NUUSBRIEF VAN DIE DEPARTEMENT JOERNALISTIEK • NEWSLETTER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM

JANUS

Desember
December
2016
Uitgawe
Edition
15

‘Dr T’s tree,’

the young White Stinkwood (*Celtis africana*), front left. Many alumni will remember the One and Only Dr T, who passed away at the end of 2012. At his funeral we could each pick a tree as a memento of a very special man. We picked this White Stinkwood for the Department. Then there were some bureaucratic stumbling blocks to overcome... the bureaucratic gods wanted us to plant it somewhere in the SU’s arboretum (who knew of its existence?). So we planted it ourselves... only to find a hole one morning: Our tree is gone. So we put up a stink(wood) fight, and got another Stinkwood. And although we now have to say it is “Dr T’s tree” in quotation marks because it is in fact not really Dr T’s tree, it still fulfils its symbolism. J

IN 2018...

#JOURNALISM 4.0

The Department of Journalism, based in the grand old Edwardian lady of a building at 26 Crozier Street, and since 2010 with its super sexy annexe, will be celebrating its 40 th anniversary in 2018.

We are planning a commemorative publication for our very own #Journalism4.0.

So please… do share your thoughts?

We would like to see (or hear) as many voices as possible who, over the four decades, have stepped over the threshold of 26 Crozier Street to learn about the Fourth Estate, and who, in turn, over these forty years have informed, educated and entertained readers, listeners and viewers, not only across South Africa, but also across our continent, indeed, around the globe.

So please, let’s hear all those anecdotes – real and surreal. We know, funny things can happen in a building with its very own resident Spook.

And of course, don’t forget memorable images either – even those that might date from the BC (before computers) era – please scan them and send.

We welcome all submissions, and hope to find funding for such a commemorative publication. While there will definitely be an online edition, words on paper still have their own special enchantment, so we are hoping to find funding for a printed edition also.

Therefore, delve into those memories, write about the lecturers who have made an impression on you (or not), or write that philosophical piece you have always wanted to write on journalism and the special way we tell our stories, or a think piece on the role of journalism in society, or about journalism’s essential role in a young democracy, or about investigative journalism… Well, anything, because journalism is about anything and everything. J

Ons departement vier sy veertigste bestaansjaar in 2018 en ons wil graag ’n gedenkpublikasie vir die geleentheid saamstel. Daar sal natuurlik ŉ aanlynpublikasie wees, maar afhangend van befondsing, ook een wat, om die veelbewoë uitdrukking te gebruik, op “platgestampte bome” kan verskyn. Dus, asseblief: Skryf vir ons.

Jou bydrae kan oor enigiets wees: herinneringe oor wat jy in Crozierstraat geleer het en wat jy eintlik moes geleer het, jy kan filosofies raak, of skryf oor hoe (ontsettend) belangrik die Vierde Stand in ons steeds skynbaar onvolwasse demokrasie is – enigiets wat jou hart behaag. Jy kan skryf oor die mense wat jou pad gekruis het in die joernalistiekdepartement: departementshoofde, dosente, redakteurs, dese en gene wat kom klas gee het – enigiets betreffend die “storie van die dag”, die wortel vir die woord joernalistiek. J

BOOKMARK THIS

✱ Please send submissions to Lizette by Friday, 14 September 2017 (yes, bookmark the deadline), to LRABE@sun.ac.za. Submissions can be anything between 500 and 2 000 words.

ONTHOU DIE DATUM

✱ Stuur asb bydraes (en foto’s) teen Vrydag 14 September 2017 (asseblief, boekmerk die deadline) na Lizette by LRABE@sun.ac.za. Die lengte kan enigiets tussen 500 en 2 000 woorde wees. Ons sê by voorbaat dank.

2016... 'N INTERESSANTE JAAR VAN 'N ANDER AARD

Corli van der Merwe, 2016-Rykie-genoot, skryf oor haar jaar van 'n ietwat ander aard op die Stellenbosse kampus, meer spesifiek, hoofsaaklik in Crozierstraat 26.

Terry Pratchett, my gunstelingskrywer sedert my tienerjare, skryf in een van sy immergewilde fantasieboeke: "There is a curse. They say: May you live in interesting times." Hierdie aanhaling versinnebeeld my termyn as Rykie van Reenen-genoot.

As oud-Kovsie was die Universiteit Stellenbosch-kampus en Crozierstraat se joernalistiekdepartement 'n nuwe, opwindende wêreld wat vanjaar vir my oopgegaan het.

My ervarings met voormalige studente van dié department het my lankal geleer dat dié department studente oplei tot op 'n standaard wat nie by ander universiteite in ons land die geval is nie. Ek het besluit dat ek my bes sal probeer om dié tradisie voort te sit en my studente het uit die staanspoor berigte geskryf, video geskiet, en oor my aanhoudende opdragte getweet dat die biesies bewe.

'n Rykie moet toesien dat studente die nodige vaardighede leer wat hul kans op sukses in die bedryf sal verbeter. Hulle moet ook hul kapasiteit vir druk en werkslading verbeter, terwyl hulle ook interpersoonlike vaardighede moet aanleer en darem seker ook 'n besondere jaar beleef. Dít alles is nogal 'n tall order in 10 maande of so. Tog kan ek aan die einde van die jaar terugkyk en glo ons het die eindstreep met 'n bietjie ekstra petrol in die tenk gehaal – interessante jaar en al.

Een waarheid wat ek deeglik besef het, is dat daar 'n enorme verskil tussen die denkwyse van 'n 35-jarige professionele joernalis en dié van 'n 21-jarige millennial is. Ook dat daar tussen die 26 individue in my klas nog groter verskille in terme van sosio-ekonomiese agtergrond, ideologiese uitkyk, persoonlikhede en werksetiek is – aspekte wat hulle interaksie met mekaar en hul ervaring van die kursus sterk beïnvloed het. Dit alles het aan die genootskap 'n kompleksiteit en unieke uitdaging verleen.

Dit was 'n fantastiese (soms skrikwekkende) jaar om 'n groep aspirant-joernaliste se nuusvaardighede te ontwikkel. Donald Trump, Hlaudi Motsoeneng, die plaaslike verkiesing, die Pravin Gordhan-sage, 'n Olimpiese Spele en 'n paar kontroversiële (soms hoogs vermaaklike) verwikkelings in die plaaslike mediabedryf – ons het meer as genoeg materiaal gehad om in nuusvergaderings te bespreek.

Tussendeur dit alles – die verskille tussen mekaar, die intense leerervaring, die mallerige nuusjaar – het Crozierstraat 'n onuitwisbare indruk op ons almal gemaak. En as 2016 se Rykie-genoot kan ek met vertroue sê dat hoewel ek en my klas Crozierstraat verlaat, sal Crozierstraat ons beslis nooit verlaat nie. J

CREATIVELY CONTENT IN LONDON

Biénne as a London city slicker.

Biénne Huisman, class of 2002, and formerly journalist at the *Sunday Times* and *City Press*, is currently doing an MA in Creative Writing at the University of London.

Enrolled to complete an MA in Creative Writing at Royal Holloway, University of London, I travel nearly daily to attend classes and to read at Senate House Library, a nineteen storey Art Deco building in Bloomsbury, where Virginia Woolf and Charles Dickens once lived.

