

## TEXT 1

*Mail & Guardian, 29 January 2008***Class Action in an Age of Darkness**

BY Khadija Bradlow

I guess some would call it apartheid envy. Either that, or liberal guilt associated with having had a sheltered upbringing, no television at home, or just having been too young. But there are a good few among us positively longing for a good old-fashioned riot in the streets.

It is, after all, a near intolerable cross to bear -- not having lived the contemporary history of one's own country. One is, after all, hardly gripped with pain at having to read about Woodstock online, or having an encyclopaedia enlighten you on the fact that the Iron Curtain wasn't that latest hot item at Paris Fashion Week. But the trauma of not being able to make documentaries for SABC 1 about your "experience" and win awards at film festivals across the globe! Or tell wide-eyed white people at dinner parties how you, too, threw Molotov cocktails at the boere. We are truly a generation that missed the bus. Talk about a crushing blow to the ego!

And yet all hope may not be lost, for a cloud looms on the horizon, replete with its silver lining. Or should one say, copper-cabled lining...

There really isn't anything to be said about Eskom's venture to truly turn us into the Dark Continent that hasn't been said already. No South African with functional eardrums hasn't heard the words "load shedding" to the point of inducing nausea. Everyone has their story to tell about cold dinners, near collisions at non-functional traffic lights, and (horror of horrors) missing episodes of Generations.

But amid all the complaining, coupled with the platitudes from the sweet mouths of the Eskom bosses on the radio, the nation appears worryingly complacent. One would have thought the idea of ordering the salad in the restaurant for the next eight years, not to even mention the mere thought of the 2010 Soccer World Cup looming, would cringe us into action.

But in response to the sob stories being fed to us by the power utility, the mood seems to be that of resignation, of throwing up one's hands, only to fold them meekly back into

one's lap. And then to reach for the Yellow Pages to find a generator-hire company.

It is a sorry indictment of a nation raised on loud voices of protest and the toyi-toyi. This gives us rebels without any good cause to take to the streets -- a truly noble cause. So let those old apartheid-era fogeyes reminisce about about how they fought on the streets, and the beaches, blah blah, blah (sniff).

The new generation of rioters are up for a far more noble cause: giving Power back to the People, literally. Placards will have to be fashioned, t-shirts will have to be designed, marches will have to be planned.

And if all else fails, there are always the courts. Access to justice for all means exactly that; as per the Bill of Rights, anyone, no matter how youthful, has the right to approach the courts. There are those among the complacent classes who think "nothing can be done" by the small fry against a Goliath-like Eskom -- but they would be wrong.

Though not having an illustrious history of litigation (such as the United States for instance), one of the great things about our Constitution is that it allows disgruntled citizens to institute class actions through the courts. It's already been done several times, and in many cases successfully. In this way, a group of ordinary people could sue a body whose actions are deemed to violate their basic rights.

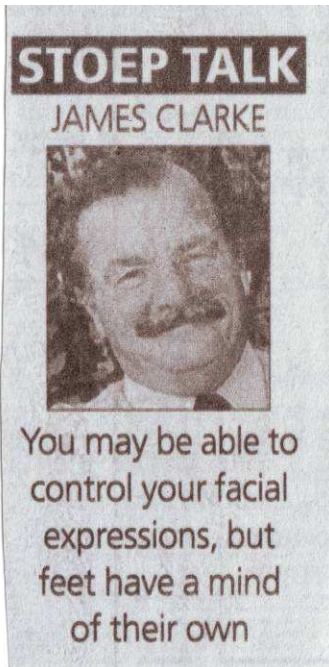
One can almost picture it now, a bunch of newly-shaven youth in suits sitting in a neat row at the Constitutional Court, their stately demeanour masking their rage at having had yet another blackout during a kwaito bash. Not that the white youth should feel left out -- an i-Pod also needs recharging at some time.

If the thought of scaring off international investors isn't enough to spur on the arrogant parastatal, or the namby-pamby government into acting, maybe this one will.

It's time to get angry again...

## TEXT 2

# Be careful of letting your feet do the talking



My old friend Adrian Steed, an expert on body language, says few people really know how their own feet can give them away.

He tells me that observing body language is a surreptitious way to bug the human mind without having to push wires into people's ears and then having to crank a generator.

Desmond Morris, the behaviourist, had a theory that the further down the body you get from the face the more difficult it is for people to control involuntary tell-tale body movements and so the easier it is to read their minds.

You can tell a great deal about a person's attitude regarding a tricky question by watching their mannerisms – like the way some, when being asked something, scratch their heads or try to crawl under the furniture.

Even if the face is a mask you can still watch their hands.

Some people might resort to wringing them or, suddenly, stuffing them into their mouths.

But the feet are even more expressive. Although you may be able to control your facial expressions and you may even be able to control your hands – by sitting on them or putting them in your pockets – and although you can even control your bladder, your feet are something else.

Watch a man, seemingly filled with confidence during a tough interview. His jaw is set, his eyes are steady but his feet are locked together under the chair, hugging each other in fear.

