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*The views expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of SAJAC or its board.*

**HOLD THE DATES**

*Friday, May 14, 1993*

*SAJAC Family Shabbat Dinner*

*Adat Yeshurun*

*8950 Villa La Jolla Drive • Suite 1244 • La Jolla, CA 92037*

*Adat Yeshurun is an Orthodox Congregation and the Shabbat service will begin at 6:30 p.m. and the Family Dinner will take place following the service.*

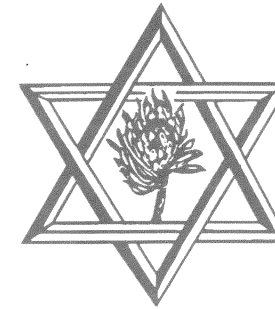
*(Only prepaid reservations will be accepted due to Shabbat)*

**OCTOBER 24, 1993**



**SAJAC**

**ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT**



**SAJAC REPORTER**

The Publication of the South African Jewish American Community of San Diego

*Volume 2, No. 7*

*Spring 1993*



**AN-SKI, S. (1863-1920)**

Pen name of Solomon Seinwil Rapoport, Russian Yiddish writer, especially known as a folklorist and dramatist. His play "The Dibbick," published in 1916 and based on a mystical legend of Hasidic lore, has enjoyed great popularity and success on both the Yiddish and non-Jewish stage. As a result of his revolutionary activities An-Ski had to flee Russia. In contact with Jewish political refugees in Paris and Switzerland, he wrote his popular Yiddish revolutionary hymn, the "Shevueh" (Oath), which many regard as the Jewish "Marseillaise."

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**President's Letter**

To all our members and potential members:

A volunteer, as defined by Webster's dictionary, is "one who enters into or offers himself for a service of his own free will." The South African Jewish American Community of San Diego is comprised of:

- A volunteer Board consisting of 21 dedicated individuals who have your best interests at heart. Their only reward is the feedback from those of you who attend an event organized by them, read an article published by them or are visited by them on "official" business; and

- Several volunteer committees, some of which are more formally organized than others. For example, the publications committee meets quarterly to coordinate all efforts necessary to publish this wonderful newsletter, while the welcome committee and friendship committee solicit the assistance of volunteers when the need arises.

I commend all of you who have volunteered for SAJAC or any other organization, and sincerely hope that your experience was a positive and enjoyable one. To those of you who have yet to volunteer, I urge you to partake in this very special experience.

The efforts of these individuals are coordinated in a manner which has evolved and improved since SAJAC's inception in 1987 and allows SAJAC to enjoy a uniquely independent yet interdependent position among San Diego Jewish organizations. We must not, however, rest on our laurels, and we continually strive to make SAJAC a better organization. In order to accomplish this, we need new ideas and suggestions, and for those, we rely on you, our members. I welcome the opportunity to talk to each and every one of you regarding any suggestions you may have.

Sincerely,

Jeff

P. S. It was great seeing all the friendly South African faces at UJF's Super Sunday event.

**Mazel Tov to:**

Jeff and Sandy Sacks on the marriage of their daughter, Nicole to Ron Kupper-Smith



David Gaffen on his engagement to Debra Freundlich



Margo & Stan Behr on their son's marriage



Ken & Marion Levi on their son's Barmitzvah



Claire & David Ellman on their son's Barmitzvah



Len & Leanne Brenner on the birth of their daughter



**Condolences to:**

Rosa Basson on her recent loss



Shirley Rothgeisser on her recent loss



Robin Isaacson on his recent loss



Irwin Belcher on his recent loss



Paul Hyde on his recent loss



**Get Well to:**

Pam Jaffe on her recent surgery



Harry Berzack on his recent surgery



**To Your Health & Beauty**

by Linda-Anne Kahn

**CAN WE TURN BACK THE CLOCK?**

A natural way to ease the signs of aging.

A highly publicized area of skin-aging research has centered on the topical application of alpha-hydroxy fruit acids. Fruit acids, such as glycolic acid and lactic acid, help to slough off dead cells on the skin's surface to clear the way for new cells.

When we remove old dead cells that have been broken down with exposure to the elements, new cell production is stimulated and new cells come to the surface. The new outer layer is better able to hold the moisture. This sloughing off effect helps to strengthen the dermis as fibroblasts produce more collagen, and the skin can regain its youthful moist and smooth texture.

Before age 25 the skin appears moist, translucent, smooth and finely textured. In the late 20's and 30's the subtle signs of photo-aging slowly appear. The skin may feel drier, lacking in luster and fine lines begin to appear. By the time you are in your early 40's, the skin appears thicker, coarser and duller. It does not have the same translucent moist quality. Wrinkles and fine lines appear around the eyes, mouth and neck.

A defect caused by sun exposure, called "Cornyocyte Cohesion", makes the skin look thick and dull. A glue-like substance causes the dead cells of the statum corneum to adhere to the surface of the epidermis.

The sun's rays also destroy collagen and elastin and damage the cells' ability to reproduce themselves in a healthy fashion. This will become manifest as a deep wrinkle as opposed to superficial lines.

It is thus essential to use a sunblock which filters both ULTRA-VIOLET A AND B RAYS to protect your skin from the aging effects of sun exposure as well as to prevent skin cancer.

Non-prescription glycolic acid, an alpha hydroxy acid, is dramatically effective as a "superior moisturizer" for the skin, because of its ability to dissolve or dislodge the "glue" that causes the normal keratinization.

Traditional medical chemical peels using various caustic substances are similar to second degree burns and require a lengthy recovery period. The skin is swollen and red for days and in some cases months. They can permanently lighten a person's skin.

Retin A (retonic acid), prescribed by dermatologists, has been used now for the past years for its wrinkle diminishing effects - of exfoliation and daily shedding. The side-effects of Retin A can be excessive dryness, increased sun sensitivity, blotchiness, as well as extreme irritation of the skin. Retin A is very effective for a skin that is prone to pre-cancerous growth.

Glycolic acid peels can be performed by facialists as well as dermatologists. It is still to be proven how and why these superficial peels work as do the deep medical procedures, which have a good track record of reversing sun damage. However, scientists who favor the use of alpha hydroxy acids have seen fewer fine lines, a smoother skin and brighter complexion, based on clinical data.

"Cosmeceutical" potions, (cosmetic creams in pharmaceutical guise) of alphahydroxy acids, are becoming widely available in varying strengths for home use.

The leading companies with patents on glycolic acid, Murad, MD Formulations and NeoStrata, have at-home formulas of 7 - 12% glycolic acid, believed by many doctors to be the minimum potency to have an effect on the skin. Many other companies are jumping on the bandwagon and producing skin-smoothing creams that do not contain the concentration of glycolic and/or lactic acid used in studies that document age-reversal effects.

Beware of mail-order products. A mail-order product caused severe burns on four people last year. The label indicated that the cream was made of glycolic acid, but it actually contained some alphahydroxy acid, plus a mixture of other dangerous acids. Because of such "fly-by-night" peeling creams, sold without adequate testing, the FDA is taking a careful look at alpha hydroxy acids.

As these new product proliferate almost as quickly as wrinkles, be sure to consult a professional before using glycolic acid.

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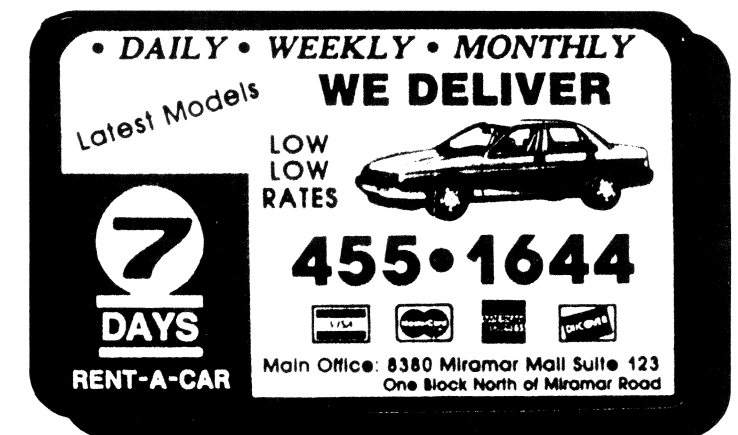
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**MOVING?**

Please notify SAJAC of your new address.

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Clip & Mail to:  
Merle Gaylis  
4719 Shadwell Place  
San Diego, CA 92130

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### SAJAC Seniors

by Sandy Kodesh

The traditional Channukah party for SAJAC Seniors, held in December at the home of Charles & Renee Frank, was attended by a record crowd of 37 people.

A 3-course hot dinner was served and afterwards guests were entertained by Nellye Shprinz, a recent immigrant from Russia, who played her guitar and sang a variety of Russian and Yiddish songs.



Russian guitarist who entertained us, Nellye Shprinz with her brother-in-law Leo Fundler.



Alice Miller (in front) and two American guests with Lionel & Essie Katzenellenbogen.



Hans Wirtz, Gerald & Lisa Pinn, Charlotte Kassar.



L to R; Nora Kriel, Helen Josephson & Helen Moss.



Liesel Eprile, Hans & Ilse Levi, Ruth Wirtz.



American guests, Len & Dorothy Orun with Julius Sher.



Bernard & Bee Novis, Rose & Fred Stern.

### Newcomers

by Pamela Nathan

Joan and Leonard Wasserman have moved to San Diego from Canada, after living there for five years. It was interesting to hear Joan explain that, after visiting here a while back and enjoying the climate so much, they returned to Canada and within 14 hours made the decision to relocate. They are living in University City, loving sunny San Diego and taking advantage of the beach and ocean nearby to walk the dogs and enjoy nature. Leonard is in the garage door business and Joan is assisting him. They have two children, Brandon, 23, who has returned to Canada to finish his schooling and Terry, 21, who is enrolled at San Diego State University.

