

THE MUIZE NEWS

This is our first newsletter after some of the strict lockdown regulations have been lifted...which means that certain of our regular activities have been resumed – it's snooker for the guys, drawing with Stephanie (who has taken over from dear Vivian Gottlieb who sadly passed away during Covid, the book club is back, meals are being served in the Bistro again, the gym is open with certain restrictions and residents are walking up a storm and gardening again.

Spring is in the air



Above (LHS)Maureen Mason and Sydney Trimmer are enjoying themselves during the Spring Breakfast & Louis de Haas (RHS) and friends are doing likewise.

Below: Chris Kihn and Helen Patterson during the art session which is held on Monday mornings. Stephanie de Haas, known for her beautifully detailed flower sketches runs the art club who currently has approximately 12 members. Anyone interested can contact her at Apartment G2. Fees are R15 per meeting which covers the cost for tea with the rest going to charity.



Support the False Bay Hospital Trust

An endowment fund was opened in 2017 by the False Bay Hospital Trust, the fund of which are being used for the improvement and advancement of health care at False Bay Hospital. 100% of all funds goes directly to the hospital's needs. To become a monthly donor / friend, contact Jocelyn Freed on 083 708 2569



A collection of beanies knitted for charity by Stephanie de Haas.

Celebrations in our Care Centre



Patrick Carlean (on the far right) turned a grand 99 this year.

Patrick Carlean's birthday party was held on Wednesday 19 August in the Care Centre. Johnny Pereira, (sadly deceased since the writing of this) and Malcolm Francois's birthdays were also celebrated in August. Here guests are enjoying the delicious eats supplied by the Friends of Care. Stephanie de Haas made their beautiful birthday cards, and Melanie Carstens and care staff decorated the table. A great time was had by all.

Friends of care

by Denise Elkin

Friends of Care originated with Denise Elkin whose main aim is to brighten up the lives of residents in the Care Centre. Lockdown put a stop to their activities but before that Denise and Pat Swilling held weekly exercise classes with the help of some Friends. These classes were the highlight of the week, not only for the Care residents, but also for their helpers! Physio exercises are done to the beat of the music of the 30s and 40s bringing some nostalgia and enjoyment back into the lives of residents.

Liz D'Alton and her faithful team of Friends meet every week for an hour just chatting with a small group of residents. and once a month Keith Jewell shares his classical piano skills in the Centre. The Evergreen Muizenberg Choir also hold some of their practice sessions in the Centre.

Other activities in the past have included Sunday School children singing and dancing and sharing a party with the residents and there have been visits by therapy dogs.

A week before lockdown a weekly Craft Morning was started during which Friends of Care assisted residents in drawing, colouring-in, playdough art, puzzles and lego-type block building. The knitting group and other knitters made teddy bears in different sizes and design and presented each resident in the Care Centre with a Blessed Care Bear sporting a little label bearing their name. These labels were previously blessed by Denise's minister with a message to let each resident know that he/she are never alone; they have their Blessed Care Bear.

"We're looking forward to the day we can fully resume our activities in the Care Centre," Denise said.

How to become a friend of care

We're looking for new ideas and volunteers, especially supplying eats for birthday parties, either home baked or shop bought. If you'd like to become a Friend of Care please contact Denise Elkin in Apartment 320 or e-mail her at denisehip@yahoo.com

Let's exercise



Now that the gym has reopened Sue Kinnell is again presenting callanetics classes twice week. Currently the numbers are still limited for social distancing purposes and everybody is required to wear a mask.

Celebrating their 50th on Skype

by Hugh Till

The only thing that went according to plan for residents Hugh and Lynda Till was their flight to the UK. "We departed 13th March flying with BA and arriving at London Heathrow airport 07:30, collected by our daughter Honey-Ann, home for breakfast with the family, so far so good, but our grandson Calvin (14) had a bad cough and was isolating for the first two weeks. Our other daughter Serena and her family had flu like symptoms so we could not visit them for a week or so. We did manage to get to the local Tesco (supermarket chain) and found Easter eggs on special so stocked up in advance, good thing too.

The following day on her first early morning trip to the loo at 5.00 am Lynda missed her footing in the dark and went cascading down the stairs, fracturing her right wrist. A hurried trip to the A & E (accident & emergency) at the local hospital revealed a complicated fracture that would require surgery to insert a fixation plate. The operation was done on the Tuesday. Six weeks in a cast and brace followed by three months of physiotherapy has seen her regain about 90% mobility but she still has a way to go to regain her full strength in the arm.

One of the principle reasons for our trip was to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary with the family on the 4th of April. By that time the UK was in full lockdown and all our planned parties and getting together with longtime friends had to be abandoned. We did manage, however, to have a Skype party with family and friends from all over the world joining us in a virtual celebration with us dressed in our special outfits with cake and champagne.

For every disappointment there is always a blessing. Being in the UK for the entire time of their lockdown had one advantage. Our two daughters live very close together – one in Shenley and the other in Elstree, both near Borehamwood – an area bordering on farmland and wooded areas, an apple orchard, cherry trees and a lake not a kilometre away. The lockdown restrictions in the UK permitted outdoor exercise once a day so we were able to go for a walk in the woods and through the farmers'

fields on most days. As we ended up being there for four and a half months, we were able to watch the change in vegetation from early spring well into summer. From bluebells in the woods through to the ripening of blackberries on the hedges. From having to walk wrapped up in warm coats to walking in the sunshine with temperatures into the high 20s. Watching the corn grow from seedlings to well over head high.

Wildflowers, especially English wildflowers, are a great love of Lynda's and her knowledge is quite extensive. So, as we walked, she was able to not only enjoy the spectacle but to name most of the flowers I photographed.



After two months we were fortunate enough to be offered a friend of my daughter's home, as well as my son in law's father's car.

Bluebells in the woods



St Albans Park Lake



Roman Theatre

So, for the last two months we had our own accommodation and transport and on Lynda's birthday we spent the morning at St. Albans visiting the ruins of a Roman theater and walking through the park with a lake.

