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# ILLUSTRATED LIFE RHODESIA

December 20, 1978 Vol. 11, No. 20

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# LAW for the layman

Percy Manning explains the legal rights of a tenant.

I RECENTLY received a letter from an old age pensioner in Bulawayo who is most dissatisfied with the condition of the flat which she rents. Apparently both she and her friends have made representations to the landlord but without effect. She wanted to know what were her rights as a tenant.

Of course, very much will depend on whether she has a written contract with the landlord or not. Most tenants today, especially if they found their property through an Estate Agent, are subject to written agreements. Most agreements state that the landlord will be responsible for the basic structural maintenance of the building while the tenant remains responsible for the internal maintenance and cleanliness of the premises.

This does not detract from the landlord's fundamental responsibility to make such repairs to the leased premises as are necessary to maintain them in a condition reasonably fit for habitation. It was said in a 1923 South African case (*Capt Town Municipality vs Paine*) that the law imposes upon a landlord the duty of placing and maintaining leased premises in a condition reasonably fit for the purpose in which they are let.

This does not mean, however, that the landlord has an obligation to maintain his premises in a spanking, brand new condition. There is nothing in our law preventing somebody from letting a tumbledown house.

If a person rents a cheap and nasty flat, he cannot expect the landlord to turn it into a Mayfair apartment. The landlord's responsibility is simply to ensure that the plumbing works and that generally the flat is in a condition suitable for habitation, having regard to the rental that is charged.

## Basic duty

In the case of the letter that I received it appears that the landlord may even be neglecting his basic duty. If this is the case, then there are certain steps that can be taken against him.

The tenant may, after due notice to the landlord, have the necessary repairs made and then deduct the cost of these repairs from the rental. In this case, however, the landlord must be called upon in writing to effect the repairs himself and only if he then fails to do so can the tenant obtain the services of a qualified jobber (having received quotations) so that the work can be done and a detailed statement of account submitted.

The tenant, if he is unwilling to

pay out the money to have the repairs done himself, can decide to leave matters as they are, but claim a reduction in the rental. For example, if the rental is \$100.00 it may be agreed to reduce it to \$80.00 per month subject to the condition that the landlord will not be called upon to repair the dilapidated flat.

## Tenant can move out

Finally, of course, the tenant can cancel the lease and move somewhere better. Certainly, if the landlord is called upon to make repairs to the premises which are essential and necessary in order to make them habitable and he refuses to do so, then he is in breach of the lease agreement — whether it is in writing on merely verbal — and the tenant can cancel the lease and move out. It's as simple as that.

I would therefore suggest to my correspondent that she takes the following steps:

- Check to see if she has a lease agreement and, if so, what the terms are regarding maintenance;
- Call upon the landlord in writing to effect the necessary repairs to make the flat habitable;
- If the landlord refuses to do so, then either have the repairs effected and deduct the amount from the rental, or
- Give the landlord notice that he has breached the lease agreement and that you intend to look for other premises and, as soon as those premises are available, you intend to vacate.

I would also mention that if the tenant suffers any financial loss as a direct result of the landlord being in flagrant breach of his obligations, then that loss can be claimed against the landlord as damages.

There are of course in most written lease agreements clauses which favour the landlord very much. In most commercial leases today, if there is any leakage or bits of the ceiling fall down, the landlord is specifically excluded from liability unless he has previously been warned of the danger and does nothing about it. I know of a business man recently who had his premises flooded when builders, effecting repairs to the premises next door, blocked up a drain, thereby diverting water into his shop. The builders did a moonlight flit to Europe and our client had no claim against the landlord and, in terms of the written agreement, the landlord was specifically excluded from liability in cases such as this. The business man had to bear the loss of the ruined stock himself.

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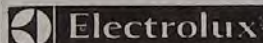
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# HOROSCOPES

if capricorn is your sign

**T**HE Symbol for Capricorn is the goat, and if you are born between December 22 and January 19 you fall under this ambitious and resourceful influence. Capricorns are forever climbing towards their goal at the top of the mountain, and some of the less scrupulous ones don't mind stepping on others in order to get there. The ruling planet of Saturn gives a capacity for much patience and self discipline, as well as a somewhat melancholy outlook at times. Capricorn humour is usually delightfully dry but can be hidden under a rather gloomy looking exterior. In fact, this sign is one of the most misunderstood of all the twelve because it is difficult to penetrate that aura of reserve, and discover the true person beneath. Many Capricorns hold important positions of power or responsibility, and the tendency to place work above all else makes them ever more remote. The person who marries a Capricorn should fully understand their working ambitions before they commit themselves. The wife of a successful Capricornian male is likely to spend many long hours waiting for him to come home from the office. But this will seldom be a convenient excuse to cover up some other activity! Capricorns are usually as faithful and dedicated to their families as they are to their work. There is a strong sensual drive which causes them to sow some wild oats in youth, and then to think long and hard about a prospective marriage partner. Once they have summed you up and found you suitable, they will tend to stay with you for life, no matter what goes wrong. The Saturn influence gives the capacity to shoulder disappointments and responsibilities. It also makes these folk very conventional. The tried and true ways are the best for them. The ideal mate will be found among those who have their moon placed in Capricorn, as well as other Capricorns, Taureans and practical Virgos. There will be too much competitiveness from Aries, who also likes the rulership role, and Pisces and Cancer are too soft and emotional. Richard Nixon, Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Stalin and Martin Luther King are just a few of the famous names found under this sign. Rudyard Kipling illustrates the idealism that inspires many a Capricorn heart, in spite of their personal ambitions. One finds Capricorns in the fields of science, engineering, civil service, schooling, politics and building. Weak health areas lie in the knees, skin and digestive system. Birthstones are the garnet, white onyx and moonstone; colours are black and green; and their flower the long-lasting carnation.

stars this fortnight (20th December-3rd January)

**CAPRICORN** (December 22-January 19) Your religious beliefs tend to be orthodox and traditional, but you may find now that someone tried to bend you to a more unusual path. There could be some conflicts over this.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 18) Long trips are aspected. Some of you may be accident-prone. Don't take chances!

**PISCES** (February 19-March 20) There is a link with doctors and hospitals for some of you. Partners may be making some heavy demands on you.

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20) Aspects of Mars and Venus to Uranus can cause strong feelings which you may have been smothering to burst forth suddenly. Impulsiveness and sensuality can cause unfortunate eruptions.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20) While usually rather sensitive in your general dealings with others, you may now find yourself being more aggressive and looking after your own interests. An output of energy makes you seek new knowledge and work projects.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 20) The influence of Mars in your 8th house stimulates interest in the occult or psychic subjects. 23rd December is a particularly favourable date.

**CANCER** (June 21-July 20) There is an accent on property and houses. Repairs may need attending to, and there could be trouble over rents and leases.

**LEO** (July 21-August 22) Self-confidence may be at an unusual low for you. But leisure-time activities are spotlighted. You should do well in competitive sports.

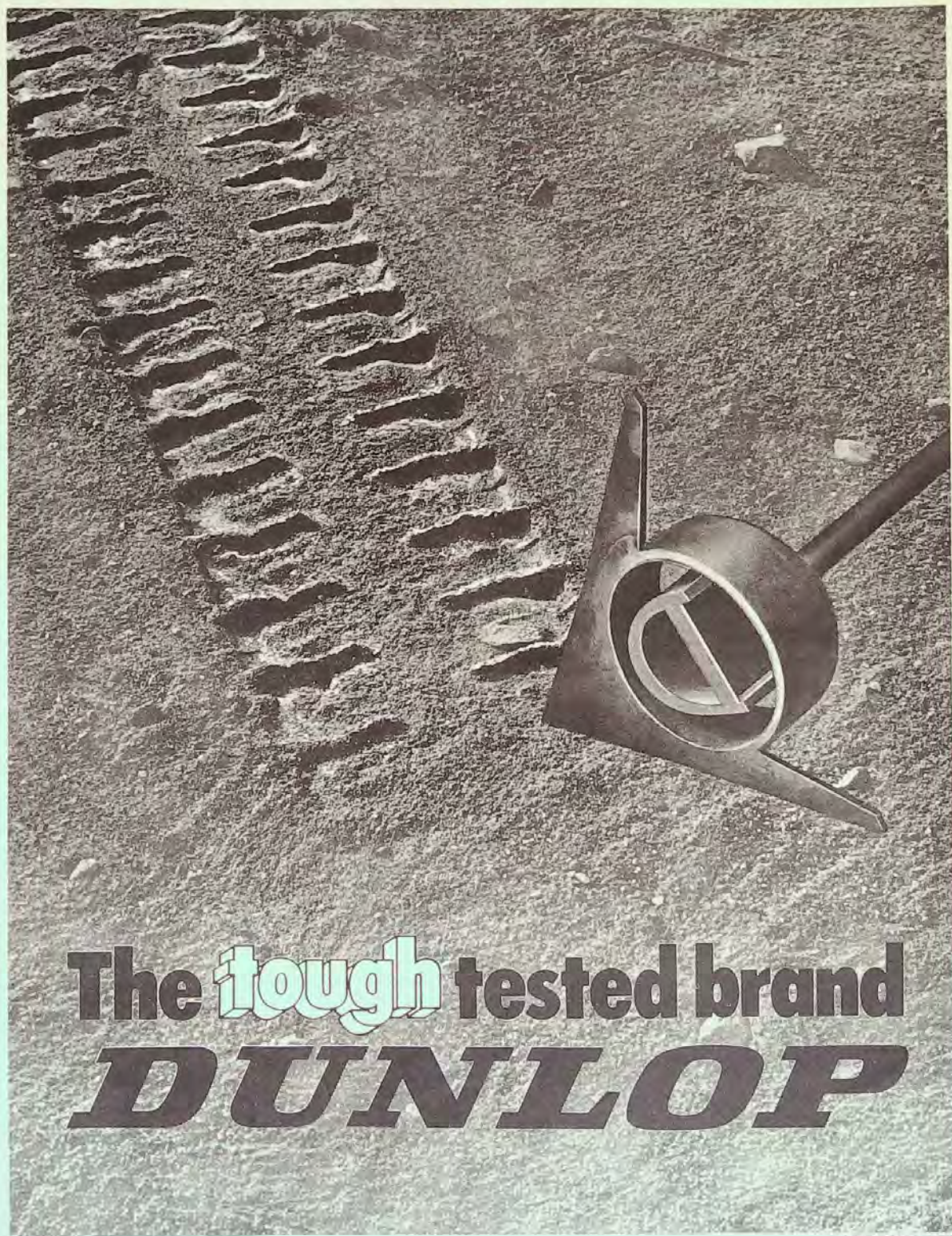
**VIRGO** (August 23-September 22) For those who are interested, this is a good time to test and develop your natural psychic abilities. It is better to work with groups than alone.