Lance and Leora Fogel recently got married in Newport Beach where Lance and his family have been living for the past 14 years. They have come to live in San Diego because M & T Construction, the company that Lance works for, is in the process of opening a division here. Leora is a pharmacist and is currently employed by Harborview Medical Center.

Stephen Sass arrived in San Diego on Christmas Day, 1992. He has just moved to La Jolla Colony and is patiently awaiting the arrival of his girlfriend, Shelly Cohen. Stephen used to live in Bramley, Johannesburg. He has an accounting background and is currently working with Barry Schechter. His brother, Michael, is at San Diego State - the reason Stephen has chosen to live in Southern California. Stephen is a runner, plays a lot of sports and loves listening to music.

Mona and Jack Solomon are Sue Swersky's parents and they are delighted to be in San Diego. Originally from Newlands, Cape, they have visited several times in the past and now are thrilled to be spending time with their grandchildren and children. They also have a son who lives in Santa Monica. Both are avid bridge players and Jack also loves to play bowls. He is a business broker and Mona has a background in medical typing and transcribing. She is looking for a part-time position, so please call her at 453-5461 if you know of any opportunity in that field.

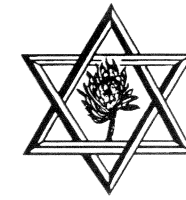
Daryl Rosen and his girlfriend, Linda Harris, recently arrived in San Diego. He has relocated to Newport Beach just recently because of a job opportunity.

Sandra Harlacher used to be Sandra Hope and guess what? She was in my class at Barnato Park High School, Johannesburg, and I haven't seen her since. She is here with her mom, Esther Hope, who, as I remember, used to teach piano way back then. Sandra's husband is American and he is currently spending some time in Indonesia where he is involved in the aeroplane industry. She is waiting for her lift to come from Australia where they lived for the past three years. I am looking forward to getting together with her again after thirty years.

\* \* \* \*

South African newcomers in San Diego got together for a scrumptious Sunday tea in the true South African spirit at the home of Sylvia and David Roth. They were welcomed by members of the board and president Jeff Chalmers. Everyone had an opportunity to get to know one another and exchange personal experiences. SAJAC truly provides newcomers with a warm welcome to their new home.

FYI: The San Diego SAJAC Welcome Committee, in addition to providing welcome baskets on newcomers' arrival, organizes welcoming get togethers twice a year. SAJAC relies on the community of San Diego to inform them of any newcomers to the area.



Lance and Leora Fogel



Stephen Sass



Mona & Jack Solomon



Sandra Harlacher & mom, Esther Hope



Debbie Schein & Michelle Odis



## Co-Presidents Address at the A.G.M.

Sharleen picks up phone ring, ring

- Sy: Hello.
- Sh: Hello Sylvia, how are you.
- Sy: Hi, hold on, I'm on the other line.
- Okay, hi Sharleen, what's going on?
- Sh: Sylvia, we have to prepare our speech for the AGM, what do you think we should talk about?
- Sy: I don't know, maybe we should talk about the events that have taken place over the past year. I just had a blank on where we should begin - maybe the CPR class in January. It was a great success, 40 people were certified by the American Heart Association...
- Sh: Or what about the Pip Friedman show, now that was incredible, do you remember how the response poured in - we never even did a follow-up telethon, we were sure we'd get a hundred people, then we landed up with 150, amazing.
- Sy: What about the singles? I think they had over 500 people at their events
- Sh: Yeah, do you remember in March they took over Club Seville?
- Sy: Yes, and in October they hit Avanti and had a great time.
- Sh: I wonder how they always manage to get so many non-South Africans to their events, and at others we struggle.
- Sy: I don't know, something to do with hormones, maybe.
- Sh: What about the BBQ, you were so involved in, what was it our 5th or 6th?
- Sy: Did you know we used 100 lbs. of boerewors and it was only confirmed about 5 days before, that we'd get it. It was fun, but I wonder if people want it again?
- Sh: I don't know, I think everyone knows about our all our events., after all, they are all written about in the Reporter. Maybe another theme for our address could be how much preparation goes into each event, or how we do telethons - I don't know - maybe we shouldn't speak at all.
- Sy: Come on Sharleen, we've come this far, and together with our wonderful board, we have achieved so much.
- Sh: Okay, what about the seniors? One recent event I can remember was the mission evening, at the Scher's house. Remember, we had 40 people, and it was only two days away from the community event.
- Sy: I wonder if we did the right thing, having them so close together?
- Sh: Well, we wouldn't have had space at the Community-wide event for everyone, it was crowded at the Silverman's, over 75 people attended.
- Sy: Sharleen, maybe we should talk about the newcomers, the people who have not had the opportunity to get to know each other yet, the people who are welcomed into their homes by volunteers - maybe we should talk about them.
- Sh: I just remembered about the fantastic Channukah party the seniors had. I'm so glad I attended this year, a Russian guitarist provided entertainment.
- Sy: Which Russian, where did you find her?
- Sh: You know Lionel's contacts. All the Russian families that we have helped with household goods, were all coordinated through Lionel and this ladies brother-in-law. Do you know, that we have an equivalent of 15 Bakkie loads of goods, taken out to these Russian immigrants, all donated by SAJAC volunteers, now that's Tzedakah.
- Sy: I know, I just wish everyone could see their faces of appreciation when they pack up their cars and trucks and drive away from our



- homes.
- Sh: You know Sylvia, maybe we're going about this the wrong way, there were so many events, that we don't have time to highlight them all, like the golf tournament, this annual event is becoming more and more popular. I know the 1993 board will continue to pursue new and exciting events while continuing the annual events.
- Sy: Let's talk about the hundreds of volunteers that make SAJAC the successful organization that it is.
- Sh: Great idea, but before we do, I have to thank you for being my other half for the past two years. I always thought that Norm was my better half, but for the past two years, he has had to share that spot, and did it with hospitality. You know that without his and David's unconditional support, I don't think we would have been the success that we have been.
- Sy: Well Sharleen, I want to thank you for your support and help and will surely miss our daily phone calls.
- Sh: Sylvia, I've got it! We don't do a speech, just a tribute to all the volunteers before us and all those to come... who have given and continue to give of their time and energy for the benefits of others.
- Sy: Why don't we use that tribute we were talking about, it would be perfect.
- Sh: Okay, here it is...  
Volunteerism is humanism in its most compassionate form  
Volunteerism - is the best of every religion  
It is an extended hand to a voiceless plea
- Sy: A sun on the worst of days  
A lighted candle in the darkest night  
A selfless spirit - in a selfless world
- Sh: It is that small voice that whispers from our heart  
Reminding us that we all share this small Blue Marble for so little time - that to give it meaning we must share our love.
- Sy: That's perfect.
- Sh: See you at the next board meeting.



Sylvia & Sharleen (out-going presidents), Mitch Dubick & Lorna Swartz (guest speakers), & Jeff Chalmers (in-coming president).



Captive Audience at the A.G.M.

## Passover 5753

Rabbi Laurie Coskey

One of my greatest privileges as a rabbi is to teach the Introduction to Judaism course. The classes are filled with adults who, for a variety of reasons, choose to study Judaism. Some of those who attend were born Jewish and many were not.

In these days when we are concerned about our dwindling numbers, teaching this course is comforting to the troubled soul. Connecting people to Judaism through serious study is among our greatest challenges. Perhaps the most wonderful classes are those taught about Passover. For what holiday makes us more proud to be a Jew in our world today? And what holiday is more infused with family warmth and both personal and collective significance?

Studying Passover and its messages, prior to our celebration, can add meaning to our own observances, even if we have celebrated Pesach our entire lives. I would like to share with you several passages and customs that are most meaningful to me with the hope that they will inspire you to consider attributes of your own passover celebration and its value in your own life.

In the Haggadah we read B'chol dor va dor, In every generation, everyone must think of himself or herself as having personally left Egypt, as it is said "You shall tell your children on that day, saying, 'It is because of what Adonai did for me when I went free out of Egypt'" (Exodus 13:8).

The uniqueness of Passover is captured in the above passage. We are taught by our modern rabbis that in an ideal sense, all Israel went forth out of Egypt and all Israel stood before Sinai; and all Israel moved through darkness to the presence of God. The Haggadah is the script of a living drama, not the record of an event of the past. When Jews recite it, we are not performing an act of remembrance or homage, rather we are performing an act of personal identification in the here and now. We are meant to re-experience the slavery and the redemption that occurs in each day of our lives. It is our own story, not just some ancient history that we retell year after year. Therefore, as we prepare for Passover it is incumbent upon us to consider those things, events, or ideas to which we are enslaved. Today, we become slaves to schedules, professions, possessions, attitudes and other areas of life to which we are overly bound. Bound in ways which are detrimental to our own well-being and that of our loved ones. It is the time to consider the slaveries that exist in our own world today. Sadly, even in these times too many people are subjugated socially and politically throughout our world. Passover is the time when we take seriously the notion of a global village where we are connected and responsible for all who inhabit this planet. Remembering the bitterness of our own enslavement, we dedicate ourselves to freedom for ourselves and for all people.

This theme is emphasized in the Ha lachma anya, the prayer we recite in ancient aramaic, the language spoken by Jews in Talmudic times. It was imperative that this invitation should be understood by all. Today we recite the prayer in English for the same reason.

As we uncover the matzoh at our seders we utter the hope that next year all Jews, and indeed all humanity, will be free. We express our plea for all those around the world who are persecuted. "This is the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. All who are hungry, let them enter and eat. All who are in need, let them come celebrate Pesach. Now we are here, next year in the land of Israel. Now we are enslaved. Next year we will be free."