By the end of March with lockdowns in both UK and RSA all commercial flights were cancelled. The only possible way home was through a repatriation flight. So finally, after 6 cancelled BA flights and one failed attempt on a repatriation flight we managed to get on a KLM repatriation flight from Amsterdam to Cape Town on the 27th July. This required verification by the South African authorities of our citizenship and residence status, and the issuing of a permission to travel by the High Commission in London. The latter arriving less than 24 hours before we had to fly to Amsterdam on the 26th to connect to our flight to Cape Town after spending the night at the hotel in Schiphol Airport.

Arriving at Cape Town at 23:10, with temperature taken, passports checked, luggage X-rayed (for illicit, cigarettes and alcohol) we were herded into buses and under police escort (all very cloak and dagger stuff) we arrived at the City Lodge Grand West at 02:17 and finally into bed at 04:00. Only to be woken at 08:00 with breakfast at the door. The room was spacious and comfortable with a full bathroom and couch in a lounge area, with TV and Wi-Fi. We were confined to our rooms except for a 30-minute exercise break, in the carpark under the watchful eye of two hotel security guards, at 15:00 every day.

Our meals were delivered to our room three times every day in two brown paper bags. The food was on the whole very good, lacking in presentation but very well cooked and tasty. After our 14 days of confinement and having been cleared by the health department on the Friday we were released on Saturday 8th August and allowed to return home.

Finally, after 5 months of extended 'holiday' we arrived home on 8 August in time for lunch, to a wonderful and warm welcome from everyone. A big thank you to all who provided us with provisions and gifts. We have been made to feel so special by everyone."

Enjoy free outings in our area

MARINA OPEN GARDENS
Sunday, October 4
 9:30 am to 12:00 and 2:00 to 4:30 pm

Gardening in the Marina da Gama is challenging, but some residents have created lovely gardens, and would like to share them with you. There is no charge, but if you feel like it, you could give a purely voluntary donation to Friends of Park Island. Please wear a mask when you visit the open gardens, and observe social distancing. The gardens are located:

Uitsig	Park Island	Eastlake
Oudevlei Road	Michell Walk	Tiller Arm
Heron Road	Stellen Close	Dab Chick Quay
	Meulen Close	

On Sunday the 4th, the properties participating in the Open Garden scheme will be identified by a notice on or near their gate. They may be further indicated by mosaics in garden related themes and/or by vases of lavender. For further information, call or WhatsApp Valerie Benson on 082 475 6187

Spotlighting our talented residents...

Embroidery enthusiast

Gill Blackburn, one of the first residents of Evergreen and the current organiser of the weekly knitting group loves hand crafts. One day when Lydia Hirschmann was chatting to Gill in her unit, she showed her a beautiful "framed picture".

"Looking closely at it I was greatly surprised to notice that it was not a painting but an amazing and immaculate piece of embroidered artwork (see bottom right). We started chatting about her embroidery and I found out that Gill is a member of the Embroidery Guild and currently their treasurer. Gill started to embroider seriously after she retired in the 1960s (although she learned embroidery at age 8 when at school). She has learned wonderful techniques at the Guild and tells about their extensive library of books on various embroidery styles such as hardanger and gold work, drawn thread work, knotgarden designs and many others.



An example of Black work embroidery

During the 1990s on a holiday to England, she saw some of her aunt's work that inspired her because of its free style embroidery which is not 'just cross-stitch or tapestry' but is contemporary and abstract and also extends to coverings of items and objects. Contemporary embroidery includes the use of materials other than standard yarn such as wool, cotton and even dog hair.

One of Gill's favourite types of embroidery is called 'black work', in which the embroidery is confined to monochrome, but not necessarily black and white. There may be a second quieter colour involved using specific stitches.

Then there is canvas work using tapestry canvas but stitching in a variety of embroidery stitches as opposed to tapestry which only uses one type of stitch.

Gill tries to stitch every day even on holiday! It is so relaxing and not considered rude in company – it's as acceptable as knitting Gill told me." (Interview by Lydia Hirschmann.)



A variety of embroidery stitches on tapestry canvas



Contemporary embroidery includes the use of materials other than standard yarn such as wool, cotton and dog hair

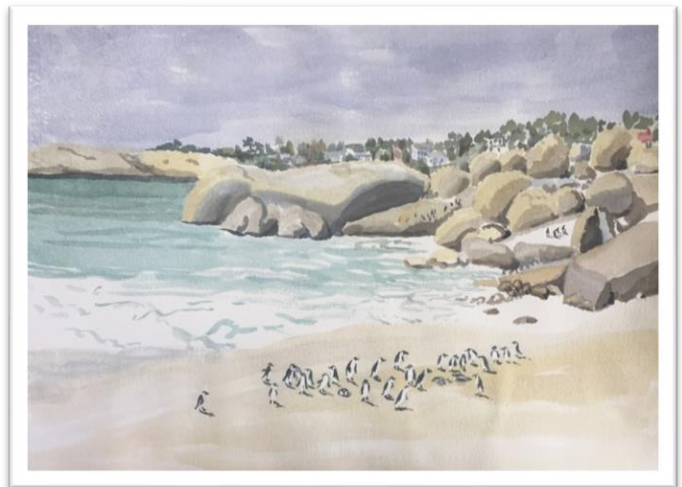
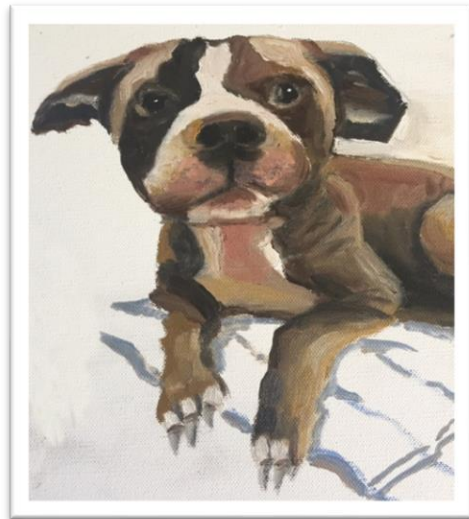
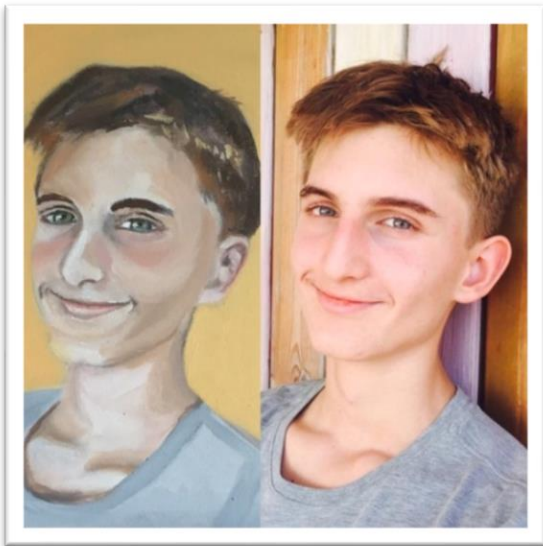
Artist of renown