Or they may be tapping – a sure indication he wants to run away. Or he may have his legs crossed but one foot is making jerking movements – an indication, say body linguists, that he wants to kick the fellow asking the questions.




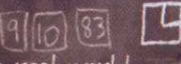
Our newer politicians should remember how before politicians

learned to mask their facial expressions, television sorted them out. Look how Richard Nixon lost a presidential election because, when questioned, his eyes shifted about like those of a used-car salesman who had just spotted his last customer pushing his newly bought car back up the hill.


In televised interviews with politicians the entire body should be shown and in a corner of the screen, where you sometimes see a sign-language expert translating for the deaf, there should be a body-language expert giving the thumbs down if the politician is lying; doubling over if the politician is telling a really big one; or smiting his forehead in disbelief if the politician appears to be telling the truth.

## TEXT 3

**SAY NO TO NO**

Isn't it high time someone got negative about negativity?  
 Yes it is.   
 Look around. The world is full of things that, according to nay-sayers, should never have happened.  
 "Impossible."  
 "Impractical."  
 "No."  
 And yet "yes."  
 Yes, continents have been found.  
 Yes, men have played golf on the moon.  
 Yes, straw is being turned into biofuel to power cars.  
 Yes, yes, yes.   
 What does it take to turn no into yes?   
 Curiosity. An open mind. A willingness to take risks.  
 And, when the problem seems most insoluble, when the challenge is hardest, when everyone else is shaking their heads, to say: let's go.   
 Real energy solutions for the real world.  
[www.shell.com/realenergy](http://www.shell.com/realenergy)

BASED ON A ZACHARY SCOTT PHOTO.





TEXT 4

**WARNING: DON'T SMOKE  
NEAR CHILDREN**

14 mg tar 1,2 mg nicotine As per Government agreed method

NO EXCUSES.  
NO EXPLANATIONS.  
NO APOLOGIES.  
NOT TO ANYONE.  
NOT EVER.

**Winfield**  
MAGNUM  
30  
**Winfield**

**MAGNUM TASTE • FLAVOUR • SATISFACTION**  
For men who know what they want

VPK 2004/02



## TEXT 5

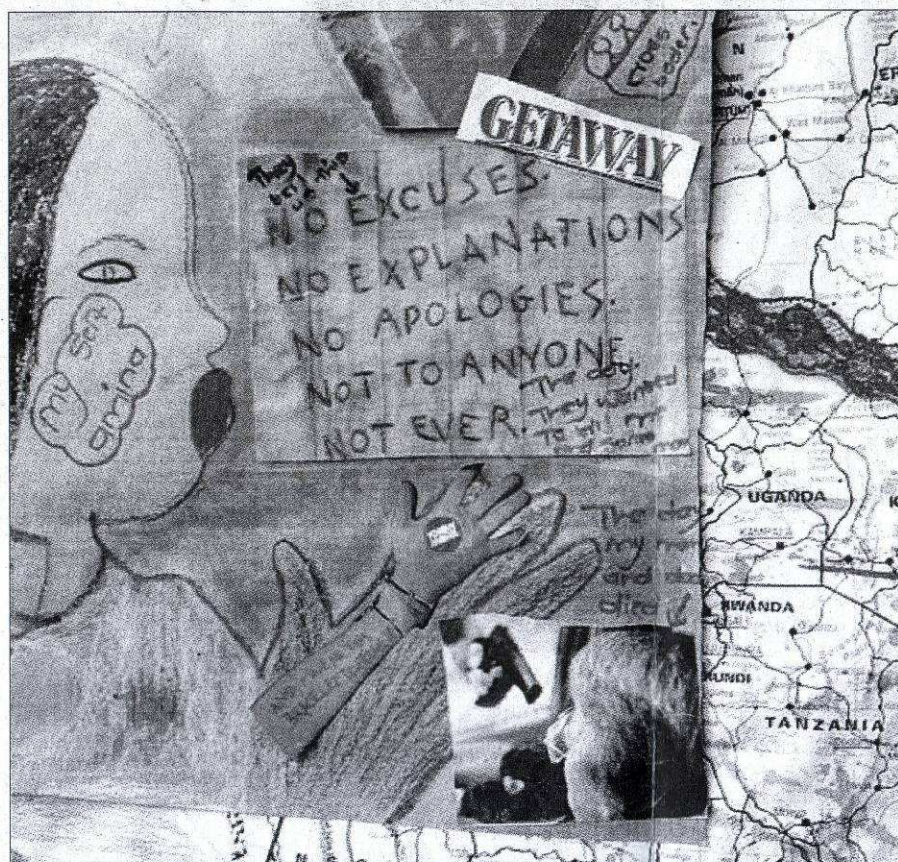
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Africa

# Dreaming of a better life

Unaccompanied migrant children who leave their homes in search of better prospects are often vulnerable to abuse and exploitation

Percy Zvomuya  
and Lynley Donnelly



The Reginald Osmond centre in the Eastern Cape runs a programme that provides psychosocial support for migrant children, using art as a means for the children to express themselves

PLEASE TURN OVER



## TEXT 6



## TEXT 7