The hagaddah itself connects us to our people Israel and its journeys through history. It charges us to make those very journeys our own. It challenges us to increase our own awareness about the enslavements around us, both personally and collectively. It reminds us of our ethical mandate to create a more just world where people are no longer hungry or enslaved.

At the end of our seder we invite the Prophet Elijah into our midst. According to our tradition, Elijah will be the one to herald in the messiah, for whom we have been waiting, for so many thousands of years. At our seders we open our doors to allow Elijah to drink from the cup we have filled for him. It is a dramatic moment filled with beauty and hope. Recently though, I have encountered a new tradition for bringing our hopes for a better world into our seders. An empty cup is placed in the center of the table and when the time comes to invite Elijah into our midst, we pass the cup around and each person pours from his or her own wine cup into Elijah's cup. This gesture demonstrates our commitment to become God's partners in the effort of tikun olam - perfecting our world. We cannot afford to wait for Elijah, we must also contribute our energies toward bringing about the messianic age.

Clearly, it is a privilege to belong to a people with such noble purposes and aspirations. Through teaching the Introduction to Judaism course, it is a great pleasure to share these ideas with adults eager to learn about Judaism. It is, of course, even more fulfilling to practice Judaism in a community dedicated to Jewish observance and tikun olam.

Have a happy, healthy and meaningful Passover.  
B'Shalom  
Rabbi Laurie Coskey  
Congregation Beth Israel  
Passover 5753



## Never Too Old – Turn Back the Years with Exercise

By Gail Gluckman, Fitness Specialist

Recent studies show that, regardless of one's age, one is never too old to begin an exercise program and benefit from increased endurance, strength, and flexibility. Even people in their 80's and 90's experience significant improvements from an exercise program and thus enjoy a better quality of life. Slowing down and inactivity are not an inevitable part of growing older.

As one ages and becomes more and more inactive, the body literally begins to "shut down". The heart, a muscle, becomes weaker and cannot pump as much blood as it once did. It needs to pump faster to get the same amount of blood through the body — this is seen as an increase in resting pulse rate. Blood pressure usually increases (hypertension) as do blood triglycerides and blood insulin levels. These conditions are all major risk factors in coronary artery disease and stroke.

In addition to these changes, respiratory and circulatory efficiency decreases, which makes one less able to enjoy physical activity or to rid the body of toxins.

The old adage "if you don't use it, you lose it" applies to the skeletal muscles as well. Muscle mass decreases from lack of use. Since muscle tissue burns calories to sustain itself, less muscle mass means a slower metabolism (rate of using calories). Calories that were once sufficient are now excess and are stored as fat. Less muscle also means a weaker body less capable of physical activity and more prone to injury. Less muscle translates into less balance, slower reaction time, and slower movements.

Finally, as one ages, one tends to lose bone density and become prone to osteoporosis. One also becomes less flexible due to lack of movement in the joints.

Can exercise turn back the years? The answer is yes. A regular program consisting of heart strengthening (aerobic or cardiorespiratory) exercises, muscle strengthening exercises and flexibility exercises can slow down and even reverse many of the effects of aging.

Aerobic exercises (such as walking, swimming, stationary cycling) improve the capacity of the heart and the lungs. A stronger heart can pump more blood and does not have to beat as often to pump the same amount of blood — this is seen as a decrease in resting pulse rate. Regular aerobic exercise decreases blood pressure and improves the blood lipid (fat) profile, as well as the respiratory efficiency and the ability to get rid of toxins. In general, one has more endurance, and tasks that once seemed strenuous can now be performed with greater comfort and ease.

Strengthening exercises (such as resistance weight training) will not only stop the loss of muscle mass, but will actually increase muscle mass. More muscle means a higher metabolism and less body fat. Stronger muscles help prevent injuries, provide better balance, and allow one to move faster and more easily. Strengthening exercises also have been shown to increase bone density and help prevent the onset of osteoporosis.

Flexibility exercises (such as stretching and yoga) help restore range of motion to the joints and allow one to move about and perform everyday tasks with greater ease.

All exercises have been shown to reduce stress and increase self-confidence. Exercising in a group setting is also a great social activity.

### 10 Tips to help you get started and to exercise safely:

1. Obtain a physician's clearance before starting any exercise program.
2. Pick a center or club and activities or programs which suit your particular needs.
3. Seek qualified guidance to help you set up your exercise program.
4. Always warm up thoroughly with a low level aerobic type activity before beginning any type of more vigorous exercise. Never stretch until your body and muscles are thoroughly warmed up.
5. Progress slowly and gradually.
6. Always cool down thoroughly after vigorous exercise.
7. Be aware of the warning signals of over-exercising, and take precautionary measures.
8. To prevent dehydration, drink water before, during and after exercise.
9. Avoid exercising in extreme heat or cold.
10. Be sure to include aerobic, strengthening, and flexibility exercises in your program.

### Centers which offer exercise programs for older adults:

(This list is by no means complete)

Jewish Community Center (La Jolla) .....	457-3030
Jewish Community Center (54th Ave) .....	583-3300
Magdalena Ecke YMCA (Encinitas) .....	942-9622
La Jolla YMCA .....	453-3483
The Firehouse Center (La Jolla) .....	459-1640
Mission Valley YMCA .....	298-3576
Downtown YMCA .....	232-7451
The Well Being Center (UTC) .....	457-6945
Healthplus55 .....	1-800-255-7587
SDSU Adult Fitness Program .....	594-5560

Certain centers and clubs offer free or very affordable programs. Shop around for a center which is conveniently located, accessible and affordable. Ask to try a class or a program before joining a center, and see if it is right for you.

## Many Hands Crafts Gallery

By Sylvia Schmahmann

Tucked away in a basement between The Pannikin and International Gallery at 655 G. Street, Downtown, Many Hands Crafts Gallery is surely one of San Diego's best kept secrets.

This unique gallery, which is an artists' co-operative, has been in existence for almost 21 years and is well worth a visit. It is not far from Horton Plaza and is open from 10 - 6 on Mondays to Saturdays, and from 12 - 5 on Sundays, so why not wander over on your next visit Downtown! It has only been in its present venue since September 1, 1988 after a fire, started by a pyromaniac, had destroyed the previous gallery in El Cajon Boulevard.

This fire was real disaster for most of the crafters who lost everything. Only some of the potters were able to save some of their items, but most of the artists had to start from scratch.

There are about thirty artists who produce a large variety of goods, including jewelry, clothing, ceramics, stained glass and other glass products, paintings, toys, candles, baskets, fibercraft, decoupage, calligraphy, crochet, graphic art, cards, wooden jewelry boxes and fabric accessories.

Because the gallery takes only 15% of the profit made by the artists, and levies a very reasonable monthly fee of \$40, the artists can afford to charge far lower prices than most galleries where the mark-up is usually 100% at the very least. Custom work can also be undertaken to suit the customer's own needs and taste, and the artists can be contacted through the gallery or privately. It is the ideal place

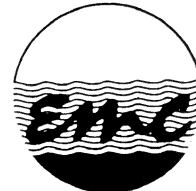
to select a gift for any occasion as there is a great variety of goods to suit any pocket.

Many Hands is always happy to welcome new members and invites artists to jury their work in at the monthly meeting which usually takes place on the first Sunday of the month at 5 p.m. The artist presents his or her work to the members who examine the articles. While the artist goes out to a nearby coffee bar, a vote is taken to see whether members consider the work acceptable. One proviso is that the artist has to do a least 16 hours a month in shifts. It was evident at the arts and crafts exhibition, which formed part of the Pieter Dirk Uys show, that SAJAC has some talented artists who might like to join this co-operative.

Every month a special exhibition is held in a room which has been allotted for this purpose. Some of these exhibitions are one-man shows, while others involve several members or the entire co-operative. The openings of these exhibitions, which are held for a month, usually take place on a Friday evening, when the gallery remains open until 9 o'clock. The current ceramics exhibition, corresponding with the national ceramics exhibition being held at present, features the work of six potters who have produced some really unusual and charming work, including some unique chess sets.

Do pay a visit to this interesting gallery, You are in for quite a surprise! Anyone interested in becoming a member, should contact one of the following people:

Teresa Ross, at 475-8433; Ruth Peyton, at 272-6433  
or call the gallery, at 557-8303



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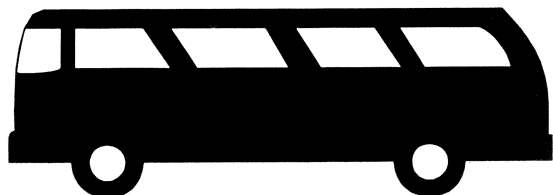
By Lesley Abelsohn

For the first time, in thirteen years since leaving South Africa, I am welcoming Passover with glee. My grandmother, Gertrude Fraenkl, is coming to visit. She is travelling all the way from Sea Point, Cape Town, accompanied by my parents, Pam and Siggie Michelson. They will all be spending Passover in my home. For me, this is such a privilege and a treat.

I am very close to my grandmother, and speak to her regularly. For the past thirteen years, we have had our regular phone conversation, every second Tuesday morning at 7:00 a.m. Yet our contact has been limited, hindered by our living so far apart, coupled by our financial inability to afford to travel.

For the first time my daughter, Simone, age 11, will be spending a Passover with her great-grandmother. Jason, age 15, sat at the Passover table with his great-granny Gertie when he was a little boy, but his memories of that time when he was only three, most probably have faded.