Diana Hawke has been painting since she was about five and attended the Frank Joubert Art School every week during her school years. She is trained as a nurse and took up her painting again just before her second son was born.

Because space became a problem, she stuck to watercolours but later on in her career she attended the Ruth Prowse Art School under Erik Loubser to expand painting in oils. It has since been both a hobby and an erratic form of income over the years. Diana loves landscape painting but also does commissions for portraits and animals in both oil and watercolours.

She has been lucky to backpack through Asia, spending a month in China and later Russia and took her paints to record her travels. She spent 10 years in the UK and while working, painted some memorable sights. She has had many exhibitions and commissions all over the world but, although being in retirement, the painting bug continues to bite.

Diana paints under her maiden name, Seymour, and although she is actually a watercolourist, she has recently had more orders for oils.



Above is Diane's most recent watercolour

Thanks to our residents

During lockdown Evergreen residents collected five huge boxes of groceries and donations for the children at Capricorn Primary to assist in feeding children during the school holidays when there was no feeding scheme.

A sincere thank you to all residents who were part of this drive.

Spring gardening notes and hints

by Ann Blignaut

Spring certainly is in the air as in the Northern Hemisphere the "April" showers have brought the rain to grow the flowers. From all reports the flowers on our West Coast have been beautiful and the bird



life in our complex has already become very busy (see our article on the birds), beautiful shades of green are showing and all the daisies are popping out in colours.

The West Coast in 'Full Bloom'



I am sure that our own complex will soon be looking lovely when everyone can get back to their gardens for a good spring cleaning.

For interesting gardening hints follow this link:<https://www.stodels.com/gardening-guide/western-cape-september/> and see what Stodels have to say in their article on growing Buchus, which we, with our small gardens and mainly pots, can easily grow.

Other salad additions to grow in pots would be Parsley, Rocket, Basil and Lettuce. One can easily pick off pieces to make a mixed salad for one, and the plants will carry on producing for some time.

A good medicinal daisy to grow would be Eeachanasia.

To keep snails away safely sprinkle Epsom Salts and give plants some feeding. A liquid fertilizer seems to go further and is more effective.

A burst of colours in our village



Die wonders om jou...

Fotograaf Heinrich van den Berg het in sy poging om die mismoedigheid van die eerste paar dae van inperking teen te werk, al hoe meer tyd in sy tuin spandeer en so het die gedagte by hom ontstaan om deur middel van fotografie met mense te skakel. Lang storie tussenin, maar so het hy met samewerking van HPG Publishing 'n inperkingsfotografie-kompetisie saamgestel wat gedurende Vlak 5 geduur het. 152 fotografe het aan die kompetisie deelgeneem en ongeveer 1000 foto's is ontvang. Hy het 'n gratis PDF-boek saamgestel wat by www.hphpublishing.co.za afgelaai kan word of by www.facebokk.com/publishinghph Gaan kyk gerus.

Birds love lockdown

by Margaret Clough

The aspects of lockdown that we find so irksome; being confined to one place, having no visitors, and having nobody to trim and tidy the grounds, are exactly what birds love. Within the walls of Evergreen, the vegetation may be getting out of hand, but the birds are flourishing. They revel in the overgrown gardens and the unkempt lawns. They find plenty of food in the form of berries and seeds and the Brachylena and Camphor trees produce fluff that is perfect for lining their nests. Now that it



is so quiet and there are no noisy workmen to disturb them, Evergreen's birds have become very bold. They are not bothered when I approach them; even when I come quite close. There is a pair of Robin Chats that fly right into my house. I hate to chase away these sweet cheeky visitors, but I have to protect them from my dogs who would love to gobble them up if they were to get the chance.

Here is Mr Robin Chat posing for his photo on my bookcase next to my carved flamingo

I am constantly amazed by the variety of species that we can see without even going out of our gate. I have tried to record them by taking photos, but I am afraid, tame as they have become, they are, unlike the Robin Chat, most unobliging when it comes to posing for a picture. I have managed to get snaps of at least 20 different birds, but there are many more that have escaped my camera's lens.

The most abundant are the pigeons and doves. Dozens of feral pigeons come every day for the food that bird-loving residents put out for them. When I used to drive up Prince George's Drive nearly every day, I used to see homing pigeons flying around a lot in Heathfield. I wonder whether some of our pigeons came from there. Perhaps the owner could no longer afford to keep them. They may even have come from further afield. Anyway, they have found a happy home with us. I have tentatively identified two



species of pigeon, the feral pigeon, also known as the Rock Dove and the Speckled Pigeon, the one that sits on the roof and goes Hoo-Hoo in a deep voice.

There are also at least two kinds of dove. The Cape Turtle dove with its gentle cooing that sounds like "How's Father, How's Father". (He sometimes changes to Afrikaans and says "Kom nader") and the pretty little laughing dove that you can hear chuckling in the trees. One of these nested in the tree in my garden and brought up two babies.



Here she is...