**LIBRA** (September 23-October 22) A quarrel could develop over money matters with a friend or business associate. Financial matters are not too stable now. There may be changes in status.

**SCORPIO** (October 23-November 21) There could be benefit for some of you through a legacy. This is a good time to ask for a loan or work with joint resources.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22-December 21) New friends are likely to be entering your life. You could attract other Sagitarians who share your ideas. With friends and lovers, you will tend to be more open and giving. ●





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## samantha peel's PERSONAL column

*Trouble in mind? Write to Samantha, c/o ILR. All letters are treated in confidence, but Samantha regrets she cannot enter into private correspondence with readers.*

★ "I am middle-aged and my skin is not too bad, in fact I have very few wrinkles except under my eyes. Here the skin is quite 'crepey'. Although I don't have actual bags! Is there anything to be done for this other than spending a lot of money on expensive creams or a face-lift? I've read that face masks should never be applied to the skin under the eyes, so should I just reconcile myself to approaching old age?"

Mrs R., Bulawayo

The various eye creams and lotions manufactured by the leading cosmetic houses may seem a bit expensive, but as most of them are very rich in oils, they should be used sparingly and so last for a considerable time. There is one face mask, a refreshing jelly containing seaweed extract, which can be applied to the sensitive skin under the eyes. This is Masque No 10 by Lancome and most of the other well-known cosmetic lines, such as Coty, Helena Rubinstein, Vitamol and Eden all contain eye treatment preparations. If you have a little bit of cash to spare, I think you'll find that it's worth the initial outlay. No woman should accept looking old without putting up a bit of a fight.

★ "I am a married man who recently became involved in a liaison with a divorced lady. For me, the association is really one of personal indulgence and gratification. While admittedly enjoying such a demonstration of affection, when all things are considered, I would at heart prefer for this illicit relationship not to continue. I am uncertain how best to sever the association without giving undue offence and should be grateful for your advice."

Mr B., Salisbury

As you admit that you have used the lady for your own gratification and indulgence, perhaps you owe her a bit of honesty when you end the relationship. Whatever you tell her, she is bound to suspect that having had your fling, you're now tired of her and want out.

You could possibly tell her how much her attention and affection have meant to you, but that the constant guilt over deceiving your wife has begun to outweigh the pleasures and you feel that you must make the break before you both become too deeply attached to each other.

★ "I went out with a guy for two years during which time we spent many happy moments together. We broke up at the beginning of this year and still see each other

sometimes. I am still very much in love with him. He is eleven years older than me and he says that I don't really love him, it's just a schoolgirl crush. Sometimes when we see each other he just ignores me and other times he acts as if he hadn't broken up. Do you think that when he's nice to me, he is just using me or does he still really love me?

"I am willing to marry him because I will do anything for him. He tends to devote his life to his religion and is always doing duties for the church. I've got nothing against religion and I would be willing to devote my life to the church too, but not seven days a week. Do you think that he could still love me?"

'Heartbroken', Bulawayo

You don't say how old you are, but as this man thinks you are suffering from a schoolgirl crush, it suggests that you are still in your teens. This would make the man a mature adult who, quite possibly, is doing his best to disentangle himself from your affections without hurting you too much. I doubt whether he is in love with you, otherwise he would not have broken up and he is probably just being kind when he treats you the way he used to.

If he is devoted to his religion and feels that you are not sincerely involved, this would also influence his decision to ease out of the relationship. I don't see any future in it for you and the best thing you can do is to stop trying to hold on to him when he obviously wants you to let go.

★ "I have inherited some china which might be quite old. It has some markings which might be chinese characters. We are reluctant to use it in case it is valuable. Can you advise me where we could get expert advice?"

'Clumsy', Gwelo

Although representatives from Sotheby visit Rhodesia on occasion, a spokeswoman for the National Gallery tells me that there is no recognised expert on china in Rhodesia. She suggests that you should photograph the china, taking clear side and base shots showing any distinguishing marks, and send the prints to: Sotheby, Parke Burnet, S.A. Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 31010, Braamfontein, 2017, Transvaal. Although they will not be able to give a comprehensive assessment and valuation from the photographs, they will at least be able to approximately date the china and advise you as to whether it has any value or not.



# PHOTOREVIEW



## THE OLD LADY AND THE SEA

**T**HE British Royal Navy says goodbye to a trusted friend this month. HMS Ark Royal, the Navy's biggest, most powerful and most popular aircraft carrier is being scrapped because she is no longer suitable for modern war at sea. It is mainly the era of vertical take-off and landing that has made the Ark Royal too old for the job. 2 500 sailors on board have been

living in overcrowded messes built for half their number. So the rust-scarred 350-ft. vessel left Naples on the last leg of its final voyage in October. The 28-year-old floating airfield will dock at Plymouth, Devon, for the last time in December. But the Ark Royal will not be forgotten. Her crew have released a record called The Last Farewell.



## BRIDE'S WORDS OF HOPE

**L**OVELY bride Christine Stack shared the hopes and happiness of her big day with a bunch of excited youngsters. She went back to a school for deaf children in Essex where she had

been a pupil from the age of two. The children listened through special earphones as Christine, a 20-year-old bank clerk, described her joy — a shared experience they'll never forget.

## MY COUSIN THE POPE

**B**OB Wojtyla, the landlord of the Horse and Groom in Queniborough, near Leicester, has been engulfed with marriage proposals. For 56-year-old Bob, a widower born in Poland, has become the most eligible single man in the area since he claimed to

be the first cousin of the new Pope, Cardinal Karol Wojtyla. Bob said: "Karol's father and mine were brothers. My uncle used to visit us. I remember my father telling me, when I was about 17, that Karol was deeply religious and planned to go into the church."



## MR WONDERFUL

**C**OLIN Miller has been hailed as Britain's best boss — and with good reason. Kind-hearted Colin dishes out perks to the 40 girls at his toy factory in Lancashire that most bosses would never dream of. Like having a yoga teacher and spending £700 to decorate a keep-fit room for the girls; like cut-price driving lessons which his

staff take in company time; like free legal aid from the company's solicitor if they're arrested for a traffic offence and interest-free loans if they want to buy a car. At Christmas time, Colin throws lavish parties, like the £1 600 set aside for this year's binge, plus a £200 kids' tea party.





1978 was a time of crisis, conflict and suffering in Rhodesia; much like 1977, really, except the war got worse and political options diminished. As we look back, in horror, anger, disappointment, the new year approaches — and hope, always hope, for better days ahead.

by HEIDI HOLLAND

# WHAT A YEAR IT HA



The politicians talked endlessly.



In March, the Prime Minister, the Bishop, the Reverend and the Chief signed the Salisbury Agreement, forming themselves into the Executive Council to administer the Transitional Government. (Above left) The PM and Bishop Muzorewa talk to newsmen about the March 3 Agreement. (Left) Chief Chirau, pictured after putting his signature to the internal settlement. (Above right) Africans read all about it.

Six weeks later, Byron Hove (right), the Co-Minister of Justice and Law and Order, was sacked by EXCO after he had called for the urgent removal of racial discrimination. His dismissal caused one of numerous indignant protests during the year and came to symbolise the deep scepticism of many Rhodesian blacks to the whole settlement exercise.





