the original ancient Greek *aletheia* - a bringing into consciousness and recollection of what was repressed, their faulty actions now therapeutically resolved or relieved or relived by means of *anamnesis* (memory) of fear, terror, pity - redemptive catharsis. They and the child's autochthony are guaranteed – the gap between their exchange value and their use-value will be reduced in the new ethos. They will have status and happiness that they did the right thing after all. Their *Dasein* is disclosed through their care, into which *Dasein* is thrown, factually, and in their authentic projection of themselves, by contrast with which they were *fallen*, in a state of untruth (Heidegger 1927 /1962: p.264). The poisonous (painful) remedy is drama therapy and acknowledgement of attachment and loss in *Shades of Brown – Jannie Veldsman* and endurance and rational despair in *The Cape Orchard* and *The Zulu and the Zeide*. Contradictions are (temporarily) resolved. The ethical values of justice and love are disconnected from the undemocratic *demos* in a sporadically catastrophic society and transcended in couples and small groups such as an economic cooperative in *The Cape Orchard*.

A liberally oriented political scientist R. W. Johnson (2010: pp 61-62, 74, 88,124-125) suggests that a totalitarian left trained by the Stasi and the KGB, using the tactics of terror was a disaster for South Africa. The police executions of dissident miners in Marikana platinum mine in August 2012 seem to have been approved by senior police officers appointed by the ANC government (Sacks 2012, SAPA 2013, Sosibo 2012). The same is true of the disaster of a Zimbabwe-type economic catastrophe, because of the violent racial purge of white farmers from the land because they were not autochthonous and because President Mugabe wanted a ZANU-PF dictatorship in the name of a national socialism. The farmers were attacked, many driven out and Zimbabwe was reduced to penury except for the luxuries available to the ruling elite.

The *eidōs* in the second play, inspired by Anton Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Cape Orchard – A South African Fable* is based on an archetypal idea of cooperative liberation in South Africa. It is a comedy in the Greek sense with tragic elements but a comedy because it has a happy ending. In it there are five Afrikaans-speaking people – four Coloured people - and one white one. One is an Africanist - Dianne Cupido - identified with the black African workers. Another just accepts himself as a Coloured person - Boetie Koekemoer. Another sees himself as spiritually a descendent of the Bushmen or San but is a very successful businessman and an ex-teacher – a romantic intellectual - Jan Pieterse. Valma De Villiers at first disputes that she is in any way black but then comes to accept her mixed-ethnic identity. And there is a white woman Leonie De Villiers descended from Europeans. In the moment under the moment, Valma achieves her *anagnorisis*. This is her realisation, her *hypostatic* moment, the personification of the truly autochthonous mixed-race South Africa combining all its ethnic and cultural elements. Valma does this by freeing herself from her defence mechanisms. Previously these have caused her to reject herself as a black person. She has been adopted by the liberal white woman. At a later point she comes to terms with what she is. Up to this recognition – this *anagnorisis* - she has had a severe political and personal problem. She exchanges her white identifications for the greater use-value - the potential happiness and ultimately the exchange-value of having the status in the “Rainbow Nation” of a really typical South African who is mixed race and brown. No ancient Greek play would envisage a woman going through such a transformation. Antigone is white – the whole Oedipus family is white. Ethnic identity is not a given in South Africa as it might be in, say, Brazil or Venezuela although in South America there are other forms of class and ideological oppression and the still unrecognised rights of the indigenous hunter-gatherers and pastoralists besides the ecological degradation of the Amazon forests. In Venezuela Hugo Chavez's successor has armed militias, the state security forces, and vigilantes who harass the opposition in the context of spiralling inflation and alleged violation of human rights including the presence of now hopeless poverty because the poor cannot afford basic commodities (Walker 2014). In South Africa race and lack of educated skills still does tend to determine the life-chances of a whole class of people simply called “the poor” who are both black and poor but now include poor whites. The billionaires Ramaphosa (Johnson 2010: pp.14, 41, 80, 387,392-393, 421, 424) and Sexwale (Johnson 2010: pp. 386, 387, 417) are extremely rare although

enormously powerful as is the multi-millionaire Jacob Zuma and his profits and the extensive facilities at Nkandla are at the expense of the state and through bribes produced by his middle man Shabir Shaik (Johnson 2010: pp.511, 512-514, 515, 518-519, 532-533).

At another level as an “avatar” of Lopakhin in *The Cherry Orchard*, Pieterse’s social confidence and marriage to a white woman originally part of the old Afrikaner elite, conveys to an ideal audience that in a rational Real the indigenous bourgeois intellectual and businessman like himself is different from the offspring of a manumitted Russian serf like Chekhov’s grandfather (Gottlieb and Allain eds. 2000: xi). Class, race and gender barriers have become more permeable at least in this idealised fable of life in the Western Cape on the verge of the new South Africa. Pieterse has been patronised and kindly treated by his Ranyevskaya as a child and, unlike Lopakhin, is able to marry his Ranevskaya, Leonie De Villiers and together the whole group / family save “Vreugde” from being broken up as a winery and reform it as a cooperative. His new wife has her own inheritance and money invested in “Vreugde” – her first husband’s share is renounced in her favour. The state, the militant UDF and a criminal response in the form of a murderously atrocity-ridden civil war has taken the lives of two sons – Gerry De Villiers and Arnold Cupido. But there is no Bolshevik revolution or Zimbabwean land occupation by party militants. The cooperative cannot and would not expropriate the landowners because the landowners still own substantial shares in the landholdings and in the equipment of the winery and fruit farm. They share power with their workers. But the play is subtitled “a fable” and we are asked to suspend disbelief and enter Lacoue-Labarthe’s *theatricum analyticum* of an idealised cooperative.

In the third play a diaspora Jew Abraham Grossman seeks his *hypostasis* – his real personified reality, his moment under the moment - as a Jew. By happenstance he was saved from the Holocaust in which his relatives died except for a nephew who, as reported in Hasidic accounts of the mass-shootings in Lithuania and Belarus, was miraculously saved after Hitler’s invasion of the Baltic countries in the summer of 1941. The old grandfather (*Zeide* in Yiddish) finds a friend in a Zulu carer Paulus Ngubane who accompanies him in his dying after we have laughed at the *Zeide*’s satirised *peripeteia* – his rude and hair-raising adventures in the Amazon jungle and in a Johannesburg synagogue on the most sacred day of the Jewish calendar. Despite the

high proportion of largely altruistic Jewish communists and liberals in the liberation movements, there was also the Jewish majority (there were about 120, 000 in the heyday of the community) who accepted and used apartheid to enrich themselves or at least make themselves secure and then successfully try to buy their way into the anti-apartheid government (*pace* Sol Kerzner - Johnson 2010:14-17). The play played to an audience of Jews at the Nottingham University Theatre at Limmud 2005 for the revenge-pleasure of a satire of Orthodox (and some Reform) Judaism – something of what secular Jews like the brave Ruth First who was assassinated in Maputo would have approved. This is a *satyr* play, the fourth play after a quasi-Greek trilogy in this portfolio which consists of one play, the same play re-written (*Shades of Brown* and *Jannie Veldsman*), a third play, *The Cape Orchard* incorporating new material making it more relevant by placing it not in the year in which it was first produced in 1987, but in late 1989 on the cusp of the legalisation of the liberation movements and the unbanning and freeing of political prisoners.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL / ETHICAL BACKGROUND IN THE *POESIS* OF THREE SOUTH AFRICAN DRAMAS

In the Theban Trilogy Sophocles' characters do not know who and what they have become in terms of kinship relations. The notorious Oedipus family has become confused by the machinations of fate or mischance as can happen to the modern oedipal family. In my trilogy happenstances include the traumata and confusions and mistakes produced by concealing the presence of *aletheia* – the unconcealedness of the political and personal unconscious (as adumbrated by Fredric Jameson 1981:152). This issue is a reality of *partial* autochthony and with it a wider moral identity. This may be understood intuitively, through *nous* which is innate experience producing wisdom though it contains a liberal *zeitgeist* in Jannie Veldsman, Jan Pieterse and the Zeide. They *attempt* to acknowledge with Kant the stars above and the moral law within whether or not the ethnic group is autochthonous. This Kantian *a priori* ethic of understanding (as “from before” in the mind not objectively provable) of the Other as an end in himself cannot apply if one is dealing with totalitarians, terrorists, criminals, psychopaths within the social group and it applies even less outside the social or ethnic group when one does not understand the Other who choose to make himself non-understandable like Thabo Mbeki over his AIDS denialism. The Otherness of the Other ethnic group magnifies the Otherness in the subject-self which

can be projected out in the form of demonization of the other and therefore may make universalist ethics impossible. It may be better to say that Kant was thinking in terms of the Enlightenment of the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century which assumed rationality, ethics, a *zeitgeist* which by definition (“from before”) is inherent in the “normally” civilized, lovingly attached and socialised mind. It excludes what the ancient Greeks and Romans called less delicately “barbarians”. There were and are white and black barbarians not because their language sounded to the supposedly civilized like the sound made by a berserk herd of sheep but because the uncertainties of colonial and anti-colonial war and resistance continues to create a situation of insecurity, a threat of disorder and terror (life becoming “nasty brutish and short” in Thomas Hobbes *Leviathan*). The good politician is found in Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, concerning strategies for handling power so as to create more than power - a social contract. This is John Locke’s view of a good civil society: the citizen surrenders sovereign control over himself to the state in accordance with how the state helps the citizen fulfil his duties so as to enjoy his freedom (Locke 1680 / 1823: pp. 5-197). Civilized society does not allow itself to be destroyed by the barbarians and their psychopathology, destructive forms of deviance, paranoia, depression, partial oral cultures which cannot assimilate universalist writing cultures, synchronic *parole* – like *prole-talk* or *media-speak* - ignorantly at odds with the beauty of diachronic *langue*. This must be a precondition for the Kantian ideal of treating all as ends not means where life is more than what Heidegger calls facticity and fallen-ness. The experience of vertigo, falling, abjection, nausea, absurdly being myself and thrown arbitrarily into a situation and trapped by what is alien although technologically to hand or merely at hand if only an expert can access it, means to be *imprisoned* by mere facticity. This is an appalling thought. God is dead and the surveillance state, itself hardly controllable, comes to govern our lives anonymously. The artist can create somewhere to hide: somewhere intimate, known, something I can make my own, something I can leave which they in turn will inhabit as I inhabit Sophocles, Buddha, Maimonides, Shakespeare, Chekhov, Mandela as *my Erlebnis* experience.

We are all descended from a few members of the early original *homo sapiens*. Africa appeals to us because it is our original home. We originate in fact in East Africa. The San of Southern African contain, genetically, some of the oldest “islands” of genetic material known to pre-historic mankind which may date back nearly 40,000 years to

the Middle Stone Age in Eastern and Southern Africa and may have merged into the basic Bush-Boskopoid stock (Inskeep 1969: pp.18-21 in Wilson and Thompson eds. 1969 Volume 1). But the differences in culture as between oral cultures and writing cultures and as between hunter-gatherer society and total world capitalist globalisation based on sophisticated technologies and systems are colossal.

All long-standing historically viable civilizations are able to deal with and adapt to ethical dilemmas concerned with basic survival on the one hand and human solidarity on the other. In Jewish civilization the ethical can take on conflict in ethical values such as those implicitly present in the third play *The Zulu and the Zeide*. Here Abraham Grossman expresses the ethics of a contemporary of Jesus, Rabbi Hillel who is reputed to have *two* basic ethical maxims: “What is hateful to you do not do to others” *and* “If I am not for myself, who will be for me, if I am for myself alone, what am I, if not now, when?” (Rabbi Hillel 30 BCE-9 CE). This amounts to the political theory of government and ethics I have elaborated above, which is essentially that of Locke which applies to settled society rather than that of Hobbes: how to deal with anarchy, chaos and war. This puts Kant in a rational Real political context. This is a starting point from which everything follows in the rabbinical Jewish ethics in Roman Palestine. In practice the school of Shammai opposed Hillel as to how to implement ethics in the form of what the contemporary Judaeo-Greek culture of the time, seen retrospectively, might term with Aristotle *phronesis* – doing good for oneself in the form of practical wisdom – given that man is a social animal and *ipso facto* all other factors being equal (which they are not) means an attempt at doing good *and therefore*, by an *a priori* intuition as Kant would put it, acting *as if* for mankind - as surely as the stars are eternally above: there is a categorical imperative to treat oneself as an end in oneself and to treat the others as ends in themselves. But, how, in practice, is it possible to act as if one can resolve the conflict between the eccentric individual and his society? In acting for mankind how can one possibly also be acting for the non-conforming and unique individual who is also not an *idiot* - Greek for an individual - but a social animal and an eccentric one at that? That is an unanswerable theoretical question which has to be addressed in actual *praxis* in Socratic dialectical argument, in following the question through to wherever it leads. In the third play the old man is selfish and childish, impish, takes up postures, yet at the same time a courageous radical. In philistine Johannesburg in his pathetic elderly way, he doesn't

matter, he just takes up postures yet in Heideggerian terms he is authentic, not *fallen*, not devastated by his mere *facticity* at least to Paulus and ourselves as an ideal audience. We find ourselves appreciative of pre- and post-Holocaust *shtetl* culture (homely Ashkenazi village wisdom). Abraham is a challenging if foolhardy man, a mystic out of place in his materialistic Johannesburg family who survive *and support him* by hard graft, and yet remain kindly and charitable if cynical and embittered.

His death is a final *hypostasis*, a final cutting edge, a final moment of extreme marginality, where a final essential silence reveals his unconcealed inner light – his *aletheia* - what he is in the light of his existence as it reveals itself. The original author of the story which inspired the play is Dan Jacobson (1929 -) whose “The Zulu and the Zeide” (Jacobson 1958, Emanuel Litvinoff ed. 1979: 171-188) is also concerned with the issues of moral identity and moral ethics which should and do transcend race in South Africa. His *Zeide* is not a radical but a dementing, silent wanderer over Johannesburg who only knows Yiddish and Jacobson’s Paulus is a simple monolingual migrant worker new in town not a sophisticate from both Zululand and the townships. Yet their relationship of potential brotherhood is there in embryo which I have developed for my more elaborate political ends: the diminishing of mere exchange-value in the interest of inherent use-value in accord with the Marxist ideal and the Kantian categorical imperative.

Talk is an aspect of existence *as* existence, although in Heidegger’s case his talk is *hypostasised* for me in this cutting edge or bottom line – Hoban’s moment under the moment: on whether a former Nazi spokesman, rector of Freiburg University (in this role from 1933-1934) is to be trusted at all as an exemplar of what he called *Dasein* – being-there (Steiner 1978). Dianne Cupido in *The Cape Orchard* hates idle talk and talks straight *logos* (or *dianoia*) governed by her own pragmatic group-centred ethics – to do with whether “enemies of the people” should be cruelly burnt to death – “necklaced” - whether the adopted daughter Valma confronts her autochthonous existence, insofar it is accessible to her a sentient, social being, or denies it – remains *fallen*, not in a moral sense, but *falling* into a kind of vertigo, a state of *abjection*, - disgust, existential nausea. Valma’s selfish, histrionic, adoptive mother Leonie De Villers failed in many ways but ultimately triumphed as a human being: this is not idle talk but serious talk revealing the sort of ethical issue which for Heidegger - when he is being responsible - is truly an issue: – the foundation of language and existence

including how to meet basic biological needs is indeed social talk and this responsible social talk reveals ontology – the origin of our being as humans having the precondition for serious talk which should be based on rational self-consciousness- including the prevalence of use-value over fetishized exchange value. Although the origin of being itself is, as Heidegger rightly says, a mystery: why what is, is, why there is anything at all in the first place.... The best answer to the question of why Being? is that it started with an intense expansion from a previously collapsed black hole or a singularity and that our universe’s Being came into being 13.8 billion years ago because the laws of astrophysics suggest this. It may have tried before and failed to create a viable universe or there may be an infinite number of universes differently shaped (Hawking 2001: 69-99). Being is what is, and this is, as far as science can tell, what is. It is we humans who can make sense of this cosmological given and give it moral and aesthetic meaning.

Another *sine qua non*, a psychological / philosophical rational Real, a moment under the moment, an *hypostasis* there is “writing [which] is unthinkable without repression” - Jacques Derrida’s proposition in “Freud and the scene of writing” (Derrida1978: 226). All three of my plays are full of poisonous racist idle talk which surface only for a moment – which would stop the play being presentable if it led to rant after rant and no relief of humour, *peripeteia*, no intriguing *mythos*, no *anagnorisis*, no parabolic arc unravelling in catharsis. Poisonous irrational talk is also Real and in the *lacunae* the absent presences of unexpressed rational and ethical “silent” writing (implicit *langue* beneath the *parole*, the diachronic past within the synchronic present). In what is not said and not done there is truthful discourse – interactive *praxis* in what Lacoue-Labarthe calls the *theatricum analyticum* – the ideal performance in the ideal theatre which communicates perfectly with the ideal audience revealing by its absence what is repressed in the moment under the moment which enables an intuitive awareness of the political and personal unconscious. As Hoban puts it is happening off the page and for the author off the stage but it is indicated and signified on the page and on the stage by a mysterious unconscious process going on between author and reader playwright, actors and audience.

Derrida notes in *Disseminations* in Plato’s *Phaedrus* Plato’s dialogue of 370 BCE there is in a book hidden under Phaedrus’s cloak which fascinates and enchants Socrates as symbolising knowledge through writing. This comes to stand for a charm

or a remedy, the *pharmakon*. The very symbolic presence of some curative writing is almost subversively hidden in the interchange between Phaedrus and Socrates as if Plato feels guilty about his later inter-change in praise of orality (Ong 2002: 78-8). But the remedy of rational, connected writing is enormously powerful. Socrates is ironical about the oral tradition of superstition to do with the gods who rape and kill girls and make them immortal. For Socrates the rational Real *must* include curative writing in a world which *has to* survive commercial exchange-values built up in the market place of a cheap idolatrous religion of unheard of gods being allowed to rape and give spurious immortality to pathetically passive girls. Presumably that is why Athens executed Socrates – because he told the truth about writing in dialogues that could be retrospectively written down in his name. In Lacan's terms the Real is that which comes back to itself like love and death, traumata and hope and has to fight to resist the paranoid-self-reflective imaginary and the delusionary nature of the "chains". The "chains" are those of the signifying and the signified which confine us in Jameson's prison house of language – so that it seems we need to add to Lacan the distinction between the rational and the irrational Real as well as the absent presence of the signifier of all signifiers whether the male *phallus* or the female *chora* which are both the signs of intelligent creativity. It is the Lacanian symbolic which is rational and which should temper the irrationality not only of the imaginary but how the imaginary enters the Real and makes it irrationally horrifyingly Real. We need to read Klein and Lacan and to experience psychotherapy. This process and these writers are very expensive of time and require an enormous expenditure of concentration. They are not available like cheap chit-chat. It seems at least plausible that Thabo Mbeki could not take the rational *pharmakon* of insight and chose the *imaginary* as a "paradigm" which changed ideologically. But good science is not based on a paradigm that can be changed ideologically. It is either science or it is not science. He labelled science as not-science. And he labelled not-science as science. Good science can be put to bad use but this has nothing to do with science as a "paradigm". The paradigm of science as science does not change because Einstein's physics replaced Newton's physics. What Thabo Mbeki did was to put faulty or irrelevant or outrightly fraudulent science to - inevitably - bad use (Gevisser 2007: pp. 727-765). Why all these manoeuvres – were they really only to do with attacks on the sexuality of the black person? Did he feel condemned as a black man with a reputation for womanising - for actually starting another relationship before he had finished the one

before as suggested by his critics (Johnson 2010: pp. 219, 245, 254, 510)? Was he also not vote-catching – trying to monopolise the African nationalist (male chauvinist) constituency? Therefore did he become a *pharmakos* – someone who has to be sacrificed to purge the state of some sort of “evil” presence – which in his AIDS non-policy he had indeed become – the laughing stock of the literate, medically and scientifically informed world? So he was not a scapegoat for all the nonentities who were eventually purged with him after Polokwane in 2007 where he and his coterie lost the ANC leadership and thus eventually the presidency. He chose to surround himself with them. There is no word in English that quite corresponds to what Derrida has obtained from “Plato’s Pharmacy” for the person that has to be sacrificed in ancient Greece – but in Derrida’s and my usage – understandably – heads have to roll to clear the name of the South African state on which Thabo Mbeki had brought world-wide opprobrium and outright derision. If anybody refused to take the *pharmakon* of a wider writing culture and so became a *pharmakos* it was Thabo Mbeki.

By contrast with the failed *pharmakon* / *pharmakos*, the *hypostasis* and the *personification* of Immanuel Kant’s “The stars above and the moral law (and the sublime of the intuitive aesthetic) within!” is fragmentarily present in the ego-ideal characters of Jannie Veldsman, and Jan Pieterse and in a shadowy way in the dramatic interaction between Abraham Grossman and Paulus Ngubane. The author tries to make the audience love them because they are a “charm”, a good medicine, a *pharmakon*.

Moral intuition is only one kind of *a priori* intuition but to Kant and to good characters like Pieterse and Veldsman, the Zulu and the Zeide it is obvious that cruelty and prejudice should not be seen as sublimations of bourgeois rationalisations for class and racial power interests which they cannot feel to be *the* universal motives. At the end of *The Zulu and the Zeide* there is a transcendent death, in *The Cape Orchard* a happy marriage across the colour lines and in the revised film scenario of *Jannie Veldsman* a temporary but a prospectively optimistic reuniting of some sort of reparative or recuperative relationship. This is to occur in the further unravelling of the *mythos* between the “white” couple and the adopting brown family who have become a refuge for the separated brown child (the genetic “throwback”). As Kant would put it, we should know that these are problematical and pragmatic solutions,

but these appearances, contain within them under “*conditions of space and time*” (and whatever this meant to Kant at the time now this must mean when the social contract is observed and enforced in an enlightened context – the famous hermeneutic virtuous circle). Something intuitively known as valuable, salient, cognitively and ethically are consonant with assumed *a priori* values. These assumptions, felt to be true, become true. This happens because the empirical data of what is felt to be good action is drawn into the assumptive framework. What is good becomes true because it is believed to be true (and good). These are the values of what is right, truthful, beautiful and happy, although not known “in themselves” as such in any objective way. They do appeal to our *a priori* conscience not our punishing super-ego. The latter produces paralysing and distorting feelings of guilt. These are the primitive feelings of cruel self-rejection associated with early parental punishment and devastating feelings of a withdrawal of love. By contrast the good faith of the ego-ideal can only happen in a more or less liberal/democratic ethos. Who would be foolish enough to make Kantian assumptions in a dictatorship or an arbitrary oligarchy or in a party or grouping or in an individual which or who adheres to a totalitarian doctrine? For as well as being present in the actual societal world, violence in Melanie Klein comes from introjected and projected hate figures potentially identifiable as coming from within as well as from without. Release from these hate-figures are only possible in the enlightenment that Habermas regards as still in the making, has some chance of coming about if we understand the primitive nature of the unconscious and the pre-conscious and make reparation and seek redemption from primitive states of having to kill the introjected bad parents or to project them out and kill them in the alien Other - as Emilia Steurmann (2000) has argued trying to bridge the gap between Lyotard and Habermas. She argues that this may come about through the *rationality* of Klein’s psychology with its emphasis on understanding the primitive irrational within and between subjects. In Aristotle’s *Poetics* tragedy occurs to those whose *mimesis* is of better than average people and who suffer downfall but only because they are a heroic *pharmakon* caught up also as scapegoats, sacrifices – the *pharmakos*. There is in Plato another world of perfect ideas which Aristotle, the post-structuralists and modernity democratise in a way that is relevant to a post-colonial liberation struggle: - creating a culture of theatre education and writing which absorbs the performative drama of orality so that victimage and ideologically self-righteous domination become transparent.

THE TEXTS

SHADES OF BROWN (1978 / 1986)¹

© Michael Picardie

To the memory of my friend Paul Teague 1st May 1950- 25th December 2010.

* * *

This script is based on the published edition of *Shades of Brown* collected in *Market Plays* edited by Stephen Gray in Johannesburg and distributed by Ad. Donker in 1986. There were changes made during rehearsals by the Rainbow Nation Stage Company for an intended run from 16th -20 June 2010 at Chapter Theatre, Cardiff with Paul Teague playing Van Tonder and Michael Picardie Veldsman. Because of Paul Teague's illness this presentation actually became a one-man show, the author playing both parts. This one-man performance was filmed at the University of South Wales in the Atrium TV studio in Cardiff by Alex Brent in May 2011. The opening monologue was deleted in this recent stage and film version of the play and was also cut from the BBC Radio Four broadcast of it in 1980 with Michael Picardie as Veldsman and Antony Sher as Van Tonder. The following text's opening monologue is an elaboration of the one used in (approximately 20 separate productions) of the play. These took place in England (in London with Antony Sher and Michael Picardie), in Exeter and in Wales (in Mold with Jim Findley and Roger Blake), in Belgium (Brussels), in Norway (Stavanger and Oslo), in Denmark (Copenhagen), in Sweden (Stockholm), a tour in Germany and Switzerland, and in North America (in New York and Cincinnati with Count Stovall and Michael McCabe), in Toronto and in Africa (in Durban, Johannesburg and Nairobi) in the period 1978-1985.

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Shades of Brown was premiered under the title, *Jannie Veldsman and his Struggle with the Boer* on 1 December 1978 at the Sherman Arena Theatre, Cardiff with Michael Picardie as Veldsman and Terence Dauncey as Van Tonder. Its first South African production, was presented at the Asoka Theatre, University of Durban-Westville in 1980 and the cast and audience were videoed by the apartheid-regime's security police in an act of intimidatory surveillance, whereupon the director stopped the show. It was presented again by The Company in the Laager (the studio theatre at the Market Theatre) in Johannesburg on 27 November 1980, with Bill Curry (Veldsman) and Dale Cutts (Van Tonder), directed by Malcolm Purkey, lighting by Mannie Manim and design by Michael Goldberg. Other productions are reviewed by newspaper critics whose notices are summarized or reproduced in the Appendices.

Jannie Veldsman – A Film Scenario (2012) is an updated version of the play (and is the next text reproduced).

Cast

JANNIE VELDSMAN a folk therapist

CAPTAIN JAAP VAN TONDER a Special Branch policeman

Scene: Jannie Veldsman's shack near Western Coloured Township, Johannesburg.

Time: Late June 1976 after the Soweto uprising.

ACT ONE

The setting throughout is Jannie Veldsman's wood and corrugated-iron shack. Although this is a home-made tin shanty it is comfortable and fairly permanent. There is a wooden bed, three chairs, a table, shelves, with gas cooker, food and drink, books, a tin trunk. On the walls there are newspaper cuttings in English, Afrikaans and from an African- language paper, family photographs, and magazine-size pictures of Veldsman's heroes: Gandhi, Trevor Huddleston, Steve Biko and Nelson Mandela. Also hanging up are a Zulu shield and assegai. On one of the shelves there is a hand drum, brandy and glasses. There is a wash-basin and a large water jug with a towel near the table, and on the table a tablecloth. In one corner there is a broom. On the bed an imitation or real leopard skin on the blankets.

It is dark to begin with, just before dawn. Jannie Veldsman lies in bed, looking out of the door. His speech is delivered with a mixture of controlled panic and self-critical humour. He speaks to God inside himself, not to any supernatural being located around in physical space. He is terrified, angry, cynical and disbelieving by turns. If it helps, he should deliver the speech at great pace, with the characteristic Gammatjie (Cape Coloured) accent.

VELDSMAN: God. Listen to me.² It's an emergency. The Special Branch
police. Coming to see me again. Van Tonder. Captain van Tonder ex-rugby

² This opening monologue reflects the *ethos* (personality) and self-critical *dianoia* (discourse) of Veldsman. Its *lexis* (diction) and its place in the *mythos* (plot) is modelled on Johnnie's opening monologue in Fugard's *Hello and Goodbye* in which the author played the male character in 1977. It serves as an opening Chorus setting the scene and in Fugard it invokes Johnnie's dead father who although tragic and crippled lived his life with fortitude. Fugard's own father was crippled and played in a band. Johnnie invokes Jesus and the spirit of his father. The Priest in *Oedipus* invokes Oedipus as the royal hero who has un-riddled the sphinx and whose determination is apparent so as to avert the curse of the gods on Thebes a second time (Sophocles / Watling 1947: pp. 25-70) However when intelligence becomes angry self-justification it blinds him metaphorically and then literally and although it leads to his self-knowledge (*anamnesis and anagnorisis*) this is at a terrible price. Johnnie's father has entered the mystery of death but does not speak, yet Fugard requires the absent dead father as a kind of presiding spirit to whom he shows filial loyalty – a moral-aesthetic. Johnnie counts the years, months, days, hours and seconds since *Christ was born*. So although Fugard is an atheist, Johnnie retains something of Mrs Fugard's (his mother's) Christianity (see Fugard / Benson *Notebooks*: p. 17). Johnnie actually "resurrects" himself at the end of the play as the metaphorical reincarnation of his father – assuming the role of the cripple on crutches. Veldsman appeals to the God inside his head, his superego, about which he is ambivalent. This is one shadowy mirroring image in the plethora of broken silvered glass in his post-*chora* imaginary to use Julia Kristeva's picture of the creative unconscious and the mirror-stage which follows in Lacan, paralleled by Klein's paranoid-schizoid state: God and his Son are only supposedly extraordinary Persons together with the Holy Spirit, only imagined *hypostases* of the theological mystifications of the one-in-three and the three-in-one. They are threatening and disintegrated. They do not exist any more for Veldsman. The pantheon of saints is remarkable but they are dead humans and are therefore silent. No divinity responds - there is no God. Nothing responds and a torturer / murderer is coming to visit Veldsman. There is no God, only *the Nothingness* – as reflected in the autobiographical father's silence concerning *Shades of Brown* which he saw at the Market Theatre in December 1980 which was anticipated when the play was written in 1978. This *dianoia*, *logos* and *mythos* are incorporated into the synchronic (immediate *parole*) axis of language (*parole*- subjective present understanding of discourse and plot) onto which *peripeteia*, *anagnorisis*, *ethos*, *lexis*, *skene* and *melos* act diachronically (wider ramifications in the dramaturgical *langue as a whole* seen in a more historic past context both in the history of dramaturgy and in the history of the plot as a back-story - given the Aristotelian elements acting in the past and currently as the play unfolds). Of course this has to do with the Gadmerian *Erlebnis* aesthetic. I can only appreciate the *parole* if I am aware of the *langue* in which the *mythos* of *parole* is set – otherwise the *peripeteia* and the *anagnorisis* entering the *parole* of the *mythos* will mean nothing to me. There are also unconscious forces on the other side of the axis and underneath it in three dimensions – see Critical Commentary on Gcina Mhlophe's and Fatima Dike's plays comparing the complex, mythological "unconscious" elements in Dike in which as well moral responsibility is allocated through Zwelinzima's mother and his step-father as well as by his girl-friend and her father. On the other hand with Mhlophe's et al and their modernised folk-story there is unawareness of how a Christian/isiZulu myth of the moon is imposed on San folklore where the moon is divine and has conferred immortality. Moral responsibility for Zandile's suffering is evaded vis a vis the father Mr Zwide. In Dike mythology is consciously deconstructed and integrated into *mythos* and *dianoia* and ethical *logos* are all integrated into *mythos*, although there are lapses in the dramaturgy *a propos* the modern aesthetic of burying the aesthetics and ethics in the plot. Thus South African dramaturgy can be analysed across ethnic and gender boundaries although ethical and aesthetic criteria are only *a priori* within a *zeitgeist* which together are only intuitively true and sub-culturally true. All one can do is to make the *a priori* and the *zeitgeist* (e.g. Saussure-type *langue*, cultural anthropological "depth", the ethics of responsibility) explicit. This is not science but critical theory.

scrumhalf. Again. Van Tonder. You know him. He's been here before. *Again.* Rugby fanatic. Big fists and thick legs. What team? What the hell do you want to know what bloody team for, hey? What does it matter what team, you fool. Yes, fool. God is a fool. Why else am I stuck here talking to a bloody pumpkin? Bloody eternal fool, you are, asking me questions like a policeman inside my head! What team? Shut up! I dunno what team, man, God! Jesus is more help than you, you father inside my head!³ He was a man. Shut up about what team. Are you some sort of Englishman from Oxford, hey? Asking that? Some bloody team like Transvaal Police Fifteen, or Dutch Reformed Fifteen or *Broederbond*⁴ Fifteen. Yes, he's in the *Broederbond*. (*Pause. Listens.*) I beg your pardon. I do beg your pardon for the language. Stop bloody criticizing my language. I'm speaking plain Afrikaans. Can't you hear me inside my head? Speak up? Speak up? Half of bloody Western Coloured Township, half of bloody *Triomf*,⁵ half of Jo'burg from Rosettenville to Northcliff can hear me say that this killer is

³ What Stanislawski called the emotional through line is the author's real father who since childhood was devoted to Jesus and confused the author (here identified with the confusion of Veldsman) trapped in someone else (the father's) *chora* (container of the unconscious) of his apostasy and Christian *poesis* in violation of the mother's Jewish orthodoxy which was enclosed and expressed in her classical musicianship in a *chora* that could "hold" Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms as somehow Godly. The *chora* is the container of the female unconscious which holds what becomes the conscious and unconscious *mythos* of the Real, a sense of which is found through anxiety finally revealing Heidegger's (and more so Jaspers' Encompassing) Being. Being for the human being is *Existenz* in *Dasein* and is expressed in understanding my existential facticity and fallen-ness from which love, art, drama and literature enable me to recuperate through an ethical reparation and redemption through the transcendently divine in music and drama, not through Christ's suffering which I carry unwillingly in the form of the unworldly, unhappy father, who was courted by an Afrikaner racist whilst the mother was dying in 1969. My stepmother, M.B. called "them" (Africans) "primitive" and my father represented his depression as like the Judaeo-Romano crucifixion of Jesus from which he took manic flight into financial speculation which ended in poverty, having been cheated of his (and my) inheritance by an Afrikaner con-man against whom his sister-in-law and brother-in-law warned him only increasing his manic flight. Van Tonder is the Afrikaner psychopath who exploits and terrorises the Veldsman in me destroying religion, producing redemptive and reparative Being.

⁴ "The band of brothers" – Afrikaans, the secret society which was said to run the apartheid regime behind the scenes. Not only was the autobiographical father forced to retire from his favourite job at the Indian High School because of apartheid, he was cheated of his inheritance by an Afrikaner capitalist (see fn 3) whom he and his Afrikaner wife trusted. This is not to say he could not have been cheated by a Jewish, Indian or today an African capitalist.

⁵ "Triumph" – Afrikaans, ironically the white suburb built on the ruins of the multi-racial freehold township Sophiatown near Johannesburg, the centre for bohemian radicalism in the 1950's demolished under the Western Areas Removal Scheme in the 1950's as happened to the equivalent District Six in Cape Town as part of the apartheid removals of non-whites from the proximity of whites.

coming and you say speak up? [*Whisper*] Van Tonder. . Who has he killed? Don't you know? Jesus Christ, intervene for me, man! Now listen you, you inside my head, you the one and only God, the Father, and also you, the Son, the Holy Ghost, as well as the Virgin, the pantheon of saints, the whole caboodle, I'm going mad in here. Listen. It's me. I am Jannie Veldsman. Your diviner, your folk healer, Veldsman, J, B.A. (Psychology) ... Failed⁶. Man, I was one year at the Coloured University of Cape Town, then the cops were buzzing in my head, then I broke down, then I put myself together, then I committed myself to the struggle, then I came to my uncle in Albertynsville, then I found a bit of an old lady's yard here in Western Coloured, then I remembered a bit of Freud, a bit of my history, a bit of this, a bit of that, I started to feel strong, I started to help the detainees, the ones Van Tonder smashes to pieces where they die at the bottom of Commissioner Street, by the flyover, where they held me, where they showed me my file, ten men to one Veldsman, with brown tans on the walls,⁷ and men up on the eleventh floor being taught to fly, being taught crucifixion, being taught to hang themselves because they sang under torture like canaries. And you ask me, what team. You'll be asking whether you should

⁶ The original joke is a racist satire -the colonialist's cruel laughter directed against the Indian who dares to rival the Oxford gent – originally B.A.(Calcutta) Failed. This is a sad idea but a joke is obvious: at least the B.A.Calcutta Failed candidate matriculated so as to enter the university and did the course before failing which is not nothing!

⁷ The author took a photograph of John Vorster Square's guarded entrance in 1976 whilst he was thinking about what would in 1978 become *Jannie Veldsman and his Struggle with the Boer*. He was arrested and taken upstairs to the uniformed officer in charge of this notorious police station sited in a high-rise office block where the Special Branch tortured and killed political prisoners on the top floors. I had my British passport on me and the uniformed officer in charge declined to detain me. However plainclothes detectives took me to the Special Branch's floor where I was shown my Special Branch file dating back 15+ years. On the walls were posters of tanned pin-up girls advertising South African Airways and so on. I was released after about an hour of waiting and questioning. I could see out of the windows what it would mean for detainees, years later, to be hung out and let drop nine or ten floors as happened to Ahmed Timol and where Neil Aggett who would hang himself in his cell in on 4th February 1982. See Christopher's Van Wyk's poem on Special Branch murders reprinted in Beverley Naidoo's (2012) *Death of An Innocent*. Naidoo's book is about Neil Aggett being tortured by a number of detectives and finally by Lieut. Stephan Whitehead by means of sleep-deprivation and constant interrogation. This was the sort of client Veldsman would have been keen to help as he says in his autobiographical musings. Naidoo speculates that Aggett, a sensitive and gentle man, a medical doctor and a volunteer trade union organiser, sought not only relief from torture but commemoration of the struggle through suicide (Naidoo 2012: pp. 24-247). On current police torture in the new South Africa refer to p. 447 of Johnson (2010) corroborated by Amnesty International. The victims are presumably alleged criminals rather than political detainees but the culture of police criminality remains. See also Justice Malala (2013) "No end in sight for South African police brutality."

put money into gold shares on the stock exchange at the bottom of Fox Street, to make more for the Vatican, for London, for New York, yes, even for Moscow⁸. This man rules me, and you say what team does he play for. You know what this - I beg your pardon, mind the language - this killer number one does? He interrogates Dennis Pieterse for thirty-six hours and drives him insane. [*Puts on trousers.*] On his evidence men have been hanged, scores, yes, twenties have been sent to jail for hundreds, yes hundreds of years. Oh my God, why am I born black in this hell-hole of a country?⁹ What did I do in a previous existence to deserve this? Yes, he puts them inside for a long time. For what? For pylons blown up¹⁰. For attacking a bank, a police station, a power station, an oil

⁸ Veldsman identifies himself as an international socialist – a so-called Trotskyist – or a liberal - by contrast with the SACP’s pro-Soviet stance. In terms of the *Poetics* Veldsman’s political stand is unselfish, “noble”, upright, heroic because he does not identify opportunistically with the SACP and sees the Soviet Union truthfully as a quasi-capitalist state with the party members as a privileged elite. John Harris who was hanged as a member of the African Resistance Movement in 1965 was similarly a radical activist but not pro-Soviet or a Marxist. Later Neil Aggett (see the introductory chapters of Naidoo 2012) confirmed the presence of white radical liberalism which Veldsman reiterates here. Aggett made a confession under torture about his refusal to commit himself to a role as an ANC operative linking in with the ANC exiles and therefore the SACP, with its pro-Soviet stance and *Umkhonto we Sizwe* its armed wing but admitted that some of his ideas were “communistic” – this is in the parlance of the police stenographer. Aggett was close to Barbara Hogan (later Minister of Health after Mbeki’s discredited Dr Tshabalala-Msimang was sacked and died). Hogan was tortured by some of the policemen who attacked Aggett - like Cronwright whom Hogan sees as “a maniac”. Van Tonder is a kind of manic psychopath. Hogan’s and Aggett’s attackers beat her and him and used electric shocks in John Vorster Square. The first Van Tonder is partly modelled on these men but is better educated and more intelligent than most and just as manic as Cronwright.

⁹ Veldsman is not “ethnically” a black African. He moves between the various oppositional underground groups including SASO, the black consciousness student organisation, part of Biko’s Black Consciousness Movement, the ANC and the ARM – see footnote 10 and the Critical Commentary on Manganyi’s *Being-Black-In-The-World*.

¹⁰ Veldsman is portrayed as having been on the fringe in the early ‘60’s of the African Resistance Movement, a white radical guerrilla grouping committed to violent resistance by blowing up government installations but not attacking people. Because he is Coloured and not really black, although he calls himself “black” for ideological reasons when confronting racists like Van Tonder, he can move between the ethnic groups’ political formations including the underground ANC, SACP and what was the ARM. The atmosphere of secrecy, plotting and constant manoeuvres as part of a liberation struggle is a huge factor in creating the paranoia which became delusional in President Thabo Mbeki – an example of the colonial personality of Fanon – living in two worlds – the Sussex University English gentleman, the “cadre” trained by the Stasi and the KGB. This is one of the factors that prevents the ANC government becoming a competent administrative/managerial organisation capable of delivering services (see Johnson 2010: pp. 445- 506). Marxist, African Nationalist ideological rhetoric and the positioning of “cadres” functions as an alternative to policy making and implementation. The NUM in Rustenberg and the police in the Marikana Platinum Mine incident executed 34 unarmed miners in August 2012 who were acting as members of a more representative and

refinery. The ANC. And you say, made in your image. Yes, you say that man's face is made in your image. We only kill if a person happens to get in the way, but the object is the installation. I'm telling you straight, the object is the installation. We are not killers. But him — we are the objects, we are the installations for him, God, you get my meaning, hey? Is he one of your children? *[He controls himself, goes on dressing, putting on shoes.]* Free will. You say free will. Van Tonder chooses to be the devil? Shit, he's paid to be the devil! He likes being the devil! *[Finishes putting on shoes.]* Ag, all this theology, where does it get you? On the cross, or under the cross watching the man on the cross. This man Van Tonder opens his torture sessions with quotes from the Five Books of Moses! Lucifer and Beelzebub probably his cardinals or *predikants*¹¹ — yes *predikants* — you know what that means? *[Pause. Thinks. Takes it seriously.]* Free will? You think it's possible? You think Van Tonder can be redeemed? Seriously? *[He feels deeply humbled by some sense of himself which he experiences as the divine.]* Free will. . . *[Coming to himself.]* I should kill him. . . Can I kill him? Is he coming to kill me? God, I need help. Ah, it's so simple. He's got something on me. And he's coming to evict me on a pretext because he's got something on me. *[He goes to the washstand and splashes water on his face.]* I'm in Western illegally, it's a tip-off from the municipal social worker that the boys from the bush have been here.¹² *[Dries himself with angry contempt.]* Coming to evict me in my own country *[Sudden panic again.]* I'll move, I'll put it all on my uncle's lorry. I'll squat in Albertynsville. They gonna arrest me for illegal squatting. Now, now, now, in 1960 or 70 or 80 or whatever bloody year it is. . . Jesus, I'm mad this morning, no more *dagga*, no more *boom*, no smoking on duty. . . I'll crawl to Van Tonder. . . *[Deferential*

non-corrupted new union. The police and the government-allied NUM acted as representatives of a “magically” endowed rhetoric that was murderous and totally out of keeping with any rationality (Sacks 2012, Sosibo 2012, SAPA 2012).

¹¹ “Preachers” – Afrikaans. The Dutch Reformed Church supported apartheid with the exception of brave individuals within it such as Beyers Naude who criticised it on biblical and other grounds. DRC ministers were, notoriously, often caught up in violations of the Immorality Act – having sexual liaisons with non-white women.

¹² This is a reference to armed guerrillas or unarmed envoys infiltrating South Africa from the border territories – Swaziland, Mocambique, Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), Botswana, South West Africa (now Namibia) to contact Veldsman as a go-between or to use his place as a safe house.

accent] I'm moving to a nice house, master. I'm getting a job, master. Oh he's a good master, master. I'll drive Mr Levine to Fordsburg, master¹³. To work every day, eight to six routine. Beit Street, Twist Street, Plein Street, Rissik Street, Market Street, Main Street. Oh master, Master Levine will tell the master that Jannie Veldsman is one of the best drivers he ever had. So you've got to give me time to move my things and then — bam! — you can bulldoze my house down.¹⁴ Divining and spiritual healing be damned. All I want is a good honest

¹³ Mr Levine is based on a much loved friend of the family Yonah Glasser who had a clothing factory in Fordsburg employing mainly Coloured machinists. Yonah travelled this route from the then Jewish suburb of Yeoville. My mother taught Stanley ("Spike" Glasser) the piano. Spike later became a composer who with Todd Matshikiza was responsible for the music for a ground-breaking African musical "King Kong" (see Kavanagh 1985 and Kruger 1999) which was promoted by Union Artists and the Union of African Artists and which was connected with Dorkay House where Fugard's early plays were rehearsed and performed. There was also a link between these artists and the journalists of "Drum" magazine and the Sophiatown "bohemia" before the township was demolished and its intellectuals banned, named, or went into exile. This Real history provides the author-actor with a Stanislavskian through line – where the *theatricum analyticum* of the author-actor overlaps with the character's assumed *theatricum analyticum* creating a sense of authentic *mimesis* and *aletheia* – unconcealedness. *Mimesis* like the other Aristotelian *synchronic* (current, present) elements impacts from the vertical onto the arc influenced also by the horizontally positioned *diachronic* axis producing a more authentic *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos* emerging current on the stage from the vertical axis of theatrical structure. The "post-structural" Real is the return of the acknowledged Other previously pre-conscious or unconscious located in the personal or societal historical past impacting from the horizontal axis up to coincide with a current situation on the stage: I wanted Yonah to be my father because he was cultured, Yiddish-speaking, wealthy and good to his Coloured workers in Fordsburg. In the Stanislavskian Method the actor situates himself inside another *chora* or a benign *phallus* rules him. See Appendix Six for a formal account of the diachronic/synchronic axes on which the inverted "U" of *mythos/dianoia/logos* is plotted and forms a parabolic arc because impacted by present (synchronic) *peripeteia* and *anagnorisis* moving it along coming from the vertical axis. Each significant impact registers on the past (diachronic) axis directly below. Memory both stores the "trace" and sends up "traces" from related past *peripeteia* and *anagnorisis* pushing the arc up higher from the horizontal axis of the diachronic until a crisis is reached finally resolved in the denouement producing catharsis in the ideal-type *mimesis* which registers *Dasein* authentically.

¹⁴ Identification with the aggressor and internalising the white man as the ideally destructive macho male figure is Boesman's technique of survival in Fugard's *Boesman and Lena* (1969 / 2000 - see the Critical Commentary) which is the Kristevan inter-text here. In some other respects my Veldsman is modelled much more on the gentle, highly educated school headmaster and actor George Veldsman a Coloured man who played Caliban in Cecilia Sonnenberg's and Renee Ahrenson's production of *The Tempest* directed by Andre Van Gysegghem (see Kruger 1999: 36,42-43, 55, 58, 75 for Van Gysegghem's role in South African plays and pageants) with the author as Ariel at the still multi-racial open-air venue of Maynardville, a park and theatre space in Wynberg near Cape Town in December 1959. The Coloured Veldsman sees how servile he would be looking at himself as an inverted reflection in the concavity, as it were, of the old-fashioned speculum which he inserts into his own psychic space the *pre-conscious* or *unconscious chora* out of which he abjects himself into the freedom of *Dasein*. This horizontal historic *anamnesis* and *anagnorisis* in the *ethos* (character) enters into and impacts on the *dianoia* and *logos* of the synchronic (present) axis governing the *mythos* - which is also open to

job, master. [Pause] No I can't, I can't do it! Throw away fifteen years of folk psychiatry. I'm an innovation! A city wide reputation. Money in the bank. [Pause] Six thousand rand.¹⁵ [Pause] Well, I'm not poor. New upper working class bordering middle-class haven't-quite-made-it! Ja, people come to see me from all over. Black, brown, the occasional white, bring me all their stuff they can't tell a white doctor. [Puts on shirt.] Like that white woman who was afraid to look at herself in the bath and had to go to bed in knickers, nighty, dressing gown and socks. She was so religious I had to use the Bible to cure frigidity. I told her to think of herself as Mary Magdalene. I said, 'You are the most famous and blessed prostitute in history. How do you think she thought of Jesus to begin with? Go on. Think. Think of Jesus Christ as a man, a beautiful sexy man. It may be blasphemy,' I said, 'but Christ who loved Mary Magdalene wouldn't mind. Forget the Church for a minute and think of that divine body in all his glory. . . And then think of your husband. Part by part. . . Are his parts so different from the body of Our Lord! His toes, his knees, his thighs, etc., etc. Think of your own body in that light.'¹⁶ 'Oh, Mr Veldsman,' she said, 'I've

pure existential *absurdity* - chance – but which an Aristotelian theatre uses strategically. See Appendix Six.

¹⁵ The equivalent of about £600.

¹⁶ Veldsman is using the then relatively new behaviourist technique of pleasurable fantasy as a means of counter-conditioning anxiety. Of course there is also a satirical purpose – making fun of Jesus' supposed lack of sexuality by contrast with the barely repressed fantasies of Calvinist Afrikaner women. Audiences in the first performances of the play in Cardiff and London laughed at this, but there was also a sense of breaking the ice with an audience looking forward to sublimated sexual pleasure by peering into a repressed fantasy about a sexual Christ inside a Protestant by means of the metaphorical speculum of the Other woman. She is not so Other here because *we* feel relief from *her* sexual anxiety now that the speculum has found a possible internal cause – *splitting* the *man* Jesus from the Son of *God* Christ. This also helps *our* Judaeo-Christian sexual anxiety. Veldsman has got to the very centre of her problem which is the relation between her consciousness and her failure to feel or arouse even auto-erotically sensations in her vagina, clitoris and vaginal walls. She had to dress up in layers of unnecessary clothes on going to bed. Of course the actor has to enjoy this beneficial use of the metaphorical speculum *against* the repressive effect of religion. For the author there is the autobiographical subtext of his father's "treacherous" abandonment of Judaism and his own puritanical sexuality. Thus repressed Judaeo-Christian sexuality becomes a "valid" target in the author's *theatrical analyticum*. My father had the temerity to demand that my 30+ year old mother should be a virgin before he would marry her. In Fugard's *Hello and Goodbye* Hester reacts so far against Calvinist repression that she becomes a prostitute (just like the most famous "prostitute" in history referred to by Veldsman - Mary Magdalene). Fugard's mother Ms Potgieter was however an enlightened Christian who saw God as love not a personal being punishing evil which shows in Fugard's *theatrical analyticum* of atheistic tolerance and courage in the face of Camus' "absurd". Meursault in *The Outsider* is executed for shooting an Arab during a quarrel largely because he had the outrageous bad

been to so many white doctors, but you are the first person who has got to the very root, the main central — thing — of my problem.’ Exit grateful patient. She broadcasts it and someone complains to the cops about me — that’s it — must have been crazy! A white lady, from one of the top Johannesburg families, comes to me with a sex problem, a plain ordinary sex problem, and what happens — I throw the works at her — absolutely, the works. So what I have to do is cut out the sex therapy and don’t see white ladies¹⁷.

Van Tonder enters behind Veldsman, who turns. He is dressed in a brown blazer, green trousers, khaki shirt¹⁸, tie and hat. Veldsman starts, stands,

taste to be sleeping with a girl and swimming in the sea instead of mourning his recently deceased mother and dared to be unrepentant. In the *Poetics* Aristotle mentions comedy in the satyr play which, as we know, might have involved gross sexual representations deriving from the celebration of the Dionysian bacchanal. The difference is that the modern play mixes comedy and tragedy and has done since at least the medieval morality plays. Jokes are comic *peripeteia* (bizarre yet acutely funny) reversals impacting from the historic the diachronic to *suddenly* change the shape of the present of the *mythos dianoia and logos* of the present ongoing synchronic or vice-versa. See the disgust, contempt and high-minded refinement expressed by Aart De Villiers and Barrie Hough the Afrikaans critics in Appendix Five to do with the incredible possibility of a Special Branch policeman let alone a white woman (this is significantly forgotten) deigning to entrust a psychologically sophisticated Coloured man living in a slum with anything embarrassing at all.

¹⁷ Veldsman anticipates this reversal in the *mythos* (plot) which does in fact entail the *denouement* - the final *peripeteia* which Aristotle describes as the complications before the end and their resolution. Van Tonder when he “comes to himself” feels that Veldsman has in some sense “raped” him and his “white” lady by looking inside them with the speculum – that is *into* the woman and *into* the man as horribly Other – polluting them. What has happened is that the *theatricum analyticum* of each character has separated – the mutual poetic *chorae* have broken down: the positive transference and counter-transference don’t occur any more. The synchronic of the *mythos* breaks away from the diachronic of the *peripeteia* producing the ultimately tragic where the hero’s history comes to an end in death. At this point the synchronic and the diachronic are fused together as one. Time and Being have stopped. Up to this point the diachronic elements are constantly impacting and being absorbed by the synchronic and vice-versa to produce the inverted U parabola of *mythos, dianoia and logos*. The dramatist works creatively and intuitively trying to bury these analytic distinctions – which are broken down in Appendix Six in formal terms. The present author is situated in an Imaginary bounded by the mother’s *chora* enclosed by her sonatas ranging from Bach to Brahms with dialogue represented by the conversation between the treble and the bass clef although held together by the father’s perfect English syntax and grammar and capacity for poetic *mythos* at the level of the Symbolic. The *content* of the *author’s* Symbolic *castrates* the treacherously Christian father who attributed the death of six million Jews in the Holocaust to their foolishness in not leaving Europe – implicitly a denial of evil as Real, implicitly accusing Judaism of bringing evil on its own head by not abandoning *Elohim* and *YHVH* (and Marx and Freud) for Jesus Christ.

¹⁸ Van Tonder wears green and brown – complementary colours – almost replicating the rugby Springbok colours, the green and gold he so reveres. As in a Greek play and in the *Poetics mimesis* is produced in part by costume. Notably he wears the formality of a tie and a hat – is engaged in serious business. He will wear heavy boots – part of his weaponry.

hovers. Van Tonder is in his usual mood: arrogant, sarcastic and crudely humorous. He strides about.

VAN TONDER: So we meet again, Veldsman...

VELDSMAN: Won't you sit down?¹⁹

VAN TONDER: In due course, Veldsman, in due course. [*Crosses to clothes left, then kicks box.*] My visit is a combined one. To finish off the Mogai-Khoza-Bambata investigation, and [*sarcastically*] to consult you, famous diviner. Well, let me put it this way. [*Hangs up hat, tearing down picture of Nelson Mandela.*] To me this is superstitious, primitive rubbish fit for kaffirs, lunatics, fools. It's illegal, your squatting is illegal, I could have the ordinary police get you on a score of charges. But I won't. I have a little family trouble, I'll admit it. I've been recommended to come to you. I'll admit that too. But it's more for the family, not for me. [*He stares at Veldsman very close up.*] To me, you are two things, Veldsman. One, a possible terrorist or subversive. Two, a joke. In my work I need all the laughs I can get. So before we get to my slight family problems I want to clear up this political stuff and then we can have a good laugh. You've got the day free?

VELDSMAN: I cancelled all other appointments.

VAN TONDER [*sarcastically*]: Oh did you? I'm extremely grateful, Veldsman. Send me your bill - here's my card. [*Shows his police I.D. card.*] I'll see that it's paid immediately. But make no mistake Veldsman, if ever there is any suggestion of the Spear of the Nation or *Poqo*²⁰, or the ANC, or PAC or the

¹⁹ It is important to establish a convention of ordinary *mimesis* of two men summing each other up before we plunge into the *agon*.

²⁰ *Poqo* was the armed wing of the Pan Africanist Congress. As in the *Oresteia* the tension of the *mythos* is heightened by mention of war, violent clashes of rival men going back generations since Van Tonder is also evidently a member of a rival group – the Boers – “the white tribe of Africa”. *Poqo* or a related black consciousness group attacked St. James church in Cape Town in the 1980s and killed and injured scores of the congregation simply because it included whites. In the *Poetics* tragic action has to be causally connected. In modern terms there has to be a close interaction between the *parole* of the synchronic present with the *langue* of the diachronic dramaturgy in the imagined past of *ethos*, etc. Here an atmosphere of increasing violence involves Veldsman simply because he is of mixed race and calls himself black and dares to probe his antagonist with the metaphorical speculum to see what there is inside the mental space of a depressed (and manic / psychopathic) Afrikaner man and wife. This probing goes towards creating a series of connected links leading to a catastrophic catharsis - the use of remedial poison (*pharmakon / pharmakos*) of a too-traumatic abreactive psychotherapy. But he starts to help Van Tonder to leave the racist reflections in the Afrikaner *chora*, to turn towards the light, an Encompassing Real, *Dasein* which transcends the Other within the horizon of the subject.

Black People's Convention contacting you, for whatever reason — my men are watching this place, Veldsman — I'm personally going to get you inside for a long time. Also [*Crosses left and turns.*] there's one other matter. White women. I don't want white women here Veldsman. It's not suitable, you get me? The thought of your miscegenated *mind* traversing certain areas of a white woman's mind — that offends me, Veldsman. You get me? Any trouble — squatter's eviction order.

VELDSMAN [*nervous*]: I get you Captain van Tonder. So you've given me the warnings. Now you want to laugh. I can well understand that your work doesn't make you laugh.

VAN TONDER [*Sits on table, feet on chair.*]: I love the human race, Veldsman. *Onse*²¹ Afrikaners, we're a very warm hospitable people, but God gave us this country to hold in trust for Christ. It's a tall order. I'm worn out defending Western civilization. Every time a man dies in police custody — and you know these things happen. . . I feel so guilty about it. I spend my time praying. Can you help me Veldsman? Abraham Ngo, who had that mysteriously self-inflicted head wound and dies, Dennis Pieterse who developed that extraordinary illness for which he is in the mental hospital, Mogai, Bambata and Khoza who all attacked me personally and had to be restrained and got hurt. . . And others. . . Their faces blood-stained, swollen, rise before me. . . But what can I do? If they get crazy or sick while under my authority? It's my heart, Veldsman. I'll confess it to you. I should have been a social worker. I want you to toughen me up. [*Smiles satirically.*] Give me a special psychological training so that [*Crosses left of Veldsman.*] I can gently defend myself with the minimum of force. Get me to think of brown cabbages²² when they fling their

²¹ "We" or rather "our" Afrikaners.

²² Van Tonder is a clever and well-informed antagonist, who knows what counter-conditioning involves. He knows how to de-sensitise himself to his own violence. Most of the Security Police who worked in John Vorster Square in the 1980s are seen by Naidoo as stupid, uneducated thugs recruited from the Afrikaans and English working class and lower-middle class mainly interested in sport, especially rugby. The *mythos* takes one more twist into the dangerous procedure of psychotherapy with a man of huge physical strength and, probably, without scruples – perhaps a manic character or perhaps like Cronwright - the notorious Special Branch policeman involved in the beating of Barbara Hogan (see Naidoo 2012) ideologically a fascist. There is the clash of the one "containing" *theatricum analyticum* at odds with that of the therapist until his *theatricum analyticum* begins to overlap with that

heads at me so that I can chop them without this ridiculous scruple about violence [*Feints blow to frighten Veldsman.*] . . . where does it come from Veldsman? Is it an excess of mother love? [*Crosses right and sits.*]

VELDSMAN [*with ingratiating laughter*]: Some people, Captain van Tonder, some people say the white man hates the brown and black man for being what he himself would like to be: freer to do to brown women what you think I do and white as well? That's why the Afrikaners are Africans. [*Laughs.*]

VAN TONDER [*as if amused, rises. Veldsman backs.*]: Are you telling me I'm going to be part of a coffee-coloured nation, that underneath this white exterior there is a brown man trying to get out, or get in!²³

VELDSMAN: Sit down, captain. [*Backs to tin box.*]

VAN TONDER [*furious; Veldsman cowers at this outburst.*]: You think I've come here to listen to this filthy rubbish? You know why I'm here? Because my wife was advised to see you about her depression. And that is not a joke.

[*Pushes Veldsman down on box.*] But no wife of mine is going to come into this Babylonian Gomorrah, this Sodomite²⁴ hell-hole! I'll see you evicted,

of the client because their mutual *chora* became poetically aligned as in Kristeva. The *chora* contains the potential for communication although is originally silent and wordless. Here I agree with Cixous and Irigaray and depart from Kristeva. This brings the Symbolic near to the Imaginary although without the Real law of the father as *phallus*, just as ethical authority. This section plunges us into the third dimension *below* and *at the negative* side of the flat axes of, respectively, the diachronic dramaturgy in the past of the characters and the synchronic *mythos* which also has hegemonic discourse and ethical values.

²³ This is the main theme of the *mythos*. Van Tonder is intelligent and well-trained enough to know about the concept of internalisation – that – as he hints – they are both brown Afrikaners – and this is one way through the riddle of the sphinx that is blighting the whole country – the lack of a common deep-rooted identity which existed in Spanish and Portuguese South America. Chipkin asks quite simply (2007) *Do South Africans Exist?* How is it possible for a brown identity to get into or to escape from the psyche of a brainwashed Afrikaner Calvinist? The Kleinian psychology of the internalised or introjected and projectively identified bad and good object (Kristevan *abject*) is speaking. There *is* a brown man in Van Tonder being crushed by a white Calvinist God: because of projective identification he has to torture and kill brown people as a perverse catharsis or sacrifice to the white Calvinist God – by killing *himself* in the bad Other. The autobiographical father had to kill the Jew in him after the Jewish wife-mother died and marry a Christian Afrikaner as a last leap of faith before death – a bridge across the abyss of Not-Being to the Jesus he loved. Here we are in the *chora* but the patient can always dismiss psychoanalysis as reactionary ideology and indeed it can be used to invalidate authentic identity instead of supporting the encompassing horizon of *Dasein* and the Real Other in the subject.

²⁴ What is Veldsman's sexual orientation? In an ancient Greek play the *ethos* of a heroic character would not be impaired by erotic homosexual love – but this is Calvinist Christian South Africa and Van Tonder is being intentionally insulting.

bulldozed,,jailed before that. *But* out of consideration for Hettie, that’s my wife, because she’s suffering, I said I would come here *for* her, to get your advice. I’m not sitting, though, I curse your brown women. [*Pause, dangerously*] You mean because I hate them I really lust after them? Those brown bodies with bums and tits like roasted pawpaws, you think they’re festering in my imagination? You want me to kill you now, Veldsman? ²⁵[*Veldsman rises, is tripped by Van Tonder and falls. Van Tonder puts his foot on Veldsman’s head.*] You want to make a sudden and unpredictable attack on me which I resist with the minimum of force which happens to leave you with a broken skull? [*He stamps on the ground. As Veldsman rises, he grips him round the throat from behind.*]

VELDSMAN: ...for Godsake...captain...how can I help you...ahhgg.. if you don’t tell me something about your...ahhgg.. background... your... wife’s...ahggg.. background... how you grew up... when.. where.. tell me something...! Your first great triumph!

VAN TONDER [*lets Veldsman go, who falls right on to bed.*]: My first great

²⁵ This Van Tonder is essentially a state terrorist. We have to see Veldsman as the *pharmakos* but not just a passive scapegoat-victim – also the *pharmakon* the poisonous remedy *for us*. We more or less know from this moment on that Veldsman is in deep danger even if he is driven on a sense of professional honour – which – in the event of a miracle – may pay off – but if not we must now begin to draw back from his imprudence – his victimage – and yet admire him for his courage and optimism. We must in the context of 1978 fortify ourselves with a rational opposition to state terrorism – but this Van Tonder – the brutalised Afrikaner proletarian who cannot forget what the British and international capitalism (not *Jewish* capitalism) did to his people is also a victim caught in a trap of hatred and violence that history “forces” upon him – yet he, as Veldsman says, “chooses to the devil”. We need to have the speculum looking at our own “devil” – we British, we Scandinavians – who also produce fascists like Sir Oswald Moseley and like the Norwegian Anders Breivik, like the British and American soldiers found guilty of outrages in Iraq. The autobiographical father’s confidence-man Mr K. who defrauded him of what belonged to him, belonged to my mother’s middle sister and belonged to myself (in terms of the usufruct willed to me) is as contemptible and outrageous as Van Tonder’s brutality: a thief with a nice suit and tie and the right documents. The autobiographical father could not see that underneath his trousers and on his feet Mr K. was wearing armour-plating to crush the credulous, the easily bamboozled, the old man showing off in front of his new *Afrikaner* wife – the truly autochthonous of the white tribe of Africa who was *not* dishonest although she didn’t come clean to the autobiographical step-son about her past. Why should she? She had what she bargained for, only the gamble did not pay off. She was conned too and would be crushed as Veldsman is crushed. She would die in relative poverty and miserable ill-health compared to what she was used to. So the author’s current *mythos* is impacted by his historic *peripeteia* in relation to his own and the play’s synchronic and diachronic axes which replicate victimage on the stage as in the Real which kept coming back to the imprudent father who simply would not recognise his *manic* flight into the financially Unreal which became a tragic Real – all his life.

triumph? Is this your technique at work, Veldsman?.. [*Bitterly*]: My first great triumph... [*His mood changes. His eyes stare in dull hatred but he is soon carried away by his own story. His descriptions are vivid, graphic, mimed with great vigour.*] Oh yes. . . Helpmekaar Hoërskool, In Standard Six. Scrum-half in the under- 15s .We are playing that bunch of English Jewish rubbish from Yeoville and the northern suburbs, King Edward’s School. [*He mimes the match.*²⁶] There’s a loose maul, we heel, I pick up, grubber kick, it’s bouncing this way, that way, that way, and in darts De Villiers Malan De Villiers! De Vee M, we called him our number eight. Picks up! A big black-haired Jew called Schlaperbersky crashes him down, I pick up! There’s the line ten yards away! I fight my way through a sea of jerseys and I’m over! [*Flings himself down in a scoring dive.*] And you know what, Veldsman?

VELDSMAN: You tell me, captain. [*On end of bed.*]

VAN TONDER [*Rises*]: The ref disallowed the try. He said I knocked on as I went over. That bastard. He was called Jock Silverman. [*Crosses left.*] Biology teacher at King Edward’s School, later to be a member of the South African Communist Party. That was not only my first setback. That was an object lesson in the treachery of the Communist, the liberal, the capitalist, the Jew, the Jo’burger.²⁷ [*Sits at the table.*] I personally had the pleasure of interrogating

²⁶ The rugby match is like a bit of a Trojan-Greek contest of enemies and heroes – in South Africa the contestation of rival tribes. The modern play, unlike the Greek play, shows the action on-stage – heightened. It becomes a metaphor – like the 1995 World Cup victory over the All Blacks at Ellis Park – the “sacred” stadium – the proving ground of heroes where Mandela wore a Springbok jersey with the captain, Francois Pienaar’s number (7) on his back. The New Zealanders were allegedly poisoned at their hotel and numerous team members had been vomiting for hours. The new South Africa was at stake and had to win. Mocking the rugby match obviously got under the skin of the Afrikaans critics, especially the macho-man Aart De Villiers – see Appendix Five.

²⁷ This cluster of incompatible ideologies are all, supposedly, anti-nationalistic. A fanatical *nationalism* is adopted by fascists and Nazis (who are essentially ultra-extreme nationalists).The latter adopt the myth of common blood and soil which functions as a kind of post-*chora*. This is full of reflective shadows of the *uber-mensch*. This is quite different from Nietzsche’s *free spirits*. The latter try in the modern state to provide leadership for the *demos* conditioned as some are by various forces of conformity. Conformity entails a state of the fear of freedom. Nietzsche’s attack on Christian “slave-morality” should be put in context otherwise Judaeo-Christian and the Kantian ethics go for nothing. The Kantian ethic needs to become a guide for understanding the Real Other in the subject. Otherwise how is there to be a free understanding of both Nietzsche’s diagnosis of nihilism and Kierkegaard’s attack on hypocritical religion and the need to understand faith as based essentially on a *Judaeo-Christian* leap across the abyss of absurdity and nihilism – essentially and honestly a rational act – but *will* and *faith* are dangerous in extremists like Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. (See Nietzsche/Hollingdale contents list and Jaspers’ account of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche in Walter Kaufmann’s anthology and

him twenty years later. He's inside for ten years.

VELDSMAN *[rising and crossing to Van Tonder]*: But captain, pardon me, how can one and the same person be a Communist, a liberal and a capitalist? Aren't they contradictory positions? *[Pause]*

VAN TONDER *[very quietly]*: To me, Veldsman, they are, in a word, the Devil. The Devil has no distinction. *Die Duiwel is mos die Duiwel*. The Devil is the Devil and he is evil! There is one thing you do with the devil! You kill it! Remove it! Lock it up and hang it if necessary, in whatever shape or form it comes! Get it?

VELDSMAN: Captain, aren't you being a trifle dogmatic? You must be a very bitter man if your most important rugby match was actually a set-back.

VAN TONDER *[slowly and with deliberation]*: I'm telling you about my struggle. I'm telling you about the Afrikaners and their enemies. *[With quiet conviction]* You think a Boer policeman defending his people to the death is abnormal or something? You think the British Empire, the French Empire, the Zulu Empire, the Roman Empire, the world anywhere operates any different way?²⁸ You think I'm wrong?

VELDSMAN: It's a matter of degree, can't you see that, it's not all or nothing.

VAN TONDER *[Rises and stands by table; quietly, deeply sincere]*: The whole world watches us to see whether the white man, the white Christian Protestants can survive in the last place on the globe where they have power. It is not a matter of degree. It is all or nothing. . . *[Long pause. Veldsman backs and sits on bed. With vicious sarcasm.]* I thought you were a joke. But you're not.

You're a pathetic imitation of a white man. You think I hate Coloureds because

in Jaspers' own writing on rejecting the fundamentalist anti-scientific irrationalism of Kierkegaard but keeping a *faithful* commitment to an ever-shifting Transcendent or Encompassing which can be ethical, scientific or ontological - to do with Being as manifest in ends, empirical means and a sense of Being as such)

²⁸ Van Tonder is intelligent and educated enough to mix pure ideology with real history seen from the standpoint of victims who over a period of eighty years have emerged from defeat by the British Empire and now, in turn have created the South African Reich. The neo-colonial oligarchy of the amaZulu faction within the ANC's Zuma-hegemony post 2007 eases itself into power electorally at the Polokwane ANC conference. Van Tonder in December 1980 would be aware that, *allegedly*, thirty thousand had been killed in the Rhodesian "bush war" pre-1979 (Catholic Commission 1997) between Ian Smith's forces and ZANLA-ZIPRA and probably that a Shona-majority dictatorship under Mugabe would establish a ZANU-PF "Empire".

I'm secretly in love with them?²⁹ [*Pause,*] I killed a Coloured boy when I was fifteen. You think I really loved him and wanted his sister? No, my friend. It was him or me. Struggle. Who will be master.³⁰ That's at the bottom of it all.

[*Pause. Stares long and hard at Veldsman*]

VELDSMAN [*carefully*]: Tell me about it.

VAN TONDER [*softening, musing*]: How I killed, the first time³¹. . . My uncle,

²⁹ Van Tonder obviously knows Veldsman's therapeutic philosophy – part-behaviourist (counter-conditioning using sexual fantasy) – part-Freudian interpretation of displaced bi-sexual libido in this example.

³⁰ A co-founder (with Kierkegaard) of existentialism, Nietzsche stripped away what he saw as the slave mentality of Christianity by foregrounding physical and psychological struggle as a key process in human interaction (see contents references in Nietzsche / Hollingdale). Van Tonder is sophisticated, intelligent and well-read enough to be able to counter Veldsman's gentler sexual Freudianism. This enriches what the Greeks and Aristotle called the *dianoia* (the discourse) or even the *logos* – the truth-value of the play operating in the vertical synchronic inside the *parole* the internal language of the *plot*. Equivalent ancient Greek discourses would involve dialectical interrogation concerning Fate, accident and will – as in *Oedipus*. What is the fundamental cause of Oedipus's *hamartia* – miscalculation - at the cross-roads when his father Laius' chariot would not give way? Was it *hubris* or did Fate and the oracle of Apollo *will* the bringing low of a man who had struggled not to be the victim of Fate and did succeed in becoming a king? Laius himself was a cursed sinner when as a young tutor in charioteering he abducted a pupil (Chrysippus), a young prince with whom he was in love, whom in some versions of the myth he raped and who, in shame, hanged himself (or fell on his sword), and as a punishment it was decreed that he would be killed by his son. Neil Aggett read Nietzsche and had a copy of the portable Nietzsche in his cell when he died and would have known about the eternal return (of the repressed – his own father's sin in being a possible killer of Kikuyu Mau Mau suspects). To commit suicide was not necessarily an evasion, but an act in a moral struggle demonstrating his capacity for the strength required for martyrdom. It was a secular martyrdom and suggests Naidoo, perhaps a reproach against Mr Aggett his father, a Christian and a supporter of the white Kenyan settlers of whom he was one, and a possible killer of Mau Mau suspects when he was with the volunteer Kenyan police reservists. The Aggetts left Kenya for South Africa to avoid living under a black government only to have to deal with their long-haired, intense, introverted son who became not so much an atheist existentialist but a pacifistic socialist outside the SACP and the ANC. His tormentor Lieut. Whitehead looking for promotion was sure he would get Neil Aggett to confess in detail the links between the ANC, the SACP and a totally “underground” trade union movement like SAACTU having serious and dangerous links (made through Barbara Hogan who was being tortured at about the same time) with the liberation movements-in-exile in Botswana (where Hogan did go) and therefore she had links with the communist world – not that it amounted to much in the final settlement.

³¹ This terrifying and threatening honesty has to drag us deeper and deeper into what is obviously going to be a murderous *mythos*. The aesthetic of the thriller has to do with building up the tension – exactly how many has he killed and when is he going to kill again? How is Veldsman going to die? What (Christ-like?) redemptive suffering is he going to endure? At least Antigone kills herself quickly by hanging and doesn't have to endure slow starvation walled up in the cave. Haemon her betrothed after spitting in his father Creon's face, falls on his sword in *Antigone*. Tragic dramatic death does not encompass the reality of the death of the elderly poor who appear to have been ruined by *hamartia* of the social system. The autobiographical father and step-mother if they had stayed on modestly in the inherited block of flats, Mount Sheridan, could have had the additional income by which they could

Chris Lategan, played cricket for Western Province at Newlands. Under the purple mountain by the oak trees. I used to visit him from Jo'burg in the holidays. He taught me how to bowl. First he taught me to bowl straight and a good length. Then to bowl bumpers. When the batsman gets cheeky. Then how to move the ball in the air and off the seam. *There* was this good batsman from the Coloured high school. They don't play much cricket. But he was good. A natural. Not. . . not as good as D'Oliveira³² mind you, but the same type. Smooth, black hair, good features, olive skin. . . What was his name? [*Pause.*] As if I could forget. Paul Bosman. Paul Bosman. [*Pause.*] He dared me. He wouldn't even wear gloves and pads. He picked me off easily in the nets. So all through the Christmas holidays I practised. I practised in the July holidays back in Jo'burg in the block of flats where we lived in Braamfontein in the garage with a corky and a net. By the following December I could get it to bounce on a

have afforded domiciliary nursing care. Instead my father had to endure a sick bay in his home/hotel in Hillbrow with a dying man next to him giving a death-rattling chest noise for *hours* on end thirteen years after he saw the play. No close relative came to care for my step-mother whilst I was teaching and rehearsing in Wales in 1978 but she had her Christian Jews for Jesus circle around her which would have given her a sense of reparation and redemption. To this day I have no idea why her family (she said she was originally a De Villiers) then the M. family and the B. family could have left her to die in extreme ill-health and poverty.

³² Van Tonder is alluding to Basil D'Oliveira whose case precipitated the sports boycott led by Peter Hain as a young British South African who played an important role in the Anti-Apartheid Movement which was central in the demonology of white South Africa. D'Oliveira was an outstanding Cape Coloured batsman who could not be selected for South Africa in the late 1950s and went to England where he played for Warwickshire and was picked for the England / M.C.C. tour of South Africa to which the South African government took exception. The M.C.C. / England cricketing authorities chaired by Colin Cowdrey caved in and dropped D'Oliveira from the squad that toured South Africa. Cricket is a form of national combat in the realm of sports-as-sublimated-war-and-politics – e.g. the Aussies and the Poms re-running old colonial grudges. The *Oresteia* refers back to Homeric mythology involving physical combat of heroes like Ajax, Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, Priam, Paris and Odysseus which in modern society is sublimated in sport which of course the Greeks also did at the Olympic Games. The quarrels between heroes on the same side (the Greeks) are something of which Homer perhaps want to cure them (they become instances of a *pharmakos* / *pharmakon*). The *mythos* is intensified by the actual physicality onstage of a cricketing “accident” which was nevertheless intended by a young man who represents his oppressed heroes as the Afrikaner “victims” of “the Jews” and “the English” who suffered as a result of the Anglo-Boer War and the Great Depression of the 1920s and 1930s. Bosman stands in for the hated and jealously regarded Other, the *pharkamon* who is *for us* a “remedy” reminding us of what we should cure in ourselves – our jealous racism – in also becoming a *pharmakos* a scapegoat. For the South African government D'Oliveira was a scapegoat, a symbol of all that was Other to them by whose colour they “knew” only some of them were genetically “polluted” as vividly demonstrated by the case of Sandra Laing (the Laings may have descended from Scottish missionaries or traders who sometimes married African women whom they had converted).

handkerchief three times out of eight at top speed and while I was bowling I thought of the English and the Jews who drove my father off the land in the 19 bloody 30s. He became a tram-driver, driving the silver-coloured *kaffer* trams. He was as without land as those *kaffers* he was driving. So, there was going to be a farm cricket match down in the lovely Cape. . . My uncle prepared a special pitch in one of the fields. The whole year before he raked it level, grassed it, watered it, cut it, rolled it. Perfect it was. But just a bit too hard. There were two scratch teams from the district — and our special guest — Paul Bosman. [*He smiles.*] I killed him. With a bumper...³³

VELDSMAN [*carefully*]: Tell me how it happened.