My own accommodation is three miles away in Kilburn Park, about seven stops on the Bakerloo Line. But mostly I walk to campus, so much better for absorbing the electrifying and overwhelming city of London, for carving my own footprints and place in it, and more importantly, for imprinting its hidden streets and quirks in my memory.

At the time of writing it is autumn in the Northern Hemisphere and the trees are on fire; it is beautiful with a growing crisp in the air. Inside Senate House Library it is warm, though, with leather couches on which students recline often haphazardly, surrounded by books from floor to ceiling.

While many of my classmates prefer the Victorian and Shakespeare collections on the library's fifth floor, I find myself drawn to the slightly darker nooks and crannies of the sixth.

This is where "Commonwealth Literature" resides next to shelves with old leather clad books on philosophy and psychology.

I believe opportunity is there for the taking – access to all this knowledge is beyond thrilling, my biggest concern is my own capacity to internalise fast enough.

University corridors aside, twelve years in journalism has taught me that much of learning happens on the streets: talking to people and placing oneself in interesting spaces.

To this end I have become fixated on Soho, London's former red light district, which borders Bloomsbury and upmarket Fitzrovia, possibly the intellectual and bohemian heart of the city.

I've wandered along the Thames several times, have viewed Jane Alexander's sculptures at the Tate Modern, and spent a night listening to bottles break outside my window during an accidental Airbnb sojourn in gritty Camden.

While missing my journalism colleagues dearly, also the adrenalin and challenge of daily interviews with people doing extraordinary things, and relaying such encounters to tight deadlines, I feel blessed beyond words to embark on this new journey.

My studies in the United Kingdom is possible courtesy of a Chevening Scholarship, granted by Britain's Department of Foreign Affairs - headed by Boris Johnson, no less.

This incredible opportunity has been a confluence of preparation, luck and the benevolence of various people - including Professor Lizette Rabe, who submitted and resubmitted countless reference letters.

Baie dankie Prof!

AAN DIE WERSKAF IN WROCLAW

Christiaan Boonzaier (klas van 2008, en ook sy M in 2014), *Huisgenoot* se een en enigste Saktyd-wenner, was al proefleser en kopieskrywer voor hy joernalis en inhoudsvervaardiger by *Huisgenoot* en *Netwerk24* was, en is tans besig met nog 'n M danksy 'n beurs. Tussendeur die harde werk is hy verslaaf aan Plants vs. Zombies – blykbaar weet net medeverslaafdes wat dit is (en nee, dis nie 'n dwelm nie, Ma!).

Die grense van my avontuurlus is in Julie vanjaar getoets toe die Europese Unie se uitvoerende agentskap vir onderwys, oudiovisuele media en kultuur (EACEA) my 'n plek in hul Erasmus Mundus Global Studies-program aanbied – mits ek die eerste van twee jaar in Pole deurbring.

Dié voorwaarde was 'n onverwagse kishou. Ek het gedink ek het in my aansoek oortuigend aangevoer hoekom ek graag met 'n vergrootglas in Oostenryk en Duitsland na onder meer Afrika-media wil kyk, buiten dat ek graag spesifiek in Sentraal-Europa ondervinding in digitale media wou opdoen.

Maar, volgens wie ook al die toutjies trek, sou dit beter wees as ek my tog begin in 'n Poolse stad wat ek tot onlangs toe nog nie reg kon uitspreek nie: Wrocław. Die eerste lettergreep is foneties, in Afrikaans, eenvoudig: Wrots. Die tweede is in Engels makliker: whuff, wat rym met puff. Dus: Wrotswhuff. (Daar is 'n rede hoekom Duitsers dit steeds Breslau noem.)

Daar was eindelik baie redes hoekom ek kort daarna my eenrigtingkaartjie na Wrotswhuff bespreek het, maar ek het besef dat my lewenspad tot dusver met 'n handvol hoogtepunte gekruis het sonder dat ek dit ooit kon voorsien het – en dat daar dalk in Pole soortgelyke verrassings wag.

Dit is nog te vroeg om te sê of die kans wat ek gewaag het, vrugte afwerp – behalwe dat ek danksy 'n geweldige gelukskoot kort voor my vlug van Doebai na Warschau na besigheidsklas opgegradeer is. Maar intussen het ek al baie gesien wat ek nooit verwag het nie: swane wat in die Oossee swem, nonne wat kaalvoet op die strand stap (en Pole wat 'n kus het – ek is nie skaam om te erken ek het dit nie geweet nie), die zloty (volgens my die geldeenheid met die coolste naam), 'n alfabet met 33 letters wat Q, V en X uitsluit en my ná 'n paar weke se studies steeds nagmerries gee, en tradisionele Poolse kluitjies. Hoewel ek dit verwag het, was dit wel 'n verrassing dat Oos-Europese administrasie 'n berg (!) is in vergelyking met die admin-heuweltjies in Wes-Europa.

Toe ek in Pole land, het dit wel gevoel asof ek teruggereis het in tyd. Behalwe dat die land en sy mense oud (en depressief en paranoïes) is, is hulle ook onsettend konserwatief.

Vryheid van spraak hang aan 'n draadjie; die meerderheid het 'n fobie (vrees én haat) vir enigiets en enigiemand wat "volksvreemd" is, en gayregte bestaan basies nie. Dit laat my geensins ongemaklik of onveilig voel nie, maar dit laat my met geweldige verwondering en dankbaarheid dink aan die pad wat Suid-Afrika, ondanks diep snye en oop wonde, gestap het – en steeds stap (of is dit dalk kruip?). Ek gaan heeljaar, so luidkeels as wat ek kan, hier daaroor spog.

Ek heroorweeg ook nou die lyn tussen 'n tweede- en derdewêreldland (hoewel ek dink daar is meestal 'n wanopvatting oor die betekenis en onderskeiding tussen die twee). As 'n mens Pole, 'n tweedewêreldland, en Suid-Afrika vergelyk, is daai lyn besonders fyn. Suid-Afrikaners het baie meer om op trots te wees en baie meer om voor dankbaar te wees as wat hulle dink.

Christiaan in Gdansk in die Noorde van Pole.

Jurg op 'n klasuitstappie met van sy klasmaats uit 20 verskillende lande.

OEFEN DIE VLERKE

Jurg Slabbert, klas van 2002, wat onder meer by *Die Burger*, *Son*, Kaapstad Opera, *Weg!* en *Netwerk24* gewerk het, doen sy M in dokumentêre rolprentvervaardiging wat oor twee jaar op drie Europese kampusse aangebied word.

Die bekroonde (en nou ontslape) rolprentregisseur Jans Rautenbach het in 'n onderhoud met Willemien Brümmer in 2013 gesê: "Hou op om in die grys gemiddelde te leef. Maak oop jou vlerke en vlieg daar bo. Kyk hoe vars is die lug."

Ek was ook toe daar op Oulap, sy hoewe, agter my kamera besig om die onderhoud op te neem. Dit was toe, ná dié spesifieke woorde, wat ek besef het dit is tyd om my net wyer te span en van multimedia-joernalistiek na dokumentêre rolprente oor te skakel.