# S BEEN!



1978 saw some of the most horrible atrocities of the six-year-old war. (Below) 12 people were brutally murdered by terrorists in July, at Elim Mission in the Vumba mountains. Among the dead were three children of the English missionaries.

186 white and 2 270 black civilians died during the year. Some of the Africans were casualties of security force operations, like at least 52 victims of the Gutu raid in May, and many more were murdered by terrorists. (Right) The bodies of Mayo farm workers, gunned down by terrorists in July. In the same massacre, a pregnant woman and five of her six children were burnt to death when they were forced into a grass-roofed hut which was then set alight.

(Above right) In September, Rhodesia's cruel war made its bloody masterpiece with the Kariba Viscount tragedy, when the civilian aircraft 'Hunyani' was shot from the sky by a heat-seeking missile fired by terrorists from camps in Zambia. The horror of the disaster reverberated through the stunned white community, compounded to an outraged demand for revenge by the hideous murder of ten passengers and crew who had survived the crash only to be bayoneted to death by terrorists within hours of escaping the blazing wreckage. In all, 48 people were killed.

The Viscount massacre ensured the collapse of negotiations between the Prime Minister and the externally-based nationalist who claimed responsibility for the crash. And it guaranteed revenge.

A month later, Rhodesian fighter planes (below right) and helicopters struck deep into Zambia, hitting one base 20 km from Lusaka and killing thousands of guerrillas.





## WHAT A YEAR!



(Above and left): 246 000 rural children lost their places in the 1 000 schools that were closed by the end of the year as a result of terrorist activity. 161 clinics and hospitals were also closed by December because they could no longer be administered in some areas of the country.

There were two state funerals during the year; for Rhodesia's President John Wrathall and former President Clifford Dupont. The pictures show (right) the Hon. J. J. Wrathall at the opening of the 1978 Parliament of Rhodesia, in which blacks and whites sat together for the first time on the front benches and (far right) Clifford Dupont inspecting the Guard of Honour at the opening of the eleventh Parliament, back in 1967.



As the year progressed and the military struggle wore on, ever-increasing numbers of Rhodesians — white and black — were armed. They included (above) vigilantes employed by ranchers to curb cattle rustling; (right) guards to protect farm workers, especially at the start of the growing season when the agricultural labour force became a prime target of the terrorists; and (left) auxiliary forces, comprising "on-side" guerrillas like Comrade Max — pictured here with Bishop Muzorewa — and local militia recruited from supporters of the Transitional Government leaders.







As a result of pressure on the Transitional Government to abandon the protected village programme in rural areas, thousands of tribesmen were allowed to leave the keeps that had caused so much political controversy in years past. With increasing danger to life in the tribal trust lands came thousands of refugees to the towns of Rhodesia (far left), to live in squalor beneath plastic shacks and scratch a living from the unyielding city streets.

Right: Prime Minister Smith and his EXCO colleagues went to the United States in October in an attempt to sell the Transitional Government to the American people. Mr Smith is pictured with the Reverend Ndabingi Sithole on US television.

Below: In October, President Kaunda of economically - imperilled Zambia announced that he had decided to re-open his border with Rhodesia, to transport maize and fertiliser from the South across the Victoria Falls bridge, and to export copper.

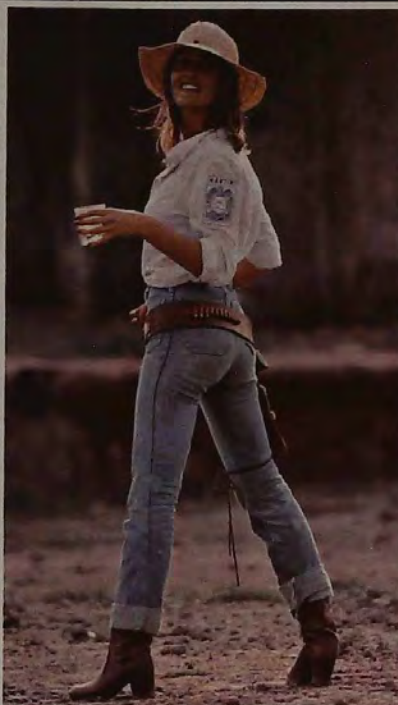


Prolonged political uncertainty and an escalating war led most white families to review their future in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. Around 12 000 people came up with too bleak a picture of tomorrow: they "took the gap" during 1978.

Throughout the year, blacks continued to call for the removal of racial discrimination. While the EXCO leaders were in America, the Government pledged itself to the removal of racial barriers in land ownership, education and health. Soon afterwards, blacks called for the continuation of racial discrimination in an attempt to avoid conscription. There was a howl of protest from black students and politicians around the country as the call-up of blacks was confirmed by EXCO. The picture (below) shows eleven black officers of the Rhodesian African Rifles, commissioned in October.







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**I**n what has become an arena ripe for many types of revolution, it is no surprise that Third World countries are also now revolting against media domination by certain worldwide news organisations.

For many years, coverage of news events by the Western media was determined by how well-developed a nation or area was becoming, and — according to complaints from the Third World — by how many wars, corrupt government officials and armed conflicts could be rooted out. It seemed a type of coverage based solely upon sensationalism; ie, if there was nothing bad to report, there was nothing to report. This has been termed, among other things, "cultural colonialism" or "news imperialism".

It is true that the Western media report mostly the crisis events that occur in the Third World but it is crises, as any newsman will confirm, that sell papers.

The content and character of coverage by news agencies in the West have been called into question on two main grounds: first, that they overload their services with news from and about life and events in Europe and the United States; and second, that not only is their coverage of Africa, Asia and Latin America inadequate, but that they often distort or slant it to suit certain political and economic interests. This has, some claim, created a false picture which has gained currency not only in the Western world but in the Third World itself, thus seriously prejudicing its development.

So in this struggle between the Western media and the Third World, it is relevant to try to define a few basic premises: what makes news and information, how is it gathered and transmitted to other areas of the world, and to whom and by whom is it finally disseminated?

First, it is a fact that coverage of most events is handled mainly by four international press agencies which filter information across the face of the earth. Known as the Big Four, they include Agence-France Presse, a French agency; Associated Press and United Press International, both American agencies; and Reuters, a British agency.

Responsible to all types of media (print, television and radio), their mode of operation is similar and differs mainly in the amount of information each agency passes on. Associated Press is the largest of these organisations, feeding 17 million words daily to 10 000 subscribers around the world. It has journalists and photographers based in 110 countries and it is estimated that 1 000 million people daily receive news from AP. It is impossible to estimate the number of photographs transmitted daily from every spot on the globe but subscribers in the United States receive between 150 and 200 transmissions in a 24-hour period.

United Press International, a young organisation, operates in much the same manner, transmitting 14 million words a day

# MONEY MAKES THE NEWS GO ROUND?

**Rhodesians hate the Press: it is part of the sub-culture that grew with increasing international isolation and condemnation abroad of this country's policies. The Third World resents Western journalists too, believing that they present a selective view of events in Africa and other under-developed states.**

**MAGGIE STEBER talks to locally-based representatives of the world's largest news agencies.**



*Above: Maureen Johnson (left) of the Associated Press, and Rodney Pinder of Reuters. She writes a few hundred of the 17 million words that AP sends out daily, and Pinder says: "We serve everyone from the most rabid capitalists to the strongest leftists."*

to 7 000 subscribers in 90 countries. It employs journalists and photographers in 62 countries.

Reuters, one of the first international agencies, distributes 1½ million words a day in six languages to subscribers in 155 countries and has 529 permanent correspondents. Agence-France Presse journalists in 110 countries put out three million words daily to 12 000 members in 80 countries.

It is easy to see, then, how these four agencies could dominate the

coverage and distribution of the news, and as some critics add, they inevitably cover the news from a Western viewpoint. Each agency, however, maintains that its policy is to report the news factually and without bias; indeed, many never touch news analyses of a critical nature and absolutely refuse to support one issue or another.

An effort has been launched in recent years to improve the news-flow within the Third World in general and in Africa in particular, with special emphasis on measures to lessen dependence on the near-monopoly of these four agencies. The issue has been highlighted by various conferences called to raise a voice against Western media domination.

The first of these was a conference called by the OAU in 1963 to seek measures to institute an alternative news source. At present, final preparations for the establishment of a Pan-African News Agency (PANA) are in the works. All the technical, financial

**T**HE best way to understand the functions and goals of the Big Four news agencies is to bring it home to Rhodesia, where three are represented by correspondents whose job it is to cover the day-to-day events in this country. They are Associated Press, Reuters and United Press International.

Maureen Johnson, who was born in Rhodesia (of pioneer stock), has been working for Associated Press since February 1977, and joined the organisation in London. She has been a political reporter for seven years and has been based in Salisbury since May 1978. She maintains that some of the criticisms that Western reporters tend to write for Western audience is fair enough because those agencies employ writers who have Western backgrounds.

"But I think each one of us does our best to give what we think is an unbiased reflection or analysis of what we think is happening in a country," she says.