Van Tonder is lost in reverie for a moment, then he stands and acts the following, including the strokes and the bowling, with hypnotic clarity and power.

VAN TONDER [*Rises.*]: It was the match. My first over. My uncle threw me the ball. ‘Show us your hot stuff, Japie,’ he said. [*Crosses right.*] I’ll show you, I said to myself. I could kill you all, I said. But I’ll be clever. The first over I bowled fast, but not too fast. Just straight and well up to him. [*Mimes right.*] He blocked. I had noticed there was a really hard-baked patch two yards in front of him. Come my second over. First ball was a loose one, wide of the off-stump. He late cut it through the slips for four. The next one was also a bad ball — a full toss on the leg side. His eye was so good, however fast it was he just stepped round and cracked it for *six* over the square leg boundary like he was swatting a fly! Right, I said, now’s my chance. [*Crosses left.*] Now I’m going to show you all. There he was, that handsome, smiling, brown six-footer. This is it. That hard spot. I ran up, easy, relaxed — [*Mimes run up.*] — but in the last three strides I wound myself up like a spring and I hurled it down with every ounce of energy I had — short — on that hard spot. [*He demonstrates the following in slow motion with compelling and terrible gestures.*] It kicked up and, *for the first time it came in six inches* off the seam. [*Mimes batsman.*] He thought it was coming straight and he backed — six inches — oh, he had a good

³³ Every schoolboy of the period playing cricket knew of Jardine’s and Larwood’s campaign of intimidation in the 1930s against the Australians by the use of “bodyline” bowling in an era before helmets and extensive padding became the norm and the rules of cricket were extended to discourage it.

eye — normally it would have whizzed past his face. He pulled back right into it. It cracked him dead on the skull. He went down like a shot animal. Just crumpled. They couldn't revive him. He died in hospital of a cerebral haemorrhage. I cried. My first and last tears since babyhood. My first and last important cricket match. I coach at Helpmekaar now and again and turn out with the lads occasionally. . . [*Sits. Long pause*] They sent me home to Jo'burg in disgrace, perhaps. I never thought about it much. But I never saw my uncle again. I think he blamed himself. I think he gave the Bosman family £500. [*Pause*] Of course it was an accident. All death is an accident³⁴, not so? [*Pause*] From then on I was alone. . . [*Smiling, slight pause*] I've broken many men since then more easily.

VELDSMAN [*quietly and rising in front of Van Tonder. As seriously as he has ever said anything, he has to say it whatever the man's reaction*]: Yes.

Abraham Ngo, and Pieterse and Khosa and Bambata, hanged, dead, mad, broken?

VAN TONDER [*very quietly*]: You Hottentot rubbish. You Bushman piece of dirt. . . You are not fit to judge.. [*Rises, and moves on Veldsman.*]. not one *iota* of what is evil and what is good in this Afrikaner. - . Because the God in us has told us already that in his eyes *we* and only *we*, not the Jews, not anybody else, are doing His will in the whole world! And we will defend the only Christian state in the whole world with many deaths, I tell you. I could smash you against the wall, as I do the detainees in God's name and feel victorious at the good I was doing, good, yes, good.. [*He punches Veldsman in the stomach. Veldsman falls towards left. Van Tonder pushes him on to the table. He gets a towel quite deliberately and soaks it in water from the basin.*] Yes, when they are

³⁴ To translate this into ancient Greek terms: death *can* be an absurd accident but the "accident" can in the popular imagination also be engineered by the Fates, Furies or the gods: "pride (*hubris*) goes before a fall" although Kitto (1939 / 1966 : p. 48) denies that Aeschylus should be taken in such a literal way. Bosman's death "by accident" foreshadows ironically the uncontrollable therapy getting out of hand – absurdly, accidentally, and produces Veldsman's death as *peripeteia* impacts on *mythos* in the synchronic present where it meets the already foreseen *mythos* that has already entered the past and will be present in the future – now tragically closed in being-towards-death which, paradoxically is a positive source of *Dasein* in Heidegger. I should deal with my synchronic present *mythos* before, disastrously, it impacts on my diachronic remembered past and possible future *peripeteia* before death. Avoiding the death of Veldsman by giving him *nous* and *sophia* and softening the murderous Van Tonder become important discourses and elements of plot in the re-write of *Shades of Brown* as *Jannie Veldsman – A Film Scenario*.

incorrigible in their lying and their foul opinions and treasonable politics, when there is not any hope of redemption for them, we perform God's service for them, like this. . . [*He shoves the wet towel over Veldsman's face particularly blocking his mouth and nose. Veldsman struggles desperately.*] And when they're dead, I hang them, like Judas — by their own trousers, not a rope — we have to adapt ourselves — from the window, or any convenient bar, beam, rafter or fitting, by the neck, so that it is clear that they committed suicide when they knew that the Special Branch would eventually get them to talk!! They are plenty guilty! You think they don't want to kill us?! Their politics is preparation for murder!! [*Veldsman lies doggo. Van Tonder, quite calm, rips off the towel.*] Veldsman! Veldsman! You're shamming, Veldsman. [*Puts hand on heart.*] I can feel your heart. You want me to hang you up by your trousers, Veldsman? You want to commit suicide by orders of the Special Branch? *If you don't snap out of it you think I'm scared to?* [*Hits him with back of hand and crosses right.*³⁵ *Veldsman stands shakily and moves as if 'possessed' by a kind of controlled fury, but is shaken and breathless and almost whispering.*]

VELDSMAN: You Boers! You have taken us. Put us in small rooms in police skyscrapers. Put us in dark cells, us and our children. They who had our milk, our blood, our flesh. Our bodies you spatter over your cruel stones. Stones for hearts — and for heads. . . ? Your heads must be full of concrete, yes concrete. Like you say ours are, if you think we will let you take us forever. Our children who played in the dust of our iron shackles are dying for they just called

³⁵ What is being enacted is the non-contained nature of the primeval sadistic aggression of Thanatos — not the realistic depiction of psychotherapy. What the author is saying to the autobiographical father is this: you in your manic adoption of what you revere as the universal love of the divine or the Absolute does not exist in the Real. Veldsman cannot contain the thug in Van Tonder. But in the psychotherapy of the Real the psychiatric worker has to confront the psychopathic or manic “patient” (terrorist or criminal in this case) with his previous offences to bring him back to the depressive element in the Real. Oedipus has to be reminded of what he did at the crossroads. If only he had known that it was his *internal* Laius that lashed out at the real external Laius. Here Van Tonder's father and a grandfather and great-grandfather fighting the British and being driven out by Kitchener's, Roberts' and Buller's scorched earth policy into concentration and POW camps *and* fighting the amaZulu are at work as bitter memories. So he projectively identifies his victims *inside* Veldsman and tries to kill and maim them *again* in the Other — synchronic and diachronic, *langue* and *parole*, that is present sadism and past wars coinciding. If this enters into the positive transference of the audience as a *theatricum analyticum* we have a dramatic (performative) success becoming a theatrical (*theoria*) success

*Amandla! Amandla!*³⁶ [*Gives fist salute.*] And that was enough. Yet you call on Christ! You say Christ is with you. You kill us in the name of that gentle Christ who was brown like us! [*Van Tonder advances on Veldsman, who backs to table.*] Some of you Boers have our blood in you! Is that why you hate us? [*Van Tonder stops dead. Veldsman shakes his head.*] How did you know? [*Veldsman shakes his head again. Van Tonder menacingly*]: You know very well about what. . . If you've got information about me, my friend, remember we've got a thousand times more about you...

VELDSMAN: Granted. So what?

VAN TONDER: I was a happy cop in the fraud squad till this happened. It was the thing that drove me into the Special Branch.

VELDSMAN: What thing?

VAN TONDER: Our first child.

VELDSMAN: First child?

VAN TONDER [*quietly*]: Our first child. [*Moves centre below bed.*] We were happy. There was a backyard with chickens, facing north, lots of sun. There were peach and apricot trees. Hettie went into the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital. We paid, a specialist called Maurice Joffe³⁷, nothing but the best. A boy. A 7½-pound boy, no complications. Future Springbok, joy unbounded. I

³⁶ isiZulu: "Power!" the salute and slogan of the comrades, the ANC underground and used in the 1980s by the United Democratic Front and before that by the Black Consciousness Movement in the 1970s. See the Critical Commentary on the "niks" the *Nichts* underlying Being, Nothingness, the Other in the "empty" fist by reference to Nothing and the Other in Heidegger, Sartre and Irigaray. Manganyi redeems the black power salute from the contemptuous "nothing" (not *the* Nothingness as the germ of creativity) of the apartheid apologist Engelbrecht quoted in the Critical Commentary.

³⁷ A Jewish name. He hates Jews in general but like many Afrikaners respects Jewish doctors as honest and skilful – see J.M.Coetzee's autobiographical *Boyhood* for his mother's attitudes to Jewish doctors. Afrikaners thought it was "lucky" to always have one Jew in a Springbok rugby team. The reparative and redemptive in the Real backyard of the author's grandparents house in Yeoville/Berea where the author was brought in 1936 and where the mother fed him is being recreated in what was written in 1978 eight years after the mother's death before the author was able to see her for the last time and thank her for bringing him into the world and nurturing him. Obviously the autobiographical father's sudden Christianised remarriage and financial victimization splits him off from the good Jewish mother. In reality the father was extremely patient and caring in looking after the dying mother crippled by a viral form of arthritis. But Thanatos has therapeutically in role-play "cursed" the author through his proxy the brown baby who is going to lose his mother as the author had recently lost his mother and can look back on this symbolically and with catharsis. It was as if the author was the bearer of his political stigmata which stopped the real father from showing foresight in asking him to come home from Oxford in the summer of 1969 giving him time to grieve and love the mother for the last time.

mean he did look a little like a brown monkey at first, but they all do, don't they, at first? Yes, they said, looking at Hettie and me a bit funny. They all look like little brown monkeys to begin with. But he got browner. 'Strue as God he got browner and browner and his hair got blacker and curlier and curlier and his nose flatter and flatter and his lips thicker and thicker³⁸. Hettie didn't seem to notice it at first. You know what mothers are like! I noticed but I couldn't take it in. [*Sits on end of bed.*] It was terrible. [*Pause.*] She's been messing around, I said to myself. She went mad. She's been raped. She's been with a coloured man and she can't tell me. It's happened to other families. Now it was us. [*Looking at chair right.*] There was the pram, see, in the backyard. I come home from work. Hettie, who is beginning to realise, is depressed, but manages a smile, and makes supper. I go down the back steps into the yard. Oh, it's so peaceful there, the chickens, the peach tree, the apricots, the sun shining in the north. He — my son — is sleeping in the shade of the trees. I say 'Please God,' I say, 'please let it be a mistake. Let it be that he's got a rare skin condition that clears up automatically³⁹. Let it be that we'll get a telephone call from the hospital saying, 'Your baby was really a white baby. Another white woman

³⁸ What is to us an insulting racist image is for the racial fascist a real horror as he relives an *anamnesis* - Being-There. Although to us Van Tonder is being bizarrely insulting by comparing the appearance of the black child to the appearance of a monster, we must as an audience see the child through Afrikaner racist eyes. Van Tonder knows no genetics. The black child is an enigma, like a sphinx, a hybrid animal the riddle of which he has to solve like Oedipus. In seeing this paranoid-schizoid image in the imaginary he reiterates the story of the parents of Sandra Laing (Carroll 2003). The white parents simply have no knowledge of genetics and South Africa's sexual history. This then takes the *mythos* into deeper and deeper regions of the "unconscious" which he inspects with the metaphorical speculum looking inside himself as Other and his wife as Other woman, not "his" woman anymore. He looks at the convex side of the speculum full on where he appears enlarged and distorted but not inverted: he is still himself. But the *poetic chora* the bliss of first parenthood seen by the parent in the child, is shown to be in shadow and Van Tonder is being abjected out of this *chora* into the depressive Real. As Lacan puts it, if the interlinked triad of the Real, the imaginary and the symbolic is cut in any one register the three all fall apart. This is what happens in his wife's post-puerperal depression.

³⁹ This absurdity made audiences laugh in the 1978 and 1979 English and Welsh productions, but political correctness amongst liberal whites and black audiences caused less hilarity in the Market Theatre production in 1980, and certainly this was not seen by the Africanists at the Africa Centre revival in the mid-eighties as humorous. The catharsis of laughter in Aristotelian terms impacts on the *mythos* by bringing it "down" emotionally as comes out of the current synchronic *parole* axis, until further *peripeteia* coming from the diachronic *langue* of the total dramaturgy racks up the tension again and sends the *mythos* "up" as fear and pity increase again. Nietzschean catharsis both tragic and comic comes through a sense of *power* and *joy* (Nietzsche / Hollingdale 1977: pp. 127, 145)

gave birth to a coloured baby. But someone bribed one of the nurses to swap the babies. Your lovely white baby is waiting for you. Please return the coloured baby. ‘Please God,’ I say, ‘let Hettie raise the subject first. Let her say, “Jaap, we’d better have ourselves and baby blood-tested — I think there may have been a mistake.”’ But she doesn’t. She’s so quiet. . . I edge over to the pram, my eyes tightly shut. I open one eye. Brown skin. I open the other eye. Black curly hair. Open both my eyes wide. Thick nose and thick lips. I go quietly and look at Hettie while she’s not looking. Yes. Ja. I look at her nose and lips and hair and skin. Traces. I look at myself in the mirror. Traces, more traces. When I was a kid in school they called me Hotnot — Hottentot. ‘Omigod! I say, I’m in hell — this isn’t happening.’ [*Long pause; he passes his hand over his face, feeling his features unconsciously.*⁴⁰ *Long pause. Rises, crosses up left.*] We gave it away. We spent months making the decision. We went through hell, while everyone was talking about us. We were shunned at church. The family didn’t want to see us. There was no future for us — or him — together. We went to a welfare society and we had it adopted, by a coloured family.⁴¹ [*Crosses to Veldsman.*] And do you know what we did? We adopted two proper little white children and swore never to have children of our own — in case — [*Takes out wallet with photographs.*] that thing — happened again. [*Shows*

⁴⁰ He has become “de-centred” in his centre of psychological gravity, as does Oedipus when he learns that he is the man he is looking for who has murdered and inadvertently broken the laws of taboo against incest (Sophocles / Watling 1947: p. 58). Van Tonder has also become become polluted, tarnished. The victims of Van Tonder’s torture sessions are “polluted” in only an imaginary form. They are made to feel they have “confessed” which in their depressed state seems to be at odds with their normal integrity and privacy – and they become additionally depressed. This happens to Neil Aggett when he “disgraces” himself by talking to Whitehead his torturer about his intimate relationship with Dr Liz Floyd his girl friend. She was also detained in John Vorster Square. Aggett mentions his *ideological* doubts about his close comrades like “Gavin” and Barbara Hogan who have much closer links with the banned SACP and ANC. Aggett works as an unpaid volunteer for SAACTU. The former two organisations are to the left of him. Because he becomes depressed he has the totally imaginary feeling that he has betrayed his friends.

⁴¹ Van Tonder’s problem is something like the case of Sandra Laing, born in 1955, a dark-brown girl with crisp curly hair living in the small town of Piet Retief with apparently white Afrikaner parents, shop-keepers, who voted for apartheid and the National Party but also had a Coloured looking older son, and a white-looking younger son (Carroll 2003). Sandra’s life was given a fictionalised treatment in the film *Skin* (2008) with Sophie Okonedo directed by Anthony Fabian. She is in a sense a *pharmakos* / *pharmakon*: both a scapegoat and a remedial poison for those who want to know about – recognise – racism and overcome the tragic consequences of refusing the *anagnorisis* of truth. She did manage to see her mother once before she died.

Veldsman photographs.] We've got two girls. The one's three and the other is eighteen months. We gave him up five years ago, but she's never recovered. I mean they're lovely girls, and in a way we're all very happy. [*Turns away.*] But Hettie is still depressed. . . [*Almost crying, turns to Veldsman.*] You've got to help me, Veldsman. [*Sits on bed.*] You know I could never tell this to a white doctor⁴². The bullshit's over. I'll pay you well, man. Five thousand rand.⁴³ [*Takes out cheque book, makes out cheque.*] There's a cheque for a thousand rand. The rest at the end of the month. [*Rises, puts cheque in Veldsman pocket.*] Forget about all that aggravation I gave you, Veldsman. I want my wife to be better. Man, I tell you, she's in bed most days. She's withdrawing, won't go out. She even thinks she may be being poisoned because she thinks she's evil. [*Pause*] I say to her, 'Hettie', I say, 'I'm evil, you know I may have done evil things in my job,' I tell her straight. 'But you're not evil, Hettie. It's not your fault what happened.' [*Circles up right. Pause*] She's going mad, I think. Soon, she'll be in the asylum if she doesn't get better. [*Turns to Veldsman.*] What can I do, man, to help her? She hardly eats, she has no will to live. [*Pause; moves to bed.*] I know you can do it. I've heard that you can cure these things, Veldsman. She's going to kill herself if she doesn't get better soon. [*Crosses to Veldsman.*] I tell you, Veldsman, I'll even resign from the Special Branch — I'll put in for

⁴² He knows that Veldsman is intrinsically "polluted" by his colour so Van Tonder's "pollution" enables him to share his "tragedy" with another Coloured man. Their mutual *chorae* begin to overlap. They now share a "polluted" *pharmakos* both deriving from ostracised persons, a miscegenation which is also a source of the *pharmakon* the remedial poison. But so unstable a homeopathic remedy is dangerous and as Derrida would put it can deconstruct the text itself, which does indeed in the 1978 version "fall apart" into tragedy at the *denouement* in violation of what some critics would call a realistic *mimesis*. Freud had the same problem with the Oedipus complex which also tends to deconstruct the case. Was knowledge of it a remedial poison – insight into the *fantasy* of incest of the Oedipal child that caused the hysterical symptom? Or were his women patients *really* sexually and often incestuously abused by their adult male kinfolk and "friends of the family"? If the latter was it not too scandalous for knowledge of it to really be a *pharmakon*? Would it just lead to ostracism for psychoanalysis – a *pharmakos* not a *pharmakon*? This ambiguity produces a constant slippage in understanding hysterical symptoms which, dangerously shade into endogenous symptoms like depression, dangerous too when anxiety becomes so intense that it produces schizoid splitting and paranoia. Is the hysteric lying, unconsciously producing symptoms, or telling the truth about being abused? Is depression the habit of learned uselessness, cognitive misunderstanding of the chances of failure, or dangerously and suicidally endogenous? Is Van Tonder a dissociated manic alternating with depression which touches off paranoia? Or is he a psychopathically disordered personality? To Aart De Villiers the idea of actually taking psychotherapy seriously is totally out of macho Afrikaner culture so he is bored or abusive about *drek-dialog* (see Appendix Five on the South African reviews).

⁴³ About £500.

the fraud squad again if you can cure her — hey - how's that for a gesture?
*[Smiles humanely and sincerely for the first and practically only time. Long pause. We see Veldsman considering his fate, with life and death in the balance.]*⁴⁴

VELDSMAN *[authoritatively]*: All right. We'll begin. Sit down. *[Van Tonder does so on end of bed.]* Your wife is through guilt.

VAN TONDER: Doing wrong, feeling sorry about it.

VELDSMAN: What wrong does she think she committed? *[Pause. It begins to sink in and he can hardly get it out.]*

VAN TONDER *[almost shocked realization; the first time he has articulated it to another]*: Giving birth — to a Coloured child. . . ?

VELDSMAN: What else...?

VAN TONDER *[again, almost a sense of rediscovered initial shock]*: Giving away her child?

VELDSMAN: Yes. But there's another reason. Hating herself for being — somewhat — coloured. So what you've got to do is get the racism out of the

⁴⁴ In Veldsman we also see a man facing a fateful riddle and risking destruction by the sphinx if he does not help Van Tonder go through a whole *peripeteia* - a reversal - which will bring wisdom to a man who has to grow from being psychologically a child - on four legs, towards psychological maturity - standing on his own two legs facing the *logos*, the truthful word which will emerge from the contradictions and dialectic of the role-play that will follow. As Aristotle says in the *Poetics* this *peripeteia* is what captures our emotional interest and of course it involves *anagnorisis* (recognition). At this very moment Veldsman's life hangs in the balance. In Stanislavski's terms the author as actor thinks of communicating with the depressed Hettie Van Tonder, behind whom stands the memory of the much loved autobiographical mother whom at the end of the London version of the play the author/actor will join in death if only on the stage. But it is also the internalised good mother who gives him courage in the face of a Van Tonder who is a crueller but just as unthinking a version of the autobiographical father who has let down his own denied Jewish heritage by (in effect) blaming the Jews for suffering the Holocaust and not sympathising with those who were unlucky enough not to be able to or not to want to emigrate from eastern Europe which had been *der heim* since the Middle Ages. The autobiographical father's diachronic *mythos* was trapped inside a false *dianoia*, an untrue *logos*, making him vulnerable to attack from both synchronic *peripeteia* (the fraudster Mr. K.) and rooted in his unconsciously internalised Christian Other, an *hamartia* in his *ethos* (his character) which just happened fortuitously because of the absent Orthodox father and the presence of the evangelising teacher at Cleveland Primary School in about 1908-1910 putting the diachronic (total past) *mythos* on a Christological basis giving his soul a future in the fantasy of joining Marion De Villiers / Murray / Boles after death. No amount of *langue* would work in such a very old and ailing man, nor would it be ethical to be overtly disillusioning. In his brave dying he handed Perseus' shield over to the Virgin Mary, so to speak to reflect him in this imaginary.

system, like a poison see?

VAN TONDER [*impatiently*]: Ja, ja, ja. Ag, get on with it.

VELDSMAN: The only way I can help you is to unlearn your racism. Can you do that?

VAN TONDER [*irritated*]: Ag, man, all right, I've told you I'll do anything within reason to get her out of her depression. I'm not a racist, anyway. Some of my best friends are brown and black. They're all in the police.

VELDSMAN [*stands up*]: Now lie down on the bed. [*Van Tonder hesitates.*] It's all right, I'm not going to try anything funny.⁴⁵

VAN TONDER [*taking off his jacket*]: All right, Veldsman, for the moment you're in charge — for the moment. You are at present treating a member of the state security police who is temporarily incapacitated on account of he's got a family problem. [*Hangs jacket by door*] And you are bound by your Hypocritical oath — so — anything funny and you'll get a hot rod up your arse as soon as say Jannie van der Merwe. [*He moves to the bed, back to Veldsman*]

VELDSMAN: There's one more thing, captain.. . [*He says this with such intensity that Van Tonder turns quickly and draws his gun from his shoulder holster.*] Man, for God's sake put that gun away! You got to trust me — just for an hour. . . ! All I wanted to say was, the main reason why she got depressed is maybe quite simple: she loved the child, you hear me, loved him, no matter. . . [*Van Tonder returns the gun to his shoulder holster, puts handkerchief on pillow, lies down. Veldsman, left of the bed, takes a small drum and begins to beat softly to help induce a trance.*] It'll be difficult. Maybe impossible. You've never done this sort of thing before. It's a journey into a new country for you. A sort of trek, yes, even a Great Trek, but in another direction. I want you to think of a tune that puts you in a good mood. Clench your fists as if you're going to hit someone and feel the tension in them, then relax, deeper and deeper. . . Can

⁴⁵ The London and Cardiff audiences laughed at the absurd prospect of Veldsman making an erotic pass at Van Tonder lying vulnerable on the bed but armed with a pistol. Not so during the Africa Centre revival. Behind the Africanists there was the collusive political correctness of the white Englishman who ran the Africa Centre. Notoriously, homosexuality, according to authorities like Robert Mugabe and other African leaders is “not in our culture”. The first President of Zimbabwe, Canaan Banana when Mugabe was Prime Minister in the early 1980s was gay and charged with criminal offences. See Fraser Grace's *Breakfast with Mugabe* (2006) where this is discussed with Dr Peric.

you sing a tune which makes you feel happy, that takes you back to pleasant days? Very softly. ..? *[Pause. Then:]*

VAN TONDER *[Sings softly.]*:

O brandewyn laat my staan,
 O brandewyn laat my staan,
 O brandewyn laat my staan,
 O want ek wil nou huistoe gaan.

[Repeated in English]:

Oh brandy leave me alone *[sung three times]*

Because I want to go home.

Veldsman puts down the drum. During this, he has got a bottle of brandy and a glass from the shelf and pours out.

VELDSMAN *[offering it to Van Tonder at the bed]* Have a drop, it'll help you relax.

VAN TONDER *[lifting his head suspiciously]*: What is it?

VELDSMAN: Brandy. *[Van Tonder stares. Look, it's just brandy, I'll have a drop myself. I'm not trying to poison you. [He takes a sip and offers the glass to Van Tonder, who grimaces.]*It's the first step, drinking from a coloured⁴⁶ glass. . . *[Pause. Slowly, defiantly, Van Tonder takes it and drinks.]*

Fade to black.

⁴⁶ The stage manager always saw to it that the glass was clear. When I asked for a glass of water for myself and Tennyson Makiwane at Alberton police station when we arrested in April 1960 and I gave the cup to Tennyson after drinking half myself, a policeman smashed it against the wall because a black man's lips had touched it. Tennyson was murdered by an ANC hitman in 1980 in the Transkei where he was virtually homeless and without income for the "crime" of criticising the ANC/SACP exile movement in London and Lusaka for being too much influenced by white SACP members. In true Stalinist/Maoist fashion he and his "Gang" were expelled from the ANC. His friends in the Anti-Apartheid Movement of which he was director in the early 1960's were presumably themselves so in awe of the SACP which quite possibly controlled the AAM, that they did nothing to protect him This ANC hitman asked for amnesty and received it from the TRC. Here I am reversing the situation: the state terrorist has to drink from the poisonous remedy of a "Coloured" paradoxically perfectly clear glass. Again, this is a Stanislavkian/Method moment into which is poured Kristeva's *semiosis*.

ACT TWO

A few moments later.

Veldsman beats on the drum three times. Van Tonder is still on the bed, deeply relaxed, even in a light trance.

VELDSMAN: Now, I'm going to take you back, captain, back to your childhood, back to your history. So that you can help your wife feel less depressed about having coloured blood. *[Van Tonder groans softly. Pause.]* Yes, the possibility of having coloured blood or being married to a person with coloured blood. *[Van Tonder groans softly.]* Go back, back to the time when dark skins, crinkly hair, flat nose, thick lips, talking Malay, or Hottentot or Bushman or even Xhosa didn't matter. *[Van Tonder groans louder.]* Relax, Van Tonder. Imagine that this is the voice of the coloured people who were once themselves called Afrikaners, the appendix of the burghers — slaves, Christian Hottentots serving the white farmers, Bushmen captured in commando raids who made good herdboys — all those browns and yellows, slanty eyes and high cheek-bones think of them as Africa, Van Tonder — think of some of them as the ancestors of one or two of your great-great-great-grandparents. Thirty per cent of coloured blood is white blood and seven per cent of white blood is coloured blood. *[Van Tonder groans deeply.]*

VAN TONDER *[sleepily, still 'hypnotic']*: *Nee, nee, nie meer nie. . . Hierdie ding bedonder my.*⁴⁷ *[Jumping up, fully awake, crosses below bed.]* I'm not having this Veldsman! It's rubbish, subversive, filthy, liberalistic rubbish!!

VELDSMAN *[crossing opposite Van Tonder; calmly and now deeply serious]*: You hate yourself, Van Tonder, because part of you is brown. To forget about it you have to kill and hurt brown people.⁴⁸ That's why you want to

⁴⁷ Afrikaans: "No, no, no more. This thing is doing my head in." A normal response to the therapist's comments is "resistance" in Freudian parlance. Here the Real really is the historical real Jameson sees in his Marxist reading of Lacan (See Critical Commentary on the historical Real containing race-class-tribal conflict – the "political unconscious").

⁴⁸ Veldsman in more concrete terms posits the impossible notion of "The Unconscious" which in Kristeva is the benign first neo-natal stage of the *chora* up to about 4 months and consists of trying to get control of the body and objects in the Piagetian sensori-motor stage using practice and play as well as the death instinct manifest in hate and rage and interacting with the mother/carer's love through appreciative reciprocation. The same love/hate split is found in Melanie Klein's thinking about love, hate, envy and reparation. But in the adult – here and now – Veldsman tries to get through the defence

smash my house down. That's why you arrest and torture me. But one thing you can't do is to stop me feeling sorry for your wife. She knows she has got the same blood as me! *[Van Tonder is stunned. He sits on end of bed, and lights cigarette]* Good. *[Veldsman sits on tin trunk]* Now Van Tonder, we know that every white child plays with brown or black children quite happily until one day someone stops him. I want you to go back to the time of your first brown playmate.

VAN TONDER: Impossible. It never happened. My father would have killed me.

VELDSMAN: All right. Where were you at five years old, six, seven, eight? Who were you playing with when your father could have killed you?

VAN TONDER: We couldn't afford servants. *[Long pause]* There was a maid called Betty Ngubane who worked for another tenant in the flats in Braamfontein. She had a daughter called Thandi. She used to come in from Alexandra or Orlando every day with her child. We played in the garage. *Ja. Nee. Herinner ek daaraan.*⁴⁹ I was the youngest, you see. My boeties and sussies were all at school. My unmarried Tant Marie from Turffontein used to come in and look after me if my ma and pa were both at work during school day. Tannie used to cook and clean the flat and tell me stories of the old days in the Transvaal and the Great Trek and the Kaffir Wars. She was more educated than us. Then after lunch she used to fall asleep listening to the radio and I went upstairs to the maids' rooms on the roof of the building. So I got to know Thandi. *[Smiles.]* Ja. Oh, I knew she was black when I was five years old, and I was white. Ooo - ja. I knew about colour from right early on. There wasn't any nonsense about that. You're talking rubbish, Veldsrnan. I wouldn't

mechanism of later childhood and adolescence and adulthood – in this case the defence-mechanisms of reaction-formation, displacement and projection. Philosophically in Sartre there is a state of primordial pre-awareness which does not entail an infinite regression in *Being and Nothingness*: awareness of awareness... The unconscious as in Plato's *chora* has a limit, is circumscribed, but, without knowing it contains the bad ideas banned from *The Republic*.

⁴⁹ Afrikaans: "Yes – no" [idiomatic] "I remember that." Since Veldman has made one successful psychoanalytic interpretation despite Van Tonder's resistance, the client now "opens up" and *anamnesis* replaces amnesia.

touch that child. I knew it was wrong.⁵⁰ I played with her. Ja. Lots of games.

[Defiantly] But I didn't touch her. I'm quite sure I didn't touch her.⁵¹

VELDSMAN: Remember your wife, captain. Remember she may not want to touch you or have you touch her too much because you and she have something in you like that girl. I reckon your sex life isn't too good.

VAN TONDER *[Rises angrily.]*: Are you putting me in the same category as that? I tell you we've got no sexual problems! I don't want any of your filth!⁵²

Veldsman rises, crosses opposite Van Tonder.

VELDSMAN: Then how is it that you're getting so excited now? I know for a fact, that depressed women are very often low on sexual drive. I know Afrikaners with brown blood are often frightened of sex because of what it has produced. You go to a white shrink and he'll give her electrical treatment and tell you comforting lies, whereas you don't like the truth I'm telling you because it hurts!

VAN TONDER *[moving right]*: All right, I'll tell you what happened. We played games all right. But I was always the white man and she was always the native. Ja. I learned it all from my Tannie Marie. 'Nineteen forty-eight we

⁵⁰ Van Tonder does the defence of "splitting" and "denial". Yes, he played with Thandi but it wasn't sexual in the literal sense. Actually we discover later that it was. The Stanislavski-type "through line" for the Veldsman actor here is to welcome his memories of childhood sexuality and try to situate them in an atmosphere of self-acceptance. The rarity of psychoanalysis in white Afrikaans culture is suggested by the utter contempt of Aart De Villiers to what he calls "shit" dialogue (*drek-dialogue*) in his review (see Appendix).

⁵¹ This denial is in the form of "Methinks the lady doth protest too much". It turns out that Veldsman's intuition is correct – but – tragically for him – this drags Veldsman deeper into Van Tonder's secrets. Veldsman is now a full "transference" figure in Freudian terms. With a psychotic (manic) or extremely vicious psychopathic personality, a transference relationship, extremely positive or extremely negative, may take years of patient, courageous and at times foolhardy therapy to unravel. Van Tonder is being "de-centred" although willingly, not under torture. He has a choice of how to resolve the cognitive and emotional dissonance of having to admit what he denied: he can identify with the therapist and all will then be well. Or he can retreat in horror when he "wakes up" and sees the abyss of total reformation lying like a deep cliff at his feet. He flinches and to restore his badly destabilised balance kills his potential saviour in a vengeful rage. We can anticipate this coming (as the Afrikaans critic Aart De Villiers anticipates) but still, as in *Hamlet* we want to see the ultimate tragic horror of a stage full of corpses and to see how *this* bloody prospect will end in what kind of exact violence so as to produce catharsis.

⁵² Veldsman simply makes an interpretative suggestion but to Van Tonder this psychotherapeutic and psychiatric probing with the speculum will seem to him that Veldsman is raping her with the speculum.

Afrikaners came to power,⁵³ she said, ‘and now we are going to conquer the English in the cities and keep the races pure.’ [*Sits on the chair, right.*] ‘Jaap,’ she said, ‘always remember the struggle for the land is the struggle for God and God is with the Afrikaner because we are the people of the Bible.’ And she told me all the old stories. So I said to Thandi....

VELDSMAN: Show me what you did.

VAN TONDER: Show you? All right, I’ll show you.

VELDSMAN: I’ll be Thandi. [*He moves to the table, takes cloth; tucks it into trousers round his waist as a skirt*]: My nem is Thandi Ngubane.⁵⁴ Ai em eight yez old. Every deh Ai come weeth mai muther, Mrs Betty Ngubane, to Fontein Flats, Jorissen Street, Braamfontein, from Alexandra Townsheep. Theezz boy is Japie van Tonder who leeves downstez in the beelding and some dez we play together. He is only fife yez old. [*Van Tonder laughing at Veldsman’s extraordinary appearance*] Come on, captain. Enter into the spirit of the thing. What did you do? Make it up. Go back! Enter your history. [*Van Tonder rises, crosses up right for the broom, puts his foot out and wrenches off the handle*]

VAN TONDER [*crossing down right centre, allowing himself to join the*

⁵³ 1948 was the year the “loaded” rural Afrikaner vote in the whites-only election got the Afrikaner Nationalists into power.

⁵⁴ This stereotyped African accent has to be done with verve and charm. The intention is not to mock African English but to laugh with it. Thandi has to be a little girl, innocent and spontaneous. Barrie Hough’s review in *Beeld* mentioned Bill Curry who is dark brown but not African finding difficulty in managing the versatility and panache required to make the transition between the role-play required of the actor playing Veldsman – though mimicking African English may be politically incorrect. This whole ethos of embarrassment about sexuality, valid ethnic or language differences, political correctness etc., etc., enables the “colonial personality” like Thabo Mbeki to get away with omnipotent behaviour – because he can always play the race card in any encounter when he, the unconsciously insecure, black man is not in full control. Some Jews do this by accusing critics of Zionism of being anti-Semitic. Here we have the prospect of two children going to engage in sex-play. *Not even Mandela when first in office dared open up a dialogue about African sexuality.* In refusing government-subsided or free anti-retrovirals to be given to AIDS sufferers this entailed Mbeki’s paranoid and delusional version of the AIDS narrative: a conspiracy to insult African men as predatory sexual beasts (his own imagery) - cutting his nose off to spite his face. This was his fatal *hamartia*. He may have got away with it in Mugabe’s even more grandiose discourse of the victimised indigenous in Zimbabwe where an AIDS infected ZANU-PF member called himself “Hitler” with some pride - the omnipotence of the paranoid colonial personality. There had been clashes between the two guerrilla armies in the early 1980s. All of these reactions are reactions in the African or Afrikaner colonial personality with its inability to move from the paranoid-schizoid (imaginary) to the reparative-depressive phase (part of the ethical in the Real).

game] I am Jan van Riebeeck, the first governor of the Cape, and you are a Hottentot. [*Veldsman puts on a tie as a headband and kneels.*] A stinking Hottentot smeared with suet so smelly that I can smell you a hundred yards away. You steal my cattle and you are lazy.⁵⁵

VELDSMAN [*as Thandi; kneeling*]: Now, you are the meeshonary. [*Van Tonder crosses his hands*] Oh pleez Mistah Meeshonary, I am the Hottentot, pleez mek me into a Chrishun. . . . I went in the river an I wushed all my sins away. And I don't beleev in the speeruts of the treez and the speeruts of the earth. I beleev Jesus Chris' is come to save me. There is only one God, His son is Jesus Chris', I must not steal or be lazy, I must go to chech on Sunday

VAN TONDER [*getting his hat and returning right centre*]: I am my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Jaap van Tonder, Boer of Graaff-Reinet district, and I will tell you the bloody missionaries have made the Hottentots lazier and they steal all my cattle so I'm going to beat you because you are a good-for-nothing. [*Takes tie off Veldsman, miming the beating.*] So I beat you like this with my *sjambok*⁵⁶ — till you learn — you — are — the — servant — and — God — has put — his power — in my hands — over you...

⁵⁵ In conformity with denial and the resistance Van Tonder cannot at this stage plunge into the revelation of sex-play with Thandi. J.M.Coetzee in *Write Writing* contrasts the idealisation of the noble savage in the early white American (seventeenth century) view of the indigenous Americans compared with the rejection of the Khoi-Khoi and the San. Coetzee suggests this is partly motivated by the early Euro-American commercial entrepreneurs' desire to open up the great economic opportunities of North America. Coetzee contrasts this by comparison with a dangerous and largely arid South Africa outside Cape Town (before gold and diamonds were discovered inland) and the Cape being a backward colony. And yet the isiXhosa speakers in the Eastern Cape Province are portrayed by shipwrecked sailors in a benign light according to Coetzee. Of course. They didn't stay long enough to exploit them and go – producing a “savage” reaction. To European audiences Veldsman's portrayal of the Hottentot proselyte as a criticism of religion produced laughter in sophisticated London. Perhaps Aart De Villiers in a Johannesburg Afrikaans newspaper can't de-centre from Afrikaner Nationalist Calvinist outrage in the face of satire which then in his terms is demonized as “shit”dialogue. This critique is to be found in Appendix Five. From an Afrikaner Calvinist standpoint the play is also blasphemy. Van Tonder later enacts the way in which the missionaries were the sworn enemies of genocidal and enslaving Afrikaners. On the other hand the Afrikaners were also fighting for their lives. Is the Real behind their racism essentially the class-based greed of pioneering nomads with guns looking for land to possess as in the U.S.A.'s “How the West Was Won”? There are a number of myths of the indigenous, some romantic some racist and negative. In different hegemonies there are different cultural hegemonies and different ideological interpellations won by force and consent. This does not exclude a determined link to material class-race interests which may be conscious or unconscious.

⁵⁶ Animal-hide whip.

Veldsman crawls to behind the left chair, rises. Van Tonder turns to the chair, tie on hands like handcuffs.

VELDSMAN: In the name of King George IV and the Cape colonial governor, I seek justice before British law. Your worship, this Boer, Van Tonder, beat me regularly. I am the victim of his incessant assaults. The missionary will tell you I am honest.

Van Tonder stands behind the chair, facing front.

VAN TONDER: I am Jaap van Tonder, my great-great- great-great-great-great-grandfather. I am here before this British court, brought here, brought here I say, by my Hottentot, whom I beat! I say to you British, I am an Afrikaner, never will I be British, and God has put me here in trust over the heathen and the God-forsaken. You give them equal rights at the expense of good simple Christian folk who live by the book. Now that you have got machines to do the work, you free the slaves, you who made an empire out of slavery! You hypocrites! Send your troops to stop the kaffer tribes — not to take Afrikaners to the circuit court!⁵⁷

VELDSMAN [*getting assegai and shield*]: I am Thandi's great-great-great-great-grandfather and I fight in the impis of the great kings of the Amazulu for Shaka and Dingana. These Boers are like flocks of birds, eating up all our lands. As we conquered the Ndebele and the Pedi, the Shangaans and the Tswanas and the Swazis, the Xhosa and the Pondo and the Fingo — so we will finish them off — oh — heh!

Veldsman hums, chants and stamps a war chant and praises of the Zulu kings, whilst Van Tonder joins in the rhythmic stamping, up right by the bed;

Veldsman left centre of the bed.

VELDSMAN: Oh the great king he leaps

⁵⁷ In the early nineteenth century, in the short period of Cape colonial liberalism when “negrophilist” anti-slavery discourse was prevalent and influential, the British government saw to the establishment of something like an independent professional judiciary. The circuit courts heard cases where Coloured (“Hottentot”) serfs or Cape Malay slaves alleged assault against their masters (see Marais 1939 /1968). A British colonial court sentenced Boer rebels to death after the Slagter's Nek rebellion and executed them – having to hang them twice after a botched first attempt. This is imprinted in the Afrikaner political unconscious as what Lacan and Jameson call the Real – perhaps too painful for the De Villiers' Real. He is bored and perhaps unconsciously contemptuous in his attitude to his own Afrikaner history for which he blames the author by projective identification.

Like a lion eating up his enemies
 He washes his spear in the little people
 Who run like frightened buck
 Before his terrible regiments.⁵⁸

VAN TONDER *[striding forward]*: Trek, trek north! *[Veldsman puts the assegai and shield on the table, runs up right. He moves the bed into the centre as an ox-wagon. He gets rope up right, puts the chair right as oxen, gives the rope to Van Tonder, who puts it over the chair as a harness.]* Get the wagons loaded with everything, inspan the oxen, come on, Veldsman, push the wagon. *[Veldsman pushes.]* Over the mountains, over the Blouberg and the Drakenstein, over the Karoo, into the wilderness, fighting the fever, and the tribes. . . *[He whips up the oxen.]* Ka! Ka! Whoa! The black hordes are gathering in the plains! Into a laager! *[He pulls the chair by the bed and Veldsman takes the chair left, making them into a semicircle down-stage of the bed. Both are inside the circle. Giving orders]* Chain the wagons together! Stuff thornbushes between. Women and children behind, loading the guns. Get out there, Veldsman, you're the tribesman. *[Disgusted]*: Ag, man, what the hell are you playing at? You're the tribes! You got to get shot. *[He takes his own pistol, wildly excited.]* Now we'll see some action! You want to play games! We'll play games! What about Sharpeville? What about Blood River?
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VELDSMAN: Put that gun away!

VAN TONDER *[doing so]*: All right man, I was only joking. *[He kneels down behind the bed, holding his 'rifle'.]* Come on, Veldsman, get out there and

⁵⁸ This chant is analogous to the *melos* of the choral song and choreographed movement said to accompany the action in a Greek play. Here is the African oral tradition which some Europeans find primordial. See Gray (1968) for Zulu praise-songs. The Great Trek is sacralised in Afrikaner history. It becomes a centre-piece in Bantu Education and resented by Gcina Mhlophe et al in *Have You Seen Zandile?* in the 1970s as taught in her mission boarding school having to keep to the Verwoerdian syllabus.

⁵⁹ The battle at Blood River (Weenen) was the Afrikaner revenge for the treacherous murder of the unarmed delegation of Piet Retief at Ungungunghlovu by King Dingane. Coupling this with the Sharpeville shooting dead of sixty-nine people and scores wounded by police of unarmed stone-throwing anti-pass law protesters on 21st March 1960 of would be another example of "shit-dialogue" for Aart De Villiers writing in an Afrikaans Johannesburg pro-government daily blaming the subversive author who arouses De Villiers' "black" hatred by projective identification repressed to produce "boredom".

charge. [*Veldsman picks up his shield and assegai, not waiting for anything.*]

Pow! Pow! [*Van Tonder uses the broomstick as a gun.*] You're dead,

Veldsman.⁶⁰

[*Veldsman doesn't move.*] You kill ten of me, and I kill one of you... yes?

VAN TONDER [*excited*]: Dance, sing, give the war cry, begin, begin!

VELDSMAN [*stamping the Zulu war dance*]:

Son of the righteous one, he who thunders on the ground, bird, devourer of other birds,

Great Leaper who bounds over all others —

Veldsman falls as Van Tonder shoots. Veldsman gets up. Crouching low for the first lines, then leaping on to the table; very quietly:

He is the stealthy leopard and for long he has blocked the river crossings against the rabble.

He is the river ford with the slippery stepping stones, and they slipped on the stones, his enemies.

A wild beast, he rose from the thickets in fury against those people.

A storm, he was thundering down with his regiments!

Springs off table at Van Tonder, who shoots as he gets on to the bed. Again, 'shot', Veldsman falls, then gets up at once.

VELDSMAN [*at first in a fearful whisper, then with shield uplifted, looking mad*]:

Shaka! I fear to speak the name Shaka!

Raving mad he ravaged among the towns,

He seized firmly the assegais of his father,

He who was like the maned lion! He scattered the enemy,

Struck the nations. [*Jumps up on bed. Now, the massacre of Piet Retief by*

King Dingana. Veldsman takes the skin off the bed, throws it over his head and seats himself up in kingly fashion on the table.] So you come to see the King

Dingana at the Royal Kraal Umgungundhlovu. . . Come in Piet Retief. . . [*Van*

⁶⁰ The child-like joy of the game caused laughter in the Cardiff and London productions but – again the depressive atmosphere of political correctness at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg, and Bill Curry's awkward gravitas put a damper on things. Curry is brown but not African-looking in the least. Perhaps this inhibited the child-like comedy of this line: he couldn't pretend to be an African girl without violating some interior code of misguided political correctness and so became merely embarrassing. This is mentioned in Hough's review in an Afrikaans paper *Beeld* (see Appendix Five).

*Tonder walks to Veldsman as if unarmed.]... unarmed, as a token of peace.
 [Van Tonder offers Veldsman a piece of paper.] You who put Mzilikazi to
 flight, you who offer to end my other enemies, you who in return for alliance
 want me to give you Natal. [Veldsman puts a mark on the paper with his
 thumb and gives it to Van Tonder who turns away. Suddenly] Bulalani
 abathakati!⁶¹ [Veldsman leaps off the table as if stabbing Boers.]
 He felled Piet among the Boers, he slew Pieter, he ate up the Boer with the
 broken teeth
 and him whose teeth are sharp
 he felled that one with a stone flintlock gun
 and the Boer with the powerful arms.
 He slaughtered Jan, son of Stephanus among the Boers.*

VAN TONDER [*annoyed*]: Hey, Veldsman! You said ten kaffirs for one
 Boer. I only got three kaffirs and now you get at least ten of us. It's not
 historical, man.⁶²

VELDSMAN [*goes on stamping as if at Van Tonder, who gets in front of
 bed*]:

And he killed Jan the son of Seitzman, the short Jan, the tall Jan and Jan with
 the gap in his teeth. He felled Jan Jembroek among the Boers,
 and him with a mouth like a honeysucker,

⁶¹ "Kill the wizards" - isiZulu. The following traditional praises reinstate a theatrical oral tradition by a vivid *mimesis* which is literally heroic and poetic – playing on the various "Piet's" amongst the names of the Afrikaners. The double-edged "praises" commemorated the elaborate verbal descriptions of the murdered defenceless Afrikaner peace-delegation in terms of their various physical and behavioural characteristics. By so memorialising the treacherous massacre (which was more than revenged at the Battle of Blood River and gave rise to the public holiday called "Dingaan's Day" – the 16th December) an amaZulu defence mechanism is perhaps at work arising from guilt so that the "praises" humanise the Boer victims of the Zulu slaughter as real actual people who were well known and "worthy" opponents of the Zulu regiments and who therefore then entered Zulu oral history. Or what is barely suppressed is savage joy in getting revenge – making the "praises" very ugly for Afrikaners and other Christians but ecstatic for pagans and extreme black nationalists. This is a post-modernist *aporia* because there is no agreed fusion of an *a priori* and a *zeitgeist* moral-aesthetic.

⁶² This evoked laughter in the 1978/1979 productions. Again what happened is the occurrence of a shared, attuned *theatricum analyticum* with an audience which hopes against hope that somehow there might be a happy ending in store. The atmosphere at the Market Theatre Johannesburg production would have been fraught with conflicting cultural hegemonies – Afrikaner nationalist, black nationalist, white and black middle class liberal, Christian and so on.

the one with a moustache on his lip,
 and him who fires a gun with two nostrils.
He leaps on to the bed, towering over Van Tonder. Listen Zulus,
 Listen to what the people tell me
 about this land of ours.
 We hear how the clans are chattering
 chattering about you
 like so many birds,
 and we say birds, we mean the golden finches, those whites
 they who stripped the cornlands
 of Dingana and Senzangakhona,
 Ha! They finished them off!
He raises his assegai so threateningly that Van Tonder draws his pistol.
Pause. Neither moves. Van Tonder smiles.

VAN TONDER: That's good, Veldsman, as good as a Zulu. [*Puts gun away; gets off bed.*]

VELDSMAN: Zulus aren't our problem.⁶³ [*Van Tonder sits on the chair, centre.*] Sit down, Van Tonder. Relax. [*Veldsman puts away the chairs; one down centre of table. Then takes off the skirt, re-ties it full length under his arms.*] Now, your problem. I am, you must imagine, the slave girl from Malaya with Hottentot and white sailor blood. [*Goes behind sofa.*] After recovering from his scurvy with fresh Cape fruit, vegetables and meat, that sailor went to the slave house between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. to sleep with my ancestor. 'I am nearly white, maybe I had white sailors on both sides of the family. [*Kneels on the bed as a slave girl.*] Oh, my master, you're taking me

⁶³ Actually "Zulu always *are* our problem" quite objectively apart from the author's special tie with the Zulu migrant workers who were employed by his mother in the block of flats in which he grew up and in particular with his childhood companion Peter Ngubane, the San-looking Zulu who, as in the San tradition was a good story-teller and actor and may have had the beginnings of a mission, primary school education and whose English was good. The majority African language group in South Africa speak isiZulu even outside Kwa-Zulu Natal. A major theme in this dissertation has been the rival tribal-ideological hegemonies in the ANC and the victory, finally, or at least for the time being of the Zulu-allied oligarchy of Jacob Zuma ousting the isiXhosa hegemony prevailing in the ANC since its foundation in 1912 – the amaXhosa being the first African group to have widespread contact with missionary education in the Cape – hence Tambo, Mandela, the Mbekis, Hani.

with you on the Great Trek, I will stay with you, even though the British will give us our freedom. . . So you have no wife, and you go off to settle on the banks of the Orange River with a few of us servant people. . . You looked at me, but you married a Boer vrou, but you had no children, master. So you just took me once in the field, master. Yes, true, you did master, and when the child came, your wife looked at me, and I was afraid, and I said, “Master, I must go to my relatives at another place, take my child, and bring it up as you will,” and secretly the child was kept and they made out it was the Boer vrou’s own, it was so white. So this is how it happened.⁶⁴

Van Tonder is obviously impressed

VAN TONDER [*musings*]: You think so. Possible...: [*musings*]: You think so. Possible...:

VELDSMAN Okay, but you’ve got to believe and feel that it was possible and not so disgraceful that you can’t even think about it without disgust. Lie down, captain. [*He does.*] Look at me, captain. [*Holds up finger; starts to swing it hypnotically.*] Let yourself become that Boer.

VELDSMAN [*very softly*]: This Boer in 1840, lived by the Orange River on his farm. His wife is sterile. ‘The Lord said: Go forth and multiply.’ And you want the children man, without children a man is nothing. Now concentrate. Shut your eyes, Van Tonder, man, and use a bit of imagination! [*Van Tonder does so.*] The slave girl is nearly white and a Christian. Eva⁶⁵ — let us say, she

⁶⁴ This is analogous to the implantation of false memories in psychotherapy patients but the intention here is benign although it will eventually enrage Van Tonder. See the footnotes to *The Cape Orchard* on the three-hundred and fifty year old history of miscegenation amongst the Afrikaners and also J.S.Marais’ history of the Coloured people.

⁶⁵ Eva was the name in the late 17th century of a Khoi-Khoi woman who actually married an early Dutch East Indian Company official in Cape Town. She would have been able to translate from the Khoi language into Dutch and vice-versa. She and other Khoi headmen or chiefs were used by the Company in key trading and diplomatic relationships over issues like buying and selling cattle and keeping the peace over the alienation of land concerning which the Khoi claimed autochthonous rights. The burghers either worked for the Company or became “free burghers”. The latter wanted farms for themselves as they moved across the mountains of the south-west Cape into districts which became known as Stellenbosch and Graaf Reinet. French Huguenots of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries settled in Franschoek – a Dutch/Afrikaner description of a French enclave – “hoek” means “corner”.

was called Eva. There's a thunderstorm, she and you run for a cave in the hillside, you start a fire to dry out. She takes off her drapery to dry it by the fire and hides, modest and naked at the back of the cave. [*Van Tonder eventually responds to Veldsman's mesmeric invocation of the scene.*] In his mind the voice of the Lord seems to say, Van Tonder, multiply, multiply, and give praise to the Lord, scatter your seed, be fruitful! Sons, Van Tonder, a long line of sons! This is not strictly adultery, says this divine voice, because your wife, she wants children, and maybe this child could be taken into the fold — man! — concubines — is not such a sin. . . Keep your eyes shut, Van Tonder, and imagine. He moves one step towards her. [*Veldsman does the girl's voice, softly, seductively.*] 'Oh master, master,' she says. . . 'Oh master, I always thought master was a fine strong man, is he afraid to take one step toward what God may put in his way.' [*In his own voice.*] His blood, his passion, his desire, his longing for sons, which is God's command to him, Van Tonder. . . [*Then Veldsman puts on the girl's voice; seductively.*] 'O master, I have two petals for you, two little yellow and pink petals for you.' Get it, Van Tonder? [*He is frozen.*] What does petals mean, man?...

VAN TONDER [*quietly*]: . . . the lips.

VELDSMAN: Not a black flower, not a brown flower... What colour. . . Keep your eyes shut, Van Tonder, imagine those lips. What colour?

VAN TONDER [*breathless*]: . . . pink and yellow...

VELDSMAN [*erotic, but shy*]: 'And I have two pears for you, master. Not burnt dark in the sun. Milky yellow pears for you master. . . ' So what does he do — he takes each pear, tenderly and feels it firmly, lovingly, and he is not ashamed. . . what does he do, quite literally, what does he do, Van Tonder?

VAN TONDER: . . . the tits...

VELDSMAN [*intensely erotic; then throw-away*]: Exactly, the breasts. . . and now this Boer, nothing can stop him, his mind is full of sons, not lust, well if lust, then it's in a good cause, so she says, [*Erotic and shy again*] 'O master, I have two melons for you, not overripe and darkened, but young and fresh and the colour of sand of the seashore by the Table Mountain. . . Two yellow brown...

VAN TONDER: Brown?

VELDSMAN [*airily*]: More yellow than brown, beige to be exact..⁶⁶ but melons. . . What does she mean, Van Tonder?

VAN TONDER [*very seriously*]: The arse.

VELDSMAN: So then she says, ‘O master, take the melons and the petals and refresh yourself. . . but master must not let me see his nakedness, just Moses.

VAN TONDER [*waking up completely*]: Moses? What the...?

VELDSMAN [*lost in the scene, carried away while unaware of Van Tonder looking at him incredulously*]: Moses’ rod, that miraculous staff that turned into a snake before Pharaoh, let Moses, let me have your Moses, let Moses raise his staff upon the promised land, the River Jordan waits for the chosen one, O master, here is that little river, flowing warm and sweet.

VAN TONDER: River Jordan, hey, I never heard it called that!⁶⁷

⁶⁶ The laughter here seemed irresistible in most productions. The “play” hovers between being immersed in fantasy *anamnesis* – a *poetically-induced* Being-There (Dasein) and a real historical episode and satire: the buttocks are not brown but genteel “beige”. It can also be understood in Julia Kristeva’s terms: we are in the throes of what she calls the “revolution” of poetic language which in fantasy is like emerging from the *chora* understood in the sense of a kind of ideal Platonic but non-conscious early neo-natal essence of pure play – here “rude” play: “What colour is your bum? Brown?” “No, dear, beige.” However what is also involved is what Kristeva calls the *semiotic*. Here the unconscious is structured like a language – here “rude” language which is charged with the capacity for metaphor and metonymy which may be entirely “innocent” although also “rude”. Kristeva can see that “rude” play mimics adult sexuality but does not need the heavy drama of the Oedipus complex. Humour in the unconscious is essentially subversive. “Your bum is brow-n... No, it is bei-ge.” The surreal intrudes into innate rhythms loved by the baby. These rhythms are retained by the poet and musical composer. Successful art in Kristeva’s moral-aesthetic transcends the horrors of abjection. Abjection occurs when the child leaves the *chora* and enters the mirror stage. This is equivalent to the paranoid-schizoid stage in Melanie Klein which is left behind when the child becomes depressed and seeks to make reparation for splitting and distorting the image of the attachment figure. “Your bum is brown because your shit is coming out! Your bum is full of shit!” “I don’t like your language...” “Sorry, Mum...” S/he finally masters the beginning of a fully spoken quasi-grammatical language by about 2 years of age and is amused by obscenity. Retrospectively, the adult is able to feel gratitude and love rather than envy and resentment towards the mother or attachment figures because she/they tolerated obscenity rather than punished it. This is not “shit-dialogue” but “beige-dialogue”. Calvinist Afrikaners do not like it.

⁶⁷ This poetic metaphor for the wet, secreting vagina is can be seen passionately, clinically or ideologically as visualisation in the speculum of the Other woman. She is not so other here, but within reach and the sex is consensual not rape either by the real penis, or, to a feminist thinker like Irigaray by the speculum. Van Tonder’s eager anticipation of the vagina can be funny if the audience can accept him being made fun of which Aart De Villiers, the Afrikaner nationalist paper’s critic, who needs and respects the Special Branch cannot do. Therefore it is not at all astounding that what in England caused hilarity caused Aart De Villiers to convey the idea that this was “shit” dialogue. Such is the effect of

VELDSMAN [*quickly before he loses Van Tonder*]: Hang on, man, we haven't got there yet!

VAN TONDER [*rises and crosses left*]: Nouja, to cut a long story short, she and he have it in the cave. . . So I've got to go to Hettie and tell her how it happened.

VELDSMAN: *How your great-great-great-grandfather might have been conceived. Hettie, you say, this is how our great- great-great-grandfathers or mothers might have been conceived! It wasn't so bad! [Pause. Van Tonder leans against the table.]*

VAN TONDER [*sombre*]: Give us a drink.

Veldsman takes off the cloth and crosses up-stage. He pours a tot of brandy which he takes to Van Tonder. Veldsman sits on the bed, facing him.

VAN TONDER [*soberly, drinking carefully*]: Love hey? Conceived in love? Yes, I could tell Hettie all that. Love and sons, yes, very possible. 'Hettie,' I say, 'it wasn't such a disgrace, you mustn't feel ashamed of colour — in — us — in him — in our son. . . *our* son. . . but Veldsman, what will he think of us — when he finds out — what we did to him'⁶⁸. . . [*Crosses up-stage, pours second drink, drinks.*] Yes, I could help her, Veldsman. But the hate, the hate of our son for us. . . what of that? [*Pause.*] I don't want to live, you know that, Veldsman. . . I'm the one that wants to be dead. . . So. [*Pours last drink, drinks the tot, gets the bottle and drinks a large tot.*] I'm afraid, Veldsman. I seen too much hate. I could tell her all that good thing, and next day the hate

an Afrikaner Calvinist upbringing projectively identified and transformed into faeces in the author's dialogue – but it is De Villiers who uses the s... word in his hatred.

⁶⁸ Here Van Tonder who rejects the son fears retribution, just as Laius does quite consciously and pre-consciously because of Laius' rape of his young pupil Chrysippus in charioteering, years before he becomes king of Thebes – rape of the prince he abducted who then committed suicide in shame but which incident is censored by Sophocles. This is a prediction of the oracle for the young Van Tonder who is expelled from the "white tribe". Freud in *Totem and Taboo* thought there was an archetypal memory of the traumatic events of generations of infanticides and patricides and rapes committed by fathers and sons until a "band of brothers" united to overthrow the primal father (or his substitute the divine son), eat him and commemorate him in a guilty act of atonement through a sacrificial meal such as the communion. In Greek mythology Cronus (who later eats his own children except Zeus who ultimately defeats him) castrates Uranus who has stuffed his children back into the womb of their mother his wife Gaia. In Freud the primal father has exclusive access to the woman /mother at the expense of the children until the band of brothers' uprising against him. Greek mythology symbolises what Freud and Klein describe abstractly as introjection, projection and projective identification.

would come back. *[Pause, bitterly]* Perhaps I am an animal. *[Pause.]* I want to be a lion, you hear? I've always wanted to be a lion. . . *[Suddenly, he roars, very like a lion, leaps on to the table; then leaps on to the floor, claws Veldsman. He roars]* Thandi!! I could bear to think of touching her with my claws! *[Spreads claws, caresses Veldsman with his nails.]* Tearing her flesh with my great jaws!! *[Slashes at Veldsman, who escapes to table; Van Tonder lies on the bed on his back.]* It's wonderful to be a lion. *I am the lion that can talk!* *A-r-r-g!!* To lions, colour is nothing. *[Rolls over, kneels.]* Yes, I played lions and Thandi was a buck! *A-R-R-G.* The word *buck* makes my mouth water, which is nearly two feet wide, look. *[He opens wide.]* *A-a-a-a-r-g!* Come down, Thandi, to the water's edge I want my dinner!.. *[Softly.]* You a beautiful black buck, come down to the water hole... *[Entering the game, Veldsman, on delicate buck feet, comes down to the 'water's edge' — tin trunk.]* I go on the side where the wind blows my scent away from the buck.. . *[He circles with great stealth and grace.]* O drink, little buck, little black buck Thandi... *[Veldsman drinks at the water hole.]* This isn't a garage in Braamfontein, little black buck, this is the veld, the bush, the long grass, the thorn-trees, the great herds, the great prides of my fellow kings, greater kings than Shaka and Dingana, for we lions do not hate, we are just hungry and kill. . . *[Quietly.]* Oh little buck.

Oh Africa.. . What have the men done to you. . . *[Pause. Suddenly, with terrifying strength and speed he springs on to Veldsman and they mime the killing of the buck. Both fall on the bed.]* It's all right, Veldsman. . . She lay there while I licked her. . . licked the blood off her. Thandi pretending very nicely to be dead beside the wheel of the 1942 Ford V8. . . *[He rises and Veldsman breaks left.]* Then my father comes in quietly from the tram depot. Thandi runs upstairs. . . *[Van Tonder takes his belt out of his trousers. He cracks it on the floor and Veldsman takes it.]* He gives me the strap, man. Oh, that hate! Just let it crack down! Go on, hit the floor, so's I can get the hate out. 'Japie,' he says, 'you know why you're getting the belt. . . *[Veldsman cracks belt on floor.]* One for dirty games with a girl. *[Belt.]* Two. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir. *[Belt.]* Three. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir, because you're a Christian and you should know better. *[Belt.]* Four. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir because you're an Afrikaner Christian. *[Belt.]*

Five. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir because I'm your father and I've got to teach you a lesson. [*Belt.*] Six. . . for. . . ' [*Exhausted.*] I've forgotten. . . [*Collapses on to the bed; Veldsman bends over him.*]⁶⁹

VELDSMAN: Oh wise lion, who is above Boer and Zulu, above Black man and White man, oh wise lion, stronger than Dingana and Shaka, cleverer than Piet Retief and Maritz and Potgieter, think only of your lioness, your lioness who lies sick in her den.

VAN TONDER [*getting up, obviously a bit drunk, but his face transfigured with delight and immediately assuming gorilla-like postures with grunts*]: Gorilla. . . ugh. . . ugh.... From lion to ape, to Bushman to Hottentot to Bantu to coolie to coloured to Jew to British to Boer — up the scale of evolution ⁷⁰— I've got to work my way up, see, overcoming the hate. . . Yes, you're right, Veldsman. . . I've got to get it out of my system. . . And sex. . . I've got to learn about sex across the lines. . . Now we got to start with the gorilla. . . I am a male gorilla. [*He grabs Veldsman, who struggles away.*]

⁶⁹ What the Boer in Van Tonder does to his wife and child the autobiographical father inflicted as a perceived punishment on me, in the form of an over - hasty marriage a few months after the autobiographical mother's death. He was *not* punished directly but was punished psychologically because the father was now, by marriage associated with a white, conventionally racist Afrikaner Christian. The author was also indirectly punished by being drawn in by her collusion with his fantasies of being able to sell his share of the autobiographical mother's estate for a profit – but out of which he was cheated – by an Afrikaner business-man (Mr K). But Christ was in his creative unconscious, his *semiosis* held by the container of the creative unconscious the *chora* and Christ and God would, he prayed, save him (from himself). This private Stanislavkian through line gives access to authentic emotion for this scene which would be different for different actors and different audiences in a different *theatrum analyticum* De Jongh of *The Guardian* and others would have sensed a different catharsis to do with (their own projectively identified?) state of mind. De Jongh speaks of the author's "few drops of rancid passion". Freud's aesthetic in his work of psychopathic characters on stage (see the Bibliography) suggests that the theatre and literature enable us to vicariously enjoy the hero's suffering. Some *Guardian* readers would no doubt enjoy the author's suffering at the hands of contempt from critics and amongst the avant-garde in London - the reaction of those amongst the *Guardian* readers in the know who might be able to conclude seeing the names of the author and the other actor: "these are not real mixed race actors: just liberal white South Africans parading their useless guilt." Hence the patronising contempt.

⁷⁰ Obviously the Afrikaner Nationalist critics like Aart De Villiers in the review reprinted in the Appendix would be offended by this "*drekdialog*" which expresses a drunken and a very simplistic view of evolution in the not fully educated Afrikaner policeman. Non-Afrikaner audiences overseas laughed at the bitter satire of the African, the Indian, the Jew, the British and the Boer arranged in a hierarchy in that order as if that order of things was determined by evolutionary biology and not by history. This parody infuriated or irritated the Afrikaner Nationalist and Afrikaans critics Aart De Villiers and Barrie Hough (see Appendix Five).

VELDSMAN [*anxiously*]: Van Tonder. . . Haven't we gone far enough for one day? Tomorrow's another day, man.

VAN TONDER [*insane and happy, suddenly becomes a chimpanzee*]: A chimp. . . you get it, Veldsman? One up the scale. Now, I try one more miscegenation, also one up the scale: chimp and Hottentot, then I become a *man!* [*Throws himself on bed.*] I become a — a — Bushman and I have it off with a — a — Hottentot, and then I become my great- great-great-great-great-grandma. [*Works up to an orgasm.*] A true coloured and. . . I'm through — through the hate barrier. [*He gradually quietens down.*]

VELDSMAN [*gently, soberly*]: What about Hettie?

VAN TONDER: Right! You're Hettie, see. [*Rises, crosses left.*] And I'm myself. [*Veldsman puts blanket round himself.*] All right, all right. Now get on to the bed. This is it, Veldsman. VELDSMAN: Just take it easy, captain. You can't do it all at once. [*Sits, holds blanket as if a baby; Van Tonder sits by him.*]

VELDSMAN [*as Hettie*]: Oh my baby, oh my brown baby, oh my poor brown baby. . . We're still white aren't we, Jaap? The government is not going to reclassify us as coloured because of the brown baby, is it? I don't feel coloured, I just feel bad, not brown, but bad, bad. . . Oh Jaap, I loved that child, and I feel so guilty for loving him, somehow. . . and yet when I think of his brown skin, brown curly hair, brown eyes.⁷¹

VAN TONDER [*really irritated*]: All right, man, that's enough with the brown! [*Rises, and walks left*]

VELDSMAN [*asserting himself*]: You've got to keep saying it till she gets the idea that she, who is partly brown, and you, who are partly brown, are not bad because of colour! [*Van Tonder returns to the bed and sits.*] Now the hard bit. You and her. Hettie, you say, 'When you touch me sexually, do you ever think of me or yourself as brown, you know, brown, curly hair, thick lips, flat

⁷¹ This reiterates the story of Sandra Laing (see Carroll) relating to the real history of the woman who was indeed given away by a white Afrikaner family and wanted to see her grieving – later dying - mother. The author was being prevented by the possibly well-intentioned advice – perhaps coming from a collaborator with the Afrikaner Nationalists, Transvaal state prosecutor Dr Percy Yutar whose flautist wife was a colleague of my middle maternal aunt, a violinist - from re-visiting my dying mother in 1969 - for fear of police harassment. The failure of the author to prepare for grief had grave consequences in the subsequent period.

nose.

VAN TONDER: *Stop bloody well saying that! [Rises and crosses left.]*

VELDSMAN *[Rises.]*: But, captain, you've still got to describe the love scene of your ancestors, remember?⁷²

VAN TONDER *[turning]*: Okay, I'll have a go. . . *[Veldsman returns to the bed and sits wrapped in his blanket; Van Tonder shuts his eyes; very, very quietly]*: Hettie, we've come to a great turning-point in our lives. . . I went through that therapy with Veldsman. . . He took me back to the conception of our great-great-great- grandparents — something like that — *[Spitting it out] Mis—ceg—en—a---tion*. . . it's not so bad, Hettie! Lips, breasts, buttocks, even — that — the wet, running, river, milky brown, yellow brown, sand brown, all mixed up, it could have been quite beautiful, Hettie, just like it used to be between you and me. . . Hettie, I wouldn't mind if you were brown, brown you hear, *I wouldn't mind if you were brown!* *[Almost without voice — only just heard. Long pause. He opens his eyes. Veldsman suddenly realizes this is success, he looks radiant.]* Did you hear what I said?? I said I could love her if she was brown. . . *[He rises and walks up-stage, turns.]* What have you done

⁷² This is seen by the author as a genuine attempt to create a *mimesis* on-stage of cognitive behaviour therapy. CBT can work together with drama-therapy and psychoanalytic interpretative therapy. In CBT the patient is encouraged to verbalise or mentally rehearse ideas and thoughts which are rational and helpful in dealing with catharsis required by the depressed or anxious person. Such a person cannot put into words the pain of what is lost and what it was that originally caused the current sense of loss of a vibrant existential identity – of being-in-the-world, *Dasein* and the undermining effects of the absurd in the Being and Nothingness dichotomy. CBT can combine with psychotherapy in rescuing memories of split off emotions and repressed or suppressed traumata. As Lacan suggests the Real and the imaginary and verbalised symbolic thinking have to be joined up an interconnected triad. What is Real is the recurrent sense of trauma but it has to be rationally symbolised in thoughts and speech. If it is to made into art it has to draw from the post-*chora* of shadows and reflected memories (and the speculum looking at internal space). However, the remedial side of the *pharmakon*, the spell of the good psychotherapeutic transference is about to be broken in the play. This is partly because the schizoid-paranoid or manic psychopath wakes up to his original (equally Real) psychopathology. The *theatricum analyticum* of internalised good and bad objects for the character (*ethos*) and plot (*mythos*) suddenly goes from one kind of benign catharsis to a malignant catharsis which is no catharsis but a replay of psychopathological violence. The *mythos* of the synchronic *parole* is about to be invaded by a return from the ideological diachronic *langue* of racist Afrikaner nationalist hatred which is exactly Van Tonder's *hamartia* having its own history in that Afrikaner nationalist *langue*. This is the traditional *langue* of the Great Trek meeting hostile tribes in the interior (in the townships, then taken into custody.) Afrikaner racism became a personal affront to me with the traumatic effect on me of my stepmother's racism which violates my mourned mother's "feudal" "paternalist" concern for her African servants in the block of flats where I grew up and where I loved Peter Ngubane the amaZulu / San senior cleaner who was an attachment figure for me evoking my African identity.

to me, Veldsman?

VELDSMAN [*with happiness*]: You have found my blood in you. . . [*Long, long pause.*] ⁷³

VAN TONDER [*Feels he is disintegrating. To stop himself, he turns his accusations on Veldsman.*]: This is crazy. You are crazy. . . You are trying to drive me out of my mind, brainwash me. You're a certifiable lunatic, squatter, a subversive, practising a form of medicine without a licence. You've got to be taught a lesson from the Special Branch. I'm going to be merciful and settle the whole thing now...

Advancing on Veldsman, he seizes him, throws him on his knees, hits him with his knee under the chin. The blood spurts. He throws Veldsman onto the door, then kicks him in the crotch — Veldsman screams, lurches back against the wall by the table. Van Tonder picks up the basin, crashes it against the wall, missing Veldsman. Van Tonder picks him up and throws him on the floor — then crashes his foot down as if on his skull. He backs from Veldsman and

⁷³ This is the whole *logos* or thematic truth or at least the *eidos* the idea of the play, its moral ethics which are in Kantian terms *a priori* but also within the *zeitgeist* inspiring the spirit of the 1994 constitution. However what follows is a very quick Aristotelian unravelling, a *denouement* showing how the *pharmakon*, the remedial therapist has become a *pharmakos*, a scapegoat. Yet in Van Tonder's tears after the killing of Veldsman there is his partial redemption. He is not a great man fallen but certainly he has touched what little goodness there is in him elicited by Veldsman's unselfish *caritas*, though his ultimately misguided aim of an immediate therapy and his own previous sins – torture and murder of detainees - are his *hamartia*. He has betrayed the good part of himself, his wife and his child. The autobiographical father has also betrayed the autobiographical mother and his son by denying the manic (omnipotent) element in his own unconscious – his totally unwise behaviour after the mother's death. Van Tonder has visited the *chora* (the female-type container of the unconscious), that of the good mother / father / brother in Veldsman, has been abjected by his own *hamartia* into a harsher *theatricum analyticum* full of bad objects, poison, not remedy. He has backed away from the *aletheia* he glimpsed when he and Veldsman broke his chains at the back of the Platonic cave and he turned to see the light, which revealed itself in another ethical being in the world. He actually did what Levinas (see Steurman 2000) suggested. He saw the face of the Other as Other to him, just as he was Other to Veldsman on the basis of basic trust, as brother; but then his envy, fear, hate and rage return as his ultimate emotional Real.

starts to cry with great shuddering sobs.

Long slow fade as Van Tonder weeps.

THE END

JANNIE VELDSMAN*

A Film Scenario (2012)

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JANNIE VELDSMAN – A Film Scenario (2012)

Michael Picardie

Cast

JANNIE VELDSMAN a clinical psychologist and psychotherapist

CAPTAIN JAAP VAN TONDER a security policeman

Scene: A flat, Jannie Veldsman's temporary place in Bellevue, near Yeoville and Observatory, suburbs of Johannesburg.

Time: 1st April 1965.

ACT ONE

The setting throughout is Jannie Veldsman's accommodation in Bellevue near the borders of Observatory and Yeoville, previously white suburbs segregated according to the Group Areas Act. The kitchens, gardens, streets and shops are full of black domestic servants – Zulu migrant workers – Sotho speaking maids, gardeners, cooks and nannies who live in servant quarters or travel in by train and buses from the townships and who congregate and laugh and swop stories at the tops of their voices about the “white medems”, black delivery men on bikes with parcels of meat and groceries, black drivers in vans, and the occasional black student or traveler walking across the Yeoville “koppie”, Indian street traders selling fruit and vegetables from a horse and cart. Inside there is a convertible sofa-bed, chairs, book shelves, a kitchen with a cooker fridge, pots and pans, food and drink, conservatory with an oak table. On the conservatory table there are brandy and glasses and a table cloth in cotton print with a African pattern from Botswana, two carved and painted African dolls of a nurse and a doctor in European clothes, a solar topee and an askari's fez, wicker sofa, and in the back garden a cherry tree. There is a telephone in the lounge. On the walls of the conservatory and the lounge and bookshelves there are photographs, prints and newspaper cuttings. There is a block-mounted African woodcut by Azaria Mbatha and a picture of Mandela boxing with Gerry Moloi. There is a tempera painting of a young Coloured girl, Anita Thomas from Bosmont, a Coloured township.