Die vraag was net: Hoe? Hoewel Suid-Afrika 'n relatiewe goeie "dokkie"-gemeenskap het, kon ek net nog nooit 'n geleentheid kry om volwaardig deel daarvan te word nie. Ja, die daaglikse nuusmonster het my die kans gebied om wonderlike mense te ontmoet en stories te vertel, maar so baie het verlore gegaan in die gejaag om die deadlines te haal.

In 2014 het my man my van 'n geleentheid vertel waarvoor ek aanvanklik vreesbevange was, maar ek is ná talle aansoeke en vorms 'n paar maande later ingelig dat ek vir die DOCnomads-meestersgraadprogram in dokumentêre rolprentvervaardiging gekeur is.

'n Erasmus Mundus-beurs, wat al die onkostes dek, het die kroon gespan. Die kursus word oor 'n tydperk van twee jaar by drie verskillende Europese universiteite aangebied: 'n semester elk in Portugal en Hongarye, en die laaste jaar (wat ek pas begin het) in België.

Natuurlik het die senuwees geknaag: Dit is nie maklik om op 35 jou lewe (liefde, werk, huis, familie, vriende) agter te laat en weer vir die eerste keer sedert my honneursjaar in 2002 te studeer nie. Dit het ook nie gehelp toe ek op die eerste dag van klas moes hoor dat talle van die kursus se professore en dosente nie werklik voorstaanders van "joernalistieke" dokumentêre is nie, maar die blootstelling aan internasionale tendense, meestersklasse by bekroonde rolprentmakers, en klasuitstappies na van die grootste internasionale rolprentfeeste in Europa, was en is ongelooflik. Ek kry ook die kans om met van my klasmaats te werk, wat van lande soos Iran, Sirië, Colombië en Kyrgistan afkomstig is.

Dit is 'n platform en geleentheid waarvoor ek nie genoeg dankie kan sê nie.

Die reis tot dusver was nie altyd so maklik nie – soos Oom Jans ook daardie dag gesê het – maar ek weet nou dit is woorde wat ek as riglyn vir my pad vorentoe moet onthou en gebruik. Ek het nog nie werklik 'n dokumentêre produk om te wys nie – ek "oefen" nog, maar sal teen die einde van my graad 'n vollengte dokumentêr moet vervaardig – maar die lewensondervinding en kans wat ek hier het, is verrykend.

Dit bring my nader aan die vars lug waarvan Oom Jans gepraat het. Dit neem dalk nog 'n rukkie, maar ek beplan om ook, soos hy sê, daar bo te sweef. J

MASTERING HELSINKI

Marianne Merten, MA student, is discovering more than her course work while on exchange in Helsinki.

The leaves on the tree in the backyard of my home while at the University of Helsinki turned from lush green, through to bright yellow, burnt orange and red over ten days or so.

It's known as "ruska", Finnish for the autumn colour changing of leaves – a final showing before the winter – and it created spectacular sights across Helsinki, a city with plenty tree-filled green spaces.

At Suomenlinna, a short ferry ride from Helsinki's central market, the colourful leaves gave a special feel to the fortress and other buildings on what from 1748 was developed as a defensive military post. A United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (Unesco) world heritage site since 1991, the island remains inhabited, as it has been throughout its history.

Ruska came late this year. It remained sunny well into late September, and everyone pointed out how unusual it was. I was thankful because even if temperatures between 14 and 18 degree aren't exactly what South Africans consider warm, it still was a more gentle introduction than it could have been to the European autumn. And it meant familiarisation with the new university environment, including lecture venues across various buildings, was a little easier.

This semester exchange is a privilege that allows me to focus full-time on studying and to participate in lectures where students come from across the world. My Media and Global Communication courses cover global media ethics, communication theories, media structures and institutions and racism, multiculturalism and public discourse. As a working journalist, it is a superb opportunity to gain analytical and theoretical perspectives and understanding within journalism and media studies.

And soon enough ruska's spectacular leaf colours made way to the "season of falling leaves", the time when trees shed their leaves. And the temperatures dropped to around 6 degrees.

In the first week of October, the Kauppatori (central market place) welcomed fishermen, who for a week sell Baltic herring variously prepared and other goodies like archipelago-style dark bread and wool clothing - often straight from the back of their vessel. It's a tradition that dates back to 1743!

According to the official Helsinki city website, the Baltic herring market is the oldest event of the city. Over 50 000 people visited the 2016 market, according to Stadinsilakkamarkkianat.fi, which adds it is part of Helsinki's food culture strategy and drive for ecological operations. In a city that is supremely design-conscious, that's not surprising!

By the end of October Helsinki days were noticeably shorter, greyer and temperatures dropped. Gloves, hats and thicker jackets – often with dangly reflective bits in various shapes, including teddies, cars or stars – appeared on the streets, as autumn irrevocably gives way to winter, and subzero temperatures.

Marianne "chanelling the Michelin Man" while practising to get ready for the Finnish winter.

OOM JANS,
DIE HART VAN JOERNALISTIEK EN
NEW YORK

Rozanne Els, klas van 2007, studeer tans aan die Columbia Universiteit in New York vir haar M in Joernalistiek. As sy haar gevaarlike hoë koffie-inname oorleef, skryf sy, vang sy in Mei 2017 graad. Intussen soek sy vryskutwerk vir die koffie wat sy so nodig het..

Oom Jans is dood en daar is niemand met wie ek daaroor kan praat nie. Of, ek kan seker, maar die kop-knikke en die troos-woorde gaan uit ordentlikheid, aangeleerde maniere, wees, nie uit gedeelde begrip nie.

Oom Jans Rautenbach, die rolprentmaker wat my laat lief word het vir die moewies, wat groot geskenke vir ons gegee en agtergelaat het met, en in elkeen, van sy films, is vandag dood.

Ek is duisende kilometers weg op die agtste vloer van 'n woonstelblok in New York. My venster kyk uit op Broadway, daai straat bekend vir sy teater, minder so dat dit oor die grootste deel van Manhattan kronkel, van doer onder, na hier bo by my, naby Columbia Universiteit se kampus.

Die agtste vloer is ver weg van Broadway se helder ligte en sy plankekoors, maar nie van sy geraas nie. Sirenes. Dronkes, beskonkes. Ek het ná my eerste week hier, in die laaste bedompige aande van 'n bedrukte somer, wakker gelê en besef:

1. New York is nie die stad wat nie slaap nie – dis die stad wat nie ophou raas nie.

2. Al word jou drome waar en al is jy donners dankbaar – huis toe verlang is 'n regte bliksem.

Dis nou twee maande later en dis 22:36 en ek moet nog sewe joernaalartikels lees en argumente voorberei vir môre se klas, en toe eers sien ek Oom Jans is dood. En dít, hoekom dit saak maak, hoekom sy flieks saak maak, hoekom hy vir my saak maak, word deel van 'n lys goed wat ek nie hier in die verre wil verduidelik nie, net wil hê mense moet weet.

Kultuurverskille, of dalk is dit net verskille, kan betonmure sonder veel moeite bou.

Boontoe op daardie lys is dat dié graad nie vir niks is nie. Hel, ek het my klere verkoop om hiervoor te betaal! (Of ten minste vir die maandelikse metrokaart vir die trein.)

In teenstelling sê die Kanadese joernalis in my klas dat "like, don't you just agree, like, that grad school doesn't like mean anything? It's like romantic to think it does. Whatever."