I've tried describing to my children, the very happy Passovers spent in my granny's flat in Sea Point, so many years ago. Somehow, I could not do justice to her chopped liver and matzo ball soup in my story-telling. This year I won't have to. My children will be able to experience first hand those wonderful passover seiders of years gone by.



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This according to Gayle Silverman, UJF's Women's Division Mini-Mission Chairperson, is a tour being specifically offered to SAJAC, singles, UJF leadership and newcomers to San Diego on Sunday, June 13 from 9:30 AM - 2:00 PM. The cost is only \$7.50 per person, including guides, lunch and playing Jewish Geography. For more information please contact Terri Bignell, 759-0600

The catering of this Passover has been a long distance affair, carried out with much excitement by all.

My mother has planned the menu from her picturesque home in the Franschoek valley — probably sipping some KWV wine at the time. Also, she is collecting some of our Passover traditional pieces to use during the religious part of the ceremony, thus continuing the chain from Egypt to Israel to Franschoek to Sea Point and now to San Diego. We plan to use my late grandfather's haggadahs' which hopefully will recreate some of the very traditional spiritual part of the evening, recapturing feelings he used to invoke in us as children, tightly squeezed around his table. Being a large family, the room was always crowded.

My grandmother has been documenting her famous recipes to bring with her on her trip. Hopefully she completed her task while sitting on her balcony overlooking Saunders beach at sunset.

My sisters in Los Angeles have carefully been planning the seating arrangements and my daughter, Simone, thanks to her rich Jewish Academy education, shall be mainly responsible for coordinating the religious portion of the evening.

Probably the most difficult part of emigrating was being wrenched away from my family — especially felt at holidays. I remember not being able to go near a Temple for years at the holidays, as the memories and loneliness were simply too painful to endure. Not to mention the embarrassment of crying uncontrollably in the presence of the entire congregation.

This year will be different. I will have my family. I can't wait!

## SPRING 1993

### Vegetable Stir Fry

1 onion, cut into moons  
1 carrot, cut into matchsticks  
1 stalk of celery chopped on the diagonal  
1 cup chopped broccoli  
1 cup of cauliflower  
1 can bamboo shoots  
1/2 cup water  
1 heaping TBS. arrowroot powder  
1/2 tsp. sea salt  
1 TBS. bragg  
1 TBS. oil

Options: You could also use many other vegetables. The trick is to cook the vegetables according to their heaviness. The heavier vegetables or the ones growing lower on the plant need more time to cook. The vegetables that are lighter and grow higher on the plant need less time.

Ginger and Garlic are nice additions to this dish.

### Waldorf Salad

*I like to serve this on a bed of lettuce.*

4 apples, in chunks  
1 stalk of chopped celery  
1/4 cup toasted pecans or walnuts (more, if desired)  
1/4 cup of raisins or dried currants  
1 cup yogurt  
1/2 tsp. freshly grated lemon rind juice from 1/2 lemon  
1/2 tsp. dried mint  
dash of cinnamon  
1 - 2 TBS. honey (to taste/optional)

1. Soak the apple chunks in 1/2 the lemon juice. Mix together first four ingredients. Mix the dressing and toss together with the salad. \*This salad has many variations; pineapple, oranges, carrot, dates among them. I like using yogurt instead of the traditional mayonnaise for the lighter less fat taste. I also prefer the use of goat dairy products over cow; as goat milk is much more digestible.

1. We will use a wok to cook these vegetables.
2. Wash and cut all vegetables.
3. Put each vegetable into a little bowl.
4. Heat the onion in oil, sauté until the onion is translucent.
5. Next add the carrots, cook for several minutes.
6. Then add all the other vegetables.
7. Mix the water, arrowroot, sea salt and bragg together.
8. When the vegetables are cooked, add the water mix and stir until the water thickens.

### Guacamole

3 avocados  
3 TBS. lemon juice  
1 chopped tomato  
3 chopped green onions  
2 cloves chopped garlic  
1/2 tsp. sea salt (to taste)  
Chili powder and black pepper to taste

1. Mash avocados and mix all ingredients together. Keep chilled.

### Red Lentil Soup

1 1/2 cups lentils  
2 carrots, quartered  
2 stalks of celery, sliced  
1 onion, cut into moon shapes  
a little oil  
7-8 cups water  
1 bay leaf  
1 tsp. thyme  
sea salt or soy sauce

Options: This soup can also be made with regular lentils which are a brownish-green color. Red lentils cook up much faster than the others and some say they are easier to digest.

1. Pick through lentils to make sure there are no stones or sticks. Rinse the lentils in a strainer.
2. Place in a soup pot with the bay leaf and 6 cups of water. Bring to boil and prepare the vegetables.
3. In a skillet, add the oil, heat the pan (not too hot) add the onions, cook until they begin to turn soft, then add the carrots, cook for a minute or two and then add the celery. Cook for a little while and then add the vegetables to the lentils, add the thyme and cook until the beans and vegetables are very soft. Add a little sea salt or soy sauce to taste.

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## A Barmitzvah: More than Meets the Eye

by Ryan Marks

Although a Bar/Batmitzvah takes just one long morning and one tiring night, the preparation and organization of this big deal starts when you are just a kid in 4th grade.

From booking the date, to inscribing your name on the napkins, to one million cheek pulls and 10,000 "when I last saw you", a Barmitzvah can sometimes be tougher than the tests and due dates of the 7th grade.

It also takes time to organize the party . . . and you have to learn to dance, select the music and finally decide whether your best friend from nursery school day care should be invited. Settling for a Klezmer band at a caviar lunch or a candlelight dinner are not exactly a pre-teen's dream either.

Despite the entertainment and outcome of the event, believe it or not, studying for your Barmitzvah can be pretty hard. Just getting to class can be a mission. There's changing days because of baseball, needing rides, forgetting books and not doing homework to deal with. Learning your haftarah, speech and the trop aren't easy either.

One hour a week for six months may sound like nothing to you, but to an active 12 year-old, it seems like a lifetime.

Of course, a Barmitzvah has its good points (which I am still looking to find) but from speaking to experienced friends and family, I've learned that becoming a man and counting your presents gives you a feeling like none other.

I'm sure my Barmitzvah will be a thrilling experience. Or so I'm told. But the funny thing is that I never hear that from anyone who's actually going through it.

## Healthy Meals Our Kids Can Make

by Sandy Kodesh

I don't know about you, but at least once a week I wish a guardian angel would drop out of heaven and present a healthy and delicious meal to my family and myself. Daily the question arises in my mind: "What can I make for dinner tonight?" Sometimes I am inspired and wonderfully creative ideas comes to me, but most times my mind simply goes blank. I've even tried walking into Ralphs assertively and asking the manager if he has any new food today. After all, if I walked into any clothing store and asked them if they had any new styles, they would point them out to me. They could even tell me what new styles and colors they were expecting for the next month. Yet when I buzz the bell and ask the meat manager if he has received any new cuts of meat lately, he thinks I'm crazy. All this meat has been around for as long as I can remember, and I've tried it in every shape, form and size and in every combination possible. The fruit and vegetable stand is no different. The same ones lie there year after year.

A few weeks ago I received a flyer in the mail advertising cooking classes for kids. I was excited at the idea and enrolled my twin girls of 11. Each week they came home with typed recipes, and couldn't wait to get into the kitchen to show me what they had learned. Last Shabbat they cooked half the meal for me in an amazingly short time. They also cleaned up afterwards and the food was delicious.

Well, my guardian angels have arrived and the experience is a heavenly one. I would like to share their recipes with you so that you can enjoy these dishes as much as I do.

### Fried Rice

1 1/2 cup brown basmati rice  
3 cups water  
1 tsp. salt

1. Rinse rice, place all ingredients in a pan, cover, bring to boil and turn down.
2. The rice will take about 35-45 min. to cook. Do not stir the rice while its cooking.

2 eggs, beaten  
3 green onions, finely chopped  
1 carrot, finely chopped  
1 tsp. oil  
1/2 tsp. sea salt

1. Heat oil, gently sauté the onions and carrots until they begin to turn color and look cooked. The onions could be added after the carrots as they will not need as much time to cook. Put vegetables in a mixing bowl.
2. In the same pan, add the eggs and salt. Scramble the eggs and break up into small pieces with a fork. Then add them to the vegetables.

Options: You could add other finely chopped vegetables to this dish.

## My "Kosher Kitchen" Party

by Helene Bortz

It was when Emanuel was born. I decided to take on a new Mitzvah (a special one) to express the tremendous gratitude I felt. I would keep Kosher. I announced it to my friends one Sukkot afternoon and they immediately said: "We must have a Kosher kitchen party" They chose a date, very close to my announcement, in case I would change my mind, and proceeded to organize a grand scale event. All I had to do was provide the entertainment, some of which, by public demand, I share with you here.

The party, by the way, was one of the happiest celebrations I ever attended.

I used to lead upon a time  
a life of culinary crime.  
Lobster, crab, mussels and pate,  
ham sandwiches or pork saute,  
except of course for Passover  
when I would look for an Ekshsher.

But then one day my mother said:  
"Pork is no good for you, you know,  
Your father and I have let go  
of the Tref meat but we still eat  
shrimps, oysters, clams, calamari."  
So who am I to contradict,  
Tref meat is out, that's the verdict.

And from then on I will combine  
Kosher and Tref, it seemed quite fine.  
Any sensible Mashguiakh  
Would have for sure gone Meshugah  
if he had happened to inspect  
the contents of my kitchenette.

Now the children have grown up  
and to Chabad school they roll up.  
Wellwishers say in whispering tones  
"watch it, soon kosher you'll become  
and if you don't they'll force you some."  
To those I answer; "let that be,  
the worse thing that happens to me."