During the action the camera looks at pictures - photos and reproductions on the wall – including reproduction of the Freedom Charter adopted at the Kliptown Congress of the People in 1955, and the pictures of the women on which we, as the “speculum” gaze as the camera gazes at a Modigliani print, a Gustav Klimpt print and a Toulouse-Lautrec print of a ballet dancer and an impressionist sketch of a nude in crayon. There is a modern sculpture in welded steel of two rugby players, a third- life size African sculpture of a man done in expressionist / cubist style with a stringed instrument and wearing a straw Lesotho hat, and an Arab kefia, an African stool of African hardwood (a “curio”), a factory-made imbuia or stinkwood knobkerrie in the lobby and an African drum.

On the lounge sofa there is a piece of kitsch leopard- skin material and a piece of hand-woven Nigerian cloth . Under the sofa there is a deadly assegai or a steel hammer or a carving knife or all three.

Jannie Veldsman is in a black vest, shorts and sandals on the wicker sofa in the conservatory with the blinds down half asleep. Then he looks out of the door which he then locks and paces about in the house looking at the front door . Then he kneels and invokes some object deeply symbolic for him – the woodcut of the Flight into Egypt. Then he recites his version of what he has learned as a translation of the !ka !karushe /Xam invocation of the moon (see the Bushman section of Stephen Gray’s The Penguin Book of South African Verse (1968) and the ethnographic anthology W.H.I Bleek and L.C.Lloyd Bushman Folklore (1911/1968) on the Cape San prayer before hunting which advocates that the moon should not be looked at before tracking game if the game is to be successfully shot.

VELDSMAN: Moon, Khoisan moon, !ka !karushe, young moon, you who eat and grow big and die and are born again, you stars give me your light, blind with your light the springbok’s eyes, that I may hunt and feed again, and when you die moon grow large and live again you god of life, gather me together and let me also live again.....(Repeated)⁷⁴

Tonder bangs loudly on the front door. Veldsman gets a deadly sharp assegai from under the sofa, then opens the door. Van Tonder is dressed in a leather jacket, brown trousers, dark-glasses and a khaki shirt. His mood fluctuates – often arrogant, sometimes humorous and friendly, frequently opinionated, sarcastic, and usually passionately sincere, sometimes in a rage in the full flow of his racial pride. Part of

⁷⁴ This Veldsman is not enacting the author’s father’s Jewish / Christian identity conflict which distresses his proxy-son the Veldsman in the original version and makes him seem weak to the Africanists in the 1985 Sherman Arena Theatre revival at the Africa Centre in London (see Appendix). Perhaps it is this that makes him seem a product of guilt-ridden liberalism to Nicholas De Jongh in *The Guardian* review of the 1979 King’s Head production (see Appendix). Professional pride causes the author to try to refute this critical attack in this re-write. Veldsman is now strong and unafraid because he faces a rational patient not a manic or psychopathic patient. He does not need to acquire “liberal” sentimental sympathy by living in a shack in Western Coloured Township. He lives “normally” in a decent flat in a decent suburb although under the Group Areas Act, illegally. This gain in *mimesis* is at the expense of the de-familiarising extremes which caused contempt and ridicule in the Afrikaans critics in 1980 and the Pan-Africanists at the Africa Centre in 1985

him is bigoted but he is obviously vulnerable and in the midst of a crisis which has brought him to Veldsman and aware that he needs help.

Shaking his head Van Tonder smiles, takes an automatic pistol out of its holster and puts it on an occasional table. There it stays all through the play as a symbol of trust and a possibly threat against the breach of that trust. He puts his cheque-book down too. He smiles in a strange way, then looks sad. He shows Veldsman a copy of Veldsman's banning order then puts it in his inside pocket. Veldsman keeps a hold of the assegai. Van Tonder goes through the kitchen into the conservatory.

VAN TONDER: My visit is a combined one. To finish off the Pieterse-Mogai-Khoza-Bambata investigation... (*Looks at African prints on the walls.*) And to consult you, personally, famous diviner. (*Picks up African dolls puts them down.*) Well, let me put it this way. To me – I used to think this was superstitious, primitive nonsense fit for lunatics and fools. But if the people⁷⁵ believe the mind is affected by the ancestors ... Well and good. They believe in the ancestors we believe in the kingdom of heaven. (*Pause*) And the kingdom of heaven is within us⁷⁶, not so, Veldsman? (*Pause*) What is the kingdom of heaven but a family of good ancestors going back to the beginning of time with whom you are at peace...? *Maar, my liewe God, iets is ernstig verkeerd tussen my en die voorvaders... Ja, dit is seker.*⁷⁷ The ancestors are not happy with me,

⁷⁵ This usage became common during the 1980s and 1990s to refer respectfully to the African people, possibly a direct translation of *aBantu* – which means the same in the isiNguni languages – i.e. *the people* [who speak the Bantu-languages].

⁷⁶ This is a quotation from the Christian sayings of the autobiographical father. This whole play represents, in part, psychoanalytically *the author's* move from the paranoid-schizoid trap that the manic and omnipotent father induced in him. Having to fight him to keep his own Jewish integrity is no longer an issue, since the *bad object*, the *loathsome* Kristevan abject, the fascist Van Tonder, is psychologically now well and truly buried. The Afrikaner step-mother is buried and resuscitated in Leonie De Villiers (the stepmother said her maiden name was De Villiers) as no longer a racist but a liberal in *The Cape Orchard*. The father – in reality so unlike Van Tonder - who, pitifully, married an Afrikaner Christian racist to assuage his loneliness in extreme old age - was taken to Temple Israel Synagogue with the author to share Shabbat and where the author then started a multi-racial nursery school after burying the father as a Jew in 1993. This “born-again-ness” as a Jew is a confirmation of his liberal Jewish identity in the new South Africa. The new South Africa, riddled with crime and at times ungovernable and on the verge of becoming a failed state under the presidency of Thabo Mbeki, eventually destroyed his confidence after he was frequently robbed, mugged and finally carjacked in central and suburban Johannesburg.

⁷⁷ “But my dear God, something is seriously wrong between me and the ancestors that is certain” –from the Afrikaans. The cruel, punishing super-ego can never be satisfied. The ethical conscience – the ego-ideal – however may be gentle and loving in this mellowed Van Tonder with all his faults. This is Van

Veldsman... I must have offended them... And how are you Veldsman...? I've been following you around for days, weeks... You're on my caseload.... Here you are in Bellevue East when you should be in Bosmont. You, Veldsman, squatting in a white area. Man, it's illegal. I could have the ordinary police get you on a score of charges - I could(*tapping his inside pocket*)... get you inside for breaking your banning order - wandering around organizing this and that - *the boys from the bush* ... Ja, even from Rhodesia.... Serious stuff Veldsman. You want another three years in Pretoria Local? You lucky we didn't send you to Robben Island with the blacks... Breaking stones with Nelson Mandela. Your friend, John Harris was hanged this morning. It could have been you – you - a whitish Coloured guy infiltrating into a group of liberals and reds and Christians. If we had wanted to – you could have been the fall guy, we set him up, the one with the suitcase packed with explosives.... Well, we knew he was the one to disobey orders of his African Resistance Movement and put lives at risk... He seemed to want martyrdom... Yet he made a last minute phone call.

VELDSMAN: (*Deadly serious.*) Which you purposely ignored... I heard John at the trial....

VAN TONDER: (*Equally deadly serious.*) Yes, I was there... I looked at the top brass. In the security establishment – Van Den Bergh I saw them twitching.... I know for a fact they knew John Harris's bomb was coming and they ignored it.... For their own diabolical reasons – chose to ignore it.... I was there – outside the railway station – waiting for it to happen.... I rushed into the waiting room with the old woman and her grand-daughter and twenty other people in it to warn them.... I left it too late ...It went

Tonder's and my Heideggerian given, my *Dasein* –being-there in the world – and this is the ontological nature of guilt: I must waste some of my freedom by binding myself to my guilt simply because I have consciousness and choice. In Jewish thought, in Buber's *From Man to Man* I relate to the other as the neighbour in Biblical injunction and this enables me to focus my guilt through acts of reparation and redemption. In Sartre I may be guilty because of inauthenticity: I pretend I have no freedom to choose ethical freedom. In art I may enlarge the justified freedom of myself and the Other (see Sartre's *What is Literature?*). I have authentic freedom to choose this art or therapy which is over and above power. I have put down my power – my gun and my cheque-book. Compare this to the delusionary stage of the broken mirror in Veldsman prayer of terror and confusion in *Shades of Brown* where he seeks escape but courageously faces a monstrous Gorgon with a Medusa head which needs chopping off – but Veldsman has no polished shield to reflect her although he survives in the pre-sensational Cardiff premiere of the play in 1978. In Kristevan terms all these possibilities exist in the creative unconscious drawing now from the genuine Judaeo-Christian desire for making reparation to the redemption-giving child (the brown child).

off....A minute later and I would have been blown apart myself... But what am I? A mere functionary.... And to think – John Harris – he was not even a red... He was a Christian... It could have been you, Veldsman. But the *manne*, the Brigadiers and the Colonels thought no, not a Coloured man. A white man. To show we mean business. So the bomb goes off last year and now today April Fool's Day 1965 John Harris is gone to join the ancestors.. I hope he didn't suffer too much at the end...

VELDSMAN: (*Bitterly*) So you're here to express your condolences? This is not like you, Van Tonder.

VAN TONDER: I have had, Veldsman, a vision on the road to Damascus. *Ja, dit is waar, my vriend.*⁷⁸ No more do I hit, or torture, or rave, or rant. Ask *die manne*⁷⁹ in the Special Branch. Something has happened to Van Tonder. I been thinking and reading and praying and meditating. *Ja, ek het gevra van een van die Indiere kamerade*⁸⁰ – “Teach me yoga.” And he taught me. Of course, it's got to change... Veldsman, you may not believe this, but I see Him a lot these days... The Jewish boy from Nazareth... Son of God? We're all sons of God. I speak to God as if he was my father. In Russia, one day, the cold war will be over. Then, you'll see, God is not dead. God may be absurd but in my heart He is alive. It's just a pity all that Leninism, Stalinism, all the Kalshnikovs, all that training of some of your friends in the ANC get from the KGB and the East German Stasi.... We are talking world conspiracy Veldsman sucking in the do-gooders whilst the heirs of Uncle Joe Stalin and Chairman Mao are arming and training in techniques of torture and brainwashing to prevent deviation as well as how to plant mines and shoot and hurl grenades - putting death in the hands of previously harmless black kids from the reserves and the townships... You know what a Gulag is? Right now the comrades in Tanzania, Kenya, Angola, Rhodesia, they being sent on suicide missions against Ian Smith and us and we know from double agents right at the heart of the ANC exactly where they going to penetrate the borders – and we've got them. Utterly wiped out... And the commanders of *Umkhonto We Sizwe* they live the high life... The Joe Modise's....Cars, drugs, drink, diamonds, women, cash, houses...

⁷⁸ “Yes, it is true, my friend.”

⁷⁹ “The men.”

⁸⁰ “I asked one of the Indian comrades”.

Up north. In Lusaka. But the kids who protest - this is not why they fled into exile to be betrayed into suicide missions when the enemy knows exactly where they going to appear... The comrades of *Mbokodo* - The Rock That Crushes - the Joe Modise's going to lock them up in home-made African Gulags. Not a word to anyone, mind you? [*Veldsman nods*] On your oath? [*Veldsman nods again*] And my mind is preoccupied by our own Gulags. I'm ashamed of what I do of what the Special Branch and Military Intelligence is doing. And, on top of that, right now, Veldsman, I've a little family trouble, I'll admit it. I've been recommended to come to you. I'll admit that too. But it's for the family, and not for me. Yet I'm a troubled man. And I'm putting my trust in you. Why else did I put my gun down and next to it my cheque-book...? [*Puts down dolls; he picks up a newspaper cutting meant to be Abraham Ngo and his son in a rural area combing his hair in front of a hut. Then he stares at Veldsman very close up*] To me, you are a phenomenon. You don't often find a fellow Christian on the opposite side of this struggle. You not a terrorist or a serious subversive. You seem to have some sort of strange power for certain people – B.A. Honours – psychology, anthropologist too – an *inyanga*,⁸¹ an *insangoma*,⁸² for our black friends still in the grip of witches and ancestors... Not to speak of the mother-ridden bohemian white neurotics of the left..... Perhaps you can help me with my own indigenous worries... I'm unhappy... If it wasn't for God, I don't think I could go on. It's my.... Family... Something in my family; and in the – pretty terrible work I do... Perhaps – since I'm not coming down on you as I could like a ton of bricks - you could talk things over with me.... I'm troubled.... But officially before we get to my slight family problem I want to clear up this political stuff and then we can Get to the bottom of things.... You've got the day free?

VELDSMAN: You people don't usually call on me professionally. But in case I cancelled all my other appointments.

⁸¹ “A herbalist – a traditional healer” - isiZulu

⁸² “A witch-doctor – an exorcist, one who divines magic and sorcery” – isiZulu.

VAN TONDER: Veldsman, try to put the political stuff on one side. Look, I put my gun down. Pick it up anytime you like. It's a token of trust. And there's my cheque book. (*Indicates it on table, next to gun*). It's above board and professional. I'll pay you man. But take my advice. The Boers, the real Boers, not me, the Verwoerds, the Krugers, the Vorsters, have got the liberals and the left by the balls. Forget about the African Resistance Movement and the Spear of the Nation and *Pogo*, and the ANC, and the PAC contacting you, for whatever reason... You will be in power by the end of the century – before then... Until then my men are watching this place, Veldsman — I don't want to have to get you inside again... [*Crosses back through kitchen and lounge to lobby. Touches a scarf hanging on a hook and rubs it.*] I wanted to ask you about white women, all the white women you got tramping through this place. [*He laughs.*] I like the idea of all the white women you got here! *Ek is jaloers, man!*⁸³ [*He looks at the Toulouse-Lautrec, Klimpt and the nude sketch print on the wall opposite*] Christ! The thought of your miscegenated *mind* traversing certain areas of a white woman's mind — that's it – how I shall I put it – it doesn't offend me, Veldsman... Man, how can I explain it to you... Do you get me? It's deliciously indecent! But seriously you shouldn't be with the white liberals in Bellevue / Observatory in this – this - bohemia! You should be in your house in Bosmont so that we can all visit you in your apartheid purity! And on top of that you bloody breaking your banning order *and* you got women here *and* you got all kinds and colours! Jewish women, Coloured women, even black women consulting you. And you yourself; I never got the hang of what you are sexually, Veldsman? Are you a queer, perhaps?

VELDMAN: What business is it of yours? No, as a matter of fact....

VAN TONDER: Psychology is the coming thing in the Special Branch and Military Intelligence! I and people like me still been in the backveld too long! But we coming out, we catching up. And you been in pretty eminent company here, Veldsman. A prince of the Tembu tribe been here. You think I don't know Mandela's been hiding here? Anyway we got Mandela. Lucky for you, you weren't on the premises in Rivonia when we got the big fish... He's going to be on Robben Island for a long, long, time.... And one day when Mandela's an old, old man, and Sisulu, and Dadoo and Kachalia and Govan Mbeki, and Denis Goldberg and Albie Sachs and Joe Slovo and Ruth First and

⁸³ Afrikaans: "I'm jealous man!"

Chief Albert Luthuli... They'll all arise from the prisons and the places of exile where they lay down and wept and even from their graves – Wait! I know whose place this is! *[Goes to the picture of a Coloured woman Anita Thomas on lounge wall. The camera looks at it over his shoulder. Then he looks at a picture of the young Mandela sparring with Gerry Moloï. He looks back at Veldsman. Then to the picture of the Coloured woman.]* But who's this, your cousin? One of your mates? I been following you around for weeks but she I don't know! If any other cop was on the job you'd be inside Marshall Square or Pretoria Local or in the Compol building again standing on bricks with the other *manne!* How are your feet by the way?!

VELDSMAN: What is it man? John Harris is dead! Mandela and the top leadership are in Pretoria Central and Pretoria Local and Robben Island! What more do you want? To talk about Kierkegaard?

VAN TONDER: *[sits on an oak chair in sitting room.]* Funny you should say Kierkegaard. I been reading him in Afrikaans. Take the leap of faith. John Harris had faith. He was singing “We Shall Overcome” when they put the cap over his face and the noose round his neck. The trapdoor goes “Wham!” like a thunderclap from hell. Down, down into the darkness. Silence... *Ja.* John Harris is dead, and the old woman is dead the twenty others are recovering from their wounds psychological and physical. I rang Mrs Harris, John's wife to say, I was sorry, this morning, at dawn... the human race, Veldsman... *[He wander off disconsolate and finds a framed portrait of an actor playing the spirit medium, the mhondoro Charwe Nehanda in the lobby.]* Who is this for God sake? But this is new Veldsman. Man I read everything you write I listen to everything you and the comrades say on the phone...! *(He picks up the phone... Listens for a characteristic click...Says “Click”, laughs, puts the phone down, paces round the maisonette and goes into the conservatory looking at a framed photo of Ruth First.)* *Ja. “Communism and French Perfume” Ja, sy is a “cover-girl” in die oorsee'se koerante! Maar, ek wonder. Die lewe. Dit kort, ou pellie...⁸⁴* Not even Ruth First will last forever...We.... Who are we Veldsman?

⁸⁴ “Yes, ‘Communism and French Perfume’. Yes she's a ‘cover-girl’ in the overseas papers. But I wonder, life is short, even for Ruth First, old pal”: Afrikaans. Ruth First was killed in Maputo, Mocambique by a parcel bomb sent by South African Military Intelligence, some say by the double-agent, the operative Craig Williamson who is said to have killed Jennie Schoon and her daughter in Angola by the same method.

*Onse*⁸⁵ Afrikaners, we're a very warm hospitable people, but... (*ironically*) God gave us this country to hold in trust for Christ! *Is dit nie waar nie?* Christ defending apartheid! I mean, the whole idea of God entering into a Jewish woman from Nazareth to produce an only-begotten son – is absurd – but a brown Jewish Jesus defending apartheid ! *Ag*, I'm worn out defending Western civilization. I told them. Don't ask me to do any physical stuff with the detainees. I talk to them. I say to them – talk. I talk to them about Christ, non-violence, Ghandi. John Harris? I spent hours with him. I felt his agony. Every time a man dies in police custody — I feel... I *do* feel guilty about it. I *do* spend my time praying. Ngo, who they pretend had that mysteriously self- inflicted head wound ⁸⁶ and dies, Dennis Pieterse who developed that extraordinary illness for which he is in the mental hospital, Mogai, Bambata and Khoza who all attacked the gorillas personally and had to be restrained and got hurt. . . . And others. . . Their faces blood-stained, swollen, rise before me. .Man, this is the way the world is – Jew-Gentile, Chinese-Japanese, British P.O.W.'s in Burma – never mind what is going to happen to South Africa when “the people” take over – what is happening this very moment in the People's Republic of fucking China and the ex-Belgian Congo! And the Gulags of post-Stalin's Russia? Who raped the nuns in the Congo? Who killed Patrice Lumumba? Who wants to kill Castro? I know both sides of the political spectrum. But what can I do? I'm on the wrong side at the moment! If they get crazy or sick while under my authority? I do not kill, I do not torture! Man sometimes I think I'm having a breakdown.... I'll confess it to you. I want you to get me through this... [*Grimly*] Give me a special psychological training so that I can gently defend myself with the minimum of force. Get me to think of brown cabbages when they fling their heads at me so that I don't need to chop them. I been having scruples about violence that has come upon me since I been reading

⁸⁵ Here Van Tonder is alluding to one of the founders of Afrikaner Nationalism in the late 19th and early 20th century “Onse” (“Our”) Jan Hofmeyr. Another Jan Hofmeyr, who was a liberal and “native affairs” minister in J.C.Smuts' United Party, was blamed for Smuts' defeat in 1948. This later Hofmeyr was held to be responsible for losing that whites-only election to Dr. Daniel Malan's right wing Afrikaner Nationalist party. The Afrikaner Nationalist Party stayed in power till De Klerk's *détente* with the ANC and the other liberation organisations. Mandela and the new democratic government was formed in April / May 1994

⁸⁶ This refers to the murder by the Port Elizabeth Special Branch of Steve Biko, the facts of which are recorded by Donald Woods in his biography and by the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission 1998 Volume Three.

Kierkegaard..[*Feints a futile blow towards to Veldsman who still holds the assegai.*]
 I've lost my fear of what is strange... I hate violence... If people want to wound and hate me – let them... I somehow leapt in the dark in the Compol Buildings when I heard the cries of the tortured and the beaten comrades and I – took a chance and I believed as Abraham believed that God would not in the end let me sacrifice my child... That's what I've come to you about... I'll tell you in good time.. The strange thing is I remember my mother's love... The only Afrikaner in the Special Branch who ever heard of Kierkegaard, let alone read him!

VELDSMAN: (*Laughs, gets brandy glasses and brandy from kitchen cupboard, and pours brandy and ginger ale.*): Kierkegaard in the Special Branch – I shouldn't believe you, but I do. Well, then, you've got Christ on your side.....Pray...It's simple...The white man hates the brown and black man for being what he himself would like to be: freer. *Vrywilligheid*⁸⁷... Perhaps, you would like to do to white women what you *think* I do. . . and brown as well? Come let's drink to women choosing men, as much as men choosing women.

VAN TONDER: Izzat so, Veldsman, izzat so?.

VELDSMAN: That's why the Afrikaners are Africans.

VAN TONDER: Man I know it - I'm going to be part of a coffee-coloured nation, that underneath this white exterior there is a brown man trying to get out, or get in!

VELDSMAN: Sit down Van Tonder... Relax....

VAN TONDER: You know why I'm here? [*Seriously, tenderly*] Because my wife was advised to see you about her depression. And that is not a joke. But it is so hard for her to get out of the house. Agoraphobia. I say to her it's a - this white liberal bohemia Veldsman is squatting in, it's not a Babylonian Gomorrah, it's not a Sodomite hell-hole! I could have evicted, bulldozed, jailed Veldsman when he was hanging around in

⁸⁷ Free will. Afrikaans.

Sophiatown, Western Native Township, Western Coloured Township.⁸⁸ But now he's in Bellevue . Yeoville, Observatory The place is nice and clean... But ... Hettie, that's my wife, because of what she's got – this illness - she's suffering – she cannot leave the house... So I said I would come here *for* her, to get your advice. I don't curse brown women. *[Pause]* I don't hate them as such. Because I've thought about it and I've changed... I don't know what is going on in her but you know I fantasise.... Those brown bodies with bums and tits like roasted pawpaws, *ja*, they are festering in my imagination! I want to – to get in touch with that.... But how...⁸⁹ *[He reaches out as if to touch the portrait of the Coloured woman. Instead he stamps on the ground turns away and weeps.]*

VELDSMAN: ...for Godsake...man...how can I help you.... if you don't tell me something about your..... background... your... wife's.... background... how you grew up... when.. where.. tell me something...! Your first great – something or other! It's something about a child, you say, like Abraham God called on you – what – sacrifice a child? What are you talking about man?

VAN TONDER: I'm getting to it... I got to go back in time... It's so hard to admit.... It was a mistake.... A tragic mistake.... You think it's God's voice.... But it was the relatives' voice... The Dutch Reformed Church's voice.... Damn them.... Man, I feel I'm dropping into hell... *(Holds onto the wall.)* My first great – something or other....? This your technique at work, Veldsman?.. *[Bitterly]:* Hell, what they put us through is hell – at school.... My first great ... Something or other.... *[His mood changes. His eyes stare in dull hatred but he is soon carried away by his own story. His descriptions are vivid, graphic, mimed with great vigour].*

⁸⁸ Millions of urban people, African, Indian and Coloured were removed and resettled as part of the apartheid strategy. The people of Sophiatown went to the then bleak and as it turned out ironically named “Meadowlands” area which is now part of Soweto with Johannesburg city still the commercial metropolis of South Africa.

⁸⁹ This is in sharp contrast with the first Van Tonder who deals with barely repressed sexual fantasy by demonising it in accordance with puritan Calvinism.

VAN TONDER: My father was so proud of me. *Moor die Jode en die Engelse...* Ja, murder the English and the Jews! That was his private war-cry! You know my father was detained by General Smuts with Vorster and Van Rensburg during the Second World War for being a member of the Ossewa Brandwag, for supporting Hitler! Helpmekaar Hoërskool, In Standard Six. Scrum-half in the under- 15s .We are playing that English Jewish crowd from Yeoville and the northern suburbs, King Edward's School. [*He mimes the match.*] There's a loose maul ⁹⁰, we heel, I pick up, grubber kick, it's bouncing this way, that way, that way, and in darts DeVilliers Malan De Villiers! De Vee M, we called him our number eight. Picks up! A big black-haired Jew called Schlaperbersky crashes him down, I pick up! There's the line ten yards away! I fight my way through a sea of jerseys and I'm over! [*Flings himself down in a scoring dive.*] And you know what, Veldsman?

VELDSMAN: You tell me, captain.

VAN TONDER [*rises*]: The ref disallowed the try. He said I knocked on as I went over. (*Laughs*) Old Jock Silverman. ⁹¹ ⁹² Biology teacher at King Edward's School,

⁹⁰ The loose maul or ruck is a formation in rugby which enables a certain kinetic rhythm, a pattern of moves to occur which has deep significance in the game as portrayed by the old unregenerate Van Tonder. In his old persona he used to take on the English and the Jews (and a Jewish communist biology teacher – the King Edward's School referee - whom he detained for 10 years, 20 years later when he becomes a Special Branch policeman). Rugby was then not a game for hooligans played by gentlemen but a game unifying one set of tribal whites (Afrikaners) against another coalition of semi-tribal whites (Jews and other English speakers). There were no *suiwer* (pure) Afrikaans-speaking boys at K.E.S but at least 8 teachers of Afrikaans extraction at the high and the preparatory schools taught or had contact with me. Not only was there Bantu Education in African schools and race apartheid generally, but language apartheid as part of the Botha / Smuts / Hertzog / Malan / Verwoerd vision of a politically opportune and “therefore” (by the standards of *realpolitik*) a viable (post-colonial) society for the Afrikaners and the English-speaking white-only electorate. For non-whites this was a white supremacist society. But this Van Tonder is different. He hates the tribal warfare of rugby, and he descends into “hell” to retrieve his Eurydice. Looking out from the Kristevan *chora* he sees himself reflected in the eyes of a good Christ-figure. Autobiographically the author atones for his resistant anger against the treacherous father by resuscitating him as a good father.

⁹¹ Jock Isacowitz who inspired this name was a leading member of the Liberal Party in Johannesburg in the 1960s after he left the Communist Party in the 1950s (see Richard Mendelsohn and Milton Shain 2008 : p.131)

⁹² Pro-Nazis like B.J.Vorster who later became Prime Ministers and a friend of Isarel were interned by Smuts during the war (see Mendelsohn and Shain pp 178-179) and were the polar opposites of Jock

He was right. Man the ball just touched the ground. They should change that knock on rule. Later he goes and joins the South African Communist Party. Then he leaves and becomes a liberal. Gets a whiff of Stalin in his nostrils in 1956 in Hungary. But what did I know then? At the time I was a mad fascist myself. I thought that is an object lesson in the treachery of the Communist, the liberal, the capitalist, the Jew, the Jo-burger. I personally had the pleasure of interrogating him twenty years later. Oh, he's harmless old Jock. Not like your John Harris's.

VELDSMAN So. The light dawned. Vorster admired Hitler, your father admired Hitler. Now, now, now John Harris is dead, you woken up hey? *[Pause]*

VAN TONDER *[very quietly]*: To me, Veldsman, there is something in the human being that has to hate the other thing, that other thing. That's why we like animals. Blind with hate. An animal hates a thing that threatens it, even if it just a weaker member of the flock. They'll tear it to pieces. But Jesus came to save us, Veldsman. But where is he in this diabolical world? The Devil which has no distinction you see. *Die Duiwel is mos die Duiwel.* The Devil is the Devil and he is evil! There is one thing you do with the devil! You kill it! Remove it! Lock it up and hang it if necessary, in whatever shape or form it comes! But why? Where does it come from? If I could only get to the bottom of that hate?⁹³ John Harris wasn't evil. What he hated was far more evil. And look what Verwoerd and Vorster and Kruger did to him.

Silverman. He is the symbolic referee at the nexus between competing ideologies as well as rugby teams, the pivot of the new South Africa and a *mimesis* of a just and brave father-figure based on Jock Isacowitz (see n. 18).

⁹³ For the Kleinian and some cultural anthropologists looking at the dichotomies in cultures: - the good and the bad breast(s) - are to do with the split between totem and taboo, which in western culture is associated with love and hate of the positive in say Moses and the negative in say Pharaoh Rameses II who is supposed to have oppressed the Israelites in Egypt in the probable myth of the Exodus but one taught to Jewish children. In a humanist form of a Judaeo-Christian culture love and hate in the early attachment and play experiences of the child are brought together using the child's desire to make reparation for the destructive hatred and all-consuming desire of the infant. This happens with the caring person or attachment figure who helps him define his primitive morality in sublimated ethical categories so as *eventually* to internalise abstract cognitive ethical reasoning. This latter is a Piagetian category over and above operational, pre-operational, and sensory-motor modes of being. See Klein / Mitchell (1986) as well as Donaldson (1987) and Rutter and Rutter (1993) on development in the life-cycle. The problem for the second Van Tonder is partly solved: to bring love and hate together in the

VELDSMAN: Something happening to you hey? What's happened to you Van Tonder? You're not your usual self. Is this a miracle or are you up to some game – trying to turn me into a double agent, maybe?

VAN TONDER [*slowly and with deliberation*]: Jesus, you right, Veldsman. I'm telling you about my struggle and you right.⁹⁴ I'm telling you about the Afrikaners and their enemies. [*With quiet conviction trying to rein in his rage*] For us too, the Jew, the Englishman, the educated black man. Ja, after a long struggle the Boer has come into his own. I thought a Boer policeman defending his people to the death is not abnormal. By any means. Think Paul Kruger! Think British Empire, think Clive of India and Rhodes and Kitchener, think French Empire think Napoleon, think Zulu Empire think Shaka, think Roman Empire think Julius Caesar, think Hadrian, think Titus. You think Zionism think Menachem Begin. You think the world anywhere operates any different way? You think that's wrong? And then the Arabs. Wait till the Arabs recover from Israel and Britain and France. Who says the Mohammedans won't want to rule the world again?

VELDSMAN: Ja, it's a matter of degree.

VAN TONDER [*rises and stands by table; quietly, deeply sincere*]: But what is going to happen to the white man? Man, I tried to read Aristotle. He makes sense. But the Arab and the African, of today – forget about the educated Arab and the educated African. Nelson Mandela is one in a million. The black and the brown masses. The masses do they know anything about Einstein, Darwin? The whole world watches us to see whether the white man, the Christian Protestants can reform ourselves and survive in the last place on the globe where they have power. It is not a matter of degree. It is

form of the idea of *ambivalence* understood as such.. All this is difficult because of the prevalence of pre-colonial, colonial and post-colonial oral-cultures which undermine the writing-culture of psychoanalytic and other forms of cognitive insight (see the Critical Commentary on the research of Walter Ong 2002)

⁹⁴ See Loren Kruger (1999) *The Drama of South Africa: plays, pageants and publics since 1910*: pp.38-40, 72-74, 79-83, 225 n, 50: on the theatrical history of the working-class Afrikaners and their emerging intellectual elite and on *volkskapitalisme* – pp. 16, 219 n. 18. This movement had both fascist and socialist elements.

all or nothing. . . [Long pause. Veldsman backs and sits on sofa- bed.] Or am I wrong? There is a half-truth in apartheid and a half-truth in liberalism. I thought I'd come to Veldsman and I'd laugh. But it's no joke anymore. You know what? I've come to the conclusion that I used to hate coloureds because I was secretly in love with them!⁹⁵ Genuine. But then something happened. [Pause] I killed a coloured boy when I was fifteen. I had nothing against him. And, by God, Veldsman, he did have a lovely sister. The lovely poison was a remedy. But she was too old for me. We got on very well at first. Him and me. Paul Bosman, Sweet guy. He could even have been – homosexual for all I know... Maybe I really loved him and wanted his sister?⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ But then

⁹⁵ In lines 6-9 of J.B.'s review in *Rapport* (not quoted in Appendices) the reviewer pours scorn on the possibility of this normally unconscious Freudian thought being expressible. That is white and black or brown Afrikaners being linked by *Eros* and becoming *Sophia* – understanding. In 2007, five former security officials – policemen like the first Van Tonder - received suspended prison sentences for plotting to kill Frank Chikane (a leading member of the ANC and the UDF and a Christian pastor and later Director General in the Office of the President) by placing underwear poisoned with a toxic nerve gas in his suitcase whilst he was travelling. Former police and justice minister Adriaan Vlok and his police chief Johan van der Merwe received suspended 10-year sentences. The others received suspended five-year sentences. Under a plea bargain, all five admitted trying to kill Chikane in 1989. Chikane said he did not want to see the men go to prison. Vlok sought forgiveness from Chikane in 2006 by washing his feet as an act of seeking Christian forgiveness. So in the end Vlok and Chikane in a *mimesis* or wearing *personae* – masks - of the Van Tonders and Veldsmans have created an *anagnorisis* (a realisation of their crimes) which was not too late or off the mark – not an *harmartia* – in a South Africa still in the throes of post-apartheid. (see <http://www.sahistory.org.za/people/frank-chikane> accessed online 19/2/12). It is vital for understanding this new playtext which was written post-apartheid and post-the Rainbow Nation cliché to understand the *semiosis* the conscious and unconscious ambivalence amongst white and black people segregated for hundreds of years in different cultures and refused integration through miscegenation who are therefore socialised differently in different writing- and oral-cultures (the Afrikaner Calvinist one differing greatly from the English-speaking and the oral African cultures). Nelson Mandela was extraordinary in able to bridge the three kinds of culture. Thabo Mbeki exploited the oral-culture of anti-racist rhetoric such as accusing a raped white journalist, Charlene Smith of being a racist because she identified her attacker as an African and referred to the prevalence of rape in male African oral-cultures which seemingly are immune from the oral- and writing-cultures of other non-white and white South Africans in which the AIDS infection rates are much lower (Johnson 2010: pp.182, 183, 205, 211, 213, 215-221)

⁹⁶ The *ethos* (the character) of this Van Tonder is vastly different from the 1978 version of *Shades of Brown*. This first interpretation is on the level of the conscious. You are friendly towards and like another man, and therefore you think if he has a nice sister you might like to get involved with her so as *also* to go on with your purely Platonic friendship with him. But the Freudian theory goes deeper than this.

⁹⁷ This is a variation on the Freudian theory of paranoia being related to repressed sexual inversion. Van Tonder makes an “unconscious” revelation to suggest that he actually knows how the psychoanalytic theory might work in providing him with a catharsis to do with his racist paranoia and sensitivity about his and his wife's issue – to be revealed in the *mythos*. It is also one-upmanship in the coming struggle for power – the Nietzschean or Adlerian theory of the unconscious: he wants to spike Veldsman's guns and yet see where his *anagnorisis* / *anamnesis* (insightful recollection) which follows

something took over. Power. Stuff I learned as a kid. It was him or me. Struggle. Who will be master. That's at the bottom of it all. [*Pause. Stares long and hard at Veldsman*]

VELDSMAN [*carefully*]: Tell me about it.

VAN TONDER [*Softening, musing, they go outside to garden path in back of the house to a yard.*]: How I killed, the first time. . . Man it was years ago... My uncle, Chris Lategan, played cricket for Western Province at Newlands. Under the purple mountain by the oak trees. Different class from us. Old Cape Afrikaner aristocracy. We, Transvalers. We came down in the world. Boer War. Great Depression. The English, the Jews, the Indians, world capitalism, imperialism, it ruined us. Dirt-poor. I used to visit him from Jo'burg in the holidays. They patronized their poor relations. (*Finds a cricket ball outside conservatory.*) He taught me how to bowl. First he taught me to bowl straight and a good length. Then to bowl bumpers. When the batsman gets cheeky. Then how to move the ball in the air and off the seam. There was this good batsman from the Coloured high school – Paul – Paul Bosman – we became friends – like a told you - there on my uncle's farm about 50 miles from Cape Town. They don't play much cricket. But he was good. A natural. Not. . . not as good as D'Oliviera mind

will work so as to clear him through *hamartia* (seeing into his faults of paranoia concerning his and his wife's and his tragic daughter's perceived or salient stigma within the white Afrikaner reference group). This is described as a "simplistic Freudian analysis situation" in the South African *Financial Mail* review of the Market Theatre production in Johannesburg of *Shades of Brown* by Hawker Scott "Balancing Hope and Fear," 5th December 1980 quoted in Anne Fuchs *Playing the Market* (1990: pp. 88, 115-116, 120).

⁹⁷ The Stanislavian through-line here is as follows: the English and the Jews became a very extreme *pharmakos*– the "scapegoat" and the carrier of the poison/remedy (the *pharmakon*) of capitalism for the working class Afrikaners dispossessed during and the Boer war. For the history of Afrikaner Nationalism see Michael Picardie "The Anatomy of Afrikaner Nationalism" in *Twentieth Century* (London) Summer June 1960 and Monica Wilson and Leonard M. Thompson (1971) *The Oxford History of South Africa* Vol. II Rene De Villiers "Afrikaner Nationalism" pp. 365-423. Through Afrikaner nationalism the previous Boer dispossessed became a capitalist class and a lower-middle class as well as, for a time, a proletariat, mainly a skilled working class with a lower-class poor white group who under apartheid were protected by jobs reserved for whites on state enterprises like the railways and public works.

you, but the same type. Smooth, black hair, good features, olive skin..⁹⁸ Descended from the Cape Malays. Probably a Mohammedan. *[Pause]* As if I could forget. Paul Bosman. Paul Bosman. *[Pause]* He dared me. He wouldn't even wear gloves and pads. He picked me off easily in the nets – there on my uncle's farm. Our relationship changed. All that stuff from my father and my aunt....I started to get depressed... I started to be jealous of him for no good reasonthrough the Christmas holidays I practiced. I practiced in the July holidays back in Jo'burg in the block of flats where we lived in Braamfontein in the garage with a corky and a net. By the following December I could get it to bounce on a handkerchief three times out of eight at top speed and while I was bowling I thought of the English and the Jews⁹⁹ who drove my grandfather off the land after the Boer War and my father off the land in the 19 bloody 30s.¹⁰⁰ He became a tram-driver, driving the silver-coloured *kaffer*¹⁰¹ trams. He was as without land as those *kaffers* he was driving. So, there was going to be a farm cricket match down in the lovely Cape. . . It all came back to me... And here was this good-looking Coloured *kerel* – man they were well off – his family had a Cape Dutch antique furniture factory in Worcester or Malmesbury! My uncle prepared a special pitch in one of the fields. The whole year before he raked it level, grassed it, watered it, cut it, rolled it. Perfect it was. But just a bit too hard. There were two scratch teams from the district — and our special guest — Paul Bosman. *[He looks as if he will be sick, he is dizzy and*

¹⁰⁰ As in the original version Van Tonder refers here to an important aspect of the *logos, dianoia* or dialectic of the play which is rich white / poor white class struggle, complicated by black/white conflict for jobs and land aggravated by the Great Depression which hit South Africa in the early 1920s before it peaked in the United States in the great crash of 1929. However in this version he can distance himself from his father's anti-Semitism and fascism.

¹⁰¹ *Kaffer* is an Afrikaans and South African English term and was (and still is) the most insulting way to refer to an African. It was used by Arab slavers to refer to African slaves as *Kafir* in Arabic meaning "heathen" or "pagan" neither Muslim or protected by the *dhimmi* status of Christians and Jews. Such was the horrific experience of slavery that the term taken over by white slavers and white racists all over Southern Africa then earned its pejorative status. This time Van Tonder distances himself from his father's usage.

nearly retches.] I killed him. With a bumper... [He sits, stares, looks appalled.]¹⁰²

VELDSMAN [*carefully*]: Tell me how it happened....

Van Tonder is lost in reverie for a moment, then he stands and acts the following, including the strokes and the bowling, with hypnotic clarity and power.

VAN TONDER [*rises*]: It was the match. My first over. My uncle threw me the ball. ‘Show us your hot stuff, Japie,’ he said. [*Crosses right.*] I’ll show you, I said to myself. I could kill you all, I said. But I’ll be clever. The first over I bowled fast, but not too fast. Just straight and well up to him. [*Mimes right*] He blocked. I had noticed there was a really hard-baked patch two yards in front of him. Come my second over. First ball was a loose one, wide of the off-stump. He late cut it through the slips for four. The next one was also a bad ball — a full toss on the leg side. His eye was so good, however fast it was he just stepped round and cracked it for *six* over the square leg boundary like he was swatting a fly! Right, I said, now’s my chance. [*Crosses left*] Now I’m going to show you all. There he was, that handsome, smiling, brown six-footer. This is it. That hard spot. I ran up, easy, relaxed — [*Mimes run up*] — but in the last three strides I wound myself up like a spring and I hurled it down with every ounce of energy I had — short — on that hard spot. [*He demonstrates the following in slow motion with compelling and terrible gestures*] It kicked up and, *for the first time it came in six inches* off the seam . . . [*Mimes batsman*] He thought it was coming straight and he backed — six inches — oh, he had a good eye — normally it would have whizzed past his face. He pulled back right into it. It cracked him dead on the skull. He went down like a shot animal. Just crumpled. They couldn’t revive him. He died in hospital of a cerebral haernorrhage. I cried. My first and last tears since babyhood. My first and last important cricket match. I coach at Helpmekaar now and again and turn out with the lads occasionally. . . [*Sits, long pause*] They sent me home

¹⁰² See Ferguson (2003: pp. 258-9) on cricket uniting Greater Britain (the Empire) and at the same time expressing the solidarity of the different ex-colonies which played it in different ways thus expressing the colonial vs. metropolitan tensions within what eventually became the British Commonwealth.

to Jo'burg in disgrace, perhaps. I never thought about it much. But I never saw my uncle again. I think he blamed himself. I think he gave the Bosman family a lot of money. *[Pause]* Of course it was an accident. All death is an accident, not so? *[Pause]* From then on I was alone. . . *[Smiling, slight pause]* We've broken many men since then more easily. No more.

VELDSMAN *[quietly and rising in front of Van Tonder. As seriously as he has ever said anything, he has to say it whatever the man's reaction.]*: Yes. Abraham Ngo, and Pieterse and Khosa and Bambata, hanged, dead, mad, broken?¹⁰³

VAN TONDER *[very quietly]*:¹⁰⁴ Not me Veldsman. Yes, Booyens and Grobbelaar and Van Rooyen and Williamson did it. I heard them do it. My father, my own father he was full of hate... I hated my own father for being a racist. You know what he used to say to me if I did something wrong: "You Hottentot rubbish. You Bushman piece of dirt".¹⁰⁵ *[Rises, and moves in on the African statue with the Arab kefia*

¹⁰³ The South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission / Department of Justice (1998 Vol. 3 pp 160, 172-185, 328) reported on thousands killed, tortured and maimed by both the security forces and the liberation movements themselves (and see Trehwela 2012b.). What Van Tonder is going to do here and in the mock "torture" scene is enact on a statue to avoid portraying what Loren Kruger (p. 172) and Njabulo Ndebele suggest, respectively, is the "subjunctive" and "spectacular" quasi-pornographic violence. Obviously violence can be pornographic if it is degrading for the audience. In this new scenario the depiction of atrocity is committed by *others* not Van Tonder and not on Veldsman but on a statue. This replaces the actual torture scene in the original scenario which can become atrocious - unnecessarily "abject" (in the literal sense) – self-serving propaganda or gratuitous sadism even in a good cause, deconstructing the very purpose of political theatre –which becomes emotional brainwashing not heightening political consciousness as in Brecht. See "The habit of looking at the spectacle has forced us to gloss over the nooks and crannies" (<http://www.njabulondebele.co.za> accessed online 30/1/12).

¹⁰⁴ Now the Van Tonder *father* not this Van Tonder is mercurial in temperament. At the heart of Van Tonder *father's* bitterness is his experience as the descendant of displaced landless proletarians remembering the Anglo-Boer War. Of course he will react like a Nazi or an anti-semitic Russian Nationalist and despise those even more powerless and even more victimised (gypsies, ghetto-Jews – seeking to justify his fascist worship of white ideology) by portraying fellow victims of exploitation as even more worthless than he fears his own ethnic group has become. Autochthony is given in a myth and a historical reality going back into pre-history but the pre-history can be invalidated by racist mumbo-jumbo about the emergence of the justifiably victorious – Social Darwinism.

¹⁰⁵ The whole question of casting arises here. A South African audience has to be very convinced by the acting of Veldsman that he actually can do the *mimesis* of the San/Khoi-Khoi (Coloured) and the

on.]...He showed me photos of all the *ooms* and the *tante* and all my grandparents who weren't young enough to fight who died of bloody typhoid and typhus and enteritis and diphtheria brought on by the polluted water in the British concentration camps. He showed me pictures of what our farms were like before Kitchener and the *khakis* burnt them all. Yes, I know what you gonna say! We stole the land from the Zulu and the Sotho and the Tswana and the Xhosa. But we also died horrible deaths in those wars! My uncle in the Western Cape? Educated pseudo-aristocrats with lots of slaves and land in the best wine and corn-lands of the Western Cape? We were the real Boers - descended from ignorant Dutch peasants with no background except the Bible. In a hundred and fifty years we forgot about the Europe we never really knew! They became like the rich merchants of Amsterdam, we were country bumpkins. Savagery! Yes, we were the ones who pioneered this country – made it safe for them. Yes, we the real Boers, we who hunted down the Bushmen like vermin because we wanted land, they just cheated the Hottentots out of their Afrikaner cattle with brandy, and copper and beads. We were the ones who knew how to fight the Xhosa and the Zulu. Guns, muzzle-loaders, powder, ball, the wagons chained together into a circle, the laager, the technology of war, and courage man.... How was my father to know what Darwin and them said about the human species as largely one entity? You couldn't tell him one *iota* of what is evil and what is good in this Afrikaner. Because the God in us had told us already that in his eyes, *we* and only *we*, not the Jews, not anybody else, are doing His will in the whole world! And we would defend the only Christian state in the whole world with many deaths, I tell you. That's what he said to me and my *boeties*¹⁰⁶ if we did wrong. And his devils entered into me and I left school and I joined the police and then the Special Branch. [*Carried away by his reminiscence, goes inside and takes the wooden statue of the African guitar player. Van Tonder gets the kefia deliberately and soaks it in water from the kitchen basin.*] Yes, when they are incorrigible in their lying and their foul opinions and treasonable politics, when there is not any hope of redemption for them, they – the others – the *verkampte* not me man – I'm *verlig* in the Special Branch – they – the Booyens and the Grobelaars and the Williamsons - they perform what they call God's service for

African element in the brown/black identity. See the Barry Hough criticism of the changing role-plays of Bill Curry in the Appendix not being convincing and blaming the script.

¹⁰⁶ “Brothers” (Afrikaans).

them, like this. . . [*He shoves the wet kefia over the face of the statue blocking the mouth and nose and makes as if it is struggling desperately.*] And when they're dead, Booyens and Grobbelaar and Williamson hangs them, like Judas — by their own trousers, not a rope — they have to adapt ourselves — from the window, or any convenient bar, beam, rafter or fitting, by the neck, so that it is clear that they committed suicide when they knew that the Special Branch would eventually get them to talk!! That's how Booyens and Co think. They are plenty guilty! On the other hand, *Umkhonto We Sizwe*, how the hell are a bunch of Stasi and KGB trained commissars and soldiers and stone-throwing kids going to run this country? You think they don't want to kill us?! Their politics is preparation for murder!!¹⁰⁷ I told you they already got camps – gulags where they brainwash. The land and the money and the houses from the whites and redistribute them? For who? For the masses? Forget about it! It will be for the black elite! We should be training them now for a handover by the end of the century for capitalism not socialism! [*Van Tonder, "throttles" the statue with the kefia and stands it in the middle of the room.*] Ag, all this drama! I just saw John Harris hanged! John Harris wasn't a red. He wasn't even a revolutionary. It was the act of a conscientious person and he was hanged this morning! Remember, it could have been you! And like him, you would have got it. But a white man got it! And you know why? Because he had the courage and the principle! But the prime minister Verwoerd – he's another madman with his head in the clouds – he's not even an Afrikaner – he's a herring-eating cheese-head a bloody *kaaskop* - a Hollander.... The head of the police, the security chiefs. Vorster, Kruger the lot of them, they wanted that bomb to go off..... I was on duty in De Villiers Street.... Eloff Street in my squad car.... We had been setting John Harris up for years.... I told you . I ran into the waiting room by the concourse shouting.... "Clear the area.... Get out.... There's a bomb...." I myself was blown back by the blast.... I thought my own legs and arms and head had been blown off.... It was too late... The old woman was blown to pieces... and her grand-daughter... Maimed for life.... I can feel my

¹⁰⁷ . On politics as murder see Paul Trehela (2009b) *Inside Quatro* for the executions and torture of ANC dissidents in their Angola prison camp by operatives of their security service – modelled in part on the East German Stasi – *Mbokodo* "The Grindstone" or "The Rock That Crushes" under the control of senior MK officers such as Joe Modise who threatened Chris Hani on account of his deviation from a party line (Johnson 2010: pp.25-41.)

heart... The pity of it all.... Sometimes I want to hang myself up by my trouser belt Veldsman? Ja, sometimes I want to commit suicide by orders of that decent side of me in the Special Branch... *Ja, hulle is die duiwel...* *Hulle sit die duiwel in my eie siel, sodat ek weet nie die verskil teen goed en sleg... Waar is my geweer?*¹⁰⁸ [Gets his gun from the occasional table by the sofa. Cocks it. Puts it down on the table.] And now Hettie and me, we both got this *vreeslike ding*, [Laughs] *Suid-Afrikaanse kleur-depressie!*¹⁰⁹ *Man you got to help us Veldsman!*

Van Tonder goes into the kitchen and washes his face with cold water in bathroom basin. Then through the kitchen, out of the conservatory into the garden. Veldsman stands watching over Van Tonder shakily holding on to the assegai and moves as if 'possessed' and almost whispering.

VELDSMAN: Help you ! You say you tried to save John Harris!. You negated him! You just wiped them out by not stopping the others, the Booyens, the Grobberlaars. You also are *die duiwel* that which puts us in dark cells, us and our children. Who is it but your children that our mothers give their breasts, when the white madam isn't looking to keep the madam's baby quiet...? Who has our milk, our blood, our flesh? Our bodies you spatter over your cruel stones! I've seen it in Pretoria Local! Stones for hearts — and for heads. . . ? Your heads must be full of concrete, yes concrete. Like you say ours are, if you think we will let you take us forever, even you, the so-called good Van Tonders. Our children who played in the dust of our iron shacks are dying and they will go on shouting *Amandla!*¹¹⁰ *Amandla!* [Gives fist salute.] Yet you call on Christ! Vorster and – yes – Verwoerd himself – are killing us! You say Christ is with you. You kill us in the name of that gentle Christ who was brown like us! [Van Tonder advances on Veldsman, who holds him at bay with the assegai.]

¹⁰⁸ Afrikaans: “Yes, they are the devil. *They* put the devil in my own soul so that I don't know the difference between good and bad. Where is my gun?”

¹⁰⁹ “...terrible thing.... South African colour depression.”

¹¹⁰ isiNguni: “power”.

Kleur-depressie! You said it! Some of you Boers have our blood in you! Is that why you hate us? ¹¹¹ [*Van Tonder stops dead. Veldsman shakes his head.*]

VAN TONDER: How did you know? [*Veldsman shakes his head again. Van Tonder menacingly.*] You know very well about what. . . If you've got information about me, my friend, remember we've got a thousand times more about you...

VELDSMAN: Granted. So what?

VAN TONDER: I was a happy cop in the fraud squad till this happened!¹¹² It was the thing that drove me into the Special Branch!¹¹³

¹¹¹ See the Critical Commentary and previous fns. on projective identification. The *Truth and Reconciliation Commission of South Africa Report* (1998) Vol. 3 reported on atrocities committed by the ANC and its allies in the UDF including the kidnapping of the youth leader (aged 11-12) Stompie Moeketsi Seipei by Winnie Madizikela-Mandela, and his killing by her driver Jerry Richardson using Xoliswa Felati as a fall-guy in the Mandela United Football Club – a terror squad in Soweto. See Emma Gilbey (1999) *The Lady – the Life and Times of Winnie Mandela*: pp. 1-3 and *passim*. Some audiences would recognise the discourse implicit here. Winnie Mandela's late mother was partly white "part of a nation which stole land from the African people", and hated as such by her paternal grandmother. Her father was an authoritarian and both parents thrashed her for fighting. Her later torture, imprisonment and banishment de-centred her – a trained social worker – by contrast with very much more urbanised Albertina, Walter, Max, Lindiwe and Zwelakhe Sisulu who had no need to act out the colonial personality syndrome (Gilbey 1998: pp. 144-149). The use of writing in debate and dialogic encounters and argument in an educated environment provides an ongoing *praxis*. Discourse can be both written and learnt through dialogue which *challenges*. Traditional mythologies may be part of rumour in a non-literate or an anarchic, unsocialised society in a state of *aporia* or *anomie* and this may lead to violence simply because norms have broken down and to use Hobbes famous factual description of age-old anarchic situations within or between groups - life is in a "state of nature"- nasty, brutish and short, rather than uplifting as in Rousseau's unchained noble savage. The South African township masses are not part of a highly literate society and like Middle Eastern mobs vulnerable to terror and populist propaganda conveyed by rumour, orally - as used in Maishe Maponya's play *The Nurse* (see Critical Commentary): "If you have your premature baby in Baragwaneth (Chris Hani) Hospital the scab white medics local and overseas racists will likely kill your baby in the sluice room". This is not to say the accusation is untrue. We do not see it convincingly enacted. Maponya followed it through by showing doctors his script based on research with nurses (Perkins 1998: p.66) but this crucial denouement to the *dianoia* and *logos* of the *mythos* is excluded in favour of rousing rhetoric and liberation songs characteristic of black consciousness agit-prop performative drama which lacks theatrical *theoria*.

¹¹² The obvious ironic humour of a contented South African policeman in his element in the area of white collar crime – "white" white collar crime in a "black" country counterpoints and mitigates the *peripeteia*.

VELDSMAN: What thing?

VAN TONDER: Our first child.

VELDSMAN: First child?

VAN TONDER [*quietly*]: Our first child. We were happy. There was a backyard like this but no vegetables, no flowers, just the trees, with chickens, facing north, lots of sun. There were peach and apricot trees. What is this – a cherry? Hettie went into the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital. We paid, a specialist called Maurice Joffe, nothing but the best. A girl. A 7½-pound girl. Sarie we called her. Yes, they said, looking at Hettie and me a bit funny. They all look like little brown monkeys to begin with. But she got browner. ‘Strue as God she got browner and browner and her hair got blacker and curlier and curlier and his nose flatter and flatter and her lips thicker and thicker.¹¹⁴ Hettie and I we were both stunned. We couldn’t - couldn’t take it in. [*Walks around slowly. Sits on garden chair on a patio or grass.*] It was terrible. [*Pause*] She’s been messing around, I said to myself. She went mad. She’s been raped. She’s been with a Coloured guy and she can’t tell me. It’s happened to other families. Now it was us. But I knew Hettie would never do a thing like that! [*Putting a chair on the grass*] There was the pram, see, in the backyard. I come home from

¹¹³ “Why would a nice guy like me want to commit murder and torture on behalf of the state?!” would be the directorial advice to the actor. This Van Tonder is very different from the 1978 version.

¹¹⁴ Kenyan Africanists’ reaction at the Africa Centre (see the news item in *The Guardian* of September 4th 1985 in the Appendix) is relevant here to do with what they called the “racist” nature of the play and that Veldsman (played by the author in the revived Sherman Arena Theatre production) who is mixed race and threatened by a fascist killer and wasn’t “militant” enough for them besides being a white Ashkenazi Jew mistaken for a Coloured man. The alleged “racism” of the play had to do with the horror of a pseudo-white man (who is actually reacting defensively against his subliminal awareness of his colour) perceiving a simulacrum of African features as causing feelings of what Julia Kristeva calls abjection in *The Powers of Horror* (1982). This is the object which signals the breakdown of the relationship between subject and object – for an ardent African nationalist this portrayal would be offensive. The director of the Africa Centre colluded with them one of whom, a Kenyan woman, said to the author that since he was a Jew he should live not in Britain or South Africa but in Israel. See the character of Dianne Cupido in *The Cape Orchard* for African anti-Semitism and the *ethos* of Jan Pieterse in the same play for African philo-Semitism.

work. Hettie, is utterly devastated man, but she is beginning to realize about – you know – the genetics – recessive stuff for colour in the white Afrikaner gene pool, she is depressed, but manages a smile, and makes supper. I go down the back steps into the yard. Oh, it's so peaceful there, the chickens, the peach tree, the apricots, the sun shining in the north. She — my daughter — is sleeping in the shade of the trees. I say 'Please God,' I say, 'please let it be a mistake. Let it be that she's got a rare skin condition that clears up automatically. Let it be that we'll get a telephone call from the hospital saying, "Your baby was really a white baby. Another white woman gave birth to a Coloured baby – no a proper African black baby.... But someone bribed one of the nurses to swap the babies. Your lovely white baby is waiting for you. Please return the Coloured – the African baby."¹¹⁵ Please God,' I say, 'let Hettie raise the subject first. Let her say, "Jaap, we'd better have ourselves and baby blood-tested — I think there may have been a mistake." But she doesn't. She's so quiet. . . I edge over to the pram, my eyes tightly shut. I open one eye. Brown skin. I open the other eye. Black curly hair. Open both my eyes wide. Thick nose and thick lips. I go quietly and look at Hettie while she's not looking. Yes. Ja. I look at her nose and lips and hair and skin. Traces. I look at myself in the mirror. Traces, more traces. When I was a kid in school they called me Hotnot — Hottentot. 'Omigod! I say, I'm in hell — this isn't happening.' [*Long pause; he passes his hand over his face, feeling his features unconsciously. Long pause*] We gave it away. We spent months making the decision. We went through hell, while everyone was talking about us. We were shunned at church. The family didn't want to see us. There was no future for us — or him — together. We went to a welfare society and we had it adopted, by a Coloured family. [*Crosses to Veldsman.*] And do you know what we did? We adopted two proper little white children – girls – Rachel and Sarah....and swore never to have children of our own — in case — [*Takes out wallet with photographs.*] that thing — happened again. [*Shows Veldsman photographs.*] We've got two girls. The one's three and the other is

¹¹⁵ The fairy-story theme and the fantasy in children's development of not being the parents' child but a changeling is part of the culture of childhood as manifest in folklore. See Bruno Bettelheim *The Uses of Enchantment* (1978) which as Jack Zipes (1979) *Breaking the magic spell: radical theories of folk and fairy tales* shows can be used ideologically as well as psychologically. Bessie Head (see Gardner and Scott 1986) was once accused of manufacturing the story of her white/African origins as if to say she pretended she had a rich white mother and her father was a humble African stable worker whereas this was actually her background.

eighteen months. We gave her up five years ago, but she's never recovered. I mean they're lovely girls, and in a way we're all very happy. *[Turns away.]* Of course Hettie is much younger than me but that's not the problem. The thing is Hettie is still depressed. . . *[Almost crying, turns to Veldsman.]* You've got to help me, Veldsman. *[Sits on bed.]* I told – we told all this to a white doctor. You know him.... Dr Van Der Stel... Professor of psychological something at the medical school....The best in the business...He said she's got - what is it? She's got... Post-puerperal depression... He gave her drugs.... To tranquillise her... To lift the mood... But to get to the bottom of it all.... He knows you, Veldsman... When you were living in Bosmont... He taught you, Veldsman... He taught you.... What did he call it.... Psycho-something.... When you were doing your clinical work... At Sterkfontein... *Groendakkies..* Where Booyens and Grobbelaar and Williamson put.... Dennis Pieterse... *(He weeps.)* The bullshit's over. I'll pay you well, man. Five thousand rand.¹¹⁶ *[Goes for the cheque book left in the lounge, makes out cheque.]* There's a cheque for a thousand rand. The rest at the end of the month. *[Rises, puts cheque in Veldsman pocket.]* Forget about all that aggravation I gave you, Veldsman. I want my wife to be better. Man, I tell you, she's in bed most days. She's withdrawing, won't go out. She even thinks she may be being poisoned because she thinks she's evil. *[Pause]* I say to her, 'Hettie', I say, 'I'm evil, you know I may have done evil things in my job,' I tell her straight. 'But you're not evil, Hettie. It's not your fault what happened. . . ' *[Paces up and down.]* She's going mad, I think. Van der Stel he had her in Tara Hospital in Craighall... But they don't have....Don't seem to be able to get through to her.... There was a psychologist there..... Zelma Ackerman... She knows you..... Soon, she – Hettie 'll be in Tara again if she doesn't get better. *[Turns to Veldsman.]* What can I do, man, to help her? She hardly eats, she has no will to live. *[Pause]* Dr Ackerman said she knows you can do it. I've heard that you can cure these things, Veldsman. She's going to kill herself if she doesn't get better soon. Man, we tried for years for a child... She could never conceive... And then she fell pregnant we were so happy... It was our last chance... Me sixty – she thirty-eight... Now she's forty-three I'm sixty-five... We can't try again.... We been trying.... But she and me – we haven't got the will any more... And the young one's Rachel and Sarah the older one.... The one's we adopted... The brown girl we gave away we

¹¹⁶ At the time worth £500.

called her Sarah too....She was baptized Sarah Johanna... *[Weeps. Crosses to Veldsman.]* I tell you, Veldsman, I'll even resign from the Special Branch — I'll put in for the fraud squad again if you can cure her — hey — I'll give up police work — I'm good at accountancy — I'll work for a — a — children's charity - how's that for a gesture? Listen! I'll go to Dennis Pieterse! *At Groendakkies! He's become permanently paranoid schizophrenic! I'll say sorry to him... I'll say, "You can trust people again..!"* *[Smiles broadly exuding happiness.]*

VELDSMAN *[authoritatively]*: All right. We'll begin. Sit down. *[Van Tonder does so on end of sofa.]* Your wife is depressed mainly through guilt. What is guilt?

VAN TONDER: Doing wrong, feeling sorry about it.

VELDSMAN: What wrong does she think she committed?

VAN TONDER *[almost shocked realization; the first time he has articulated it to a Coloured person]*: Giving birth — to a Coloured child. . . ?

VELDSMAN: What else...?

VAN TONDER *[again, almost a sense of rediscovered initial shock]*: Giving away her child?

VELDSMAN: Yes. But there's another reason. Hating herself — hating the system for giving birth to someone she loved a real South African and making her give up a little girl she loved.... Afraid to give birth to a real, an original, South African.... So what you've got to do is get the racism out of the system, like a poison see? You got to see it as positive! In years to come in a A new South Africa....

VAN TONDER [*impatiently*]: Ja, ja, ja. Ag, get on with it.

VELDSMAN: The only way I can help you is to ... how can I put it.... To swallow the racism... And to spew it out again ... To unlearn your racism. Can you do that?

VAN TONDER [*irritated*]: Ag, man, all right, I've told you I'll do anything within reason to get her out of her depression. I'm not a racist, anyway. Some of my best friends are brown and black. They're all in the police. In the good police..! I tried to save John Harris!

VELDSMAN John Harris is dead.... That's another reason why you are depressed....What forced you to go in for all the shit you do? You should celebrate a new South Africa to come! Instead you listen to relatives and people in the Dutch Reformed Church – and it's her first and only and much beloved, real, South African child....Now lie down on the sofa ... [*Van Tonder hesitates.*] It's all right, I'm not going to try anything funny.

VAN TONDER [*taking off his jacket*]: All right, Veldsman, for the moment you're in charge — for the moment. You are at present treating a member of the state security police who is temporarily incapacitated on account of he's got a family problem. [*Hangs jacket by door.*] And you are bound by your Hypocritical oath — so — anything funny and you'll get a hot rod up your arse as soon as say Jannie van der Merwe. [*He points to the pistol on the occasional table, moves back to the sofa.*]

VELDSMAN: You paid me, you made me swear by the oath of Hippocrates. Now you listen to me – I'm the doctor here and you are the patient no more Special Branch detective... . . [*He says this with such intensity that Van Tonder gets the gun but Veldsman still has a hold on the assegai.*] Man, for God's leave the gun where it is! All I wanted to say was, the main reason why she got depressed is maybe quite simple: she loved the child, you hear me, loved her, the one and only child that she and you succeeded in having and you gave her away, but she loved her no matter. .

[Veldsman, takes a small drum or an illustrated book of South African history and begins to beat softly to help induce a trance.] It'll be difficult. Maybe impossible. You've never done this sort of thing before. It's a journey into a new country for you. A sort of trek, yes, even a Great Trek, but in another direction. I want you to think of a tune that puts you in a good mood. Clench your fists as if you're going to hit someone and feel the tension in them, then relax, deeper and deeper. . . Can you sing a tune which makes you feel happy, that takes you back to pleasant days? Very softly?
[Pause. Then:]

VAN TONDER *[sings softly]:*

O brandewyn laat my staan,
 O brandewyn laat my staan,
 O brandewyn laat my staan,
 Want ek wil nou huistoe gaan.¹¹⁷

[Repeated in English and Afrikaans]

Veldsman puts down the drum and pages through the book. During this, Van Tonder goes to the conservatory to get the bottle of brandy and glasses and pours out a couple of tots. Van Tonder stares at the brandy.

VELDSMAN: It's just brandy, I'll have a drop myself. I'm not trying to poison you. *[Downs a tot offers the other glass to Van Tonder, who grimaces.]* It's the first step, drinking from a Coloured glass. . . *[Pause. Slowly, defiantly, Van Tonder takes it and drinks.]* Think of the little girl, the beautiful black little nose, the beautiful black little lips, the beautiful curly black hair....

Fade to black slowly as he drinks.

¹¹⁷ Afrikaans: "Oh brandy leave me alone"(repeated) "Because I want to go home"

ACT TWO

A few moments later.

Veldsman sits next to Van Tonder who is still on the bed, deeply relaxed, even in a light trance.

VELDSMAN: Now, I'm going to take you back, captain, back to your childhood, back to your history. So that you can help your wife feel less depressed about having Coloured ... Hottentot blood.... Bushman blood... African blood... [*Pages through book. Picture from the old Cape when it was a Dutch East India Company colony on camera.*] . . . Yes, the possibility of having Coloured blood or being married to a person with Coloured blood. [*Van Tonder groans softly.*] Go back, back to the time when dark skins, crinkly hair, flat nose, thick lips, talking Malay, or Hottentot or Bushman or even Xhosa didn't matter. All the first burghers wanted was to make money... To live like slave-owners.. To own everything from Table Bay to the mountain.. To be safe from Bushmen and Hottentots and the black tribes.. [*Van Tonder groans louder.*] Relax, Van Tonder. Imagine that this is the voice of the Coloured people who were once themselves called Afrikaners, the appendix of the burghers — slaves, Christian Hottentots serving the white farmers, Bushmen captured in commando raids who made good herdboys — all those browns and yellows, slanty eyes and high cheek-bones - think of them as Africa, Van Tonder — think of some of them as the ancestors of one or two of your great-great- great-grandparents. Thirty per cent of Coloured blood is white blood and seven per cent of white blood is Coloured blood. ¹¹⁸[*Van Tonder groans deeply.*]

¹¹⁸ Veldsman has read J.S.Marais' (1939 / 1968) statistics on this showing that the whites have less indigenous ethnic characteristics than the Coloured people (defined as such under the Race Classification Act). Anthropological research in the 1990s suggested that "glass walls" continued to exist in the relations between white, Coloured and black in post-Apartheid South Africa with a hierarchy similar to that which existed in "non-racial" societies like Brazil. Non-white customers in a restaurant would feel resentful that white, Coloured and Indian and even African waiters would respond to cues for colour as well as kinesics having to do with gender, age and so on including

VAN TONDER [*sleepily, still 'hypnotic'*]: *Nee, nee, nie meer nie. . . Hierdie ding bedonder my*¹¹⁹! [*Jumping up, fully awake, crosses below bed*] I'm not having this Veldsman! I understand what you're doing! But it's too much for me, too soon...¹²⁰

VELDSMAN [*crossing opposite Van Tonder; calmly and now deeply serious*]: No, man, no.... Try to love not hate yourself, Van Tonder, because part of you is brown. To *forget* about it the *verkrampte* kill and hurt brown people. That's why they wanted to smash my house down in Western Coloured Township. That's why they you arrested and tortured me by making me standing on the bloody fuckin' bricks man when all I knew about John Harris and the A.R.M. and *Pogo* was what you already knew.... What Grobbelaar and Booyens and Williamson can't do is to stop me feeling sorry for your wife. She knows she has got the same blood as me! You gave away the very thing that would make her and you and the girl – true South Africans.... *Ware Suid-Afrikaners* ! And now you going to get a taste of the medicine you need and you going to be proud of yourself and your wife and – the little girl - [*Van Tonder is stunned. Drinks more brandy stands, goes into kitchen, dips into a bowl of fruit-salad to absorb the alcohol, drinks a glass of water. Comes back into the lounge looks at the painting of the Coloured girl. Takes that picture off its hook.*] Good. [*Veldsman sits on a Congolese African stool.*] Now, listen. Put the picture down. Now look at me. Don't touch me. Sit close and look at me. Who am I?

VAN TONDER: Veldsman.

whether the racial “mix” of the couple or the group ordering food was too “anti-apartheid”. But in the aftermath of the South American *las juntas* the venerability of a strongly European local anti-colonialism solidifies a multi-ethnic mixed race identity as normal.

¹¹⁹ “No, no, no more... This thing is doing my head in.” Veldsman has touched on the centre of the *aporia* of lost norms and identity. The centre of the maze or the riddle that curses both of them is the political unconscious, which ought to be known in the *chora* (the container of the female unconscious) of the many white South Africans brought up by black nannies or black menservants but is not recognised, is reacted against with a racist reaction-formation and is either “denigrated” or, exceptionally in the case of liberal whites, idealised in the political unconscious.

¹²⁰ See Aart De Villiers review more or less agreeing with Van Tonder not being able to identify with Veldsman's capacity to get him (Van Tonder) to tolerate this agony of the early Afrikaner national struggle as represented in the symbolic rugby match, the vengeful cricket match with a Coloured batsman (*pace* Basil D'Oliveira whom the MCC dropped for the England tour of South Africa) and the forthcoming account of the Slagter's Nek Rebellion.

VELDSMAN: Imagine I'm your brother. I'm the throwback. You're white and I'm brown. It's happening now in reality. To a girl. Sandra Laing. The brown Afrikaner girl thrown out of white school in Piet Retief. I am Jannie Van Tonder and I am brown and you are Jaap Van Tonder – white and we go to the same school. But one day there's an outbreak of mass-hysteria. "They may be brothers but look at him. He should be in a Coloured school". Van Tonder, we know that every white child plays with brown or black children quite happily until one day someone stops him. I want you to go back to the time of your first brown playmate.

VAN TONDER: [*Fixated on the picture of the Coloured girl*] Impossible. It never happened. My father would have killed me.

VELDSMAN: All right. Where were you at five years old, six, seven, eight? Who were you playing with when your father could have killed you?

VAN TONDER: We couldn't afford servants. [*Long pause.*] There was a maid called Betty Ngubane who worked for another tenant in the flats in Braamfontein¹²¹. She had a daughter called Thandi. She used to come in from Alexandra or Orlando every day with her child. We played in the garage. *Ja. Nee.*¹²² *Herinner ek daaraan.*¹²³ I was the youngest, you see. My *boeties*¹²⁴ and *sussies*¹²⁵ were all at school. My unmarried Tante Marie from Turffontein¹²⁶ used to come in and look after me if my ma and pa were both at work during school day. Tannie used to cook and clean the flat and tell me stories of the old days in the Transvaal and the Great Trek and the Kaffir Wars. She

¹²¹ Then a working-class Afrikaans and English-speaking inner city area,

¹²² "Yes. No." idiomatic Afrikaans, "yes, no, maybe."

¹²³ Afrikaans. "I remember it."

¹²⁴ Afrikaans. "Brothers."

¹²⁵ Afrikaans. "Sisters".

¹²⁶ Working-class Afrikaans and English-speaking suburb near a race-course hence the name "Turf-fountain".

was more educated than us. Then after lunch she used to fall asleep listening to the radio and I went upstairs to the maids' rooms on the roof of the building. So I got to know Thandi. *[Smiles]* Ja. Oh, I knew she was black when I was five years old, and I was white. *Ooo - ja.* I knew about colour from right early on. There wasn't any nonsense about that. You're talking rubbish, Veldsman. I wouldn't touch that child. I knew it was wrong.

VELDSMAN: So what did you do?

VAN TONDER: I played with her. Ja. Lots of games. *[Defiantly]* But I didn't touch her. I'm quite sure I didn't touch her.

VELDSMAN: Remember your wife, captain. Remember she may not want to touch you or have you touch her too much because you and she have something in you like that girl. Man you can kiss goodbye to your happiness if you don't get used to - - the fantasies man..... Don't you have the fantasies of your ancestors when they first saw African women? Be a child. Be a white child at the breast of an African woman. Imagine the nipple of your brown mother, the warm, brown breast spurting milk. Imagine you are your wife with Sarie at the breast.

VAN TONDER If only we hadn't listened to other people. We could have gone to Bechuanaland. Even Rhodesia.

Veldsman confronts Van Tonder.

VELDSMAN: Five years Sarie has been gone. That's a long time. She'll be attached to another mother. But adopted children sometimes want to see their real parents. Things are hard for you and Hettie. I know for a fact, that depressed women are very often low on sexual drive. I know Afrikaners with brown blood are often frightened of sex because of what it has produced. You been to a white shrink and he's given her

tranquillisers and anti-depressants but he'll have to give her electrical treatment if she and you don't kick out all the white bullshit all the lies the comforting lies, that it's an illness pure and simple whereas you don't like the truth I'm telling you because it hurts! It's got to hurt...(Does the Black Power salute.) *Jy and ek - ons verstaan hierdies vuus – dit gryp nie na niks – dit gryp na eenheid.*¹²⁷ The fist grasps not at nothing – at oneness.¹²⁸

VAN TONDER [*moving about*]: All right, I'll tell you what happened. We played games all right. But I was always the white man and she was always the native. Ja. I learned it all from my Tannie Marie. 'Nineteen forty-eight we Afrikaners came to power,' she said, 'and now we are going to conquer the English in the cities and keep the races pure.' [*Sits on the chair, right*] 'Jaap,' she said, 'always remember the struggle for the land is the struggle for God and God is with the Afrikaner because we are the people of the Bible.' And she told me all the old stories. So I said to Thandi...

VELDSMAN: Show me what you did.

VAN TONDER: Show you? All right, I'll show you.

¹²⁷ "You and me – we understand this fist – it doesn't grasp towards nothing – it grasps towards unity"

¹²⁸ See Critical Commentary on the Mangyani / Engelbrecht controversy: being-black-in-the-world is not nothing but even if it indicates no adherence to a writing-culture, it is a vehicle through black consciousness to the details of Being such as Heidegger's *vorhanden* and *zuhanden*, the technologies being at hand and to hand, fallen-ness (thrown-ness), into facticity (me being exactly here of all places connected to my past sometimes absurdly) which transcends – in Jaspers seen with more focus as the Transcendent which always guides *mythos* (plot) through the *synchronic* parole. The plot moves through a parabolic arc under the impact of *peripeteia* happening onstage now and accumulating a build-up of the back-stories and what is left behind in the *diachronic* not only of the *mythos* but picking up from the wider *langue* of ethnic history to choose either revenge and war or to preserve a common civilization (a writing-culture) of democracy rather than savagery, barbarism, the barbarism of the white "heart of darkness" as in Conrad's novella in which barbarism is indifferently white and black but largely white in the form of the greedy, power-mad Belgiums masquerading as civilization in the scramble for profits for Europeans, a version of which is present in Anglo-Afrikaner segregation and apartheid policies.