Nou ja, haar omstandighede is anders, dit gee ek toe.

Sy is nie van 'n land waar persvryheid bedreig word nie. Dié graad is vir 'n werk by *The New Yorker*. Of *Variety*. Iets met status en 'n vet tjek. Haar land se leier is 'n hunk wat pandas vashou. Myne neem besluite wat mense van huise ontneem. Van kos. Van opvoeding.

Ja, ek is ook hier vir myself, maar ook omdat ek, soos Oom Jans, kragtige stories wil vertel wat mense roer, verander. Sy stories was die waarheid vermom in fiksie.

Maar joernaliste en fiksie mag nie speelmaats wees nie. Ons stories moet anders vertel word. Ek het gedink ek het min of meer geweet hoe voordat ek hier tussen 45 ander meesterstudente van reg oor die wêreld kom leer het, maar ek het gou besef, ek weet maar bittermin. Somtyds is dit meer 'n geval van ontleer wat ek van joernalistiek pleeg geweet het en van voor begin.

Back to basics.

Ja, dis ongelooflik hier. 'n Droom bewaarheid. Maar ek wens steeds iemand hier kan saam met my oor Oom Jans gesels. J

DIE MATIE 75

RIGHT: Stellenbosch University's student newspaper turned 75 this year. The team (and Honnours students) that worked on the commemorative issue was, from left to right, Tarren Josephs, Eugenie Gregan (editor), Jacolette Kloppers (class of 2001 and editor in 2001), Denique Smith and Walter Botha.

LINKS: Jóhann Thormählen (BPhil 2008, hoofredaksielid 2007) saam met Jacolette.
REGS: Gerhard Roux (redakteur 1946) en Waldimar Pelser (redakteur en BPhil 2000). Foto's: Nardus Engelbrecht.

Van links: Nerisa Coetzee (BPhil en assistentredakteur 2004) saam met Saretha Engelbrecht (hoofredaksielid in 2006, BPhil 2007). Jacolette Kloppers lewer haar toespraak. Koos Bekker by die geselligheid. Foto's: Nardus Engelbrecht.

YUNUS MOHAMED PRYS VIR FOTOGRAFIE

Yunus Mohamed en sy vrou, Khasiefa, saam met die Departement Joernalistiek se ereprofessor Ton Vosloo en sy vrou, Anet Pienaar-Vosloo, en die redakteur van ***Eikestadnuus***, Danie Keet, tydens die 2016 gradeplegtigheid toe die eerste Media24 Yunus Mohamed-prys vir fotografie oorhandig is.

Yunus en Simon Sonnekus by die 2016 Gradeplegtigheid-geleentheid. Simon was die eerste ontvanger van die Media24 Yunus Mohamed-prys vir fotografie. Die prys is ingestel om Yunus as pionier-persfotograaf te huldig.

GESKIEDENIS-SIMPOSIUM

Tim du Plessis, Lizette Rabe (albei klas van 1978) en Jan-Jan Joubert (klas van 1996) in Januarie vanjaar by die Suid-Afrikaanse Akademie vir Wetenskap en Kuns se Geskiedenissimposium, waar al drie sprekers was.

MARENET IN HAMBURG

Journalism alumna and lecturer Marenet Jordaan (class of 2001) on the big screen in the Hamburg City Hall! Marenet took part in "Zwischen Welten" (Between Worlds), a media and migrants project of the International Media Center Hamburg. The project was officially on display in the Hamburg City Hall and was opened by the Minister of Science. The project was presented on International Women's Day in March.

MEDIATOER IN JOHANNESBURG

The Class of 2016 during their Media Tour on a cold morning in Johannesburg. Thanks to M-Net the Media Tour could be organised this year again. Rykie fellow Corli van der Merwe and departmental administrative officer Elizabeth Newman accompanied the students.

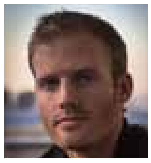
KANSELIERSPRYS

Lizette Rabe (class of 1978) received in December 2015 the Chancellor's Award for outstanding achievements. She donated the prize money of R100 000 to the Ithemba Foundation, a non-profit organisation with its two public benefit aims of raising awareness of depression as clinical illness, and to support research.

LISTEN UP...

all you *'journalists'* with your *'interviewing'* and *'fact-checking'* and *'salaries'*

Lemme tell you about real journalism, writes **Ian McNaught Davis,** class of 2007 and freelance journalist and columnist. His first solo exhibition Manhood For Amateurs was held at the Grey Area Gallery in Cape Town.



Like you, 26 Crozier Street taught me about angles, inverted pyramids and that thingy which is either called a dash or a hyphen but nobody really knows.

Unlike you, I didn't waste time exposing corruption or illuminating environmental catastrophes. I did hard news instead at *GQ*, writing about moisturiser and facial stubble options.

But materialism swiftly ensnared me. Free flashdrives from press releases. Sample sachets of cologne. And then there was the sex.

The women were gorgeous and willing. And I had the titillating pleasure of editing copy written by someone else who interviewed them. I deftly massaged the sultry prose: spotting a rogue comma in an Estonian model's Q&A, eliminating tautology in a covergirl's description of herself as a cocktail, putting the hyphen or dash thingy in "G-spot".

SEE MORE

*** Ian's work can be seen on www.ianmcnaughtdavis.com**

But I needed something completely different. So I went to *Men's Health.*

I asked hard questions: Are eight-packs real? Why doesn't she put out when I hold the door for her? Would it be bad to take steroids recreationally?

Being the Ruda Landman of abs was a noble yet volatile whirlwind of complimentary sun visors and canapés. I was drinking two maybe three cups of Ricoffy a day to keep up.

On a lunch-break, while formulating another way of writing about the Tim Noakes diet, I met a man who cycled from Turkey to Cape Town. I bought his bike and resigned to work on my photography portfolio. (Photojournalism was my reason for enrolling in the Journalism course.)

For two years I cycled, hitchhiked and used public transport through twenty countries, photographing the idiosyncrasies of daily life. And I never forgot the essential questions: The five WTFs and the HTF.

WTF 1

W(hen)TF am I going to get robbed?

I cycled through South Africa for six months, and people would consistently greet me with: Have you been attacked yet? The answer still is: Not one incident of crime.

There's a story in that.

WTF 2

W(hy)TF am I standing on trial?

I was arrested in Kazakhstan for not adhering to rules that I had read when entering the country. Possibly because the rules were written in Cyrillic.

I was assigned a lawyer who said "I will fight for you!" She must have seen this on Law & Order because it was the only English she knew. I was declared guilty.

Still not sure of what.

WTF 3

W(ho)TF let the tigers out?

A flood destroyed the Tbilisi Zoo in Georgia, and wolves, bears, tigers and a hippo escaped. I ran around in a real-life version of Jumanji to get a shot of a tiger slinking past a McDonalds. It didn't happen, but was a good test of my commitment to photography.

WTF 4

W(here)TF is Nagorno-Karabakh?

Nagorno-Karabakh is a self-proclaimed republic wedged between Armenia and Azerbaijan. Its name isn't from a Dr. Seuss book, but is an amalgamation of Russian, Persian and Turkish (none of whom live there). Locals call it Artsakh, in the interests of confusion.