The seafood is the first to go  
I never did eat snails you know,  
So that wasn't hard to dismiss,  
It is the crayfish that I miss.  
Chicken with cream I would still cook  
for though I'd read in The Big Book  
lamb in it's mother's milk one can't eat,  
nothing was said about other meat.

Except that slowly but surely,  
the mixing milk/meat disturbed me  
and without noticing it  
I had one day stopped doing it.  
My friends who know the French can cook  
were in a hurry to design  
for my kitchen the Kosher look.  
They dreamt of my mousse, my souffle,  
my mille feuilles and my goose pate,  
my pepper salad you'll agree  
was worth getting the recipe.  
So they promised me a party  
If I would change my cutlery.

This is the end of my story,  
God bless you, my kitchen and me.  
PS: Please don't forget I'm a novice  
And will still need some more practice  
before I give up dining out  
in venues we won't talk about.  
And when one day my soul departs  
straight to heaven I might not go  
But then sometime when I get there  
I'm sure to find my kitchenware.

When you decide to Kosher your kitchen, the Rabbi explains to you what to do. My Rabbi told me that I was to boil the metallic and plastic utensils, get rid of all porcelain (except bone china), wood and teflon, and soak the glassware in water for three days.

This song is to the tune of "This Old Man."  
The rabbi is coming  
He will tell us who will stay  
said the teapot to the creamer in the cupboard  
The time of Kashrut has come.  
"I won't go I'm imported,"  
cried the indignant toaster  
and the frying pan which had a Teflon plate  
moaned "I want to know my fate."  
The pretty fine china cups  
rattled with fear in their saucers  
and the ancient cheese board felt himself go pale  
at the thought of a garage sale.

"Nu what's the verdict?" they all asked  
when the rabbi finished talking  
"We heard we have to bathe for three days and nights  
said the glasses and the vase.  
You the cutlery will be boiled,  
stove and oven will be burnt,  
We're sorry to tell you, fancy porcelain  
you're in for a lot of pain."  
"What about me asked the oyster knife?"  
in the shakiest whisper,  
"I don't understand much of what's going on  
but somehow fear for my life."  
Shelves are emptied, washed and covered  
counters scrubbed with boiling water  
and the joyest party thrown to celebrate  
the kitchen's new kosher state.  
If you plan to make your kitchen kosher,  
let me know, we'll have a party.

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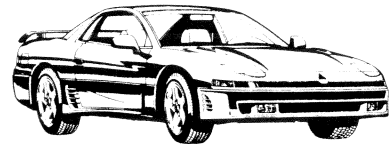
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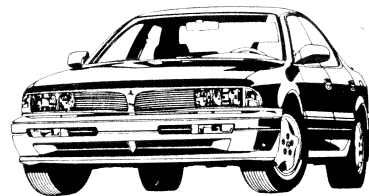
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## Reality is a Pleasant Change

by Brian Marks

Ever since I was a small, small boy . . . I just knew that things were going to get better. And I bet you felt that way too.

I mean if we didn't dream, what was the point?

Now, I don't know about you, but as I have gotten older, I am beginning to realize that things pretty much stay the same. What you see, is what you get. Play the hand you have been dealt, because everything is about as good as it's going to get. And I'm damn happy about it.

I mean it is actually quite tiring having unrealistic expectations that never materialize. The sheer weight of over-zealousness can bring down even the strongest man.

But now, I have come to terms with many things. Believe me when I say that they have lifted a tremendous weight off my shoulders and that allows me to continue without the handicap and double vision of stars in my eyes.

Let's start with the lottery. I'm not going to win it. Ed McMahon is never going to call my name for the Publisher's Clearing House, and I am not going to meet him on Star Search, either.

I am not going to be tall, will never have straight hair, my stomach muscles are never going to ripple and unless I pay my own way, I'm not going to the Olympic games.

Hard as it is to take, I don't think I'll ever own a new Rolls Royce, sky dive, host the Tonite Show or sing the National Anthem on Superbowl Sunday. I will never win the Indy 500, make the Fortune 400, invent a cure for cancer, own my own island, meet Oprah, or (and this is a major blow) make millions as a professional sports star — in any sport.

So why am I happy that I have finally realized I am not going to be a media darling? Well, to start with, I'll never need reconstructive surgery. Nor will I have to meet Robin Leach, worry about hiring illegal aliens or spend a few weeks at the Betty Ford Center. No one gives a damn where my kids go to school, kidnappers simply won't bother with me, and I don't have to worry about photographers camping out on my front lawn.

I can also play lousy golf and no one will care. I can tell ethnic jokes, throw up at a Japanese restaurant, tell lies, cuss, have opinions on things like abortion and Clarence Thomas . . . and if I really don't want to wear a tuxedo . . . I won't.

It's not that I have accepted mediocrity, I haven't. It's just that I no longer aspire to unreachable rainbows, unconquerable peaks and unswimmable streams. My main form of exercise now is just being real. If you haven't tried it before, it's absolutely exhausting. In fact, it makes dreaming a walk in the park.

*Leslie Eprile and family would like to thank all S.A.J.A.C. members for their caring and concern. We also appreciated the many meals brought to us at this difficult time.*

*Cecil will be missed by many people who knew him and most of all by his sorrowing family and his wife.*

*Thank You,*

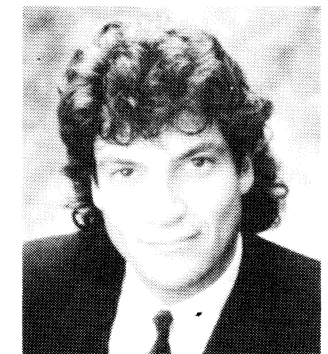
*Sincerely,*

*Liesel*

## OBITUARY

### Cecil Lionel Eprile

Cecil L. Eprile died suddenly of a heart attack on January 30, 1993 in Del Mar, California, U.S.A. Eprile returned to the U.K. from South Africa in 1966 after serving as editor-in-chief of *Drum* and *Golden City Post*. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1914 and, after training in Edinburgh, worked in Fleet Street. While on assignment to South Africa to cover the Empire Exhibition in 1936, he decided to settle there. He worked on several newspapers in Johannesburg and Pretoria, including the *Sunday Express*, *The Star*, *Pretoria News*, *Arthur Barlow's Weekly* and *The Rand Daily Mail*. In 1955 he was chosen to pilot a new venture in South African journalism when he was appointed to be editor of the *Golden City Post*, a weekly tabloid aimed mainly at Black readers. He built it into the most popular newspaper in its field. During this time, he developed close relationships with key figures in the African National Congress, including Nelson Mandela and the Nobel Peace Prize winner, Albert Luthuli. Eprile served as President of the South African Society of Journalists and was on the committee of South African PEN. He moved to London to head a new feature agency and traveled widely in Africa, North America, the Far East and Australia. In 1972, he emigrated to the U.S. where he worked as a freelance journalist in New York and Washington. In 1974, his book "War and Peace in the Sudan", which dealt with the strife between the Muslim Arab-speaking north and the Black Christian South, was published. He moved to San Diego, California, in 1979 where he continued to write. He is survived by his wife, Liesel (formerly Liesel Weil, born in Frankfurt) of 52 years, children Irene Green, Bob and Tony, their spouses Ralph, Nancy and Judy, respectively, and grandchildren, Michah, Damian, Ari, Jonas and Vanya Green.



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## Cecil Eprile: Writings

Cecil Eprile began his journalistic career at the age of fifteen by addressing a letter to a Scottish weekly with the words: "To the editor with the kind face . . ." Having once gotten a whiff of printer's ink, he liked to say, he thrilled to it ever afterwards and, indeed, scarcely a day went by during the next sixty-three years that he was not writing. As editor of *Golden City Post* and *Drum* magazine, Cecil wrote strong editorials denouncing the inequities of Apartheid — a favorite example being "The Boy Who Was Sent Out For Milk," the story of a black youth who was arrested on a pass offence while on an errand to buy his mother a carton of milk and who died in prison. Cecil was fortunate to be able to forge friendships with the great black journalists of the fifties and sixties (Can Themba, Nat Nakasa, Todd Matshikiza, etc.) and with South Africa's first Nobel Peace Prize winner, Albert Luthuli, as well as with Nelson Mandela. In April 1990, Cecil wrote an open letter to Mandela that was published in the *Jerusalem Post* and on the front page of Jo'burg's *Sunday Times*, and a copy of which was also personally handed to Mandela by Helen Suzman. The letter began:

Dear Nelson:

I am one of a number of Jews who claim you as a friend. Our friendship started some 35 years ago when I became founding editor of *Post*, South Africa's first mass-circulation tabloid newspaper for non-whites. At a meeting in my home in Johannesburg (remember?) you arranged for me to get regular confidential briefings about African National Congress activities so that I could publish accurate news about the ANC without prejudice to its security.

My whiteness was never a issue with you. A few years later, when you were on the run with a price on your head, you came, disguised as a chauffeur, to see me at my home — and shortly before your arrest, you got one of your aides to bring me to your hiding place. You did so, you told me, because you trusted me.

Since those days I have watched you from afar with pride and affection. But I have to tell you as an old friend that my heart fell, as many other Jewish hearts must have fallen, when in front of the world's cameras the other day you embraced the PLO's Yasser Arafat as a comrade-in-arms, saying, "Like us he is fighting against a unique form of colonialism and we wish him success in his struggle."