"The UNESCO proposal as it stands has certainly not gotten round the basic problem of what the press is for and about. In many Third World countries, the role of the press is not to inform or reflect or amuse or educate, but simply to tell people what the ruling party wants them to know."

"At that UNESCO conference, the kind of criticism they're having a go-around with is a question of what is news, and in Rhodesia, that criticism is spotlighted in the reporting of the deaths of white Rhodesians. There is justification in the claim that the deaths of whites is bigger news than black or Indian deaths."

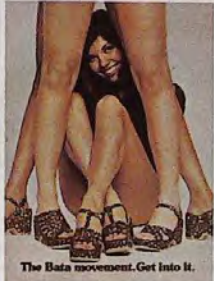
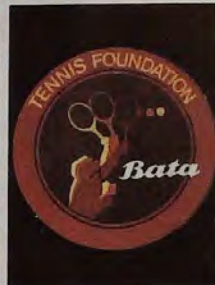
"Certainly, if four Americans were killed here, I would write a story about it in some detail that I wouldn't necessarily write if white Rhodesians were killed, or blacks, or for that matter, British or French. One likes to think that it is because the AP has members who are interested in this angle; interested in it themselves as people."

## Very sensitive

"One runs into problems in covering the story here but one also runs into them in black Africa, even more so. Authorities point out from time to time something you have written that they regard as unfair or that doesn't reflect their point of view. The nationalists are certainly very sensitive to references in copy to them. Mr Sithole especially, who is oftentimes referred to as a leader of a faction of ZANU, would rather be regarded as the leader of ZANU. And we don't do this. It's not how it actually seems, you see, to be the situation."

"Then there is the reference to the term terrorist or freedom fighter. All of us avoid using either term. But you look at agency copy that is printed in newspapers in Zambia, let's say. Prime Minister Ian Smith is referred to as a terrorist by a local paper using wire service stories. None of us would send out copy like that, just as we wouldn't use the term freedom-fighter."







# WHAT'S NEWS?

**"We can only report what we see, and we can't pretend that we see it all."**

"That kind of thing means taking sides, which we try to avoid," Miss Johnson says. "One must look at it professionally: what makes news? We should certainly not be inclined to turn our wires into blood and thunder chronicles. Our job is to tell what people are like, what happens in their country, how it affects them and how they feel about it; what it's done to the lives of people in this country."

"I think perhaps I might accept that I'd write a piece sometimes and the nationalists might have reason to say to me, 'You don't really understand. Your copy seems to identify what this has meant to a well-off black or well-off white, rather than what it has meant to a tribesman'. None of us here can pretend that we can go into a village and get to the heart of the matter of what it's like for a peasant farmer. We know his life is miserable but it's not easy for us to get into his mind."

"Similarly with the guerrillas: one doesn't have reporters coming across with that group at any stage in this country. I don't think anyone knows what we might get to see if we were to report on that. A lot of the time, we can only report what we see and we can't pretend that we see it all."

## Loose policy

**R**ODNEY Pinder reports on Rhodesia for Reuters and has been based in Salisbury for a little over a year. A Scot, Pinder has worked for the British agency for six years and was sent from London to Johannesburg before coming to Rhodesia.

Of Reuters' coverage, he explains that his agency has more of an international scale of reporting than AP or UPI and that it doesn't go solely for one particular market. Instead, it is a system which breaks up its services into regional areas, which in turn break up reports and insert more of a local angle. But the agency exists on international coverage and gets its money from that.

"The bulk of our paying customers are in Europe, the States, and the Far East and they do tend to be interested in what interests the Western world."

"We have a sort of loose policy in Rhodesia that on routine white deaths, we don't name the whites because we don't name routine deaths of blacks in the war."

"The blacks' names aren't

mentioned in the government communiques but the whites are. So we maintain this policy of not naming whites either. There are exceptions; one of them was the Vumba massacre. We did name all the whites and ran the story very big. I think there have been, in many ways justifiably, complaints by some of the nationalists that there were 12 whites killed and the press made a great storm about it. And then you have 50 blacks killed in Gutu and the coverage doesn't compare. But you also have to remember that we are reporting to the United Kingdom where there are relatives of whites killed and where there is great interest in the white community."



Above: Jacques Clafin of United Press International: "I think it's absurd to speak of a Western press conspiracy against this country."

"A lot of people tend to forget, I think, that the agencies serve such a wide spectrum of political opinion. We're not like some newspaper correspondents who have a particular political or editorial line to follow. We can't follow any political argument, we can't editorialise, because that's not our job."

"We serve everyone from the most rabid of capitalists to the strongest of leftists," Mr Pinder says. "We cover everything so we've got to try and maintain some sort of balance and sometimes it can get into embarrassing situations when newspapers change the words in our copy. When that happens, we take it up with the client and they see the point and it doesn't happen again. But it's one of the risks of the business. If we're being criticised by both sides, we're probably doing a fairly reasonable job. It's not our business to please people. We've just got to do it as we see it and we can be criticised for that because everybody's viewpoint is different, but we try to remain fair and balanced."

"I worked in the Mid-East before coming here. It was very difficult to get into some sectors of that society; the peasant Arab, for example. It was hard to find out what he was really thinking and doing because there is such a huge ethnic gulf between us. You have to

try and walk this terrible tightrope between the two sides and try to be impartial and go along and do the best you can without getting involved. Inevitably, you end up being criticised by someone. It's very difficult."

"But the alternative that some countries in the Third World propose is to go completely the other way. There is no real understanding in Third World countries; their needs and the problems in running them. They're so immense. A free press as we know it is a luxury and it does something that a lot of them can't really afford."

"There have been some very valid arguments that I've heard for authoritarian governments that tell the public just what the governments want them to know and need them to know. When you're running a vast country with millions starving and leading a terrible existence, they're really not interested in the luxurious Sunday paper reading that the West has become accustomed to."

Rodney Pinder says the international press is frequently blamed for Rhodesia's plight. "To a certain extent, that might be true but I think most of us just try to report what's going on. If the outside world is hostile, for example, because the December 31 elections were put off, it's not the fault of the press because the press only reported it. They reported the various reasons for it. And the fact that newspaper reports attack this arrangement is not instigated by the agencies. They are merely reporting what other people are saying about it."

"In Rhodesia, the Government, on certain occasions, will lay on a facility for the press to cover an event. Then there are other things which happen that the Government does everything it can to discourage the foreign press from covering. It applies what can be considered quite strict censorship laws."

"And again, when you refer to people who have been killed in this country and you say the Government says they were murdered — that is, you attribute the report to an official source — the Government will come back and say, 'Well what do you mean?' They feel the wording casts doubt upon the Government's statements that people were killed by guerrillas. It's not, however, a question of believing them or not. It's a question that we weren't there. We didn't actually see it ourselves so we've got to say that this was said by the Government. Otherwise outside people are quite right in asking 'How do you know this is true?' We may have our own feelings on the matter, but that doesn't come into it."

**J**ACQUES Clafin is bureau chief for UPI in Salisbury and has been here since 1976. Before that, he worked for the agency in Brussels and spent five years in the Middle East, mainly Israel. He also thinks that the Third World's claim that the Big Four cover news of the world with a Western slant is probably true, but attributes that to

the fact that the agencies' big money-paying clients are located in the West. Although they distribute internationally, they will, he says, probably be inclined to report the news on a Third World country in a manner designed to be grasped by Western readers.

"But I don't think that that in itself is something one could call a Western slant," he says. "If anything, when you are reporting on the Third World, you must provide a great deal more explanatory background than you might if you were reporting for someone locally. Take the proverbial Kansas City milkman in America: he doesn't know what the Patriotic Front is, he doesn't know who Robert Mugabe is, or Joshua Nkomo. He probably hasn't the foggiest idea who Chief Jeremiah Chirau is. You have to tell him. That doesn't detract from the quality of the reporting. It doesn't necessarily enhance it either. I'm just saying this by way of questioning that what is being described as a Western slant is, in fact, something to be criticised. The international agencies do truly try to be international."

"Over the years, the government here appears to have fostered the notion that a great deal of Rhodesia's problems have been fostered by the foreign Press."

"I'm told the Rhodesian Front's objection to the Press stemmed from local Press coverage of its own inception to power," Mr Clafin says. "That local coverage kind of engendered an animosity towards the Press in general and this extended to the foreign Press as well. Over the years, this kind of attitude seems to have, quite regrettably, seeped into the national consciousness, at least among the white community."

"Another factor involved here was that, at first, the country was doing pretty well, despite sanctions, and had an inclination to be insular and not attract any publicity to itself, the result being that it really was no great effort to inform people, especially foreigners, on what it was about from the Rhodesian point of view."