WTF 5

W(hen)TF are we going to get there?

I was told it would take two days by train to get from Kapiri Mposhi in Zambia to Dar es Salaam in Tanzania.

I got a three-and- a-half- day journey, and a lifelong friendship with a Zambian policeman who kept order in the restaurant car. We became such good friends that he offered me diamonds at discount rates whenever he got drunk. Which was from the Tanzanian border onwards.

The HTF

H(ow)TF am I going to do what I enjoy and am (if I maybe so bold) good at?

Hire me. Besides being a tell-all tale of a men's magazine hack, this is an elaborate sales pitch from someone whose photographs are being drowned by a tsunami of images of cats, people grinning next to a plate of food or bridesmaids jumping merrily.

Don't make me go back to writing about sexting and nose-trimmers. Give me an assignment. Have camera and extensive knowledge of abs, will travel. J

Loren by Kwêla se Hannes van Wyk.

LOREN: RAAD AAN SELF

Loren Pienaar, klas van 2010, was vanjaar een van die gassprekers in die Honneursklas. Sy het van 'n internskap by *Beeld* na 'n internskap by RSG en 'n pos by *Huisgenoot* gegaan om nou te wees waar sy wil wees: opdraggewende redakteur by kykNET. As sy vir haarself vyf jaar gelede kon raad gee, sou dit die volgende wees:

- Bly nederig
- Bly eerlik en outentiek. Jou integriteit is kern.
- Mense-verhoudinge is van kardinale belang. Sê asseblief en dankie.
- Jy moet die leer van onder af klim. Jy moet die myle en ure insit.
- Gebruik jou woordeboek.
- In onderhoude: vra slim vrae, en gebruik stiltes – daardie stilte is goud werd.
- Moenie bang wees om jou horisonne te verbreed nie. Great risks, great rewards. (Trek Johannesburg toe!)
- Wees eager.
- Kry langs die pad 'n mentor.
- Die bedryf is klein: moenie brûe agter jou brand nie.
- Mislukking is deel van die game.
- Oefen. Work Life Balance.
- Glo in jouself, maar moenie vol van jouself wees nie.
- Jy gaan huil by die werk en dis oukei.
- Beste raad wat my pa vir my gegee het: Daar is niks soos 'n verkeerde keuse nie. Alles is 'n ervaring. J

MY **PHD** JOURNEY

My PhD journey began in January 2014 after I was granted a generous scholarship by the Graduate School in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, writes **Mphathisi Ndlovu**.

After the news that I would be studying at Stellenbosch University, my heart was filled with both joy and uncertainty. Joy and elation at the opportunity to advance my studies at this prestigious institution, but also an overwhelming sense of uncertainty about venturing into an unknown landscape.

However, my concerns were soon allayed the moment I arrived at the Journalism Department. My supervisor, staff members and fellow students welcomed me with utmost kindness and helped me to feel at "home" away from "home". It didn't take me long to fully adjust to the new environment. I will always treasure the pleasant discussions that motivated me to complete this academic journey.

Mphathisi Ndlovu, who received his PhD, and his supervisor, dr. Gawie Botma (class of 1988).

I will never forget the PhD roundtable meetings, the birthday celebrations, and other meetings with post-graduate students in a convivial atmosphere that helped us to reflect upon our work, share experiences, and motivate each other.

The first few months of the PhD programme were rigorous, as they involved the proposal writing process and attending research seminars/workshops organised by the Graduate School. I spent most of the time reading and acquainting myself with the vast literature related to my topic, namely new media as sites of remembrance and forgetting.

The PhD journey had its own set of challenges such as experiencing writer's block, but by and large, it was a voyage filled with the joys of learning and discovering new perspectives. During the course of the PhD programme, I had an opportunity to travel to Coventry University to present a paper at a conference hosted by the Centre for Trust, Peace and Social Relations. It was a lovely experience interacting and networking with researchers working on issues of peace, trust and social relations.

As my PhD journey comes to an end, I will always cherish the great memories that were created during the three years I spent at the Journalism Department. My academic journey doesn't end here. Stellenbosch University laid a solid foundation by equipping me with theoretical and methodological insights to research and produce knowledge on the intersection of journalism, media, culture and society. As I prepare to embark on an uncharted post-PhD life, I do not know what the future holds for me, but I am confident that I will contribute to the growth of journalism scholarship in Africa. In the words of Gandalf, one of the protagonists in J.R.R. Tolkien's epic series The Lord of the Rings: "All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us." J

CARPE DIEM: THE NABILA WAY

Opportunity does not come knocking. If my gmail could talk, it would recount the hundreds of applications I have made in the last few years. Amongst them was my application for the Stellenbosch University-Africa Postgraduate Scholarship for Excellence in Campus Life.

This award is given to African students who actively participate in campus activities as well as maintain an excellent academic record. Twice I applied for this scholarship and I was unsuccessful both times. So, when I saw the advertisement this year, the thought of reapplying was overshadowed by the crushing memories of previous rejection.

I continued with my work as the chair of the Kenyan society representing my team and mobilising them in participating for campus activities.

But then it took a friend thirty minutes to convince me to reapply for the Scholarship, and because by now I was too familiar with the process, my application was sent within a couple of hours.

An optimist would say

Master's student Nabila Hátimy receiving the SU-African Postgraduate Scholarship for Excellence in Campus Life of R30 000 at the gala evening during the International Diversity Week from Angelo Jephtha, Coordinator for International Student Life and Success at SU.

something like "third time's the charm", but the reality is, having succeeded the third time meant I had to fail twice. It is so easy to give up when you fail, and nobody wants to feel rejected. But the fact is I look at myself now and I remember the person I was two years ago when I first applied for the award, and, honestly, I feel like I am more deserving of it now.

You see… opportunities don't find us, we scout for them, we dig trenches and clear paths, we sweat and break our backs so that when we emerge victorious, we are better people because we are deserving. And in the end: Do not wait for your opportunity to come knocking – you have to embark on your journey to discover it! J

Pieter-Louis Myburgh, klas van 2009, het skoonskip gemaak met 'n hele aantal pryse vir ondersoekende joernalistiek met sy navorsing oor hoe Prasa van die spore geloop het. Hier is hoe hy die storie se spoor gevat het.

Pieter-Louis met sy Media24 Legends-pryse

OP **PRASA** SE SPOOR

Ek was maar skepties oor die wenk wat in Maart 2015 by my beland het. Prasa se splinternuwe en peperduur Afro4000-lokomotiewe was glo te hoog vir Suid-Afrika se spoorlyne, het die anonieme skrywer van die kort briefie aangevoer.

Ek was bewus van die blink, blou lokomotiewe wat 'n paar maande vantevore met groot opwinding by die Kaapse hawe ontvang is. Maar dit was vir my ondenkbaar dat die mees senior amptenare van 'n maatskappy soos Prasa só 'n groot blaps sou kon maak.

Omdat ek in daardie stadium doenig was met die enorme treintenders wat die vorige jaar toegeken is deur Transnet, Prasa se sustermaatskappy, het ek reeds 'n hele paar bronne in die spoorbedryf gehad. Ek het hulle begin pols oor die storie oor die hoë treine…

Diegene wat bewus was van die kwessie was aanvanklik huiwerig om daaroor te praat, maar teen Julie 2015 het die span by *Rapport* gevoel ek het oor genoeg tegniese inligting beskik om 'n voorbladberig te regverdig.