You have a right to embrace whom you wish and to say that the enemies of Israel are not your enemies. I can understand this. But Arafat has been associated, as a leader, with a cold-blooded policy of murdering civilians, including children — and you and your closest colleagues have long expressed aversion to murder . . .

and concluded:

"Resentment when untreated festers. ANC-Jewish relationships are an acid-test for South Africa's future. If your brothers and mine should be diverted from the path of mutual goodwill to the byways of mutual recriminations, the Promised Land of a peaceful, prosperous, equitable and non-racist South Africa to which you have

dedicated your life and for which you have sacrificed your personal liberty will remain an unfulfilled dream.

I am addressing the Nelson Mandela who was a big enough man to see good even in his captors. Please let me keep my image of you as a healer of wounds and a beacon of hope in a world in convulsive change.

Shalom."

Cecil also leaves behind a great legacy of personal letters to other friends. His wit, warmth, and wise council made each of these a document to be cherished. In his most recent New Year's greetings, he wrote not only of the doings of the immediate family, but also of 'more distant relatives.' "Isaac Abrahamson has taken up with a very nice Jewish girl, Rebecca. A well chosen meeting. Like his father, Isaac has become quite the patriarch."

"David? Yes, he's still writing songs and getting his share of the royalties. Does he love to have his Bath!"

"His son Sol is following in his footsteps a thousandfold. If Sol doesn't get the Nobel Prize it won't be for want of brains."

Cecil's gentle humor was paired with a mighty love. Three days before his death, he wrote the following words to Ralph Green, his son-in-law:

After 52 years of a union so perfect that I find myself wondering in all humility what I could possibly have done to deserve it, I feel it important to keep expressing my love in the most poetic terms that inspiration conjures up. This I find quite easy to do because every morning when I awake and find my Liesel as my pillow companion, the sunlight enters the room without my having to draw the blinds.

Cecil Eprile's life and works live on as an inspiration to all who knew him.



## OBITUARY

### Cecil Lionel Eprile

Husband, father, grandfather and respected friend — Cecil Eprile died suddenly of a heart attack on January 30, 1993. Born and raised in Glasgow, Scotland, he started reporting as a boy and worked his way up to being the Editor of the first Black newspaper in South Africa. He moved to the United States in 1972 and spent his last thirteen years in Del Mar, California, U.S.A. His struggle for equality and justice left a legacy for many and a profound effect on his wife, Liesel, his children, Irene, Bob and Tony, their respective spouses, Ralph, Nancy and Judy and on his grandchildren, Michah, Damian, Aria, Jonas and Vanya Green. He will be missed by all who had the fortune to be touched by his kind heart.

*A tribute by his granddaughter Vayna Green, the 14 year-old budding journalist in the family, who was born in La Jolla and attended the San Diego Jewish Academy before moving in 1985. She is now a junior at Shaker Heights High School.*

## South African Scene

by Naomi Rudick

Optimism reigns, despite all the hardships, as the country gropes its way towards the new South Africa.

The ANC leadership, in a sharp change of strategy, announced its firm commitment to negotiations which will produce a government of national unity by the end of this year. The Nationalist Government and the ANC seem to be approaching some consensus on the crucial issues of power-sharing and regionalism, control of security forces, and the re-incorporation of the homelands into South Africa.

President De Klerk's speech at the opening of Parliament in January was an important one — as it announced measures to demolish the remains of apartheid. By June, all "own affairs" departments will be replaced by multi-racial transitional executive authorities, or will be absorbed into provincial and local government. The Department of Health and the Department of Agriculture will be scrapped by the beginning of April. A new transitional education administration, under a new Minister, will phase out the old segregated educational system, and replace it with a single, non-racial system with regional departments. De Klerk also announced 5-year jail sentences for the possession of automatic weapons, e.g. AK47s, as well as punitive measures against those who incited violence via speechmaking.

The bitter pill of grim reality has forced South Africa's politicians to rethink their agendas and pushed them back to the negotiating table. Even the Conservative Party and the Pan-African Congress have joined the talks. The economy is in a tailspin, with violence, murder and mayhem prevailing. "No party wants to inherit a wasteland," says *The Star*. South Africa's future prosperity hinges completely on the resolution of the political crisis.

To this end, the ANC has been compelled to modify much of its political ideology — one example is its decision to call for the complete lifting of remaining sanctions, as soon as dates for an interim government and elections are fixed. Nelson Mandela is worried about the economy and the high levels of unemployment, and, during his visit to Washington for the Clinton inauguration, told the media that lifting of sanctions would allow the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to become involved in the development of South Africa's economy. However, different opinions are voiced by the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce and the South African Chamber of Business, who feel that business confidence would grow if political violence and instability were reduced, and that sanctions, although important in the long term, play a lesser role.

Still, "stubborn differences" remain between all parties, especially Inkatha. Chief Buthelezi is still a wild card on the political scene as he rejects multi-party power-sharing and pushes for a loose federation of states which will make Kwa Zulu independent. The National Party, once partial to the Inkatha Freedom Party's cause, is now favoring the ANC and Buthelezi is angry.

Winnie Mandela, estranged wife of Nelson and still seeking the political spotlight, stated that "quick-fix solutions engineered by the elite in the ANC and the NP will benefit a few at the expense of the masses", and that the "NP elite is getting into bed with the ANC

in order to preserve its silken sheets, and the leadership elite in the ANC is getting into bed with the NP to enjoy this new-found luxury."

For many months, political rumors and complaints by the ANC that government security forces were responsible for much of the violence and destabilization in the townships were hotly denied by the government. The truth eventually surfaced early December, via the Goldstone Commission's findings, and a shocked President De Klerk took dramatic and unprecedented steps by axing two generals, four brigadiers, and ten other members of the South African Defence Force. Seven more were put on compulsory leave pending investigations. De Klerk revealed that the political agenda of these men had been to destroy negotiations and prevent the Government's constitutional reforms. The ANC stated that De Klerk's revelation confirmed its "longheld contention that there was a Third Force operating within the Security Forces." The Conservative Party rejected De Klerk's move and threatened to close ranks with the officers involved.

In Kempton Park, on the Day of the Vow, Afrikaner Weerstandbeweging (AWB) leader, Eugene Terreblanche, told 2000 supporters that South Africa was going to be involved in a full-scale civil war and that the AWB was preparing to fight. Terreblanche led a parade into the grounds with motorcyclists flying the "Vierkleur" and AWB flags, "followed by the black-clad and masked AWB 'Iron Guard' army, members of the dog unit and heavily armed soldiers." Banners reading "The last Day of the Vow before the war" and "White nationhood is greater than death" were raised aloft.

In the general political picture, the far-right has a very doubtful future as supporters form a minority percentage of the White vote, and this will be even further "diluted" when the one-man-one-vote comes about.

In December, the SADF announced "the beginning of the end" of compulsory military service. A new system, Voluntary Period Service System (VPSS), will allow volunteers to enlist in the SADF for a period of 2 to 6 years. While the VPSS is being implemented, the old system will remain and then be phased out as VPSS takes over. It is thought that the July call-up and possibly the January one next year will be the last of the present system.

This and that . . .

April this year will mark the end of nearly 50 years of National Party control of the SABC. Plans are for a dramatically different new board, representing South Africans of all races, and a complete overhaul of the broadcasting service. Personalities such as Johan Pretorius (news chief) and Wynand Harmse (chief executive) may have to make way for others.

News of the Afrikaner Broederbond is that it has prospered, despite political changes in the country, and now has the highest membership in its history. Despite this, it is drawing up a secret plan to ensure its survival in the new South Africa. Rumored changes so far are that the word "white" will be removed from its constitution, and that the organization will consider accepting Colored males "who share the language and values of the Afrikaner." Women will not be admitted to the Broederbond, but husbands are urged to use "more of their wives' skills."

National Party secretary-general, Dr. Stoffel Van Der Merwe, announced his retirement from active politics in November. Dr. Van

South African Scene (continued)

Der Merwe had previously been (in reverse chronological order) Minister of Education and Training, Minister of Development Aid, and Minister of Information. The reason for his retirement is disillusionment with "the way the transition was going", and "the ANC's insistence on grasping power for itself, regardless of the country's interests."

The crucial housing shortage in the townships of the Vaal Triangle runs into thousands, but white property developers fear entering these areas where they are threatened with death and have their materials and vehicles stolen. New homes are vandalized, and in some cases, personnel have been attacked and robbed of money. Only 2 of the original 15 developers are still operating in this area.

Helen Joseph, arch foe of apartheid, died in Johannesburg on Christmas Day, age 87. She was buried in the grave of her comrade, Lilian Ngoyi, in Soweto's Avalon Cemetery after a three-hour funeral service in St. Mary's Cathedral. The funeral was attended by over 2000 people. Nelson Mandela paid a warm, personal tribute to her as "a woman of remarkable contrast but undoubted courage."

Sad farewell, too, was said to Dr. Danie Craven, who died in January, age 82. He had been president of the South African Rugby Board for 34 years. His passing has left a huge void in South African Rugby.

Stationed at the Small Street police station is the Tourist Protection Unit (TPU). This is a 47-member force whose sole task it is to protect and accompany foreign tourists through Johannesburg's crime-plagued central business district. The TPU liaises with travel agents and hotels and provides armed escorts for visitors who wish to visit downtown shopping malls. These escorts wear tatty jeans, t-shirts and velskoens in an effort to mingle, unnoticed, among the city's muggers. Efforts are being made to establish more satellite police stations in the downtown area.

The Johannesburg Sun closed down on December 15 last year and will be converted from a 5-star hotel to a 1-star Holiday Inn.