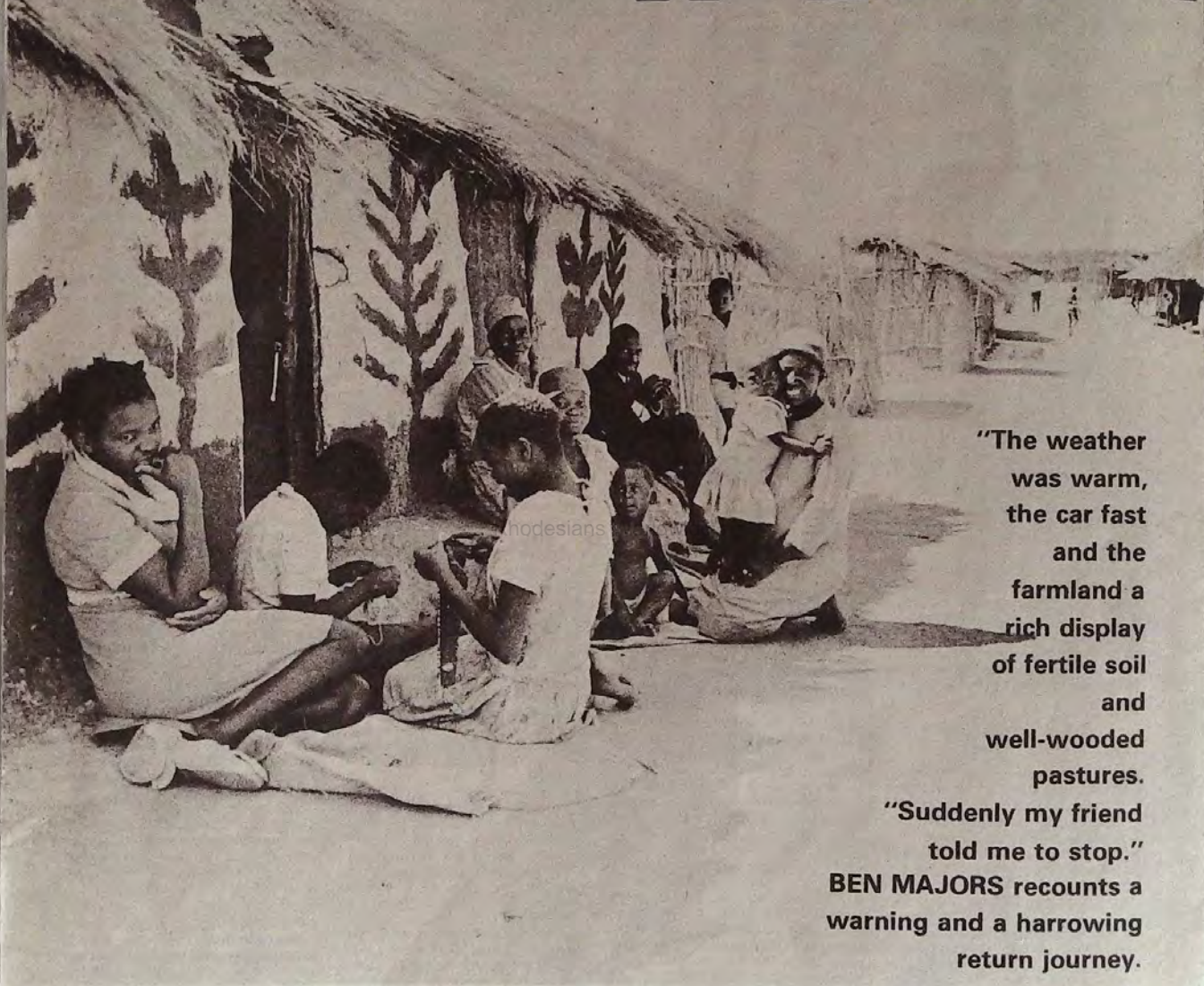
"Now, today, many white Rhodesian information officials say this was a terrible mistake and only now is it being corrected through a more outgoing and forthcoming official attitude."

"Still, all this personal interpretation of the background notwithstanding, there has been a general animosity toward the Press here, rooted in the notion that the Press was basically hostile. The fact that a lot of freelancers and even bona fide journalists have come here with the idea of casting Rhodesia in a bad light — and there are those who have done it — doesn't help."

"But in the main, I think it's absurd to speak of a Western Press conspiracy against this country and I'm glad to say that, personally, I'm encountering more and more people who seem to recognise that journalists are human although they are also professional and that we are not out to destroy their country." ●



# A DAY I



**"The weather was warm, the car fast and the farmland a rich display of fertile soil and well-wooded pastures.**

**"Suddenly my friend told me to stop."**

**BEN MAJORS recounts a warning and a harrowing return journey.**

**W**E never really saw much, and what we did see was unimpressive — an old woman with a hairy chin and a baby strapped to her back, standing at a bus stop on a TTL dirt road.

But when I asked her, "Vakomana varipi? — Where are the terrorists?" her answer was flat and chilling.

"Pan'ap' — Right here."

It was a Sunday morning when I set out with an African friend of my age to visit his Tribal Trust Land not far from Salisbury. The

weather was warm, the car fast and the trip through white-owned farmland a rich display of fertile soil and well-wooded pastures.

My friend carried some hoe blades and hammers for his father, a carpenter of sorts who farms and looks after his town-dwelling son's few acres as well.

We were to drop off the implements after spending the morning in the TTL township, which we reached after miles of narrow tar road and a few hundred yards of rutted dirt.

The township is like others in Rhodesia's tribal reserves. On a Sunday morning, children run from store to tiny store, while skinny youths lounge inside chatting idly with the solid matrons behind the counters.

Few grown men were visible this morning, however. My friend said they were reluctant to show their faces in the township, preferring to stay home. After six years of fighting and disruption in the TTLs, fear has become an integral part of life. Who knows who a man might

meet in the street, even on a sunny Sunday? So the women were running the stores, selling long bars of Perfection soap, buns and Cokes.

Leaving the brick buildings behind, my friend and I walked to the end of the township and looked southeast.

The land sloped down and away into a vast plain, interrupted by a mountain that basked massively 15 miles out, like a whale taking the sun in mid-ocean. Off to the left



# HE COUNTRY



overland travel is a speeding citation, this doubtful access to a hill in the near distance was simultaneously incredible and incredibly revealing of the nature of the bush conflict.

Our next stop was the home of a retired African schoolteacher, back on the high ground behind the township. The old man was getting into his well-worn car to attend church when we arrived, but courteously broke off his trip to talk to us.

"You can go to the mission," he said as his wife served tea and biscuits. "You should be safe, but I advise you to call the priest before you start."

Returning to the District Commissioner's offices overlooking the township, we cranked up the antiquated pay telephone and — having asked a local churchman for the priest's name — ran out to that island kopje. My friend, conversing in Shona with the African who answered, was told to come ahead.

We had planned that he would drive to the mission, with me lying in the back seat. But after two assurances that the way was clear, I felt this method would be more than a bit silly, and decided to take the wheel myself.

## Sudden halt

THE first five kilometres tracked along the line of high ground, giving us a full view of the mountain's bulk to the right and the patchwork of farms in a smaller valley to the left. With our noses pointed at the kopje — which in the way of far-off objects seemed to be just as distant as when we started — we drove through bush that was never thick enough to rouse worries about ambush positions.

After about two km, we picked up a hitchhiker, a handsome young man who said he worked in Salisbury and was travelling to visit relatives over the weekend. The rider and my friend exchanged pleasantries in Shona and were comparing their new national identity cards when we rounded a corner and came in sight of the bus stop.

Looking back, I am not sure why my friend told me to stop. He said he saw someone he knew at the halt, but I believe he would have stopped us even had all six people there been strangers.

In any case, he knew what he was doing.

"Masikati, amai," he said, getting out of the car and speaking to the old woman with the baby. I opened the door and walked over, offering a greeting that was ignored as the woman began talking to my friend rapidly, urgently, in Shona.

I could not follow, but one thing I did get — her repeated command "Dzokerai — Go back there!" accompanied with frantic waves of her arm in the direction of the township.

My friend listened quietly for a minute or two, then began barking replies which only made the woman more agitated. He left her and approached me.

"She says that it would be very difficult for us to proceed," he said. "There are three groups of the boys who have just come into the area — perhaps 30 or 40 of them. There is a school just one kilometre down this road, and she says they are at the school on this side of the school." I kept what was meant to be a studied calm on my face, but my hands suddenly were sweating. Our hitchhiker excused himself and set off rapidly into the bush, away from the road.

"I cannot see anything," I said looking 50 yards down the road to the next bend.

"They may already have seen us," my friend replied. "I think we should turn back."

I still was finding all this hard to absorb. The other five Africans at the halt — four women and a young boy — looked on impassively. The old woman continued to exhort us, but my friend's quiet speech and seeming lack of urgency made me wonder whether he really believed her.

Then, smoothly but quickly, he strode to the car, pulled out his packet of tools and dumped it on the roadside. (His parents would pick it up there.) My friend's action broke my trance of incredulity — "How can you meet terrorists on a day such as this, at 12:30 p.m., at a bus stop?" — and it all became deadly serious.

I CLIMBED into the driver's seat, turned the key, and sure enough — the hired car that had performed beautifully all day would not start. I got out, mumbled something about the engine possibly being flooded. The old woman continued to rattle on, and she was now pleading "Ndapota — Please" for us to leave.