Die Afro4000's oorskry die hoogteperk in so 'n mate dat die lokomotiewe te naby aan die oorhoofse kragdrade op ons spoorlyne sou kom en dus 'n wesenlike gevaar vir veral treindrywers sou inhou, het ons destyds berig.

Veral Lucky Montana, Prasa se voormalige uitvoerende hoof, was woedend oor die onthulling en het met mening terug baklei. Maar ná verdere onthullings oor die feit dat Prasa bewus was van die probleem, maar dit bloot geïgnoreer het, is Montana uiteindelik deur die Prasa-raad in die pad gesteek. Die koppe van sommige van sy naaste makkers in die maatskappy het ook gerol.

> "In dié tyd het Montana selfs 'n baksteen na my gegooi en my werkkar getref.

In dié tyd het Montana selfs 'n baksteen na my gegooi en my werkkar getref. Daar was vrae oor hoe hy sy persoonlike eiendomsportefeulje van miljoene rande befonds het. Toe hy my eendag by een van sy paleise in Pretoria aantref, was die gort behoorlik gaar en ek moes haastig laat spaander om daar weg te kom.

Die Prasa-onthullings is uiteindelik met die Taco Kuiper-prys vir ondersoekende joernalistiek bekroon. Omdat die prys geag word as die mees gesogte joernalistieke toekenning in Suid-Afrika, was dit vir my 'n geweldige riem onder die hart. Danksy die Prasa-stories het ek ook verskeie ander pryse losgeslaan, insluitend 'n ATKV-mediaveertjie en die prys vir Joernalis van die Jaar by Media24 se Legends-toekennings.

Dis natuurlik lekker om trofeë en prysgeld te ontvang. Vir my bly impak egter die grootste beloning waarvoor 'n joernalis kan hoop.

Ons bly in 'n land waar skok-onthullings oor korrupsie en ander vergrype gans te dikwels eenvoudig deur die betrokke regeringsleiers geïgnoreer word.

Dit was geweldig bemoedigend om te sien dat onthullings soos dié oor Prasa se treine klaarblyklik tog broodnodige verandering kan meebring in staatsinstellings wat lamgelê word deur korrupsie, wanbestuur en vrot leierskap. J

CHARLENE ON A ROLL

Charlene Rolls, class of 2004, has been appointed as editor of the mega-weekly *YOU* magazine. Here are some of the questions she are often confronted with.

How do you do it every week? This is one of the questions I get asked most and at first it was an odd one for me because, well, we just do. But actually there's a reason we can do what we do every day and every week: an immensely talented and diverse team. *YOU* is a mighty machine powered by creative, remarkable – and somewhat crazy! – people.

We are relentless in our pursuit of excellence and it truly is amazing what this team is capable of. I'm always in awe of the energy and the drive of the people who work at YOU and their can-do attitude. The response to any request is always "yes" or "let's try it!" Never, ever a "no, we can't".

The print/digital divide

There is no divide for us – we are content producers and create compelling content, whether for print or digital. One of the challenges of my job is to decide what goes into the print product and what is used online, because what we put online is not what is in the magazine.

It's exciting though. Knowing you can work on print and digital and be exposed to the unique awesomeness of both is great. I love seeing how people are evolving their thinking and storytelling to suit each platform, and that they're excited about the storytelling depth digital offers.

When I studied at Crozier Street I read *The Powers that Be* by David Halberstam and remember feeling incredibly sad that I'd missed all the big evolutions in media – radio, TV, magazines.

And now, here I am, slap bang in the middle of a chaotic, confusing, challenging, exhilarating transformation into digital media. I love it.

About those millennials

I learnt many things in the BPhil course 12 years ago, but it couldn't have prepared me for the dramatic changes in audiences and the way social media is used to create and consume content.

The first time I tried Snapchat I felt so stupid! But there's nothing Google can't help with and I'd soon figured out what was what.

I'm unlikely to start snapping like a 13-year-old, but one of the things I've had to learn very quickly was to establish what I don't know, then find people who do know to show me why it's important to know it.

Again, I have a fantastic team (really a great mix of youth and experience) to do just that.

Why journalism?

Another question I get asked regularly is if I'd encourage people to go into journalism.

In many ways it's a difficult question because it depends on what you mean by journalism.

If you mean just writing for a news outlet or a magazine, then probably not. If you mean creating content using words, video, images, being able to code and/or understand what code is, then absolutely.

The world has never needed good storytellers as much as it does now.

The recent events on the political sphere is proof – journalists kept pushing for the truth to come out and using words, images and video did just that. J

Daniëlla van Heerden (du Plooy, klas van 2007) het onlangs die Afrikaanse Taalraad se erepenning ontvang. Dit was haar toespraak by die geleentheid:

DANIËLLA DOEN DIT IN AFRIKAANS

Dit was 'n reusevoorreg om 'n erepenning van die Afrikaanse Taalraad te ontvang. Dit is glo toegeken vir my bydrae tot Afrikaans, maar ek het gaan nadink en besef dat Afrikaans eintlik veel meer tot my lewe bygedra het!

As TV-joernalis moet ek gereeld gaan 'vox pops' kry – waar ons die publiek se opinie vra oor alles van die petrolprys tot Nkandla en die Springbokke.

Ek is altyd verbaas oor hoeveel mense kan Afrikaans praat en bereid is om kommentaar te lewer in die taal, selfs al is dit hul tweede of derde taal. Dáár het Afrikaans my geleer sy is nie gebind aan ras, kultuur, of ouderdom nie.

Nog 'n les wat ek geleer het, was in nuus- en nagkantore. Die verskil tussen 'blykbaar' en 'skynbaar', tussen 'onder meer' en 'onder andere' en dat mens nie 'n 'klag lê' nie – jy lê 'n eier! 'n Klag word ingedien…

Die les wat Afrikaans my hier leer, is om altyd nederig te bly – oor taalreëls weet jy eintlik net mooi niks!

Die laaste les het ek geleer in 'n klaskamer in Soweto, daar waar Victor Khumbule smiddae gratis Afrikaans-klasse aanbied vir enigiemand wat belangstel. Ek het die storie gaan dek vir eNuus en was verbaas dat die meeste van sy leerlinge nie skoolkinders was nie, maar bejaarde ooms en tannies.

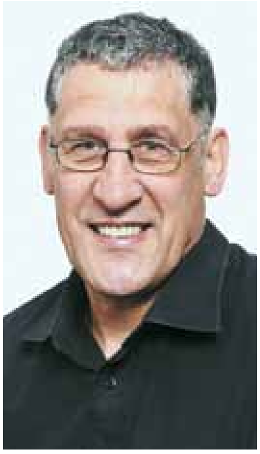
Een vrou het vir my gesê sy het as jong meisie Afrikaans gepraat waar sy gewoon het op 'n plaas in die Vrystaat. In Johannesburg het sy die taal bietjie vergeet, en sy woon Victor se klasse by om weer te onthou waar sy vandaan kom.

Dit het my geleer Afrikaans is meer as net 'n taal – dis vir mense 'n simbool van wie en wat hulle is.

En ek is bevoorreg om in my moedertaal te kan werk.