VELDSMAN: I'll be Thandi. [*He moves to the lobby, takes women scarf, tucks it into trousers round his waist as a skirt.*¹²⁹]

VAN TONDER: Nouja man, you be Thandi. [*He laughs. Veldsman does an imitation of Thandi, an African girl. Thandi's African accent is written phonetically in the next few of Veldsman's speeches. Van Tonder laughs at Veldsman.*]

VELDSMAN [*as Thandi*]: My nem is Thandi Ngubane. Ai em eight yez old. Every deh Ai come weeth mai muther, Mrs Betty Ngubane, to Fontein Flats, Jorissen Street, Braamfontein, from Alexandra Townsheep. Theezz boy is Japie van Tonder who leeves downstez in the beelding and some dez we play together. He is only fife yez old. [*Van Tonder laughing at Veldsman's extraordinary appearance; moving to Van Tonder*] Come on, captain. Enter into the spirit of the thing. What did you do? Make

¹²⁹ The Stanislavkian "through-line" here has to derive from the actor's performative memory or *anagnorisis* and *anamnesis* (remembered revelation) of some sort of subjective truth concerning young African and/or white girls and boys engaging in sex-play. And of his beloved friend Peter Ngubane his San-Zulu carer in childhood who held him, conjured up fantasies of San and Zulu myth, acted animals in folk-stories and played with him with toys as an alternative mother and father figure rooted in Africa. The failure of the *mimesis* criticised by Barrie Hough and Aart De Villiers in the Market Theatre performance of Veldsman (see Appendices) may have had something to do with the actor, who has difficulty in the "politically correct" atmosphere of the Market Theatre and his own experience as a Cape Coloured man of Malay or Asian or Euro-African descent in carrying off the *persona* and *melos* and *lexis* of a young black girl who speaks isiNguni and SeSotho and English. There is also the embarrassment of the mixed (multi-racial) audience in The Laager possibly because of Bill Curry's difficulty in crossing over all these apartheid, ethnic, and gender boundaries for a public where there would have been African, Asian, Coloured, white, gay, straight and bi-sexual members of the audience. Or perhaps a visual *semiosis* as played by Bill Curry was simply not in the *theatricum analyticum* of the macho culture of Aart De Villiers who only feels secure in front of a drag act by the gay Jewish-Afrikaans Pieter-Dirk Uys who can be relied to make ridiculous fun of the child kidnapper whose assault on a child was a prelude to the murder by her driver Jerry Richardson of Stompie Moeketsi Seipei (Gilbey 1994: 1-3, 185-187, 198 205, 209, 210-211, 219, 229, 230, 234, 246, 247, 262, 270-271, 276) or Barrie Hough's high-flown demand for Fugardian *mimesis*. In Lacanian / Kirstevan terms Veldsman is really the desired body of the mother which is the *objet petit a* or the Other barred by the castrated *phallus* and also the *phallus* desired by a becoming the woman-Other – see Elizabeth Wright *Lacan and Postfeminism* (2000: pp23-75) for the cinematic/theatrical theorisation of Christian Metz (1982). Metz postulates the dialectic of the voyeuristic scopical drive of the looking eye and the looking-back of the barred castrated *phallus* of the performer returning the gaze. The performer is essentially a vaginal *chora-vessel* challenging the audience abandon the *theoria* of theatre and to enter the performance or be entered by the performative drama to obtain *jouissance* instead of mirroring the delusive mirroring and spiralling off into the imaginary by contrast with a symbolic which allows the Real *jouissance*. In Lacanian thought access to this unconscious is a prelude to entering the socialised world of the symbolic – i.e. writing-cultures which co-exist with imaginary, magical oral-cultures.

it up. Go back! Enter your history¹³⁰. [*Van Tonder rises, crosses into the lobby for the knobkerrie and takes a picturesque stance as a gentleman with his stick posing for a portrait.*]

VAN TONDER [*crossing down right centre, allowing himself to join the game.*] I am Jan van Riebeeck, the first governor of the Cape, and you are a Hottentot. [*Veldsman puts on a tie as a headband and kneels.*] A stinking Hottentot with cattle intestines hanging all over his body, the guts of dead cattle with half-digested food in them, smeared with that kind of suet so smelly that I can smell you a hundred yards away. You steal my cattle and you are lazy.¹³¹

VELDSMAN [*as Thandi; kneeling*]: Now, you are the meeshonary. [*Van Tonder crosses his hands across his chest like a minister.*] Oh pleez Mistah Meeshonary, I am the Hottentot, pleez mek me into a Chrishun. . . I went in the river an I washed all my sins away. And I don't belev in the speeruts of the treez and the speeruts of the earth. I belev Jesus Chris' is come to save me. There is only one God, His son is Jesus Chris', I must not steal or be lazy, I must go to check on Sunday.

VAN TONDER I am my great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Jaap van Tonder, Boer of Graaff-Reinet district, and I will tell you the bloody missionaries have made the Hottentots lazier and they steal all my cattle so I'm going to beat you because you are a good-for-nothing. [*Takes tie off Veldsman, miming the beating.*] So I beat you like this with my sjambok — till you learn — you — are — the — servant

¹³⁰ Freud (1906 / 1907 / 1985: pp. 33-38, 68-70) in his writing on art and literature made the analogy between palaeo-anthropology / archaeology and psychoanalysis as uncovering “unconscious” layers of history and pre-history as in *Gradiva – A Pompeian Fantasy*. The play was regarded by Scott Hawker the *Financial Mail* critic in the review quoted by Anne Fuchs (1990) of the Market Theatre production as a “simplistic Freudian analysis situation” whereas in supposedly more sophisticated London no one called it simplistic whatever else they called it. Is this perhaps simply a “colonial” snobbery more snobbish than the snobbery of metropolitans themselves?

¹³¹ This is said to be the standard colonial perception of the first Khoi-Khoi herders meeting the Dutch settlers and officials in the mid-17th century. This may be a stereotype but it may also have been a genuine inter-ethnic perception. Likewise the indigenous Indians of America found the European settlers and invaders to have a strange and disgusting smell. This was over simplified by the African Nationalist critics at the Africa Centre as “racist” – see Appendix for *The Guardian Diary* news of their attempt to stop the play and the author's reaction regarded by them as “ranting” in 1985.

— and — God — has put — his power — in my hands — over you...

Veldsman submits to the “beating” then rises. Van Tonder puts tie on hands like handcuffs.

VELDSMAN: In the name of King George IV and the Cape colonial governor, I seek justice before British law. Your worship, this Boer, Van Tonder, beat me regularly. I am the victim of his incessant assaults. The missionary will tell you I am honest.

Van Tonder facing front.

VAN TONDER: I am Jaap van Tonder, my great-great- great-great-great-great-grandfather. I am here before this British court, brought here, brought here I say, by my Hottentot, whom I beat! I say to you British, I am an Afrikaner, never will I be British, and God has put me here in trust over the heathen and the God-forsaken. You give them equal rights at the expense of good simple Christian folk who live by the book. Now that you have got machines to do the work, you free the slaves, you who made an empire out of slavery! You hypocrites! Send your troops to stop the Kaffir tribes — not to take Afrikaners to the circuit court!

VELDSMAN [*Going outside to garden with knobkerrie or assegai*] I fight in the impis of the great kings of the Amazulu for Shaka and Dingana. These Boers are like flocks of birds, eating up all our lands. As we conquered the Ndebele and the Pedi, the Sotho and the Shangaans and the Tswanas and the Swazis, and the Xhosa and the Pondo and the Fingo — so we will finish them off — oh — heh!

Veldsman hums, chants and stamps a war chant and praises of the Zulu kings, whilst Van Tonder joins in the rhythmic stamping.

VELDSMAN:

Oh the great king he leaps
 Like a lion eating up his enemies
 He washes his spear in the little people
 Who run like frightened buck
 Before his terrible regiments.

VAN TONDER *[Going outside to garden table with the kitsch leopard skin material which he takes from the sofa]:* Trek, trek north! *[He or Veldsman puts the assegai and shield and the leopard skin on the table, runs up right. He moves a chair to be oxen at the garden table which is now an ox-wagon. He gets rope puts the other chairs as oxen, and who puts it over the chair as a harness or yoke.]* Get the wagons loaded with everything, inspan the oxen, come on, Veldsman, push the wagon. *[He or Veldsman push.]* Over the mountains, over the Blouberg and the Drakenstein, over the Karoo, into the wilderness, fighting the fever, and the tribes. . . *[He whips up the oxen.]* Ka! Ka! Whoa! The black hordes are gathering in the plains! Into a laager! *[He or Veldsman pull take the chairs , making them into a semicircle with the table. Both are inside the circle. Van Tonder gives the orders.]* Chain the wagons together! Stuff thornbushes between. Women and children behind, loading the guns. Get out there, Veldsman, you're the tribesman.

VELDSMAN: No, man, I'm on your side in the laager.

VAN TONDER *[disgusted]:* Ag, man, what the hell are you playing at? You're the tribes! You got to get shot. *[He takes his own pistol, wildly excited.]* Now we'll see some action! You want to play games! We'll play games! What about Sharpeville? What about Blood River?

VELDSMAN: Put that gun away!

VAN TONDER *[doing so]:* All right man, I was only joking *[He kneels down behind the bed, holding his 'rifle.']* Come on, Veldsman, get out there and charge. *[Veldsman*

picks up his refuse-bin lid/ shield and assegai, not waiting for anything.] Pow! Pow!
[Van Tonder uses the knobkerrie as a gun.] You're dead, Veldsman.

Veldsman doesn't move.

VELDSMAN: Boers were killed too.

VAN TONDER: A hundred tribesmen, a thousand for every ten Boers killed.

VELDSMAN: You kill ten of me, and I kill one of you... yes?

VAN TONDER *[excited]*: Dance, sing, give the war cry, begin, begin!

VELDSMAN *[draping the leopard skin material around his neck like a scarf stamping the Zulu war dance]*:

Son of the righteous one, he who thunders on the ground, bird, devourer of other
 birds,
 Great Leaper who bounds over all others —

Veldsman falls and groans as Van Tonder shoots. Veldsman gets up.

VELDSMAN *[crouching low for the first lines, then standing up or leaping on to the table]*:

He is the stealthy leopard and for long he has blocked the river crossings
 against the rabble.

He is the river ford with the slippery stepping stones, and they slipped on the
 stones, his enemies.

A wild beast, he rose from the thickets in fury against those people.

A storm, he was thundering down with his regiments!

*Springs off table or raises assegai at Van Tonder, who shoots. Again, 'shot',
Veldsman falls, then gets up at once.*

VELDSMAN [*at first in a fearful whisper, then with lid / shield uplifted, looking
mad*]:

Shaka! I fear to speak the name Shaka!

Raving mad he ravened among the towns,

He seized firmly the assegais of his father,

He who was like the maned lion! He scattered the enemy,

Struck the nations!¹³²

¹³² The Stanislavskian “through line” here will vary with the actor playing Veldsman doing the praises of the King Shaka who, of course, is both revered and feared, loved and hated depending on whether one is in the culture of the amaZulu or historically their abjected (loathsome) victims. That he caused sub-continental chaos by turning a small tribal group into the biggest Bantu-speaking military empire Southern Africa had ever seen in the process of the great disturbance – the *mfecane* of the early 19th century - is without question (see Wilson and Thompson 1969 Vol. I & II *op.cit.* on Shaka and the amaZulu as well as popular accounts like *The Washing of the Spears*). All the contemporary and retrospective historical accounts of Shaka suggest that his homo-erotic orientation was fundamental in his attitude to the male Zulu body which in a sense he worshipped, reified and fetishised as a ruthless and perfect war-machine, with cowardice and surrender punishable by death. It was his grasp of battle tactics which was Napoleonic. He was solely attached to his mother Nandi. His father and step-mothers regarded Nandi as a last resort in the king’s search for a male heir. He honed his fight for literal survival in stick-fighting with his younger half-brothers. He had a large harem of women but was apparently celibate and certainly childless. His early experiences of being scapegoated by half-siblings and by his father’s other wives created a classic psychopathic personality who thrived on absolute loyalty, military ferocity and cruelty. Thus a quasi-Freudian / attachment theory of child and adult development especially the explanation for the psychopathic personality is relevant cross-culturally. Fugard shares this view in his understanding of the psychopathy of Tsotsi in the novel of that name. His drunken father stops his dying mother reaching out to love Tsotsi for fear of Tsotsi catching her disease – possibly T.B. Tsotsi is “brought up” by gangs of other rejected or homeless children and learns to lead a murderous gang which kills commuters in the Johannesburg-township trains after Friday pay-day by inserting a bicycle spoke through the ribs of the victim into the heart, lifting the pay-packet and leaving the victim to die.

Sits on chair as King Dingaan very dignified and powerful.

Now, the massacre of Piet Retief by King Dingana.

The author experienced only love and care by Zulu men who were absolutely trusted and who trusted absolutely in his mother's fairness and kindness. Nevertheless they, powerful men who had come through the traditional Zulu regimental system in rural, pagan, non-Christian Natal in their puberty and adolescence in the 1940s and 1950s were, in a sense, slaves of apartheid which controlled their movements through the Pass Laws. Still they preferred to work as domestics in a block of flats even under the paternalistic care of a white woman employer rather than go down the gold mines which were dangerous and unhealthy and where they would be racially abused underground often by Afrikaner mine bosses (team leaders) who were equally powerful physically and for whom rugby was a religion – again a (usually heterosexual) reification and fetishisation of the male body as an alternative to fighting in a war. Their earnings had partly to do with *lobola* - being able to pay the husband's dowry to the father-in-law which traditionally seals the Zulu marriage. See Mhlophe *et al.* (1998) on her abduction by her amaXhosa mother from her Zulu grandmother and Mhlophe's story "Nokulunga's Wedding" on the degradation of *lobola* into a crude and insensitive payment for arranged marriages by greedy relatives by the time Christian individualism and the ethic of romantic love also changed marital choices.

There is partial immersion in a writing culture by Mhlophe and the emancipating process of literacy, literature and the theatre has spread through missionary education even in Bantu education schools in the 1970s – another proof if any more were needed of the inadvertently positive (perhaps overcoming the negative) by-products of South African quasi-colonialism for those anyway immersed as Mhlophe was in a popular rather than a classical or neo-classical writing-culture. It was her half-sister less academically gifted and less stimulated in early infancy by anyone like *Gogo* who could not resist marital rape. It was the school chaplain, Father Fikile who introduced Mhlophe to a praise-poet as a model and set her on her own distinguished career for her own stage performances (Picardie 2009 and see this discussed in the Critical Commentary). The beloved grandmother says she favours education and could have gone to court or a social work agency to get back the kidnapped child Zandile. Did she know her rights in the writing-culture of child care legislation? Could she have appealed to chiefly law as a wronged party who would know the mother's mercenary motives (to get *lobola* money)? See Critical Commentary on these Kristevan *inter-texts* of the author which in Mhlophe's case brought the issue of my love for Peter Ngubane and Zulu oral culture into focus as Gadamerian *Erlebnis*: the aesthetic is experienced through a dialectic between what the art-object meant originally as understood by the audience/artist and how it is emotionally and "unconsciously" understood now in the Lacanian Real. The personal and political unconscious is underpinned by the quasi-parental figure of Peter Ngubane my friend and carer in early childhood.

When reviving the play, my friendship with Mhlophe allowed me to look back at a now more meaningful aesthetic of a vivid oral culture and yet its drawbacks in perpetuating patriarchy and by-passing writing-cultures embodied in child care legislation. Surely anthropologists' references to chiefly law which would be known to African and white attorneys practising in Durban and Alice the regional town in the Transkei, and, anyway, chiefly law is written up in law books.

Without my love of the orally-cultured Ngubane clan at Mount Sheridan (named by my father after the playwright) I would have had no appreciation of the amaZulu praise-poem. Knowing Mhlophe (who is half-Zulu half-Xhosa) after three interviews and reading all her stories, poems and going to her concert performances of her poetry put to music by herself, enabled me to rekindle my relationship with Peter Ngubane at a pre-conscious level. The last time I saw him and the others in the Ngubane clan was at my mother's funeral in December 1969 whereas I conducted interviews with South African women playwrights in 1989-1993 (see Picardie 2009).

Veldsman drapes the leopard skin material over his head and seats himself up in kingly fashion on the table in the garden.

So you come to see the King Dingana at the Royal Kraal Umgungundhlovu. . . Come in Piet Retief. . . [*Van Tonder walks to Veldsman as if unarmed.*] unarmed, as a token of peace. [*Van Tonder offers Veldsman a piece of paper.*] You who put Mzilikazi to flight, you who offer to end my other enemies, you who in return for alliance want me to give you Natal. [*Veldsman puts a mark on the paper with his thumb and gives it to Van Tonder who turns away. Suddenly*] Bulalani abathakati! Kill the wizards! [*Veldsman leaps up as if stabbing Boers.*]

He felled Piet among the Boers, he slew Pieter,

He ate up the Boer with the broken teeth and him whose teeth are sharp,

He felled that one with a stone flintlock gun,

And the Boer with the powerful arms.

He slaughtered Jan, son of Stephanus among the Boers.

VAN TONDER [*annoyed*]: Hey, Veldsman! You said ten kaffirs for one Boer. I only got three kaffirs and now you get at least ten of us. It's not historical, man.

VELDSMAN [*Goes on stamping as if at Van Tonder, who gets in front of table.*]:

And he killed Jan the son of Seitzman, the short Jan, the tall Jan and Jan with the gap in his teeth. He felled Jan Jembroek among the Boers and him with a mouth like a honeysucker, the one with a moustache on his lip, and him who fires a gun with two nostrils.

He leaps on to the table towering over Van Tonder.

Listen Zulus,
 Listen to what the people tell me
 about this land of ours.
 We hear how the clans are chattering
 chattering about you
 like so many birds,
 and we say birds, we mean the golden finches, those whites
 they who stripped the cornlands
 of Dingana and Senzangakhona,
 Ha! They finished them off!

He raises his assegai so threateningly but Van Tonder laughs. Pause. Neither moves. Van Tonder smiles and relaxes; so does Veldsman.

VAN TONDER: That's good, Veldsman, as good as a Zulu.

VELDSMAN: Zulus aren't our problem. *[Van Tonder sits on a chair on a patio by a hedge as a background to the camera.]* Sit down, Van Tonder. Relax. *[Veldsman ties scarf full length under his arms.]* Now, your problem. I am, you must imagine, the slave girl from Malaya with Hottentot and white sailor blood. After recovering from his scurvy with fresh Cape fruit, vegetables and meat, that sailor went to the slave house between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. to sleep with my ancestor. 'I am nearly white, maybe I had white sailors on both sides of the family. *[Kneels next to the chair as a slave girl.]* Oh, my master, you're taking me with you on the Great Trek, I will stay with you, even though the British will give us our freedom. . . So you have no wife, and you go off to settle on the banks of the Orange River with a few of us servant people. . . You looked at me, but you married a Boer vrou, but you had no children, master. So you just took me once in the field, master. Yes, true, you did master, and when the child came, your wife looked at me, and I was afraid, and I said, "Master, I must go to my relatives at another place, take my child, and bring it up as you will," and secretly the child was kept and they made out it was the Boer vrou's own, it was so white. So this is how it happened.

Van Tonder is obviously impressed with this.

VAN TONDER [*musings*]: You think so. Possible, I suppose. [*Pause*] So I say this to Hettie. . . So.

VELDSMAN: Okay, but you've got to believe and feel that it was possible and not so disgraceful that you can't even think about it without disgust. Lie down, captain. [*He does.*] Look at me, captain. Let yourself become that Boer.

VELDSMAN [*very softly*]: This Boer in 1840, lived by the Orange River on his farm. His wife is sterile. 'The Lord said: Go forth and multiply.' And you want the children man, without children a man is nothing. Now concentrate. Shut your eyes, Van Tonder, man, and use a bit of imagination! [*Van Tonder does so.*] The slave girl is nearly white and a Christian. Eva — let us say, she was called Eva. There's a thunderstorm, she and you run for a cave in the hillside, you start a fire to dry out. She takes off her drapery to dry it by the fire and hides, modest and naked at the back of the cave. [*Van Tonder eventually responds to Veldsman's mesmeric invocation of the scene.*] In his mind the voice of the Lord seems to say, Van Tonder, multiply, multiply, and give praise to the Lord, scatter your seed, be fruitful! Sons, Van Tonder, a long line of sons! This is not strictly adultery, says this divine voice, because your wife, she wants children, and maybe this child could be taken into the fold — man! — concubines — is not such a sin. . . Keep your eyes shut, Van Tonder, and imagine. He moves one step towards her. [*Veldsman does the girl's voice, softly, seductively.*] 'Oh master, master,' she says. . . 'Oh master, I always thought master was a fine strong man, is he afraid to take one step toward what God may put in his way.' [*In his own voice*] His blood, his passion, his desire, his longing for sons, which is God's command to him, Van Tonder. .. [*Then Veldsman puts on the girl's voice; seductively.*] 'Oh master, I have two petals for you, two little yellow and pink petals for you.' Get it, Van Tonder? [*He is frozen.*] What does petals mean, man?...

VAN TONDER [*quietly*]: . . . the lips.

VELDSMAN: Not a black flower, not a brown flower... What colour. . . Keep your eyes shut, Van Tonder, imagine those lips. What colour?

VAN TONDER [*breathless*]: . . . pink and yellow...

VELDSMAN [*erotic, but shy*]: ‘And I have two pears for you, master. Not burnt dark in the sun. Milky yellow pears for you master. . . ‘ So what does he do — he takes each pear, tenderly and feels it firmly, lovingly, and he is not ashamed. . . what does he do, quite literally, what does he do, Van Tonder?’

VAN TONDER: . . . the tits...

VELDSMAN [*intensely erotic*]: Exactly, the breasts. . . and now this Boer, nothing can stop him, his mind is full of sons, not lust... [*Then throw-away*]... well if lust, then it’s in a good cause, so she says, [*Erotic and shy again*] ‘O master, I have two melons for you, not overripe and darkened, but young and fresh and the colour of sand of the seashore by the Table Mountain. . . Two yellow brown...

VAN TONDER: Brown?

VELDSMAN [*airily*]: More yellow than brown, beige to be exact.. . but melons. . . What does she mean, Van Tonder?

VAN TONDER [*very seriously*]: The arse.

VELDSMAN: So then she says, ‘Oh master, take the melons and the petals and refresh yourself. . . but master must not let me see his nakedness, just Moses.

VAN TONDER *[waking up completely]*: Moses? What the hell is Moses?

VELDSMAN *[lost in the scene, carried away while unaware of Van Tonder looking at him incredulously]*: Moses' rod, that miraculous staff that turned into a snake before Pharaoh, let Moses, let me have your Moses, let Moses raise his staff upon the promised land, the River Jordan waits for the chosen one, Oh master, here is that little river, flowing warm and sweet.

VAN TONDER: River Jordan, hey, I never heard it called that!

VELDSMAN *[quickly before he loses Van Tonder]*: Hang on, man, we haven't got there yet!

VAN TONDER *[Rises and crosses left.]*: Nouja, to cut a long story short, she and he have it in the cave. . . So I've got to go to Hettie and tell her how it happened.

VELDSMAN: *How your great-great-great-grandfather might have been conceived. Hettie, you say, this is how our great- great-great-grandfathers or mothers might have been conceived! It wasn't so bad! [Pause. Van Tonder leans against the table.]*

VAN TONDER *[sombre]*: Give us a drink.

VELDSMAN You had enough!

VAN TONDER *[soberly, drinking carefully]*: Love hey? Conceived in love? Yes, I could tell Hettie all that. Love and sons, yes, very possible. 'Hettie,' I say, 'it wasn't such a disgrace, you mustn't feel ashamed of colour — in — us — in her in our . . . our daughter. . . but Veldsman, what will she think of us — when she finds out — what we did to her'. I..... could help her, Veldsman. But the hate, the hate of our

daughter for us.... (*Goes inside looks at painting of Coloured woman in the house.*)
 What of that? [*Looks at Veldsman photos of African and mixed race children on the book shelves in the lounge. Pause.*] I don't want to live, you know that, Veldsman. . . I'm the one that wants to be dead. . . So. [*Pours last drink, drinks the tot, gets the bottle and comes back and drinks a large tot.*] I'm afraid, Veldsman. I seen too much hate. I could tell her all that good thing, and next day the hate would come back. [*Pause, bitterly*] Perhaps I am an animal. [*Pause*] I want to be a lion, you hear? I've always wanted to be a lion. . . [*Suddenly, he roars, very like a lion, then leaps on to the floor, claws Veldsman. He roars.*] Thandi!! I could bear to think of touching her with my claws! [*Spreads claws, caresses Veldsman with his nails.*] Tearing her flesh with my great jaws!! [*Slashes at Veldsman, who escapes to table; Van Tonder rushes indoors and gets African sculpture, lies on the sofa on his back.*] It's wonderful to be a lion. *I am the lion that can talk! A-r-r-g!!* I To lions, colour is nothing. [*Rolls over, kneels.*] Yes, I played lions and Thandi was a buck! A-R-R-G. The word *buck* makes my mouth water, which is nearly two feet wide, look. [*He opens wide*] A-a-a-a-r-g! Come down, Thandi, to the waters edge I want my dinner! [*Softly*] You a beautiful black buck, come down to the water hole... [*Entering the game, Veldsman, on delicate buck feet, comes down to the 'water's edge'.*] I go on the side where the wind blows my scent away from the buck.. . [*He circles with great stealth and grace.*] Oh drink, little buck, little black buck Thandi... [*Veldsman drinks at the water hole.*] This isn't a garage in Braamfontein, little black buck, this is the veld, the bush, the long grass, the thorn-trees, the great herds, the great prides of my fellow kings, greater kings than Shaka and Dingana, for we lions do not hate, we are just hungry and kill. . . [*Quietly*] Oh little buck. Oh Africa.. . What have the men done to you. . . [*Pause. Suddenly, with terrifying strength and speed he springs on to Veldsman and they mime the killing of the buck. Both fall on the bed.*] It's all right, Veldsman. . . She lay there while I licked her. . . licked the blood off her. Thandi pretending very nicely to be dead beside the wheel of the 1942 Ford V8. . . [*He rises and Veldsman breaks left.*] Then my father comes in quietly from the tram depot. Thandi runs upstairs. . . [*Van Tonder takes his belt out of his trousers. He slaps it on the bed and Veldsman takes it.*] He gives me the strap, man. Oh, that hate! Just let it crack down! Go on, hit the floor, so's I can get the hate out. 'Japie,' he says, 'you know why you're getting the belt. . . [*Veldsman cracks belt on floor.*] One for dirty games with a girl. [*Belt*] Two. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir. [*Belt*] Three. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir,

because you're a Christian and you should know better. *[Belt]* Four. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir because you're an Afrikaner Christian. *[Belt]* Five. . . for dirty games with a girl kaffir because I'm your father and I've got to teach you a lesson. *[Belt]* Six. . . for. *[Exhausted]* I've forgotten. . . *[Collapses on to the sofa. Veldsman bends over him.]*

VELDSMAN: Oh wise lion, who is above Boer and Zulu, above Black man and White man, oh wise lion, stronger than Dingana and Shaka, cleverer than Piet Retief and Maritz and Potgieter, think only of your lioness, your lioness who lies sick in her den.

VAN TONDER *[getting up, obviously a bit drunk, but his face transfigured with delight and immediately assuming gorilla-like postures with grunts]:* Diere... Die dierewereld... Die natuur wereld... Dis beter... Die diere... 'N dier kan nie moord pleeg... An animal cannot destroy... It can kill, but it cannot destroy... Gorilla. . . ugh. . . ugh. From lion to ape, to Bushman to Hottentot to Bantu to coolie to coloured to Jew to British to Boer — up the scale of evolution — I've got to work my way up, see, overcoming the hate. . . Yes, you're right, Veldsman. . . I've got to get it out of my system. . . And sex. . . I've got to learn about sex across the lines. . . Now we got to start with the gorilla. . . I am a male gorilla. *[He grabs Veldsman, who struggles away.]*No I'm serious... Stone-age man... In Africa... There is enough for everybody... Yes... He fights for territory... He wipes out the other hominids... The Neanderthals... No, that's wrong.... There still is sin... Originally...¹³³

VELDSMAN *[anxiously]:* Van Tonder. . . Haven't we gone far enough for one day? Tomorrow's another day, man.

¹³³ Until the last three lines in this speech which have been added to make Van Tonder more sophisticated in evolutionary biology, this satirised discourse must be part of the hateful “*drek-dialogoog*” (shit-dialogue) that offended the Afrikaner patriot Aart De Villiers the drama critic in 1980 (see Appendix) and, ironically, the Pan-Africanists at the Africa Centre in King's Street, London in 1985

VAN TONDER [*insane and happy, suddenly becomes a chimpanzee*]: A chimp. . . you get it, Veldsman? One up the scale. Now, I try one more miscegenation, also one up the scale: chimp and Hottentot, then I become a *man!* [*Throws himself on sofa.*] I become a — a — Bushman and I have it off with a — a — Hottentot, and then I become my great- great-great-great-great-grandma. [*Works up to an orgasm.*] A true coloured and. . . I'm through — through the hate barrier. [*He gradually quietens down.*]

VELDSMAN [*gently, soberly*]: What about Hettie?

VAN TONDER: Right! You're Hettie, see. [*Rises, crosses left.*] And I'm myself. [*Veldsman puts blanket round himself.*] All right, all right. Now get on to the bed. This is it, Veldsman.

VELDSMAN: Just take it easy, captain. You can't do it all at once. [*Sits, holds blanket as if a baby; Van Tonder sits by him.*]

VELDSMAN [*as Hettie*]: Oh my baby, oh my brown baby, oh my poor brown baby. . . We're still white aren't we Jaap? The government is not going to reclassify us as coloured because of the brown baby, is it? I don't feel coloured, I just feel bad, not brown, but bad, bad. . . Oh Jaap, I loved that child, and I feel so guilty for loving her somehow. . . and yet when I think of her brown skin, brown curly hair, brown eyes.

VAN TONDER [*really irritated*]: All right, man, that's enough with the brown! [*Rises, and walks left.*]

VELDSMAN [*asserting himself*]: You've got to keep saying it till she gets the idea that she, who is partly brown, and you, who are partly brown, are not bad because of colour! [*Van Tonder returns to the bed and sits.*] Now the hard bit. You and her. Hettie, you say, 'When you touch me sexually, do you ever think of me or yourself as

brown, you know, brown, curly hair, thick lips, flat nose. .

VAN TONDER: *Stop bloody well saying that! [Rises and crosses left.]*

VELDSMAN *[Rises.]*: But, captain, you've still got to describe the love scene of your ancestors, remember?

VAN TONDER *[turning]*: Okay, I'll have a go. .

Veldsman goes into the house makes a phone call, We hear the opening music.

Outside Van Tonder holds the leopard skin material as a bundle containing the lost baby. He shuts his eyes; and speaks as if in prayer very, very quietly.

VAN TONDER Hettie, we've come to a great turning-point in our lives. . . I went through that therapy with Veldsman. . . He took me back to the conception of our great-great-great- grandparents — something like that — *[Spitting it out] Mis—ceg—en—a---tion*. . . it's not so bad, Hettie! Lips, breasts, buttocks, even — that — the wet, running, river, milky brown, yellow brown, sand brown, all mixed up, it could have been quite beautiful, Hettie, just like it used to be between you and me. . . Hettie, I wouldn't mind if you were brown, brown you hear, *I wouldn't mind if you were brown!* *[Almost without voice — only just heard. Long pause. He opens his eyes. Veldsman suddenly realizes this is success, he looks radiant.]* Did you hear what I said?? I said I could love her if she was brown. . . What have you done to me, Veldsman?

VELDSMAN *[with happiness]*: You have found my blood in you. . . *[Long, long pause. He dials the phone. Pause]* Hello, Mrs Van Tonder? It's me. Jannie Veldsman. Your husband. He wants to tell you something *[To Van Tonder]* *She's on the phone. She's waiting to talk to you...*

VAN TONDER: (*Going to the phone in the sitting room*) Hettie, we've come to a great turning-point in our lives. . . I went through that therapy with Veldsman. . . He took me back to the conception of our great-great-great- grandparents — something like that — [*Spitting it out*] *Mis—ceg—en—a---tion*. . . it's not so bad, Hettie! Lips, breasts, buttocks, even — that — the wet, running, river, milky brown, yellow brown, sand brown, all mixed up, it could have been quite beautiful, Hettie, just like it used to be between you and me. . . Hettie, I wouldn't mind if you were brown, brown you hear, *I wouldn't mind if you were brown*.

VAN TONDER *feels he is disintegrating. To stop himself, he is about to turn his accusations on Veldsman then stops:*

At this point we see Sarah, Minna and Fatima Omar in the summerhouse of a garden with wisteria and camellias.

VAN TONDER: I thought this is crazy. I thought you are crazy. . . I though you are trying to drive me out of my mind, brainwash me. I thought you're a certifiable lunatic, squatter, a subversive, practising a form of medicine without a licence. I thought you've got to be taught a lesson from the Special Branch. [*Picking up a rock or getting the knobkerrie or assegai or gun and then putting down whatever weapon he has to hand, then thinks, then smiles, then puts down the weapon. Van Tonder looks at his hands and weeps. This fades into a shot of Hettie Van Tonder joining the Omar family and picking up Sarah Omar.*] ¹³⁴

¹³⁴ This is the end of the *denouement* not just the play . Various kind of interventions in the form of the role-play characters have occurred – each of them links in what Aristotle implies is a causal sequence of events in the *mythos* of this new and responsive Van Tonder. Each intervention is another causal link in the parabolic chain of development of the *mythos*. This is in accordance with Aristotle's definition of tragic drama. Each intervention is an attempt to de-sensitise Van Tonder to the Otherness of his ethnic origins so that he can help his wife do the same. They are initially *over-sensitive* which is a behaviourist understanding of failure in dealing with the repressed which emerges symptomatically as Hettie's depression and Van Tonder's ambivalent concern.

By contrast J.B. in *Rapport* an Afrikaner Nationalist paper (not reproduced in Appendix) flaunts his racist contempt as a "dare" to demonstrate his *macho* stance, and writes contemptuously of little dead *kaffers* (*kaffertjies*) in the wake of the Soweto uprising of 1976 which occurred four years before the Market Theatre production. Obviously this kind of racism is a permanent defence against the inner Otherness which should contain as much and more Christian love as Afrikaner hate and desire for revenge against British and Africans who so threatened and indeed killed hundreds of thousands of them in the Anglo-Boer War in the British concentration camps and thousands previously in the anti-

colonial wars conducted by Africans against the Boers. J.B. could not empathise with the dead *Kleurling* (Coloured) – the tragic ending in the original version of *Shades of Brown* – hence one more reason for this more hopeful and sophisticated ending.

Now there is no final *hamartia* - *the terrible mistake* - the murder of Veldsman regretted in Van Tonder's tears in *Shades of Brown* as a kind of self-recognition (*anagnorisis*). But the Afrikaner critics have to shut out psychoanalysis so as to prevent self-discovery of the partly African origins of some Afrikaner families – therefore the absurd Otherness of the unrecognised unconscious cannot enter into their critical judgements. Barrie Hough's *Beeld* review cannot make allowance for an Asian-Coloured actor – descended from the Cape Malays not being able to achieve a realistic *mimesis* of “hottentot rubbish – bushman piece of dirt” – i.e. Bill Curry's inability to go move from that *persona* talking with an Afrikaner accent (the San and the Khoi became servants of the Boers and Afrikaans is actually *kombuis Duits* – *kitchen Dutch*) to Thandi with an *African* accent playing the parts of what De Villiers refers to as the “dokter-dokter” (sex role-play) scene. There is insufficient connection across the various political unconsciousness-es in the critical Afrikaner audience's receptive *praxis* (*practice of judgement leading to prospective concerted action so as to produce attitude change*), which remains a Sartrean *series*. (See the Sartre's *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, which sees groups within classes – not classes as such - acting together spontaneously as remarked by Deleuze and Guattari 1992: pp. 256-257. Sartre would regard revolutionary *praxis* as a contrast to a *series* like a bus queue. See Wikipedia on *Critique of Dialectic Reason* “Evaluation” line12). A *praxis* is a practical working together in Sartre book *CDR*. A *series* is an alienating production line of merely mechanical action: the Afrikaner critics are determined to provide more links in the Boer *rejection* of what is ideologically alienating by refusing to see that the original *Shades of Brown* uses *praxis* – a concerted psychological urging towards a sense of a group-action in consciousness agreeing that genes for colour mean nothing in terms of intellect or morality. Racism is a reification of Otherness projected outward in the form of prejudice becoming ethnic discrimination.

The London and Cambridge critics (*Cambridge Evening News* review in 1983 not reprinted in the Appendix) find they can empathise with an author and actors whose through-lines are Real (at the point where Stanislavski's method overlaps with the political unconscious of the play. The two actors were indeed Coloured men from Cape Town) and for them there is a possible *anagnorisis/ anamnesis* (a timely recognition and a recall of the otherwise absent-present Real). The Afrikaner critics are immersed in *the wrong kind of writing-culture which reifies ethnic differences* whereas this Van Tonder and this Veldsman become immersed in a progressive liberating writing-culture of Kleinian and Lacanian psychoanalysis. The two Coloured actors are immersed in the writing-cultures and oral-cultures of a morally valid post-colonialism even in the more tragic *Shades of Brown* they performed at Robinson College directly by Liebe Klug (see Critical Commentary).

VOLUME TWO



THE CAPE ORCHARD: LONDON CRITICS ON THE PRODUCTION BY THE FOCO NOVO THEATRE COMPANY OF THE PLAY AFTER ITS BRITISH TOUR WHICH ENDED AT THE YOUNG VIC THEATRE IN DECEMBER 1987.

“...a vivid and passionate; fable which Michael Picardie has etched out in startling dialogue and images” Milton Shulman Evening Standard 10.12.87

"What I find fascinating about the play is that it takes the South African question a stage further, theatrically, by suggesting that the crucial issue is the ownership of the land ... it is refreshing to find a dramatist putting racial issues into an economic context and offering solutions other than straightforward violence" Michael Billington The Guardian 10.12.87

“ [...] a play of literary intelligence, and fierce rational despair and sharp realistic questioning. " John Peter The Sunday Times 13.12.87

“Michael Picardie's achievement is to try to give them all - descendants of the old Zulus, Xhosa, Basuto, bushmen, Boers, emigre European Jews, coloureds - a fair voice in this 'South African fable' where the plight of Leonie de Villiers, her orchard and fruit business, stands presumably, as a microcosm for South African society at large. Except that the 'Vreugde' farm is also an oasis of socialist idealism where the white and black liberals can join hands with their more militant black brothers and sisters, to create a workers' co-operative. Ultimately this is an epitaph, a song of lament for black Africa, but one which is not devoid of hope (and hope is revolutionary)" Carole Woddis City Limits 17.12.87

THE CAPE ORCHARD ***A South African Fable****© Michael Picardie**

For Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

“/ka !kauru /ke, /ka gu, /ke a... young moon, take my face up yonder, give back to me your face up there, take away this pain..”

Dia!kwain, one of the last speakers of /Xam, the Cape San language, 1875

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THE CAPE ORCHARD was first presented by the Foco Novo Theatre Company and the South West Theatre Consortium at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, on 7th October 1987, and then toured England and Wales with the following cast:

JAN PIETERSE Norman Beaton

DIANNE CUPIDO Claire Benedict

LEONIE DE VILLIERS Naomi Buch

VALMA DE VILLIERS Pauline Black

BOETIE KOEKEMOER Joseph Charles

VOICES AND SINGERS Vincent Ebrahim, Brendan Grealy, John Matshikiza, Michael Mayer.

Directed by Roland Rees

Designed by Norman Coates

Lighting Richard Moffat

Sound Nick Jones

Company Stage Manager: Hazel Ryan

Stage Managers: Sarah Cassell, Tim Neil

Administrator: Inga Jones

Publicity: Christine Taylor

San songs arranged by Michael Picardie and

Norman Beaton, based on "Instrumental Music of the

Kalahari San" N.England et al, N. De Vore, Peabody

Museum, Cambridge, Mass (tapes sent by Mrs De Vore, no date, tapes not published.)

Song: "Unzima Lomthwalo" arranged by John Matshikiza

My thanks are due to Leibe Klug and the "Vuyani" Cambridge group, Peter Warde, Gilly Adams and Made in Wales, Geoffrey Axworthy, Roland Rees & Foco Novo, Lammi Shoba, Tunde Ikoli, Hilary Britten, Alex & Lyne Lewis, Theresa Cloete, Vincent Ebrahim, Vinette Ebrahim, Brendan Grealy, Ivan Lucas, Michael Mayer and Denise Newman for helping to start and develop the process whereby a

South African idea of the play has now been incorporated within the following text. Act One of the play was workshopped by the Back Window Theatre Company of Arthur Benjamin and his group in Athlone, Cape Town and performed on 4th April 1990. The current text (revised 2012) is a fusion which emerges from my attempt to transform the British and the early Cape Town version of the play into one which more truly represents the beginnings of a new South Africa.

The Prologue and Acts One and Two are set on a Sunday in the late summer of 1989 on the back veranda and garden of the farmhouse “Vreugde” in the Western Cape Province of South Africa. The Epilogue takes place in the mid-‘90s.

CHARACTERS

JAN PIETERSE: a businessman and community leader, part-time co-manager of ‘Vreugde’.

DIANNE CUPIDO: a part-time domestic and factory-worker, a union leader, for some years the De Villiers’ family nanny.

LEONIE DE VILLIERS: an actress, owner of ‘Vreugde’.

VALMA DE VILLIERS: manager of ‘Vreugde’, Leonie’s adopted daughter.

BOETIE KOEKEMOER: a farm worker at ‘Vreugde’.

**VOICES OF FARM WORKERS AND TRADE UNION CHOIR
SINGERS**

PROLOGUE

We hear a Kalahari San singer.

Part of the back veranda and back garden of an old Western Cape farmhouse which was once a well-proportioned back door into the house and classical sash windows and shutters (of the kitchen and bathroom) onto the raised veranda. Steps down on the side into a maize and vegetable plot and on the other side one or two overgrown and gorgeous shrubs such as bougainvillea or poinsettia. Wicker table and chairs outside, a very old carved throne-like armchair in the garden, a cricket bat and tennis ball near the chair. Gerry De Villiers' diary is on a table and the collected works of Shakespeare and Heidegger, a copy of Ingrid Jonker's Collected Poems, and Sartre's Being and Nothingness. As well W.H.I. Bleek and L.C. Lloyd's Specimens of Bushman Folklore is in Pieterse's hands. Perhaps the set is surrealistically deconstructed to suggest disintegration, destruction, decay, with broken columns and pediments, smashed stone ornaments and the window fallen out, but if so the actors do not notice.

Very slowly we sense the dawn light breaking.

As it does the Kalahari music fades a little.¹³⁵

Pieterse is asleep under a Lesotho blanket in the old chair in the garden and he stirs. There is a book near his hand on the grass of the garden. We hear a bomb go off distantly. He starts, wakes. The dawn breaks into morning.

He gets up and goes onto the veranda where he dresses. He keeps on his tie-and-dye shirt, puts on good shoes and an elegant suit, perhaps a safari-suit.

In the pauses between dressing he rubs his eyes, stares, wanders around.

PIETERSE: What was that dream...? So clear... My ancestor speaks to the moon:
(The offstage San tune fades. He sings in the San style looking at Bleek and Lloyd:

¹³⁵ This *melos* is in contrast to the *skene*. The *didaskalia* of the set is at odds with what a modern realist Chekhovian production might be. The suggestion is that we see a deconstructed house that is only a distant *anamnesis*, a recollection, of a "classical" Cape Dutch mansion.

¹³⁶) “!ka !kauru /ke, /ka gu,/ke a, young moon, take my face up yonder, give back to me your face up there, take away this pain... Give me your face, small moon, that dies, and when you return again, give me this joy that you possess forever yonder....*Ta !kei /ke, a !kwaiten ddo a ki ha, ke a.*”.Portuguese come .. Dutch come.. English come.. For our bodies, labour, land, for the wealth of Africa. Guns against spears, taxes and passes against war songs..

Then, I’m fighting for King Shaka. (*Laughs.*) South Africa, 1822, a king arises to teach us the meaning of an African empire...

Sound of distant thunder.

How does it go?

Shaka, I hear you in the thunder of the plains... You were always in a great rage,

Shaka, you devoured others and then you devoured some more,

Shaka you were a wild animal, a leopard, a lion,

Shaka you were a horned viper, an elephant,

Shaka, you were as big as the great mountains of Mpehlela and Maqhwakazi,

Shaka, black one,

You grew while others loitered,

Snatcher of the staff of power,

You attacked, you raged...

¹³⁶ What follows is a kind of invocation, a chorus, a prologue which primes the audience for two oral traditions, the KhoiSan and the Zulu in Pieterse’s search for autochthony – his origins and his patriotic identification - otherwise we get stuck with the naturalistic “fourth wall”. Pieterse is like a priestly chorus here, but an existentialist revealing through his emotional memory *aletheia* – unconcealedness of being revealed in its own light in his search for a way back from Heideggerian *fallen-ness* or *thrownness* transcending his *facticity*. See Critical Commentary for discussion of what uncovering of Being in its own light means in *Being and Time* (1927/1962).

We will be like you, Shaka, a pile of freshly planted stones..¹³⁷

Ag me and my dreams... Man, wake up, it's 1989... Wait! After Bushmen the scene changes then Shaka and then the scene changes again.. Uncanny.. I'm in a helicopter with that old crocodile, P.W.Botha...*Ja* with the president himself... No, but in the dream real crocodiles in the river...Flying round the country looking for signs of reform... Botha sees Van Der Merwe driving a speedboat on the Limpopo River... A black guy water-skiing behind... "Man", says Botha, "Look at it! A picture of good race relations!" Botha orders the pilot to fly low. "Well done, Van Der Merwe" says the president. "Keep up the good work!" Says Van Der Merwe driving the speedboat with the black guy water-skiing behind: "That Piet Botha is a good *ou*. But he doesn't understand about crocodile-hunting..."¹³⁸

Pours himself a cup of coffee from a thermos flask. Drinks.

Pieterse, get a grip... (*Paces.*) The scene changes... Pictures of the years like in a bioscope newsreel.. 1987... Will there be liberation? Will there be black armies in the sky... Flying over Kalahari... Bombing Pretoria and the Rand..? Will there be in the blue Boer boy from Potgietersrus shooting down woman from Lagos..? Man from Algiers shooting down girl from Ladysmith and on he flies to Soweto...? Will we have to retreat into the Kalahari to fight them? . "Kalahari?" says my ma, "*Waar die kos is springbok vleis en wortels want niks daar groei nie!*"¹³⁹ Ja, even fighting in the Kalahari! We live on wild nuts and *tsamma* melons. Ja, there's diamonds in the Kalahari. (*Kneeling at a flowerbed, throws a couple of stones onto a little pile of*

¹³⁷ Adapted from a praise-song of the King Shaka – see Ruth Finnegan *Penguin Book of Oral Poetry* (1982: pp 126-127). For the history of Shaka see Leonard Thompson "Cooperation and Conflict: The Zulu Kingdom and Natal" in (eds.)(1969) Monica Wilson and Leonard Thompson. *The Oxford History of South Africa* Volume I pp.342-350.

¹³⁸ For Van Der Merwe as the wise-fool in South African humour see (eds.)(2003) James Clark and Harvey Tyson. *Laugh the Beloved Country* pp. 294-297. Pieterse, the brown Afrikaner laughs with the white Afrikaner in a way which Edward Roux (1966) in *Time Longer than Rope* p. 23 suggests that the Coloured people are a bridge between black and white with members staying put, passing for white, or being Africanised as black.

¹³⁹ Afrikaans: "Where the food is springbok meat and roots because nothing else grows!" Pieterse's apocalypse - a just war with guerrillas in the Kalahari - incorporates something of Chekhov's Trofimov (Chekhov/Frayn: 318. I shall refer to the translation of *The Cherry Orchard* by Michael Frayn as Chekhov/Frayn)

stones).

Heitsi Eibib, divine man,
Tsui /Goab rain god.
!Gurub, Thunderer,
Make me free of crimes.¹⁴⁰

¹⁴⁰ See Stephen Gray (ed.)(1968) for Khoi-Khoi (“Hottentot”) invocations of gods and heroes.

ACT ONE

Sound of an old taxi car arriving and door slamming shut.

DIANNE CUPIDO *comes from the side of the house wearing her best Sunday floral summer frock and doek¹⁴¹. She has a handbag which she puts on a table. Fetches a mirror from the house in which she fixes her make-up.*

She shouts towards the driveway at the side.

DIANNE: Don't you talk to me Jacob.. You are the one that's going to get it.. Now you on the poor white scrapheap you suddenly one of us..? You dog!¹⁴² (*To Pieterse:*) God, everything is bugged today.. (*Smells her clothes.*) I still smell of teargas from last night.. And now this morning? I promise you I don't know how we got through in Jacob's car.. The kids stoned us because I was in his taxi.. And you know what he says? Because I'm the nanny for 18 years I can't be a comrade... Bloody bastard...

¹⁴¹ Afrikaans: woman's kerchief.

¹⁴² The reasoning here is that a shift has occurred in class relations as a result of the imminent collapse of apartheid. A previously respectable Afrikaner taxi-driver is now in danger of being pushed into the poor white group. In the original *The Cherry Orchard*, Dunyasha is a lady's maid whom Lopakhin teases about her upwardly mobile aspirations (Chekhov/Frayn p. 288). Dianne has become a working-class heroine, vengeful and bitter and expresses what might be called class/group racism which she codes as group solidarity because on grounds of class, she does not want to think through the (supposedly) liberal-bourgeois categorical imperative – “act as if for mankind” - which is totally alien to her *zeitgeist*. She is immersed in an oral-culture not a writing-culture. Besides who is to say that class-solidarity doesn't produce political results? She transcends her *hamartia* if it is *hamartia* in the final catharsis when her son Arnold is killed by another form of (class-group) racism which she finally does decode as group solidarity coming from the enemy but tragically too late. Arnold is aligned with the *zeitgeist* of peace and reconciliation but this does not save him from conservative African provocateurs, the *witdoeke*. Compare the literacy of the British working class by 1939/1940 in relation to the largely oral-culture of unthinking patriotism which fuelled anti-German propaganda in 1914-1918. Niall Ferguson's *Empire – How Britain Made the World* argues for the long tradition of institutionalised part-democracy in Britain (based on a long tradition of middle-class and upper-class literacy) by comparison with the highly literate German bourgeoisie and upper class who were excluded from the salutary experience of representative democracy until the mid- to late-nineteenth centuries. For that reason German militarism was unconstrained and barbaric in their genocide of the Herero in German West Africa – a rehearsal other historians suggest, for the Holocaust. They inflicted their characteristic form of authoritarianism in violation of their own Enlightenment philosopher Kant and in conformity with Hegel's complacent synthesis of freedom and order under a Prussian regime. For Pieterse Kierkegaard proclaims the Individual as a “defile” through which the modernising person “must” pass – given a writing culture that he, Kierkegaard, a fundamentalist Christian thought was tainted by what he regarded as the hypocrisy of the Danish Lutheran Church catering for the complacent bourgeoisie. (See Walter Kaufmann's edited version of Kierkegaard and his life and Karl Jaspers admiration for Kierkegaard but his warning that both Nietzsche and Kierkegaard are exceptional extremes who cut themselves off from society because of their extraordinary genius and individualism. They are inspiring but not models to be followed. Nietzsche's “will” is admirable but abused in fascism, Nazism and Bolshevism, and Kierkegaard's “leap of faith” ignores empirical science but will and faith serve in Jaspers' transcendent or encompassing as framing devices for the *psyche* in existential doubt, torment, and in helping the mentally ill.

Who does he think he is..? Meneer Jacob du Toit bloody Boer washout... He's getting no sympathy from me...(Fixes her lipstick.)

PIETERSE: (*Going off out to the drive upstage around the side of the house*) Man, for God's sake, Dianne, I thought you brought Mrs Yaffsitch...? You supposed to fetch her in the taxi.. Jacob!

DIANNE: (*Still making up*) To hell with her... Did you hear that bomb at five o'clock this morning? The kids bombed that township councillor and his family, Mr Sebe who owns the butchershop. They cremated them alive.... Ja, he had it coming.. I feel sorry for his wife and children.. (*Touching the cricket bat and the tennis ball*)¹⁴³ My boy Arnold, he's a marked man.. I beg him.. Quieten down.. He says, 'Might as well go down fighting..'¹⁴⁴

Dianne goes through the door into the house.

Pieterse comes back from the front of the house onto the veranda.

PIETERSE: (*Placating Dianne*) Because the police *sjambok* your boy Arnold and shoot the schoolkids you got to turn fanatic at our expense? Mrs Yaffsitch never spoke to an arsehole policeman here or in Israel anytime in her whole life...¹⁴⁵

DIANNE: (*Coming from house, now wearing a housecoat, with dusters and polish, polishing armchair*) Ag, Jews, what do they know of suffering now, here?¹⁴⁶ Funeral last Saturday.. Arnold Cupido, my son, age 16, he says over the coffins of his comrades with Claasens watching from a Saracen recording everything... "Brothers

¹⁴³ The symbolic death of Cape liberalism expressed through violence by "comrades" (sometimes gangsters) against "sell-outs" is touched upon as sub-text here. If God is in the detail in Chekhov, here Dianne has to touch symbols of fair play – British tennis and cricket.

¹⁴⁴ Dianne's militance is a marked contrast with Dunyasha's helpless dilemma caught between Yasha's use of her as a sex-object and the comically accident-prone estate clerk's Yepikhodov's opportune courtship of her (cf. Chekhov /Frays pp.289-293). Unlike Dianne, Dunyasha is unable to free herself from her devotion to Varya, Anya and Ranyevskaya. Dianne tries to transcend this by making the political the personal. She stops the "maid-madam" dialogue.

¹⁴⁵ On Pieterse's philo-Semitism see Immanuel Suttner's *Cutting Through the Mountain: Interviews with South African Jewish Activists* (1997) pp.1-2.

¹⁴⁶ Immanuel Suttner (1997) *ibid.*

and sisters.. We beg for the vote for all black people for 80 years.. Now it is too late to beg and argue and reason, it's all or nothing.. Anyone in the police, or talks to the police, or sits on their councils, or the tribalists they letting rampage – I don't call them the fathers – we burn them..” he says.. “We strike terror into the hearts of the people so that the struggle will win.. The youth rule... Stones and petrol against the Casspirs and the Buffels..”¹⁴⁷

PIETERSE: (*To Dianne*) Why are you bothering to keep this place clean if you going to burn it down?

DIANNE: I want to see what the Boer woman going to do..

PIETERSE: I suppose you want the comrades to burn me alive, too?

DIANNE: Pity you didn't take a seat in Botha's parliament and become a pompous arsehole in the Coloured chicken *hok*¹⁴⁸ ... Then you'd have a policeman to protect you and you'd feel safe.. (*Dusting / polishing furiously*) To think, I believe everything is all right all these years...

PIETERSE: I was born here and I struggled here and you people come from Jo'burg and Cape Town and tell me I sold out.. I never sold out..

He goes and pees defiantly in the garden.

PIETERSE *washes his hands and face in the birdbath.*

DIANNE: (*Still polishing the old chair*) Ag, go and have a shower in the house.

(*Looking at his book. Reading the title hesitantly*) “Specimens of Bushman Folklore”. You a specimen of Bushman yourself ?

¹⁴⁷ See Thompson (1990): pp. 228-242 on a whole range of democratic phenomena in the 19870s and 1980s. These included the formation of the United Democratic Front, the legalisation of trade unions, strikes, an art and culture of resistance, the decline of the Homelands, the solidarity of Africans, Coloureds and Indians both middle class and working class, educated and uneducated, young and old. On the other hand there were also the reactionary continuation of vigilantes (“tribalists”), state repression, insurgency, gangsterism in the townships, as well as brutalisation within the “progressive” groups - violence against “sell-outs” who cooperated with the government. Trofimov, the quasi-revolutionary unemployed intellectual of the early 1900s is the Chekhovian equivalent of Arnold Cupido, and Trofimov, idealistically, cannot anticipate radical Bolshevism leading to Stalinism.

¹⁴⁸ A new constitution of 1984 created a new House of Assembly of 178 white M.P.s elected by whites, a House of Representatives of 85 Coloureds elected by Coloureds, and a House of Delegates of 45 Indians elected by Indians – see Thompson (1990) p.225. The absence of Africans from the franchise was a cause of the civil war in the townships and the usual colonial tactic of divide and rule.

PIETERSE *goes into the house.*

DIANNE: Ag, I should have done some good with my life... Got a scientific education and learned how to make bombs.. You know Zelda's nearly made me a grandmother..? Me, a grandmother..! Jesus wept! Why the hell should I look after Mrs Yaffsitch Sundays just because all the Jewish ladies from the synagogue busy with their families? Why should I keep her son free to make money in Jo'burg?¹⁴⁹

Noise of a shower or bath and Pieterse's voice off from inside the bathroom window overlooking the veranda.

PIETERSE: *(Off)* Where is it going to end without mercy..?

DIANNE: Mercy? Most the Jews here haven't even *been* in a concentration camp! We are !

*We hear the passenger train from Cape Town pull into Dewetsburg station about a mile away and hoot as it comes to a halt.*¹⁵⁰

DIANNE: What she coming back for? To bury her son's ashes in the garden? What's

¹⁴⁹ Class and race hatred here is reminiscent of Nazi ranting against the Bolsheviks and the capitalists as part of the Jewish anti-working class conspiracy (*pace* the black national rhetoric of the Pan Africanists who attacked *Shades of Brown* at the Africa Centre – see *Guardian Diary* 4th September 1985 - because a Jew - mistaken for a Coloured man - was playing the Coloured psychotherapist Jannie Veldsman rather than a black African. A South African Jew had the temerity to write about Coloureds as liberation heroes rather than Africans. The author was verbally attacked by a Kenyan woman during this episode for being a Jew who should have been living in (the apartheid state?) of Israel rather than in Wales. Actually Veldsman's education was very representative of middle-class Coloured people who in their cultural style added to the richness and talent of the liberation struggle – like Owen Pegram who played Veldsman in the Robinson College production by Liebe Klug in 1983 in Cambridge. He was a member of the Peninsula Dramatic Society and is mentioned in “Their Place on the South African Stage: The Peninsula Dramatic Society and the Trafalgar Players” by Melanie House (2010). A real-life model for Veldsman was his namesake George Veldsman, a headmaster in Cape Town who played Caliban to the author's Ariel in 1959 at Maynardville Open Air Theatre in Wynberg, Cape Town where the municipality refused to implement apartheid. The Coloured or mixed-race people of the Western Cape are, in part, some of them KhoiSan descendents, *more autochthonous* than the African immigrants who arrived between 500 and 1500 years ago as compared with the 40,000 year-old lineage of the San. The cultures of the Cape KhoiSan is discussed in Shapera's compilation of research sources in the 1930's, and the archaeological and anthropological articles in Wilson and Thompson's (1969)*Oxford History of South Africa* Volume I which relate the ancient presence of the /Xam.

¹⁵⁰ Pieterse resembles Lopakhin as the descendent of slaves or serfs. Both have become members of a rising bourgeoisie and as ready or unready for the new South Africa as Chekhov himself for a revolutionary Russia. Lopakhin sleeps through the train arriving with Ranyevskaya (Chekhov/Frayn p.287) but Pieterse is ready to greet Leonie de Villiers, one of the old Afrikaner liberal “gentry” as a more effective element in the old order than Ranyevskaya is for a modernising Russia.

that going to do? Make more pollution...

PIETERSE: (*Off*) Man, we need to look after the Yaffsitch's... Her son could make Leonie a husband!¹⁵¹ Bail us out of trouble...

DIANNE: Ag, I told you already lots of times, to hell with the *Boere* and their land and Jews and their money and the English and their bullshit!

PIETERSE: (*Off*) You become a Nazi like the Boers?

DIANNE: Yes, if necessary, to get our country back!

PIETERSE: (*Off*) If we Nazis, what we fighting for?

DIANNE: To hell with Mr Michael Yaffsitch and his Oxford accent and his money in the stock-exchange.. I hate them – all the *boychicks*¹⁵² of Jo'burg and Cape Town..

PIETERSE: (*Off*) It's a good match.. His money puts this place right.. Safeguards jobs.. They were very happy as children, Leonie and Michael.. They used to go to music together..

DIANNE: If he becomes the boss of this place he turns it into a wine and fruit factory with all those machines and we going to *lose* jobs, and some of the blacks going to be shipped off to the homelands.. So you tell him to keep away from here..

PIETERSE *comes in half dressed and drying himself from the shower or bath.*

PIETERSE: (*Finishes getting dressed. Then wandering about in the garden, weeding, watering, then weeding again, on hands and knees*) And if you got no pity for a white woman coming to bury her son's ashes who died for freedom, then it's death to everything we fighting for..¹⁵³

DIANNE: *We* are fighting..

PIETERSE: Leonie's lonely and she wanted Mrs Yaffsitch here.

¹⁵¹ Varya is a potential bride offered by the old order to the new in the form of Lopakhin (Chekhov/Frayn .p.292 and p.315). Lopakhin might want Ranyevskaya as more than a trophy wife in fact he declares that he admires her (pp. 287-288) but the class barrier is difficult for him and her. Here relatively new (and Jewish) money are part of this microcosm of the Western Cape exceeding even Chekhov's positive attitude to Jews due to his own humble origins as the grandson of a serf who bought his freedom and because of his cosmopolitanism.

¹⁵² South African and American Russian-Yiddish: "eligible lads"; cf. Yiddish "apparatchniks" for Russian slang "apparachiks".

¹⁵³ This is the first mention of Gerry who is Leonie's lost child as is Grisha, Ranyevskaya's lost child. Pieterse's virtue is seen by Dianne as *hamartia* - a fault – sentimentality.

DIANNE: Good reason not to...

PIETERSE: To understand the Jews is to understand Europe...

DIANNE: Bugger Europe -

PIETERSE: — and lots of things which we are part of.. “Why..” she says. .“Why am I here, In Africa? Where in God’s name are we at home.. *Gevalt!*¹⁵⁴ I’m nearly dead and I’m still bothered by the Jewish question.” But you got no pity for her..

PIETERSE *sits on the veranda and reads Heidegger.*

DIANNE: (*Looking over his shoulder*) Ag, all this shit you read.. What for..

PIETERSE: Heidegger..¹⁵⁵

¹⁵⁴ Yiddish exclamation “A happening!” - a sudden significance.

¹⁵⁵ We learn later that Leonie’s father J.J. De Villiers provided money to send Pieterse to university. This is where Pieterse learns about existentialism – see Critical Commentary on Engelbrecht and Manganyi as regards the “nothing” or the positively creative “nothingness” – *a propos* Sartre’s *The (le) Being and the (l’) Nothingness* as preconditions for each other rather than taken literally to invalidate the empty clenched fist of the Black Power salute - now ubiquitous referring to anyone in solidarity or having won. When you have a sense of being nothing, nobody, being empty, you feel frightened because as R.D.Laing explains in *The Divided Self* you feel your psychic being is on the verge of *imploding* and *petrifying*. In psychiatry this is called the schizoid state. If Being is more that predicated on Nothingness and Nothingness never becomes conditional for Being but is all-pervasive and threatening – this is felt and seen as being paranoid. In Melanie Klein the first stage in personality development after the blissful state of primary narcissism in the very young infant may be when the infant is hungry, tired, frustrated, ill and in pain, a paranoid-schizoid state – because s/he cannot locate the source of the trouble and is overwhelmed so Klein presumes that s/he feels herself to be internally divided and threatened by the bad breast and the bad faeces. One has internalised a bad object - often a traumatic experience or identification with a bad, cruel parent or because one cannot think through a complex cognition because the mind is still at a primitive sensori-motor stage not organised into cause-effect conceptions. So the infant and small child feel persecuted. Laing calls this ontological insecurity. It is ontological because it has to do with a failed sense of *Being-in-the-world* as explained when Heidegger describes anxiety in relation to Nothing in *Being and Time*.. Most people fill this void or abyss with religion or consumerism or conformity in accordance with what Kierkegaard calls The Crowd although one has a choice to adopt a “true” subjectivity. Kierkegaard obtusely welcomes the absurd exactly because religious faith by its very nature cannot be logically discovered. Faith is subjectivity in Kierkegaard ignoring that Jesus’ ethics are in part rational: “Love your neighbour....” *may* be the basis for a real community of interests. But what about loving your neighbour when he is a racist or an anti-Semite and wishes to harm one? Wisdom has to be intuited (*nous*) in Aristotle and often obviated in the sweeping dogmas of religion (other than Buddhism which actively welcomes the detachment from worldliness in the form of the Nothing). In Kierkegaard religion has to do with arbitrary faith – say in the Incarnation or the Resurrection or Abraham’s attempted sacrifice of Isaac prevented by divine and angelic intervention which Kierkegaard welcomes *because* they cannot be fully or at all justified at a rational level. They are in a philosophical sense absurd. Kierkegaard cannot be serious – he must be posturing, although he is right in that faith in these unlikely miracles has to be “leapt” into because these myths have no rational basis. Jaspers is wisely critically of this irrationalism. Heidegger – the hypocrite Nazi - welcomes Kierkegaard rejecting the unthought out belief of The Crowd which Heidegger calls *Das Man* as if he – born of a Bavarian peasant family - didn’t *projectively idealise* Hitler. Aristotle with his pragmatic approach to the *episteme* – the epoch of science and - in his *Nicomachean* and *Eudemian Ethics*, - *a priori* intuition concerning practical

DIANNE: Heidy dug who..?

PIETERSE: Heidegger was a Nazi for a time.. But he had an idea.. (*Pause. Struggles, then, without looking at the book:*) We stand open for the openness of Being in which we stand .. Being as object... We stand in the standing-in of Being...Being as subject... This is Being toward death.. Not just death... Fallen-ness... Jus' – dumped into a situation – thrown-ness... And facticity... Why me? Why you? Why have I got brains? Why are you such a *fokken* idiot sometimes? You know what *idiot* means in ancient Greek? An individual – who – unlike Aristotle – doesn't see we as a social animal...

DIANNE: (*Jeering*) *Mazeltov* ! You turning into a clever Jew, hey ?

PIETERSE: Heidegger wasn't a Jew... I told you.. He was a *fokken* Nazi for a time.. A *fokken* sell-out.... But he was still a great philosopher....

DIANNE: Ag, they all the same.. Bloody whites.. (*He puts on his shoes and socks.*) I suppose you putting Heidywhats—it on the development studies syllabus for the folks in the backyard? We already got bloody Shakespeare and that play you got on the brain, what's it called, *The Tempest*, God, if this goes on we all end up in

wisdom (*phronesis*) and *sophia* (interpretative wisdom) sets an ethical task for a sense of Being with *arête* and *eudemonia* the happiness of virtue offsetting moral and psychological despair. Aristotle is helpful in understanding everyday ethics. Jaspers' transcendent Encompassing is close to Aristotle's pragmatism because as a psychiatrist he includes the psyche as understandable within a horizon such as the humanist psychiatric perspective of *logos* – empathetic understanding of symptoms through *nous*. One has empirical scientific ways of investigating Sartre's Being-in-itself (Being as scientifically or experimentally accessible objects). However, the totality of Being-in-itself and Being-for-myself can only be fully understandable by God who knows Being and Himself fully. The manic person feels he has omnipotent power like God and can grasp the totality of Being in itself (*en soi*) which becomes Being for himself (*pour-soi*). To the psychiatrist and the rationalist philosopher this is omnipotent thinking. Normally Being is somewhat divided or split away from me except in the manic or schizoid or paranoid state which over-includes or withdraws from or is threatened by Being as such. Being-for-myself (as a *social* animal showing altruism and the Kleinian capacity for reparation and redemption) changes as a Transcendent or Horizon when it enters the realm of the Other-for-me whom I should not *subsume* manically or freeze out or *petrify myself* against as in the schizoid condition, or treat as an invasive enemy on principle as in the paranoid state. This is fully described in R.D.Laing in *The Divided Self*. According to Laing (and Jaspers) what is called schizophrenia can become what is diagnosed as schizophrenia when the ontologically insecure finds no way out from Nothingness into Being. In Jasper's the creativity of a Strindberg, Holderin or Van Goch is worked through in their creative genius but in his *General Psychopathology* most patients are handicapped by psychotic, neurotic and psychopathic personality disorders.

Stellenbosch University with doctorates in total bloody uselessness...

She goes into the house with the dusters and polish.

PIETERSE: (*Pieterse looks at his watch.*) The agony of struggle..? To me Heidegger is as much the agony of struggle.. My struggle to understand Heidegger.. (*Car door slams, taxi car starts up. Shouting off*) Why are you taking a chance, Jacob?' They cutting off the road from here to the station! Leonie gets one of Phakamisa's¹⁵⁶ taxi's, man, then she safe! And Valma's there, you don't have to worry...!

Dianne comes out with a sponge—mop and a plastic bucket.

DIANNE: (*She swabs the veranda floor. The car pulls away.*) To hell.. Let them kill themselves all off with their bloody H—bombs, then we inherit the earth!

PIETERSE: Bloody fool, then there's no earth to inherit.. (*Softening to her, trying to hold her shoulders, she shrugs him off.*) I go to my great— grandfather Abraham Pieterse last Sunday. There in the old slave house. The one Leonie converts for the old folks. When she still had De Villiers' money.. I say to him, "Great—grandpa, what do you remember of the old time, the very old time, before the Pieterse and the Cupidos and the Januarie's and all those slaveowner names?" "The old time," he says, "yes the old time... My spiritual great grandfather," says Abraham, "he was called //Kabbo (¹⁵⁷) - Dream..." Let me tell you something, Dianne: I bloody proud to be a Bushman compared to Kitchener and Roberts and General Sir Redvers Buller... Yes some of us, the whole Coloured people, were the descendants of the imported slaves from Malaya and East Africa... But those of us who were Khoisan, we were herders and hunters -and gatherers.. Yes, the Khoisan, we were conquered by the blacks but they never destroyed us. Now this is Cape Khoisan, our language, which we lost when the English and the Boers murdered us out of a whole quarter million of us from

¹⁵⁶ Phakamisa (isiXhosa for risen up, resurrected) Kote was an African friend the author met after a non-segregated showing of *The Tempest* in 1953/1954 at Rhodes Park, Kensington, Johannesburg directed by a SACP activist Cecil Williams. The author's mother, in all other respects a kind and honest feudal maternalist, refused to have Phakamisa who was a seller of funeral insurance in Orlando Township (later Soweto) at the dinner table and we ate in my room whilst I was teaching him *Macbeth* (a school Matriculation set-work I had studied in 1953) in case our African servants or her own values might be subverted! Such was the insanity of apartheid that it appeared sane to an insecure Jewish immigrant from Tsarist Russia.

¹⁵⁷ // = Xhosa "x". //Kabbo is one of the main narrators in Bleek and Lloyd's transcriptions of the oral traditions of the /Xam the Cape San. Pieterse's forebears may have been Malay or African slaves and San women and children captured and used as serfs by descendants of Boer commandos who in the 18th century slaughtered tens of thousands of these hunter-gatherers who were treated as vermin (Marks 1972).

1652 to *!ka !karushe, Hai, Hai, !ka !karushe, Hai, Hai,*”¹⁵⁸ (*Repeats as a San solo instrumental chant doing the trance dance step.*) “. Young moon, take my heart, young moon, and give me yours.” Our people worshipped the young moon.. (*With satisfaction*).. As a male... The moon was a man.

DIANNE: The moon? A man.. Yes, the moon was a Yank called Neil Armstrong.. (*She goes on mopping.*) You think moon—worshipping going to give me money and a job and peace and quiet so I can sleep at night? Khoi- Khoi moon dancers leave me alone...

PIETERSE: Dianne, why can't you remember the happy times..?

DIANNE: I was only happy in my Mommy's dreams... In the C.to C. Bazaars¹⁵⁹ in bloody Jo'burg.. She's happy as the chief cook and bottlewasher in the tea room where she's not even allow to sit down even if she pays. And then she moves opposite to O.K. Bazaars for a two pound a week rise. Owned by some Abie Cohen. They pay me a rand a week for helping Father Christmas! And in the store.. I sit in my Christmas dress of pink gauze pretending I'm a fairy. .A fairy? Helping a Father Christmas dish out lucky dips, his armpits smells of 90 degrees in the shade, the rest of him stinks of bum and Cape smoke brandy and Springbok cigarettes... Very fairy! It was the '60s. Mommy used to tell me about the '50s when she was a girl... On the stage of the C. to C. restaurant the band is playing hits from Hollywood and things by that Bert bloke...

PIETERSE: (*Ironically*) Schubert..?

DIANNE *sings and does a little girl's ballet to the theme of the Chopin Fantasy*

¹⁵⁸ != Xhosa 'q' . N.England et al “Instrumental Music of the Kalahari San” 1951—72, audiotape, Peabody Museum,Cambridge,Mass. And J.Marshall, *N!ai*, a film, 1976, Documentary Educational Resources, Watertown, Mass.for this music and dance. This is not publically available and was sent to me by Mrs Iriving De Vore. See recent San/Bushmen recordings such as *Bushmen – Qwii – The First People* 1999, Arc Music Productions,

¹⁵⁹ The C. to.C. Bazaars was a department store near the corner of Eloff and Market Streets Johannesburg when Dianne would have been a girl in the 1940's. Typical of the quasi-colonial era amongst middle-class whites, it's *eidos* may have been associated with Cecil Rhodes' slogan for the imperial railway that was never built which would fulfil his ambition of having adjacent British colonies or dependencies or areas of influence running from Cape Town to Cairo. In the C.to.C. restaurant there was a Max Jaffa-type band playing light music on a Saturday morning. At Christmas a Father Christmas might have been allowed to have the Coloured child of a Coloured kitchen worker on his lap - a relaxation of the strictures of pre-apartheid Anglo-Afrikaner segregation precluding a non-white presence although this is an example of artistic licence.

Impromptu in C Sharp minor popularized as “I’m always chasing rainbows”

PIETERSE: Chopin...

DIANNE: Do you know that my mommy didn’t know Nat King Cole was black because the record companies didn’t put his photo on the cover? (*She laughs and seems to get over her anger. Then crooning, swaying:*) “Give me kiss to build a dream on and my imagination will make that moment live.” (*She and Pieterse foxtrot. They laugh and hug.*)

PIETERSE You forgiven me for being a success..

DIANNE(*With a humorous pelvic gesture*) You want me to prop you up.. We thought you would make something of your life — a Mandela, a Steve Biko, an Allan Boesak...¹⁶⁰ But what are you? A teacher who saved his salary and invested in shops and garages.. The son of slaves and bushmen who can keep friends with the very family who enslaved him and wiped him out for 300 years — making phone calls to London to save their property... I haven’t forgiven you. (*He is hurt, leaves her foxtrotting by herself. Then she stops*) Never knew Nat King Cole was black..! And when she found out, you know what my mother did? She never bought another of his records.¹⁶¹ Let the comrades burn even me, I don’t care... For all the work I did, for all the kindness I showed...

PIETERSE: God’s truth..(*Gesturing around*) Isn’t it going to be all ours?

DIANNE: Ours? (*Pointing*) Ours? Hey? The squatters! They still call the black workforce here “squatters.” Squatters? We’re in the 1980s and they still telling people who haven’t ever been in the Ciskei that they belong there, that they squatting in the white areas... No wonder their kids into bombs and grenades... But when that shit Classens comes and our bodies lying there with bullet holes you going to kiss his arse and ask for moderation?

¹⁶⁰ Allan Boesak was a churchman interested in black theology and an important leader in the United Democratic Front which covered for the banned ANC, the PAC, the BCM, COSATU even AZAPO and *Pogo* – the liberation movements. Boesak the only Coloured leader to achieve national recognition in the UDF in the 1980s was later disgraced as stealing from charities funded by Scandinavian and German agencies and then rehabilitated as someone who got in on the gravy train too soon (Johnson 2010: pp.19-20).

¹⁶¹ Being white was an unconscious hypostasis – “without which nothing” and this constituted Dianne mother’s absolute. In *Aliens and Alienists* by Roland Littlewood and Maurice Lipsedge 1989, see the case of Beatrice Jackson pp.230-242 - and numerous other histories of African Caribbeans who testify to the Anglophile and anti-African identification of Jamaicans and Trinidadians of the older generation.

PIETERSE Are you going quite insane?

DIANNE (*Sings and dances to Nat King Cole.*)“Gee, but it’s great after staying out late, walking my baby back home, Arm and arm, just strolling along, walking my baby back home” My mother’s Christmas in Jo’burg .. Their coloured lights and their steel and their concrete.. Yes, I am insane.. When I become a mother at the age of 14... When I have to start work at 15 and we have to move about with Leonie and that arsehole De Villiers to make ends meet. . I pretended to be 20 to get the job...

.Coronationville to Bosmont to Newlands to Worcester to Dewetsburg — which is a bloody hole if there ever was one... Never letting Leonie down... Do you know, I worked out that I spent more time these last twenty years looking after her Gerry and her Valma and her ladyship herself than my own Zelda and Arnold, not to speak of my various husbands? For what? Savings in the post office? 1000 rand¹⁶² after 18 years? ¹⁶³

PIETERSE:(*Walking around the veranda and garden, restlessly, picking up china, plants, gardening tools*) Don’t make Leonie miserable the first minutes she’s back!

DIANNE: That’s what they been saying for 300 years.. to wait and be polite while they steal from you...¹⁶⁴

PIETERSE: To me.. there has been a change... I was a barefoot klonkie, I called Leonie’s Pa, J.J., “Baas” in those day, my father worked for him for five pounds a

¹⁶² Perhaps a £100 at the time – in financial terms Dianne is little more than a serf but her pride has allowed her madam Leonie to exploit her in the past. This grievance Dianne converts into hatred. Cf. Dunyasha’s “uppittyness” in the eyes of Lopakhin and her sexual exploitation by Yasha, isolated as a gender issue, and not at all a measure of the threat of the attempted revolution of 1905 hoped for by Petya Trofimov, which eventually comes about in 1917 after the failure of Kerensky, the Cadets, the liberal bourgeoisie and the social revolutionaries to resist the Bolshevik takeover even though they are the minority (in the Duma) and the Mensheviks the majority in 1917.