A spate of tragedies in the Johannesburg Jewish community in the past few months caused Jewish religious leaders to lead a one-day fast to show solidarity with the bereaved families. The events included: The drowning of 3 yachtsmen, Peter Goldsmith (64), Michael Cohen (35) and Gary Kushner (25), when their yacht smashed on the rocks off Cape St. Francis in November. Abraham Mendelow (16) was killed and Yossi Goodman (16) critically injured on December 28 when a motorist using a car phone ploughed into them. Marc Arons (20), Wits medical student, fell to his death while bird-watching in Zimbabwe. The homes of four horse owners were shot at in February. Julius Kaplan (48) accidentally killed himself, early February, when his gun went off in a bag. Harry Schwartz, ambassador in Washington, joined the thousands of fasting Jews.

Bob Aldworth, famous for the introduction of South Africa's first ATMs (the BOB machines), was in the news again in February. He was fired as head of ABSA's corporate banking division for misappropriating more than R400,000 from the ABSA group. Previously, Aldworth had been chief executive of Allied Bank. About 10 years ago, he was forced to resign as managing director of Barclays Bank because of his affair with Sandra Van Der Merwe. The former golden boy of banking has fled South Africa rather than

face prosecution after friends' efforts to help failed.

Piet Koornhof, former ambassador and cabinet minister, admitted to having an affair with a colored woman, Marcelle Adams. Adams is more than 40 years his junior - he is now 67. Koornhof, as Minister of Plural Relations, was, at one time, responsible for the forced removal of thousands of blacks and coloreds. He described his relationship with 23-year old Adams as "something beautiful." The two were seen dancing at venues in and around Cape Town. Koornhof's wife was informed of the affair by the press.

Pieter Dirk Uys made his debut in Washington (as in San Diego) to warm applause from 150 Americans, Brits and South Africans. Americans expressed their surprise that South Africa could produce such a talented satirist and that South Africans were able to "laugh at themselves, their leaders, and holy cows."

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A Night to Remember

by Sylvia Schmahmann

SAJAC is to be congratulated on an outstanding cultural event held in February, featuring the brilliant South African political satirist, Pieter-Dirk Uys.

As soon as his performance started, it was evident that this inimitable artist had lost none of his impact in his masterful impersonations of well-known political figures, as well as his caricaturing of a typical 'Kugel' and other types who are so very much part of the South African scene.

He held his audience spellbound as he skillfully drew the necessary props from the appropriate box and, as if by magic, was transformed into the character he was portraying, even down to the facial expressions. These changes were slick and effected in a matter of seconds while he was relating some amusing incident or other, or filling the audience in on current events in South Africa.

Pieter brought the house down with his hilarious impersonation of the finger-pointing P.W. uttering his familiar bigoted statements with his usual vehemence, still continuing his rumbblings from his retirement home (the voice in 'The Wilderness')!

The audience also loved his portrayal of Winnie-now-in-the-Pooch-Mandela, and the sanctimonious Bishop Tutu who had caused Satan himself to seek asylum 'upstairs'. Other hilarious features were the sentimental reminiscing of Nelson Mandela's former prison guard who was now finding life rather dull without the companionship of his charge; the inebriated Eugene Terteblanche, somewhat unsteady on his feet, with his uncontrollable and obscene outpourings against the blacks, Jews and liberals; the Kugel, living a life of ease now that her maid Dora has learned to drive so that she could take the children to dinner at a restaurant, exclaims how utterly exhausted she is. She has decided not to emigrate, saying that she would rather be killed in her bed than have to make it!

The evening would not have been complete without the charming ambassadress of Bobetikosweti, Evita Bezuidenhout, with her sparkling personality and smooth talk. The amusing impersonation of Maggie Thatcher and John Major were also among the highlights of this very entertaining performance, and the final humorous touch of Bill Clinton jogging, and blessing everyone along the way, was quite delightful!

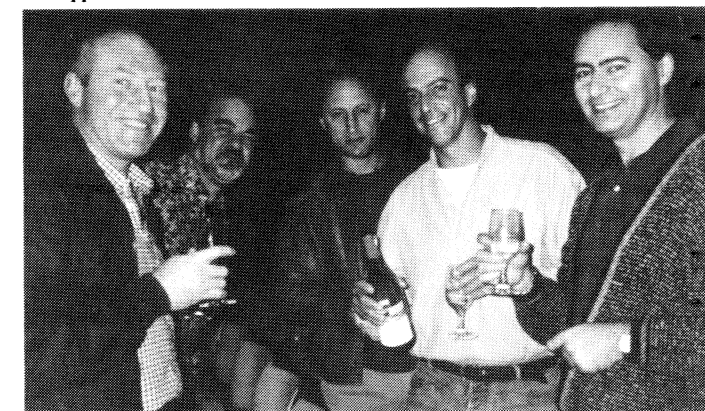
Another interesting feature of the evening was the exhibition of arts and crafts by members of SAJAC who displayed exceptional talent and presented work of an extremely high standard, comprising paintings, ceramics and jewelry.

We are very grateful to the organizers of this enjoyable event. The huge turnout, which exceeded all expectations, created some anxious moments for the caterers. The food was beautifully presented and polished off with great relish.

This was indeed a night to remember and SAJAC is to be commended for arranging this wonderful entertainment.



Renee Frank, Gaby Frank & Wilson Peter-Dirk Uys Meduppi



Steven Abelkop, Frank Stuppel, John Smaller, Julian Aires & Alan Binder.



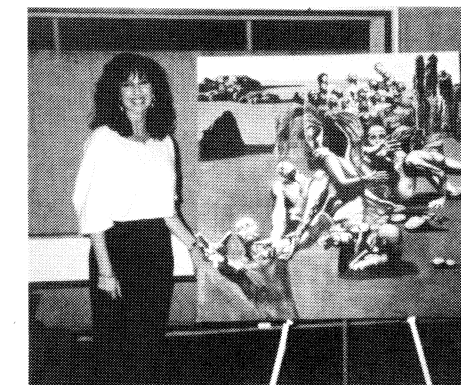
Terry Smaller with her paintings.



Ilana Silverman showing her arts & crafts.



Gabi & Brenda Jacobs in front of Gabi's paintings.



Jennifer Broomberg with her art.

## Letter to the Editor

Whether they are after a new or used car, most car buyers can relate very mixed experiences.

If we were to delve further and differentiate between new immigrants and "old hands", we come across many more buying experiences.

There are many factors to consider when buying a car. What is the procedure? Where does one go and how do you set about buying a car, when you are new to a country? What product do you buy, and should you go for a new or used car? Can the vehicle be financed, or do you have to pay cash? Do you need a permanent resident with a green card, is it necessary to have a social security number, and what about car insurance and a driver's license? Over what period should a contract extend?

Having decided in principle on the product or whether to buy a new or used car, we would now be on the brink of an entirely different experience in life - - the Californian way of car buying.

I believe that eight out of ten people will tell you that they do not look forward to the actual buying of a car, often as a result of an unpleasant previous experience.

The buying process and everything that goes with it, is very different in California, compared with that in South Africa. There are different rules, systems, legal requirements and cultures, which can sometimes be so confusing that we really don't know where we are.

What then are the options, and what advice can you give new immigrants as well as ex-South Africans who have been here for some time?

Many of us have either friends or relatives who know how the system works and could therefore provide us with the advice and

experience that would help us in selecting a dealer and the right product.

Another option is to speak to ex-South Africans who are in the motor business. These people are not only familiar with both the South African and the local way of doing business, but also know the requirements of the financial and insurance institutions. Obtaining credit as a new immigrant, or even when coming from out of state, can be a soul-destroying task, no matter how much cash we might have in different investments or banks. One does not want to impose upon friends who, incidentally, are not as au fait with the specifics as the people in the business. There is also the question of confidentiality, and we might prefer not to have friends know about our personal financial affairs.

What about the all-important trust factor? Who would you rather listen to and take advice from: a total stranger with absolutely no cultural knowledge of our ways, or someone who is part of this small community of ex-South Africans and knows the pitfalls, and to whom one has recourse? There is always someone who will know them or friends of theirs, so the community in itself offers protection.

When I was making my enquiries, I was given sound advice from these guys even though I had not committed to buy either a Nissan or Mitsubishi. As it transpired, I have bought both new and used cars from the Abelkops and I can endorse my pleasant experience.

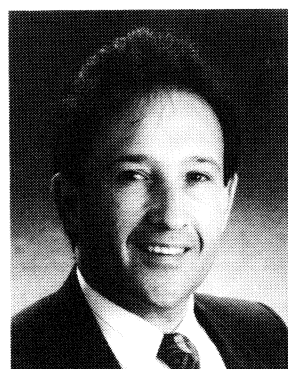
I decide to write to SAJAC because I know what I went through and I am sure that most of us have gone through at some time, and I thought, why not pass this on both the "old hands" and the newcomers alike. This makes car buying an enjoyable experience and not one that can bring on a nervous breakdown.



Hilton Subel



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### Ode to a Pill

Herbert Suchet

I recently came across this little gem, and, being a pharmacist, thought I'd like to share it with you.

Little pill, here in my hand,  
I wonder how you understand  
Just what to do or where to go  
To stop the pain that hurts me so.

Within your covering lies relief  
You work alone in disbelief  
You sink in regions there below  
As down my throat you quickly go.

But how? I wonder, little pill  
How you know just where I'm ill?  
And just how you really know  
Where you are supposed to go?

I've got a headache, that is true  
My broken ribs need attention too  
So how can anything so small  
End my aches in no time at all

Do you work alone or hire a crew  
To do the good things that you do  
I'm counting on you mighty strong  
To get in there where you belong

Don't let me down and please don't shirk  
But do your undercover work  
So down my throat — be on your way  
And end my aches another day  
Don't make a wrong turn, is my plea  
'Cause I can't take another till three

### THE MAN WHO SOLD HOT DOGS

There was a man who lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing, so he had no radio. He had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers. But he sold good hot dogs. He put up signs on the highway telling how good they were. He stood by the side of the road and cried: "Buy a hot dog, Mister". People bought. He increased his meat and roll orders. He bought a bigger stove to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him out. But then something happened. His son said: "Father, haven't you been watching television? There is a big depression coming on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse." That made his father think: "Well, my son's been to college, he reads the papers, and he listens to the radio, and he ought to know." So the father cut down his meat and roll orders, took down his advertising signs, and no longer bothered to stand on the highway to sell his good hot dogs. Sales fell fast, almost overnight.