Willem Jordaan (klas van 1997) is vanaf 1 April vanjaar redakteur van *Die Burger*. Willem het sy joernalistieke loopbaan in 1999 by *Die Burger* begin, toe hy in dieselfde jaar bevorder is tot parlementêre verslaggewer. Hy was ook politieke beriggewer. In 2005 is hy aangestel as politieke redakteur van *Die Burger* en in 2009 adjunkredakteur. Hy was sedert Januarie waarnemende redakteur van die koerant. Willem het Bun Booyens opgevolg. Willem het in 'n onderhoud gesê hy is opgewonde om 'n eeu oue handelsmerk die toekoms in te kan neem. Willem het die grade BA (Politieke wetenskap en filosofie), BA Hons (Filosofie) cum laude, Hons Joernalistiek en MPhil (Joernalistiek) cum laude aan die US behaal.

Bun Booyens, eerste Media24-genoot in die Departement Joernalistiek wat kort daarna genoem is na die pionier-joernalis Rykie van Reenen, is vanjaar met Media24 se Piet Cillié-prys vereer, en het ook die FAK se prys gekry vir sy bydrae tot die Afrikaanse joernalistiek. Bun (klas van 1986) het vroeër vanjaar afgetree as redakteur van *Die Burger*.



Graveyards in Diepsloot. "Many many" children are buried in these graveyards, quotes Bhekisisa the caretaker in the story for which Mia Malan won multiple awards. Photo: Bhekisisa.org

MULTIPLE AWARD WINNER

Mia Malan (class of 1994) and currently director and editor of Bhekisisa, the *Mail & Guardian* Health Journalism Centre, won a number of awards this past year.

Mia won the CNN African Features Journalist of the Year in October for her long form narrative feature, "Diepsloot: Where men think it's their right to rape". She also won the 2016 Standard Bank Sikuvile Features Journalist of the Year as well as the 2016 Vodacom Regional Features Journalist of the Year for the same article, and she was named the overall winner of the Discovery Health Journalist of the Year awards for other health-related articles.

Mia was an honours journalism student at Stellenbosch in 1994 and heads up the *Mail & Guardian*'s health desk, Bhekisisa. "Bhekisisa is donor-funded, which is why I'm fortunate to be part of a really well-resourced desk. This makes it possible to do time consuming, long-form features," she says. "We're six full time staff members based in Johannesburg, along with a part time Africa health editor and about ten freelance correspondents in Africa."

Mia's Diepsloot story focused on child rape. As a result of the story, the rape counselling organisation, Green Door, which was featured in the article, received four carloads of donations and two Wendy houses to counsel and temporarily house victims of sexual violence.

Green Door wasn't registered as a non-profit organisation at the time, and could therefore not receive donor funds. After the publication of the story, a legal firm and capacity building organisation offered free help for Green Door to get registered and develop a constitution and organisational plan for the future.

Two months after the publication, a United Nations special rapporteur visited Diepsloot to include conditions in the township in a report on the causes of violence against women and children in South Africa as a result of the article.

With funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Bhekisisa is in the process of developing an app to make it easier to report incidences of sexual violence in Diepsloot.

"We'll be launching the app in early December in partnership with Brown Lekekela's Green Door and other organisations working in the field of sexual violence in Diepsloot," she says.

"We're hoping it could make a small contribution towards addressing sexual violence."

CENSCOM: ALREADY SHOWING RESULTS IN **YEAR 1**

Censcom, the Centre for Science Communication, is excited to announce its first conference, although it is the third conference in the series of "Science meets the Public" in the Department of Journalism.

The Centre was established under the pioneer in science communication in South Africa (and Africa), director Prof George Claassen, also an extraordinary professor in our department and former departmental head. Prof Claassen is regarded by his peers in the USA as the expert in the field on our continent.

The conference will take place on 1 and 2 June 2017 at STIAS and the theme will focus on pseudo-science and quackery – and thus how a gullible public is so easily misled to believe all kinds of things that is not evidence-based in terms of health care. World-renowned researchers will participate.

Our partner for the conference will be the Centre for Evidence-based Health Care in the Faculty of Medicine and Health Sciences at the SU's Tygerberg campus.

If you are interested, contact George on **gnclaassen@sun.ac.za**.

3 WEKE... 7 STEDE...

EN DIE ERVARING VAN 'N LEEFTYD

Thinus Dippenaar (klas van 2009) was 'n wenner van Media24 se Stories-kompetisie vir jong redaksielede onder 30. Met dié het hy 'n studiebeurs losgeslaan en besluit om die Internasionale Nuusmediavereniging (INMA) se jaarlikse konferensie in Londen in Mei by te woon en sommer 'n hele paar nuuskantore in Europa te besoek. So het hy sy tyd deurgebring.

WEEK 1

1 Aankoms in Londen. Die weer is grys, maar dinamies. Eers word die hele middestad te voet verken, want die begroting is skraps. Die konferensie begin oor 'n paar dae en dan is die tyd vir verken verby.

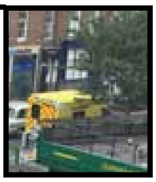
2 Verwelkoming. 'n Eg Suid-Afrikaanse strikdas sal my laat uitstaan by die ontvangsgeselligheid in die Tower of London.

Kort voor lank ontstaan 'n brand in die kombuis en ons ontruim. Tipies joernalis, neem almal foto's van die brandweer wat opdaag. Dit is die eerste keer in 400 jaar wat daar 'n brand in die Tower of London ontstaan, berig die Londense media die volgende dag.

3 Google se Meesterklas. Ek registreer vir Google se lesingsreeks. Dit bied 'n kykie in die wêreld van algoritmes en hoe ons kan sien wat ons lesers wil hê. Maar nét as jy dit op die Google-manier doen. Gebruik ons nuuskantore Google of gebruik Google ons?

Hier word jy baie vinnig herinner dat jy nie sommer huis toe sal kan bel nie. Gelukkig is daar Starbucks. Dis nou as jy aaklige koffie kan drink in ruil vir gratis Wi-Fi.

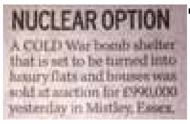
4 Die konferensie begin. Meer as 500 afgevaardigdes van meer as 50 lande kom byeen. Hulle sluit in redakteurs, uitvoerende hoofde en invloedryke sakelui. Virtuele realiteit, sakemodelle, strategie en innoverende idees in die digitale era is van die hooftemas. Ek druk myself in en kry 'n onderhoud by *The Guardian* en *New York Times*.



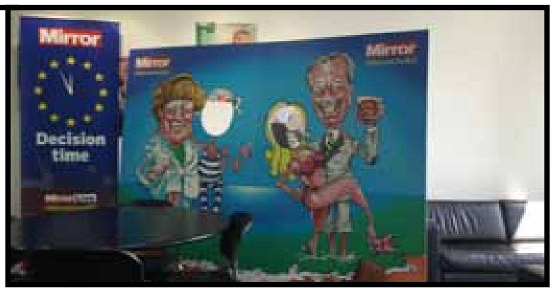
5 Die badkamerdeur sit vas in die karige AirBnB waar ek tuisgaan vir die konferensie naby die venue, oorkant 'n Supersave. Nooddienste word ontbied. Uiteindelik word die deur van buite afgebreek.