¹⁶³ Jacklyn Cock in *Maids and Madams* (1989) allows black women to speak for themselves on how they feel enslaved.

¹⁶⁴ The first European explorers, the Portuguese – Vasco Da Gama and Bartholomew Dias “discovered” the Cape in the late 15th century. The Dutch East India Company established a refreshment station for ships going to and from their colonies in Indonesia in 1652, with Jan Van Riebeeck as the first governor of the Cape. This early history is referred to by Van Tonder in *Shades of Brown - Jannie Veldsman and His Struggle with the Boer* in Act Two when the role-play begins. As in ancient Greece the very poor relied in part on wealthy demagogues like Cleon (Goldhill 1986:p. 64) - a *propos* Winnie Mandela and later Julius Malema (“Kill the farmer, Kill the Boer!” being his theme song) the latter also funded by rich oligarchs according to R.W.Johnson (2010: p. 639) although now said to be bankrupt.

week and a couple of bottles of wine..

She exits into the house with the pail and mop.

PIETERSE: You jealous.. Man we both made something of our lives... Our people are nearly slaves in our own childhood!

DIANNE: *(Coming back, standing in the doorway)* And look at them now “squatters” in their own country...

PIETERSE:*(With quiet sincerity)* We freeing ourselves through suffering, man..

DIANNE: You don't look too bad on it to me..

She goes inside again. Pieterse shuffles in the Khoisan trancedance chants “!ka !karushe, Hai, Hai. .’ He repeats this. He stops, as if he has caught himself out. He laughs.

PIETERSE: Great—grandfather, I said to him, “You must tell me. .Who were we? I must know.. We join the liberation, but for what ..? Look at Dianne Cupido and those people arguing and fighting and dying.. For what?”¹⁶⁵

The dogs bark and snarl in the house. Dianne comes out with a tray of breakfast things and dumps them on the table on the veranda.

DIANNE: *(With satisfaction)* The dogs can smell her getting off the train. *(Shouts at the dogs.)* Voetsek! Bugger off!

She goes inside again.

PIETERSE : Ja, it's funny, here all the dogs they got the same name : They all called “Voetsek” and “Bugger off”.. It's a wonder the Boers haven't given them a homeland!¹⁶⁶

¹⁶⁵ The answer is in part autochthony: – the civil war in the townships in which there was a murderous and bloodthirsty meleé to do with colour, class, black consciousness, local and national power, crime and the nature of South African and black identity.

¹⁶⁶ The final transition to political democracy took place from 1989 onwards leading finally to Mandela's inauguration as President in May 1994. Within the ANC there were various oligarchies struggling for power against a background of high crime, corruption and black empowerment programmes. This entailed redistribution of wealth to a non-white bourgeoisie, amongst the Africans predominately amaXhosa-led. On the right there was the *Afrikaner Weerstand Beweging* under the leadership of Eugene Terreblanche establishing a “homeland” called Oranja. Terreblanche was later convicted of assault against black workers and was killed by a Zimbabwean employee and a South African whom he deprived of their wages and who were convicted for murder and lesser charges in 2012. The Afrikaner nationalists joined the ANC in a coalition for a time and some Afrikaner

She comes out with rag and cleaning fluid and fine old family silver which she cleans now and during Pieterse's account of the Khoisan.

DIANNE: (*Smells her clothes.*) I still smell of tear gas from last night.. I can't get over — *our kids stoning me* because I was in a Boer's taxi. (*Suddenly tired, she relaxes, perhaps sits on the veranda spreads her legs and laughs.*) In the end we going to win.

PIETERSE: But who are the we who are going to win? Do you know who we are? Jan Kotze, was my great, great, great—grandfather... He was a Bastard who raped my great, great, great—grandmother, a Bushwoman, in the mountains of Bushmanland. . He was on a horse, and he ran down her husband //Kabbo... Ja, that little //Kabbo, under 5 foot tall, had only bows and arrows, knives and spears.. We were the widows of murdered Bushmen. We were the Bastards who did the raping of those Bushwomen. We are also from the Boers who also raped and murdered and organised the commandos. The English government allowed it and the English farmers did the killing and the raping too...¹⁶⁷ Jan Kotze, a Boer—Hottentot Bastard raped //Kabbo's wife. My great great great grandmother was a raped Bushwoman, /Twa. Those Bastards from who we come they were the sub—chiefs under the Boers. . That's who the Pieterses come from on one side.. Basters, Griquas. Sons and daughters of moon and star worshippers, bred with Boers who wanted whiter labourers.. You could say we were put on a cross nailed with Dutch and British bullets.. Then there was diamonds and gold and the English came in droves. They were only too pleased to get land, as much as possible — to hell with from whom it was stolen... Yes.. says great—grandpa....and /Twa taught my grandmother this song

nationalists actually became full members of the ANC. The old Progressive Party became the Democratic Alliance.

¹⁶⁷ “The first casualty of war is the truth”. All the evidence is that Dutch and “Bastard” (Khoi/European) mercenaries were the main perpetrators in the genocide of the Cape San (Marks 1972). See J.M. Coetzee's novellas *Dusklands: The Narrative of Jacobus Coetzee* (1983) in relation to the colonial wars against the San, the Khoi and the Nama in what is today's Northern Cape and Namibia (and the propaganda and actual war conducted by the United States against the Vietnamese fictionalised by Coetzee in “*The Vietnam Project*” in the same volume and seen by Coetzee as a contemporary parallel to the San, Khoi and Nama ethnocides).

in the old /*Gamka!kwe*¹⁶⁸ language. . which Abraham just remembers from his mother. *!k'e kan ddo a e, !kann !kwa ka !nnuin. He tiken e, Ti /ne /kwe ua kka, ehn O !nnuin a ddo a !kwa ka.* “People were those who broke for me the string, therefore the place became like this to me. Therefore the place became like this to me. On account of it. Because the string was that which broke for me.” *!k'e kan ddo a e, !kann !kwa ka !nnuin. He tiken e, Ti /ne /kwe ua kka, ehn O !nnuin a ddo a !kwa ka.* “People were those who broke for me the string, therefore the place became like this to me. Therefore the place became like this to me. On account of it. Because the string was that which broke for me.”¹⁶⁹

I ask you Dianne, who killed the sound which linked God and the world and the animals and the spirits? They, the Whites, but also the Bastards, the Coloureds who the Whites made in their own image, they broke the ringing of a string in the sky.. “*Ti /ku—g /ne tta bbroken !kheya ka.* The place feels as if it stood open before me. .“ Open, d’you see, exposed, unprotected, totally not coherent. Before Heidegger, the bushman knew about the forms of being. That you can break it open so that it all flows away.

Dianne picks his wallet out of his pocket, takes a few rand. He takes the wallet back from her.

Pieterse sings and hums a San tune. He finds a cloth and cleaning fluid and cleans windows.

DIANNE : Ag, but what are we going to do? ‘Strue as God I’m giving notice. I got my part—time job in the jam factory. I’m shop steward for the district in the Food and Canning Workers.. I just staying to see how the Boer jumps.. (*She takes cloth and fluid from him and goes on cleaning the windows.*) But you, Jan Pieterse, you staying

¹⁶⁸ The poem is in Cape Khoisan and is from W.H.I. Bleek and L.C.Lloyd *Specimens of Bushman Folklore* (1911); p.237.

¹⁶⁹ There is a co-incidental echo of this poetic idea in *The Cherry Orchard* where the end of an era of romantically perceived primordial happiness (fostered in the South African analogy perhaps by the genuine regret of the philologists Bleek and Lloyd who recorded // Kabbo’s lament) is signalled by Chekhov in a similar way – the breaking of a string – suggested to be that of a cable bringing ore to the surface in a neighbouring mine which snaps during two crucial moments in *The Cherry Orchard* - the second right at the end (p.353) in Michael Frayn’s translation.

up their arseholes because you love it, don't you, all their bullshit about us... The bush, it turns you on.. Ag, you a white man... *(Long pause)* I wish Arnold a bit like you and less like me...

She goes the house with some of the silver that she has polished.

He retrieves a calculator and a sheaf of accounts and a ledger from the table. He sits on the veranda steps and enters figures from a calculator into the ledger.

Sounds of cars arriving. Pieterse goes off calling "Leonie.."

Valma comes in. She wears worn jeans and T—shirt with an exotic African image on it perhaps a lion, and she carries an automatic rifle such as an Armalite.

VALMA: *(Calling)* Mommy! Don't go wandering in the vines, I'm telling you it's dangerous..! They everywhere!

DIANNE: *(Coming out onto the veranda with two chairs, in an undertone)* Pity they don't put some bullets through all of you this very minute.

VALMA: *(Coming up very close to Dianne, confronting her)* I'm warning you.

DIANNE: *(Laying table)* You can't warn me, Valma... I'm giving a week's notice as of now.. After 18 years' service.. And good riddance..

VALMA: You think I'm breaking my heart over you, Dianne? When Captain Claasens raids your house, and arrests every one of you, Arnold, Zelda the lot, I be laughing... *(Pieterse, carrying some of Leonie's luggage, comes in from the drive to confront)* Because I know you bloody communists every one of you.¹⁷⁰

Pieterse takes Leonie's cases into the house.

DIANNE: *(Quietly)* I was your mommy when I was still a little girl of 16.. I wipe your snot and your tears and take you to school... I explain to your about babies and bleeding and sort out your fights with Gerry... You weep in my arms when your Daddy de Villiers leaves your mommy.. And what am I to you? You listen to me, my litte girl... If you so much as raise a hand to me or Vuyani Township — I get the kids to soak you and burn you alive... Now you go and tell your friend Claasens that.. I willing die in the Sanlam Buildings¹⁷¹ or Caledon Square¹⁷² like your brother Gerry

¹⁷⁰ For black nationalism and scapegoating of the perceived outsider see Appendix on the Africanists' ideological reaction to *Shades of Brown*. At this stage of her development Valma responds with anti-communism. She too is affected by the dawning of the *détente* in Act Two and mellows.

¹⁷¹ HQ of Cape Town security forces (Special Branch/Security Police).

for a bit of justice around here..

Dianne exits into the house. Pieterse comes out

PIETERSE: (*Putting on his jacket*) God please I beg you save the world in some form or other I won't specify in detail...

Valma checks the breakfast things. She becomes dizzy nauseous, sits swaying, moaning softly.

VALMA: God, I feel sick..

PIETERSE: You see, serves you right — the way you talk to people, Valma..

VALMA: She started it.

PIETERSE: But you supposed to be the manager setting an example! What has she got out of 18 years of work? One drunken husband/boy friend after another, son and daughter out of work. No decent school for her grandchild? She supposed to be grateful for all that?

Leonie de Villiers comes on from the house. The dogs are heard barking.

DIANNE: (*Off*) Shuttup! *Voetsek!*

Leonie is an Afrikaner but she can change her accent from standard English to broad Cape. She is full of high spirits.¹⁷³

LEONIE: (*Greeting them with kisses and wrapped presents*) Jan I got you duty free Drambuie at Heathrow. Like coals to Newcastle, hey..?

PIETERSE: Lovely, Leonie.. (*Kisses her.*) You look marvellous..

¹⁷² Caledon Square police station in Cape Town had a prison where detainees were confined, beaten and killed by the police. See writing such as Albie Sachs (1966) *The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs* (also dramatised by David Edgar).

¹⁷³ Whilst there are obvious links between Pieterse and Lopakhin and Dianne as a militant Dunyasha - Leonie is inspired not only by Ranyevskaya but by Arkadina in *The Seagull*. Arkadina, like Leonie is an actress, with her dead son Gerry bearing some resemblance to Konstantin who can never rival her, although Gerry is more of a hero than Konstantin, but like Konstantin commits suicide – however in the custody of the security police and thus with greater provocation.

LEONIE: And you too.. And I love your suit and your shirt. Valma, I got you a nice summer hat at Laura Ashley...

VALMA: (*Plonking it on her head*) Laura Ashley... (*Looks at reflection in window.*)
Ag, it's not me, is it..?

LEONIE: (*Affectionately, kissing her*) Ag, it is you... God, you were girl of 18 when I actually touched you last.. Now you a grown—up woman.. (*Calling into the house*)
Dianne..! Dianne..!

VALMA: This place is falling apart... (*Taking accounts, ledger and calculator from veranda steps putting them on table next to breakfast things and checking odd items distractedly. Pieterse collects a glass of orange juice left. Valma sits at table right.*)
Look, you can see in the accounts.. 20% down in fruit production. There was the hail in the spring. Knocked the blossoms to hell. And the winter before was so wet and the summer itself so damn chilly the bloody bees couldn't be bothered to fertilize. But it was the strike of fruit pickers and packers which really bugged our output.. Totally political and inspired by Dianne, over nothing, an argument over indiscipline in the sheds.. And then the fruit washing plant broke down. We couldn't afford to install new machinery... And Christ knows what went wrong with the fermentation. It was so slow and someone started putting in sugar into the must, and when it was finished and clear they said it wasn't dry enough for the estate label so we had to sell it in bulk for the mass-market Tassenberg stuff... (*Leonie nods sympathetically and goes into the house with Dianne's present.*) There's leaks in the brandy distilling plant but the bank won't advance capital until we produce a financial plan... I can't do that because we haven't got your power of attorney.. I constantly being sniped at by bloody Dianne about wages and conditions and whatnot...(At the door, calling in) Are you listening mommy?¹⁷⁴

¹⁷⁴ Cf. Lopakhin's constant appeals to Ranyevskaya who also will not listen to the voice of reason – or at least the *raison d'être* of the new bourgeoisie for which Valma is spokesperson – when she is not refuting a counter-rant in Dianne or the rhetoric going around this microcosm generally - including the state fascism of Claasens. In Chekhov Trofimov is the one who perhaps embodies most closely Chekhov's idealism to which no one really listens. By the same token Pieterse's romantic idealism finds a counter-part in Leonie's bohemian regrets but they are older people comforting themselves with the past, but balanced by their educated competence and enthusiasm for the cooperative. In this updated

PIETERSE: Valma, if you only bother to sit down with me and the bank and the project people in with the book keeping sorted out, we could have made a financial plan.. Leonie could have signed it in London after a couple of phone calls.. (*Removes accounts, etc. from table, puts them on the old armchair in the garden.*) The only problem is getting from here to Dewetsburg and Cape Town without being shot at by vigilantes and guerrillas, that's all....

Valma looks at herself in the window, adjusts the straw hat, unslings the Armalite then pretends to shoot her reflection in the window and laughs when Pieterse jumps.

PIETERSE: Man, stop it, put that thing away...

VALMA: She wanted to come.. She's weird.. Always was.. Can you imagine.. Carrying an urn of ashes around for five years over 12,000 miles..

LEONIE: (*Coming back from the house with Dianne's present still in her hand*) It looks the same, a bit shabby, but home.. *(She kisses Valma who turns away.)* Shut up you two, I heard you.. You must stop quarrelling.. We building the new Azania, hey..?¹⁷⁵ (*Valma expostulates.*) Listen, Valma, got a Van der Merwe joke to cheer you up.. Told it to Jan over the phone from London... Van der Merwe, he's at this party, and he fancies this girl, and he wants to take her home with him to bed... So he says.. (*Coming up to Pieterse, ogling, in Van der Merwe's gruff voice and accent*) 'How's about it darling?' So this dolly says ...*(demure Afrikaner girl)* "I very sorry, Van der Merwe, but I'm on my monthly cycle." So Van der Merwe says to her, "It doesn't matter, darling, I follow you home in the car." (*Pieterse laughs. Valma is silent.*) Don't you get it, Valma..?

VALMA: You tell Dianne a joke like that... God she's in such a mood she'll cut all our throats for two rand fifty.

Pieterse goes up right to attend to some houseplants left out next to the house.

version the hopeless polarisation of the 1980s gives way to the growing "centrism" of the characters in Act Two and with it a greater optimism.

¹⁷⁵ Azania was the name given to a mythical future state of a free South Africa by AZAPO, the Azanian People's Organisation. The name is also associated with Great Zimbabwe and the Kingdom of Mapungubwe and the efforts of South African scientists to affirm the genuinely African origins of cities in the face of racist propaganda to the effect that Africans could not possibly have created complex civilizations in what were Rhodesia and the Northern Transvaal. See Fouche (1937) and Gardner (1949).

LEONIE: *O God, O Here*¹⁷⁶ No more jokes, everyone solemn, the new holy radicals (*..indicating Dianne offstage..*) It's the Dutch Reformed Church coloured red.... And on my gravestone it's going to read: "Here lies Leonie Jacoba Sara Van Niekerk De Villiers. .She died a lonely heroine. Laughing at one of her own jokes.."

Valma sits Leonie down and gives her breakfast.

VALMA: If we going to make a go of the wine, the brandy and the fruit, we got to go in for scientific production and aggressive marketing... Laboratory— type fermentation and distilling... No more trampling grapes and chucking them in the vats and bunging in the odd this and the odd that, with Victor Januarie deciding by instinct about yeast and sugar and racking, and whether to spray the fruit this year, with this or that, depending on what he can smell in the wind..

During this Dianne has come out of the house with a percolator of coffee

LEONIE: (*Greeting her joyfully*) Dianne...

Dianne puts the coffee on the table in front of Leonie, removes the accounts, etc. and sits proudly and at ease in the old arm chair in the garden as if she owns the place.

VALMA: (*To Leonie*) You see, what's been happening to her, and all of them?

LEONIE: (*Going to Dianne, with a present*) Dianne I'm so pleased you could come to the house though it's Sunday. (*Silence*) How are Arnold and Zelda. (*Silence*) When's Zelda's baby due..?

Dianne gets up and walks into the house without saying a word.

LEONIE: (*Shocked*) Jesus. Is it that bad. (*Looking into the garden*) Where is Bella Yaffsitch.

PIETERSE: Dianne wouldn't go to pick her up. She made a scene with Jacob du Toit in the taxi.

VALMA: You see, you been too nice to them. They ruling us now. .And you can kiss the Yaffsitch millions goodbye.

LEONIE: But Dianne? What's happening round here..?

PIETERSE: She's gone mad with politics and trade union work... She could kill us all.. Complete change of attitude.. It's the fighting in the townships, her children, her

¹⁷⁶ Afrikaans: "Oh God, oh Lord".

bitterness — working for you so hard.. All these years.. (*Pause*) You know the police, the kids, the vigilantes...

LEONIE: Yes we see every week on television in London.

PIETERSE: Television, she says..! We are living it day and night! And all sides hate the old liberals worst of all.. Why did our fathers fight and die against Hitler if not to make democracy here..? But they believe nothing but the *sjambok*¹⁷⁷ and the firebomb and the necklace.. Nothing..

LEONIE: (*Embracing him trying to reassure him*) Jan, you're crying..

PIETERSE: (*Pulling himself together*) Here you are in Dewetsburg as a child again in the '40's and I'm dressed up like a doll on this back *stoep*¹⁷⁸ to be a pageboy at that actor friend of yours wedding in Cape Town...

LEONIE:(*Kissing him warmly*) Jan you've been kind...You were so right to get me to fly out... so

PIETERSE: Yes, and Dianne wants me to be burnt to death.. .(*Goes to houseplants up right*)

LEONIE: (*Shocked, now turning to Valma who has been feeding figures into the calculator and checking the accounts/ledger*) Valma. .Come on holiday with me, you look exhausted...

VALMA: And who's going to do the worrying so that you can make it centre stage in London...? Except you haven't.

LEONIE: (*Swallowing her pride*) Look I was at the RSC, I did Chekhov, Ibsen, Athol Fugard! We're going to get it all sorted out. (*Sitting next to Valma at the table*)

VALMA: Like hell we are. Last month the Vuyani kids burnt out cars with two social workers inside.

LEONIE: I heard about it.

Pieterse hums the San tune softly behind Valma's next speech.

VALMA: Ag, you people overseas with your demonstrations and your poetry readings and your boycott. You want to watch a black and a white social worker die of 60% burns which those little black bastards give them in the name of *inkululeko*...

¹⁷⁷ Afrikaans: whip.

¹⁷⁸ veranda

You come and watch that, and then talk of freedom... Have your breakfast. Dianne calms down in a minute.

DIANNE: (*From inside the kitchen window*) Shut up while I'm around and don't talk about me.. You think I'm your *kaffermeid* in the kitchen?

PIETERSE: I thank God I can get the cricket from the BBC, otherwise that woman going to drive me out of my mind..

DIANNE:(*From inside*) You mad already..

Pieterse goes into the garden and bowls a tennis ball as if playing cricket,

PIETERSE: A googly! An off-break with a leg-break action. (*He settles down to eat breakfast with Leonie.*) You see, man Leonie, cricket, it has a civilizing influence.

LEONIE: Yes, it gets to parts the rest of the British Empire doesn't reach...

PIETERSE: Play the ball not the man? It's all rubbish to Dianne...

DIANNE: (*Coming out from the house*) Cricket! He's still talking about cricket..!

Claasens interrogated the boys here and took them off to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. . On this very lovely back *stoep* of yours there's their footprints.. And they still rotting in jail.

LEONIE: I am aware of what has been happening, Dianne.

DIANNE: (*Imitating her*) "I am aware of what has been happening, Dianne." Fat have I got from it? Bloody arthritis and lumbago... In my 30's I was an old woman! Unemployed kids and grandkids in this dump of a place. What has my life been worth? What has it been for? I'm giving notice.

LEONIE: (*Going to her*) Please don't go, Dianne, I beg of you...

Dianne turns away, and swears in disgust. Leonie turns to look at the garden.

LEONIE: New Years Day 1974, you remember Dianne. There's a party full of students and actors and writers and artists from Cape Town.. We take little Valma and Gerry at dawn to watch the *sun* rise and we steal grapes and we lie under the peaches and the apricots singing Congress songs in Xhosa.

DIANNE (*In disgust*) Ag..! All bloody acting..!

VALMA: Teaching a children of 7 and 10 to steal grapes and be a communist ! Some mother you were! And now.. (*looks at herself in the window*)... Look at my face... And look at you, glowing with your latest love affair. Make me sick. (*She sits on the veranda steps and works on the accounts.*)

Pause. Noise of veld insects (crickets, cicadae) and doves.

LEONIE: (*Going left to Valma, taking her hands*) Darling, I really hate English blokes.. They smelly and pimply and boring and they pick their noses. (*In an English-English accent*) Oh, thanks, we very grateful for that tribute! (*Hums, still attending to the houseplants or garden.*)

LEONIE: (*Trying to get Valma to go with her*) Valma, you've done wonders here. Come and show me the garden and the orchard... It looks so wild and idyllic. (*Leaving Valma, looking around and out*) Look, bougainvillea, golden shower, jacaranda, mimosa, strelitzia, just as it always was, like paradise.. (*Goes to Dianne.*) Dianne...! (*Dianne tries to avoid Leonie's kiss*) You are a dear, Dianne, how I've missed you all..

DIANNE: Ag, Leonie leave me alone, it's been five years..

LEONIE: (*Gets parcel from table*) I brought you a present from London.

VALMA: You shouldn't mommy..my heart... (*Gives Dianne parcel, which is a beautiful and fashionable.*) You can't afford it. She's not used to such luxuries.

DIANNE: Ja, I just a wore—out body, fit for wore—out clothes. (*Taking the dress, forcing herself to be cheerful*) Thank you Leonie.. You want my advice, from woman to woman? Your daughter Valma here. You should make her marry Jan Pieterse.

LEONIE: (*Amused*) You're crazy!

DIANNE: Ja, You should marry her to a rich man. That's your only hope. Especially because he's black. You should say to her. (*Holding the dress against herself, mimicking*) Valma, you my adopted daughter and you comes from that Jewish doctor in Uppington. But your mother was really Coloured and from Kuruman. So it's a perfect match... You both really black. ”

VALMA: (*Trying to hit Dianne's upper arms, her hands caught by Dianne*) I'm not black, you just torturing me . . You bastard...!

DIANNE: (*Laughing*) She's not black! Look at her!

PIETERSE: (*Separating them*) Leave her alone, Dianne..

VALMA: It's got nothing to do with Dianne what I am...

Dianne picks up the dress dropped in the fight with Valma and goes into the house.

PIETERSE (*Gets Valma left, sits her gently in chair right next to Leonie*) What we need is another Cecil Rhodes to send all these people to Oxford University... All we

got is Van Der Merwe's (*Shouting into the house*)....and kitchen maids who think they Rosa Luxemburg...!

PIETERSE: Leonie.....

San tune plays

PIETERSE: I better go and see the people in the back yard and tell them no development studies today.

LEONIE: Jan you a darling.

VALMA: Till some kid goes and bombs Vuyani Cooperative! Decides he's had enough of your ... Utopia.... !

Dianne picks up the dress dropped in the fight with Valma and goes into the house

LEONIE: Did you hear about Shabalala? He arrives in heaven. St. Peter sits him down for his selection interview, and says, "What did you do in your life?" And Shabalala says "I was arrested after Sharpeville, in 1960." "Oh, that's nothing," says St.Peter,"Thousands did that. What else did you do?" And Shabalala says, "I marched for the children of Soweto in 1976." And St. Peter says, "Oh, that's nothing, thousands did that too. What else did you do?" And Shabalala says to St. Peter, "I married a white woman." "What?" says St. Peter. "Yes," says Shabalala, "I married a white woman. Botha he gets rid of the Mixed Marriages Act." "Where did you marry her?" asks St. Peter." In Dewetsburg Magistrate Court," says Shabalala, "We had our pictures taken on the steps of the Town Hall." "And when was that?" asks St. Peter. "Now, now, now, in 1990 — about 2 minutes ago. ." (*Pieterse and Leonie laugh uproariously.*)

PIETERSE: (*Looking at Valma*) Old Mrs Yaffsitch? She tells jokes about Auschwitz. Jew working in Auschwitz, sees another Jew eating potatoes.."Don't eat too much Yankel. ." he says. ."It's me that has to carry you to the crematorium. ."

LEONIE: I remember one Christmas about 30 years ago, your father gets drunk and kneels in front of my father, And he says: "My baas..

PIETERSE: Yes, I remember, I remember..! (*He kneels towards Leonie*)"My baas .
.or God, as the case may be, I just want to thank you on behalf of all the folk, from the

bottom of my heart and my wife's bottom too." *(Laughs)* And he falls over. *(Does so)*

LEONIE: *(Coming to him kissing him)* Come back with me to London, Jan. .

(Helping him up) I put you on the stage. *(They are in each other's arms and seem serious about it.)*

VALMA: Getting ready to screw yourself silly.. Celebrate Botha getting rid of the Immorality Act... Look at you... Old woman, still randy like a virgin nanny goat, never seen a billy...

LEONIE: Bloody little bitch... You were a spoiled brat at 18. All that responsibility has made you hard as nails.. Persecuting me for my kindness.

VALMA: Your kindness! Adoption? You bought me, bought me those years ago! And you only had Gerry by mistake. A wonder he wasn't brain—damaged. You didn't want your figure spoiled when you playing Juliet. You think I don't know you tried to abort?

Leonie is crushed and cries silently.

VALMA: Ag, come and have coffee. *(Sits her at the table pours a cup for Leonie, calling to kitchen)* Dianne, may we have some more coffee, please?

Dianne comes out of the house, collects the flask of the percolator from Pieterse and goes back in. Leonie takes their coffee. Pieterse is affected by pains in his chest. He turns and walks manages to conceal the symptoms from Valma and Leonie.

PIETERSE *(To himself)* Oh, God, my heart, its bursting

VALMA: *(Drinking coffee)* Mommy , you got to make decisions...

PIETERSE: *(To himself)*... please, let me die.

LEONIE: *(Drinking coffee to Valma)* That's why I'm here, dear.

VALMA: We need new equipment and methods in the winery...

LEONIE: And the orchard?

VALMA: New spraying equipment, replace some of the apple and pear trees..

LEONIE: What about the vineyard..?

VALMA: Graft a new American disease resistant stock... New a posh, new, more old-fashioned label, and an antique-looking bottle.

Leonie notices Pieterse holding his chest in the garden and gets up to go to him.

VALMA: (*Stopping Leonie from going to him*) Ag, it's angina.. He always gets it when he's excited.. Listen, Mommy the place is on the verge of ruin. And the cost of labour? Prohibitive! And this sentimental fool Jan Pieterse trying to organise them into a co-op. And Dianne's so-called trade union which is a front for the reds.. Man all we need is private enterprise for all and sundry. Otherwise there is no incentive. Look at poor Jacob and his taxi... I mean never in a million years could he be successful because he's too good to be a Christian, so that I tell you Jesus got a lot to answer for when fools take him seriously.

Leonie goes over to Pieterse to help him.

Dianne comes out with the percolator flask, sees Pieterse.

Leonie helps Pieterse sit.

PIETERSE : I want to die... God is bloody cruel...

Dianne hurriedly puts flask on the veranda step goes to help him

DIANNE: Shh.. Shh.. You still a young man, now stop being old and stupid...

PIETERSE: God I wish I could die here.. Before the fighting kills us all...

DIANNE: Ag, give them all the push and come and stay with me in the township man, Jan.. You can die in my place any time you like with pleasure.. (*Fiddling in Pieterse's pockets till she finds tablets.*) You should have been taking your medicine...

PIETERSE: What with the Stalins in the townships and the Hitlers in the suburbs... (*He crawls under the tree or into the shade of a shrub.*)... I'm ready to die peacefully on the farm on the breast of my mother... First I get you out of trouble..

LEONIE: Yes, we got to save "Vreugde"... We got to call it Vuyani - Rejoice...

DIANNE: Ag, the blacks seen through that one...

PIETERSE: So's we leave something to another generation..

DIANNE: Who? Valma's children or Zelda's children...?

LEONIE: Don't upset him anymore Dianne..

PIETERSE: Ag I'm alright now... Just angina... Leave me alone, Leonie and talk to Valma..

Valma has softened to Leonie. They talk and laugh.

VALMA: (*Embracing Leonie*) Mommy, I really miss you though you though you wicked my girl... Weekly chats on the phone... Worse than nothing mommy...!

(*They laugh.*) I dream about you playing Juliet in Cape Town, but you dress as the Nurse and your teeth falling out!

They cackle

LEONIE: (*Taking a drop of the Drambuie she has brought from London from the bottle. Valma drinks coffee*) Thank you darling... With daughters like you who needs critics..

VALMA: (*Taking a large draft of liqueur from the bottle, suddenly quite drunk*) And in my dream Dianne's playing Friar Laurence and she gives you ECT instead of sleeping medicine.

LEONIE: Yes, you want to shock me out of my grief, but you want to make Dianne do the dirty work itself... (*Going into the house*) I must get Jerry's ashes out of my bag.

VALMA: (*Smiling, nostalgic, happy*) Remember that Christmas, mommy, before you and daddy split up in the '80s...? You taught us songs from Shakespeare... (*She starts to hum.*) "It was a lover and his lass/ With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no/ That through the green fields did pass/ In spring time, in spring time/ The only pretty ring time.."¹⁷⁹

¹⁷⁹ This next section "opens up" the whole family and societal nexus: Valma, the adopted child of a mixed-race *liason* clings to little shreds of happiness remembered before the adoptive parents' marital breakdown. Leonie tried to make up for not being good enough in her maternal care and was an absent mother for five years. The beauty and glamour of a Shakespeare song celebrating young love floods back into conflicted Valma's memory which allows her to give back a moment of responsive overflowing affection to her grieving mother. Pieterse is sick with a heart complaint but begs Leonie to face economic realities at the very moment she is going to bury her dead son's ashes. (He hanged himself during police political detention). On the verge of his own despair Pieterse clings on to a cooperative solution. Leonie is out of touch with the immediate dangers now that apartheid and law and order have collapsed, Dianne agitates more and more militantly in favour of the squatters, Valma (like Varya) wants to escape her internal conflicts into religion, and finally – this section is added in retrospect to the *Foco Novo* script – infuriated by Pieterse's idealistic socialism, Valma predicts the coming of a new, capitalist South Africa when heroic leaders have sold out, or have been bought out by the richest corporate businessmen. Neighbouring Marxist territories are being destroyed by civil war and are regressing. This is not abstract discourse (*dianoia*) but, with armed squatters and the state police at the gates of the estate (and creditors waiting), this is *ethos* (character) and *mythos* (plot) linked by the ensuing *peripeteia* as Aristotle advocates, whereas in *The Cherry Orchard* the catastrophic revolutions are five and twelve years away and the characters are still not modern enough – especially the women – to articulate the personal and the political as fused together in various feminisms.

Pieterse struggles up from the shade of the shrub or tree.

Leonie comes back with as funerary urn of ashes.

PIETERSE: Leonie, the Landbank, your own bank, the farmers' wine co-op, the fruit board, the grape board – the whole bang shoot – they all had a meeting about your debts...

Leonie moves to a flowerbed down centre and kneels.

Valma goes on with the Shakespeare song.

Leonie gets up still holding the urn of ashes and moves to a shrub or plant, and starts to prune it with her fingers.

PIETERSE: Leonie, listen to me for God's sake...! You could do something for the liberation instead of for the white farmers. You could sell some of the land to the Displaced Persons' Development Project. They could rehouse the squatters here.. (*Leonie concentrates.*) Yes, you come 6,000 miles back to Afrikanerdom – or the people's struggle? What?

LEONIE: Isn't Claasens going to evict them? Half of them supposed to be in the homelands?

Pieterse picks up the tennis ball and bounces it on the ground and then bowls.

VALMA: (*Taking the ball away from him*) Jan, for God's sake, can't you relax for a minute..!

PIETERSE: God, you been away too long! Group Areas? It's all finished. The kids they defending themselves with Armalites and Kalashnikovs. They rather be wiped out than they should move.

LEONIE: Guns? From Russia?

DIANNE: From Mocambique, from Zimbabwe, from Angola, from the Congo? And the bloody crooks running the guns making good capitalist money from it! While you boycotting our oranges!

VALMA: (*Who has been pondering the thought and puts as flower in his button-hole.*) Marry Jan Pieterse, big-shot with his garages and his shops. You must be crazy. They already said they want to burn me. You want me to be married to a man they call as spy and a sell out? You know who gave him money to go to Varsity in Cape Town? J.J. Van Niekerk, my grandpa who approved of him a good deal more than he did of me. The big, old baas made him in his image, and the people can see that. (*Picking up and checking the automatic rifle.*) "The people..." What is done in the name of "The People"! Do they know that Mobutu has the Gross Domestic Product

of the Congo in his bank account in Switzerland? Do they know what Mugabe is going to do to commercial agriculture in Zimbabwe which keeps it solvent? Do the people know why African men won't wear condoms to stop AIDS? A man doesn't need to keep his masculinity in his penis, but in his head! (*Getting hold of the book from the table*) Heidegger! I read Heidegger, in Afrikaans if you want to know! *Sorg!* Concern! I read Kant – *ook in my eie taal! A priori die sterre bo en die sedewet, die moraal binne in die hart*¹⁸⁰. You and your Bushman and your Zulu. Go on translate the essence of Kant and Heidegger into Bushman and into Zulu! Nasty, brutish and short – Hobbes. That's what the people's revolution will bring. Jan Pieterse and his state of nature. Then I'll go and become a nun.

LEONIE: Valma, don't be stupid...

VALMA: You think it's funny? Well I want to live. You send me to the best multi-racial private school in Swaziland, Waterford, I get a first-class matric, start doing a philosophy degree, get dragged into student politics in Cape Town where it's mandatory to read Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Gramsci and Althusser *and* the novels of J.M.Coetzee *and* be depressed by Ingrid Jonker *and* chant slogans with the comrades whilst you fling yourself around the London stage and we get invaded by squatters with whom Jan Pieterse is *mediating* and Dianne's in a constant proletarian fury.... (*Shouting*) I believe in the Father the Son and the Holy Spirit and you can all go and fuck yourselves – I'm going into a convent! A missionary nun as far away from Africa as possible. India, Burma, the slums of Mexico City would be better than here! As soon as all this is over I'm going to do medicine – a lesbian nun with an AK47 is what the world needs!

LEONIE: Valma, don't be so stupid..

VALMA: You think it's funny? Well, I want to live away from this lunatic asylum! He just blathers about Heidegger! (*Paging through Heidegger*) *Dasein! Wees-hier is wees in die wereld met die ander hier en hy is ook 'n wees-hier in die wereld!* *uBuntu!*¹⁸¹. But first, Nothingness! You can't have being without nothingness. The Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit are absurd! Impossible! Nothingness! That's why I am free to choose them *because* there is no reason for them. Because absurdity

¹⁸⁰ “..also in my own language. *A priori* the stars above and the moral law within the heart”: Afrikaans

¹⁸¹ “*Dasein* – (Being-here) is “being in the world with the other and he is also a Being-here in the world. Humanity”: Valma translates Heidegger into Afrikaans and *uBuntu* is isiZulu.for “humanity”

is real and it is hell... I walked into the sea where Ingrid Jonker drowned herself. When Gerry hanged himself in the police cell in Caledon Square. Do you know we loved each other? We were lovers! He wasn't my blood-brother. And I saw his face when I sat down on the ocean floor and tried to breathe sea-water into my lungs. *Jou gesig is die gesig van al die anders...* Your face is the face of all the others, *Voor u, en agter u, en jou oe net so kalm soos 'n blou dagbreek... Die gesig van liefde*¹⁸²... He is the only one of you worth anything... Because he knew freedom, the clenched fist clenches nothing-ness... When you know it clenches conflict and confusion and death, *then* you know what freedom means .. Freedom from what? Freedom to do what? Freedom to be exploited by Allan Boesak? The great Coloured leader who steals money from foreign aid agencies? Where were you when Gerry was banned and broke his banning order and was in solitary confinement in Caledon Square? Was it suicide? Do you know how they can torture you by persuading you that you alone are responsible for betraying your comrades, when they already know more than you know? Do you know that the great liberation organisation of the ANC, its security services under a gangster called Joe Modise, runs a camp called Quatro in Angola where they torture and execute *Umkhonto we Sizwe* dissidents? *Everybody is shocked and silent. Leonie has found the rag and cleaning stuff. Dianne is left, by the window. Leonie cleans the windows.*

PIETERSE: Yes, yes, yes, we all know there are abuses. We've got to keep ourselves straight. Involve the workers, Leonie... Co-operativism...

VALMA: And do you know that your son, my brother, of whom I had carnal knowledge, was gay, and was HIV+, and he was considerate enough to wear a condom when we broke your sacred incest taboo!

DIANNE: I'm the one that washes the sheets round here and empties the rubbish bins and unblocks the toilets and sees to the cess-pit and I told Leonie what you were doing with that poor boy! He should have been in Valkenberg mental hospital years ago but, no, you, you selfish bitch, you had to mess him up a 100% more, giving him a guilt complex about that silly sex, and hovering up all that shit about the people's struggle when what Gerry needed and what we need we need is solidarity! I'm a Coloured, Jan is a Coloured, Gerry was a queer white boy with AIDS and his heart in

¹⁸² This is Valma's translation into her own Afrikaans of what she remembers of the beginning of Ingrid Jonker's poem "The face of love" "before you and after you and your eyes as calm as a blue daybreak, the face of love": Afrikaans (Jonker / Cope / Plomer 1988: 39).

the right place, and you're a Coloured but the colour of the struggle at this stage is with our black African comrades and don't you forget it! Don't let them use us as a wedge to divide us from the people's struggle!

VALMA: *Jy praat kak, en kak is kak, swart kak of bruin kak*¹⁸³... I know my real mother! My mother was a Bushwoman from Kuruman, a pure Bushwoman, one of the last survivors and a nursing orderly at Kuruman Hospital! And my father was a Jewish doctor and he fell in love with Jean-Jacques Rousseau's noble savage who was born free and is everywhere in chains and he got out a German's philologist's book – (*Indicating Jan Pieterse's Specimen's of Bushman Folklore by W.H.I. Bleek and L.C. Lloyd*) and taught himself and her her /Xam language which she remembered bits and pieces of from her great-grandmother who was born in 1880 and died in 1960! And that world is dead, gone, forgotten, wiped-out, genocided. Thank God I've got my father's Jewish brain's and I know how to hunt and gather like a Bushwoman – knowledge – not roots and buck – and best of all he left me a million rand in uranium and gold shares so you can stick your socialism up your arse! (*She finds a tennis ball and hurls it at Jan Pieterse who catches it.*) Come on, Jan, we playing the workers at cricket next month! (*They fling catches at each other, until he collapses with angina again and sits in the old chair spraying into his mouth to stop the chest pains.*) Leonie has recovered her presence of mind after Valma's revelations and confronts her arms akimbo.

LEONIE: Do you think I don't know? Every morning I wake and torture myself. But now we got to face the future. No more recriminations. How lucky the old people were – giving the big questions up to God. (*Caressing Jan's chest.*) It's anxiety.... Breathe slow and steady.... Don't hyperventilate.... It's not a heart attack...

PIETERSE: It's anxiety. It's the worry. God is dead. Now we got to think about history.

DIANNE: History! Who's story? This chair he's sitting in! The *master's* chair! Ag, they were *mos* slave-owners. The De Villiers. French Huguenots. Coming to the Cape for religious freedom. Freedom. I been reading books in the workers' seminars the Varsity boys been running. Look at the date on the chair. 1790. The French Revolution. You think they cared a damn about their own Malay slaves here? They

¹⁸³ "You talk shit, and shit is shit, black shit or brown shit": Afrikaans

hanged and flogged their slaves who revolted and as for the Hottentots – my ancestors - they used them as soldiers against the Xhosa and then gave them the vote – to vote for whites in the Cape parliament. But you, Jan Pieterse, when you taught history in Athlone you teach them all about the Boers and their Slagter’s Nek rebellion, and their Great Trek, and that swindler Cecil Rhodes – you said the industrialisation of the diamond and gold mining into international corporations – robbing us of our mineral wealth – was capitalist progress! Racist history!

PIETERSE: (*Furious, trying to get up, held down by Leonie and Valma*) Racist history! I was trying to get them through Matric when the exams were still being run by the bloody Boers and the conservative Anglos! And I taught accountancy! How to run a business and do cost-benefit analysis! Pseudo-proletarian vulgar Marxist ignoramus! Go and live in bloody Soviet Russia or East Germany or Poland and see the glorious Communist Party as the new bourgeoisie – which will happen here – behind the glorious front of Saint Nelson Mandela – the black plutocrats and securocrats are getting ready for a multi-racial gravy train... They didn’t tell you your hero Chris Hani was nearly executed in Quatro Camp in Angola by that crook Joe Modise? Yes, there will be capitalism in Russia too and East Germany and Poland and here – give it five years Ms Rosa Luxemburg. God help South Africa if they make you Minister for Women’s Affairs! I’m the one that keeps “Vreudge” going! Me, because I know how to manage. All you do is agitate! Slogans! Half-truths! Who did Valma come to when she was going through all that turmoil with Gerry and his depression about being gay and becoming HIV+ and wanting to contact her real mother in Kuruman and her rich father in Jo’burg? Who stopped Leonie drinking herself to death while that bloody husband of hers was fucking around? She blamed herself for Gerry’s depression and being gay and getting the HIV virus and being arrested and killing himself and all that unhealthy sex between a brother and a sister...

VALMA: I tried to show him that love is what counts – anyone can perform the sexual act...

LEONIE: (*Finally aroused*) And what if he killed himself because for him it may have been incest! What if he killed himself because he was psychologically damaged from childhood by all the rows about him and you and Daddy and me only feeling alive when I was on the stage! That’s what families do! They ruin your life!

VALMA: Stop! Everybody stop! It's Sunday! The non-white Dewetsburg Dutch Reformed Church is de-segregated! *(She laughs bitterly.)* Leonie. We will all have a shower or a dip in the pool and put on our best clothes then go to church under the pretence that God is not dead and then come back here and bury Gerry's ashes.

Sound of helicopter

PIETERSE: It's all right! Claasens keeps dropping in like bloody God! We're having elections for a squatters' representative council! To divide the old grazing land into subsistence plots for those with roots in the area! To get NGO cash for clean water and sewerage! To get the kids back to school! To stop the intimidators and the criminals and the necklacers! I'm going to talk to Claasens! He and I are going to chair a meeting and all you three come and we going to get "Vuyani" sorted!

The lights fade slowly. The sound of the helicopter is deafening. It lands. We hear the San song.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Later that afternoon, Pieterse works on his financial report on a portable typewriter.

The urn of ashes for the moment has pride of place in the garden down centre.

Valma in her Sunday best, the automatic rifle on one side, digs a small grave for the urn of ashes, outlining it with smooth sea-pebbles.

Sound of helicopter going off into the distance. Dianne also in her church-going clothes and handbag comes in, sits in grand chair, takes notes out of handbag.

DIANNE: I'm amazed. Captain Claasens drops in for five minutes to terrify the wits out of the *skollies*¹⁸⁴ and the *tsotsis*¹⁸⁵ and stays for a two hour election meeting.

Leaving behind the Dewetsburg *konstabel* to keep law and order. I am astounded.

Did you hear what Claasens said, Valma? (*Looks at her notes.*) First we get all the government official bullshit. (*Heavy Afrikaans accent.*) "I'm giving you people a warning. Mrs De Villiers is in charge of "Vreugde", not Fruit and Canning Workers or COSATU or the UDF... However... However." I have never heard that man use the word "however"... Man, there's something in the air... Somebody very senior is reaching out to us... He says: "*Luister, julle mense...*" He even calls us people! "We have to accept that the police and the army and the security services are here to serve the whole of this multi-national – OK he says national whereas he should say multi-ethnic – society, *net nie vir nou nie maar ook vir die toekoms...* Not just for now but for the future..." Hallelujah! *Daar is 'n God in die hemel!*¹⁸⁶ (*She suddenly feels old and tired and her bones ache. She lowers herself into the old chair and wipes the sweat off her face with a wet-wipe.*) At church she suddenly gets an attack of conscience, remembers she's also got shares in the stock exchange, promises to double my wages. So I say, OK, I'm not giving notice. I'm not your *kaffermeid*¹⁸⁷. I work in the fruit and jam factory. I'm a shop-steward. (*Imitating Leonie's theatricality.*) "Darling Dianne, you are one of the family..." (*With an effort she manages to get up and goes into the house.*)

¹⁸⁴ Teenage Coloured gangsters.

¹⁸⁵ Young African gangsters.

¹⁸⁶ "There is a God in heaven" – Afrikaans.

¹⁸⁷ Derogatory: *kaffer*-maid.

Pieterse takes the typewriter and report off the table and puts it out of the way and sings a liberation song:

PIETERSE: “*Unzima lomthwalo / Ufuna ‘zihlangano / Asikhthali noma siya’boshwa / Sizimisela unkululeko*”¹⁸⁸

During the following Dianne comes on and off with plates, hors d’oeuvres and wine.

VALMA: (*In a reverie at Gerry’s “grave”*) Gerry, I know you dead, but you still inside me, man. I been to visit my real mother in Kuruman. She’s not bitter. My father gives her money still and she now a nurse in the hospital and she married and got grown up kids. (*Laughs.*) Man I was a mistake! He’s a doctor, man! Of course he used a condom but it broke! And they were so in love, they just couldn’t stop! He made a good marriage. To a rich clever Jewish girl. And then there’s Leonie. So different. And all those rows when we were growing up. Daddy and her. Unreal. She so real and full on the stage and so empty and unpractical in real life. And Swaziland. All those rich, clever kids from happy marriages. With happiness inside them. And me so empty inside me, trying so hard to believe in God, but at the centre of it all - my existence – just the result of a mistake! And then you, Gerry, so confused about girls and blokes and that whole wild gay scene. And those nights we spent together. Was it that Gerry? We are not related by blood! I really loved your body! Leonie always told us I was adopted. I always felt I was from Kuruman, that your body and my body were strange and sexy different bodies from different worlds – not in the least the same flesh. And the police. You told them nothing they didn’t know. I understand the Ingrid Jonker for you my sweetheart. “Your face is the face of all the others / Before you and after you and your eyes calm as a blue / dawn breaking time on time / herdsman of the clouds There is no question of beginning / there is no question of possession / there is no question of death / face of my beloved / the face of love”.¹⁸⁹ It means in your face I see my ma and my dad, Leonie and Daddy, Jan and Dianne and best friends in Swaziland and Camus and Kierkegaard and Sartre because

¹⁸⁸ “Heavy is the burden / It needs alliances / We are not even worried of becoming prisoners / We are determined on freedom “ : isiZulu / isiXhosa

¹⁸⁹ This is the beginning and the end of the same Jonker poem Valma quotes earlier “The face of love” (Jonker / Cope / Plomer 1986: p.39)

I'm not afraid of Nothingness, Gerry, because that it in the end is all there is.. That and *Wees-Hier-in-die-wereld...*¹⁹⁰

Dianne stops laying the table.

DIANNE: So what's he say?

VALMA: Fuck all.

DIANNE: So why you praying to a dead spirit.

VALMA: Because he's alive inside me. Because I'm grieving. (*Goes to Pieterse.*) Last holiday my real mommy says to me in Kuruman, my Dad is there too. "Valma," she says, "You lucky the De Villiers lady wanted you. Putting on shows in Cape Town and London. Her husband very rich in the mines in Jo'burg. And here's your real Dad here. He loves you. But he couldn't have you in Jo'burg in those days with all that apartheid. I know you happy in Dewetsburg down in the lovely Cape where it so green than here in Kuruman and Upington where it so poor and dry and brown..." The first joy in her life is she made a brown child a rich white woman wants to adopt... (*To Dianne*) Don't tell me I'm black – that's all..!

DIANNE: *God verdom* it's just politics... You can be any damn colour you like... What year is it, 1989, early summer ... Botha the president had a stroke, Nelson Mandela been taken off Robben Island, he's been talking to the bloody government in Pollsmoor Prison, been to see Botha and now De Klerk himself. That's what I'm reading between the lines of what the comrades say and the softening attitude of Claasens....

VALMA: (*To Pieterse*) What so good about Africa? You just a bloody romantic! It's one lousy dictatorship and economic shit-hole after another.

DIANNE: (*Thinking things over*) You dead right, Valma. That's what makes me think some of the comrades having second thoughts about capitalism and socialism. (*Goes on setting the table and bringing food out of the house.*) The situation in Mocambique and Angola is not good. Cuba is a different matter. Man I had a long talk with the comrades after church. I said, "Stop talking about a sell-out! The

¹⁹⁰ "Being-Here in the world" Afrikaans from Heidegger.

situation has changed overnight – if they talking to Mandela and Mbeki is the coming man overseas.” *(Pause)*

PIETERSE: *(Gently taking Valma by the hand, making her sit in the chair)* Valma, I feel your hurt man. It’s a tragedy! We had the most free, the most equal chiefdoms in the world. O.K. we had no literacy, we had no science equivalent to the west, but remember, Idi Amin and Bokassa and Mobutu and Shaka and Dingane – the tyrants – they in part a reaction to what the Belgians did in the Congo and the money the French and the Portuguese and the Dutch and the British made of Africa. Europe screwed up Africa for slaves and gold and diamonds and copper and coal and cocoa and tea and fruit and sugar and rope and now uranium. *(During the above Pieterse begins paging through a collected works of Shakespeare which is on the table.)* Ja, and now it looks like the bloody gangsters on our side, the Joe Modise’s who into smuggling drugs and stolen cars to finance the ANC in Zambia and the prison camps in Angola in on a deal to get power from the Boers and the Anglos in return for giving them free rein in the economy! *(He finds what he is looking for in the Shakespeare.)* Listen to this. Leonie was Portia and this is what the black man in “The Merchant of Venice” has to say to her...

“Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadow’d livery of the burnish’d sun,

To whom I am a neighbour and near bred...

....I would not change this he,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen...”

You see, the Prince of Morocco he’s proud of his black skin, but he a gentleman too, he’s not a racial fanatic... What did you say, Dianne about Joe Modise?

DIANNE: I’m just putting two and two together from what Claasens said at the meeting and what the comrades are saying about Nelson Mandela talking to President Botha in Pollsmoor Prison and in the President’s house in Cape Town. They had tea together. There is big talks been going on in London and God know where. There is a big deal in the offing.

Dianne goes back into the house.

VALMA: Ja, your heart, it's not just anxiety man, you got cholesterol and irregular rhythm. Mommie's gone and put clean sheets on your bed. Go and lie down.

PIETERSE: Why you want to be a nun, Valma? You serious, girl?

Sound of veld insects – crickets and cicadae – and doves. Valma and Pieterse are wrapped up in their own thoughts. Then he smiles at her. She shrinks into herself. He touches her face ever so lightly with his finger tips. She relaxes, touches his face, smiles. He kisses her tenderly on the cheek. She withdraws from him, weeps silently. Turns back to him.

VALMA: Why you divorced your wife?

PIETERSE: I was unfaithful to her. I fell in love with – a white woman... I wasn't physically unfaithful. My ex- she's still a teacher in Athlone. She got sick of politics. She got herself a younger man. She and he – he's also a teacher – they very interested in the church. Fundamentalists. You know – Jesus saves – happy-clappy Christians. It's childish. The same church where those fanatics sprayed machine gun bullets on the worshippers. Ja, black fascists. My ex-wife and her boy-friend are lucky to be alive. They credit it to Jesus!

VALMA: (*Kneeling at Gerry's grave, weeping*) What a way to spend a Sunday... Five years after he's cremated, mommy wants to bury Gerry's ashes. (*Pause*) I hoped for some sort of redemption – closure... Nothing. God is silence. That is something. God is silence, absolute silence. God is absolute nothing. Nothingness. Because we can't conceive of nothing... Only nothing-ness. Which implies a container for the substance for the positive vacuum of nothing-ness. A container. A womb. Plato called it a *chora*. Feminist metaphysics? Kristeva? Irigaray? Heard of them? French, Belgian. That's where I'll go. Paris. God is the silence of nothing-ness. The whole universe is a womb? No that's wrong. Don't bugger about with male metaphysics. There is no such thing as even nothing-ness but it can be humanly womb-ed. It's just me talking to the image of Gerry's spirit. I'm wombing you to live again in me.

Pause. Valma raises her head to the sky. She coos like a dove. Pause. Listens. Silence. Veld insects. We hear Leonie arriving by car.

VALMA: She got a lift from Jacob Du Toit. (*Shouts off.*) Jacob! Sorry I shouted at you this morning! Have you heard the news? There's a big deal going on between the comrades and the government? God I hope the young comrades calm down! What if

them and Arnold think it's a sell-out? Hey Jacob? Who's in the running for P.W.Botha's job? De Klerk already got it? Of course. His brother Wimpy was at Stellenbosch! He's a liberal! But Frederick Willem De Klerk? Isn't he some fanatical Dopper from the Transvaal? Clever dick lawyer? Wasn't he in on the President's Council? Didn't he order killings in the townships and on the frontiers!

Leonie enters in a black dress and a black shawl.

Pieterse gives Leonie a hug and a kiss and a glass of wine. He gives Dianne wine. She is silent and dignified. Valma takes some wine.

LEONIE: *(Taking the urn and sprinkling some wine on it)* To Gerry De Villiers, hero of the liberation struggle.

ALL: To Gerry De Villiers... *(They all drink.)*

LEONIE: *(Putting down the urn)* De Villiers. It was so hard to get work in London. The English, some of them, they hate Afrikaners. Called me a Boer. I wouldn't change my name. To hell with them. *(She walks around the garden.)* Oh my childhood, where are you now? Oh I spoke out at meetings, I even boycotted "Vreugde's" own wine and grapes! But living off Rudolph's Anglo-American gold and diamond money! By the way, I saw my lawyer in church. The divorce settlement is finally through and I shall be a rich woman and "Vreugde" can look forward to a secure future! *(Everybody claps and cheers and kisses Leonie.)* But not a word to the bloody *verkrampte*¹⁹¹ Boers of Dewetsburg. We can use it as security on loans and Rudolph must not know that it's going to be administered by a cooperative management-workers trust. Now I can look them in the eye. Preacher Fouche who is in the Broederbond and not even now, 1989 – and have you heard – Botha is going to resign... does he have non-whites in his church? No! And there they were, the *Tannies*¹⁹² and the *Ooms*¹⁹³ and a couple of doctors of philosophy and the wine-barons and the fruit-barons. We will create employment and plough back profits in the form of reinvestment in new equipment and a working mothers' children's crèche and a pre-school.

¹⁹¹ "Reactionary, narrow": Afrikaans

¹⁹² "Aunties": Afrikaans

¹⁹³ "Uncles": Afrikaans

PIETERSE: (*Taking her hands*) Wait a minute! Wait a second! Where is the cash? Ring your lawyer now! We need a promissory note to call off the bankruptcy hearing! (*Gets the tennis ball. He bowls. She catches it on the bounce.*) Off break, leg break action. Did you hear the one about when Van der Merwe died? He was resurrected. The old Pope, the one before John Paul the Second, the big fat Italian pope – the nice one - who said the Jews didn't kill Christ. He calls the soul of Van der Merwe into the Vatican after he gone to heaven. For interview. I mean it's not every day a Van der Merwe dies and goes to heaven! Says the Pope: (*Italian accent*) "What-a-does-God-look-like?" "There is *no* God," says Van der Merwe. "Heaven was empty." "Good-a-gracious me," says Popissimus, "Here I give you five-a-million-lire in a real money-in-your-hand-because-by-speciala-dispensation- i-convert- you-a-from-the-dead-to-the-living- so good luck- giv-a-the-money-to-all the little Van der Merwe's still-a-living-in-South Africa...But on condition you never-a-tell-nobody-there-is -no-God.." So Van der Merwe leaves the Vatican and goes to Moscow where Gorbachev wants to speak to him in the Kremlin. And Gorbachev says: "Tyell me Van der Mervovich dyid yyuaou syeeGod?" "*Yes I did*" says Van der Merwe. "Good grayjious me," says Gorbachev, "For gyjoodness sake, don't tell nyet to nyanybody – here is a million rubles." So Van der Merwe comes home and poor old P.W.Botha who is on his last legs asks to see him in Cape Town. "Tell me Van der Merwe..." And Van der Merwe interrupts Botha and says: "I know what you are going to ask me...! My answer is: "Yes, I saw God... "And Van holds out his hand for the money and he says: "And SHE WAS BLACK!" (*He laughs until he feels a pain in his chest.*) Man, this the way to go – die laughing! (*He wanders through the garden.*) But we got to do something about this lovely world. You know even now animals are homeless? I never been outside the RSA but I think of the temples in ancient Palestine and Greece which I read about so often, and see pictures. It is open to being and being stands in it. It looks out to the sky. It stands on the world. (*Looking out*) 'Strue as God, when I dreaming I dream I can just see that Greek temple with the white marble through the African haze, 4000 north of Pietersburg, through the baobabtrees, And the ancient tree is fruiting with creatures in the day of creation. The first beings made by *Unkulunkulu*.¹⁹⁴ *Umama*¹⁹⁵ the earth mother was made love to by this tree. *Umuthi uzala noMamankulu*.¹⁹⁶

¹⁹⁴ "God" - isiZulu

He repeats the Zulu lines and dances.

VALMA: Oh, he's a Zulu now.

DIANNE: *(With a mixture of tenderness and irony)* There's no suffering on earth that he cannot take on his shoulders.

Humiliated for a moment, his shoulders droop, and he stops. Then Pieterse stands at the urn and prays.

PIETERSE: Dear God, Thank you for the life for our dear brother in Christ, Gerhard Johan Willem de Villiers.

Pieterse gives Leonie the urn. She scatters the ash over the flowerbed. Pieterse scatters some soil over the ash.

There is a silence and the noise of veld insects (crickets, cicadae) and doves cooing.

LEONIE: *(Looking around her)* It could be free. It could be beautiful here.

DIANNE: We got to let the loan sorted out. How is the bank going to believe Rudolph going to cough up with the necessities?

LEONIE: "Vuyani Cooperative Farm". I can imagine Mr De Beer at the bank. "But this has been a Van De Villiers house for two hundred and fifty years. Cough up with the necessities? This is my house, so is the winery and the fruit farm and the old dairy land.

DIANNE: Leonie, Rudolph put in millions in improvements, marketing schemes, contracts with the other farmers' cooperatives. He could sue you for return of those assets when you divorced. You married in community of property, man – the marriage certificate in the old safe. We all seen it. You got to get a certificate from him that he making it all over to you – otherwise bankruptcy, man.

PIETERSE: We got to put it to him this is a practical scheme. It stays your property, Leonie, you just have the workers on the management board. Rudolph got to agree he makes over the total present assets to you. You offer him a place on the management board. You got to register the coop as a propriety company with one vote each for him which he can make over by proxy to you, you have a vote, the union representative has a vote, I and Valma have votes. Boetie Koekemoer will be the union rep – I can tell you now. We can co-opt Dianne at a later stage or we can set up the board with two union reps, Dianne and Boetie Koekemoer.

¹⁹⁵ "Mother" - isiZulu

¹⁹⁶ "The tree created from the Great Mother.

*We hear African women singing a union song in the distance.*¹⁹⁷

LEONIE: Listen, they singing at the union meeting. Wonder what they decided?

DIANNE: We soon hear about that.

LEONIE: (*Going over to her, taking her hands*) Valma, why don't you marry Jan?

VALMA: Oh, do mind your own business, Mommy. Come and eat. Dianne went to so much trouble. (*She sits down and eats.*)

Dianne sits down and eats quite unselfconsciously. Pieterse joins them and eats and drinks.

Leonie kneels by the flower-bed where the ash has been scattered.

LEONIE: Dear Gerry. You are always alive in our memory. (*She prays.*)

The sound of the women's voices comes nearer. Leonie seems to feel stronger. She goes to Pieterse.

LEONIE: Jan, have you read all of Gerry's diaries now?

PIETERSE: (*In between mouthfuls*) Ja, lots of times. I found his very last one. I'm going to write it up in an article for the *Sunday Independent*. They rang me. Someone saw Gerry's Special Branch file in Caledon Square. (*Picks up the urn and produces the diary from under the table.*) Ja, after Gerry's has his breakdown in Angola when the army nearly at Luanda, they send him with a Bushman tracker to have a look but at Quatro, the ANC prison camp for dissidents.

LEONIE: Gerry was at Quatro? They tortured him?

DIANNE: The South African army wanted to turn him into a double agent!

VALMA: The white army do a deal with him. Tell us what you see and hear at Quatro. We let you off the rest of your army service. So he goes to Quatro in a Landrover with a Bushman tracker.

PIETERSE: So the ANC, *Mbokodo*, their intelligence police arrest him. They interrogate him in Quatro itself. He says he's defecting from the South African army

¹⁹⁷ E.g. Braitex workers on *South African Trade Union Workers Choirs* Rounder Records 5020© 1986
1 Camp Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02140.

to the ANC. So the ANC police say no way. You as spy from South African Military Intelligence. Gerry says – that’s what they want – but I’m staying with you. So they say, we don’t trust you. I’m in the UDF, I was in the South African Communist Party, he says..

DIANNE: So they look up his files in Lusaka in Oliver Tambo’s office. Ja, what you say is true. But first you got to tell us what the South African Defence Force is planning. Gerry says, I don’t know. OK. We train you to interrogate real spies from them. So they give him a room, a nice room, but the next morning they take him to a room where they beating another ANC dissident, torturing him. They tell him a whole lot of lies about this guy they torturing.

VALMA: *His* real name is Amerigo Dhlami, son of King Sobuza of Swaziland. Well the king got about a hundred wives, but this guy definitely a royal prince, genuine son of the old king. He was at Waterford with me. So was Thami Zulu, the camp commandant who would have had Gerry tortured and did torture Amerigo.

PIETERSE: This Amerigo joined the ANC in Swaziland who wanted to infiltrate into South Africa to carry out military action for *Umkhonto we Sizwe*, which he did do, but he arrested in Barberton after bombing a power-station – nobody hurt. So they take him to Pretoria and try and turn *him* into a double agent. He pretend he going to turn, but he don’t. So they let him loose and he gets to Lusaka. So the ANC arrests him and sends him to Quatro. But he – Amerigo Dhlamini, he a hero, he done nothing wrong. So Gerry gets the hell out of Quatro and smuggles out Amerigo with him promising to turn him for the ANC (which he always been in already!) So Gerry finds the Bushman tracker and the Landrover and they drives back to Luanda but they, the South African army’s gone - gone from Luanda. And they find someone from Quatro – a friend – must have left money in the Landrover and letters from the comrades Thami Zulu torturing. So they fill up with petrol in Luanda but they drive back to Namibia where the Bushman tracker’s from and the ANC’s been following them also in a Landrover, but they throw them off the track. And they drop the Bushman tracker in his home with the Dobe San in Nyai Nyai.

VALMA: And Amerigo he gets off too and he crosses over to Botswana. And at the border post he asks for political asylum. So the Botswana police take him to Gaborone and they leave him with the comrades there from the ANC – no one from *Mbokodo* all straight comrades. And in Windhoek Gerry’s got a cousin he runs a hotel also called De Villiers so he gets more money for petrol. So they change the number plate

of the Landrover and they drive to Cape Town. But the Special Branch arrest him and threaten to torture him also although they already know he knows nothing. But in Caledon Square he gets depressed. But he got his diary. So the Special Branch they photocopy it. And the comrade double-agent he gives the original to me for you – (*produces it*) - Leonie, after he hangs himself.

PIETERSE: So I going to write it up for the *Sunday Independent*.

They are all stunned.

VALMA: Amerigo Dhlamini. We were at Waterford together. At school. In Swaziland. He wrote to me from Botswana. He always wanted to come to Cape Town. He got South African citizenship. But he got to keep his mouth shut about what the ANC with Oliver Tambo's knowledge been doing to comrades they call dissidents.

LEONIE: You didn't tell me all this, Jan.

PIETERSE: I didn't what to complicate our lives. We got spies and criminals amongst the comrades – (*Gesturing north west*) Over there. Joe Modise in Jo'burg, Pretoria. He been in Lusaka, he been in charge of Quatro. He was in charge of *Umkhonto we Sizwe*, the army of the ANC. He wants to be Minister of Defence if De Klerk and Mandela and Tambo and the Mbekis come to an agreement. We got criminal spies in amongst the squatters here on "Vreugde". The ones who want to necklace people. They terrorists. We got to be careful.

DIANNE: (*Going to Leonie, taking her hands, seating her at the table, putting food on a plate for her*) Now you know what's been going on here.

PIETERSE: (*To Dianne*) You've changed your tune!

DIANNE: The comrades changed their tune. Hope they don't smell a sell-out.

LEONIE: Amerigo Dhlamini. He was with Gerry? Yes, he told me. He was in London. Yes, but not that he was tortured in – what did call it..? Quatro? They could have killed Gerry in Quatro.

VALMA: I knew this. I didn't want to frighten you, Mommy....

LEONIE: Amerigo Dhlamini. He stayed in my flat in London. Why didn't he tell me?

VALMA: They all frightened. They all scared. The ANC full of spies. The Military Intelligence full of ANC spies and vice-versa.

LEONIE: (*Standing and pacing around*) I can't eat, I can't drink.

VALMA: Gerry's at peace, now, Mommy.... Look, Mommy we'll put up a slate gravestone on this flowerbed and on it we'll put Gerry's Bushman poem, the one he wrote in Grootfontein camp... I learned it:

/Guwe and //Gauna were God.

I used to pray to Jupiter heart of the dawn:

"Blind with your light the springbok's eyes".

I who talked to Mantis.

Now I am the animal.

The commando runs me down like a buck.

I used to hear the hamerkop bird tell of death to the river water,

And the water spoke of who was dead.

God strung his bow in the sky,

Moon returned from death.

Now my death is the death of worlds.

PIETERSE: We should be proud of him.

DIANNE: (*Sadly*) Why did he have to do it? They were going to let him out of Caledon Square. Maybe he thought after he sees what the ANC is doing in Quatro, what they did to Amerigo Dhlamini... What the white army was doing to SWAPO... What SWAPO was doing in its own camps... He gives up on the human race.

PIETERSE: (*Hurriedly taking a bite of food a sip of wine, going into the house*)

Going to phone Mr De Beer and the Mowbray people to settle it. Gerry hasn't lived in vain.

VALMA: What about Daddy?

LEONIE: Rudolph was in church.

VALMA: Daddy's in Dewetsburg?

LEONIE: He's staying in the hotel. I made him swear, on the bible, that he won't withdraw his assets from "Vreudje."

DIANNE: Leonie, say that speech you used to say from Shakespeare. From that play "The Storm"

LEONIE (*Kneeling with the urn by the flower-bed*) "This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,/ Which thou taks't from me. When thou camest first / Thou strok'dst me and made much of me: would give me / Water with berries in 't; and teach me how / To name the bigger light and how the less, / That burn by day and night...."

Valma claps and cheers.

DIANNE: Ja, this white man, Prospero, where does he come from? Italy? I always used to think whenever I saw you in Maynardville playing Miranda... What is this about? You mean Shakespeare thought we had to have white men to come from Italy to teach us natives... “To name the bigger light and how the less”. That we didn’t have names for the sun and the moon?

LEONIE: It’s a parable... It’s about ingratitude. Caliban wasn’t just the native of the island. He couldn’t speak. It’s about the infant in all of us. Not the native and the conqueror. It about how we hate our children and how they hate us.

VALMA:and then I loved thee,

And show’d thee all the qualities o’ the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren-place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
When first was mine own king....

(To Leonie) Come on Mommy! You supposed to be the actress

LEONIE : *(Addresses Valma as Caliban)* Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move not kindness! I have used thee
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg’d there
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child..

VALMA: *(Enjoying herself, prancing)*

.....Oho, ho!
Would’t had been done!
Thou didst prevent me: I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans..

Valma sings Ariel’s song: “Full fathom five thy father lies / Of his bones are coral made / Those are pearls that were his eyes / Nothing of him that doth fade / But doth suffer a sea change / Into something rich and strange...

Valma gets her machine gun and goes on singing.

LEONIE: *(Calling into the house)* Jan, have you got through yet to Mr De Beer? *(To herself looking out)* Look at the squatters? It’s a slum! What do they do for fresh water? Washing? Toileting? I can’t bear it! And the children! The number of children

they have! And what will become of them! *Toyi-toying!*¹⁹⁸ What the hell is going to become of us?

We hear the sound of the young men toyi-toying. Leonie, frightened, exits in the house.

Valma is caught up in this ominous but ecstatic mood. She addresses Gerry as if he is somewhere at the back of the auditorium. She primes her automatic rifle.

VALMA: (*Urgently*) Oh, God, don't say the comrades are turning against us!

Whatever Claasens suggests, however moderate, is to them a sell-out. Gerry! I know you're here with us inside us! Gerry, you've got to believe me! You've got to get rid of all that sympathetic leftism Gerry, man! It's a matter of survival! It's Caliban time man, and this is not racism. A mob is a mob! They want revenge man! Remember mommy as Miranda when we were little and we were so frightened of the monster!? Well, the monster is real! You got to help me pull the trigger, man, if I have to! We got nowhere else to go, man! We got no European or American or Australian passports. Everything we built up with kindness is here, Gerry! But they just want fire and ash!

(As Caliban, the noise of liberation songs coming closer)

Why as I told you, 'tis a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him.

Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake

Or cut his wesand with thy knife; remember

First to possess his book; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him!

As rootedly as I: - burn but his books.

¹⁹⁸ The *toyi-toyi* is and was a dance used by the young comrades as a kind of unifying war-ritual at political demonstrations and political funerals when they would (and their successors still do) work themselves up into a kind of highly adrenalized anaesthetic ecstasy facing police repression, celebrating heroism and martyrdom no doubt connected to the war-dances, singing, stamping and chanting of the highly militarised chiefdoms such as the Zulu and using the what Nietzsche in *The Birth of Tragedy* referred to as the Dionysian mode found in the Bacchanalian and mystery cults of the ancient Greeks (see Nietzsche / Hollingdale 1977: pp. 125-148 "Art and Aesthetics" anthologising sections from *Human, All Too Human* 1878, *Daybreak* 1881, *The Gay Science* 1882, *On the Genealogy of Morals* 1887, *The Wagner Case* 1888, *Twilight of the Idols* 1889, and *Ecce Homo* 1908.)

There is a pause. She looks out, holding the gun. The toyi-toying fades, sounds of doves and veld insects. Sky darkens with cloud. Distant lightning. Pause. Distant thunder. Dianne enters with a jerrycan from the orchard.

DIANNE: Valma!

Leonie comes out of the house. At the sight of the jerrycan Leonie panics, freezes with horror.

LEONIE: Jan! Valma! She's gone mad! She's got a tin of petrol! She's going to burn us down!

VALMA: Mommy don't be silly!

LEONIE: She's got a tin of petrol!

DIANNE: *(Laughing, rubbing the liquid on Valma, Valma laughs)* It's home-brewed sorghum beer! *(Drinks some out of the jerrycan)* It's a present! From Phakamisa!

What you call it? Libation! A blessing on the house! *(She turns and calls out across the garden and the fields beyond.)* Hey, all you Kgosana's and Makhelwane's. All you Koekemoer's and Abrahamse's and Januarie's and Februarie's and September's! The white madam thought the beer was petrol!

Dianne pours the beer into glasses for herself, Valma and Leonie.

DIANNE: Ladies and gentlemen! I give you a toast! To "Vreugde"! To the new South Africa! To Mrs Leonie De Villiers who thought I was going to burn down 250 years of history!

They drink. Get slightly tipsy. Laugh and hug each other.

Boetie Koekemoer, a farmworker, comes in from the garden.

KOEKEMOER: Ja, we all managing, in between the burnings and the shootings a few of us dying naturally in our beds of old age and no money! *(Leonie and Koekemoer laugh)* Is it alright if the others stand by the orchard fence?

LEONIE: *(Calling off down centre to the orchard)* Dames en here, kerels en meisitjies, wees gegroet!¹⁹⁹ Abamelwane, namankosikazi, nabantwana, yizani!²⁰⁰ Kom

¹⁹⁹ "Ladies and gentlemen, chaps and girls, feel welcome!": Afrikaans:

²⁰⁰ "Neighbours, ladies and children, come!": Xhosa

*sit op die stoep asseblief!*²⁰¹ *Molo, Peter Kgosane! Molo, Peter Kgonsana! Umhlbo wam'.. Uwifuni ukusela na?*²⁰²

KOEKEMOER: They don't want to trouble you Miss Leonie.. (*More formally.*) They come tomorrow morning when you settled down and say hello. (*Relaxing*) Gosh, you look so well and young still!

LEONIE: Boetie Koekemoer, my friend, I will not play Juliet again!

KOEKEMOER: Ja, 20 years ago they let us into the park at Maynardville where they still got the theatre in our best suits and ties and I remember you, still a young girl, leaning out the balcony and Romeo says to you: "It is the east and Juliet is the sun.." And I think Romeo says, "It is the east, and Juliet has a son," and I think, God, that's quick, she's only 14 and he only looked at her once last night and she's pregnant! Man, he's hot stuff, this Romeo! (*They laugh*) No, we miss you these 5 years.

LEONIE: *Ja*, Boetie, a person got to have roots, man!

KOEKEMOER: *Ja*, and we never even had a chance to sit and have a little cry when Mister Gerry – passes away... Those police are bad and the army is bad...

VALMA: And let me tell you something not all the ANC and the UDF and the so-called comrades are good, Boetie Koekemoer!

DIANNE: *Ag*, not now, man, Dianne, not now. Solidarity, man!

VALMA: Solidarity! You know why my brother Gerry hanged himself in Caledon Square jail? Yes, he was depressed alright! Depressed by what he saw the army doing in Namibia! Have you heard of Quatro detention camp in Angola? He went to Quatro. The army wanted to turn him into a double agent!

KOEKEMOER: What is Quatro?

VALMA: Four! Number 4! They named it after the Fort in Jo'burg! But you know what Gerry saw in Quatro? He saw the torture, the abuse, the execution of ANC dissidents – so-called! Killing them executing them, sending them on suicide missions when, through the head of *Umkhonto we Sizwe*, the army of our liberation, headed by that criminal Joe Modise who was in with the South African Police, they were met exactly where they entered the border by the white army who must have known they

²⁰¹;"Come and sit on the stoep, please!" : Afrikaans

²⁰² "Hello, P.K., won't you drink my friend?": Xhosa:

were coming!²⁰³ Wiped out! And the Reverend Dr Allan Boesak! The founder of the United Democratic Front! Leader of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches leader of 50 million Christians, you know what he's been doing since 1985? I know because I been making enquiries how to save 'Vreugde' how to run it as a cooperative, how to start nursery schools for the kids here, how to fund new housing with proper facilities for the squatters! The Danish been sending him money to his Foundation for Peace and Justice. Since 4 years ago! But half the money's not there! He's put half a million dollars in his pocket!²⁰⁴

KOEKEMOER: Miss Valma, I don't want to hear this! You got to realise there's always rotten apples in a barrel. There is only good people here. Forget about the comrades from the townships. They just trouble makers. (*Gesturing openly*) Look! This is our people! Been here for generations, man two hundred years ever since the De Villiers built this place. I don't want to hear about Quatro and Allan Boesak. It got nothing to do with us.