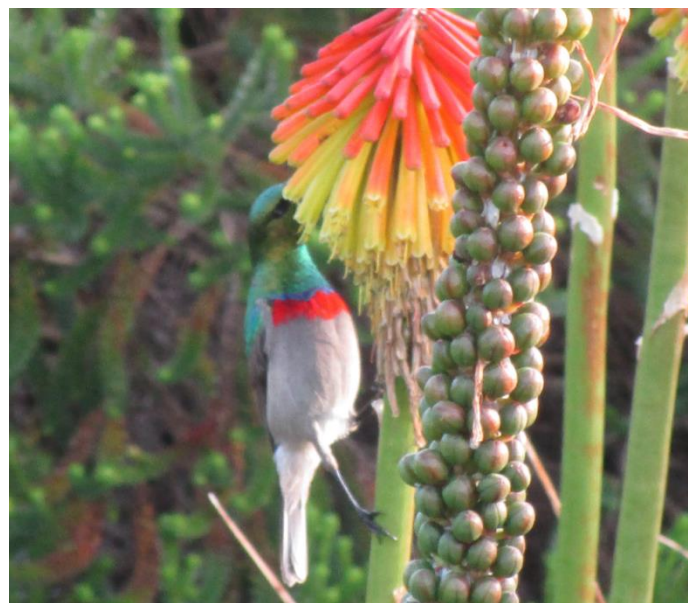
... and here is one of her babies sitting on my fence.

Then there are all the little birds, Cape Sparrows, Wagtails, Canaries, White-eyes and Waxbills. The tiniest of all, the Karoo Prinia makes the most noise. He sits on the top of a bush and sings at the top of his voice.



Karoo Prinia

The indigenous salvia bushes are patronised by different kinds of sunbirds, the Southern Double Collared Sunbird, the Malachite Sunbird and the Orange Breasted Sunbird. You can see them sticking their long beaks into the tubular flowers to suck up the nectar.



Besides the birds that are residents of Evergreen, there are the visitors. One of the most spectacular is the aggressive little Pintailed Whydah. This tiny reprobate sometimes has as many as five wives. He protects his harem and his territory fiercely, chasing away any birds that dare to come anywhere near. When he sees his reflection in a car mirror or a window, he becomes frantic, pecking angrily at this "other Whydah". He only acquires his awkwardly long tail in the breeding season. Here he is in breeding plumage.



There are larger visitors too. A Hadedda Ibis can be seen any day hunting for worms in the lawn at the side of the apartment block. Two Egyptian Geese like to sit on the roof and make a racket, not always welcome early on a chilly morning when residents like to sleep a little later than usual. A pair of beautiful Yellow-billed Ducks (see below) used to swim up and down in the stream that runs through the centre of the garden. I haven't seen them for a while.

Perhaps this Spring they will be back again.

Finally, I have just realised that I have said nothing about the flocks of Starlings that I nearly always see and hear when I stroll along the Boardwalk. This species is not always very popular. They will eat anything, but they love fruit so fruit farmers don't like



them at all and they are also very inclined to build nests in awkward places, under eaves and in gutters. The two kinds we can see here are the indigenous Redwing Starling and the European Starling which is an alien. Below is a poem I wrote about them. (Margaret Clough)

Starlings

*The ugly European starling
Isn't anybody's darling
His manners are not very nice
His speckled feathers harbour lice
He blocks up every drainage gutter
With messy and untidy clutter
He wakes us early in the morning
With unmelodious raucous cawing
Our Redwing is of different ilk
His plumage shines like watered silk
He has a piping song as sweet
As any bird's that you might meet
He is most elegant and slim
You are allowed to favour him.*

Know your Muizenberg

(Part two, by an Evergreen Resident)

Get to know your Muizenberg and the difference between fact, fiction and even hearsay. There have been many books and memoirs written by informed authors and passionate Muizenbergers, as well as lovers of the beautiful False Bay Area.

However, buildings are usually fact and Muizenberg has a fair number of interesting ones that helped form the diverse community that we are enjoying today. This especially applies during our current pandemic period when people have discovered the rebirth of healthy walking along our stunning coastline and often wondered about the history of homes, churches, schools and institutions from bygone days.

You may be interested to know that one of the first recorded structures Het Posthuis, a Dutch East India Toll house, recently celebrated the Battle of Muizenberg, which took place in August 1795 and led to the first occupation of the Cape by the British. This historic structure together with Rhodes Cottage, is under the umbrella of the Muizenberg Historical Conservation Society who painstakingly restored the ruin in the 1950s and maintain it under the South African Heritage Resources Agency.

On Saturday 8 August 2020, a beautiful sunny day, with blue skies and a gentle breeze blowing, surfers out in the line-up and waves perfect, traffic was held up both ways and a sizable crowd waited in anticipation for the firing of an old 6 pounder cannon from the stoep. We were warned by the naval man in charge to cover our ears (difficult to take photographs when you're covering your ears!) and gunpowder was rammed in with a rod. There was just a gentle Poof!!! But it did fire! Lots of applause and traffic was resumed.

Het Posthuis has many maps, photographs and memorabilia of historical interest. Farmer Pecks is recorded as the first hostelry and halfway house between Muizenberg and Simonstown that was established in the mid-1800s. Many publications have quotes of the two English brothers from farming stock, their famous or infamous background and lifestyle since arriving in the Cape, but they did leave a remarkable imprint on the area and certainly contributed to the growth of the community.

Not disputed is the fact that they served excellent breakfasts according to a party travelling to Kalk Bay for a picnic in a horsedrawn cart and this hostelry certainly went onto expanding hospitality into hotel accommodation and victuals in Muizenberg over the years. They were even responsible for one of the first wooden beach houses built for the convenience of their hotel guests to change into their bathing costumes.

In close proximity, the impressive Muizenberg Railway Station replaced the first government railway station. It took two years to build opening in 1882, and was designed in Edwardian style which was popular for buildings of importance at that time. It was built by two brothers John and William Delbridge from Cornwall, who were expert stonemasons and using stone probably from the old quarry on the mountain situated at the base of Old Boyes Drive. The new station was pivotal in establishing Muizenberg as the place to be for taking in the healthy sea air and a great family day out at the seaside.