The muscles around my jaw were getting tighter as I got back into the car, turned the key and still could not start it.

"We must push it," my friend said. He and the boy went behind and pushed. At the second try, I popped the clutch and the engine turned over.

Breathing shallowly now, I swung the car around in the narrow road and went back to pick up my friend.

"The boy is also coming with us," he said. "I will drive. You lie down in the back."

He sat in the driver's seat and,

without taking leave of the women, gunned the engine. My friend has no driver's licence, and as he pushed the car back down the dirt road, he kept grinding the gears fearfully. Two or three times he could not get it into gear at all, and I had to help him shift by thrusting my hand between the seats and grabbing the lever. The scene was almost funny, but no one in that car wanted to take the time to change drivers.

After about three kilometres, my friend relaxed and told me we were out of danger. I could take the wheel again. I did so, wondering whether in the heat of it all I had behaved like a fool or coward or both. After all, we didn't really know terrorists were there. Why believe an old woman?

## Grim looking

But just as I had settled in the seat and was pulling into the road, a vehicle drove into sight coming in the other direction.

"Security forces," my friend said. "They will try to stop us."

The first vehicle — one of the small personnel carriers with the crinkled sides — made no signal to us. A young white corporal stood behind the black driver. The carrier was making good speed, and the corporal looked grim. The second vehicle, a truck full of black soldiers, blinked its lights at us through the dust, but my friend said not to stop and I didn't.

In fact, we didn't stop until we reached the main road, where we sat down for a cold beer at a hotel and reran the entire incident in conversation.

"You know, three of those people at the bus stop were not waiting for the bus," my friend said. "They were placed there by the boys to warn Africans to turn back."

I thought about this. "What if I had been riding by myself and not with you?" I asked. He grinned.

"You might have met them." If I had, and had lived, it might have dispelled the air of unreality that hangs about the incident in my mind even now.

We assumed security forces had been warned of the terrorist presence, yet we heard no shots or explosions as we drove off. I never learned whether there had been a contact in the area that sunny afternoon, and to this day I do not know with certainty how much danger we might have been in.

But my friend is sure, and he thinks our car was, too.

"That's why it wouldn't start facing down the road," he said. "It didn't want to go any further in that direction." ●

stood a jutting kopje, the only other break in the horizon.

"That is where we want to go," my friend said. "But we must inquire first, because I cannot say whether the buses still run to the mission there."

"They told me in the store that it is sometimes very difficult to reach the mission."

But we can see the hill just out there, I thought, and yet we cannot be sure of getting to it! To one fairly recently arrived from a country where the major peril of





Above: The two figures on the left are Hanson sculptures; middle-aged shoppers worn to a frazzle by the tedium that is so much of every man's life.

Right: A plastic lady attracts concern.



Duane Hanson's sculptures have captured the American imagination, not for their beauty, but because they portray the human condition in all its weary reality.

# ART FOR REAL - LIFE'S

**T**HE crowds waiting in line to get into American museums in recent months have not all been the sort who ordinarily congregate at art exhibitions. What they have been waiting to see is a travelling show of amazingly lifelike figures by Duane Hanson, a sculptor from Florida.

Hanson is an unusual artist in a number of ways. He works in the most modern material — plastic — and in a most up-to-date way, dealing always with the human form. It is only the last few years that have brought him a measure of success, both critical and financial. He is an artist who believes that one of the principal objectives of his work is to reach the non-art-loving public and get them to look at art.

Of course, Hanson is only one of many Americans making realistic art today. Nevertheless, his figures of ordinary people in working clothes or shopping dress, standing or sitting or leaning against a wall in postures of fatigue or boredom

or pensiveness, have an effect all their own. The eerie feeling of real life is what initially attracts people. Encountering a Hanson for the first time, many viewers have an emotional reaction — almost as if they are the ones being looked at. But after that original jolt, a subtler, commenting spirit in the figures comes across, making wordless points on the human condition, and this is considered the crucial excellence of his work.

Many stories testify to the verisimilitude of the pieces. A thief in an art gallery in Palm Beach, Florida, stumbled upon a man in worker's clothes standing there in the dark and turned away, terrified, to run into the waiting arms of the local police; the worker was a Hanson product. A cleaning lady called police at Kent State University in Ohio when she failed to rouse Hanson's Man Dozing in a Chair, and when her friend poured water on him and he remained motionless, she cried, "My God, he's dead!" and fainted.

In a stunt not ignored by the

Kansas press, Max Schaible of Wichita State University (which organised the show) bought an extra air ticket for the Man Dozing in a Chair to take it from New York to Wichita. At the airport, as Schaible pushed the sculpture in a wheelchair up the ramp to the plane, a young woman in flowing saffron robes rushed up and, fixing the figure with a stare, said fervently, "Repeat 'Hare Krishna' and your soul will be free!"

Even in their museum settings, the plastic figures have been taken for living people. A Wichita journalist describes his meeting with the cement worker in spattered shoes and jeans, a torn T-shirt, a rumpled plaid shirt, and a hard hat: "As I jostled him I said, 'Excuse me.' But he didn't budge, didn't reply, and I realised he was a Hanson. A piece of sculpture that looks as tired, worn-out, and poorly dressed as the rest of us makes us uneasy."

While the show was at the Portland Art Museum last June, one viewer, a sculptor in ceramics,

commented: "When you go to a museum you go to look, but at a Hanson show the sculptures are looking at you. They have the worn quality we accept in real people, and they look like they are here to prepare for the next show."

Show visitors had a feeling that they were intruding on the privacy of the figures. A college administrator said she spoke softly when near the works because "I had the weird feeling that when we leave they're going to go off and say, 'Guess what they said about us.'"

Viewers tended to detour around the Drug Addict — a figure shooting up while lying on the floor — as if reluctant to go near him.

**A**T 52, tall and lean, Hanson has the patient and painstaking ways of a perfectionist. He rarely philosophises about art, and should another artist be mentioned in passing, such as sculptors whose works have been compared to Hanson's in some way (John de Andrea, George Segal, Ed





Above: Florida artist Duane Hanson prepares *Man Sitting on a Bench*. A similar model, *Man Dozing in a Chair*, was taken on to an aeroplane recently. As the sculpture was pushed up the ramp in a wheelchair, a young woman in flowing saffron robes rushed up and said fervently: "Repeat 'Hare Krishna' and your soul will be free."

Below: Which people are real and which are Hanson's?



# SAKE

Kienholz) Hanson quickly says, "That's no criticism of them, you understand."

Hanson has been making good money for his work for only about five years, but now he can sell a sculpture for \$25 000. In a good year he can make six or seven pieces. The most recent models he has used are his second wife's Danish uncle Aage Mogensen, a retired butcher who posed during a visit to Florida for *Man Sitting on a Bench*, and a cheerful local housewife who is the subject of *Woman reading a Paperback*.

Making a figure is a painstaking process. First, the model, dressed only in underclothing, is lathered with mineral oil. Then moulds are fashioned for the legs, the arms, the whole torso, and the head up to the hairline. The moulds are made of a material called room-temperature-vulcanising silicon rubber, which is applied in viscous form and then hardens. Plaster and fibreglass are added to keep the form in shape.

For the face, somewhat different

materials are used: flexwax, as the base layer, with plaster and cheesecloth laid on top. Only the nostrils, mouth, and eyes are left uncovered, so the model can breathe and see. It is not easy to hold the exact pose Hanson wants with the weight of the mould on first one and then another part of the body; and it takes at least two visits by the model to Hanson's studio, and usually three, to get all the moulds right.

To remove the head mould from the model, it is slit down the back and eased off. The others are likewise slit — the torso along one shoulder and side so that it comes off like a coat, the arms, including the hands (so amazingly re-created later with every fingerprint and vein and crease intact), up to the underside, and legs up the back.

When all this is done — the toughest part for everybody concerned — the model's work is finished, and Hanson can get down to the somewhat less tortuous work of casting from the moulds. He fills them one by one with hot, melted polyvinyl acetate until they are full. The vinyl can be slow to set and difficult to work with, so now he is experimenting with a material ordinarily used in filling out dented car fenders.

Skin colour is achieved by blending the appropriate oil paint from a tube into the colourless

liquid vinyl. Since the mould for the head has a hole where the subject's hair sat, Hanson has to sculpt a dome for it; he uses a base of crumpled newspapers that he plasters over. Then, when the head is cast in vinyl, he smooths out the top with a file and sandpaper.

The limbs are made with holes that fit over stumps on the torso, and it is a rather curious sight to watch Hanson yank off an arm and force a wrist-watch band over the bicep and down to the wrist before jamming and twisting the whole thing back into place. Where a man's belt ordinarily pulls his waist in a few inches, Hanson carves out a groove all around. To simulate the way feet are compressed by shoes, Hanson files away at the soles of the vinyl feet like some mad, Grand Guignol doctor.