DIANNE: (*Indicating the old chair*) You sit down Boetie. You quite right. Valma she got a bee in her bonnet about the liberation movement, because she got a bee in her bonnet about her damn self! Sit down, Boetie! We got to forget about the ANC and the UDF. We got to think about "Vreugde". Now tell Miss Leonie about the meeting *Koekemoer sits awkwardly in the chair*

KOEKEMOER: Ag, Dianne, let's leave it till tomorrow when Miss Leonie has a sleep and relaxed.

DIANNE: No, now! It's bloody desperate, man. Jan Pieterse phoning the bank manager and the project people now this minute.

KOEKEMOER: (*Producing sheets of typed paper*) We got a definite plan. The bottom is dropped out the overseas fruit and wine market. Boycott and everything. Besides we can't work for the wages Miss Valma pays!

VALMA: Can afford to pay, you mean!

DIANNE: Be quiet, Valma, let Boetie speak, he speaking for the people!

KOEKEMOER: (*Pleading*) Miss Leonie, I know you loves this place, we all loves this place. The grapes and the winery are good. We just need to modernise the winery, but the vineyards – never been better. Our wine – superb – "Vreugde" is a label

²⁰³ Johnson 2010: 27-33

²⁰⁴ South African History Online: <http://www.sahistory.org.za/reverend-allan-aubrey-boesak>

everyone knows. It's the fruit trees madam. They old. They not producing anymore. We can't compete with the commercial farmers who planting new trees in the millions. And the squatters, they black people from all over. We sorry for them. We give them food and water. 'Strue as God we feel sorry for them. But we, the workers, who been here for hundreds of years, it's our place. They just invaded from the townships because they know Jan and Valma and we all – we all in the progressive movement and the trade union - we feel sorry for them! But their kids gone wild with all the *toyi-toyi* and their wild dancing and challenging Captain Claasens to shoot them. And the house Miss Leonie, this house, which you love, which we all love, with all its beautiful Cape Dutch furniture and lovely oak floors and thatched roof and the gables. Look, we know it's hard. But why don't you build some extra cottages for you and Valma. In the old style. Just like the old slave cottage which you and Mr Rudolf modernise so lovely for us. Then you can make so much money from the house as a *guest house* for the tourists! People all over the country know the famous actress Leonie De Villiers, you manage the guest house. And you train some of us as fancy cooks and waiters. And – I'm sorry to say this – chop down the fruit trees sell the dairy and the dairy herd and the meadows and give us the land for us to grow our vegetables – small holdings for each family! And we – we – the workers who been born here and grown up here – we set up a stall in the main road and we specialise in *organic* crops people in Cape Town want to buy. And Dianne – she so good at managing – she markets our tomatoes and courgettes and peppers and aubergines and we pay her a salary. But as for the money for investing in a new winery – well – with the liberation and everything – no more boycott – our wine starts selling again. And we want Miss Valma to come onto our committee. Not to keep fighting with us. But the big thing is, Miss Leonie. Jan got to get that Mowbray Rehousing Project to get land from the Dewetsburg Town Council to build houses – they got the land – council land – for the squatters. We not a housing agency. We got to look after ourselves.

Jan Pieterse comes in from the house triumphantly waving papers.

PIETERSE: I got it! I sold De Beer the idea of the guest house! He gives us a loan to modernise the house – yes turn it into a guest house, build more cottages for Leonie and Valma, buy new equipment for the winery, a new bottling plant, a new label – and the Mowbray Rehousing Project going to give the council money for emergency housing for the squatters in the township. A two million rand loan for us and a two million rand grant to Dewetsburg Council – I just spoke to the township housing

manager. As for the fruit trees I spoke to the Landbank. Yes we get rid of the dairy herd. But we *replace* the old trees and we plant *new* trees in the dairy meadow. Nectarines is the thing now overseas. No more apricots and peaches. No small holdings. But if we increase our sales, we increase wages. And emergency field toilet facilities for the squatters will arrive from Mowbray tomorrow and regular deliveries of clean water and water tanks till the council takes up the grant. And do you know who gives the money to the Mowbray people? Anglo-American! You ex-husband Mr Rudolph he been pulling the strings! And Exxon! Why not? They do anything to keep capitalism going. (*Going downstage with Koekemoer and Dianne and off*)

Distantly we hear the liberation song "Unzima Lomthwalo" and then shouting and shooting then quiet.

The light fades. Leonie and Valma embrace and sit at the table. Then it is night.

Slowly the light of dawn. Valma and Leonie are at the table having breakfast now in working clothes – perhaps jeans and t-shirts.

Doves and veld insects

Jan Pieterse and Boetie Koekemoer come on supporting Dianne who is in shock, stunned, hardly able to walk. Their clothes are stained with blood

DIANNE: Arnold is dead... My son is dead... Arnold is killed... The blerrie *witdoeke* panga him... My son is hacked to death... He sits in the house in Oelifantstraat. (*She suppresses a cry of grief*) They gags him and ties him and hacks off his arms and legs and lets him die slow... Those old Xhosas, *daardie witdoeke*... No one hears a thing... Oh God, you are good, to take Arnold for your people's fight... Bless you, my dear Jesus, bless you... (*She weeps.*) Bless you God, bless you dear Jesus...

Dianne repeats this till the end of the act.

PIETERSE: (*Holding Dianne's hand, praying*) Oh Lord my God, you are very great... You walk upon the wings of the wind... Your ministers are flaming fire...

Valma puts the gun aside and goes and holds Dianne as does Leonie.

The lights fade out.

EPILOGUE

A gauze screen painted with the classical façade of the Dewetsburg Town Hall comes down. We hear the sound of the toyi-toyi dancers coming nearer. Then the toyi-toyi fades away to be replaced by the opening bars of Mendelsohn's Wedding March. This fades into an African trade union choir. Projected onto the screen are photographs of Leonie and Jan as children and at various stages of their career, including Leonie as Juliet and Miranda.

Then all five actors come on in wedding clothes and celebrate joining in the song.

THE END.

THE ZULU AND THE ZEIDE**©Michael Picardie***

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THE ZULU AND THE ZEIDE: A one-man show written, performed and directed by Michael Picardie.

The Cardiff performances were in January 2004 at the Everyman Theatre Studio, Chapter Arts Centre. It then played at Leeds in July 2004 at the International Jewish Theatre Festival, and at the Nottingham University theatre during a Limmud Conference in December 2004.

With thanks to Dan Jacobson whose story “The Zulu and the Zeide” in *The Penguin Book of Jewish Short Stories* (1979) Harmondsworth: Penguin Books (pp.169-185) was the original inspiration for this play.

And thanks to Simon Fuddy and Everyman Theatre for the opportunity to premiere the performance at Chapter Arts Centre.

1. EXTERIOR. 15TH DECEMBER 1952. MORNING.

SELENA NGAKANE *greets Zeide Grossman in Tudhope Avenue, Berea.*

SELENA NGAKANE: *Zeide!* It's me, Selena Ngakane! In my new *doek!* Don't you recognise me? *Sholem Aleichem!* (*They hug.*) Man, I haven't seen you for over a year, hey? The Bloemfontein conference, July 1951? Look at me, the primary school teacher, selling fruit, vegetables and chicken in the street! Ja, they threw me out of the mission school in the Eastern Province because they said I wasn't teaching their Bantu Education properly. I told the kids about Makana the Xhosa prophet whom the British put on Robben Island. And what happened in history! So, *hoe gaan dit, ou kerel?*²⁰⁵ You better watch out, Zeide. They know about your night schools on the tops of the flats in Bellevue and Yeoville. Arithmetic and English for domestic servants? Tuesdays and Thursdays - and all for nothing!? And you also teach them what happened in history! *Hau, Bantu!*²⁰⁶ Look at me, for telling the children what happened in history! Brothers and sisters, penny for a fruit, penny for a vegetable, tickey²⁰⁷ for a chicken wing, fourpence for a drumstick, sixpence for the breast, one shilling for the breasts on both sides – where else can you get the breasts on both sides for one shilling??!!²⁰⁸ Five shillings the whole chicken. Give me deposit of one shilling, brother, you choose the chicken, I kill it at eleven o'clock, I roast it on the lovely wood fire, you collect after

²⁰⁵ - "How goes it old boy?" - Afrikaans.

²⁰⁶ "Oh, people," – isiZulu

²⁰⁷ South African slang: a three-penny bit in the old South African coinage.

²⁰⁸The character and the sexual joke are original but partly derivative in terms of the *genre* from the very famous and successful *When You Strike The Woman You Strike A Rock...* by the Vusisizwe Players (Phyllis Klotz et al) which uses urban African street jargon, song, mime, and liberation politics and toured world-wide in the 1980s. The author's daughter Ruth Picardie, a film journalist, had died tragically of breast cancer at the age of 33 in 1997 (see *Before I Say Goodbye* ed. Justine Picardie and Matt Seaton a memoir written whilst she was dying but with great good humour.) This is the sort of joke which Ruth might make, and of course, there is a bitter irony in the subtext of the joke. The doctor who negligently misdiagnosed her breast-tumour, was responsible for further botched oncological procedures when promoted to consultant status in the British NHS and was struck off by the British Medical Association in December 2011.

work with four shillings. My brother, I wrap it in three double sheets of newspaper to stop it dripping on you on the tram and the bus and you can read the outside one... What paper would you like? Left-wing, centre, right-wing or Zulu nationalist? I've got "Advance", the "Rand Daily Mail", "Die Transvaler" and "Ilanga Lase Natal." You tell me when you come to pick it up...*(She sights something threatening on the horizon)* *Polisie!* Get away, Zeide, there's trouble. Look they've got the defiance campaign - volunteers arrested! - in the black maria, man! They're singing. *(She hushes then she sings, other people imagined as joining in)* Shhsh... Sing quiet brothers and sisters so the police don't get cross... "Volunteers, obey the orders, volunteers, obey the orders, get ready for the action day... J.B. Marks, Bopape and Kotane, Dr. Dadoo and Dr. Jabavu, Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, get ready for the action day...!" *(Special branch arrive)* It's Capt. Spengler... And the Special Branch... He wants me... I can see it in his eyes... Knows I'm on the women's committee... Waited for me to start singing... To hell! Hey brother... Take your shilling back! Agnes, take my money in this bag, take the food back to my house and see to my children... They can't keep me long... Zeide, hop over the fence to number 57 Barnato Street, where you used to live, they still know you there! Zeide! Come and see me in the Fort! Tell Mandela I'm arrested!

2. EXTERIOR. STILL THAT MORNING. THE ROOF OF A BLOCK OF FLATS IN HILLBROW.

SERGEANT MARITZ *comes on.*

SERGEANT MARITZ: Hello, Mr Grossman... It's Sergeant Maritz... What have we got here, a wandering Jew on the top of Ingram's Corner, at the very brow of the Hill? Causing trouble in Berea, Yeoville, Bellevue and Observatory? I think this calls for an arrest. You got a choice: you want to be arrested under the Suppression of Communism Act, the Riotous Assemblies Act or the Criminal Law Amendment Act? It's up to you - it's a free country...²⁰⁹ Yes, I think I'll have to detain you, my friend... I hope you don't

²⁰⁹ An unnamed policeman brings Jacobson's Zeide back home. The autobiographical stepmother was *not* an ironically humorous Afrikaner juxtaposing a panoply of repressive laws with "it's a free country"- the autobiographical father's standard cliché. The good-humoured and witty Maritz is a

mind too much... Because I got a phone call from Capt. Spengler himself of the Special Branch... very worried about you and your friend Selena Ngakane who, having been processed at The Grays, is now detained in the Fort, man! You been messing with the blacks, hey...? Aged 72 and still uplifting the masses? Ooo- *Gods*.... Selena in the street with you this morning... hey? Ooh, you got the people going....! It spread like wildfire all over town....! People singing in the trams and buses in the factories and in the parks..... All because of Selena and you? (*Laughs.*) But you got a fright, hey? I'm telling you bad things might happen to you and your night-school! Meanwhile your son... He's been ringing up police stations and hospitals all over bloody Jo'burg man. 'Cause your daughter-in-law – poor Mrs Grossman - couldn't find you anywhere. They sent out a search party and you had gone! Bugged off! Not a smell of you! And now *I'm* landed with you. I should be at my desk catching criminals. Instead I've got to worry about the wandering Jew. If only you had given Christ some water during the stations of the cross this wouldn't have happened, the Jews would not have been CAST FORTH across the face of the earth, damned for all time. Now, do you want to come quietly or do I have to arrest you?

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Leave alone already. I'm having a quiet time with *HaShem*²¹⁰ do you mind?

tribute to the kind of cabaret stand-up humour made famous by Pieter-Dirk Uys. The joke is a Kleinian “good object” neutralising the racism of the stepmother and concordant with the wit of the autobiographical daughter so much missed by the author. This *condensation* and *displacement* is found not only in jokes but in dreams as Freud shows in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. The neurotic uses *symptoms* to condense and displace from traumata he cannot sublimate in art.

²¹⁰ Hebrew – “the Name” (of God). The creative unconscious (in Kristeva the *chora/semiotic* process) uses *condensation* to produce strong rhetorical images like this one: autobiographically the author is grieving over the tragically dead daughter, Ruth, who is half-Jewish by praying to be united with her magically. The autobiographical father of the author is transformed from the bad Christian apostate a Kleinian “bad object” into a Lithuanian-Jewish cultural “good object” the mystical Hasid. This enables the author to “expel” the “bad father” and become a “good” grieving Jewish father seeking Ruth in neither *Elohim* or *YeHoVaH* but in the all-encompassing Name equivalent to the secular Encompassing of Karl Jaspers (1935/1936). The Name is close to *ontos* or *logos* because the human being names related qualities and quantities so as to be rational. The Zeide is also beginning the *peripeteia* which will exhaust and kill him in his hypermanic wandering. As Walter Ong suggests it is possible that the primitive pre-writing culture, the orality of naming is a magical act and naming and not-naming God by simply calling him “the Name” adds to his magical quality.

SERGEANT MARITZ: I do mind. I've got a lot of work.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: All right, let's go home... But leave me alone, leave my soul alone! The *nefesh*²¹¹ has rights!

SERGEANT MARITZ: What colour is the *nefesh*?

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Transparent.

SERGEANT MARITZ: Then that's all right – immune from prosecution under the Immorality Act and the Group Areas Act and the Mixed Marriage Act... Here we go (*Enacting*) Down to the lift, down to the squad car, speed through the suburbs...

3. INTERIOR. THAT MORNING. THEY GO DOWN THE LIFT, INTO THE SQUAD CAR AND DRIVING FAST...

SERGEANT MARITZ: Hillbrow, Berea, Yeoville, Bellevue – Observatory... Number 13a Urania Street... Hop out... There's your son... Oooh... He wants me to come inside... All right, just for a minute or two... (*Waving from the car*) Hello Harry... How are you? Here's your father. Present and delivered.

4. EXTERIOR. THAT MORNING. VERANDA 13a URANIA STREET, OBSERVATORY.

SERGEANT MARITZ *helps the Zeide onto the veranda.* .

HARRY GROSSMAN *comes onto the veranda.* .

HARRY GROSSMAN: (*Stranged, distorted, contorted, flattened South Africa vowels.*) Father, I'm speechless. Absolutely speechless. I had to come all the way from work... I was in Benoni, Brakpan, Boksburg, *and* Springs... And now Sarah will have to take time off work and Johannes and Maria to look after you all day long... And look at his heart and his blood pressure!

SARAH GROSSMAN *comes onto the verandam a mature controlled South African English accent.*

HARRY GROSSMAN: Sarah, call the doctor...

SARAH GROSSMAN: He's going to end up in hospital!

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: I'm all right!

²¹¹ Hebrew - "the soul".

HARRY GROSSMAN: (*Shouting off*) Maria! Put the kettle on! Pa, lie down... Lie down in a warm bath... He's been wandering in Hillbrow... Man, Sergeant, I can't concentrate on work... (*Talking off*) Johannes... Give him a bath...

JOHANNES NGUBANE *a short friendly man comes on and takes the ZEIDE out.*

SERGEANT MARITZ: We..ee..ll.. You might put him in a home, you know... He might be happy in a good home, wouldn't he, Mrs Grossman...?

SARAH GROSSMAN: A home might be all right. He might go to the Jewish Old Aged Home... People say it's OK. It's got big glass windows... Linoleum floors... And the nurses are all in uniform... And the medical payments – they're included in the monthly fees...

SERGEANT MARITZ: What does the old man think?

HARRY GROSSMAN: He won't go! We can't force him... He must stay here unless he needs constant nursing care. I went to a psychiatrist. You know what he said? He said: "From the sound of it he's got... (*Intense whisper*) ... manic-depressive illness – he's had it all his life... Running around, helping everybody,²¹² never finishing anything - and intense passive despair... It runs in families you know... (*Twitching*) I don't know what to do with him. I'm at my wits end. LOOK AT ME! I'M A NERVOUS WRECK MYSELF!

SERGEANT MARITZ: Well, you need a solution... Thanks for the tea.. (*Drinks it.*) I'm off... I hope he doesn't cause you any more trouble... Today at least... I think if you don't keep him in he's going to start running around

²¹² In the *Eudemian Ethics*, *episteme*, science, enables virtue together with *nous*, *sophia* and *phronesis*. As Foucault shows in his *Madness and Civilization*, the medical *episteme* is in part a social construction because although science may show empirically what the underlying anatomy, biochemistry, physiology is of the body including the nervous system and the brain, as applied to the living human being the scientific paradigm which has produced cause-effect connections become in diagnosis and treatment a societal issue. What is psycho-physiologically manic or an hypnotic or a depressed or paranoid state in brain chemistry can also be used in religious contexts as trance and ecstasy, or in spirit possession or in prophecy. The trained shaman, kabbalist, mystical Hasid or prophet knows how to use trance-inducing techniques such as yogic breathing, swaying, dancing, chanting and psychotropic substances, whereas the uncontrolled manic, etc. is subjected to the psychiatric regime, *episteme* as potentially *oppressive*, because he, the society and often the social work/medical establishment lack the social context for creative use of the unconscious which has to be mediated through appropriate and skilful artistic or religious or therapeutic practices. The late Spike Milligan is an excellent example of the creative manic-depressive personality. Apparently his gravestone reads (in Irish Gaelic) "I Told You I Was Ill".

looking for his friend who was arrested. Selena Ngakane. Huh! And the blocks of flats... The government wants to close the kind of night schools he running, you know?

HARRY GROSSMAN: Not a moment too soon. The man is a manic-depressive agitator. He says he's uplifting the natives. All he does it cause chaos! You should have heard what he did in South America!

SERGEANT MARITZ: Never mind! You're wonderful son...

HARRY GROSSMAN: Wonderful son! In 1926, At the age of 16, newly arrived here from Lithuania at the age of 11, I had to leave school to earn to pay back my uncle for our passage here which he squandered on his South American adventure! *Schlemiel*²¹³ is right! He's bad news, he's an incompetent! A dreamer - other people have to pay for his dreams!

SERGEANT MARTIZ: *Totsiens, ou kerel!*²¹⁴ (*Shouting off*) It's your friend, Sergeant Maritz saying goodbye, Zeide.

5. INTERIOR. THAT MORNING. THE BATHROOM.

ZEIDE *is in the bathroom struggling with JOHANNES.*

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Let me out! Maritz! South America! I hear! Come back! I want to tell you South America! *Johannes give me the towel please, my dressing gown if you don't mind!*

6. EXTERIOR. THE VERANDA.

SERGEANT MARITZ :(*Exiting*) I'm very busy Mr Grossman! What story do you want to tell me!?

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: (*Coming back on*). It is a matter of life and death! It is matter of his lies and my truth in the face of God!

²¹³ Peter Schlemiel was a character in a German novel. Yiddish and German: in Yiddish – “a fool”.

²¹⁴ “Goodbye old boy.” - Afrikaans

SERGEANT MARITZ: Life and death and lies and truth in the face of God! Hang on, hang on a minute.... *My God*, is the sky going to fall in, if I don't listen? (*Coming back onto the veranda*) Here I am.. (*To Harry Grossman*) He wants to tell me a story....

ZEIDE GROSSMAN All wrong! My son, he hates me, he resents me, he patronises me! He lies about me!

SERGEANT MARITZ: All right Mr Grossman, what's this story?

HARRY GROSSMAN: Yes, get on with it, Father...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: My wife did it out of love – she never called me anything! – he calls me a *schlemiel* because I couldn't support the family as much as she! But I did work! I was in the shop and she was in the office and the warehouse of the wholesale and retail in Vredefort and Kimberley and Jo'burg! Alright *in the beginning*... My wife collected money to send me to South Africa. They wanted me to go to South Africa. She bought me clothes in *Kovno*,²¹⁵ I was going to go to Cape Town by myself – she bought me a ticket with her savings – and then – good God ! – something happened on the boat. I met a couple of Jews from Bremen to London, they were going to South America. They said, “The savages will eat you in Africa! The savages in South America – you never see them – they're in the jungle...” I said: “I've heard about the Amazonian Indians... I wouldn't mind going there...” They said: “Swop your ticket to Cape Town in London come with us to Buenos Aires – you'll make a fortune in Argentina!” I wanted to know what kind of spirit they believe in. Is it a Hegelian world spirit or a concrete spirit? *Weltgeist oder Zeitgeist*? What is magic? So? I could start a shop in Argentina the same as in South Africa and bring the family out from *Kovno* to South America instead. So in London I swop the ticket, I catch the boat with them to Buenos Aires. People meet us in the harbour. All the Jewish welfare people and the families. A bank lends me money. I start a little place with coffee and drinks and food and chocolate and tobacco. I've got tables out for playing cards and chess. And in the evenings wonderful music somebody comes in and plays on the fiddle and the guitar and we have the tango, people dance... Spaniards, Jews – a couple of Indians come in, they don't mind me... Nobody is eating anybody

²¹⁵ Yiddish for Kaunas, the second city of Lithuania.

else. I learn how to samba, to rumba, to tango! (*Dances the tango.*) “Brum-pom-pom-pom... Ra-ra-ra-rom-pom-pom-pom (*Repeated*) Bararararum! Pom-pom!” I’m VERY HAPPY! Then a terrible thing happens. A Spaniard arrives, he says, “Give us a job. I’ll look after the flat above, I’ll look after the café and the shop. Everything will be wonderful.” DID HE LOOK AFTER ME??!! I tell you it was a repeat performance of the Spanish Inquisition. FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AND THE SEPHARDI JEWS! HE GOT HIS HAND INTO THE TILL! ²¹⁶Also he got hold of my bank account! I was plundered! I went *makhulla*²¹⁷! Ruined! The police are so corrupt there! I couldn’t get my money back! They didn’t even prosecute him. He’d given handouts to the police with my money and then he scarpered. He went to Bolivia or Colombia. He’s already in the coco trade. Cocaine he’s smuggling in Colombia or Bolivia. I went into such a depression.... I’ve let down my wife, my children... What’ll I do? So I caught buses and hitched lifts with lorries into the Amazon. 500 miles into the heart of the continent. I stood by the river. The Indians laughed

²¹⁶ The creative unconscious, again using *condensation* and *displacement* and in this case the rhetorical figures of *hyperbole* and *manic concatenation* are at work in making this *peripeteia* actually potently real as well as funny. Ruth, the author’s daughter spent a gap year - before going to King’s College Cambridge to read anthropology and archaeology in Peru - helping the indigenous people and archaeological experts preserve the ancient terracing at Cuzco. The author’s friend is of Spanish-Jewish (Sephardi) origin and a business-person like the author’s mother as well as fluent and literate in six languages: Turkish, Spanish, Judaeo-Spanish, Italian, French and English and has travelled in Chile and Peru. I imaginatively seek *ontos* with the Zeide in this remote part of the Southern Hemisphere. Woody Allen’s film *Bananas* has Central American Hasidic Jews chasing around during a revolution in black hats, earlocks and 18th century Polish aristocrat’s coats. Here the post-modern cultural chaos is *manically concatenated* as in a prolonged visual joke based on surrealistic juxtapositions. The paranoid aunt’s obsession with Jewish persecution is blown up into absurd proportions. Naturally Ferdinand and Isabella’s expulsion of the Spanish Jews in 1492 is the root cause of this latest anti-Semitic conspiracy! Reconciling Hegel and the existential absurd was beyond Kierkegaard but naturally the omnipotently manic Zeide experiences *HaShem* before the bloody Jews (again!) rescue him before he can start a little fish and chip shop for converted Amazonians! The other *condensation* derives from the conversion to Judaism of a Nigerian Igbo, Michael Jerome, an immigrant to Johannesburg in the mid-90s whom I taught basic Judaism and liturgical Hebrew at Temple Israel in Hillbrow. In 2012 he was stabbed by intruders into the nursery school, but heroically goes on being caretaker in the synagogue, one of many new black African Jews in the city reiterating in the *mythos* the *eidōs* of the interaction between the autochthonous and the immigrants which is found *a propos* Leonie De Villiers and Jan Pieterse and Van Tonder and Veldsman.

²¹⁷ “Bankrupt.” - Yiddish

at me. Who is the white fool with the beard praying? I was bitten by insects and animals. I ate berries and fruit and leaves. I was poisoned and I got fever. I learned how to light a fire with flint and steel. I begged string from a trading store to make nets to catch fish and birds. And in all that loneliness and misery a wonderful thing happened. I had an experience of... of... I can I explain the totally inexplicable... The absolute... Yes Absolute Being! I knew *HaShem* was One for all mankind and he manifested himself in the whole of existence. The Indians took pity on me. They took me up the Amazon River in a canoe. They showed me how they pray to their gods, they gave me wonderful coco leaves. I saw wonderful visions in the Amazon jungle – they were already chopping it down – the Spaniards – I can tell you – they were ruining the place even then... I was staying with the Indians in their camp in the jungle... I even taught them and myself some Spanish. From my Sephardi *Tanakh*²¹⁸. When they learnt the Spanish, they wanted to know the Hebrew. So I taught them some Spanish and Hebrew. I thought. A couple of Jewish Amazonians. Why not? I could start a little business on the banks of the great river – a fish shop perhaps. They sent out a search party from Buenos Aires... The Jews came to collect me... Can you imagine, 30 – 40 – Jews in taxis – orthodox with black coats and black hats worried about my soul being lost in the jungle – “Where is Grossman’s soul - Satan will catch his soul...!” WHERE IS THE JEW GROSSMAN????!! THEY KIDNAPPED ME FROM THE INDIANS WITH WHOM I WAS HAPPY! BOTH A HEGELIAN WORLD SPIRIT AND THE GODS OF THE JUNGLE I WAS COMMUNING WITH BOTH AND THE BAAL SHEM TOV²¹⁹. Nobody would lend me money to start the shop again. They said he’s a *shlemiel* a *shnorrer*²²⁰. I had nobody to do the tango with.

²¹⁸ Hebrew bible.

²¹⁹ Master of the Good Name in Hebrew. The honorific title of the 18th century Israel Ben Eliezer, the founder of Hasidic mystical Judaism in the Ukraine, Belarus, Lithuania and Poland.

²²⁰ “A beggar” – Yiddish.

They wrote to my wife in *Lita*²²¹ They said, “Send him a ticket”. I went back to Lithuania. She bought another ticket for her and for me... She borrowed from Harry’s uncle her brother already in South Africa. They never let me forget it. Harry had to leave school at 16 in 1926 in Kimberley to earn to pay back the loan. I let them down. That’s his great joy in life! TO TELL STRANGERS WHAT A BURDEN I AM TO HIM AND HOW DUTIFUL HE IS TO ME! THE TRUTH IS I WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SPIRIT IN THE INDIAN CULTURE! THAT’S WHY I WENT THERE! I WANTED TO START A SHOP! I WANTED TO BE A BUSINESS MAN! AND I WAS! BECAUSE UNTIL I WENT *MAKHULLA* I WAS A SUCCESS! AND IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYBODY!

SERGEANT MARITZ: You know what you should have done, Mr Grossman? YOU SHOULD HAVE SOLD PICKLED HERRINGS AND SOLES! The Spaniards don’t like pickled herrings. Nor the Indians. You would have been happy with the Jews, just the Jews...Sole customers...Get it? Soul customers? (*Laughs.*) Bye-bye now... I’m off...

SERGEANT MARITZ *starts to go.*

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: And this September in shul, on the holiest day of the year, on Yom Kippur, he called me a *schlemiel*...

HARRY GROSSMAN: I did not call you a *schlemiel* in the shul! He had a psychotic episode in the shul!

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: I had an accident after I had a revelation. I had a vision of HaShem in the shul. He said, “You’re hungry! Eat! Go home and eat!” The *khazzan*²²², the cantor, an anorexic of under a hundred pounds at the best of times, a starving cadaver, when he heard Harry say “Eat!” – they’re all fasting on Yom Kippur – he fainted – the *khazzan* fainted at the reading desk – his head came down on the desk – crash! – from then on he sang off-key for the rest of the service because of this – *khokhem*²²³ – this genius businessman of

²²¹ Lithuania _ Yiddish.

²²² “Cantor” – Yiddish.

²²³ An ironical term literally a knowledgeable man - from *Khokhmah* – knowledge in Hebrew – but meaning a would-be knowledgeable man, actually a fool - Yiddish

a son of mine. I saw HaShem, I heard Him talk to me. I had heard that day in September that Selena Ngakane had lost her job because of Bantu Education. HaShem said to me: “Volunteer for the Defiance Campaign! Defy Unjust Laws! Go to prison! There is one law for mankind!”²²⁴ I got such a fright, I had an accident. I’m 72. Am I strong enough to go the prison? I said, “Harry, take me to the toilet. I’ve had an accident. Alright, so he takes me to the toilet.

²²⁴ A Dutch psychiatrist, a Dr Marius Romme (*Living With Voices – 50 Stories of Recovery* <http://www.hearingvoices.com>) found that auditory hallucinations are quite common in non-psychiatric patients. In Africa the voices of the ancestors are not necessarily indicative of psychopathology, and the Hebrew and Christian bibles are full of hallucinating prophets, apostles and of course Yeshua ben Josef constantly tells of what his father in heaven says. Locating thinking within individual consciousness and subjecting magical hallucinatory thought to *logos* is the special task of the western *episteme* and rightly so. Walter Ong suggests that magic in oral cultures entails actually seeing, smelling, touching objects the names of which are not tags or labels as in writing cultures, but actually are seen, smelt, and can be touched “out there” when the name of the thing or animal is uttered because naming in oral cultures has the magical power to evoke the thing itself (Ong 1982/2002 32-33, 50, 62, 92). *Hearing the thing itself* however is a signification that it really does exist as what in the writing-culture we would call *an objective being*. This may explain why the actor, oral narrator and oral praise-poet are held in veneration in pre-modern theatre and story-telling: what the oral-culture audience is experiencing is actually the hero or the god when the masked character simply speaks *as* the god. This means that in oral pre-literate cultures religion actually invokes the real presence of the supernatural whereas the fully literate experiences an abstract conceptualisation rather than actual presence. There may be a neurological reason why the naming-seeing (magically connected) functions in the brains of literate people who have mystical hallucinatory experiences are more highly developed and therefore their being-in-the-world runs contrary to the rule – is not subject to the transcendent effect of *logos* creating an abstract conceptualising horizon: “this is not God or an ancestral spirit or a witch. This is an apparently embodied metaphor or metonymy”. Epidemiological studies of pre-literate (oral-cultures) suggest that schizophrenia has a better prognosis than in literate writing-cultures (modernised societies). The reason for this is obvious and comes out in ethnographical studies such as Bessie Head’s autobiographical novel set in Botswana *A Question of Power* where her own psychotic illness was seen as the result of “normal” witchcraft, eventually coming to an end without damage to the rest of the psyche. Unfortunately she probably died of alcohol related illness quite young in her 50’s and her white mother was reputedly an hallucinating psychotic patient in Pietermaritzberg who had a bizarre affair with an African stable hand on her wealthy father’s estate. There are frequent references in the literature concerning Kani and Ntshona’s performance in *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* by Athol Fugard and Kani and Ntshona in front of less literate African audiences when Kani suggests that Ntshona forges a pass-book (which Africans had to carry to allow them to live and work in the urban areas) belonging to a dead man Sizwe Bansi by putting his own photograph on it. At this point members of the audience got carried away and shouted out “Don’t do it!” etc. as if the naming of the act was not theatrical but real. This would also explain the magical power of charismatic people like Winnie Madikizela-Mandela who induced an almost psychotic willingness amongst her acolytes in the Mandela United Football Club to do her will – like the power of a witch (see Gilbey 1994 on Winnie Mandela and Hammond-Tooke 1989 on non-literate magical beliefs which are essentially concrete-operational rituals – superstitions – which have been reinforced but cannot be challenged because the believer does not do *logos* -rational scientific reasoning.)

He's in such a rage, with his great big clumsy hand he pulls the knob off the men's.²²⁵ It's *Yom Kippur*²²⁶ – nobody's allowed to look for a screwdriver to put the knob back on the men's. It's the holiest day of the year – men have to go around hopping mad with full bladders! There is no African to be found to screw the knob back on the men's! So we go into the women's. The cubicle is locked. "Excuse me, it's me, Harry Grossman – I'm sorry – my father's had an accident – we can't get into the men's toilet – the men's knob has come off!" "Do you know who this is? This is me, Mrs Golombik, wife of the chairman of the shul. Get out at once!" "I'm sorry, Mrs Golombik, if you could vacate the cubicle... My father's had an accident..." "Alright, don't look. I'm coming out!" She comes out. There's nothing not to look at. She's dressed in a spotless beige linen suit, with a green hat, green gloves and green shoes. We get into the cubicle. "Take off your trousers," he says... I take off my trousers. "Take off your pants," he says. I take off my pants. "*Oi vai*²²⁷," he says, "It's too late. They're full..." You'd think it was the end of the world. "It's not too late," I said... Relief... He says, "Just move over, father, I'm going to flush the pants down the toilet." "Don't flush the pants down the toilet," I say.

²²⁵ This extremely rude joke is very much in the spirit of the ribald in Aristophanes. "He pulled the knob off the men's (toilet)" has an Oedipal subtext. My father wanted to know if my mother was a virgin before he married her in 1932 – much to my (middle aunt's) contempt. In a metaphorical sense his puritanical and ecstatic religion turned him into very much asexual ascetic. This running joke has to do with the way too much Jesus "pulls the knob off the men's". Blocking (the ladies) synagogue toilet with soiled underpants on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement and flooding the *shul* is exactly the revenge of the manic but politically liberated Jew on his co-religionists whose extreme piety requires an absent African caretaker to do the sacramentally forbidden work of fixing things up in the absence of the Kingdom of Heaven's ability to commission an angelic plumber. Here I could at least express my own satire of the majority of South African Jews who benefitted by apartheid. The young audience at the Limmud theatre performance at Nottingham of the play thought this whole episode was hysterically funny. Not so the synagogue representative who walked out of a previous performance in a lecture theatre. Silently.

²²⁶ Day of Atonement – a fast day – the holiest day of the Jewish calendar nine days after the Jewish New Year.

²²⁷ "Oh woe!" – a stereotypical Yiddish exclamation from the Hebrew *oi v'voi li!* – literally "O, woe is to me".

“You’ll block the toilet. The whole *shul* will be flooded. Is that what you want?” This *khokhem*, this genius businessman – that’s what he wants on the holiest day of the year – a *shul* flooded with... He goes out of the cubicle, holding the pants. Mrs Golombik is at the wash basin. She starts moaning, “*Oi vai*, what are you doing with those pants in your hand...Put the filthy pants down at once...” He puts the pants down, She tries to open the door of the toilet. It’s locked. Mr Berelson, the beadle, has locked the door of the ladies’ toilet from the outside – he thinks there’s a pervert in there. Mrs Golombik tries to open the door of the toilet. She can’t. She starts screaming. “Please, Mrs Golombik, stop screaming... They’re all praying, it’s *Yom Kippur*...” She goes on screaming. He holds her, he puts his hand over her mouth. (*Muffled cries. Mrs Golombik’s voice*) “What are you trying to do!” she screams underneath his hand, “Give me GASTRO-ENTERITIS ON YOM KIPPUR!”²²⁸ She bites his fingers. He starts screaming. The beadle opens the door of the ladies’ toilet. Mr Golombik, the chairman of the *shul* six foot six inches tall in his black top hat comes in. “WHAT IS GOING ON HERE???” “I’m sorry Mr Golombik. My father had an accident. I pulled the knob off the men’s toilet. We had to come in here”.(*Grovelling*) “Don’t worry, Mr Golombik, I’ll make a wonderful contribution to the *shul* this year. I’ll give a hundred pounds.” “A hundred pounds,” says Mr Golombik, “wonderful, wonderful...” So it’s all smoothed over.... They all go back into the *shul* and pray to HaShem while people are going to jail for protesting against the very kind of laws that brought them here from Tsarist Russia and Poland and Nazi Germany. HaShem will protect them! And this self-righteous – prig – thinks he and they are the best Jews! NEITHER HASHEM OR HARRY WILL STOP THE GOVERNMENT CLOSING DOWN MY LITTLE NIGHT SCHOOLS FOR DOMESTIC SERVANTS! HASHEM IS IN YOUR HEART, YOUR ACTIONS!

²²⁸ Ribaldry during the Dionysian festival was designed to challenge what the tragedy (usually in the morning) held to be sacred with profanity in the afternoon. For the absurd juxtaposition of the sacred and the profane compare “The Life of Brian” with the atmosphere in church, for example the line: “He’s not the messiah, he’s a very naughty boy”, or Michael Palin ushering the crucifixeers onto the *ad hoc* Golgotha: “Crucifixion? One person per cross, please!”

SERGEANT MARITZ: This the Special Branch, will not know, I promise you. And I wish you the greatest luck with HaShem solving you and your family problems and bringing about a solution to our beloved country. I will now sing just a snatch of the national anthem. (*Sings*) “*Uit die blou van onse hemel/ Uit die diepte van ons see/Uit ons ver verlate vlaktes waar die krantze antwoord gee*²²⁹ ...” As we say in the rugby fraternity... “It’s always lucky to have a Jew on your side...” At last *totsiens*²³⁰ ...

SERGEANT MARITZ *goes*.

HARRY GROSSMAN: So, you’re happy now, now you’ve brought this...this... chaos, this further episode. And washed *all* your dirty linen in public. What about your heart? Shall I call the doctor?

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Leave me alone, I’ll lie down in the bath again...

Johannes says his brother is in the back yard... Paulus Ngubane... It’s a good idea...(*Going out*) Harry and Sarah - give him a job looking after me... I need a bit of help for a few days. He can look after me for a few days to see if he’s all right... If it works he can also help Johannes with the housework and the garden...

7. INTERIOR. THAT MORNING. THE BATHROOM

JOHANNES *helps the Zeide get into the bath.*

8. EXTERIOR. THAT MORNING. THE VERANDA

²²⁹ First lines (*roughly*) of *Die Stem (The Voice)* the South African National Anthem in Afrikaans *circa* the 1950s. Mandela insisted that it remained so even after “Nkosi Sikelele iAfrika” (*God Save Africa*) which in isiZulu and translated into the other main language – SeSotho -was adopted after 1994 as a main national anthem covering the two main groups of African languages.

²³⁰ “Goodbye” - Afrikaans. Here a benign Afrikaner wipes away the pain and misery of poor Marion Boles , my Christian Afrikaner step-mother and a lifetime of depressive self-abasement in the autobiographical father when the autobiographical child wants is to symbolically kill his father every day of his life till he gets things straight in his head.

JEFFREY GROSSMAN, *aged 14 and a half comes onto the veranda with a twisted neck.*

JEFFREY GROSSMAN: Mommy I can't use the bathroom. The Zeide's there. I want to have a bath.

HARRY GROSSMAN: Sarah, sort out Paulus's brother, see if he's suitable... I'm going back to Benoni, Boksburg, Brakpan, Springs...

HARRY GROSSMAN *goes out.*

SARAH GROSSMAN: All right, Harry... Drive carefully... Jeffrey, use the shower for God's sake... Zeide's not well he's in the bath resting... Why are you doing rugby in the middle of summer?

JEFFREY GROSSMAN: In between cricket practice. Mommy, I have to have a bath for my neck, to soak, it's needs hot water, it's twisted... I twisted my neck in the scrum during practice, Mommy. I couldn't get my head out the scrum. It was trapped between our two lock forwards. I was pushing in the scrum, and I couldn't get my head out. That's what the number 8 does. On the left side of my face the right bum of our left lock forward was pressing and it pressed my head, Mommy, against the left bum of our right lock forward and I couldn't get my head out... And then the scrum slewed round completely and our hooker collapsed like this... Sat on my face. And their hooker sat on my head.. And my nose went into Gawie's mouth – our hooker who farted – and he bit it because my nose in his throat made him gag – and I nearly vomited in his mouth – and look (BRINGS HIMSELF ERECT)... MY NOSE HAS GOT GAWIE'S TEETHMARKS ON IT... (*Hysterical weeping*)²³¹

SARAH GROSSMAN: (*Quiet controlled*) Hurry up Zeide... Jeffrey needs a long, soaking bath... You'll never guess where he's been... Legs, and bums and sitting under the hooker's bum....! Where's it going to end? You and your

²³¹ Indicative of the author's upbringing is background material which, again, is condensed and displaced into the homo-eroticism of the collapsed rugby scrum. My father had a book on his shelves published in the 1920s the title of which was *The Dangers of Self-Abuse* which purveyed medical evidence to the effect that masturbation caused one to go deaf, blind, dumb and mad as well as becoming morally perverted. My learned uncle-by-marriage who lived in my mother's block of flats with the older (later senile and paranoid) aunt, who was a musical composer who spoke some Russian and German and was fluent in English, Yiddish and Hebrew had the complete volumes of Havelock Ellis's *The Psychology of Sex* which by the time I was fifteen I had read from cover to cover including the case-studies unearthed by Olive Schreiner whom my father revered as an a-sexual mystical poet and allegorist. In the Dionysian festival of course there would be drunken orgies after the satyr play.

cricket and you rugby! You're nearly fifteen! What about your matric? What's Daddy going to do? He wants you to run the business! And what about girls? Are there nancy boys in the scrum? Hah? You think it doesn't happen. They could ruin you for life! All this sitting on people's faces and necks and bums! It's not healthy!! WHAT DECENT JEWISH GIRL WILL GO OUT WITH YOU? FROM RUGBY YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE A LIVING?

JEFFREY GROSSMAN: Mommy, if I keep up my present form I might make the rugby Firsts, and then Old Eds. Firsts, then Transvaal Under 21s. And cricket Mommy. I'm lined up for the cricket Firsts. I can play rugby league in Lancashire, Mommy. And then in the summer I can play cricket for Sussex or Surrey or Glamorgan.

SARAH GROSSMAN: THEY LET JEWS INTO PROFESSIONAL CRICKET IN SUSSEX WHILE DADDY HAS TO GO RUNNING AROUND SELLING SECOND-HAND CARS IN BOKSBURG, BENONI, BRAKPAN AND SPRINGS?

She weeps silently uncomplainingly.

JEFFREY GROSSMAN: (*Trying to comfort her*)mommy.... mommy... mommy...

Lights fade out.

Lights fade up.

9. EXTERIOR. THE BACK YARD. THAT AFTERNOON.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN *is in the back yard. Paulus Ngubanem a tall Zulu countryman in singlet and shorts and rubber tyre shoes is there..*

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Paulus... So you are Paulus... Has Sarah spoken to you?

PAULUS NGUBANE: Yes... We spoken... She say I can have the job at least for a few days to see how I gets on..

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: You don't say "madam" or "boss"...? A new breed of African. And your English is perfect. You must be a Marxist agitator in disguise on the run from the cops!

They laugh.

PAULUS NGUBANE: No, I gotta gift – for language...I jus' picks it up... You see I been living in Sophiatown. All languages there. That's why *die Boere* want to pull it down...When the *tsotsis* see me they call me "Moegoe"²³² – they think I am green boy from Zululand... But I learn fast.... (*Shows him a letter.*) My reference....

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: (*Reading the reference*) "This boy, Paulus Ngubane, is a native genius. He is very gifted at English. He is also very honest and hard-working. Gwen and John Parry, Nyanga Stores, near Greytown, Natal, shopkeepers." Extraordinary. You should go to university. Or become a champion of the masses. You look like a champion. You must be six feet two inches.

PAULUS NGUBANE: *Ja* my fathers and grandfathers and great-great grandfathers, you know they come from soldiers, kings – *amaNkosi*²³³ and praise-singers...*izimbongi*...²³⁴.

ZEIDE NGUBANE: Are you well educated?

PAULUS NGUBANE: Me, boss, I'm self-educated. I was a herd boy. I looks after my father's cattle... my brother... What you people call my real brother, not Johannes – he's what you call my cousin - he went to the mission school... So I read his books. While I looks after the oxen and the sheep and the cows... I read his English books and his Zulu books... Man they already speak about a hundred language in the townships... There was a dictionary from Zulu to English and English to Zulu... I translate... And learn English... I speak English to the Parry's, the Welsh *ou's* who ran Nyanga Stores... Mrs Parry helps me.. *The Medem*... It takes me ten or twelve years... Then I read Shakespeare.... My brother was in Shakespeare at the mission high school... I learned the lines of some of the plays... Othello... "Then, put out the light. Put out the light and then put out the light." When he's going to strangle the

²³² *Moegoe* means a "greenhorn" in *tsostitaal*, the creolised language of petty street criminals in the Johannesburg townships.

²³³ "Kings" - isiZulu.

²³⁴ "Praise-singers" - isiZulu.

white woman. Desdemona... Man I love that play. The black man is a fool. A jealous fool. Fantastic!²³⁵

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Yes, I know... What else do you know?

PAULUS NGUBANE: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Of course a Jew has eyes. What you take me for *mal*?²³⁶ ...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Yes... Catering for the masses of England who had never seen a Jew.

PAULUS NGUBANE: The Prince of Morocco. He's black "Mislike me not for my complexion." (*Rubbing his face*) Apologising to Lady Portia for his colour...*Here*²³⁷, *God*²³⁸

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: A literary critic from the Valley of a Thousand Hills – sprung fully formed from the head of – Athena... You must be a genius. A natural genius. Stay here. I can educate you more. You can eventually go to school – university – if you want...

PAULUS NGUBANE: You giving me this job Zeide?

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Sure...

PAULUS NGUBANE: *Ja*, you good. But this country! The government chooses the chiefs. They say my brother he a trouble maker because he educated. We not given enough land. You know Zeide we gonna take over the whole country but we all be gone to heaven or hell by then, man. My father said, "You'd better go to Jo'burg to earn some money for our family." And so here I am. You see I still wearing my vest and shorts. I just got off the train but before, last year I been in Sophiatown.. We wear these rubber tyre shoes with the straps of inner tubes so that think I'm a *moegoe*! But with my stick I can fight like Shaka, Zeide! My brother, Johannes, here he said, "Come stay with

²³⁵ Compare this healthy attitude to that of black actors who have difficulty with Othello's gullibility. Shakespeare understands the colonial personality as well as Fanon. Othello's military *bombast* and constant straining for dignity makes him touchingly vulnerable to Iago's mind-poison.

²³⁶ "Mad" - Afrikaans

²³⁷ "Lord" - Afrikaans

²³⁸ "God" - Afrikaans – guttural "G" as in German.

me. At least talk to the whites. Perhaps they give you a job looking after the old man.” *Man dit is net so in hierdie land!*²³⁹...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Yes, it’s a pleasure to meet you – an honour.

SARAH GROSSMAN *comes in.*

SARAH GROSSMAN: So you’ve met. Do you think you’ll get on with him, Zeide? I think you’d better have some rest. Go and lie down now. Go and lie down. You’re exhausted. Paulus has got to get his pass sorted out. Stop worrying about Selena.

PAULUS NGUBANE: *Ja, die dompas... Ek weet*²⁴⁰....

SARAH GROSSMAN: How much do you want a month? If you going to be all right with him?

PAULUS NGUBANE: Five pounds a month. *Asseblief mevrou ek neem net tien shilling*²⁴¹. For savings. Five pounds ten shilling a month. That would be all right?

SARAH GROSSMAN: That seems all right. Johannes gets eight pounds. He’s been here a couple of years. (*They move across the yard.*) Here – you can look at the room. There’s a mattress, there’s a blanket. A little stove. Your window across the yard from his window. He shouts through the window. We hear him shouting for Johannes.

PAULUS NGUBANE: The room is good.

SARAH GROSSMAN: Put your tin trunk in there for the time being. Have you got a pass book?

PAULUS NGUBANE: *Ja ek weet al oor die passe ensovoorts.*²⁴². But I have to have a special pass signed by the missus. Then I have to take it to the pass office. I can only be here seventy two hours. Otherwise they can endorse me back to Zululand. *Ja, hierdie land...*

SARAH GROSSMAN: Yes, I know. Give me your pass. I’ll sign it if all goes well. Then take it to town on Monday.

²³⁹ “Man, its just like this in this country”. Paulus breaks into Afrikaans to show that he is not a “raw native” – a *moegoe*. This is the language one speaks to disarm the Afrikaner police.

²⁴⁰ “Yes, the stupid pass, I know” – Afrikaans.

²⁴¹ “Please, missus, I’ll take just ten shillings.” - Afrikaans

²⁴² “Yes I know all about the passes and so on” - Afrikaans

PAULUS NGUBANE: *Ja ek het lank gestap.*²⁴³

SARAH GROSSMAN: You'll have soap every month. Some old clothes which the master'll give you. You'll have a house boy's suit like Johannes – the denim shorts and tunic with the red piping. You'll use the stove with Johannes. He'll tell you everything. If you've got time you can help him with polishing in the house. And the garden. Look after the old man - he's not well. *She goes out. He goes into his room.*

10. INTERIOR. ZEIDE GROSSMAN'S ROOM. THAT AFTERNOON.
ZEIDE GROSSMAN IS LYING ON HIS BED.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Paulus, take me out of my room. I'm feeling rested now. It's the middle of the afternoon. It's only three o'clock, man. There's plenty of time. Let's go to the Fort. I'll talk Zulu and Afrikaans to you. They'll let us on the native tram.

11. EXTERIOR. THE STREET. THAT AFTERNOON
HOLDING HANDS THEY GO OUT AND DOWN THE ROAD TO THE
TRAM TERMINUS.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: We'll get on the non-European tram. Speak Zulu and Afrikaans.

12. INTERIOR. THE TRAM. THAT AFTERNOON
ZEIDE and PAULUS *sing Zulu and Afrikaans songs quietly on the tram.*

(Together singing) "Tshotsholoza... Stimela siphum' edesia (repeated)

Wen' ulabalek' e desia (repeated)

*Tshotsholoza... etc..*²⁴⁴ *(repeated)*

²⁴³ "Yes, I've walked a long way" - Afrikaans

²⁴⁴ A famous urban folk-song: "Chook-Chook: the steam-engine goes out of Rhodesia, You are running away from Rhodesia, Chook-Chook": Zulu work song, fourth lines of the song are translated into Afrikaans.

“Kom aan die engine.. Jy hardloop van Rhodesia (repeated)

ZEIDE GROSSMAN *Ek het twee tickies. Gee ons kaartjies, asseblief, meneer. Ons gaan Hillbrow toe. Kotze en Twist Straat*²⁴⁵.

13. EXTERIOR. THE STREET. THAT AFTERNOON

They get off at Twist and Kotze Streets and go to the Fort. .

ZEIDE GROSSMAN *presses the bell at the gate.*

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: I want to see Selena Ngakane. She was arrested by the Special Branch.

WARDER AT THE GATE: There's no visiting people arrested by the Special Branch.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Give her a message. Say Abraham Grossman visited her and he'll tell Mandela she's been arrested.

WARDER AT THE GATE: Man, we haven't got time for messages.

Tomorrow's a public holiday. Dingane's Day. We're very busy. Short of staff.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: *(Giving him money)* Here, this is for you. Just tell her the Zeide visited and he'll tell Mandela and she'll be alright.

PAULUS NGUBANE: Come, let's go home... It's getting late. You're tired.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Take me slowly to the Bantu Men's Social Centre. On Friday afternoon they rehearse for the concert on Sunday. They'll let you sing Zulu songs. We can catch the native tram again.

14. INTERIOR. THE TRAM. THAT AFTERNOON

They catch the tram to Eloff Street Extension singing “Toshotsholoza”.

15. INTERIOR. AT THE BANTU MEN'S SOCIAL CENTRE. THAT AFTERNOON

²⁴⁵ “I have two three-penny bits. Please sir, give us tickets. We are going to Hillbrow, corner Kotze and Twist Streets.” Afrikaans.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: This is my friend Paulus Ngubane. He's a Zulu praise singer. If you like his performance perhaps he might come one Sunday and do it at one of your concerts.

PAULUS NGUBANE: (*Swaying, stepping, crouching*)

“Shaka, I fear to speak the name Shaka – raving mad he ravened amongst the towns,

He seized firmly the assegais of his father Sezangankhona,

He was the stealthy leopard,

For long he blocked the river crossing against the rabble,

They slipped on the stepping stones, his enemies,

He finished them off...

Shaka was drowned by his half-brother Dingane,

He who should have given him a helping hand drowned him in a river,

Shaka was bathing, they drowned him, Shaka sank into the dark river,

His head ring still on his head,

Vesi killed him, the dancer of the killing ground Bulawayo,

The black one, he who was like a maned lion...

Dingane was the one who confronted Piet Retief,

They were still talking, the Boers, their guns left aside when he signalled to his regiments...

Dingane killed Piet, that Piet, he killed Jan, this Jan, that Jan, the one with the moustache like the honeysucker He killed Jan Jembroek, He killed the one with the gun with two nostrils..²⁴⁶ On tomorrow's date 16 December 114 years ago the Boers had their revenge the river ran red with Zulu blood... Listen to me Zulus I hear how the clans are chattering like so many birds, The golden finches, And when I say birds I mean the whites they who stripped the cornlands of Sezangankhona they finished them off..

16. INTERIOR. ZEIDE GROSSMAN'S ROOM

²⁴⁶ This is adapted from Jack Cope's translation of the praise-poem of King Dingane of the Zulus in connection with the murder of Piet Retief and his unarmed peace delegation. Obviously Paulus is trying to raise the political consciousness of the audience. The original translation into English is to be found in Stephen Gray's *The Penguin Book of South African Verse* (1968) in the Zulu part of this anthology.

PAULUS NGUBANE: Come lie down. It's evening. It's very quiet tonight. It's Friday night. Don't they go to the synagogue for your Sabbath? Look, they've left food for you. I'll bring it to your room. Then you must sleep.

17. INTERIOR. ZEIDE GROSSMAN'S ROOM VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. HE STRUGGLES TO THE WINDOW. CALLS OUT TO PAULUS' ROOM IN THE YARD.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: (*Eyes closed, tired*) Paulus, can you hear me?

PAULUS *gets up wearily and goes into the yard and stands under the ZEIDE'S window.*

PAULUS: Yes... I'm also trying to sleep... I've got many things to do tomorrow and the next... I must write home... I must look after you well...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Paulus, they don't want to let me out of my room. They've locked the door from the outside. The key is still in the door. I want fresh air. Take me to the toilet. They want me to pee in a chamber pot in the room. I don't like it. It must be two o'clock – they're all asleep. Come on, open the door.

18. INTERIOR. THE HOUSE. EARLY MORNING

PAULUS *moves quietly into the house, comes into the room, unlocks the door, helps the ZEIDE up and out.*

PAULUS NGUBANE: Come to the toilet, Zeide. (*They turn into the passage and into the toilet. PAULUS goes and waits on the veranda and sings "Tshotsholoza" softly under his breath and looks up at the stars. ZEIDE joins him.*) This way.... (*Pause*) Come on, then. We'll get some fresh air in the garden.... Come sit on the veranda.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: No, I want to go for a walk... It's... Must be 3, 4 o'clock – it'll soon be sunrise. It's so hot even on the veranda The tin roof – it's baking hot like an oven... I'm going into Urania Street...

19. EXTERIOR. THE STREET. EARLY MORNING

PAULUS NGUBANE *follows him into the street.*

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: Don't worry, they'll never know... (*Walking*) Come, down the road... (*Turning*)... and up Steyn Street... I want to tell you something what happened in Europe...

20. EXTERIOR. TOP OF OBSERVATORY *KOPPIE*²⁴⁷. EARLY MORNING.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: (*Panting, holding his chest*) Here we are on the top of Observatory *koppie*... It's wonderful here... You can see the whole of the south of Johannesburg... Orlando Township where Mandela lives... And in the north... And it's dark enough to see the stars... Venus... And Jupiter... And Saturn... And the Southern Cross... And Canopus... Look at the bottom of this overhanging rock... Over the months... I've dug a trench... Here's my little spade... My brother Issy dug a trench like this with his son Zvi, my nephew... In our village, *Milejczyce*²⁴⁸ ... On the 25th September 1941... Purposely the Germans organised it for our New Year Festival... Ostrakas²⁴⁹

²⁴⁷ "Hillock"- Afrikaans.

²⁴⁸ The author's father's village in what is today on the border of eastern Poland and western Belarus, south of Bialystock and Grodno.

²⁴⁹ This story is based on reports or legends published by Hasidic Jews about miraculous survivals following the *Einsatzgruppen* (police battalions') murder of the Lithuanian and Belarus Jews after the Nazi invasion in the summer of 1941. The author went on a synagogue trip to Belarus in 2003 and was shown the places of execution in Minsk and Vitebsk and subsequently wrote another one-man show *Shaloma* about a *Wehrmacht* deserter and a Jewish girl he saves from the *Einsatzgruppe* of which he is supposedly in charge. This memorialisation of the Holocaust is of course a quasi-magical and an actually therapeutic act of reparation seeking redemption on account of both genuine grief and survivor guilt. The autobiographical father's defiant and defensive Christianity is part of his inability to accept the real death of God as the only proper understanding of the Holocaust. The autobiographical son has to enact something the father denies. Naturally this legend rehabilitates the good Christians who, at great risk to themselves in Lithuania managed to save a few hundred Jews of the nearly 300,000 who were killed in Lithuania let alone the other invaded parts of Eastern Europe and Western Russia – the six million. For accounts of Lithuanians who saved Jews including those who awarded certificates as "righteous gentiles" by Yad VaShem see Eidenitas (2003: pp. 326-335; 504-511). The death of my daughter Ruth Picardie as a result of the failure of a doctor to actually read the results of the cytologists' biopsy at Guy's Hospital which showed malignant cells in a tumour in the left breast as early as 1995 when surgical and chemo- and radio-therapeutic intervention could have saved her is seen by me as manslaughter almost equivalent to the murder of the Jews, although of course this is an over-reaction. I have the same feeling about the killing of my cousin in Johannesburg in the 1980s by a drunken driver. Atheist existentialism with its stress on chance, absurdity, fallen-ness, facticity over which we have limited control can and has at least in Heidegger, Jaspers, Camus and Sartre co-existed with respect and reverence for being-in-the-world-with-the-Other and has actually brought Parmenides

the Lithuanian, the head of the Nazi militia ordered the Jews to dig a trench – their own grave... And they had to stand on the top of the trench... He dressed himself in white like a rabbi to kill our rabbi himself... Except the rabbi was naked... They all stood naked on the top of the grave... And my brother Issy said to my nephew Zvi... Listen... Every few minutes they shoot the next lot... Count the seconds in between each shooting... There's a whole line of Jews before us... And then they'll be behind us... And you'll hear Ostrakas say, "Ready, aim..." Before he says "Fire!" – you jump... Stand in front of me... They won't notice – you're so little..." And so he jumped. And his father fell on top of him dying... And Zvi was underneath the bodies... And he made like this... (*Crouching and holding his hands cupped near his face*) A pocket of air around his face when they filled the trench with earth... And he could just about breathe... And then by evening he climbed his way out... (*Showing this*) He pushed the soil aside... Clawed his way out... He pulled himself out of the trench... And he got to the top and he walked through the village naked because they had buried all the clothes. And he knocked on the door of Maria Stephanovna – a Polish-Russian woman they knew, a peasant woman... And he said, "I am Zvi Grossman, your friend... In the name of Christ, save me...!" And Maria Stephanovna said: "Little Jew, go back to the grave." And Zvi said: "Save me, in the name of Christ, and the messiah who will come again..." And she crossed herself and took him in... And she took him into the attic and hid him... And she washed him.. And she fed him and taught him Russian and he read the Bible in Russian... And at Christmas time she brought him Christmas cake and carp from the village pond... And three years later, the Russians came and drove the Germans out... And he and another Jew who was saved smuggled their way across Poland and to the railway lines.. And the Russians were running the trains from the death camps in Poland... They made their way to Auschwitz and they got on a train with Auschwitz refugees and in two months they got to Vienna – the lines were damaged and the train ran out of coal... And they got to a displaced

back into the living world of practical philosophy after over 2000 years. Something of this wisdom is to be found in *Kohelet Ecclesiastes*.

persons' camp... And in the camp a social worker managed to get him to Palestine in 1947 via Cyprus... The British turned their boat back at Haifa but he managed to swim ashore...

PAULUS NGUBANE: Oh, that is a sad but wonderful story... Oh, look, soon it will be dawn... Come, let's go home...

21. INTERIOR. ZEIDE GROSSMAN'S ROOM. EARLY MORNING

PAULUS NGUBANE: Come, lie down in your bed.... I'll bring you some breakfast later.... They left a tray in the kitchen...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN *lies down.*

PAULUS NGUBANE *goes back into his room.*

Pause.

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: (*groaning holding his chest*) I can't breathe... Paulus... Come to me... Can you hear me Paulus... Is it five o'clock yet..?

PAULUS NGUBANE: (*from the yard*) Yes, it's 5 o'clock... (*Coming into the room*) I think I'd better tell the master you not well, Zeide...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: ..no.. don't tell him... it's better like this... Paulus... tell me your life... (*Recovering somewhat*) Where were you born... ?

PAULUS NGUBANE: I was born near Greytown... Near Nyanga Stores.... Where were you born, *babamkhulu?*²⁵⁰

ZEIDE GROSSMAN: I was born where Issy and Zvi and Harry were born... *Milejczyce* in 1880... I'm seventy two... I can see myself being born and now think I'm going...

PAULUS NGUBANE: I'd better tell the master that you're not well...

ZEIDE GROSSMAN:... no... I'm going now... *Sala gahle... Ngiyabonga umZulu...ngnema wami*²⁵¹ ...

His face and chest contort in pain and his eyes stare. His face, a death mask, is still. .

Pause

²⁵⁰ "Grandfather" - isiZulu

²⁵¹ "Stay well... I thank you Zulu... my friend..." - isiZulu

22. EXTERIOR. THE YARD. LATER THAT MORNING

HARRY GROSSMAN *comes into the yard where he confronts* PAULUS NGUBANE. *He is agitated and angry.*

HARRY GROSSMAN: Why didn't you wake me... I could have done something... Called the doctor...

PAULUS NGUBANE: He didn't want me to wake you... He said he wanted to go anyway.. He said it was for the best...

HARRY GROSSMAN (*Looks out onto the drive.*) Look... The burial society.... Let me finish with you first..... (*Putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a wallet*) Didn't the madam say £5 a month? You can have it as a *bonsella*²⁵²... It's not yet the end of the month... At least you looked after him even if you brought it nearer... You can go... There's nothing for you here now... You can leave this houseboy suit behind you're wearing... Never mind... The madam put an old suit of mine in the room... You can take that and the houseboy thing... Have them both... : Well, he's gone now. There's no more for you to do. You can go now. You can go back to Zululand. Here...

PAULUS NGUABANE: Johannes says Mrs Pekarsky wants a houseboy to clean the flats where the Zeide had his night school... In Bellevue... When I've saved and can find her a job and somewhere to stay I'll bring my wife and son to Jo'burg...

HARRY GROSSMAN: You've got a wife and a son...?

PAULUS NGUBANE: I'm saving to bring my wife and son from Zululand....

HARRY GROSSMAN: (*His voice breaks slightly*) I see.... You're saving to bring them from Zululand... Well at least you got a son and your son he's got a father. I never had a father. My mother was my father.

PAULUS NGUBANE: He told me about that...

HARRY GROSSMAN: He told you that? He must have told you everything... Why did you take him to the Bantu Men's Social Centre yesterday afternoon? It was too much for him. You should have seen that.... Johannes told me it

²⁵² South African jargon: a bonus.

made him happy, but you shouldn't have taken him there and to the Fort on the native tram! (*His face begins to twitch.*)

PAULUS NGUBANE: Well, that's what he wanted.

HARRY GROSSMAN: You should have asked me first. Anyway he's gone now. You can't bring them here, your wife and son!

PAULUS NGUBANE: I would just like to show them the house – one day – when I can fix up a job for her in someone else's backyard where she can have our son... Introduce her to you – and you see my son... He's just been born... I will slaughter a cow for him... I wanted to give him some extra names... He is already Phakamisa ²⁵³... The one who has arisen – then Abraham Harold... After your father and you.

HARRY GROSSMAN: You can call him what you like. At least he's got a father. You can come to the funeral. It'll be tomorrow or Monday. You can get a lift with Johannes in the old Chev. You can stay the night in the yard.

PAULUS NGUBANE: May I say goodbye to him now?

HARRY GROSSMAN: Say goodbye to him. Only hurry. They want to take him away.

23. INTERIOR . IN THE ZEIDE'S ROOM NEXT TO THE BODY

PAULUS NGUBANE: Are all the warriors gone? The one's whose ostrich feathers danced in the sky as they stamped the battle ground? Oyi, the earth has swallowed them up... He has been swallowed up by the earth... Will we all be swallowed up. Ostrich feathers and all... Oyi..... Warrior.... Good warrior....²⁵⁴.

²⁵³ “Resurrection” or “he who rises up”- isiXhosa. As pointed out in a footnote to *The Cape Orchard* Phakamisa Kote was a matric student to whom I taught Shakespeare in 1953 in my room where we had to eat because my mother could not have him at the table in the dining room in case the servants might be “subverted.” He made a living selling funeral insurance in Soweto – one of the “masses” probably too old now to have benefitted from the Rainbow Nation.

²⁵⁴ Famous Zulu lament in Stephen Gray (1968) in the section on traditional Zulu poetry.

24. EXTERIOR. THE YARD. THAT MORNING

HARRY GROSSMAN *weeps in the yard.*

HARRY GROSSMAN:father... father... father...

THE END

APPENDICES

APPENDIX ONE: THE AUTHOR IN CONTEXT.

The author was born in 1936 in Johannesburg and brought up in the city. His parents - Minna Sacks and Lazar Pekarsky - came to South Africa as small children with their parents after the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 – in about 1908. They were Ashkenazi Jews, part of a Yiddish-speaking community which had settled during a period of eight hundred years in Latvia, Lithuania, East Prussia, eastern Poland and Belarus which were in the late nineteenth century part of the Prussian monarchy or imperial Tsarist Russia, previously the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. The original home of the Ashkenazi Jews (after migrating in the wake of the Roman Empire from Palestine) was Germany from which great numbers were expelled from the 13th century onwards as a result of *pogroms*, church persecutions, murders, martyrdoms, blood libels, the expropriation of their assets of capital and property. They were at first welcomed into the Grand Duchy of Lithuanian and the Polish kingdom. In the Tsarist Pale of Settlement their literacy, numeracy and long experience of commerce enabled them, traditionally, to work as middle-men for a landowning aristocracy and gentry, in between this ruling class and their serfs and peasants - as bailiffs, shop and tavern keepers, tax-collectors, occasionally farmers and artisans – thus vulnerable to periodically violent ethnic/class hatred, and eventually the Holocaust. In Germany and the cities of the Austro-Hungarian empire there were more assimilated Jews - bankers, professionals, traders, industrialists experiencing an early nineteenth century Enlightenment and a specifically Jewish enlightenment (the *Haskalah*) and emancipation. This reached Eastern Europe in the mid- to late- nineteenth century. A very orthodox and distinguished rabbinical religion, and its variant, a mystical/populist Hasidism were the prevailing consolations spreading out from the Jerusalem of the North (Vilnius). Revered rabbis rejected the agitation accompanying the stirrings of socialism in the Jewish Bund and spurned the Zionism of the Jewish intelligentsia who followed Herzl doctrine. This contradictory religious/political ethos came with the emigrating “Litvaks” who saw themselves as a cultural and business-minded elite amongst European Jews ending up in the Americas, Britain and its colonies, South Africa, Australia or being murdered in the Holocaust which started systematically in Lithuania in 1941. The Ashkenazis often Polish or Lithuanian in origin included Chaim Weitzman, David Ben Gurion, Golda Meir, Moshe Dayan, Menachem Begin, Moshe Sharett, Shimon Peres, Yitzchak Rabin, Yehuda Amichai,

Amos Oz, David Grossman, Etgar Keret who, or whose parents founded, or fought for Israel in Palestine. Israel despite British resistance during the Mandate became a refuge for Holocaust survivors and Sephardi and Oriental Jews after the war of 1947-1948. The other part of the tragedy was this: over 600,000 Arab Palestinians left or were expelled from their native land, as were more than that number of Sephardi and Oriental Jews from Arab countries. From then on Jews learned that their two-thousand year old tragedy which they inflicted in part on the Palestinians, whose leaders, equally tragically, refused the UN partition plan of 1947, had to do with landlessness and an unwillingness to fight for a native country in which they were anciently autochthonous.

His parents destination was the Rand - the ridge of gold-mining towns in what after 1905 was the British colony of the Transvaal, previously the Trekker Republic of which Paul Kruger was president, then a province of the Union of South Africa, part of the British Empire – later the Commonwealth. In 1912 the Union was supposedly analogous to Australia and Canada by sentiment and a symbiosis tied into British economic imperialism but wracked by quite unique political and historic conflicts to do with the dispossessed African majority and mixed race and Asian minorities as well as the Afrikaner/English-speaking conflict. In all this most Jews were treated as whites, but with qualifications. A dark Sephardi Jewish cousin of a friend was once asked to leave a whites-only Johannesburg city restaurant in the mid-1950s and Jews were treated with suspicion as potential radicals or capitalist exploiters by Afrikaners, and to a lesser extent by the average English-speaking South African. Africans, Coloureds and Asians might be comrades of Jews in what became known as The Struggle or employees or customers of Jewish business-people, clients of Jewish lawyers or patients of Jewish doctors.

The previously warring Boers and Britons formed the Union of South Africa under a constitution of 1910/1912 which excluded the mass of the non-white population from the electoral franchise and allowed Africans only about 12% of the land in “native reserves” in a coalition led by two Boer generals Louis Botha and Jan Smuts.

In 1941 some of his maternal cousins who remained in Europe - members of the Yaffsitch / Pomerans family - were killed by Nazi *einsatzgruppen* (police battalions

made up of local Nazi sympathisers and officials led by Germans) in Greater Lithuania or died later in the death-camps of Poland or in Germany itself.

A document to which I refer to in the Bibliography as Pomerans 1920-1985 is a genealogy drawn up by a second cousin, a translator by profession, who had travelled widely in Europe and was fortunate enough to escape the Holocaust by going to South Africa just before the war and kept in touch with this branch of our family.

The author's father was silent as to what he knew of the grandparental uncles, aunts and cousins killed, by contrast with the middle maternal aunt and the maternal grandmother who was periodically agitated by the knowledge of the Holocaust of which she spoke only in Yiddish. If at least ten grand-uncles, grand-aunts and second cousins on the maternal grandparental side of the family whom Arnold Pomerans identified as killed, is multiplied by four (for each of the grandparental kinship networks), a rough estimate suggests perhaps a total of forty kin were killed. For the author the whole notion of the repressed political unconscious derives from this phenomenon.

A conjunction of acting and writing ability helped the author's career in the theatre, radio and later British TV. His father, an English and maths teacher had won a Bardic chair at the Johannesburg Cambrian Eisteddfod in 1922 and his mother was a pianist and a piano-teacher trained at the Royal Academy of Music in London in the 1920s and he seemed to have inherited some artistic talent. Between the ages of 11 and 15 (in the years 1947 – 1951) he was trained as an actor by a well-known speech and drama teacher in Johannesburg, Muriel Alexander, the founder of the Johannesburg Repertory Players. He won prizes for acting at the Cambrian Eisteddfod in the city. Performing in plays aligned with the left enabled him to find a creative outlet and produced a political expression as a conflicted Jew treated as a member of a ruling ethnic class but trying to refuse white South African identity because his religion taught a universalist as well as a separatist, nationalist Zionist ethic. He both benefitted from his white status and experienced a liberal conscience on that account at least expressible in artistic as well as dangerously political terms – given the South African police state.

After a good education at King Edward's School especially in English, Latin and history, he went to the University of the Witwatersrand where he became deeply involved with the South African Liberal Party and with African National Congress / Congress of Democrats / SACP politics and with drama and theatre work that attempted to draw in multi-racial audiences.

As a student he had a good deal of experience on a youth programme broadcast on SABC radio before it was purged of its liberal Jewish producer by the prevailing Afrikaner Nationalist hegemony. A maternal uncle, a gifted composer and conductor was removed by the Afrikaner Nationalists from his position as musical librarian for the SABC orchestra.

At the University of the Witwatersrand he studied for a B.A. degree (1956) majoring in Politics, English and African Law and Administration. This was followed by an Honours degree in political theory and government (1958). Meanwhile he acted in plays by Webster, Shakespeare, Thurber, Drinkwater and Odets. Some of these productions were taken to African audiences at the Bantu Men's Social Centre in downtown Johannesburg, and to a hall in Orlando Township – later part of Soweto – directed by a SACP member, Cecil Williams. He and the other actors were arrested and held at Orlando police station and then released without charge – the offence being that of Europeans found in an African township without a permit from the township Administration Board run by white officials under the Johannesburg City Council and the national department of Native Affairs. He was later arrested by the Special Branch outside a shop in Doornfontein then a Jewish/multi-racial working class suburb of Johannesburg, collecting signatures affirming the Freedom Charter. He was a delegate at the Kliptown conference which adopted the Freedom Charter in 1955.

At school in history lessons, in discussion groups attached to The Struggle and at university it became increasingly clear that widespread industrialisation and urbanisation produced by a relatively successful kind of economic colonialism was at the expense of the African majority in South Africa. Missionary and inferior state education produced a semi-skilled black urban proletariat, an African lower-middle class, an emergent non-white middle class and an intelligentsia/middle class including

Asians and Coloured or mixed race people at what was still a liberal multi-racial university. The needs and increasing demands of the African majority were ignored or rationalised away in terms of a wholly fantastic apartheid system supposedly producing a separate but equal society in the remote unindustrialised Bantustans. The non-white intelligentsia enjoyed a measure of economic and cultural freedom as compared with the most depressed majority disinherited by Afrikaner and British colonialism in Southern Africa. One of the lecturers in at the University of the Witwatersrand (in Bantu languages) was Robert Sobukwe later to become the leader of the Pan-African Congress which precipitated the anti-pass campaign leading to the shooting at Sharpeville on 21 March 1960. Sobukwe was imprisoned on Robben Island. Students included Ismail Mahomed who became Chief Justice in the New South Africa, Robert Resha, a leading ANC member, at late-afternoon law lectures a young Nelson Mandela who was serving his articles with a Johannesburg office of attorneys and would run the first African attorney firm with Oliver Tambo. Winnie Madizikela (later Mandela) was a student at the university's Jan Hofmeyr School of Social Work. Eddie Roux author of *Time Longer Than Rope* was a lecturer as was Julius Lewin who became deeply involved in legal battles with the government. Arthur Goldreich, Harold Wolpe, Leon and Norman Levy, Hilda and Rusty Bernstein had been students at Wits or were at the centre of this radical nexus and would be caught up in the Treason Trial or the Rivonia subversion trial or would be named and banned under the Suppression of Communism Act. Meanwhile Athol Fugard and Barney Simon were involved with African writers and actors like Zakes Mokae who played opposite Fugard in his first great success at Dorkay House *Blood Knot*. At *Drum* magazine edited by Anthony Sampson there were writers such as Lewis Nkosi, Can Themba, Nat Nakasa, Es'kia Mphahlela and the musician/writer Todd Matshikiza who was involved with Union Artists, eventually producing *King Kong* a ground-breaking African musical directed by Leon Gluckman, with music by Matshikiza and Stanley Glasser. Nadine Gordimer's first novel *The Lying Days* is partly inspired by her student days at the university during the early 1950s.

As with many Jewish people awareness of persecution caused the author to feel close to those whom he came to see as the more immediate suffering masses who were part of a system of migrant and exploited labour from which Jewish and gentile capitalism benefitted. Salient for him since early childhood were the amaZulu domestic workers,

servicing the block of flats which was his mother's source of income and which represented for her the hope of a future financial security for the extended maternal family. The maternal grandparents were poor. As it turned out after her death in 1969, the author's father, despite all the advice he was given to the contrary, allowed himself to be cheated of his, the author's and the middle maternal aunt's inheritance made safe by his mother. He, his new Afrikaner wife and the middle maternal aunt died in relative poverty.

The dramatic hero Jannie Veldsman in *Shades of Brown* (1978) is a Coloured²⁵⁵ man mirroring and transforming dilemmas of Jewish identity acquired by the author during his upbringing in the orthodox and then progressive / reform synagogues, in the extended family and in the political / artistic culture at Wits. As well Veldsman is modelled on Coloured, African, Afrikaner and Asian friends. The text can be said to be part of what he interprets as a historical / political unconscious containing not only aspects of Jewish history but of interlinked African, Coloured, Afrikaner and English-speakers' histories in South Africa - sometimes overt, sometimes buried.²⁵⁶

²⁵⁵ I have adopted the practice of calling the mixed race people of South Africa by the name they generally use to refer to themselves.