The expansion of the railway line also made a great difference for upcountry holiday makers for many years to come. It certainly attracted a number of wealthy and influential people particularly from the gold and diamond industry who established large holiday homes along the coast – many of them built out of quarry stone. John Delbridge also built Delbridge House for his family and other stone houses situated high up on the mountain overlooking the station. He became a prominent False Bay citizen and contributed greatly on civic matters. Now well 100 years old the house still commands a proud presence and has been a haven over the years for many.

The quarries in the False Bay area provided much-needed work during that time and left us with an incredible imprint of iconic buildings, roads, homes and institutions unique in this part of the world that we enjoy today.

The book club meets again



Suzie Kietzmann and June Orsmond – they **are** smiling behind their masks...



(Ltr) Analeen Erasmus, Felicity Menzies and Marie Snijders

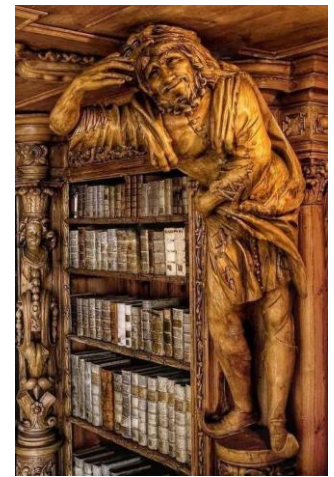
With the lockdown rules slightly relaxed the 3rd of September was also the first book club meeting since the start of lockdown – and what a happy event.

Chaired by June Orsmond, members of Evergreen Muizenberg's Book club meet once a month and their membership fees are now partly donated to The New World Foundation in Lavender Hill. Before the discussion of books read by members during lockdown June gave some background on the Foundation. Although the need to promote literacy will always be there, the current hunger needs facing our country at present outweighs literacy needs, she said. She also gave a short overview of the dire situation facing residents in Lavender Hill – under normal circumstances 50% of the community is employed with 80% in the informal sector. Then lockdown happened and well, it does not need a genius to do the sums. Indeed, a dire situation. Therefore, the book club's donation to the fund of R800 was indeed welcome.

On 1 October at 15h00 all residents are invited to an open book club meeting in the Bistro for a talk by Steve D'Alton on the old vineyards of Constantia as well as a discussion of the **Melkkamer**, a coffee table book on the history of the Old Manor House which can be seen across the vlei when you stand on the cliffs at De Hoop Nature Reserve. All are welcome to join in what promises to be an interesting afternoon. Refreshments will be served.

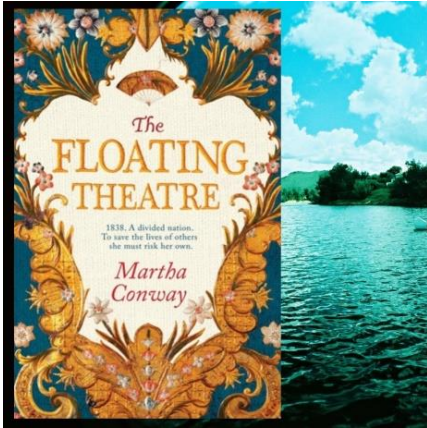
Now for something unusual

A bookshelf in the Abbey of Waldsassen in Bavaria, Germany. This library was built in the Rococo architectural style in 1824-26.



Book reviews

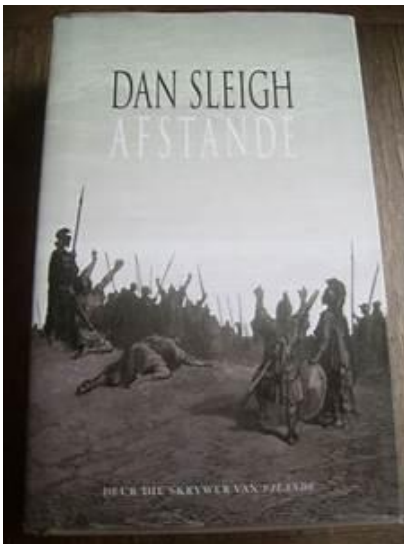
The Floating Theatre by Martha Conway.



Set in the 1830's when slavery had not yet been abolished country wide, this is the story of May who joins a floating theatre on the Ohio river, the southern side of which still supports slavery. The quirky characters on the flatboat accept her and she is allowed to work her passage down the river, using her talent as a seamstress. She is asked to assist in collecting and ferrying slaves from one side of the river to the other in the dead of night and the dangers involved are well described.

An easy read with interesting characters that vividly portrays that time period. Highly recommended. (Pat Dreyer, Bibliobirds Bookclub)

Afstande deur Dan Sleigh



Dan Sleigh het in 1966 met 'n digbundel, Duif oor water, gedebuteer, maar al hoe meer bekend geword as dié kenner van die vroeë Kaapse geskiedenis en veelbekroonde outeur van Eilande (2002). Toe het hy al tien fiksieboeke en sewe nie-fiksieboeke op sy kerfstok gehad. Slaan 'n mens Sleigh se historiese roman, Afstande, oop, merk jy oombliklik: hier is 'n ander stemtoon. 'n Meer liriese inslag. Daar is ook 'n vreemde milieu – weg van die Kaapse hinterland na 'n stuk aarde tussen die Middellandse en Swart See.

Volgens Sleigh was dit juis die bedoeling. Hy wou die idioom van Homeros laat herleef, die styl van die profete laat eggo – stemme wat roep uit die woestyne en die valleie van doodskaduwee. En die leser trek saam met hom, die Joodse profeet Nagri en die Atheense skrywersoldaat Xenophon oor daardie skynbaar oneindige afstande.

Sleigh sleur die leser mee met pragtige frases soos: "'n Bejaarde moeder leun bedroef vorentoe, haar tandelose gesig geploeg deur weemoed" en "Hy sny die skag van die grys pluim wat hy by Trapezum

aan die Swart Kus uit die hemel ontvang het tot 'n punt, doop dit in dik bruin ink en skryf [...]"