When it comes to painting the face, neck, arms, legs, hands, and feet — the part of the job Hanson likes best — he works partly from his memory of the model and partly from his own sense of what will be believable. He puts in blemishes and variations of skin colour that may exaggerate nature, but only slightly. Except for the posing of his subjects, this is the most conventionally "artful" stage of his atypical art, and he will spend weeks perfecting the subtleties.

When Hanson can't talk a model out of his or her own clothes — an

artist's paint-stained denims, a fat woman's sunsuit — he goes to local thrift shops and buys what he thinks will suit, hoping for a good fit. He has accumulated a boxful of old eyeglasses and wrist watches that he likes to try on his figures once they are nearly finished — something like trying clothes on dolls. He no longer uses wigs, preferring the more realistic look of individual strands or small clumps of hair, which he jams into the vinyl skin with a sewing needle. The eyes come from an optical supply house; since the usual demand is for a single glass eye, Hanson has to match pairs as best he can. In his recent travelling show, only one loss was suffered: the purse was snatched from the floor beside the *Old Woman* — it was empty and originally cost Hanson 50 cents. But he has taken the precaution of screwing down the camera belonging to the old fellow of his *Tourist Couple* so it can't be lifted off. Most of his figures wear short sleeves, because, he says, "I want the arms to show. I went to all the trouble of making them."

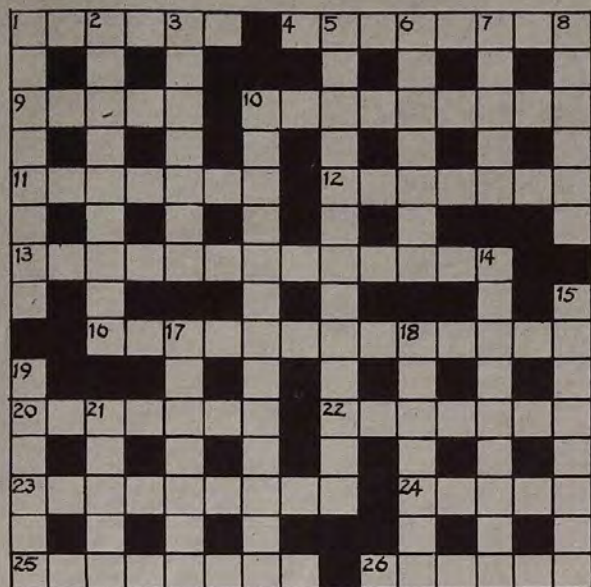
## Satirical period

Hanson's feelings for his own work comes out in comments he makes about the individual figures. Of his sloppy Supermarket Shopper, a woman in hair curlers, he says, "She began my satirical period. She is a symbol of the overconsuming housewife, pushing a cart filled with every imaginable item that she can buy." The *Older Lady with Shopping Bags* has been made to seem "a little bigger and heavier to go with the sacks. They help depict the weighed-down, overconsuming housewife." Of the *Putzfrau*, sculpted from a model he found on a visit to Germany, he says, "I think her face projects what I wanted — a sort of empty sadness."

Pressed to sum up his aims, Hanson says, "I think I must be a romantic. I would have liked the eighteenth or nineteenth century, when life was simpler. But we have to deal with the harsh reality of our industrial society. I'm interested in portraying the emptiness, the tragic side of life." ●



CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Jumps up and commences here (6)
4. Cutting short is easily done and cheaply bought (8)
9. The language of the snore is mixed (5)
10. Boss Garnet can be a pain in the neck (9)
11. Bribe I'm going to make to the drinker (7)
12. Monotonous routine of the part vocal and percussion group (7)
13. Cronin's Mad House? Certainly not a mail ship (7, 6)
16. The Portag machine projects an image on the move (13)
20. Their late attitudes shows them up (7)
22. Fat advertisement I propound upon (7)
23. Bring forward the red, I liked it better (9)
24. The buck has four wheels and a big gun in this country (5)
25. Half this year has not yet the majority (8)
26. Out like a light? (6)

DOWN

1. The boy is not heavy apparently. That's bright (8)
2. Bait ACCOR into making a tricky manoeuvre (9)
3. Three times in a thousand you'll get the shakes (7)
5. In the general direction of two o'clock is Mount Darwin (5-8)
6. Drop into where the fruit got together (7)
7. Get home before the dog and bring on oneself the result (5)
8. Flashes around the gems the French make (6)
10. Stirs the cream into something for the season (9, 4)
14. Give more detail of this complicated word (9)
15. Pipe shed unlikely to hold the wash (5-3)
17. Not yet mature so none can go up (7)
18. Girls who show the way? (7)
19. One's own ape can be both offensive and defensive (6)
21. Congratulate oneself on being in trim (5)

Last Fortnight's Solution

ACROSS: 1. Pompous ass; 6. Barb; 10. Octagon; 11. Anatomy; 12. Greenwood; 13. Mufti; 14 and 15. A stick-in-the-mud; 18. Tone-deaf; 20. Borrow; 23. Lemur; 25. Gardenias; 27. Polecat; 28. Epstein; 29. Sing; 30. Freshwater.  
DOWN: 1. Prong; 2. Moth-eaten; 3. Organic; 4. Senior; 5. Standing; 7. Aloof; 8. Bay window; 9. Warmth; 14. Antelopes; 16. Merriment; 17. Laughter; 19. Direct; 21. Oversaw; 22. Orders; 24. Melon; 25. Senor.

# How to slim without fuss



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# SHOWBUSINESS

Below: Taking the hungry plunge are Scots singing stars **Di and Vic Peterson**. The couple — better known on stage and television as **Juniper Green** — relaxed in a new sort of style at the Holiday Inn, Bucksburn, where they lunched from

the pool table. The hotel specialises in "splosh and nosh" but the manager said customers did not usually sit in the water while eating. "But they can if they want to," he said.



Above: Tongues went wagging recently as **Rod Stewart** escorted two well-known ladies to the King's Head Theatre Pub. The rock star sat between **Bianca Jagger**, wife of the *Rolling Stone*, and his current girl-friend **Alina Hamilton**, estranged wife of musician **George Hamilton IV**. The trio spent the evening together in the London pub.

and what a sizzling meeting it was! Superstar **Harry Belafonte** was in London to record a guest appearance on *The Muppet Show*. Everything went according to schedule until that sultry, sexy piece of pork arrived on the set. Harry took one look at the blonde locks and the huge blue eyes, then swept **Miss Piggy** into his arms and gave her the "kissy, kissy" she frequently requests of fellow Muppets.

Below: Two great stars were introduced to each other this month,





**C**HRISTMAS comes but once a year (and thank goodness for that, is the sentiment expressed by most housewives). The prospect of slaving over a hot stove on Christmas day while the rest of the family are making merry is enough to disenchant even the most dedicated homemaker reared in the traditional mould. But, though the purists will raise their hands in horror at such heresy, it is possible to cook Christmas dinner in advance and freeze it.

For successful freezing of poultry, roast in the usual way excluding the last browning stage, but cook the stuffing separately. When cooked, cool as quickly as possible, wrap well in foil and freeze. To heat up the bird, place it — still wrapped in foil — in a hot oven until thoroughly defrosted; then unwrap and brown until crisp and golden. Heat up the stuffing in the same manner and serve it separately.

Bake the ham, with a generous coating of prepared mustard and studded with cloves. When cooked, scrape off the mustard coating and skin before freezing. On Christmas day, defrost and heat up the ham while glazing it.

Christmas puddings are no problem once they're prepared, requiring nothing more than heating up in boiling water at the last moment, but the sauces and brandy butter can be made the day before.

Whole potatoes don't freeze successfully, but if you don't feel compelled to have roast potatoes, duchesse potatoes do freeze well. Mash the potatoes with margarine and milk and add the yolks of two eggs, parsley or any other desired seasoning. Beat well, then pipe in rosettes on a baking sheet lined with foil or polythene wrap. Flash freeze, then wrap and store. Just before serving, put the potatoes on a greased baking sheet, sprinkle with a little grated cheese or beaten egg and brown under the grill. This is usually sufficient to defrost and heat up the potatoes in one operation.

Cauliflower and white sauce can also be prepared in advance. Line an ovenproof dish with foil, fill with the prepared cauliflower and sauce and flash freeze. Once frozen, remove from the dish, wrap and store. When re-heating, put the package, still wrapped, into the dish in a 400 deg. F oven until heated right through. Remove the foil and, if desired, brown under the grill.

You can prepare the mince pies days ahead, as far as the baking stage and then freeze. As you require them, simply pop the desired amount on their baking trays and into the oven.

**F**OR those housewives without a freezer, the obvious way to avoid cooking on Christmas day is to have a cold Christmas dinner. It's far more sensible if the temperature is soaring, it can be served outside by the pool, weather permitting, and can be prepared in advance, leaving mother to enjoy



# THE TASTE OF CHRISTMAS

the festivities with the rest of the family.