²⁵⁶ Freud's work on symptoms, dreams and creativity shows that these mechanisms condense and displace various streams of emotion deriving from the desiring or traumatised psyche into what then become a concealed symbolic meaning or *gestalt*, a configuration for the patient, analysand or artist. But what these mechanisms mean will vary in different forms of Freudian, Kleinian, Jungian, Adlerian, Lacanian, Irigaray's and Kristevan analysis which in turn derive meaning from the scientific or historical *milieu* in which they originate and in terms of which they may be interpreted. This gives the interpretation an hermeneutical significance. Thus psychoanalytic interpretation is not "scientifically" true but only relatively true or false (Mitchell and Black 224-228). Fredric Jameson (1981) situates Marxism (pp. 97-98, 214-215, 235-236, 294-295) through Lacanianism (pp. 174-176) and thus explains rather than only interprets the modernist novel and personality in historical terms at the level of the Imaginary (the mirror-stage which is the mode of the mother) and the Symbolic (the name and law of the societal father). In the author's case the mode of the mother and literally the assumed non-Jewish name and law of the actual father differed, were incompatible. The mother was an orthodox Jew at heart and the father a freewheeling Christian / spiritualist / Eastern religious guru, and finally a Jew for Jesus. A good man ethically, the father was at times a weak and unrealistic man and the author in adolescence, early adulthood and middle age looked for substitute intellectual father figures in Kierkegaard, Marx, Freud, Nietzsche, and quasi-mother figures in Melanie Klein and Julia Kristeva, and his dramatic "fathers" projected in these plays are the new, good Van Tonder, and the strong motherly Veldsman, as well as the good Jan Pieterse and the good female figures in the *The Cape Orchard*. He own parents, frightened, first generation Jewish immigrants, scarred by experiences or memories or a transmitted culture of the Ashkenazi eastern European/Russian *shtetl* or city ghetto were never really politicised into South African radical/liberal culture. These are the personal

The Special Branch policeman in *Shades of Brown* is a fascist naturalised in Afrikaner terms whom an educated and politically conscious and sensitive Jew who had escaped the Holocaust physically but not mentally would regard with horrified fascination. Unlike a through-and-through fascist Van Tonder is capable of redemption, although he is not redeemed. In the revised 2012 *Jannie Veldsman – A Film Scenario*, Van Tonder is a different character, still in the Special Branch but refraining from violence and a critic not only of Afrikaner and British racism but of the oncoming authoritarian violence of the liberation movements in particular the ANC in Lusaka and Angola where it ran its prison camp for its own dissidents Quatro (Trehwela 2009b, Johnson 2010: pp. 20, 29, 31, 32-33, 67, 150).

The author went to Israel in 1958 and worked as a news broadcaster on *Kol Tzion Lagolah*, the overseas service of *Kol Yisrael* (The Voice of Israel – i.e. Israel Radio). He learnt some modern Hebrew on a language course at Kibbutz Hazorea .

He then came to Britain for the first time in 1958 and studied history and politics at Pembroke College, Oxford University. He acted with OUDS in 1958 to 1959 playing Polynices in *Oedipus at Colonnus* and with others in OUDS had group training sessions with Vladek Sheybal, a Polish *émigré* actor and director living in Oxford.

He returned to South Africa in 1959. He then performed in professional theatre in Johannesburg and Cape Town and toured in Rhodesia in *The Long and the Short and the Tall* with the Cecil Williams group playing the Japanese soldier and later acting in radio plays for the SABC which ran an English-language service.

Through a lucky chance – a loophole in the declaration of the post-Sharpeville state of emergency and a writ of *habeas corpus* allowed by the Supreme Court in Johannesburg facilitated by Advocate Jack Unterhalter and solicitor friends in the Liberal Party - he left South Africa secretly after detention in Marshall Square police

psychodynamics of his writing, the roots of their personal truth whereas the aesthetic capacities of the plays as drama have to do with what seems to him to be an *a priori* aesthetic related to Greek drama as portrayed by Aristotle's *Poetics*, but within a modernist South African *zeitgeist*. This also connects with the Real of South African history which is literally enacted or is a political unconscious repressed but evident in the texts, part of a Nietzschean eternal return, Dionysian or Apollonian, producing ecstatic catharsis or guided by *logos*.

station in April 1960 – part of a mass arrest of radicals and liberals who had participated in the post-Sharpeville anti-pass law protests. In leaving Johannesburg he was helped by a paternal uncle who drove him to the border of Swaziland from where he made his way into Mocambique then Rhodesia and then Britain.

In 1960 in London he worked in the theatre and he married a fellow South African liberal, Hilary Garnett, and had a child, Justine Picardie now a journalist and novelist and has grandsons now 20 and 22, Tom and Jamie MacColl, also the grandsons of the late Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

For a short time after marriage he made a living writing and acting in his play *Whiteman* and adapting this play and an Alan Paton short story *Debbie Go Home* for television. A second daughter was born in 1964, Ruth Picardie who became a film journalist and who died at 33 from a misdiagnosed breast cancer - in 1997 – leaving a husband, Matt Seaton, and small twins, Lola and Joe, now 18 whose grandmother Hilary Britten, paternal grandparents Geoffrey and Caroline Seaton, and their stepmother Anna Shapiro, a novelist originally from New York then settled in London, helped the toddlers through their early loss of a mother.

Although classified as white South African in the segregation and apartheid years he came to regard himself and many Jews as of mixed “race” - a dubious concept but in apartheid South Africa an inevitable one. He was sometimes questioned about his own ethnic origin because of what were regarded by some others as a mixture of Semitic, Slav or Mongolian features. Partly due to his looks and partly because of the ban on non-white actors appearing in white venues he was often cast in non-European roles – the Prince of Morocco in *The Merchant of Venice* (Johannesburg 1954), the Japanese Soldier in *The Long and the Short and the Tall* (Johannesburg / Bulawayo / Salisbury / Rhodesia 1959). He played the Coloured boy in *Taste of Honey* at Worthing Rep in 1960, a Coloured man, Joshua, in his own play *Whiteman* (Oxford Playhouse 1961) and the Coloured psychotherapist in his most frequently performed work *Shades of Brown* (1978 / 1979 / 2010/2011). He played Johnnie in Fugard’s *Hello and Goodbye* and in the same author’s *People Are Living There* in Cardiff’s Sherman Arena Theatre in the 1970’s. He was the mixed-race person - Boesman – in

a rehearsed reading of Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena* (1969) at the Everyman Theatre Studio, Chapter Arts Centre, Cardiff (4th and 11th October 2006).

For some time, to use the jargon of his Kleinian analysis, he felt split off from his Jewish identity. He experienced sorrow and vicissitudes away from "home" not so much Israel, as South Africa. Through these vicissitudes some things remained constant factors: an extended friendship network which included Jews, South Africans, black and white South African political refugees and immigrants, Welsh people in Wales and the British as the modern founders of parliamentary democracy and the rule of law. He sees Wales as a country that had a radical proletarian and a Protestant Old Testament tradition, including a sense of also being a chosen people like the Jews on whom was bestowed "the bread of heaven".

He was trained as a psychiatric social worker in a child guidance clinic and at psychiatric hospitals in Berkshire and Oxfordshire in 1963-1965. He qualified in this field at Liverpool University in 1965 and thus had knowledge of Freudian, post-Freudian and related clinical psychologies. He went through a Kleinian analysis from 1967 to 1972. He did further research and was awarded an M.A. (Leicester 1972) for a thesis entitled "In the Gap: The Social Psychology of A Mental Illness and Its Treatment Through Psychiatric Social Work". He was aware of the link between Freud the godless Jew and a depth psychology which in some ways is a quasi-scientific substitute for a transcendent and immanent religion as well as having some empirical, scientific validity.

His publications include the article "A metaphysical order in psychiatric work" (1974) a review of *Family Processes and Schizophrenia* (1974) and "Dreadful moments: existential thoughts on doing social work" (1980). Existentialism is a philosophy acknowledging the virtue of therapeutic despair, and the eternal return of hope and immunising one against failures and tragedy in personal development and in what ancient Greek philosophy and the ethic of a Judaeo-Christianity purged of supernaturalism might call "the care of the soul" which requires a *pharmakos* / *pharmakon* – an immunising "poison" for the person cast out in some way, a medicine for "polluted" people, a way of bearing stigma, a progress from oral to

writing cultures performed by body and mind in the *theatricum analyticum*, both synchronic and diachronic, both *parole* and *langue*.

His play *Shades of Brown* was published in *Market Plays* (1986 ed. Stephen Gray) which had 20 different productions in 11 countries. He wrote a series of South African plays and had them performed by the Sherman Arena Company in the late 1970s and early 1980s - *Jannie Veldsman and his Struggle with the Boer*, *Springbok* and *Jo'burg Messiah*, which toured to the Observer Oxford Festival of Theatre.

The Cape Orchard was done by the Foco Novo Theatre and toured England and Wales in 1987. After eleven years in Johannesburg on the cusp of the transition to post-apartheid, looking after his aged father from 1989-1993 and then on to 2000 in the New Rainbow Nation where he had he hoped to settle, after numerous robberies and muggings doing community work in Hillbrow and being threatened with shooting during a car-jacking in Johannesburg, he returned to Wales. He wrote two Jewish plays *Shaloma* and *The Zulu and the Zeide* which he toured in Cardiff, London, Nottingham and Leeds as one-man performances.

He practised, researched and taught in various settings. He tutored on modern British drama for the Workers Educational Association in 1963 in Henley-on-Thames, worked at the National Institute for Social Work in London (1966-1968), lectured at Oxford University (1968-1973), Cardiff University (1973-1986) and Botswana University (1995-1997). His academic research and teaching were in the area of social and developmental psychology, the sociology of mental illness and the dynamics of the family. He used film, drama and role-play to illustrate his teaching.

“Playing” in plays meant a safe setting for violent political topics what might otherwise be too dangerous to handle. “Play” in the sense of a literary *genre* overlaps with the idea of a safe internal space in the work of Donald Winnicott the psychoanalyst and paediatrician (Winnicott 1974) and derives from Freud’s own insights into personal development and artistic creativity (Freud 1905 / 1984). Kristeva and Irigaray shifted the centre of gravity of his thought away from Lacan to the *chora* – the being-with the mother which produces an artistic *semiosis* before and after the Lacanian mirror stage and which then creates the triadic Real, imaginary and

symbolic as interlinked – an improvement on Freud’s mechanistic view of objective reality facing the id-ego-superego and the conscious / pre-conscious / unconscious triad. In Melanie Klein reality is introjected and projected in a constant process guided by love, hate and reparation.

During the years 1993-2000, that is, during the transition and under the new regime in South Africa, he did community work in Hillbrow, Johannesburg. This had become a dangerous slum. There he started a non-racial pre-school in the premises of a Progressive Jewish synagogue, Temple Israel where he had his *barmitzvah* in 1949. This pre-school is still in existence and caters for up to 75 children and was partly self-funding and partly subsidised by Temple Israel and the South African *Tikkun* upliftment programme initiated by Jewish business people in the city.

He interviewed African, white and Indian women playwrights from 1989-1993 in Johannesburg and Durban and researched for what became an M.Phil. thesis (2009) at Aberystwyth University where the influence of Alison Forsyth enabled him to find a classical perspective for writing.

Nadine Gordimer’s novels and radicals like Eddie Roux whose history of black African political struggle – *Time Longer Than Rope* – had been formative influences, evoke the world of the liberation struggle in which he was actively involved in the 1950s and early 1960s. By the 1980s and 1990s and in the new millennium J.M.Coetzee, writing a contemporary critical theory into his fiction and autobiographical work, had a remarkable effect in taking South African literature and indirectly theatre out of modernism and social realism, into the post-modernist moment. The author’s project has been to make the connection between post-structuralism, existentialism, post-Freudian psychoanalysis and ancient Greek dramaturgy as described in the *Poetics*, already partly imbued in Fugard’s writing, and to apply this perspective to his own theatre writing and some of the new young playwrights dramatising post-apartheid and post-colonial South Africa and Zimbabwe.

APPENDIX TWO: THE PERFORMANCE HISTORY OF *SHADES OF BROWN*

Shades of Brown (Jannie Veldsman and His Struggle Against the Boer) was presented in about 20 different or revived productions in Cardiff (1978), elsewhere in Wales and England (in London with the author and Antony Sher directed by Joan Kemp-Welch in 1979), in three Scandinavian theatres in translation (Danish, Norwegian and Swedish in 1982 when the author advised the directors), by an American cast in New York and Cincinnati (Robert Kalfin's Chelsea Theatre with Count Stovall and Michael McCabe directed by Joan Kemp-Welch with the author as accent-coach), at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg in 1980 (with Dale Cutts and Bill Curry directed by Malcolm Purkey).

One of its most politically significant productions but an abortive one was by a company at the Durban – Westville Asoka university theatre earlier in 1980 where the audience and cast were videoed by the South African Special Branch in an act of aggressive surveillance, whereupon the performance was stopped by the director. The Market Theatre production late in 1980 was not subjected to police harassment – rather to abusive reviews by the Afrikaner Nationalist press matched only by equally repulsive reactions by Pan-Africanists of the Africa Centre in London in 1985 to a revival of the Cardiff production by the Sherman Arena Company – reported at the end of Appendix Four.

It was produced on BBC Radio 4 (directed by Christopher Venning with the author and Antony Sher, and broadcast on 11 January 1981). It was shown in theatres in Cambridge England, Nairobi, Brussels, Toronto, Oslo, Switzerland and Germany in 1981-1982. It was revived in 1986-1987 by the Northcott Theatre, Exeter and Theatr Clwyd, Mold directed by Martin Harvey with Jim Findley as Veldsman and first Roger Blake and then Tim Healey as Van Tonder and again in June 2010 at Chapter Arts Centre in Cardiff.

The author played Veldsman at the premiere of *Jannie Veldsman and his Struggle with the Boer* (this play's original title) directed by John Linstrum on 1st December 1978 at the Sherman Arena Theatre, Cardiff. It went on in 1978-1979 and 1980 at

Chapter Arts Centre and at the Salisbury Playhouse with the author and Terence Dauncey. In the London run of this play it was called *Shades of Brown* opening 8th October 1979 at the King's Head Theatre, Islington, London. The producer Dan Crawford pressed for the change of title and a new ending when Antony Sher played Jaap Van Tonder opposite the author's Veldsman directed by Joan Kemp-Welch. Sher was nominated for an *Evening Standard* award for this performance. In its Cardiff premiere Veldsman survives the attack on him by Van Tonder. In the London production he is killed.

The author saw performances of *Shades of Brown* at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg which opened on 1st December 1980 directed by Malcolm Purkey with Dale Cutts and Bill Curry and gave feedback to the cast and director after it opened. . In the period 1981-1983 further production history details were: in Swedish the title was *Jannie Veldman och ahns kamp med boern* at the Odin Theatre in the converted Fågel Blå Cinema Stockholm, in Danish (*Sorte Skygger*) at the Fiolteatret in Copenhagen. The Rogaland Teater performed it in Norwegian in Stavanger, and the venue in New York was at the New Federal Theatre on the Lower East Side and a year later at the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park. After the first night in Stavanger a tabloid referred to the author (who at a press conference responded to the issue of racism generally) in a headline commenting on his remarks about the Israel Defence Force and General Ariel Sharon standing by when the Phalangists in Lebanon carried out revenge killings against Palestinian refugees at the Sabra and Shatilla camps: "Jew Loves Arabs More Than His Own". He was involved in the revival of the play at the Northcott Theatre, Exeter in 1986 directed by Martin Harvey with Jim Findley and Roger Blake (see Appendix Four).

The Cardiff and London reviews (1978/1979) were on the whole good. The Cambridge revival at Robinson College by Liebe Klug with Owen Pegram a Coloured actor from Cape Town as Veldsman (mentioned in research to do with the mixed-race group the Penisular Players - see House *op.cit.*) in 1983 received a superlative review in the Cambridge Evening News which suggested, extravagantly, that one could learn more about South Africa in one evening watching the play than from the history books. The Exeter and Theatr Clwyd revival in 1987 also received good reviews.

By this time the “incredibility” of a Special Branch policeman going to a Coloured psychotherapist noted by the hostile Afrikaner critics at the Market Theatre seemed not to be a problem any more. British audiences in the 1980s were now more aware of inter-cultural issues. The whole problem of Afrikaner / Coloured / African identity was being addressed in the *toenadering* (coming-together) – the *détente* of the 1980s.

An ideological Pan-Africanist reaction greeted the Sherman Arena Theatre revival of the play at the Africa Centre in King’s Street, London WC1 which is reported in Appendix Four with further details and with extracts from the *Guardian* on 4/4/85 and 5/4/85.

The author performed the play as a one-man show at Chapter Theatre from 16th -19th June in 2010 after his co-actor Paul Teague became ill – he died on 25th December 2010 - and the one-man show was videoed at the University of South Wales in June 2011 / 2012.

APPENDIX THREE: CARDIFF AND OXFORD REVIEWS OF *JANNIE VELDSMAN AND HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE BOER* AT ITS PREMIERE IN 1978

SOUTH WALES ECHO 2/1/2/78

GUILT COMPLEX

THEATRE BY JON HOLLIDAY

TOO many plays about South Africa deal with that country in terms of apartheid – understandably perhaps but self-defeating. After all they, they are rarely played to audiences who need much convincing that racial injustice is something to be ashamed of.

So it is interesting that the third of the new plays presented at the Sherman Arena Theatre, Cardiff, this week manages to deal with aspects of this complex and emotional subject and yet soar above special pleading and obvious restatements of familiar arguments.

Jannie Veldsman And His Struggle With The Boer, by Michael Picardie, a lecturer at University College, Cardiff, is a work of power and imagination rarely less than absorbing, and at best quite riveting. If cut and tightened up by around 20 minutes to bring it down to about one and a half hours it would pack an even stronger punch.

* * * *

The story is a simple one. Jannie (skilfully played by the author) is a spiritual healer and folk therapist of mixed race who lives in a shack in Western Coloured Township near Johannesburg.

He is visited by a Special Branch policeman Captain Jaap Van Tonder (a performance of controlled intensity, not to say ferocity by Terence Dauncey) who after some routine humiliation and brutality, gets down to the personal problems that haunt his personal relationships.

Jannies's simple therapy releases some of the Afrikaner's inhibitions so that he enacts various events in the history of his forebears and himself. There are comic, even farcical elements in this, but compassion too, for the dilemmas that folk guilt has built into him through no fault of his own.

And when problems get beyond his simple understanding there is always the physical release of the boot, the whip and the gun. Of course he emerges as victor, but the tormenting guilt and insecurity remain.

As for Jannie he goes on surviving. Bruised and battered he may be, but at least he can draw strength from the feeling that for such as he a new day must inevitably dawn.

This fine and powerful production, directed by John Linstrum, will be repeated tonight, and then visit Llandovery and Builth Wells

OXFORD MAIL 5/5/79

THE CRITICS

DON CHAPMAN

ON THE COUCH OF APARTHEID

AFTER castigating the prosiness of the Sherman Theatre Company from Cardiff's Othello it is a relief to be able to hail the savage poetry of their second Observer Oxford Festival of Theatre offering.

In Jannie Veldsman and His Struggle With the Boer – which has its last performance tonight at 10.30 p.m. at the Burton Rooms – the South African playwright, Michael Picardie manages to find a formula that encapsulates in South African terms the sad drama of Apartheid.

A security policeman descends on Jannie – the folk psychiatrist of mixed race thinks – to do him over for practising his craft illegally in the Johannesburg township shanty where he is squatting.

But it turns out that his reputation as a healer has reached even the ears of Captain Jaap Van Tonder whose wife suffers from depression, and after the routine going over the policeman hammers out a cure for him.

The situation is rigged from start to finish, but such is the skill with which the author orchestrates their verbal and physical duel that in the supercharged atmosphere of the theatre it works.

Out of the psychiatrist's and the policeman's fantasies he manages to build up a sympathetic, honest picture of the development of Apartheid that is both witty – "I'm nearly white, master: maybe I got sailors on both sides of the family" – and spells out how difficult to resolve the problem is.

Mr Picardie plays the psychiatrist with searing sincerity. Terence Dauncey is truly daunting as the policeman, at times managing to put the wind up the audience. And John Linstrum screws the last ounce of their remarkable rapport.

APPENDIX FOUR: LONDON REVIEWS OF SHADES OF BROWN IN AN EXTRACT FROM A DANISH REVIEW, SUMMARIES OF AMERICAN REVIEWS AND A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY IN LONDON, THE WEST OF ENGLAND AND WALES 1979-1987

EVENING STANDARD, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1979 p.21

FIRST NIGHT

MILTON SHULMAN

THE TROUBLE with blood as the basis for racial purity is that it frequently turns up in the wrong people. Nazis, American Southerners and Afrikaaners (*sic*) have constantly been embarrassed by wayward Jewish or Negroid genes that sully their own bloodstream.

Shades of Brown by Michael Picardie at the **King's Head, Islington** concerns a vicious Afrikaaner policeman who discovers that his only child is coloured.

To hide this genetic accident the child has been given away. But the experience is so traumatic that his wife has suffered fits of depression that could drive her insane.

Captain Van Tonder arrives at the consulting room of Veldsman, folk psychiatrist, living in a shanty in a coloured township. At first he threatens the psychiatrist with a number of offences ranging from illegal squatting to potential terrorism, before his final confession that he has come for help and advice.

The psychiatrist, with a mixture of fear and professional assurance proceeds to attempt to exorcise from the cop's mind his guilt over his coloured blood in his family.

Mr Picardie has written a remarkable scene in which both men play out the historical events such as the Great Trek and the battles against the Zulus which might have been the occasion for one of the captain's ancestors sleeping with a native woman.

Through hypnosis and these violent games there comes a moment when the captain seems purged of his prejudices but it does not last. Soon they come flooding back even more brutally than before.

Although there are only two characters they people they manage to people the stage with a metaphorical cross-section of the South African moral dilemma. The language is powerful, sardonic and at times verges on poetry in its intensity.

Michael Picardie as the cowering coloured and Antony Sher as the Special Branch fanatic provide a remarkably impressive duologue.

Mr Sher is persuasively frightening in his interpretation of a man whose cruelty is backed up by the self-righteous certainty of the racial fanatic.

Mr Picardie as his foil and opponent is wonderfully wary as he moves like an apprehensive rabbit waiting for a coiled cobra to strike. Joam Kemp-Welch directs this exciting little play with urgency and compassion.

THEATRE : DAILY TELEGRAPH 10/10/79

BELIEF IS SUSPENDED IN RACE SHOW

John Barber

This country has had to learn many sorry lessons about racial prejudice in recent years. All that sad knowledge amounts to little beside the passionate prejudice that has been festering in South Africa for a century and more.

In an eloquent play at the King's Head, Islington, "Shades of Brown", Michael Picardie postulates an unlikely situation.

But he develops it with so much conviction, and so frenzied an imagination, that his old anti-apartheid message takes on a new authority and power.

It is a two hander, a contest for mastery between a coloured lay psychiatrist and an Afrikaner policeman with a religious hatred of black blood. The doctor, who lives in terror of being evicted from the Johannesburg shanty he calls his consulting room, thinks his number is up.

* * *

But the policeman, after manic protests of his ethic superiority, confesses he is here for advice. He and his wife have produced a black baby, and the thought is driving them crazy.

"The only way I can help you," says the doctor, "is to unlearn your racism". He proceeds to put his patient through a lightning course in psychotherapy. In a trance, the policeman identifies with a heroic ancestor who, like a biblical patriarch, took a black concubine. It is only when he regains his faculties that he turns on the doctor and punishes him for "brainwashing" with an act one had foreseen from the beginning. It says much for the direction of Joan Kemp-Welch, and the robust performances of Antony Sher as the policeman, and the author as the doctor, that belief is suspended for the brief duration of this extra-ordinary ritual.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

14/10/79 STRANGE ENCOUNTER

.....

Racial prejudice has been exposed in fringe theatres with varying dramatic success for a long time now. The theme has centred mainly on South Africa, with Athol Fugard reaching a wider theatre audience with his dedicated blend of compassion and hatred. Now the King's Head Islington shows a tightly dramatic confrontation

between two apartheid victims in *Shades of Brown*, written and acted by Michael Picardie, with Antony Sher as an Africaner [sic] Special Branch policeman. Both actors, born in South Africa give performances that over-ride the tenuous reality of their meeting. Picardie in his Coloured area shack near Johannesburg, expects eviction; instead his folk-psychiatry powers are sought to alleviate the dark secret horror of a black baby born to the policeman and his wife.

In dramatic terms Mr Picardie has succeeded in convincing us that this strange meeting is a plausible one as the two men delve into the intermingling of their country's race and blood that has led to oppression and hatred. Inevitably the finale is more violent as the men re-establish their accepted identities, leaving us once again doubtful as to whether illusion is the more effective weapon to hold the crux of this incident in place.

R.S.

KING'S HEAD THE STAGE 18/10/79

SHADES OF BROWN

SET IN A [sic] Western Coloured Township near Johannesburg, Michael Picardie's "Shades of Brown" the new evening production at Islington King's Head has coloured Jannie, a "folk psychiatrist", and Captain Jaap Van Tonder, a Special Branch policeman, locked in argumentative combat.

A storm of hatred flows from the policeman, so certain of his good, superior whiteness, so certain of the lesser-breed quality, or non-quality, of all those of any other colour or shade. The policeman threatens to eject Jannie from his shanty home; he scorns and tries to demean him. There is however a dramatic change in the situation. The wife of the Gestapo-like policeman has given birth to a child of mixed blood, and Jannie's help is needed.

Jannie takes on a tremendous challenge. He will cure the policeman of his racism and enable him to accept his wife and child freely and lovingly. The process of Jannie's "treatment" of the policeman is akin to an exorcism, or to a session of deep analysis. In many ways it works. But there is an outcome none the less grim and chilling because it is expected.

"Shades of Brown" is a deeply felt, truly passionate drama, controlled by sober, serious thought. It is developed with technical command: the characters are real, vital and moving: within the compass of a two-handed play is shown a large world of cruelty, suppression, danger and misery.

"Shades of Brown" has been directed with authority and sensitivity by Joan Kemp-Welch, and is very well played by Michael Picardie as Jannie and Antony Sher as the policeman. The atmospheric setting is by John Scully.

Transferred to a suitable theatre "Shades of Brown" might well attract larger audiences than are possible at the King's Head. The attempt should be made. Michael Codron or Eddie Kulukundis, for instance, might be interested.

R.B.Marriott

TIME OUT 11/10/79

In Michael Picardie's "Shades of Brown" (King's Head) a racist Afikaaner [sic] with a marital problem (his wife has been depressed since the birth of their rejected and unaccountably [sic] coloured baby) consults a coloured witch doctor whose own tenure is threatened by South African squatting laws. The witch doctor puts up with a good deal of abuse and intimidation before launching the cop of a voyage into the past during which he re-lives his own origins (racially, sexually and animalistically) before lashing out in a final, impotent rage against a kind of reluctant self-knowledge. This is a gripping and intelligent piece of writing with some piercing dialogue and a remarkable central performance from Antony Sher as the tortured fidgety cop.

NOW 19-25 November**Shades of Brown**

Michael Picardie plays a coloured amateur psychiatrist in his own play about South Africa. His patient a riveting performance by Antony Sher, is a member of the Special Branch who got his kicks out of "interrogating" blacks, browns, Jews, English liberals and commies until his wife gave birth to a coloured baby. A fine humanitarian play, low on propaganda and strong on good sense. King's Head Islington, until November 2nd.

OBSERVER BRIEFING 21/10/79

SHADES OF BROWN (King's Head): Dialogue between a coloured South African witch-psychiatrist and a brutal Afrikaaner [sic] cop. Strange play-fellows, but a chance to see Antony Sher, one of the best young actors in the country – this country

THE GUARDIAN (LONDON) CRITIC NICHOLAS DE JONGH REVIEWED THE PLAY ON 9/10/79 (P.9)

SHADES OF BROWN KING'S HEAD Nicholas De Jongh

It begins to seem as if apartheid is the only the [sic] foreign agony in which fringe theatre wish to interest themselves; of course our South African connections and that some of them speak in our tongue make it an easy choice but the sound of Coloured bodies being beaten and the sight of blood spilled by Special Branchmen has almost become relegated to the status of international liberal cliché – a flashing of liberal credentials in the face of a sympathising liberal world which shrugs its corporate shoulder and moves on.

Michael Picardie who was born and educated in South Africa, sets his two-character play in a Coloured township near Johannesburg and trails across that the unsavoury terrain already visited by a score of dramatists. The only difference is that the

Coloured hero is a folk psychiatrist, bachelor of psychology failed, nervously awaiting Captain Japp [sic] Van Tonder (Special Branch): an unlikely collision.

Joan Kemp-Welch allows him to enter, slamming the shanty door, glowering with hatred and dressed in the dark glasses and caddish pencil moustache, without which no free-ranging sadist would be complete; we guess that the only thing left alive by the close will be melodrama, with all subtlety and shades of feeling obscured in the process.

Mr Picardie who plays the folk psychiatrist himself with ingratiating plausibility, does keep within the bounds of the believable, but only just: the Special Branch thug whose character is enjoyable described in terms of high Calvinist prejudice and low interest in viciously played ball games has come to consult the shrink on a secret sexual matter involving the deep depression his wife suffered the black day she produced a brown son.

The revelation that the couple's blood and heritage was not pure white has proved too much. But from this ironic and intriguing example of dread and prejudice, the author manages to squeeze little more than a few rancid drops of passion. Before long the thug is being coaxed into childhood and some of the embarrassing child games played by shrinks, with the tell-tell horror in the garage when bloods mix and passions boil.

It is not a dramatic or very interesting exposition, though Antony Sher gives a compelling performance: rather waiting for a coiled spring to jump in your face.

EXTRACT FROM A DANISH REVIEW

Circa 1980

**THEATRE
BY MICHAEL BONNESEN**

Black Shadows by Michael Picardie

At Fioltratret. Copenhagen With Steffen Rode and David Seedorff. Directed by Benil Grove.

The performance is near flawless, very serious and very funny in its hair-fine balance, between documentary realism and Freudian farce, between psychodrama and comedy set within a narrative of a tragic reality.

It's set in South Africa and its about racism. This the audience is allowed to see and it is

explained rather than just being preached about and condemned -. which is not the same as defending it. Its appeal is implicit in the performances rather than direct, producing insight instead of disgust. A very deliberate use. of grotesque humor breaks down the audience's defenses by allowing an identification with both racism and its victims, an identification that is as currently relevant as it is painful in a • society where the word • "guest worker "is • being used in a distinctly ambiguous way.

Two actors Steffen Rode and David Seedorff are on stage for an hour and a half. . They move into and out of scenes , roles, games. They become coloured and white, men and women, children and adults, animals and people as they relive and dramatise both their own and South Africa's history in an interweaving of politics and psychology that entails maintaining a sweeping and a close-up perspective.

**SUMMARY OF NEW YORK REVIEWS OF *SHADES OF BROWN*
PRODUCED BY ROBERT KALFIN OF THE CHELSEA THEATER
CENTRE, DIRECTED BY JOAN KEMP-WELCH WITH COUNT STOVALL
AS VELDSMAN AND MICHAEL O'HARE AS VAN TONDER :**

**13TH OCTOBER 1983 – 30TH OCTOBER 1983 AT THE NEW FEDERAL
THEATRE 466 GRAND STREET ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE AND
REVIVED AT THE THEATRE IN THE PARK, CINCINNATI IN 1984**

Frank Rich reviewed the play in the *New York Times* (circa 14/10/83) after an opening night which received an excellent audience response and, again, being the notorious Frank Rich who could at that time make or break shows with a few words, spoke out about the unlikelihood of the Veldsman / Van Tonder encounter although accepted that the acting and production were good.

In *Village Voice* (VOL XXVII No 42 -18/10/83) Laurie Stone in a review entitled *Dark Picture* praised the acting and production but poured scorn on the incredibility of the encounter between two such different characters on opposite sides of the political spectrum and sneered at the crude structure of the play and the writing – again unaware that this roughness is part of the crass uncultured roughness of the South African scene where there is no common black/white culture with no intersection or nexus or interface of cultures displayed by the sophisticated writing of, say, the African/American novels and essays of Alice Walker or the African/American playwright August Wilson (1987 / 2013) both

of whom have produced *genres* of their own which are *also* part of a *common* American literary and theatrical culture which is *also* part of a world writing culture.

The American critics had of course seen Athol Fugard's plays but Fugard had never dared (he would have been censored, banned or given an exit permit and virtually lost his South African citizenship) to put a real fascist-beast Afrikaner, a Special Branch torturer and killer, on the stage *overseas* let alone at home showing the real brutality of the liberation struggle after the Soweto uprising in 1976 and the Port Elizabeth Special Branch murder of Steve Biko in 1977. Fugard's *Orestes* (1978 *op.cit.*) symbolised indirectly the bombing by and execution of John Harris and was performed 13 years after the event and did not tour overseas.

THERE WAS A REVIVAL OF SHADES OF BROWN IN 1985 BY THE SHERMAN ARENA COMPANY AT THE AFRICA CENTRE, KING'S STREET, LONDON WC2 WITH MICHAEL PICARDIE AS VELDSMAN AND TERRY DAUNCEY AS VAN TONDER DIRECTED BY JOHN LINSTRUM ON THE 3RD SEPTEMBER 1985.

At this time the Africa Centre was apparently run by Pan-Africanists who attacked the play as "racist" after its opening night. The white English management of the Centre supported them in person and verbally attacked the actor-playwright after the play had opened and was about to go into its second night. The white management and the African patrons were under the impression that the actor-author was a Cape Coloured person and that the part should have been played by a black African. When told that the author-actor was a Jew a Kenyan woman told him that he should not have been living in South Africa anyway and should be living in Israel – no mention of Palestine / Israel as being in any way an allegedly apartheid state or of what had happened to the Asians of Uganda and Kenya or what had happened to the amaNdebele in Zimbabwe under Mugabe - just recovering from the murder of 20,000 alleged supporters of ZAPU who had the temerity to vote against the Shona-dominated ZANU-PF ruling party. No, the exclusively racist was the Jew who was playing a Cape Coloured who should have been a black African.

They also claimed that the play was out of date. In 1985 contacts were already being made between the "racist Afrikaner nationalist state" and the ANC in exile and tentative moves were being made by P.W.Botha to make contact with the ANC leadership on Robben Island and eventually move them into Pollsmoor Prison.

THE FOLLOWING APPEARED IN THE GUARDIAN (“DIARY”) DURING THE CONTROVERSY AT THE AFRICA CENTRE:

The Guardian 4/9/85

“DIARY”

IT MIGHT be thought difficult for a playwright to portray an Afrikaner policeman without giving him the odd racist line or two. One wouldn't necessarily expect the play then to be banned because it is racist.

Something of the sort has befallen *Shades of Brown*, by Michael Picardie, a white South African lecturing at Cardiff. The play was being officially vetted by staff at the Africa Centre last night before they decide whether or not it can continue its run.

Already Mr Picardie has had to re-write the opening scene of the play, which deals with an encounter between the policeman and a coloured psychotherapist. Some Nigerians connected with the centre objected to some of the policeman's speeches and also that the psychotherapist was being played by a coloured South African rather than a black.

They are going to view it tonight before deciding whether to ban it from the centre for the rest of its run," said the director, Louise Watts, yesterday. "The whole point of the play is that it attacks apartheid."

The policeman was originally played by Anthony Sher in 1979. It has since played in New York, Soweto, Sweden, Norway and Germany without encountering any problems.

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*

THE GUARDIAN “DIARY”: 5/9/85

THE South African play *Shades of Brown*, will not continue its run at the Africa Centre (this column yesterday). Not, in the end, because it was banned, but because the company decided it didn't want to go on playing at the Centre anyway.

There had been complaints from members of the audience that the play was racist, complaints which led the Africa Centre staff to view the play on Tuesday night. They were happy to let it continue. But yesterday lunch time the author Michael Picardie, rang to say he didn't think the Africa Centre was the right venue for the play.

The Centre directly rejected suggestions of censorship. . "We wanted an open discussion about the play with the author, but he never let us. He just harangued us," said a spokesman. But other members of Tuesday's audience continued to maintain that the play is racist. "The coloured person is shown in passive state" said one yesterday. "There wasn't any resistance. Maybe it is just out of date"!

THERE WERE REVIVALS OF SHADES OF BROWN BY THEATR CLYWD, MOLD AND THE NORTHCOTT THEATRE, EXETER IN 1985 AND 1987 DIRECTED BY MARTIN HARVEY WITH JIM FINDLEY AS VELDSMAN AND ROGER BLAKE AS VAN TONDER, AND THEN TIM HEALEY AS VAN TONDER.

There were good reviews in the London *Daily Telegraph* (c. 5/3/87); *The Sidmouth Herald* (28 /2/87 p.11): "You didn't know whether to laugh or cry" by Joanna Bishop in *Western Morning News* (27/2/87): "Blend of comedy and compassion" by David Lean; in the *Exeter Express and Echo* (26/2/87) "A canvas stained with blood" by Bill McMillan; in the *Times Educational Supplement* (8/3/87) "Tensions" by Shirley Toulson

APPENDIX FIVE: SOUTH AFRICAN REVIEWS IN AFRIKAANS AND ENGLISH OF THE PRODUCTION BY THE COMPANY, AT THE MARKET THEATRE, JOHANNESBURG, OPENING ON 27/11/80, DIRECTED BY MALCOLM PURKEY, WITH DALE CUTTS AS VAN TONDER AND BILL CURRY AS VELDSMAN, WITH LIGHTING BY MANNIE MANIM AND DESIGN BY MICHAEL GOLDBERG.

It should be noted that this was not the premiere of the South African presentation of *Shades of Brown*. This happened earlier in 1980 at the Asoka Theatre where it was presented by the Asian and other students at the apartheid University of Durban-Westville. The Special Branch videoed the cast and audience on the first night in an act of intimidatory surveillance, to which the director responded by stopping the show.

Only then did The Company at the time under the general directorship of Mannie Manim take on the play which was directed by Malcolm Purkey, a leading light in the Junction Avenue Theatre Company which had produced notable Brechtian presentations of original plays such as the hits *Sophiatown* and *Randlords and Rotgut*. Later in the 1980s during the civil wars and uprisings in the townships Barney Simon workshopped notable agit-prop musical plays such as *Black Dog* and *Born in the RSA* as well as premiering new Fugard plays such as *My Children! My Africa!* and *Playland*.

DIE TRANSVALER or / ofs DIE VADERLAND 28/11/80

(Deur) By AART DE VILLIERS

Waar is Pieter-Dirk Uys tog!

At Last - Where is Pieter-Dirk Uys!

Shades of Brown stel teleur

SHADES OF BROWN DISAPPOINTS

Selde het ek nog deur so 'n spul pretensieuse snert moes sit in 'n teater as Donderdag aand by die opening van hierdie Picardie-tirade.

Seldom have I had to sit through such a lot of pretentious nonsense²⁵⁷ in a theatre as on Thursday night at the opening of this Picardie-tirade.²⁵⁸

²⁵⁷Dr H.F.Verwoerd's – worse than pretentious - mad and cruel scheme of apartheid was being reformed to avoid a total blood bath by P.W.Botha's regime in 1980.

²⁵⁸ Veldsman's speech to God and proclamation of his eclectic therapy in which he uses systematic desensitisation and fantasy for counter-conditioning in the treatment of frigidity – is hardly a tirade. Veldsman's agonised "Amandla!" speech after being beaten up might be seen as a tirade in the positive and justified sense. Van Tonder's denunciations of British colonialism at the time of the

Laat ek dit onomwonde stel: by die Mark teater word uitnemende werk gedoen - maar daar word ook soms op baie dun y geskaats - en ek will voorspel dat dit net a kewessie van tyd is voordat self die tipies toegeeflike Markgehoor se misnoe met die sort kaf voelbaar gaan word. Ek hoop ten minste so, want ek het nog vertroue in my medemens,

Let me state categorically: the Market Theatre does excellent work - although it also skates on some very thin ice²⁵⁹ - and I predict that it's just a matter of time before the typically tolerant Market audience sorts out the wheat from the chaff.²⁶⁰ At least I hope so because I have faith in my fellow man.

Slagter's Nek Rebellion is actually a sympathetic tirade on behalf of an incipient Afrikaner Nationalism.

²⁵⁹ Plays that did and would test the limits of South African censorship are discussed eleven years later by Martin Orkin (1991) *Drama and the South African State*. What might be called an anti-apartheid Brechtian / physical theatre included *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* and *The Island* by Athol Fugard and the Serpent Players in 1973 and 1974 and then later in the 1980s *Born in the RSA* and *Black Dog* by Barney Simon and The Company at the Market Theatre which were liberationist performance dramas with the minimum of discourse relying on music, dance, movement and agit-prop were so generally committed and authentic in displaying the atrocities of the regime that they fortified themselves against Afrikaner nationalist response. There was also a wave of feminist performance theatre and ethnic comedy such as *When You Strike Woman You Strike a Rock* (Klotz et al) and *Curl Up and Die* (Pam-Grant - mid- to late 1980s). The solid, liberal, committed social comedy theatre of Pieter-Dirk Uys's *Paradise Is Closing Down* (late 1960s) and Fugard's plays of the 1980s including *My Children! My Africa!* were written by local playwrights not striking at the heart of Afrikaner Nationalist ideology. Pieter-Dirk Uys would always be the ideal Afrikaner-Jew who could get people to laugh at political troubles whereas *Shades of Brown* produced the obvious visceral defensive response of the supposedly "verligte" (enlightened or at least literate and articulate) Barrie Hough and "verkrampte" (narrow, conservative, barely articulate) Afrikaner Nationalist press here in the extraordinarily vituperative review by Aart De Villiers directed at the exile writer. The latter in particular is writing viscerally from a Calvinist oral-culture which is evidently disgusted by the writing-culture of psychotherapy and dramatherapy which deeply embarrasses, bores and revolts him. The astounding and shocking thing for the Afrikaans critics is that a foreign exiled South African Jew dares to *try* to disentangle the hang-ups of the Afrikaner Christians who claim to be defending white, western civilization but are many of them mixed race *themselves*. Besides the whole ethos of psychotherapy and the unconscious is not part of their ethos.

²⁶⁰ Pieter-Dirk Uys is a suitable playwright with his "autochthony" sorted out: an Afrikaner/Jew brave enough not to escape into exile and sensitive enough to tread the fine line between what is acceptable mainly through the relieving laughter of satire of characters like Mrs Winnie Mandela, The astounding thing is that Mrs Mandela is seen as laughable. But this accords perfectly with the sense that Afrikaner nationalism is actually *serious and will remain in power in the face of what is portrayed as laughable in a drag-act*. Even in 1980 her treatment by the regime who had her exiled to Brandfort in the Orange Free State and harassed her unrelenting was hardly laughable. She was already becoming a militant whose psychopathology would eventually emerge in the mid-to late eighties so that by 1991 the Mandela United Football Club, a gang of supposedly militant comrades in Soweto but really terrorists of the left masquerading as ANC/UDF patriots killed Stompie Moeketsi a hero of the liberation movement aged 10-11 and who in *her* tirades announced that with "our little boxes of matches" we

Laat ek die ewe onomwonde stel dat dit nie oor die inhoud van die stuk is - of sal ek liewe se die potensiele konsep daarvan – wat ek beswaar maak nie. Ons is almal terdee bewus van die buitensporighede wat voorkom in die optrede van byvoorbeeld, ons veiligheidspolisie

Let me say at the outset that it is not to do with the content of the piece or rather let me make it clear that I have no objection to its potential concept. We are all acutely aware of the excesses²⁶¹ found in the behavior of, for example, our security police.

(Dit is terloops, nie a situasie wat net eie is aan Suid Africa nie!)

(This is by the way, a situation which is not unique to South Africa!)²⁶²

En dit is heeltemal binne die perke van moontlikheid dat so 'n polisieman en sy wit vrou 'n bruinerige kind in die wereld kan bring

And it is quite within the bounds of possibility that such a policeman and his white wife might have brought a brown child into the world.²⁶³

will free South Africa – including the “necklacing” of innocents in the witchhunts of the township wars of the 1980s (see Gilbey 1994). Uys had a stand-up comedy act about Evita Bezuidenhout the Afrikaner Nationalist ambassador to a fictional Bantustan., avoiding the actual corruption going on and the misery contained in these puppet states.

²⁶¹ This is the understatement of all understatements. The death of Steven Bantu Biko – whose brain injuries were claimed by the Port Elizabeth security police (their head being Colonel Eugene Goosens) to be due to him smashing his head against the wall of his cell died three years previously. He died chained in a police van on the road to Pretoria to their headquarters. State pathologists (Drs Lang and Tucker – see Mendelsohn and Shain 2008.) and a magistrate exonerated the police at the Biko inquest (see Donald Woods 1978: “The Inquest”).

²⁶² The argument here is that “it happens everywhere – so why blame South Africa?” The line of reasoning implicitly refers to the situation perhaps in the Soviet Union and East Germany in regard to the KGB (the USSR Ministry of Interior security forces) and the Stasi. In 1980 no one in South Africa outside the security establishment would have been aware of the behaviour of the ANC at their prison camp Quatro in Angola. Chris Hani would later escape being imprisoned for dissidence and where many out-of-line *Umkhonto We Sizwe* soldiers were tortured and executed.

²⁶³ See the case of Sandra, Sannie and Abraham Laing in which became the basis for the film *Skin* (2008) directed by Anthony Fabian with Sophie Okonedo (see [www. Skinthemovie.net](http://www.skinthemovie.net)). See also Rory Carroll *The Guardian* 17/3/2003 in G2 available online as [http:// www.guardian.co.uk / theguardian / 2003 / mar / 17 / features 11. g.2](http://www.guardian.co.uk/theguardian/2003/mar/17/features/11.g.2) (accessed 8/11/11) on the Laing case and the biography *When She Was White- The True Story of a Family Divided by Race* (2008) by Judith Stone (Miramax).

en dat die onbenydenswaardigheid van hulle posisie en dat die onbenydenswaardigheid van hulle posisie hulle n psigologiese trauma kan laat beleef

and that the untenability of their position could cause them to suffer a psychological trauma.

Dat die man, op aanbeveling, by n bruin geloofsgeneser kan gaan aanklop vir raad

That this man, on a recommendation, should go to a coloured faith-healer for counselling,

selfs al is laasgenoemde 'n 'n [sic] omwettige plakker, kan gebeur

even though that latter is a..a.[sic] illegal squatter, could conceivably happen.

Dit is vir my selfs aanvaarbaar dat die bruinman anti-rassistiese brein-spoeling kan toepas en

As far as I am concerned it is entirely acceptable that the coloured man could introduce anti-racist brain-washing²⁶⁴

en as jy geloofwaardigheid tot sy uiterste toe rek

and if you stretch credibility to its utmost limits

dat die witman dan fataal onbeheers teen sy weldoener kan draai as hy besef wat aangaan

that the white man might turn uncontrollably on his benefactor and with fatal consequences when he realises what is happening,²⁶⁵

(hoewel dit tog sou bewys dat die breinspoeling nie so geslaag was nie!)

²⁶⁴ Psychodrama condensed dramatically into the Aristotelian unity of time, place and theme - causally related. Multi-faceted mixed psychotherapies would not have been part of South African culture(s) so psycho-drama is equated with brain-washing.

²⁶⁵ That is negative transference from the patient to the psychotherapist. There is no consonance with anything in a common South African culture as regards this kind of role-play. The nearest any dramatist comes to it is Athol Fugard in *Blood Knot*. See the review by Barrie Hough in *Beeld* comparing *Shades of Brown – Jannie Veldsman...* and the Fugard play where Morrie and Zach *do* share a relatively common (white/brown) Afrikaner culture.

(although that would at least prove that the brainwashing was not so successful!)

Maar die banale eensydige, voorspelbare wyse waarop dit vir ons hier opgedis word vir ons hier opgedis word,

But the banal, one-sided, predictable manner in which it is dished up for us²⁶⁶

ek sou wou se naiewe wyse, as dit nie so deurspek was van die venynigheid wat is wat tipies is van die professionele uitgeweke nie, is totaal onuithoubaar.

I would say the naive way (it is presented) - if it weren't so filled with the bitterness that is typical of the professional expatriate - is totally incomprehensible.²⁶⁷

Dit is inderdaad 'n belediging vir die intelligensie van enige gehoor, behalwe miskien behalwe miskien 'n oningelgte, liberalistiese oorsese gehoor wat hulle juis net in die in die soort ding verlustig.

It is indeed an insult to the intelligence of any audience except perhaps maybe an uninformed, liberal foreign audience that really delights in this kind of thing.²⁶⁸

²⁶⁶ There is no Brechtian alienation-effect possible because the *didiskalia* (the style, setting and the *dianoia*) is romantic and fantastic and this required the virtuoso acting of Curry and Cutts to which De Villiers has referred and which he denigrates (in the writing) as intellectual and emotional tricks – see fn 14. For De Villiers because of some blind hatred which makes the play hateful and loathsome perhaps because it conveys the idea of a poisonous remedy ambiguously - which to him is “stupid” (incomprehensible because the notion of ambivalence is actually not “stupid” but too abstract for him.

²⁶⁷ Incomprehensible because there is not such thing as a common South African culture which indeed is to be found only in fragments, in bits and pieces of the South African diaspora of exiles, including people like Columbus Moepe (a nom-de-guerre) ANC exile who was helped in Cardiff to make his way from a Zambian prison (Kenneth Kaunda acting for the ANC in exile) by British people thus avoiding further imprisonment in places like Quatro (Trehwela *op.cit.*) by the ANC -Stasi trained *Mbokodo* which could have been his fate, back to his native Lesotho.

²⁶⁸ The British-based author is really a Britisher and who are the British to expose the Afrikaner fascist beast, given what they did to us in the Boer War? My social realism does make a break with the quite naïve characterisations of the black brother as *non-verbal and inarticulate* and the whiter brother as *an existentialist near-intellectual* in the Fugard play. No one before *Shades of Brown* had ever before put the “white” (really brown) Afrikaner and the really brown Afrikaner on the stage together as *therapist* and *manic-depressive* or *psychopathic* patient who actually share the same Afrikaans language and collective shared history of slaves and masters who miscegenated. The ordinary run of Afrikaners perhaps know little or nothing about psychodynamic psychotherapy and psychiatry is South Africa has mainly to do with physical, pharmacological treatment. That an Afrikaner like Oscar Pistorius with his history of personal and gun-violence could have cruised in an aura of celebrity

Vir hulle sou 'n "Shades of Brown" waarin wit – veral Afrikaner wit – pikswaart is, op sy aanvaarbaarste wees,

For they might find "Shades of Brown" in which white - especially white Afrikaners – are portrayed as all black most acceptable.²⁶⁹

Vir so 'n gehoor is die werk ongewyfeld uitgekraam, en hulle kan dit gerus maar bly

For such an audience the work indubitably created and they can keep it.

Bill Curry en Dale Cutts is spelers van formaat en hulle het selfs uit hierdie aanbieding duidelik geblyk

Bill Curry and Dales Cutts are actors of considerable standing and in their performances they certainly shone in this production.

Hulle spel was was interdaad die enigste ligpuntjie van die aand

Their acting was, by the way, the one highlight of the evening,

Die emotionele en intellektuele toertjies wat egte van hulle verwag is om enigsins kon maak van die drekdialoog wat hulle mos hanteer is skryend - veral vir spelers van hulle gehalte. My hart het gebloei vir hulle.

The emotional and intellectual tricks²⁷⁰ they were expected to go through so as to distill the essence of the rubbishy ("shitty") dialogue they had to handle to

without seeking treatment for his bullying and intimidating attitude to previous girl-friends before he killed Anna Steenkamp on 14th February 2013 and before that his fury directed at athlete competitors is further indicative of the unbridled macho aggression in De Villiers' review. The *eidōs* of the play is at odds with the crassness of De Villiers' literally *boorish* (not merely Boer-ish) mentality.

²⁶⁹ De Villiers points, albeit inarticulately, to the very real difficulty of playing into a split in consciousness, in the *psyche* (the social self which is not healed by a transcendent non-racial society) between white and brown Afrikaners. See Sacks, SAPA and Smith *op. cit.* on the continuing culture of violence in the South African Police Service as revealed in the Marikana / Lonmin and the Rustenberg murders not only by the police but by the *officials of the government controlled NUM itself*. This violence deep in the South African psyche renders mere theatre helpless. This is in the culture of both black and white policemen in South Africa today in 2013-2014 and in the aggression of this insulting review.

²⁷⁰ See fn. 10. It is not enough that V.T. and V. abject themselves as *pharmakeus-pharmakon* for themselves and for each other: there is not enough agency possible for the (jaded?) De Villiers or because of some blind hatred (?)- ideology (?)- guilt (?), Afrikaner *machismo* (?) which makes the play enigmatic and stupid for him and so De Villiers resorts to the "abject" trick of chaining up his own Stanislavskian "emotional memory" (containing the object beyond all revolting objects) and shuts down the *theatricum analyticum* suggested by Labarthe-Lacoue (1977) – the mind-space of theatrical

make anything of it was frightful - especially for players of their quality. My heart bled for them.²⁷¹

Hier was 'n duidelike geval van oor-regie – maar daarvoer het 'n mens eintlik dankie gese want sonder die basies totaal ontoepaslike kaperjolle and bokspringe van die spelers sou die hele lang gedoente van 100 minute nog verveliger gewees het.

Here was a definite example of over-direction – but one was on that account grateful because without the basically completely unlikely playing around and

action. This is projective identification of *his* openly expressed abject or *drek*-dialogue (see fn 15) supposedly coming from *me* – technically (with an Afrikaner step-mother) *also, like Uys an Afrikaner-Jew (by forced adoption)* but not as rooted in South Africa as the clown and jester of choice – Pieter-Dirk Uys who is not denigrated. De Villiers sees as “tricks” the whole approach of developmental psychology and psychotherapy. See Emma Gilbey's (*op.cit.*) account of the inquests and trial which led to Mrs Mandela's conviction. Her depravity is linked by Gilbey to the vicious thrashings she suffered at the hands of her evangelically religious father, a school principal and what Mrs Mandela endured because of her banning and confinement in isolation in Brandfort and constant surveillance by the Special Branch. The South African white liberals and anti-apartheid liberals worldwide who feted Mrs Mandela as a celebrity and the courts which were intimidated by her international reputation and popularity amongst the desperate African masses with the result that she never received a custodial sentence for this crime and for the theft of charity money and social action and insurance funds made available to her as a social work graduate of the University of the Witwatersrand! . Yet it is my dialogue which is *drek* not the mess the Afrikaners and indeed the white liberal celebrities who fawned on Mrs Mandela - and who *jointly* made *drek* in South Africa from 1948 to 1994 with the honourable exception of people like Beyers Naude, Breyten Breytenbach, Ingrid Jonker and Andre Brink, not to mention J.M.Coetzee an Anglicised Afrikaner and Fugard an Anglo-Afrikaner. See fn 13 above on the *drek* made by the police and the official NUM in August 2012 and the *drek* dialogue of Mr Botha the detective in the Pistorius case post- 14th February 2012 who was later himself charged with murder (Smith 2013 *op.cit.*)

²⁷¹ On 12th September 1977 three years and three months *before* the opening of *Shades of Brown* after the announcement of the death in chains after he was alleged to have tried to commit suicide by smashing his head against the walls of his Port Elizabeth cell, the *pharmakeus-pharmakon* (martyr, hero, victim and a rejected poisonous remedy for Aart De Villiers) Steven Bantu Biko - the Minister of Justice Mr Jimmy Kruger pronounced the following in the form of a statement that brooked no dialogue - indeed a deeply spiritual and uplifting address to the angel of death and to the agency of death in the Afrikaner National Party conference of that year: "I am not glad and I am not sorry about Mr. Biko. It leaves me cold (*Dit laat my koud*). I can say nothing to you . Any person who dies.. I shall also be sorry if I die." To this brilliant dialogue the delegates responded with laughter. Biko already with serious head injuries was cold and naked and in manacles for 1100 km on the way to Pretoria. In this there was no Brechtian *gest* for Mr De Villiers who of course resents the stereotyping of the Afrikaner in Van Tonder. But the Port Elizabeth Special Branch under Colonel Goosens were full of men, less intelligent and less compassionate (about his wife and child) but partly psychopathic personalities or manic-depressive psychotics like Van Tonder. See Naidoo's (*op.cit*) account of the sleep deprivation to which Lieut Whitehead subjected Neil Aggett and Barbara Hogan's description of Cronwright another senior Special Branch detective who tortured her with electricity.

jumping of the actors the whole lengthy action of a hundred minutes would have been even more embarrassing.

Beeld - 28 November 1980

ONTBREEK AAN KLEUR

A LACK OF COLOUR²⁷²

Barrie Hough

Malcolm Purkey se produksie van *Shades of Brown* is an oneweredige,

Malcolm Purkey's production of *Shades of Brown* is an unlikely

pretentieuse stuk werk wat poog om diepsinnige kommentaar op die

pretentious piece of work which tries to pass itself off as a commentary on

Suid-Afrikaanse psige te lewer, maar slaag nie.

the South African psyche, but in this it does not succeed.

Beide in struktuur en tegniek herrinner dit sterk aan Athol Fugard's *The Blood Knot*

Both in structure and technique it is strongly reminiscent of Athol Fugard's

The Blood Knot.

While *Shades of Brown* die foute van *The Blood Knot* weerspiel,

Whilst *Shades of Brown* reiterates the faults of *The Blood Knot*, shows little of

toon dit min van daardie stuk se deugde. In *The Blood Knot* beweeg die karakters deur speletjies van realisme deur na simboliek en allegorie.

that play's virtues. In *The Blood Knot* the characters express themselves effectively in little games which have a symbolic and allegorical significance.

²⁷² An ironic headline playing on the theme and the artistic difficulties of speaking to a mixed-race / multi-racial audience at the Market Theatre where there was no *dianoia* or common *semiosis* i.e. no common audience culture which could deal with acting and performing and meaning on a number of symbolic and concrete levels – presently-absent only in the Political Unconscious (the Lacanian “Real” that Hough shares with Athol Fugard – an Anglo-Afrikaner). But unlike Fugard he is writing for a daily paper read by the conservative Afrikaner middle-class and lower-middle class, not the wider African and more liberal English-speaking public.

Die swakheid van die Fugard stuk le daarin dat hierdie verskillende vlakke op enkele plekke nie voeg nie.

The weakness of the Fugard piece is that these different levels in some places don't add up - are not integrated [into the whole].

Maar die twee broers daarin het soveel spesifieke, menslike, warm besonderhede wat beide in die broers se bedrag en lewensgeskiedenis legio is, gee aan die stuk 'n ryk tekstuur wat boei en betower.

But the two brothers have so much in the way of specific, human characteristics – which are legion - in their behaviour and life history and this gives the piece a rich texture that captivates and fascinates.

In *Shades of Brown* het realisme en allegorie, ondanks die speletjies en die *in vino veritas* – element, baie min raakpunte.

In *Shades of Brown* realism and allegory, despite the games and the *in vino veritas* – element have few points of contact. The transition from the one to the other is disturbing.

Shades of Brown vertel van die intens persoonlike en betrokke verhouding van a tipiese Afrikaanse lid van die Veiligheidspolisie wat sy mag as dodelike wapen misbruik en 'n bruin kwaksalwer wat mense se probleme a la Freud oplos.

***Shades of Brown* tells of the intensely personal and depressive social relationships and the inner life of an otherwise typical Afrikaner, a member of the Security Police who misuses his power as a deadly weapon, and a brown charlatan whose problems he solves a la Freud.**

Omdat die polisieman, kaptein Van Tonder (Dale Cutts), n' gesins-probleem het, wend hy hom tot Jannie Veldsman (Bill Curry) a toordokter. Wat sielkundetegnieke gebruik.

Because the policeman Captain Van Tonder (Dale Cutts) has a family problem, he comes the way of Jannie Veldsman (Bill Curry), a kind of “witchdoctor” who uses psychological techniques.

In die terapeutiese speletjies, waarin die gehoor vlugtig op 'n allegoriese vlak deur a deel van Suid-Afrika se geskiedenis geneem word, ontdek kaptein Van Tonder baie dinge omtrent himself en stel hy sy gees bloot voor Veldsman.

In the therapeutic games, during which the audience is suddenly taken into a period or periods of South African history, Captain Van Tonder learns many things about himself as he opens his heart to Veldsman.

Om die rede is die slot baie voorspelbaar.

For this reason the ending is very predictable.

Ondanks die propagandistiese tipering van Van Tonder in die eerste deel van die stuk, word hy later tog mens met sensitiwiteit en begrip

In spite of the propagandistic portrayal of Van Tonder in the first part of the piece, he is later realised with sensitivity and understanding

Dale Cutts het soms met energieke oorgawe en dan weer met fyn skakering en sensitiwiteit gespeel,

Dale Cutts sometimes played with energetic enthusiasm and sensitivity. But even his distinguished contribution could not save the piece from a narrow and sometimes shortsighted grasp of the South African situation for which the author does not take responsibility.

Bill Curry wat gewoonlik uitmuntende spel lever, stel teleur met seker die swakste toneelspel wat hy nog gelewer het met seker die swakste toneelspel wat hy nog gelewer het

Bill Curry who usually a most outstanding actor, is disappointing in probably the worst play he has ever been in and which he gives the weakest performance I have ever seen of his.

Veral in die speletjies doen sy vertolking pretensieus and oppervlakkig aan.

Especially in the role-plays is his interpretation pretentious and superficial.

Dit is seer sekerlik waar van die Thandi-rol waarvan hy speel.

This is certainly true of the Thandi role that he plays.

Dit is asof Curry die karakter wat hy vertolk slegs ten dele begryp en nie as eenheid kan verbeeld.

It is as if Curry only understands the character in parts and that it can't be portrayed it as a unity.

Ten slotte kan a mens se dat *Shades of Brown* nie a waardig genoeg voertuig is vir [..]

In conclusion one has to say that *Shades of Brown* is not a worthy vehicle for actors of Curry and Cutts standing.

SOUTH AFRICAN REVIEWS IN ENGLISH-LANGUAGE NEWSPAPERS

There were on the whole quite friendly and sympathetic reviews from Rina Minervini in the *Rand Daily Mail* entitled *A Powerful Partnership* (c.28/11/80), Garalt MacLiam in *The Star* (c.28/11/80) with the headline *Victimiser Turns*, and even in *Citizen* – a conservative paper originally started with *Afrikaner*

Nationalist capital (c.28/11/80) - by Michael Venables but with the headline *Fine acting in a flawed drama* – again throwing doubt on the credibility of the meeting between S.B. fascist cop and gentle but liberal/radical and poor psychotherapist. This tallied with the conservative review in the London *Daily Telegraph* in the 1979 Antony Sher / Picardie / Joan Kemp-Welch production where the critic in London and the one in Johannesburg were both unable to grasp that *détente* was inevitable and in two or three years was actually beginning to happen, and that besides, the confrontation was not to do with sociological realism but was in part a synthesis of *social realism* (pace Ibsen, Chekhov and Arthur Miller) and *allegory* (pace Pirandello). However things got quite *clinical* with the reaction of Adrian Monteath in the (South African) *Sunday Times* (30/11/80) whose headline read *Gloomy – but worth seeing* and who said he felt the play was – God forbid! – *gloomy* and that it implied there was no hope for South Africa – missing the point that Van Tonder weeps when he realises that he is involved in a *tragedy* and that Van Tonder is on the verge of redemption. What would he think of the unredeemably huge and constantly growing crime statistics as regards murder, rape and robbery found in today’s South Africa a situation in part predicated on the failure of white South Africa to train a black middle class capable of government, management, administration and professional skills in every sphere of life in time for the day when the already evident exponential demography of black majority and white minority would bring about majority rule? Very, very gloomy. The idea of Van Tonder’s tears as the hope for reparation and redemption could not penetrate into this mentally barricaded literally named Studio Theatre “The Laager” which was evidently for De Villiers and Hough and other Afrikaans critics a *metaphorical* Laager (“a militarily fortified circle of Afrikaner wagons chained together, stuffed with thornbushes in the gaps and underneath and defended with long-range rifles being loaded by women and children behind the Boer gunmen against the African tribesmen armed with assegais and shields”)

APPENDIX SIX: A FORMAL ANALYSIS OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ARISTOTELIAN, STRUCTURALIST AND POST-STRUCTURALIST ELEMENTS OF THE SYNCHRONIC, THE DIACHRONIC, *PAROLE* AND *LANGUE*.

Mention has been made in the Critical Commentary of an imagined vertical axis representing the *synchronic* as events in the play which happen at the very moment, in the present, on the stage, which push the imagined parabolic inverted “U” shape curve of *mythos*, *logos* and *dianoia* across horizontally. But how is it that dramatic tension pushes the parabola up vertically from the *horizontal* diachronic axis? The answer is that having struck the curve in the present horizontally and pushed it along horizontally, the dramatic event which may consist of a memory (*anamnesis*) or a recognition (*anagnorisis*) or a reversal (*peripeteia*) and is usually couched in terms of ordinary, everyday or heightened but relevant poetic *parole* so that it sounds *mimetically* real, the dramatic event then through memory or what Freud and Derrida call “traces” drops down vertically to hit the diachronic axis simply because the present seconds later becomes a short-term memory located in the immediate past. However if it truly is a *dramatic* event it reverberates or resonates back into the present. So the movement rebounding from the immediate diachronic pushes the action up and across (since further related present synchronic events usually follow a dramatic event). The events bounce between the two axes and the resultant is not absolutely horizontal but in the first half of a classical or neo-classically formulated “well-made play” the movement is diagonal pointing to the top right-hand corner of the imagined graph. When the play passes its meridian or apex of the action and starts to unravel leading eventually to denouement and resolution or an intriguing unresolved ending and on the way produces catharses of terror and pity (and if pity some reparation and some redemption), the actual curve of the *mythos* / *logos* / *dianoia* points obliquely downward to the bottom right hand corner of the imagined graph until it comes to an end on the diachronic *langue* horizontal action. Why is the diachronic associated with *langue*? Because the “traces” of previous memory in the educated or socialised author, actor and audience connects with the person’s wider experience of the

language and its traditions, customs, knowledge and history enabling her/him to locate the *mythos* (the plot) in his education or socialisation in similar *genres* or life-events that s/he has been through and thought about and which have made him what s/he is. *Parole* or dramatic speech in the present is urgent, spontaneous and real - aiming not at education or socialisation but to do with dramatic communication. However, if and when it reverberates with *langue* and *keeps* coming back in the form of a previously suppressed or repressed memory it becomes part of the Lacanian Real or the political unconscious Real of Fredric Jameson.

Why are *logos* (empirical or ethical truth) and *dianoia* (discourse) intertwined with *mythos* (plot)? This is because no plot is pure plot. Implicitly even if it is an apparently amoral thriller, the audience, actor and author are already “dragged” willy-nilly into amorality which is a position in *logos* and *dianoia*. In choosing “a mixed-race psychotherapist” who is forced to treat or who chooses to treat “a Special Branch policeman” which raises issues of characterisation (*ethos*) the ensuing plot entailing catastrophic reversals, *peripeteia*, or benign developments inevitably, even if not explicitly, there will be *dianoia* – discourse either expressed or suppressed or repressed about colonialism, apartheid, post-colonial failure or post-colonial success. A love affair between a white Afrikaner but liberal actress who has been on the stage in London and Stratford and may have another lover and her childhood friend who loves her now in the Western Cape and who is Coloured, cannot be pure *mythos* – plot – “will they, won’t they?”. What is the truth about these competing relationships (*logos* or the *arête* / *eudemonia* of the relationships) and what discourse can or should they have to decide whether and where to live together? The vicissitudes of an old Jewish man on the verge of death being cared for better by a Zulu newcomer to the city than his embittered son is again not pure plot but, likewise raises moral and political issues. Thus in all three cases *mythos* is intertwined with *logos* (is it good and true?) and *dianoia* (what are the wider implications of this *logos*?)

CONCLUSIONS

The Reception of *Shades of Brown* (1978-1987)

In the theatre understood classically there is meaning which can be called *logos* (truthful word or reasoning which has to have some sort of ethical basis) and *dianoia* (truthful discursive thinking and discourse which as a matter of fact may be also be seen ideologically as relative to some particular class, ethnic, gender or religious group's interests). *Logos* and *dianoia* presume *mimesis*, truth as credible and reasoned confrontation of recognisable protagonists and antagonists in the form of character (*ethos*), given a particular time (*zeit*), and some intuitive moral truth (*a priori*) in the spirit of that time and place (*geist*). Oedipus and his daughter/sister Antigone – are shown according to one or another *dianoia* as flawed – or at least suffering from a fault of either character or circumstances – *hamartia* – seen as *aletheia* – which is the uncovering of the *ethos* in his or her own light. Some critics in London (1979), Johannesburg (1980) and New York (1981) found the confrontation in *Shades of Brown* of a fascist Van Tonder and a subversive therapist incredible in term of *mimesis* rather than possible as conjoined by a contradictory political unconscious in which they represent race and class struggle. Two Afrikaans critics were not only predictably offended by the play's politics, but they regarded as stereotyped and inartistic the portrayal of the narrow, Calvinistic, ignorant brutishness of the Afrikaner. The first Van Tonder is a fascist thug but he loves his wife. His infant son's colour is a shock to his racism. He seeks out a mixed race psychotherapist whom he both hates and can relate to. He relates to Veldsman because Veldsman shares genes with Van Tonder that he did not know he had and Veldsman has insight into Afrikaner history and inter-ethnic sexuality. It is ironic was that in the next decade Afrikaner Nationalist party members who defended the fascist, racist thugs of the Port Elizabeth Special Branch – the security police who beat and killed Steve Biko three years earlier (1977) - for the next ten years found themselves under the control of ministers who would begin to unravel the whole fabric of apartheid and be prepared to arrange a *détente* in which they would exchange views, feelings, ideas *despite* Afrikaner Calvinist racist culture. The same breakthrough happened with the ANC. Whilst Thabo Mbeki put on a show of gentlemanly erudition and diplomacy Nelson Mandela met P.W. Botha and spoke Afrikaans to the warders on Robben Island and helped them with legal aspects of their tax affairs. Thabo Mbeki, who

actually as Deputy President and then in his own presidency acted out aspects of what Franz Fanon and J-P Sartre analyse as the “colonial personality”, blamed white colonialism for producing the AIDS epidemic as part of a programme to denigrate the sexuality of the African male. It is suggested that this acting out of the victim role is not only a play for the Pan-Africanist constituency but is a role deriving from the repressed historical and political unconscious of his amaFengu ancestors. They were refugees amongst the amaXhosa in flight from internecine African warfare produced by British and Boer colonialism who were called “The Jews of Kaffirland” – deracinated, dispossessed middle men acting as agents for British colonialism, missionary religion and small entrepreneurial capitalism – analagous to the Jews dispossessed in and evicted from medieval Germany who played these roles in the Baltic states, Poland and in Tsarist Russia as between the landed aristocracy and the peasants. Victimage correlated too with Mbeki’s Marxism learned from his emotionally cold father, Govan, from the KGB and from the Stasi – being in the vanguard of the revolutionary class required the fight-back of the victim as a ruthless Leninist politically, in the midst of a free-for-all capitalism disguised as affirmative action. It might be argued that he became what the whites most feared in the Other because they, the whites, have this same Other in the subject self – otherwise how could they have effected the mass dispossession entailed in colonialism to produce a state of moral nihilism – a Conradian “heart of darkness”? Van Tonder too suffers from internalising the very “savagery” he fears and hates in Africans. Afrikaner critics have difficulty seeing personality psycho-dynamically because their culture is narrow and sexually repressive and hostile to the writing-culture at odds with an oral-culture of macho attitudes. The oral culture of white South Africa sensationalises black and white sexuality. This means that although playwrights have insight into the unconscious psychology of victimage – as in *Mies Julie* by Yael Farber and *Dimetos* by Athol Fugard where the stereotype of the male sexual object is displaced into the suicidal failure of the female Other, already a collusive female victim, who without knowing it draws on the male ambivalently or quite innocently. This does *not* mean she is “asking for it”! But in *Mies Julie* she *does* both love and hate her lover, so *in this case only*, she produces victimage because she is a *racist* and a *negrophilist* and cannot live with the conflict. But still, why no reparation and redemption? Where is the *pharmakon*, the remedy *for her*? In *Dimetos*, Lydia is the suicidal victim of her uncle’s incestuous sexuality displaced into the sexual pursuer Danilo. Lydia too might

find reparation and redemption through an onstage *pharmakon*, a remedy, rather than becoming a *pharmakos*, a sacrifice. Fugard / Kani / Ntshona's Antigone, because she is rooted in The Struggle, refuses to commit suicide as Sophocles and the myth intended. That is to the credit of a *logos* and a *dianoia* which alters the *mythos* towards a Kantian *a priori* (understood by an intuitive Aristotelian ethic known as *nous*, and as *phronesis*, the ethics of practical wisdom) and the ontology of Being perceived as transcendent and sacred, the fusion of the Sartrean *pour soi* and the *en soi*, not ethically absurd – (thus Aristotle's *sophia*). For all three Aristotelian reasons, and the Kantian reason - human beings are ends in themselves – some *pharmakon* could produce a hopeful catharsis after the purging of terror and pity rather than leading to the direst *pharmakos*.

The theoretical basis of this project is this: there is a dialectic of talk and movement on the stage between people and the kinesic accompaniment through the body and between the “minds” of people. This in Kristeva is *semiosis*, “unconscious” process proceeding from what can be regarded as the female creative unconscious, the “*chora*”. The *chora* and its *semiosis* may be repressed or blocked in *naïf* writing or journalism or propaganda. There may be *signifiante* - (the current signifying situation merely pointing toward but only showing by its absence the *semiosis*). Some characters appear to have no inner depth of feeling, insight, imagination, fantasy, love, will or faith. The *macho* males like the Afrikaner critics of *Shades of Brown* at the Market Theatre in December 1980, find childlike play in adult men embarrassing, laughable or disgusting and cannot see it as a way of exposing the repressed Other in the subject by opening himself to the Other in the other. By contrast other (British and Danish) critics found it at times enthralling. Some were so impressed they did not mention the *mimesis* problem at all and responded to the inherent aesthetic properties of the play as an allegory, and were positive about the creative estrangement in the role-plays, its tension, its working out of the two characters' *peripeteia*. The ideal production for an ideal audience may have been at Cambridge in 1983 when Coloured actors originally from Cape Town impressed with total credibility at Robinson College directed by a South African Liebe Klug. The most hostile reaction came from Pan-Africanists who belaboured the Sherman Theatre Arena's revival of the play at their centre in King Street, London, in 1985 with nationalistic insults about the casting and advised the author as a Jew to live not in South Africa at all but

in (the apartheid state?) of Israel! The American critics and some of the English-speaking South African critics were impressed on the whole but some also has issues with credibility. Again, I must repeat, ironically, the incredible happened within a few years through the negotiations between ANC outcasts and Afrikaner security personnel leading to the ideal of the “Rainbow Nation” – a disappointment though it was, perhaps predictably, since the apartheid regime and white entrepreneurs had not prepared a black professional, managerial, educated, entrepreneurial class in sufficient numbers and with varied enough technical skills to take on the running of a country which hitherto had been the scandal of the civilized world. However by comparison with other post-colonial states in Africa South Africa was a relatively ordered, urbanised industrialised society by virtue of the success of its economic infrastructure despite the monstrous suffering caused by Verwoerdian apartheid and ultimately the non-viability of white supremacy given the demographics of Southern Africa.

The Autobiographical Sources of the Plays and Other Southern African Plays About Disputed Autochthony

The author’s encounter with a conventionally racist Afrikaner step-mother who confirmed the father in his ambivalence about his Jewish self and his manic flight into financially disastrous illusions of wealth, had to do with the father’s evasion of his autochthony in Polish and Lithuanian Tsarist Russia. He, like Van Tonder, had actually lost his identity or put at risk his *aletheia* through *hamartia* – a mistake – tragically so, since his development was compromised by his father’s absence during the crucial attachment period in early childhood. On a small scale his autochthony issue on a vaster scale became the one of the causes of ethnocide and societal breakdown in neighbouring Zimbabwe and this theme is relevant to the portrayal of racial violence in Fraser Grace’s *Breakfast with Mugabe* (2005), in Yael Farber’s *Mies Julie* (2009) and in the author’s plays: who is a Jew, who is an African and what is an Afrikaner?