Dan weer is daar grafiese tonele van bloedvergieting, konings wat winde laat en beskrywings van die verraderlikste dade wat broers teenoor mekaar pleeg.

Die verhaal begin waar die Jood Nagri, wat homself as die boodskapper van die Verlosser beskou het nog vóór Johannes die Doper, in 'n herberg sit en skryf. Hy herskryf "Anabis", die Atheense generaal Xenophon se beskrywing van een van die ongelooflikste reeks veldtogte in menseheugenis, maar meer as dit – hy voeg sy eie perspektiewe by. Want hy was dáár.

Hy het aangemeld vir diens, nie net as lyfbediende van die Griekse offisier nie, maar om saam met dié man, wat hy as die Verlosser van die Jode geëien het, die weg te berei na Jerusalem.

Daar lê egter verskriklike ontberings voor en uiteindelik 'n wrede ontnugtering – vir Nagri, en ook vir Xenophon. Die leser wonder telkemale: wat kan nóg verkeerd loop? Hoe ver kan enige mens se uithou vermoë getoets word – fisiek en geestelik? Wie van Xenophon of Nagri gaan eerste sy god faal?

Afstande is vernuftig gekonstrueer – dit is nie bloot chronologies uitgestippel soos 'n rits bakens oor 'n kaart nie. Eers vertel Nagri, dan weer Xenophon, en tussendeur is die leser bewus van die derde verteller: Sleigh. Die Athener, tipiese liniêre denker, was 'n kroniekskrywer. En heel gepas het hy die feite neergestig: “kort, direk en onversier”.

By die bekendstelling van Afstande verklaar Petra Müller dat Sleigh “soek altyd na gedeelde en verwaarloosde menslikhede”. Inderdaad.

Met Afstande slaan Sleigh 'n brug tussen die Ou en Nuwe Testament om die leë bladsy tussenin te vul. Hoekom, wat het hom daartoe geroep? Via Xenophon erken Sleigh dat hy gedrewe is om te skryf (en te leer); hy wag nie op die muse nie.

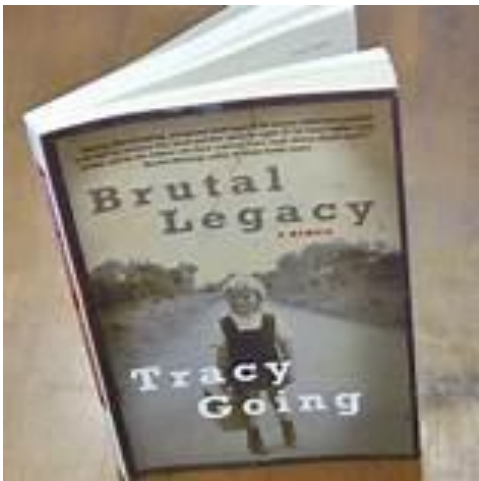
Oudergewoonte het hy sy veldwerk gedoen, dié keer ver van bekende weë, op die spore wat die Onsterflike Tienduisend, van Sardis (vandag bekend as Sart) tot by Bisantion (Istanbul), meer as 'n eeu voordat 'n verenigde Griekeland bestaan het.

En dan... dié epiese boek oor 'n klassieke quest. Sleigh slaag daarin om op "Anabis" te bou, “[...] soos 'n ranker 'n ou boom gebruik”, dit uit te spin soos 'n goue draad, en die leser se aandag daarmee vas te vang.

En hy máák ons dínk. Oor hoe lank ons gesamentlike ontwikkelingsrit(e) nog is. Dis die slag wat Sleigh slaan. Met feite genuanseer deur insig. (Dr. Francois Verster, Naspers)

Dan Sleigh het vir sy debuutroman, Eilande, die M-NET-prys ontvang, Sanlam/Insig Romanprys (2001), WA Hofmeyrprys (2003), RAU-prys (2004) & Helgard Steynprys (2004). Vir Afstande het hy in 2011 die K Sello Duiker Memorial Literary Award ontvang.

Brutal Legacy by Tracy Going



I have just finished reading Tracy Going's book, Brutal Legacy. It is very, very good. I couldn't put it down. In clear and limpid prose she relates how she grew up in a home where she saw her mother abused and she tells of her own experiences in an abusive relationship. I wouldn't have taken this book out of the library if I hadn't met Tracy myself and been very impressed by her. I never read this kind of book normally. Some years ago, I was the editor of a quarterly magazine for an organisation for the wives and families of alcoholics. I had to read so many harrowing stories then that now I don't want to read about drug abuse and violence. I usually find it distasteful, but I didn't feel that way about Tracy's book. She writes very well, of course, but I don't think that is the whole reason. I think it is because in her book Tracy is completely honest and truthful. She does not hide the

ugly parts of her experience, but she does not dwell on them or indulge in self-pity. She expresses her anger, but her kindness and compassion come through even in the accounts of the violence. The whole of the book rings true and I was left with a feeling of great admiration for a most courageous woman. (Margaret Clough)

Tracy Going was the award-winning News anchor for SABC 2's Morning Live and famous as a prime-time Radio News anchor on Radio Metro and Kaya FM. Beautiful, glamorous and talented, she seemed to have everything going for her. So, it was a tremendous shock to everyone when her battered face was splashed across the media and we learnt of the dreadful abuse that she had been subjected to.

Nuutskappings in Afrikaans

Hoe beskrywend is die Afrikaanse taal nie...

Giggelgras – dagga

Glansgans – "Celebrity"

Goeterjasies – "gadgets"

Katelkletsies – "pillow talk"

Kermderm – iemand wat baie kla

Kieriekorting – pensioenarisafslag

Is 7 die volmaakte getal?

Die vel het 7 lae

Ons het 7 nekwerwels

Die brein het 7 holtes

Die reënboog het 7 kleure

Daar is 7 frekwensies in klank

7 windrigtings

7 oseane

7 dae per week

Vergewe 7x70

Die oseane se 7de golf is hoër

God se volmaakte getal:

Die aarde in 7 dae geskep

In Openbaring -7 laaste plaë

7 sterre

7 kandelare in Joodse geloof

7 basuine

7 gemeentes

7 de jaar moet jou land rus

7 de dag die Sabbat.