WEEK 2

6 My kantoor vir die week: Canary Warf. Hier stap almal in die jongste ontwerperspakke rond. Die Thomson Reuters-gebou is indrukwekkend, maar my standplaas is hoër op in die hoofgebou: internskap by die *Mirror*. Dis Brexit-week en ek moet help. Soggens van 08:00 word daar al stories uitgedeel en ek kom eers na 21:00 tuis – 'n mens moet mos sien hoe een van die suksesvolste tabloids in die bed gesit word. Die *Mirror* maak baie geld met innoverende projekte en van produksie leer ek baie.


NUCLEAR OPTION
A COLD War bomb shelter that is set to be turned into luxury flats and houses was sold at auction for £990,000 yesterday in Mistley, Essex.

8 Een van my berigte haal die koerant – 'n 400-woord-berig wat noukeurig en met die belangrikste inligting na 26 woorde gesny moes word. Hier doen hulle flitse baie kort en die hoofsubs skaaf méér aan die kortes want hul lesers soek nie langformaatjoernalistiek nie.



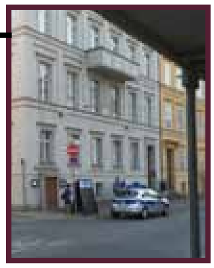
7 Die *Mirror* is nie skaam vir hul menings, soos gesien kan word in hierdie uitstalling in hul ontvangslokaal. Die groep het 'n gimnasium waar personeel oor middagetes gou kan oefen. In die kafeteria vertel die vrou wat kos bedien sy het ook in Suid-Afrika grootgeword. Net na middagete word ek ingetrek by die middagkonferensie en die redakteur vra my insette in die beplanning van die volgende dag se voorblad. *The Sun* spring ons egter voor met 'n treffender voorblad.

9 Oppad Hamburg toe is die vlug met meer as 3 ure vertraag want die vlieënier se skof was verby. Ek dring aan om 'n "crash course" saam met die medevlieënier te doen terwyl ons vir die nuwe kaptein wag. Woordkeuse met opset, hoewel die mede-vlieënier nie gedink het dit was snaaks nie.

WEEK 3

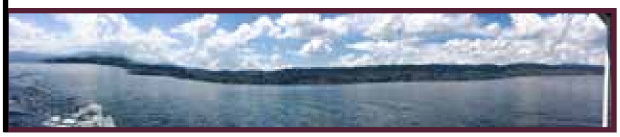
10 Gul ontvangs by *Der Spiegel*. Die besturende redakteur borrel oor van innovasie en gee nie om om idees uit te ruil nie.

11 By *Die Welt* in Berlyn is daar geen kortpaaie met bemarking nie.



12 My kontak in Berlyn is 'n korrespondent in die Reichstaggebou. Hy gaan wys my waar die bondskanselier Angela Merkel in Kurpfergraben woon en ek neem 'n steelfoto.

13 In Zürich neem ek die boot na die middestad vir my afspraak met die bedryfshoof van Axel Springer – een van die grootste uitgewersmaatskappye in Europa. Sy is my ouderdom...



14 My drie weke kom tot 'n einde, maar nie voor ek vir nog twee weke self verder reis nie. Budapest en Praag kom aan die beurt, en dan Parys voordat ek afsluit in Amsterdam vir nog 'n konferensie. Dié keer word ek as spreker genooi na INMA se Ideas Day. Hoe het ons 'n rekordbedrag geld gemaak, wou die vereniging se lede weet, uit 'n gedrukte publikasie – ons eie *Krit*, feeskoerant van die KKNK, waarvan ek die afgelope 2 jaar bevoorreg was om as redakteur te dien. En terwyl die wêreld nog kopkrap oor digitale media, behoort die toekoms deesdae aan enigeen met 'n blink idee en 'n goeie opvoeding.

BOOMPIE VERPLANT NA NAMIBIË

Leona Amoraal, institusionele geheue van Crozierstraat 26 wat sedert die eerste jaar van die Joernalistiekskool betrokke was, eers as tik- en snel-"juffrou" en toe as departementele sekretaresse, verhuis eersdaags na Windhoek, waar albei haar dogters hulle gevestig het. Hier is haar planne vir die nuwe fase in haar lewe.

Dit was moeilik om te besluit tussen Windhoek (familie) en Stellenbosch (berge, riviere, wingerde, groen), maar Windhoek het sy bekoring: die landskap is onvergelykbaar. In die tyd wat ek daar was om op verblyf te besluit, sê ek vir Jolanda (oudste dogter) terwyl ons gery het hoe mooi twee koppies se kleurskakerings bymekaar aanpas soos die lig geval het. Sy sê toe vir my dat ek nou iets moois in die droogte wil sien – maar daar is 'n andersheid in die koppies en bome.

Dit herinner my aan die jaar wat ek in Hannover skool gehou het – hoe die uitgestrekte Karoolandskap met die bossies en heuwels tog 'n unieke bekoring het.

Ons het besluit op die Auas Hills Retirement Village – 'n tweeslaapkamer-woonstel op die eerste vloer. Die kompleks bestaan uit woonstelle (3-4 verdiepings) en skakelhuise. Ons woonstel het uit verskillende hoeke 'n 270° uitsig – dit is heel op die punt – nuuskieriges kan nie verbyloop nie. Ek sal kyk of ek dit 'n naam sal gee soos Musiek- en Geselshoek?

Daar is ook 'n klein balkon, dus kan daar gebraai word of net 'n heerlike uitskopstoel om langbeen te lees ens.

Dit lyk maar stil in die woonstelle en huise – ek glo ek het 'n rol om te speel – ek wil gesels, rolbal speel, musiek luister, Rummikub speel, ens. Hulle wil ook begin met 'n nuusbrief – sal hoor of hulle hulp nodig het. Die verblyf is naby Lezél in Kleine Kuppe, maar 'n afstand van Jolanda in Elisenheim – maar ons sal dit hanteer.

Ons het besluit op die Gereformeerde Kerk, Windhoek waar 'n relatiewe jong predikant nou weer begin om 'n "kerk" te bou. Soos dit oral gaan, het die jongmense en ander die kerk verlaat. Ons weet ook wat die stryd is wat die tradisionele kerke betref. Daar is 'n warmhartigheid onder die mense en ek voel dat dit 'n voortsetting van Stellenbosch se GK sal wees.

Ná twee besoeke aan die Eros Rolbalklub het ek besluit – nie vir my nie. Dit is die grootste klub in Windhoek met 25 lede!! Maar die besoek aan die Country Club het my oortuig – vriendelik, twee perke, 19 lede, pragtige palmbome, verstommende groen perke. Ek sal dit geniet om daar te speel en kyk of daar nie van die "old girls" in Auas is wat wil deelneem nie.

Daar is blykbaar slegs 200 rolbalspelers in Namibië.

Dit is my storie – dit is skrikwekkend wat alles nog gedoen moet word – benewens die wegpak en weggooi is daar talle vorms wat nog voltooi moet word – dit sluit in "police clearance"! J

Leona Amoraal by Lezél (klas van 2000, wat ook haar M in joernalistiek verwerf het) se tweeling, en langsaan, Lezél en haar tweeling met hul tweede verjaardag.