Psychoanalysis and Creative Writing

The central issue in creative writing may have to do with some of the accessible factors in the creative unconscious. In the writer’s autobiography this can be described as the *abjection* out of the *chora*, the pre-narcissistic symbiosis with the mother who died without the author being able to thank and comfort her, and

subsequently the horror of finding himself stranded as an abject alienated from self and from the loved other, and abjected from the mother-country. Catharsis enables the *ethos*, the character, to purge himself of being a *pharmakos*, a scapegoat, an ostracised victim by becoming a *pharmakon* a homeopathic “poisonous” remedy for himself (painful insight), which issues are sublimated in the plays and which are related to the lost body of the mother and the mother country. The first version of the play *Shades of Brown*, alters the triadic Real, the symbolic and the imaginary in a tragic split within the *semiotic* – the unconscious of Kristeva. The Real may be irrational but if rational can contain the recurring reparative and redemptive which are normal recurrent processes in people socialised in loving attachments. This Real can be used by the therapist to put right the imaginary (the paranoid-schizoid falsely reflective and the persecutory Other) of the “patient” or Other in a allegory of class-race struggle. There are also different and dissonant forms of the *theatricum analyticum* - incompatible kinds of receptive context in the auditorium especially in South Africa and the Africa Centre in London. The second version *Jannie Veldsman* tries to create a compatible form of the Real and a *theatricum analyticum* which is shared. This befits an ideally recurring Real linking in with compatible realms of the other two orders, the imaginary and symbolic creating something jointly shared. The triad, Real, symbolic and imaginary, is based on an overlapping potential. Kristeva’s *semiotic* - the unconscious – is contained by the *chora*, a mysterious state of being at the edge of not-being which contains *creativity*, especially the mother-like creativity of the artist who engenders. This is where the Real, the symbolic and the imaginary have their roots. This concept of the *chora* is amply demonstrated in imaginative writing which is full of authentic rhetorical devices, rhythm, emotional catharsis in the immediate present moment, which is its *signifiante*. *Signifiante* is essentially the vertical axis of the synchronic representing all the Aristotelian dramaturgical elements – those occurring in the present of the drama except *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos* – which is the actual parabolic arc of the plot - and in its *semiosis* which is virtually the horizontal axis on which is situated in its deeper textual layers (the horizontal axis of the diachronic containing the past storing the back-story of *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos*, including the immediate past of what has just happened in the synchronic present). The Aristotelian elements shape the parabolic arc of *mythos* / *dianoia* / *logos* on which *mimesis*, *peripeteia*, *ethos*, *hamartia*, catharsis, *anamnesis*, *anagnorisis*, *lexis*, *melos*, *skene* and *pharmakon* / *pharmakos* impact, changing its

ideal inverted“U”-shaped curve. These elements happen *synchronously* but some may have lodged in the parabola *diachronically* from “back-stories” and what is immediately past on the stage producing a beginning, a rising and a dipping in crises, a meridian and a falling away into a resolved denouement or what Aristotle calls an unravelling. Kristeva’s *semiotic* unconscious comes from the diachronic past but becomes present. The *semiotic* is somewhat free from the usual libidinal stereotypes of the Freudian Id. The creative unconscious contains what is universal to the socialised being in any civilization - what is non-savage in the mundane sense which transcends white, western society. As well, however, Freudian and Kleinian psychoanalysis focus ethically on the creative unconscious within the Platonic *chora*. It presumes a kind of society which encourages the fantasies that facilitate love and reparation which are both *a priori* (lodged in early diachronic attachment experiences) and *zeitgeist* (synchronic) effects. The universality of hate, envy, greed and destructiveness in the depressive reparative Real can be focussed on and channelled to produce an *a priori* moral-aesthetic effect: self-and group-assertion of a moral identity as opposed to projective identification of the hated Other repressed in the subject and projected out and killed or tortured or abused in the real others. To repeat and reinforce my conclusions: this occurs in crises where the diachronic of *semiosis* meets the synchronic of *signifiante*, where from the vertical axis of now impacts on what came and will come from the horizontal axis of then and to be so as to shape *mythos*, *logos* and *dianoia* parabolically and constantly altering the shape of *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos* especially through fascinatingly estranging or de-familiarising events transcending the banal and reaching for the bizarre and the uncanny which touch off the unconscious *semiosis*. This is suggested by the Russian Formalists and the Czech Structuralists. This is the nature of a post-structuralist moral-aesthetic where the reparative Real Other is hated and feared in the self. It is projected and transcended in the Real Other of the self sometimes reaching out to the Other of the other.

The Poetics of *mimesis logos*, *peripeteia*, *mythos* and *dianoia* in detail

In the re-written version of *Jannie Veldsman* Van Tonder is half-aware when the play begins that he is a Coloured man and is almost ready to “turn” as a double-agent against the Special Branch and the military intelligence whose brutality he despises and rejects. Thus the problem of *mimesis* is solved and the *peripeteia* of each character is unencumbered by the original unlikelihood of them ever being together in

the first place. This time Veldsman is not a poor squatter living in a township but on the periphery of the African Resistance Movement and in the orbit of the banned ANC although in a purely formal sense breaking the Group Areas Act by living in a white area, Bellevue East and being in touch with white radicals who have hidden Nelson Mandela there previously. It is 1965, John Harris, has been executed for the ARM bomb attack of the previous year and *this* Van Tonder intuitively very well the ultimate victory of the liberation movements but warns us about the ideological lumber of Marxist-Leninist politics and the brutal Stalinism of psychopathic elements in an ANC which has plans to imprison, torture and execute its own dissidents in a camp in Angola like Quatro. The play ventures into a new synthesis of the personal and the political by “giving back” the adopted brown child or at least allowing Mrs Van Tonder in particular to appear at the end and to visit and “make reparation” to the little girl Sarah Omar now living with her Coloured adoptive parents, as indeed her role-model Sandra Laing was temporarily reunited with her (in reality dying) mother in the Real on which the play was partly based. *Peripeteia* in the *mythos* according to Aristotle’s hypothesis can lead to *anagnorisis* (here used in the modern sense of self-knowledge) and knowledge of the *hamartia* - the original miscalculation rather than emerging directly from a change of *ethos* (character). This happens in the ever-changing present of the play but all the synchronic elements are incorporated into the diachronic and become part of the ultimate shape of the *mythos*, *dianoia* and *logos* which exists on the negative side of the axes as well as the positive and which has an unconscious Real of the horrifically perceived Other of the others “underneath” the two-dimensional graph which expresses the pre-conscious and the conscious or consciousness. The Real constantly comes back *a la* Nietzsche’s eternal recurrence as do the anxieties of traumata and alienation arising from Heideggerian thrownness, facticity and fallen-ness at-hand and to-hand. In Jaspers’ terms Nietzschean nihilism and the irrational Kierkegaardian leap of faith into religious fundamentalism ought to be Encompassed in my *Existenz*, in my empirical psyche which seeks to realise itself beyond its alienation through what Klein identifies as reparation and redemption. Thus the virtual but by no means actual Nothingness of the singularity within which time and space are contained becomes the Being of creative consciousness, the Sartrean *en-soi* becomes a *pour-soi* only in moments of inspiration. This comes from Husserl’s intentionality which is rooted ultimately in classical ontology and Aristotelian and Kantian ethics transcending the *zeitgeist* identified by Hegel, Marx,

Althusser and Gramsci – in the latter two writers as hegemony. Elements of Being which comes into being after thinking the Nothingness that divides and splits the subject and the object is shown also in the absurdism of Pinter and Beckett.

Feminist and masculine psychoanalysis

Since polemic and direct rhetorical appeal seems to repel the aesthetic, and since the theatre is not a class-room or debating chamber, the spectator has to be “caught” looking at what Irigaray calls “the speculum of the Other woman” – a forbidden insight into the private world which is not only reflected out but catches the spectator looking at himself looking at someone else’s secret inside – not literally but psychologically. We are allowed to see the speculum of the Other woman in Mrs Van Tonder’s depression, and we see her husband looking at it, as into the world it reveals of his own literal Coloured features. Feminists like Kristeva, Cixous and Irigaray have supported or contested Jacques Lacan’s understanding of creative and mundane reality as the *phallic* or in Kristeva the *chora* which is the creative and dynamic element in the triad of symbolic, imaginary (paranoid-schizoid in Melanie Klein) and the Real which “returns to itself” and is the “discourse of the Other” in the unconscious of the subject who comes back to himself in Lacan. Kristeva is actually positing a female unconscious in the male artist – the epitome of which might be James Joyce’s and Stephen Mallarmé’s poetic interior monologues which seek union with the *anima*, the female self. The *phallus* is not the penis but the guardian in males and female roles which creates sexuation and the symbolic rather than conventional gender in men and women who may be playing roles at odds with their literal genitality (Wright 23-75). Van Tonder and Veldsman, Pieterse and Dianne, Leonie and Valma, Harry Grossman and the jealously regarded Zulu Paulus are at odds over who guards entry into the realm not of the literal penis, but the validation of their sexuation as the guardian of what is *logos*, ethical truth as against their contestants who guard entry into the creative *chora* the realm of the imaginary from which contest precedes the final symbolic formulation of the Real in a triadic interaction.

Dramatic irony, metaphor and the poetics of myth in the creative unconscious

This is prefigured as *dramatic irony* because irony *plays between* the conscious, the pre-conscious and the unconscious. The innermost secret of tragic downfall lies beyond the *persona*. The mask, the πρόσωπον is at odds with the spoken text and at

odds with the reactions of the other characters and what we know of the emerging back story not yet obvious in the current plot already taking place. The back story depends on the *diachronic* which is in the *langue* the whole unstated but available language repertoire, including in colonial literature the folk-magic which although preventing abstract exploration of the feared unconscious which cannot be conceptualised except in concrete, mythological symbolism in pre-modern thought, is at least available to the writer and critic. At the same time the narrative of political psychoanalysis is in danger of what happened to Wulf Sachs (1947/1968) a Freudian analyst in Johannesburg in the 1940s who is now accused of “psychic vivisection” of a Shona medicine-man to whom he wrongly attributed a Hamlet-type Oedipus complex when he was showing respect towards parental and ancestral figures. Pre-modern orality cannot but be preoccupied with irrational terror and magical persecution through ritual catharsis because as Hammond-Tooke shows, pre-modern orality deals in concrete thinking about the correctness of ritual not in long-term consideration of whether it is embedded in magic. In *dramatic irony* the audience can think in abstract terms: the subject eventually becomes abstractly aware of a pre-conscious or unconscious reference to the *mythos*, the plot, which occurs in the synchronic in *parole*. Part of the intrigue is that *our logos* and *dianoia* catches on to a hidden symbolic or metaphorical implication that situates us in the *theatricum analyticum* which transcends the concrete and the rhetorical. We see behind the mask, we know more than the character, we intuit his fate better than he. We see metaphorical depths to his dilemma in which he is going to drown and we cannot save him. Thus when the Sphinx asks Oedipus (in one of the versions of the riddle) what is it that has four legs, two legs and three legs in the morning, afternoon and evening, she is referring not only to the answer “man”. She is also referring ironically to the fact that when Oedipus moved on four legs as a baby he was the same person as he was when walking on two legs as an adult – *but* that he married the woman who gave him birth as a four-legged crawler, and whose tragedy as self-blinded old man is that he has to be supported by his “stick” Antigone his daughter/sister. That is, he ends his days in *pathos* (suffering) from the guilt incurred when the two-legged entered the womb in which the same four-legged was gestated. His father Laius’ sins of attempted murder of his son and seduction of a young pupil are introjectively punished in Oedipus himself by blinding and getting Creon to exile him, but Sophocles’ narrative has an unconscious deep text for audiences who know Oedipus’s *further unstated*

tragedy: he never has a revelation of how additionally tragic is his self-punishment because he punishes himself *twice* for his father's sin and for his own *hamartia*. This additional burden of sin Sophocles suppressed – assuming he knew the myth of Chysippus. Ironically the author had to confront the autobiographically perceived father's "sin" of Holocaust denial which hurt him *doubly*: as well as enduring his fatal re-marriage and further financial disaster he felt additionally punished and ashamed on his father's behalf. The father's magical involvement with the fantasy of Christ as his brother prevented his analysis of his failure to attach to *his* absent father (the author's paternal grandfather) away from Poland and Lithuania in South Africa. Pincus Piekarsky, a grand-uncle or cousin was deported from the Polish village to a death-camp, probably Sobibor a few miles away whilst the autobiographical father went on praying to a Christ in whose name the Poles and Russian speakers had been persecuting Jews since they arrived from Germany in the medieval period to live in the Tsarist Pale of Settlement. At least forty cousins, grand-uncles and grand-aunts were murdered in the Holocaust which the father blamed on the Jews for not getting out in time and for whom he had no sympathy – with a callousness that could have only come from a self-hating Jew now triumphantly situated in the Christian camp. In some sense Veldsman is the murdered Christ and well as the rebellious Jew, thus "overdetermined" by the author's creative motivation in relation to the (ironically) crucifying father who is perceived as betraying him. This psycho-biography gives intentionality to the aesthetic whilst it has to stand on its own feet in terms of the artistic characteristics demanded by Aristotle and post-structuralist critical theory.

The Poetics and the Real in *The Cape Orchard*.

In *The Cape Orchard*, a complete re-write of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, each of the three women becomes an Other for each other woman. The play reveals a differing pattern of *peripeteia*, *anamnesis* and *anagnorisis* concerning three different patterns of *hamartia* born of a change in circumstances with the coming of the honeymoon period of the new South Africa. Dianne Cupido initially hopes for a Russian type revolution which will sweep the whites away and relieve her of her life of poverty and deprivation. She verbally abuses her mistress Leonie De Villiers who has herself neglected her adoptive mixed-race daughter Valma, who in turn has taken refuge in a reactionary white identity through which she can belabour her mother –

perceived by Valma as an insubstantial actress on the London stage. Jan Pieterse, meanwhile is a rock-like foundation for the re-formation of the bankrupt winery and vineyards as a cooperative. He draws in Boetie Koekemoer and the Coloured and African workers, succeeds in getting a mortgage (known in South Africa as a bond) from the local bank and its Dutch Reformed Church manager. He is aware late in 1989 of the *détente* approaching between the ANC and the De Klerk government, and creates an atmosphere of what may be called rooted solidarity.

At last Valma, in this rewritten 2012 version, can admit the sexual nature of her love for her brother Gerry who, apart from this affair in their adolescence, was gay, had the HIV virus and committed suicide in police detention. He was depressed by what he had seen on his military service not only to do with the atrocities of the white army, but of the torture and executions practiced by the ANC at their detention camp for their own dissidents, Quatro, in Angola.

Finally, Dianne Cupido hears of the mutilation and death of her own son Arnold at the hands of black vigilantes working hand in glove with the reactionary white police and army. Yet, despite these tragedies, Jan Pieterse and Leonie De Villiers marry, social and sexual apartheid having been abolished by the P.W.Botha regime whilst the workers of the “Vreudje” cooperative sing songs celebrating the end of white dictatorship in South Africa.

The speculum of the Other woman reveals that Dianne, Valma and Leonie have secrets to do with the love and loss they have suffered - the fruit of the womb and the fruit that a forbidden love could not produce. In their abjection, the death of their children and a brother, they can nevertheless climb back into the world again out of the black sun of melancholy which threatened to extinguish their lives along with Gerry's and Arnold's.

The Poetics and the Real in *The Zulu and the Zeide*.

In *The Zulu and the Zeide*, the reversal – an adventure into Johannesburg city on the part of an old Jewish man and his Zulu carer produces an ultimately fatal episode of heart disease. This *peripeteia* also reveals the love that can occur between men of diverse backgrounds. There is a revelation that the Encompassing or fate can create an epiphany if we see it working even “absurdly” so that in the Zeide's last prayer to

heaven, a child is acknowledged – a nephew of the Zeide was saved from the Holocaust. This is seen by the dying old Zeide as a most significant event in a person's life *as long as it is communicated to a significant Other*.

What are funny – the adventures in the Amazon jungle and the incontinence in the synagogue on the holiest day of the year – are also tragic, humiliating, demeaning and expensive for those who don't see these events as jokes.

What is common to this play and the Jacobson story is that the reversal – the *peripeteia*, happens to the Zeide's long-suffering and embittered son when he realizes that the Zulu is an immigrant to the city like the Jew from Lithuania, hoping for a better life for wife and children. The Zulu is in a similar position to himself – and this recognition – *anagnorisis* - produces Harry Grossman's – and our - catharsis of grief.

Recovering from the disillusion of South Africa's "Brave New World"

In all three plays there is hope that the young and the living will learn from the dead and the old, and that everyone who is what Aristotle calls better than average in *ethos* can have an apotheosis, or an epiphany, a hypostasis of both ethics and identity however full of pitiable terror are the circumstances of recent and present-day Southern Africa.

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Time and Being) in a poetic love for his niece Lydia. His “introjected” mother’s spiritualisation of passion *attempts* to take religion away from Afrikaner racist Puritanism and Calvinism. In *Dimetos* there is, however, deep guilt over incestuous feelings. Dimetos’ purely poetic evocation of Lydia is partly the cause of her suicide. She has hanged herself because of her uncle’s voyeurism expressed indirectly through the overt sexual advances of his friend and visitor Danilo. Dimetos becomes increasingly mad as he tries to build a machine which will stop Time (and Being) and bring Lydia back or banish his agonising memory of her. In the reality of the very respectable Port Elizabeth lower-middle class white family of origin sexuality between blood-relatives has had to be sublimated and incest is never consciously present and never enacted in his relationship to his beloved daughter Lisa *but* may be there *unconsciously* according to Fugard himself as recorded by Vandembroucke (*op.cit.*) In terms of this critical theory Mrs Fugard (senior) is the absent presence in *Dimetos* who displaces Dimetos’s incestuous libido so that it is felt but never enacted except unconsciously by Danilo. It is experienced by Lydia subliminally as having its source not in Danilo but in Dimetos with catastrophic results after she and Dimetos rescue a horse fallen into a well. Dimetos uses pulleys and ropes which Lydia has to tie round the horse. She lies naked on the animal’s back because her dress would become so soaked with mud that she would not be able to negotiate the well and soothe and tranquillise the horse with her body. This image precipitates the *hamartia* of subliminally felt incestuous sexuality in Dimetos and shocks Lydia into disillusion with her previously innocent love for her uncle and causes her to hang herself using a knot in a rope taught to her by Dimetos the engineer. Dimetos and Sophia his housekeeper are then expelled by the local villagers from their remote house and like Antigone he is not even allowed to bury her body on their land for superstitious reasons. He was a *pharmakon* for them, now he is a *pharmakos*.

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conviction for the assault and the kidnapping of the boy Stompie Moegetsi Seipei who was murdered by her driver Jerry Richardson. Richardson was sentenced to death – later commuted to life imprisonment. All these details including the inquest on Seipei's death are confirmed in Emma Gilbey's biography which also investigates Mrs Mandela's early years including the conflicts in the family of her parents Columbus and Gertrude Madikizela who subjected Winnie to regular thrashings for fighting, and the influence of her paternal grandmother Makhulu who openly hated her mixed-race daughter-in-law and called her a European – one of those who were thieves who stole amaPondo land.

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sources such as Marais (1939/1968) pp. 13-31 who also refers to *The Record* it appears that Boer farmers were assisted by Khoi-Khoi / European “Bastaard” pastoralists armed with muskets and on horseback. The issues were access to land regarded as hunting and gathering grounds by the San and grazing and agricultural land by the Boers and “Bastaards”. San tactics involved stealing Boer and “Bastaard” cattle *en masse*, eating what they could and killing or mutilating what they could not immediately consume since unlike the Hottentots and the African tribes they were not pastoralists and had no facilities with which to keep stolen cattle. Boers and Hottentots, both pastoralists could negotiate with the African tribes about stolen cattle and vice versa but there was not such common culture with the hunter-gatherer San who killed, ate and mutilated the remained stolen cattle as an act of war and so they were seen as vermin to be exterminated or enslaved and trained from an early age in which case they apparently became excellent herders. Captured adult male San were regarded as untrainable whereas young women and children could be used or domesticated. Old San men and women were regarded as useless and murdered. The resistant fighting San men whose poison arrows were feared were no match for a Boer or a Bastaard on a horse with a musket. Traps were also used with tobacco as bait. This whole scene is vividly described by Coetzee with apparent historical verisimilitude in his novella (1983 b pp. 51-125). Surviving San were later emancipated and together with Malay (Indonesian) slaves, Khoi-Khoi (Hottentots), “Bastaards” and other negro or Bantu-speaking imported slaves, became part of what the segregationists and the apartheid regime designated as the Coloured people, many of whom according to Conning (1998) retain this identity - one created by a history different from the chronicle of the black African-American past which regards anyone with any evident African-American genetic past as black whatever their colour, class, culture or currently assumed identity. Marks (1972) discussed the prolonged resistance of the KhoiSan, that is, the Hottentots and the Bushmen in the 18th century, to this mass extermination, which was an attempted genocide when it was not also an enslavement of the relatively few survivors thereby rendered harmless to the victors – Boers and “Bastaards”.

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book Heidegger equated the Nazi atrocities with the atrocities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima and technology's atrocious record in destroying the environment everywhere. This equation, Faye makes clear, is in itself an atrocious argument. But Wolin makes a distinction between what is tainted in Heidegger and acknowledges that some of Heidegger's writing is part and parcel of the critique of post-modernity and thus part of the discourse of critical theory and post-colonialism. Faye (2009) maintains the whole of Heidegger is tainted and in his foreword to his book makes the point that Heidegger's family exercise close control over access to Heidegger's unambiguously pro-Nazi writing and seminar teaching. Observers suggest that this teaching and writing was part and parcel of his ambition to be a guiding spirit in Hitler's Nazi state in which he failed and this is the reason why he resigned the rectorship of Freiburg University after being in it for a year – 1933-1934, *not* that he was ashamed of his quite clearly pro-Nazi seminars and his notorious rectorial inaugural speech. Sartre believed that Heidegger was not a Nazi activist. Sartre owed a great deal to Heidegger's philosophy when Sartre wrote *Being and Nothingness* and on these grounds alone Heidegger's contribution to philosophy and critical theory should be positively acknowledged. Derrida's position was that Heidegger deconstructed language – barbarically perhaps – in order to *see through it*. George Steiner's Fontana Modern Master's *Heidegger* is adamant in totally rejecting Heidegger's ethics and politics, his most appalling and unrepentant Nazism, his refusal to apologise for his pro-Hitlerism and his refusal to acknowledge and apologise for and thus his implicit collusion with the Holocaust. Steiner acknowledges the validity of Heidegger's return to ontology and a kind of philosophical anthropology of modernism and post-modernism as well as his valid phenomenological understanding of anxiety, courage, absurdity and so on which Steiner does *not* equate with an identification with the Nazi state. The Nazi state was certainly not anticipated when the *Being and Time* was being prepared after 1918 although Nazism as a political force was very evident when it was published a few years later in 1927. Mary Warnock regards the whole of the existentialist project as an attempt to awaken us to an awareness of our freedom by the creation of a certain mood but criticizes it for its ethical vacuity, which is why Sartre goes from existentialism to Marxism. She and the other writers I mention acknowledge Husserl's phenomenology as an important element in existentialism. Jaspers' who protected his Jewish wife from the Nazis detested Heidegger for his opportunism and recuperated existentialism for philosophy and a humanist psychiatry. I take from Jaspers' stress on the transcendent or the encompassing that nothing in it entails Jaspers' Catholicism. Nor does Jaspers himself assert that what is transcendent is necessarily anything more than a commitment to a definite horizon or frame of reference locating a set of cognitive, philosophical and ethical parameters. These are threefold: being myself (my moral and psychological development), being in itself (empiricism) and being as such (a religious or a secular ontology). Jaspers assumes as a given the ethics of the Occidental and Oriental "axial ages" which produced a humanist ethics in ancient Greece, Palestine and in India. Jaspers understands Kierkegaard and Nietzsche as the true forefathers of existentialism but regards them as too isolated as individuals to be taken as role-models either in their a-social ways of life or in terms of their views – their total rejection of what became post-modernism.

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GLOSSARY, TECHNICAL TERMS AND DISCURSIVE DEFINITIONS

A priori – from the Latin “from before”. A philosophical principle known intuitively, implicitly: thus in Kant’s ethics it has to be understood that as a first principle I should try to treat the other (but what about the unpredictable Other subject?) as an end in him/herself without which there cannot be society. I expect the other subject to treat me accordingly without which reciprocity there can be no mutual ethics – but what if the Other in me seek to behave opportunistically or by a contradictory *zeitgeist* ethics (q.v)? *Zeitgeist* morality acknowledges the possible *aporia* (q.v.) of Otherness which negates Kantian ethics and aesthetics historically, interculturally and certainly in an irreparably fractured post-modernism. In Kant’s aesthetics there is the sublime, awe-inspiring beauty of nature, and a well-proportioned garden known, *a priori*, as a source of “disinterested” aesthetic pleasure? What of “distinterested” aesthetic addiction and propaganda aesthetics? Is the morality associated with the bourgeois or aristocratic Enlightenment really *a priori*? An *a priori* moral-aesthetic in drama is always already contradicted by the very multiplicity of a million different possible *zeitgeist* drama aesthetics evident everywhere in the post-modern condition which negates all master-narratives according to Lyotard (1974). Yet *a priori* assumes that a tragic-fall through mistakes and unknowing *should* involve the possibility of redemption and reparation, given the initial *a priori* applying to the Other and the other subjects who *should* be recuperated, that is rescued from post-modernism into Habermas’s (1985) unfinished project of the Enlightenment which, it might be argued is the modernism of the Frankfurt School: Adorno speaks of “no poetry after Auschwitz”, Marcuse of “one-dimensional man” under capitalism, Fromm of “the fear of freedom”. Only the post-Freudian Melanie Klein (Steuermann 2000) seeks reparation and redemption by means of the psychoanalysis of depression and paranoia which underly the creative impulse. Aristotle’s ethics still constitute taken-for-granted aristocratic, noble, temperate, courageous and liberal behaviour – is this ludicrously impossible in the post-modern condition? Modern psychological research suggests that altruism which has the look and sound of a universal Enlightenment transcendent can encompass the subject/object split through a learned culture. Such cultural norms are implicit in Melanie Klein’s psychology. Altruism also happens in learning as researched by empirical developmental psychology and may be brought about by the mutual modelling effects of attachment figures with and on the child (Bowlby 1971, Bowlby 1981, Rutter 1981, Rutter and Rutter 1993). The absolutism of the old Hegel has to give way. Even if we abandon the *a priori* ethic, the content of altruistic social learning is in consonance with a *particular* Hegelian *zeitgeist* ethics and aesthetics which are derived in a relativistic form from a *particular* “spirit of the time”. This content evolves by dialectical interaction over a *benign* historical process. Certainly even in Hegel there are more or less approachable values. Why otherwise does he laud Greek art being on a human scale as compared with the oppressive and huge monstrosity of Egyptian and Persian sculpture? Athenian society had evolved through trade, education, politics and law to produce the humanistic scale of all its arts partly because it allowed democracy and the emergence of the individual but avoided the a-social *idiot* (the incomprehensible individual in the Greek *polis*). The ethics and aesthetics of Greek and modern drama are interfusions of *a priori* and *zeitgeist* ethics and aesthetics - *pace* Peter Zima’s (1999) philosophy of the aesthetic where the two are inseparable and indeterminate – i.e. are not determined but subject to

various eclectic fusions in the post-modern condition. This philosophy questions but allows a return to the Enlightenment as Habermas's "unfinished project" which is in contrast to the *anomie* and shattered nature of the post-modern condition of Lyotard's famous work of that name.

Abject – a special usage developed by the French/Bulgarian philosopher, linguist, psychoanalyst and novelist, Julia Kristeva in *Powers of Horror – An Essay on Abjection* (1982). In abjection the relation breaks down between self and other or between self and objects, giving rise to feelings of extreme disgust, loathing, nausea, horror, fear, pollution, taboo. The ultimately horrifying is the corpse, but also situations like treachery, betrayal, moral disgust, abandonment. The child is "abjected" from its symbiosis (merging) with the mother's body and it is the child's emotional identification as having to, but not wanting to, separate from the parental attachment figure and a threatened familial and socio-religious culture, which may be a primary cause of the fear of freedom or existential anxiety. In racism and revolutionary and counter-revolutionary terror and genocide, the political Other becomes *abjective* to the racist and to the perpetrator of human rights abuses. Without a Kleinian ethical psychology of love, hate and reparation Kristeva's concept is philosophically and psychologically lacking. Kristeva draws back from Klein's ethics but re-states Klein indirectly in her theory of a post-*chora*, a post-narcissistic theory of child development, Kristeva attributes to the religious cult of the Virgin and Child a psychological significance which implies an ethology or psychology of attachment which developmental psychologists understand as a precondition for ethical and personal normality within society, This transcends gender-politics and class-politics. Her meditation "Stabat Mater" (in Kristeva / Moi 1986: pp. 160-186) interweaves a poetic personal text of love for her nursing child with a history of the cult of the Virgin in Catholic mysticism. This celebrates attachment as an ethical given. Her novel *Possession* is about the murder of a good-enough mother of a deaf child with special needs. She and his therapist meet those needs most adequately, but the mother is surrounded by envy, opportunism, greed, resentment. She is killed by a whole collection of people who want what she has got. Gloria has become their symptom. But implicitly *abjection* is something to be transcended in Kristeva by a religious or culturally consonant devotion to the idea of the Mother and Child. What decency is there in the fascist Van Tonder? There is an island of attachment to his wife and his child. Dianne Cupido's agony on the death of Arnold is meaningless without a universal acceptance of mother-son attachment transcending the abjective disgust she feels at how the De Villiers have treated her.

Absurd – in existentialism (in Kierkegaard and in Camus' *The Myth of Sisyphus*) there is no ultimately logical basis for the courage needed to assert the faithful will. Chance, arbitrary fate, being lucky or unlucky (ironically Lucky is the name of the victim of soul-murder in *Godot*). *Anomie* (q.v.) produces the *aporia* (q.v.) of the civilized condition. Even Jesus calls on God from the cross to ask why he has been abandoned. In existentialism the anxiety produced by the constant threat of absurdity reveals through despair or *angst* our tenuous relationship to Being about which our consciousness suggests that we are separated from it and each other by an abyss of unknowing over which we try to

construct a transcendent, an encompassing, and only then does suicide become less convincing than commitment.

Aletheia - from the Greek, showing of the truth, or in Heidegger "unconcealedness" which shows itself in authentic Being-in-the-world and Being-with-Others and is illuminated in its own "phenomenal" (self-showing) light. Heidegger's ethical vacuum (concerning his Nazi Party membership and in his philosophy) begs the question: "Surely ethics should circumscribe truth in the first place?" Yet, before Heidegger, no one had fused the poetic mysticism of the idea of personal being showing itself in terms of its own phenomenal "inscape", to use Gerard Manley Hopkins' term, with a philosophy of personal *logos* – *truthful being oneself*.

Anagnorisis - from the Greek, and in the *Poetics* - recognition: Oedipus realises *he is the man* the Delphic oracle predicted would kill his father and marry his mother and all his efforts to escape the curse are in vain. Only after testimony from the shepherds who saved him from death in infancy following his abandonment by his biological parents (who were told of the curse) and following his adoption by the King and Queen of Corinth does he realise he is the sinful man he is looking for who has caused the diseases and plagues infecting Thebes. In the author's modern drama *anagnorisis* is a more general recognition of savagery in civilization and civilization in what the colonialist deems as savagery. There may be other forms of *self*-recognition but this is crucial in the multi-racial Southern African contexts of the three/four plays.

Anamnesis – from the Greek, re-call, a significant remembering, even of a previous existence or existential state, subject to repression, suppression and distortion by rationalisation and the other mechanisms of defence of the ego, like denial, reaction-formation and projection. Traumatic memories can be rescued from amnesia and sublimated in art or worked through in free association, dreaming and play.

Anomie – in the sociologist Emil Durkheim the breakdown of norms and values with a mobile, urban, industrialised capitalist system.

Aporia – a state of doubt or logical contradiction which makes argument and action impossible, difficult or puzzling, typical of the liberal dilemma in a post-modern world threatened by *anomie*, loss of traditional ethical and aesthetic norms when faced with fundamentalism, totalitarianism, societal breakdown requiring a return to the classical Enlightenment. The incompatibilities of rival oral-cultures and an oral-culture at odds with a scientific writing-culture deconstructs the implicit Chorus's coherence. There is no transcendent appeal to pity to hold terror at bay so as to produce an Aristotelian catharsis. By contrast in Nietzsche the nihilist advocates joy in destruction through the assertion of the will of the free spirit as the source of cleansing in the catharsis of modern tragedy. In Farber's *Mies Julie* there is a triumphant finale after a catharsis of terror: John's child is killed in the womb when Mies Julie stabs her uterus with a sickle. The sickle and the white *baas's* gun accompany John's final dance of survival. Kierkegaard's faith although "absurd" (q.v.) produces a tragic-comic resurrection in Fugard's *Hello and Goodbye* and the hope of resurrection in the

morning's spring in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. But Estragon does not remember. Vladimir continues to hope that one of the thieves will be saved. Lucky becomes dumb and Pozzo blind but Lucky's soul-murder is now transcended by his sight – his vision – transcending Mr Godot's failure to rescue them from *aporia*. Lucky now leads Pozzo towards the light about which he was so lyrical in his previous incarnation.

Arete – from the Greek: virtue important in Aristotle's *Nicomachean* and *Eudemian Ethics* intertwined with being happy – *eudemonia* (q.v.)

Autochthony – the state of being an original inhabitant or descended from the original inhabitants of a land or country or region as illustrated in the ancient Greek myth of Erichthonios who was born from the earth in Athens and was its founding father. He was brought up by the virgin goddess Athena whom Hephaestus the smith-god tried to rape when she came to him for weapons. Athena wiped the would-be rapist's semen off her thigh with wool and threw the wool on the ground where it inseminated the earth which gave birth to Erichthonios. Athena herself was born fully-armed out of the forehead of Zeus the king of the gods. Modern ideologies of nationalism and of ethnic and of religious origin are similarly bolstered by mythical elaborations of justified or gratuitous claims to authentic autochthony. Autochthony may be problematical since the really autochthonous may have been massacred by later conquerors or assimilated by subsequent immigrant groups. Settlers may have competing narratives of autochthony which stress their own contribution to local civilization and the settler may ignore their exploitation of the indigenous – as in Southern Africa – and in other colonial and anti-colonial discourses in the Americas, the Middle East and the Far East. See the Appendix on the challenge by the Pan-Africanists at the Africa Centre to the autochthony of the author as a Jew, performing a Cape Coloured who should not have been at all mixed race but should have been characterised as, and played by, an African, whereas the Jew has no place at all in South Africa but should go to Israel although the Palestinians are in fact as much or more autochthonous by about 1500 years than western Jews whose autochthony has been interrupted. The Palestinians may very have been Jews converted to Islam in the 7th century CE (Sand 2009). And the Coloureds contain an element of the Cape San (the /Xam) who preceded the Bantu-speakers arriving from about 500-1500 CE by forty thousand years (see Donald Moodie *The Record* and the introductory chapters in Wilson and Thompson 1969 Vol. I).

Being – in Sartre “Being is. Being is in itself. Being is what it is” Being includes Being-in-itself – the totality of empirical being – and Being-for-itself – the being of the human subject. In order to think about my being I have to suspend for the time being knowledge of Being in itself - my and the world's empirical being. Being is objective and all-embracing. Existence is individual and subjective. (Sartre / Barnes 1943 / 2003: p 650)

Catharsis - from the Greek, and one of the elements in Aristotle's *The Poetics* traditionally the sympathetic therapeutic purging of the audience's feelings of terror and pity on behalf of a character who is afflicted in tragedy. Catharsis can also work through redemption and reparation which transcends the tragedy

and gives it a meaningful ending. Catharsis operates in the *significance* of the changing *skene* in a parabolic looping of the *mythos* representing crises ending in the *denouement*.

Chora – from the Greek. In Plato’s *Timaeus* the receptacle presumed as a precondition for being and consciousness but which is an hypothesis and without divinity. In Julia Kristeva (1984) the *chora* is the holding power within the Freudian unconscious which she calls the *semiotic* which is able to use artistic and rhetorical tropes and figures by means of displacement and condensation. It contains the potential for rhetorical figuration like metaphor and metonymy and is a positive source of rhythm and creativity. Post-chora starts after about four months and leads to the Lacanian mirror stage in the first eighteen months as a result of which the child and later the adult experiences him/herself as reflected by the other and is delighted by assuming narcissistically that this reflection is true rather than a reversed reflection and therefore alienating as a false image of the subject - as an Other to the other and to an extent an Other to the subject (equivalent to the paranoid-schizoid or omnipotent stage in Melanie Klein). The *chora* and the *semiotic* are constantly accessed by the artist in adulthood and encompass all later experiences sublimated in the reparative and redemptive processes of art in the partly depressive Real as shown in the Kleinian aesthetics of Stokes and Ehrenzweig. Veldsman lives in the author’s mother’s musician’s *chora* echoing with Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, and when acted brings alive the feminine motherliness in men as psychotherapists. The whole play was written in a shed replicating the rooms of the African domestic workers where the author’s “real” father-figure (who was both mother and father and playmate) Peter Ngubane lived – inside the psychological space of a benignly projected good object, a kind of male uterine space, a *chora* called by D.W. Winnicott “potential space” meaning potent space.

Dasein – from the German: “Being-There” or better “Here-Being” to describe the existential, irreducible fact of the human being who is able to question the subject’s actual physical and psychological being-in-the-world supposedly unlike other creatures and objects, making the human subject unique. *Dasein* is undermined by sheer “facticity” – my past - and “fallen-ness” – my absurd “given-ness” - producing a sense of philosophical absurdity and inherent guilt in Heidegger giving rise to existential anxiety. Being bestowed with freedom makes me essentially guilty. Metaphysics is deconstructed into what is immediately to hand - *zuhanden* (q.v) and available somewhere at hand - *vorhanden* (q.v.), the split which echoes Descartes’ body-mind split. What is immediately to hand like a hammer, or even a computer becomes part of me. I am not alone in my mind as in Descartes shut off from my being-in-the-world which is my body-in-the-material-world. But what is at hand somewhere has to be expertly accessed thus giving technology or cognitive learning or scientific knowledge or the prospect of mass-society an overwhelming inhuman aspect. This, not the body-mind split is the gap or void or abyss of existential terror which plagues western man. This split is addressed by the Greek Golden Mean of moderation in ethics, politics, economics and art, and the Golden Rule(s) in Judaism: Rabbi Hillel the Elder’s: “What is hateful to you, do not do to others” and “If I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am for myself only, what am I? If not now, when?” This ethics has to fight for technology on a human scale available to those who are skilled

and effective – thus metaphysics become pragmatic action in the world or the presence of an overwhelming alienating world.

Depressive stage – from Freud’s theory of mourning and in Melanie Klein: in infantile development and in the creative process the subject may or may not realise s/he has tried to internally destroy the lost loved object or lost attachment figure in the subject’s rage. When the self-punishing depression or period of mourning is over s/he feels s/he wants to make reparation in relation to the lost love object or other person, or even obtain control of unattainable Other-ness in the other. Developed in Adrian Stokes’ and Anton Ehrenzweig’s theories of art. Long periods of creative incubation expressed as depression lead the artist to emerge. S/he can then give shape and form to a drama that otherwise descends into entropic chaos.

Dianoia – from the Greek – originally included in Plato as deduction but also inductive discourse, argument organised around the ethical, philosophical, aesthetic and ideological standpoints of those discoursing as to what they regard as *logos* – the essentially truthful word. In Kristeva this is incorporated into what she calls the *semiotic* (q.v.) which is based on the genetic potential for structured linguistic meaning influenced by the unconscious *chora*. The autobiographical mother’s discourse as an orthodox Jew is internalised as the author’s, Veldsman’s and Pieterse’s *mythos*. The *chora* itself cannot be defined but is intuited as containing the receptacle of conscious being. The *semiotic* contains definable good or bad or ambivalent but potentially creative “introjected objects” of the *semiotic* concerning which characters discourse but only in the *signifiante* of a situation. They often unconsciously project *signifiante* in the absence of the *semiotic* flow which has to be known as such. The Theban Trilogy and the typical South African play are soaked in competing *dianoia* – discourses serving as *pharmakon* and creating a *pharmakos* (q.v.).

Ego – in Freud the conscious, managing self, the “I” which negotiates between the Id, the “It” (biological need and desire). The Id is gradually socialised by the Ego to defer gratification in the interests of the social good represented by the internalised parents who also speak to and control the Id through the voice of conscience, the Super-Ego which may be punishing. More benign is the Ego-Ideal which offers positive socialised goals based on benign internalised role-models. The psychopathic person lacks the Super-Ego and the Ego-Ideal. In non-neurotic people the Ego-Ideal is not punishing, but uses the Ego to offset the instinctual aims of the Id. The psychotic ego is overwhelmed by one or other, or an unstable mixture of these agencies of the personality so that the repressed unconscious Id regresses back into a dreamlike unconscious in an uncontrolled way producing the concrete thinking of the small child where formal abstract cognition is displaced and disrupted.

Encompassing – the term used by Karl Jaspers to refer to transcendent thinking which takes into account Being in itself (*en-soi* in Sartre) and for itself in me (*pour-soi* in Sartre). It can Encompass my *Existenz* (my constantly dynamic search for authenticity and justice). It Encompasses my empirical *psyche* (myself as object of myself and my positivist psychology). It Encompasses my “spirit”, my consciousness and my desire to integrate and enlarge my experience of myself

in the Real world. It Encompasses my reason used in the classical sense limiting the absurdity of Kiekegaard's faith and Nietzsche's eternal return and will to power which are the irrationalist and dangerous horizons of modernity and post-modernity that go beyond reason. Sartre despairs of the Encompassing in the split between the in-itself and the for-itself but Jaspers, the philosopher / psychiatrist tries to understand the hopefulness of this despair through commitment to the Encompassing which is in *my* being in Being and can set limits to Being *itself* although Being is also infinite. Pieterse in *The Cape Orchard* is both an existentialist and a practical businessman with a philosophy degree from pre-apartheid Cape Town University. There Athol Fugard was taught by a Catholic existentialist Professor Martin Versfeld as Pieterse might have been, a university which produced other intellectuals like Richard Rive, the novelist and where J.M.Coetzee taught.

Episteme – In ancient Greek “science” but in Michel Foucault a term for the ideological/cultural construct system of a particular age – e.g. the nineteenth and twentieth century medical model of psychiatric disorder as compared with the medieval “ship of fools”. In Aristotle “science” combines with *nous* (intuitive wisdom) to produce intellectual virtue in *sophia* (interpretative systemic knowledge) and *phronesis* which is practical wisdom and becomes the basis of his ethics. Pieterse has *nous*, *sophia* and *phronesis*.

Ethos – from the Greek “character” unlike the modern usage which refers to cultural milieu. What grips the audience according to the *Poetics* is not *ethos* as such but how the *hamartia* in *ethos* is caught up in *mythos* – will Veldsman survive, will *The Cape Orchard* be saved? Will the Zeide have his epiphany or apotheosis before he dies and will the Zulu be able to cope with him and solve his own problems? Their characteristic strengths are balanced against their characteristic mistake-making – *hamartia*. The first Veldsman is brave but imprudent: an alternative *mythos* might have been that he should have finally killed Van Tonder before Van Tonder killed him. Dianne Cupido is full of hate and resentment – experienced by the disadvantaged son leading to his fatal militancy which kills him - but this is balanced and restrained by Pieterse's experience and wisdom.

Eudemonia – from the Greek – “happiness” in Aristotle's ethics “virtue through happiness” and “happiness through virtue”. This becomes a *logos* - truth , *anagnorisis* - recognition and *anamnesis* – remembering and recognising the effect of the past, fate, the “gods” or “God” – for which atheism and the absurd in modern existentialism are an Encompassing substitute. The first Veldsman dies absurdly in a godless world in the first play. He is Encompassed by a creative vision of psychotherapy which he realises only too late is imprudent in the first play but feasible in the second version with another Van Tonder who has already half-turned towards self-liberation when the play starts. In that there is the virtue of happiness and the happiness of virtue.

Existence - concrete, individual being here and now, and in Sartre existence precedes essence. *Existenz* - from the German - is the constant change of my being in the world especially my search for authenticity and ethically *a priori* justice through wisdom - *nous*, *phronesis* and *sophia*. *Existenz* touches on *geist*

which is part of my “spiritual” quest to enlarge my empirical psyche in accordance with the classical and Enlightenment ethic and the aesthetic in Karl Jaspers’ existentialism. Jaspers seeks to contain and limit the fundamentalist absurdity of Kierkegaard’s leap into religious myth and the nihilism of Nietzsche. These two are the baleful prophets of post-modernist *anomie*, the *aporia* the parameters of which they foretold long before Lyotard’s classic formulation of the post-modern condition. The first Veldsman’s *Existenz* is barely under control but the second Veldsman returns to the Enlightenment and its ethics.

Facticity – in Heidegger and Sartre my facticity is my connection with my past, present and future destiny, which I do not wholly choose but within which I have some freedom despite the fact that my facticity turns out to be absurd in Camus if I lack courage in considering suicide and death. In Jaspers my empirical self enables me to say in what way I exist - transcendently overcoming and including my facticity. Being-myself and the empirical thing-in-itself and Being-in-itself are different paradigms of the subject and the world.

Fallen-ness – I am thrown into the world and take part in it, in Camus because of my absurd contingencies. Vertigo, nausea, disgust at the abject and the inauthentic accompany my fallen-ness.

Formalism (and Structuralism) - the twentieth century Russian and Czech schools of linguistics which discovered prevailing formalistic structures in folktales and fictional *genres*, especially estrangement techniques, surreal and fantastic sudden happenings, or narrative points of view (like the dead or animals telling the story) which shake the text out of over-familiar banality and cliché. Both the Veldsmans transform themselves into protean shapes which attempt to defy cliché. At the same time *parole/synchronic* and *langue/diachronic* are the two formal structural axes of language which are influenced by the oral culture manifesting in the informal here and now dialogue as compared with the historic writing culture of the language as it derives from past usage and richer connections of meaning. These are submerged as absent presences in literary texts of depth as compared to texts which are banal manifestations of the contemporary. The *mythos* – the plot – is impacted by the key Aristotelian dramaturgical poetic processes (*peripeteia*, *hamartia*, *anagnorisis*, etc.) as it moves through an arc composed of the connected series of fateful events informed by *logos* (q.v.) and *dianoia* (q.v.) which intensify and complicate the action until a climax is reached and the unravelling or denouement puts an end to the tragedy or comedy in empathetic cleansing or joyful celebration.

Hamartia – from the Greek – faulty aim or mistake, often understood as a fault in character. Oedipus makes the mistake of become insensate with anger because Laius’ chariot does not give way at the crossroads to his own chariot, and kills the man he does not know is his father and others in his party although it is Laius who attacks Oedipus first of all. In a Freudian extension of the myth Laius’ anger is perhaps a displacement from his guilt over his seduction of Chrysippus, his charioteering pupil of whom he is reminded when he sees a youngish Oedipus in a chariot perhaps of about Chrysippus’ age had Chrysippus not committed suicide. This part of the myth – *the projective identification onto*

Oedipus from Chrysippus unconsciously introjected in Laius is absent from Sophocles' Theban Trilogy although possibly known to Euripides who wrote a now lost play *Chrysippus*. Nor does Oedipus investigate the circumstances of Jocasta's widowhood. His fault is rashness, impulsiveness. He is imprudent and his pride – *hubris* - comes before a fall. Sophocles does not enquire concerning the earlier life of Laius which was partly sinful in that he seduced or raped a charioteering pupil, a prince with whom he was in love and who hanged himself for shame. *Hamartia* operates on the vertical axis of *signifiante* (*parole / synchronic*) but has done so in the *semiosis* (*langue / diachronic*) of the horizontal axis in the past, throwing the *mythos* of the life-story out of shape but corrected by *anamnesis*, *anagnorisis* and *catharsis* impacting on the arc of the *mythos* from positions emanating from both axes. Leonie De Villiers tries to correct her neglectful mothering of Valma and Gerry by making up for her *hamartia* in her new marriage and in a new, stronger parenting role shared with a new husband Pieterse.

Haskalah – from the Hebrew, the Jewish Enlightenment of the eighteenth to the nineteenth centuries especially in German Jewry as exemplified by the thinker Moses Mendelsohn who brought rationality and science (*Wissenschaft*) into the study of Judaism trying to eradicate the racial chauvinism, anthropomorphism and tribalism of the Hebrew Bible and founded the Jewish Reform synagogues where services would be partly in the vernacular and partly in Hebrew. The *Zeide* is an unorthodox Orthodox Jew who goes out of his way to bond with an African who could be a Christian or a pagan.

Hermeneutics – originally the interpretative systems used to understand the Hebrew and Christian Bibles, now interpretative systems generally, which understand cultural or artistic artefacts using, say, the theory of knowledge (epistemology), Marxism, psychoanalysis, close textual reading to reveal contradictions and significant absences or silences in the text, surrealistic or estranging techniques of art and literature which bring the aesthetic object alive and vivid for the audience. In Derrida's deconstructionist technique contradictions in the text are used to dismantle the argument based on binary opposites. Derrida replaces them with a transcendent argument or an indeterminate third place as a *lacuna* operating in the text. The hermeneutic circle is a self-fulfilling prophecy in that as a transcendent it can feed the argument back towards itself but it may have arisen empirically and inductively in the first place like the J,E,D,P and R hypotheses of Julius Wellhausen as to the different regional, historical, institutional and editorial sources of the Pentateuch (Schama 2013: 46-47). Thus what was intended as a scientific explanation can become (and has been used in this case) to deconstruct the conflicting narratives of Hebrew theology and reduce it to myth – an offence against Christianity which is seen as rational and rooted in a faith on a human scale. Structuralist synchronic and diachronic aesthetics are partly a hermeneutic system: they push literary criticism in the direction of traditional types of structured narrative. In reality modernism and post-modernism cannot be contained by any hermeneutic because the irrational and the surreal is privileged and the post-modern condition is so fractured that hermeneutics are themselves displaced. The Lacanian triad which is always in a flux becomes post-structuralist. One has a choice: the post-modern condition *or* classical and Enlightenment hermeneutics.

Hypostasis – an essential moment under the moment of ethical and aesthetic insight when some sort of inspired revelation comes about (see Russell Hoban in the Epigraph) or more literally - a personification of the all in the one and the one in the all, such as the trinity which contains the three elements of the Christian deity, its absolute essence. The Zeide reveals himself in a *hypostasis* as he is dying: a moment under the moment of aspiring humanity.

Imaginary – in Lacan – that which derives from the narcissistic but sometimes delusory mirror-stage, which gives rise to fantasies of who we are based on a partial and unachievable Other but deeply desired mirrored reflection which we imagine is “really” ourselves (and as such is false and part of the paranoid-schizoid and omnipotent stages which we may never fully transcend and to which we regress). The imaginary of the impossible Other can be inspiring when it is linked in Kristeva to the *chora* and her *semiosis*. Linked to the partly depressive reparative Real (q.v.) and the symbolic (q.v.) this triad is the means whereby self and others relate.

Introjection – in Freud and Melanie Klein – the internalised “bad breast” or lost loved figure or object which in fantasy is destroyed by being devoured. This is part of the paranoid-schizoid stage (q.v.). In artists introjection projected out leads to the depressive stage in the Real which produces creativity according to Anthony Storr. The aesthetic and ethical object is the means by which reparation and redemption restore the previously destroyed bad object and in Kristeva the abject. The Van Tonders are redeemed in the second version of the play but are abjective in the first because their introjections are defended ideologically.

Lexis – from the Greek – diction or dialogue which has a stylistic quality that differs with the class, education, attitude and emotional state of the character. All the characters speak varieties of South African English, Afrikaans and English translations of what would have been uttered in Zulu and contain a regional accent and character.

Logos – from the Greek – essentially truthful word, or “truth” itself: apartheid is not good: multi-racial interaction does sometimes lead to human solidarity and greater equality, sometimes to hatred, envy and greater racial prejudice – hence the hatred of the liberal *logos* by the fundamentalist who cannot tolerate the ambiguity of “truth”.

Mbokodo – from isiZulu “The Rock that Crushes” or “the Grindstone”– the intelligence and security section of the African National Congress, in part responsible for setting up and running the prison camp for dissident MK soldiers, Quatro (“Four” named after the Fort in Johannesburg, a prison on Hospital Hill nicknamed Number Four). At Quatro dissidents were tortured and executed. The first Van Tonder is in some ways the classic apartheid defender who kills and maims his political opponents and becomes a perverse role-model for the security policemen on the other side of the struggle.

Melos – from the Greek for music. A flute-player may have accompanied each actor and the Chorus taking up the mood of the action concurrently and the actor may have chanted, sung, moved, mimed and even danced in a stylised way

making the drama much more impressive as a total multi-media experience, more like what we think of as opera and the Indian and the Chinese dance-music-drama. African ritualised dance-drama and praise-poetic recitation have a parallel in the Homeric recitation and the Dionysian celebrations of the 7th- 6th centuries BCE rather than the “straight” theatre of modern western drama. There is also the verbal, poetic *melos* of the dialogue, which is quasi-musical and is based on the rhythms and creative processes produced and evoked in the *chora* and the Kristevan *semiosis* (q.v.) Veldsman sings and dances Zulus battle-praises.

Mimesis – from the Greek “imitation” – a representation in drama experienced as “real”, copying behaviour felt to be typical and normal, or if untypical and abnormal nevertheless based on a stereotype given - what is taken to be identifiable in some acceptable *genre* of literature or art or legitimated by its *dianoia* its discourse. “Coloured intellectual”, “conflicted mixed-race adoptive daughter” are stereotypes which have to look and sound “real”. What is being reproduced “realistically” *may* be based on what we really see, hear and understand within a culture – or it may be that a media-influenced or religious or ideological stereotype which we take to be the real is being offered. In this way this Aristotelian element of dramaturgy is interlinked with the ethical element in *logos* and *dianoia*: there is no absolutely truthful *mimesis*.

Nothingness - in Sartre nothingness does not have Being, yet it is “the” Nothingness which is psychologically supported by “the” Being and “haunts” Being. Without the concepts of Nothingness, nihilation, *négativité* consciousness could, in Sartre not exist as such. In psychoanalysis nothingness is linked to despair, emotional emptiness, and in Melanie Klein gives rise to feelings of needing to make and receive reparation which in turn allows ethical acts of redemption which in turn produce feelings of the plenitude of Being,

Nous, phronesis and sophia are intuitive, practical and interpretative wisdom aiming at happiness through virtue and virtue through happiness in Aristotle’s *Nicomachean and Eudemian Ethics*.

Umkhonto we Sizwe – from isiZulu *The Spear of the Nation*, MK, the armed wing of the African National Congress founded in the early sixties when Mandela who had gone underground announced that since argument, passive resistance, and peaceful demonstration had failed there was no alternative to armed struggle, funded in part by the communist world as part of the USSR’s anti-capitalist and anti-American cold war strategy. In the first version Van Tonder warns Veldsman against violence whilst committing violence against him. The United Democratic Front had to deal with the violence of its extremists used “necklacing” as a means of revolutionary terror of which Dianne Cupido approves.

Mythos – from the Greek “plot” which in the *Poetics* Aristotle holds to be more gripping for the audience than *ethos* – character. How will the actual winery and fruit-farm in *The Cape Orchard* survive is more intriguing than whether Pieterse and Leonie have compatible personalities as marriage partners: *that* they marry is essential to the plot.

Objec petit a – from the French in Lacan the “little other object” – the object of desire, often the return to the mother’s or the lover’s body which can never fulfil impossible desire located always already in an unachievable Other. The phallus (or I would add the uterine space) is veiled as the signifier of signifiers which is constantly active in the text as a Freudian enunciation according to Todorov. We are split from ourselves in reaching for it in the alienating, necessary symbolic order of language which the socialised person has to enter before he can be rewarded with the *phallus* and the uterine space accord to Lacan but in Kristeva the uterine space is given unconditionally. The macho man Van Tonder cannot bear to think of the latter as what he desires as much as the former – and its sexual nature is culturally censored by his form of racist Calvinism.

Ontology – from the Greek *to on* and *ontos* - being or human being - hence the study of being starting with the pre-Socratics such as Parmenides and Anaximander. Why what is, is, is the basic ontological question which is linked to modern phenomenology (q.v.). Being and not-being, being and nothingness include how we create an Encompassing (q.v.). In Sartre Nothingness is vital in clearing consciousness. We can only become aware of Being if we can experience Not-Being, absence, nihilation. Being and Nothingness are the ontological bases of philosophy including a philosophy of the theatre that is going to be truthful, ethical and for-freedom. Nothingness is not in Hegelian interaction with Being to produce Something. Nothingness is the pre-condition of Being. This ontology is only one kind of Encompassing. Normally the theatre worker thinks of more than silence, non-happening. But he has to clear his mind of modernist and post-modernist nihilistic or chaotic pre-conceptions. Then he becomes aware of his freedom to be and to create Being on the stage. Being may be ultimately the sexual life force sublimated or it may be a philosophical affirmation like the encompassing, which may be Kierkegaard’s faith and Nietzsche’s will.

Opsis – from the Greek “spectacle” – elaborate stage scenery, props and fantastic masks and costumes creating a spectacular overall impression. Paranoid-schizoid stage – in Melanie Klein, an early stage of the infant’s emotional development where s/he believes when s/he is frustrated, ill or exhausted that the breast which cannot satisfy her is a bad breast persecuting her and which she internalises or introjects - which she has thereby devoured and destroyed and which s/he believes is reflected into her as part of the imaginary. She splits up her “introjects” so that she cannot connect them into a whole. S/he makes reparation for this in the depressive stage as part of a more integrated Real. The first Mrs Van Tonder tries to make reparation for her husband’s paranoid-schizoid stage by becoming depressed.

Peripeteia – from the Greek “reversal”, and part of Aristotle’s theory of tragic (and indeed comic) drama. Oedipus thinks he is safe from the oracle’s curse now that he has married a woman Jocasta who cannot be his mother because he thinks he was born of the king and queen of Corinth not Thebes, but then he learns that he was only adopted by Corinth after being abandoned by Thebes and she *is* his mother and the unknown man he killed at the crossroads in an incident of road-rage was actually Jocasta’s first husband Laius and Oedipus’s father. This reversal causes his tragic fall. Van Tonder’s childhood and adolescent *peripeteia* as a dispossessed working-class Afrikaner lad are his

historic *peripeteia* and play into his subsequent tragic abuse of Veldsman. In *The Cape Orchard* Dianne Cupido's bitter experience of exploitation by the De Villiers' family produces constant *peripeteia* for her and she transmits her discontent to her son who becomes a militant comrade in the UDF and he is attacked and killed by the *witdoeke* the conservative tribalist migrant workers who are used by the police to attack the comrades of the UDF. Valma is neglected by Leonie and gets a complex about being the mixed-race adoptive daughter of a white woman: that is her chronic *peripeteia* until Leonie returns with her brother's ashes which she buries and this releases catharsis in Valma who can now confess her erotic and passionate love for Gerry.

Pharmakos /pharmakon – a concept developed by the French philosopher Jacques Derrida from the Greek found in Plato's *Phaedrus*: sacrificial victim / poisonous remedy. The *pharmakon* is a remedy or charm, but taken in excess can be a poison, indeed it may indicate that it is a special kind of remedy which has to be "poisonous" or hard to take because it functions like an immunising or vaccinating agent giving a mild form of a related disease so as to protect the patient from a more dangerous eventuality. Thus the maiden Pharmacia in the dialogue *Phaedrus* is in some way immune because she has a remedy indicated by her name and in this case she is protected from rape by the god of the north wind Boreas who abducts, impregnates and makes her friend Oreithyia immortal. Oreithyia lacks the "pharmaceutical" remedy (March 1999: 86-87). The *pharmakos* is the sacrificial victim or ostracised person who is expelled from the *polis* so as to purge it from some pollution or sin whether or not the scapegoat really deserves such treatment and whose very *pharmakon* may be a source of danger – like Oedipus's intelligence which is a threat to a Sphinx who although destroyed by that intelligence comes back in another form sent by fate blighting Thebes a second time. According to Derrida's *Dissemination* which is a critique of *Phaedrus*, speech and presence are preferred in Plato's re-telling of an ancient Egyptian myth which makes writing (called by Plato a "remedy") secondary but to Derrida the privileging of *speech* and *presence* is associated with patriarchal law by means of which women and children (who should be writing and thinking) are constantly being monitored by the father so as to repeat the reactionary *oral* tradition. Socrates has an oral *presence* as a moral example to the Athenian state which condemned and executed him. He is as or more threatening than any writing that Plato may have done with Socrates as the idealised mouthpiece. The *shaman* or healer or prophet or magical inspired hero or prostitute-goddess is both feared and liable to be made into a *pharmakos* because s/he has the power of the *pharmakon* - poisonous remedy– typically like Oedipus who has magical intelligence. In Sophocles the Freudian complex is demonstrated aesthetically: we are tempted by the sin of angry pride to kill our tyrannical and exploitative fathers and become over-involved emotionally with our mothers who exploit and are themselves exploited in terms of the control of the female body– as in the theme of the quasi-incestuous prostitution of the mother-substitute in Pinter's *The Homecoming*. The sons (brothers) and their father and uncle in the unconscious sub-text (suggested by Peter Buse 2001: 30-49) have to prostitute the mother. One might go further: Ruth is a *pharmakon* obtained at the price of the expulsion of her husband Teddy the *pharmakos*. His philosophical training is devoid of any wisdom. It is technical, a-moral perhaps like mathematical logic, whereas his father the gang-leader Max, his brother the

pimp Lenny, the pimp's chauffeur (Lenny's uncle Sam Max's brother), the boxer Joey and Ruth the quasi-incestuous prostitute mother - are integral to the demands of desire and her installation as goddess-whore leads to our catharsis of pity and terror. Veldsman and Van Tonder wrestle over the unconscious Oedipal sources of racist violence in the political unconscious. Jan Pieterse has the *pharmakon* of managerial ability so he is invulnerable to becoming a *pharmakos* – the fate of Arnold Cupido and Gerry De Villiers whose *pharmakon* is dangerously powerful – they are dangerous and highly stigmatised radicals or deviants.

Phenomenology – the study of actual existential phenomena as “essences” which we try to study “in themselves” and in relation to states of human being-in-the-world – such as the analysis of anxiety, dread or *angst* in Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Sartre. Phenomena are seen by Edmund Husserl as subject to the phenomenological reduction – the *epoche* – where each aspect of the phenomenon is reduced to its various “essentials” as if it is not taken for granted, as if it is seen anew for the first time so that it can be seen “in-itself”.

Consciousness must be cleared by affirming Nothingness, nihilation, absence – then phenomena can be seen in their own light – unconcealed – as *aletheia* (q.v.) Sartre decided that it was better to accept each phenomenon as being what it appeared to be, and judged in terms of being either *in-itself* – an object which could not be totally known - or *for-itself*. The only *for-itself* is the human being who is ethically responsible for his/her freedom to be authentic and not constrained by false illusions of being an object. Studying the human being as an *in-itself* de-humanises the *for-itself* as in behavioural science which can co-exist with but not displace humanistic phenomenology. Stanislavkian training is a phenomenological training in making available the apparent semblances of emotional meaning in acting. The autobiographical mother's death is phenomenologically understood as containing the essence of the author when, by displacement, Veldsman dies.

Poeisis – from the Greek “making” which tallies with Kristeva's linkage of the making of avant-garde poetry (e.g. Mallarmé) by the *chora* which is linked to the primary processes of the unconscious via condensation and displacement and to the pure play of the unconscious, dreams, surrealist art, and some psychiatric symptoms, and sublimation in conventional cultural work and in theatrical representation.

Projective identification – from Freud and Melanie Klein: I fail to recognise my hate and fear in myself in relation to introjected (internalised) bad (and good) objects (like the mother or other attachment figures). I put them in the other so that I can hate and love these objects more safely in the hated or loved other person but this is usually unconscious, especially in the racist, neurotic, psychotic, psychopathic or very immature person (or child) who is unaware that he hates (or loves) a denied or overvalued or undervalued aspect of himself in the other. This can become a Real self-fulfilling prophecy although stemming from the falsely reflective imaginary. Why otherwise is Davies the tramp so hateful in Pinter's *The Caretaker*? He puts the denied, mad, inadequate, ignorant part of himself into Aston the *pharmakos* who is initially a friendly *pharmakon* almost loving and full of the agonising wisdom of the schizophrenic ex-patient.

Apartheid, ghettoisation and racism are the barriers used by whites to avoid seeing their own moral turpitude and putting it into the black or Other community and vice-versa in the case of black and Other racism discriminating against whites as in inept black empowerment programmes in the new South Africa but blaming the whites as racist in criticising black racism which is an ideological defence not legitimate.

Post-structuralism - the aesthetics of universally found themes in folk-tales, and Levi-Strauss's anthropology of "primitive" people's social and sexual interaction are governed by an ordinary structure of rules, taboos and supporting myth. Art foregrounds particular strands or themes through the "extra-ordinary" estranging effect. Language has a structural grammar. The theatre (*pace* Greimas) has to do with subjects acting as if through verbs on other subjects or objects varying in tense, mood, adjectivally, adverbally, conjunctively and prepositionally, synchronically and diachronically. In performative drama this action is not highly verbalised – as in mime, but in theatre as *theoria* – critical looking-on – language comes alive if it resonates with the repressed political or personal unconscious which the character or plot may show inadvertently. The structural axes of language, semiotics and social interaction in society and on the stage are creatively estranged in some sort of *poesis*. In the post-structural and post-modern moment, Jameson, Lacan, Kristeva, Cixous and Irigaray sought to locate and transcend the formal structures of Freudian psychology (Id-Ego-Superego / Unconscious / Preconscious / Conscious) and the synchronic and diachronic axes by locating the "rules" of the unconscious in literature and philosophy relatively free of literal phallocentrism and literal castration. The metaphoric and the metonymic influence of genitality, libido, the self-preservation drive and the death-instinct are everywhere especially in *poesis* – in literary and theatrical creativity. The three strands of the triad – the Real, the symbolic and the imaginary in each case can be seen as threaded around the Aristotelian elements of the drama under the influence of the imaginary, becoming invisible. The unconscious exists in dreams, fantasies, play, witchcraft, psychotherapy, jokes, parapraxes, neuroses, psychoses, personality disorders and can be visualised in three dimensions under or behind the audible, the visible, the cognitive/ symbolic and the Real. In Lacan and Kristeva the child is forced to enter the symbolic or language or remain autistic or as in Greek an *idiot* – only an isolated individual. The threads or chains of the triadic structure governed by the metaphors and metonyms of genitality are imbued in the eternal desire for the unattainable Other. Otherness may be submerged in the *semiotic* / imaginary which takes psychic life below consciousness but it still exists as a potential three-dimensional structure that can be theatricalised or performatively dramatised. Derrida and Lacan deconstructed the contradictions of the text by reference to absent presences – *lacunae* - produced by ideological and unconscious repressions which in Derrida's opinion privilege orality and presence at the expense of writing. Both orality and writing interact with other media channels in modern theatrical presentation. In Jameson the political unconscious is situated in class-conflict and the political unconscious can be seen as such in the dramatic presentation or can remain in the prison-house of language where banality and stereotyping make theatre, film and TV watchable but insufferable in terms of philosophical wisdom as understood classically. In South Africa class conflict is racialised by a projectively

identifying black oligarchy often composed of colonial personalities mirroring the colonialist enterprise occurring under apartheid. In Sartre's *Critique of Dialectical Reason* groups not whole classes are capable of spontaneous freedom-seeking *praxis* according to Deleuze and Guattari in their *Anti-Oedipus*. Being Anti-Oedipus means attempting to break free of the suffocating Oedipus and Kleinian complexes. This break-out happens in a truly original theatre redeeming it from the prison-house of language which stifles all art creating what a Peter Brook might call a deathly theatre or the false consciousness of consumerist art and society. Valma's consciously chosen social (not biological) incest is her Anti-Oedipus in *The Cape Orchard*.

Real – in Lacan the Real is one of the three orders of psycho-social life the others being the imaginary and the symbolic. The Real is more than the social construction of everyday reality. The Real “comes back to itself” – like traumatic memories or fear of death, or recurring ineradicable psychiatric symptoms or recurring dreams, or merely brute reality like pleasure, pain, hunger, fear – and hope. In Jameson the Real includes the historical unconscious which is the scene of class conflict. The depressive in the Real is the basis for the ethics of reparation and redemption in Melanie Klein. The three orders (their libidinal drive-states and cognitive pinning) move across the synchronic and diachronic axes of linguistic, moral and aesthetic structures three-dimensionally to create a semblance of human reality. Where there is a perceived failure of *mimesis* of the Real the Real may itself be lacking. The imaginary and the symbolic interweaving in the Real may change moving drama from the well-made play to the theatre of the absurd, to the theatre of cruelty and to political theatre: the ultimate Real of her son's politically caused death is what Leonie lives with and she marries again to overcome this traumatic Real in *The Cape Orchard* by allying herself with a middle-class Coloured man.

Realpolitik – from the German – the reality politics of alliances and machinations, constituting the unprincipled Machiavellian plots and conspiracies required to keep power – typically the stratagems of keeping power such as used by ex-President Thabo Mbeki with his treacherous axing of perceived critics of his AIDS denialism and with more brutal consequences President Robert Mugabe as presented in the exploitation of the white psychiatrist – Dr Peric. Dr Peric is at first a *pharmakon*, a provider of a remedy through catharsis of the *ngozi* (possessive ancestral spirit) of Tongarara. Then Peric himself becomes the *pharmakos* as a white farmer: he is beaten up and his black wife and servants are killed by ZANU-PF land occupiers in Fraser Grace's *Breakfast With Mugabe*. *Realpolitik* does not respect Aristotelian still less Kantian ethics, but provides examples of the catharsis of pity and terror suffered by audiences on behalf of the victims of unprincipled political terror such as the first Veldsman.

Semiotic - corresponds in Julia Kristeva to the Freudian unconscious but it has genetic roots: the unconscious seeking-out of meaning is structured like a language as in Lacan and is held in potential in the form of a predisposed meaning-structure as it changes over time (it is diachronic) from infancy through adulthood but is also available synchronically in the moral and aesthetic moments of *hamartia* and the other Aristotelian poetics in situational *significance*.

Semiosis is the text's deep structure (horizontal diachronic axis) often covered over by its *signifiante* - its immediate signification on a vertical axis. Narrative is sometimes at odds with the *semiosis* as in the racism in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* or at least in his narrator Marlow in the *signifiante* of his racist *hamartia* contradicting the sympathy for the Congolese which is a virtue in the text. Africans are racially abused by the author's narrator in contradiction to the author's creative unconscious which cause us to show pity and terror and therefore to have catharsis. Conrad makes us react *against* the racist elements in Marlowe's narrative. *Signifiante* says one thing on the immediate vertical level of the synchronic but *semiosis* says another below consciousness on the horizontal level of the *semiotic*. The *semiotic* is the total life-force of the unconscious and includes elements of the Lacanian imaginary. The *chora* holds the imaginary mirror-stage in place and lets us see its delusionary and narcissistic reflections and therefore indirectly supports the formal capacities of symbolic and abstract thinking. In this way Lacan and Kristeva free the Freudian unconscious from being exclusively possessed by the drives of the Id because the potential presence of the phallic, uterine symbols and the death drive-state are located by Lacanians like Jameson (and J.M.Coetzee) in society and history such as in the colonial rape, racialised sexual exploitation (and ethnocide of the San).

Signifiante – from the French in Julia Kristeva, a whole situation which is invested with psychic energy and is salient in my psycho-linguistic world *currently* (it is synchronic on a vertical axis) above or below consciousness. A totality of *signifiante* merges eventually into the *semiosis* of the *mythos* as a whole operating horizontally (diachronically - retrospectively). But Oedipus, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Vladimir, blind Pozzo and dumb Lucky cannot see what has and will happen fully and completely – but we are allowed into the *anamnesia* and the *anagnorisis*. Estragon daily forgets the final epiphanies and denouement of the drama although Mr Godot never comes and the Pozzo-Lucky *peripeteia* happen every single day. Vladimir remembers and is the real narrative voice of *Godot* but he has to collude with his friend Estragon's amnesia. So too finally with Fugard's Boesman and Lena and with the Van Tonders, Dianne Cupido, the Zulu, the Zeide and Harry Grossman: they achieve only a measure of *anamnesia* and *anagnorisis* which can be forgotten or repressed in any sequel there may be. In other words Nothingness should be not nihilation or a blank but a temporary state which is potentially transparent below and through which Being exists.

Skene - from the Greek – scene – the painted backdrop, behind the action and furniture and props on the stage. It is vital that the re-written *Jannie Veldsman* has a modern apartment setting to get away from the stereotype of the squatter in his shack so as to by-pass the anti-apartheid stereotype.

Symbolic – in Lacan with the Real and the imaginary the third of the interlinked psycho-social orders which connect us to the chains of arbitrary but clearly defined linguistic signifiers and defined signified meanings which are fused together in actual *parole* - the language usage of an individual or group in a particular situation. In Saussure the total symbolic is contained in the theoretically conceived *langue* - the whole of a particular language system to

which those using *parole* have only more or less access depending on their age, experience, gender, class, religion, ethnicity and (in Lacan) how repressed they are psychoanalytically or intelligently well-informed they are because of education and self-insight. Any serious break with one of the three systems can lead to all three falling apart which happens under stress and in psychiatric illness – often regression back into the paranoid-schizoid in the falsely reflective imaginary or forward in Melanie Klein into the reparative and redemptive re-attachment to the lost loved object. The symbolic joins up with the Real and moves both synchronically in the immediate vertical *signifiance* and diachronically in aesthetic *mythos* and *logos* on the horizontal axis where the Real installs itself. Mrs Van Tonder in the re-written *Jannie Veldsman* is more Real in her recovery of hope than her predecessor. Veldsman understands this at the symbolic level and by intuiting her imaginary to make a new Real in the second version.

Theatricum analyticum from the Latin, used by Lacoue-Labarthe to suggest conscious and unconscious “mind-theatre” in the actor, director, critic, reader and audience where there is identification because there is an overlapping discourse between the unconscious and conscious triggered by imaginatively salient characters and situations. Compare the abuse of the Afrikaner and African Nationalist critics of *Shades of Brown* in Johannesburg and London in 1980 and 1985 and the acceptance of the London critics witnessing Antony Sher and the author in the Islington King’s Head version in 1979.

Tsotsi – from Sesotho or in “*tsotsi-taal*”, the urban African street-jargon including Afrikaans, English and other African language terms – in this case from *zoot-suit* the flashy brightly coloured jackets and matching trousers of Americanised gangsters from Sophiatown (demolished under apartheid) Alexandra and Soweto Townships; or from Sesotho *ho tsotsa* “to make sharp” referring to the method of stabbing with a knife or a sharpened bicycle spoke into the pericardial sac which strangles the heart in its own blood causing sudden death as a result of which the *tsotsi* lifts the paypacket of the victim on a crowded train on a Friday evening – payday at the end of the week. Also the title of the Fugard existentialist novel on which the film of the same name was based.

Vorhanden – from the German – found in Heidegger *Being and Time* meaning “at hand” often science, knowledge and technology which is available somewhere, somehow but is not indicative of the being of *Dasein* as such, rather is merely contingent, alienating even if it can be accessed, as opposed to the *zuhanden* (q.v.). Ideally the two act together in Jaspers’ Encompassing Existenz which entails my *geist*, my “spiritual” quest enabling my empirical psyche in accordance with the classical and Enlightenment ethics, aesthetics and even economics and administration. The failure of *The Cherry Orchard* as an economic proposition as compared with the success of *The Cape Orchard* commercially has to do with technological and economic insight into capitalism in the first case being unavailable to Ranyevskaya although understood by Lopakhin, and which Leonie and Valma De Villiers have not only *vorhanden* but *zuhanden* (q.v.).

Zeitgeist – “spirit of the time”- German. In Hegelian ethics and aesthetics developmental stages in human history create corresponding ideas which diverge from the Absolute ideal of the human mind which potentially contains the All. Peter V. Zima resolves this in his philosophy of the aesthetic by showing that *a priori* and *zeitgeist* aesthetics and moral experiences are indeterminate and interact with each other in the individual. Human decency is presumably understood *a priori* by ANC dissident victims at Quatro camp but the *zeitgeist* of the Stasi and the KGB (and the South African intelligence and security agencies) takes over the minds of the torturers and murderers within the liberation movement itself. The suicide of Gerry De Villiers is the result of a depression produced by the violation of *a priori* ethics by *zeitgeist* ethics.

Zuhanden – from the German “to hand” like tools in the immediate vicinity of *Dasein* which is part of everyday *Dasein*’s being-in-the-world and enables science, knowledge and technology in the here-and-now. Heidegger brought metaphysics down to earth by showing that our being-in-the-world is substantially connected to how we use and abuse science, knowledge and technology in fulfilling and alienating ways and in his phenomenological ontology of anxiety, facticity, fallen-ness and the absurd: we fall between the *vorhanden* and the *zuhanden*. The second Jannie Veldsman and Jan Pieterse deal with unfortunate facticity and fallen-ness by using technologies of psychotherapy and economic revival which are *zuhanden* as part of their everyday *Dasein*.