We learn something new every day!

- In the 1400s a law was set forth in England that a man was allowed to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb –hence we have 'the rule of thumb.'
 - Many years ago, in Scotland, a new game was invented. It was ruled 'Gentlemen Only...Ladies Forbidden'... – and thus the word GOLF entered into the English language.
 - Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history – Spades - King David, Hearts - Charlemagne, Clubs -Alexander the Great, Diamonds - Julius Caesar
 - In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. Hence the phrase..... 'goodnight, sleep tight'.
 - It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the honey month, which we know today as the honeymoon.
 - In English pubs, ale is ordered by pints and quarts...So in old England, when customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them 'Mind your pints and quarts, and settle down.'
- It's where we get the phrase 'mind your P's and Q's'.
- Many years ago, in England, pub frequenters had a whistle baked into the rim or handle of their ceramic cups. When they needed a refill, they used the whistle to get some service. 'Wet your whistle' is the phrase inspired by this practice.

**I'm not good at
Afrikaans but I know
a 'kennebak' is a
person who knows
which Tupperware is
theirs!!**



- In 1696, William III of England introduced a property tax that required those living in houses with more than six windows to pay a levy. In order to avoid the tax, house owners would brick up all windows except six. (The Window Tax lasted until 1851, and older houses with bricked-up windows are still a common sight in the U.K.) As the bricked-up windows prevented some rooms from receiving any sunlight, the tax was referred to as "daylight robbery"!

The Oxford comma

- An Oxford comma walks into a bar, where it spends the evening watching the television, getting drunk, and smoking cigars.
- A dangling participle walks into a bar. Enjoying a cocktail and chatting with the bartender, the evening passes pleasantly.
- A bar was walked into by the passive voice.
- An oxymoron walked into a bar, and the silence was deafening.
- Two quotation marks walk into a "bar".
- A malapropism walks into a bar, looking for all intensive purposes like a wolf in cheap clothing, muttering epitaphs and casting dispersions on his magnificent other, who takes him for granite.
- Hyperbole totally rips into this insane bar and absolutely destroys everything.
- A question mark walks into a bar?
- A non sequitur walks into a bar. In a strong wind, even turkeys can fly.
- Papyrus and Comic Sans walk into a bar. The bartender says, "Get out - we don't serve your type."
- A mixed metaphor walks into a bar, seeing the handwriting on the wall but hoping to nip it in the bud.
- A comma splice walks into a bar, it has a drink and then leaves.
- Three intransitive verbs walk into a bar. They sit. They converse. They depart.
- A synonym strolls into a tavern.
- At the end of the day, a cliché walks into a bar -- fresh as a daisy, cute as a button, and sharp as a tack.
- A run-on sentence walks into a bar it starts flirting. With a cute little sentence fragment.
- Falling slowly, softly falling, the chiasmus collapses to the bar floor.
- A figure of speech literally walks into a bar and ends up getting figuratively hammered.
- An allusion walks into a bar, despite the fact that alcohol is its Achilles heel.
- The subjunctive would have walked into a bar, had it only known.
- A misplaced modifier walks into a bar owned by a man with a glass eye named Ralph.
- The past, present, and future walked into a bar. It was tense.
- A dyslexic walks into a bra.
- A verb walks into a bar, sees a beautiful noun, and suggests they conjugate. The noun declines.
- A simile walks into a bar, as parched as a desert.
- A gerund and an infinitive walk into a bar, drinking to forget.
- A hyphenated word and a non-hyphenated word walk into a bar and the bartender nearly chokes on the irony. (*Jill Thomas Doyle*)

For the movie boffs

The Labia Theatre in Cape Town is now offering movies on line – doing a simple audio test on your PC will determine if it is compatible and off you go. Don't miss out on their amazing selection of films which often are not mainstream and aimed at the more discerning viewer.

Diaries in the time of plague

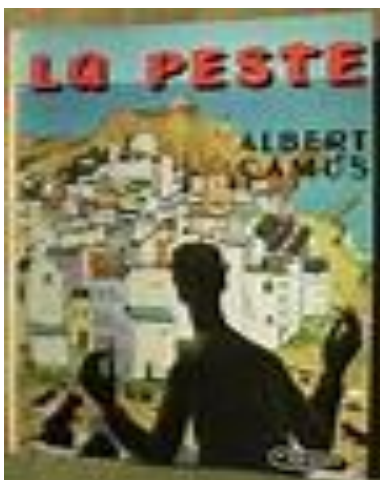
Following on her article on **Keeping a diary** Margaret Clough did some further research...

We are being constantly urged to write a journal. Historians, we are told, will value our accounts of life during Covid19. Perhaps it is the isolation, perhaps boredom or the fear of the disease, but more people than ever before are writing diaries. Writing a journal is something I have never done. I have been much too lazy, but lately I signed up for a course in diary-writing and find I quite enjoyed it. This has prompted me to investigate diary-keeping during pandemics of the past.

Probably the worst pandemic in history is the Black Death which decimated the population of Europe and the Middle East in the middle of the 14th Century (the disastrous 14th Century as Tuchman called it). This horrible disease, bubonic plague, is passed from rats to humans through the bites of fleas. It has been immortalised in the legend of the Pied Piper and in the Nursery Rhyme *Ring a Ring of Rosies, a Pocket full of Posies*. I used to love singing this to my children until I found that the rosies were the red lumps that appear on the body of plague sufferers and the posies the flowers carried to keep away the "bad air" which people believed caused the disease. The Black Death travelled all the way from India to Iceland on ships and overland and it is estimated that between the years 1346 and 1350 twenty-four million died, a third of the population. In an anonymous journal, the writer states: "In those days there was burying without sorrow and wedding without friendship. No one could be found to bury the dead. I buried my five children with my own hands as did many others."