"You're right, son," the father said to the boy. "We certainly are in the middle of a great depression. There just isn't any business."

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## Life Class

by Leslie Herman

Surprised, on arriving in San Diego, that so many streets had Spanish names, I arranged to attend a community college course to get some basic knowledge of the language.

Opening the classroom door, I was amazed to see a group of about fourteen or fifteen people gathered around a low raised platform unpacking drawing books and paint brushes. As I stood there, a young woman taking center stage threw off her light cotton gown and, without a stitch on, moved unconcerned into a set pose.

I did not have to be Sherlock Holmes to know that this was not the Wednesday Beginner's Spanish Class. I had made a mistake with the day. It was Thursday, not Wednesday. How foolish can one be! Seeing me hesitate, the instructor, introducing herself as Amanda, implored me to sign on, saying — "You are heaven sent, we are one student short of the minimum number the college requires us to have. Please! Please! Don't go." How could anyone refuse such a plea? With some mental reservation, I diffidently agreed to stay.

Everybody immediately got down to their drawing boards and canvases, but I found that each time I decided to put pencil to paper, Elise had changed her pose.

Amanda came by and, seeing that I had yet to make a start, took my pencil from me and with one deft movement produced an outline of the curve of the model's neck, shoulder and arm.

"It is as easy as that," she said. "Go ahead and do as many quick sketches of each pose as you have time for."

I certainly did not find it as easy as that and decided to see how the others in the class were going about it.

Walking around and chatting with this mostly denim and corduroy clad group, I found they included commercial artists, book illustrators and even architects — all of them enthusiastic about having the opportunity of working with professional models.

Over coffee we discussed marketing, Amanda stressing that, from her experience, it was essential to have an agent in New York if one hoped to break into the advertising or publishing world.

After the break, Elise posed for longer periods and the class, now

using whatever medium they preferred — ranging from charcoal to oils — became thoroughly absorbed in their work. This did not stop Amanda, however, from giving a monologue of her various "Adventures in the Wonderland of Madison Avenue" when she had gone there hoping to get some drawings accepted.

Struggling with the drawing of Elise's arms and legs, as seen from my very difficult angle, and awash with the even flow of Amanda's verbal battle against the art world of New York, the time passed all too quickly. I went home tired, but with every intention of carrying on with the course.

In the weeks that followed, we were fortunate that Amanda was able to engage a variety of widely diverse and interesting models. One night, we had two male models who obviously enjoyed displaying their muscular bodies, striking martial poses in exciting adversary-like positions. Another evening, two graceful young Asiatic women used exotic arm and hand movements to give variety to their poses. So the weeks flowed on uneventfully, with the class concentrating on their drawing and painting to the soothing ripple of Amanda's art world chatter in the background.

That is, until the setback occurred — an impossible situation, at least as far as I was concerned - the evening when the model did not turn up! At first, we pottered around doing this and that for ten minutes or so, until a frowning Amanda came to a frightening decision, one I was horrified that she could ever have entertained.

She announced, in a voice that would allow no contradiction, that we would have to draw bare. I was thunderstruck, my whole conformist background against it. I am a private sort of man who, if the telephone rings while I am in the shower and alone in the house, will put on a dressing-gown before answering it.

I looked despairingly at the blonde lank-haired girl on my left, who was in the process of taking off her jacket, and then on my right, I watched my other neighbor, the bearded architectural draftsman, bend down to supposedly slip off his shoes. The girl opposite was fingering the zipper in her skirt. This was too much! There must be limits beyond which one cannot be expected to go. I had had enough.

Grasping my belongings, but still facing the room, I edged backwards, hoping to slip out of the door without being noticed. Almost outside, I was knocked sideways by a heavily built woman holding a large carrying bag who rushed past me, crying out - "I'm sorry, Amanda, I was held up in a traffic jam."

I slunk back and had my drawing board ready by the time the model had taken up a position on the dais. I felt like a boxer reeling from a knock-out blow, just saved by the gong.

When the lesson ended, Amanda asked if we would mind clearing up, as she had to rush away. Going to the front door, she gave a shrill whistle and a large black Labrador Retriever came bounding up to her and jumped up, resting his front paws against her breast.

"Down, Bear, down!!!" she shouted, and lovingly attaching his lead, she waved good-bye as the two of them hurried off to the parking lot.

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## Fund-raising and the Rite of Passage to Adulthood

by Marlene Stanger

There comes a point in the life of every child — even the youngest in the family who's been indulged and is a little more likely to get away with things that older siblings wouldn't dare do — when the issues of childhood fall away and make way for the emergent adult. For some mature types, this happens soon after the teens. For others, decades later. But happen it does.

Nowhere is this clearer, perhaps, than in the field of fund-raising. Fund-raising is what your parents did. It was the endless phone calls and arrangements and rummage sales and progressive dinners that your mothers and fathers organized when you were six and seven and eight and, as their and your community became more affluent, it was the dinner dances and masquerade balls and the like.

And then, one day, you find yourself on the phone making arrangements, for what? A fund-raiser for your community. And your children nag you to get off the phone because you've been speaking to people all afternoon and evening and they need some time. And you say, "Not now, in May I'll have more time," and they don't believe you because, suddenly, you're the one in that distinctive role, and, even if you're there for them and you make time in your busy schedule, the image you've created in their minds has

stuck. It's a subtle switch. In their minds, you are the boring person who sits on the phone all day and is forever at meetings, and your parents, about whom you once felt the same sentiments, are the ones with whom they have fun (when they see them, that is . . .).

But the other thing about fund-raising is that you can only do it when you've made a commitment to live long-term in the community to which you're dedicating your energy.

All my life, my parents have been involved in the Jewish community in Muizenberg — a community in which they still play an integral role. Part of my frame of reference was always that my father was at a shul meeting or my mother was baking for some event or other or at a meeting of her own. There were those endless (or so it seemed at the time) Sunday morning rummage sales' collections and the exciting summer "socials" of my early teens at the Herzl Hall in Wherry Road, where my father and the fathers of many of my peers would sell tickets, keep an eye on the bouncers with dogs and sell crunchies and Cokes and stuff from the kitchen behind the wooden swing doors. (And, of course, the kids played cat and mouse, trying to duck in the dark, out of the prying eyes of parents.)

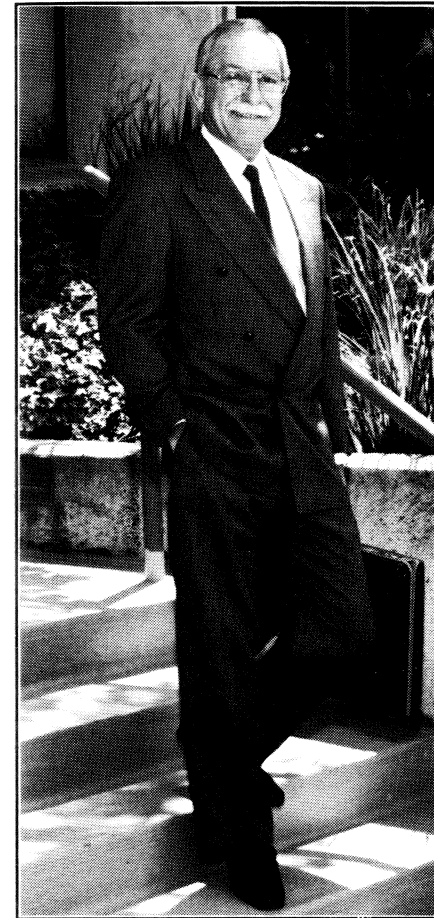
So when, after a long and interesting sojourn to a few other states, we finally arrived in Solana Beach, which is definitely home now, it didn't take long for my roots to regenerate and for me to become involved in Congregation Beth Am, the local shul with the great rabbi!

I decided to volunteer some time for fund-raising and, with a friend of my generation who grew up in New York, planned to arrange a country/rock party with a band we know locally. A "jol", in other words.

But one thing led to another and the concepts changed and suddenly Vickie and I have found ourselves co-chairing the major fund-raiser of the year, a testimonial dinner/dance in honor of Congresswoman Lynn Schenk. It's a really fancy affair at the Sheraton and the musicians are going to include the bass player who toured with Ella Fitzgerald, the pianist who played for Pia Zadora, and other incredible performers. Not the country/rock group we'd previously contemplated. And the venue will have chandeliers — not the soda fountains we'd envisaged. And the menu will be Nouvelle California Cuisine — not the ice cream and toppings we'd considered.

Of course, we'll also have to rethink our wardrobes and maybe go shopping at stores where our mothers shop to find something to wear for the event. It's going to be an incredible party. Because one thing about our generation doing fund-raising as opposed to our parents doing fund-raising — we've been to mega-concerts of Dire Straits, the Stones, Paul Simon and we've watched how REAL fund-raising is done: you throw a bash to end them all AND make all those who attend crush each other in the rush to get tickets. . . Now if THAT's not how to do it, any other suggestions??

The event will take place on May 15, 1993, and you are ALL welcome to attend. If anyone wants to find out about tickets and if anyone wants to pay tribute to Rep. Schenk or advertise in a book that we're producing specially in her honor, please call me at 755-1587.



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