## MENU

Melon and Fruit Cocktail  
Iced Avocado Soup  
Ham and Veal Pate en Terrine  
Hawaiian Turkey in Aspic  
Various salads  
Mincemeat and Apple Tart with cream  
Christmas Bombe Surprise  
Cheese and biscuits  
Irish Coffee

## MELON AND FRUIT COCKTAIL

1 large water melon \* black grapes \* 2 apples \* 1 large tin of fruit salad \* 2 tablespoons kirsch or maraschino liqueur \* granulated sugar.

Slice the top off the melon to form a lid and set it aside.

Carefully remove pips and scoop out the flesh in balls with a melon scoop. Now fill the melon shell, arranging the apple — peeled and cut into thin slices — then the

cleaned peeled grapes, the melon balls and the fruit salad.

Add sugar according to taste and after mixing carefully, add the liqueur. Leave in the fridge for 2-3 hours, top with the melon lid and serve.

## AVOCADO SOUP

Peel, de-pip and cube \* 4 medium avocados. Put through a sieve or buzz in a blender. In a saucepan mix \* 3 cups chicken broth \* avocado puree \* 1/2 teaspoon each Worcester sauce, salt and a pinch of white pepper. Heat to boiling stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and stir in \* 1 cup light cream. Chill and serve either with a dollop of sour cream or sprinkled with chopped chives.

## HAM AND VEAL PATE EN TERRINE

500 g ground veal \* 250 g ground cooked ham \* 250 g cooked ham diced into small cubes \* 2 tablespoons chopped parsley \* 2

teaspoons fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dried \* 1/2 teaspoon black pepper \* 250 g chicken livers \* 1 garlic clove \* 1 egg \* 1/4 cup brandy \* bacon strips.

Mince together 500 g each of ground veal and ground cooked ham. Add the 250 g diced cooked ham to the forcemeat. Add chopped parsley, basil and pepper.

Divide the chicken livers into two equal portions. Whizz one half in the blender with the garlic and egg and whizz the other half with the brandy.

Mix forcemeat and liver mixtures together thoroughly with hands or a wooden spoon. Line the bottom and sides of a terrine or earthenware casserole with strips of bacon. Press the forcemeat mixture down on the bacon. Place 1 or 2 strips bacon on top. Cover with lid or a piece of foil with a few small holes punched in to allow steam to escape. Place terrine in a roasting pan containing 5 cm water and bake for 1 1/2-2 hours at 350 deg. F or until the juices run clear. Cool, then refrigerate.

## HAWAIIAN TURKEY IN ASPIC

Breast of a large pre-cooked turkey \* 1 small fresh pineapple (or 1 large tin pineapple in syrup) \* 1 orange \* 1 red pepper \* 1 green pepper \* a few bay leaves \* aspic jelly (see below) \* 1/2 decilitre of good red wine vinegar \* 1 large glass of red port or red wine.

You can either prepare small individual jellies in cups or make one large jelly in a mould. Peel the pineapple, remove the centre and cut in slices, then in quarters.

Put the mould(s) in the deep freeze or in the coldest part of the fridge for a few minutes, then pour in some jelly flavoured with port and tilt the mould(s) to obtain a layer about 1 mm thick on the inside. Decorate the bottom with bay leaves and slices of orange surrounded by pineapple cubes. If you are using canned pineapple add this syrup to the jelly, but if using fresh add the red wine vinegar.

Arrange the slices of turkey in the middle of the mould, alternating the layers with the rest of the fruit and chopped peppers. Cover with the rest of the jelly which should cover everything completely. Chill until set. Remove from the mould just before serving by dipping the mould in boiling water for a count of ten and placing upside down on a serving dish. Pineapple can be used for decoration.

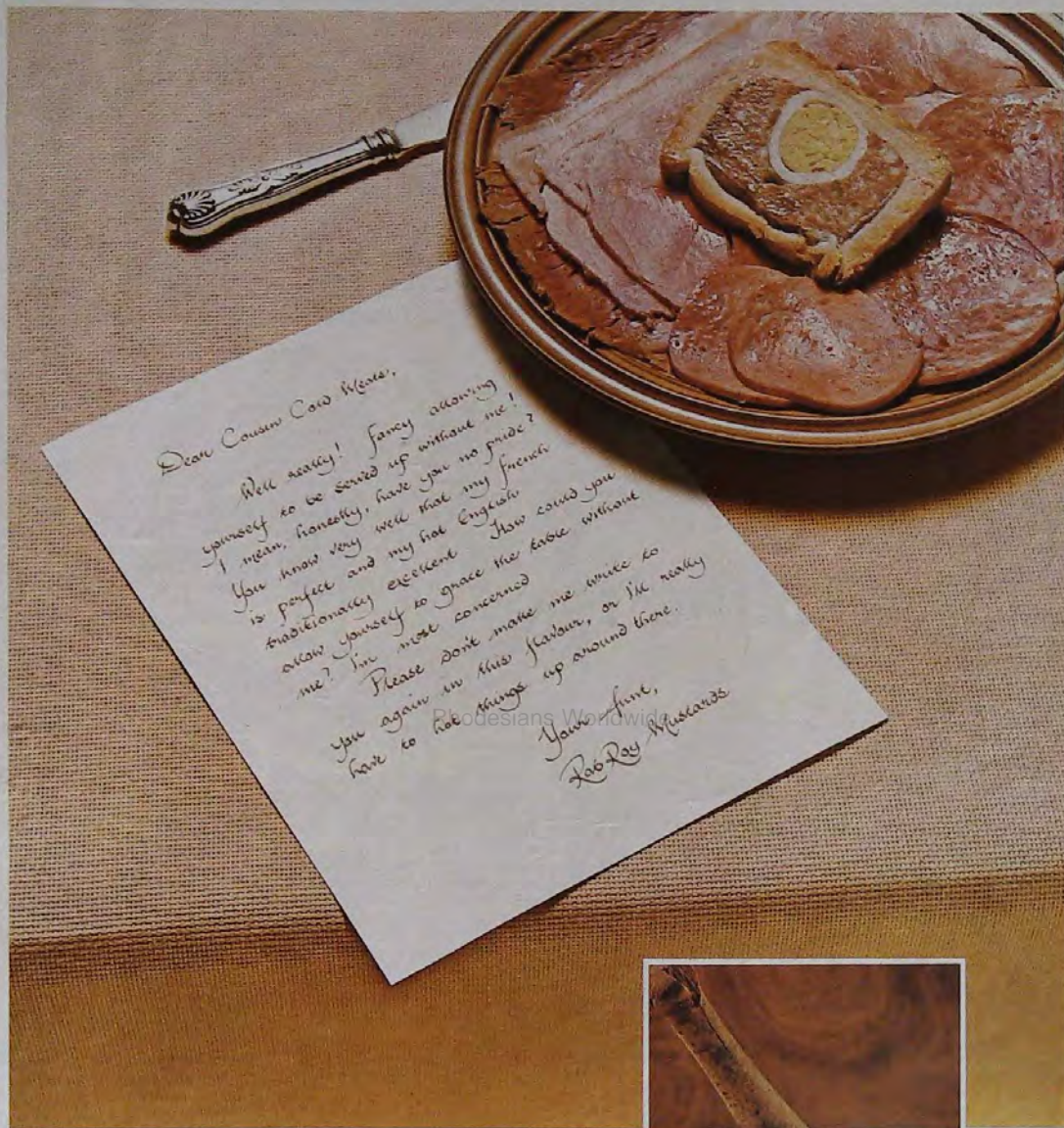
This jelly keeps for up to six days in the fridge. To make it keep double this time, cover with a thin layer of chicken fat or good quality lard.

## Aspic Jelly (for about 2 litres of jelly)

2.5 litres of bouillon \* 3 level teaspoons gelatine \* 6 egg whites \* 1 large glass of dry madeira or white wine \* optional: a few tomatoes.

Soften the gelatine in cold water. Beat the egg whites with a little stock and mix with the rest. Cut the tomatoes in pieces or crush them and add the gelatine dissolved in cold water. Stir gently with a



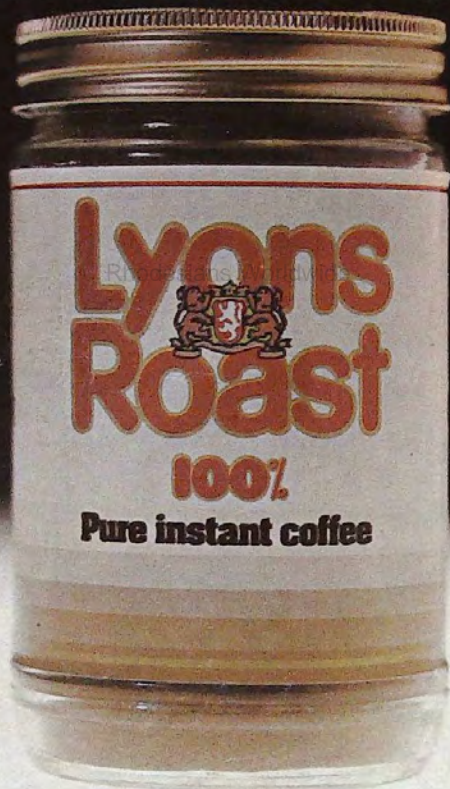


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