The most famous account of this plague was written by Boccaccio in **The Decameron**. This is a collection of tales by characters who escaped the Plague in Florence by going to stay in the country. In this book Boccaccio writes: "Such fear... took possession of the living that almost all adopted the same cruel policy which was to entirely avoid the sick and everything belonging to them. Each one thinking thereby he would secure his own safety."



One of the most famous dairies is that of Samuel Pepys. He writes in detail of the Bubonic Plague that swept through London in 1665. He tells of the red crosses on the doors of those who had contracted the disease and the closure of his favourite taverns and inns. He describes seeing numbers of corpses carried through the streets for burial outside the city. The following extract resonates with my experience of the emptiness of the streets when going out of my house during Level 5 of lockdown: "By now, how few people I see, and those walking, like people that have taken leave of the world."

Albert Camus wrote a novel, **La Peste**. (The Plague) which is a fictionalised account of isolation in the city of Oran. He tells of being deprived of company and communication with others. Letters were forbidden and later, even phone-calls were not allowed. This must have been very hard to bear. In the novel he makes this observation: "The first thing the plague brought was exile. A void within that never left us." We are indeed blessed to live in the technological age of email and whatsapp.

One of the most devastating pandemics in history was the influenza pandemic that occurred early in the 20th century. It is reported that there were 23 million deaths world-wide, but some estimates put the death toll at 40 to 50 million. My mother, who lived through it, told me this story. She was a young teacher living in a school hostel. At dinner someone was explaining that the disease struck so suddenly that people would just fall down without warning. Getting up from the table, she happened to slip and fall on the floor. The headmistress scolded her for fooling about. She was most embarrassed. In fact, she did become ill the next day, but thankfully, soon recovered.

I found a diary written by a soldier who was on a troopship in 1918 when an outbreak of the flu occurred. In the crowded conditions it spread like wildfire and out of about 1000 on board, 77 died. He writes: "Quite a gloom was cast when 3 more deaths were registered. There were 4 burials today." Although he does not actually say so, it is obvious that the Army command was most unsympathetic and did very little help to them.

"The strange thing about this sickness", he observes, "is that the big strong men seem to get it the worst and are the ones that die." This is quite unlike other virus diseases. Most either affect children the worst or else are most severe in the elderly. In the 1918 flu pandemic it was young adults who were most affected.

After all these horror stories of sickness and plague, I can only say that if I had to live through a pandemic, I'm glad it wasn't one of those.

There will be a minor baby boom in 9 months, and then one day in 2033, we shall witness the rise of **the quaranteens.**

So many coronavirus jokes out there, it's a pandemic.

Now is not the right time to surround yourself with positive people.

The World Health Organization has announced that dogs cannot contract Covid-19. Dogs previously held in quarantine can now be released. To be clear, WHO let the dogs out.

Why do they call it the novel coronavirus?
It's a long story....

DUE TO THE QUARANTINE, I'LL ONLY BE TELLING INSIDE JOKES.

Let's cook

Chicken with mushrooms

1 kg chicken pieces
2 tbsp oil
1 large onion chopped
3 tbsp flour
300 gm brown mushrooms sliced
2 cloves garlic crushed
1 chicken stock cube dissolved in 250ml hot water
125 ml sour cream
1 tbsp soy sauce
Salt and pepper



Method

Dissolve stock cube in 250ml hot water.
Fry chicken in oil until lightly browned. Lay in baking dish. season lightly with salt and pepper.
In pan, saute onion and garlic lightly. Stir in flour. Slowly add hot stock. Heat until it thickens.
Add mushrooms, sour cream and soy sauce.
Pour over chicken.
Bake uncovered at 160 for 1 hr 20 mins or until tender.
(Or on full power in microwave for 15 to 20min)
(Margaret Clough)

Leek, pea and mint soup

1 tbsp olive oil
1 tbsp butter
3 leeks (large) slit down the middle, washed and thinly sliced
1 pkt (200gr) frozen peas
900 ml chicken stock
4 stalks mint leaves (pulled from stem)
30 ml hot English mustard
200 ml full cream milk
Grated rind of lemon
Salt and pepper



Method

Heat oil and butter and gently fry leeks until soft and translucent. Mix in the peas, leaving out 2 tbsp for adding later. Cook for 3-4 minutes. Add stock and salt and pepper. add mustard, milk, lemons rind and balance of peas. Bring to boil and cool. Adjust seasoning to taste. (Lydia Hirschmann)

Nearby events

The Marina Craft & Food Market's re-opening is on Saturday, 3 October at the San Marina Recreation Hall, 8 Cormorant Street, Uitsig. (Follow signs from Uitsig entrance off St George's Drive). Great re-opening special offers will be on sale

The market place

A few extra pennies never go amiss and we are inviting residents to make use of the MUIZE NEWS platform to advertise their wares. Anybody is welcome advertise in this column but limit your advert to eight lines. Although not guaranteed to be featured you are welcome to send photos for publication should space allows. Contributions can be forwarded to grizell@iafrica.com by 31 October 2020.

Delicious home bakes

Scones: R7.00 ea

Muffins: banana and walnut; Raspberry and choc chip: R 12.50 ea

Biscotti: R35.00 per tray

Shortbread: R35.00 per tray

Cupcakes: R8.00 ea

Contact Lydia Hirschmann at apartment G17 to place orders.

Mix 'N' Match

			H	O	R			
			I	C	R			
			S	T	A			
			S	P	O			
			E	R	V			
			L	I	S			
			H	A	N			
			K	M	A			
			I	O	U			

ABO,
AUT, BOO,
LUD, MEC,
OBV, OUT,
RES, SUB

Place the
left and right
letters with
the middle
letters to form
nine new
words.

HED,
ISM, ITY,
KEN, NCE,
OIR, OUS,
RKS, SLY

Missing Links

Fill in each
letter of the
alphabet
once only to
complete this
puzzle.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	J	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z		

P	U		A	S			I	D	A	L	
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	Y	P	E		O		G			T	
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Solution to Crossword from July edition

COLOSSUS

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