

**TEXT 1****How to Toyi-Toyi Without Stepping on Anyone's Toes**

(A guide for persons with little or no natural sense of rhythm)

Everyone knows that the Toyi-Toyi is a kind of ritual war-dance performed in the presence of television news cameramen, but not many people know exactly where the term comes from. That's because the origins of the term are cloaked in obscurity, although some scholars believe it has something to do with the San Bushman word, "Toyi-toyi", meaning "obscure origins".

In any case, there can be little doubt that the Toyi-Toyi has overtaken the Sakkie-Sakkie and the Phatha-Phatha as South Africa's favourite cultural dance. One of the reasons could be that it is so easy to learn, because it is one of the few dances where it actually helps if you have two left feet. Also, since musical accompaniment is an optional accessory in the case of the Toyi-Toyi, it can be safely performed by persons who have no natural sense of rhythm.

Begin by standing with both feet together, in a relaxed but militant attitude. To get into the appropriate frame of mind, it is suggested that you close your eyes, breathe deeply, and focus all your mental energies on the one thing that really annoys you about South Africa – for example, the outrageous and totally indefensible 110 percent surcharge on the landed price of imported compact discs.

Now open your eyes, exhale fully, and lift your left foot approximately 15 centimetres from the carpet. This will leave your knee jutting out at an angle of 45 degrees, in the classic position of a policeman interrogating a suspect. It is important that you keep the sole of your foot absolutely parallel to the surface of the carpet during the manoeuvre.

You must be able to feel the 'pull and burn' of that Achilles tendon on those metatarsals. You will also begin to feel a throbbing, low-level pain at the area technically known as 'the back of the knee', but as we militant aerobic instructors are fond of saying, "No throbbing, low-level pain, no throbbing, low-level gain".

Just think how wonderful it will feel when the Department of Trade and Industries announces a ten percent cut in the landed price of imported CDs, and the agony will seem trivial by comparison. I want you to hold this position for a count of ten, or until you fall over and break your ankle, and then we'll take a two-second rest and repeat the exercise on the right foot. Ready?

One, Toyi-Toyi, two, Toyi-Toyi, three ... left foot parallel to the carpet now ... Toyi-Toyi, four ... hmmm, looking good ... Toyi-Toyi, five, Toyi-Toyi, six ... KEEP YOUR OTHER FOOT STILL! ... toyi-Toyi, seven ... forward with the people's struggle ... Toyi-Toyi, eight, Toyi-Toyi, nine ... DON'T GIVE UP NOW! ... Toyi-Toyi, and ten, Viva the person or organization of your choice and r-e-l-a-x.

[Adapted from Gus Silber's *It takes two to Toyi-Toyi*]

**TEXT 2**

Goodness knows why anyone would want to shoot an animal as harmless and retiring as the moose, but thousands do – so many, in fact, that states now hold lotteries to decide who gets a license.

Hunters will tell you that a moose is a wily and ferocious forest creature. In fact, a moose is a cow drawn by a three-year-old. That's all there is to it. Without doubt, the moose is the most improbable, endearingly helpless creature ever to live in the wilds. It is huge – as big as a horse – but magnificently ungainly. A moose runs as if its legs have never been introduced to each other. Other creatures grow antlers with sharp points that look wonderful in profile and command the respect of adversaries. Moose grow antlers that look like oven gloves.

Above all what distinguishes the moose is its almost boundless lack of intelligence, if you are driving down a highway and a moose steps from the woods ahead of you, he will squint at you for a long minute, then abruptly hie off down the road away from you, legs flailing in eight directions at once. Never mind that there are perhaps 10 000 square miles of safe, dense forest on either side of the highway. Clueless as to where he is and what exactly is going on, the moose doggedly follows the highway halfway to New Brunswick before his peculiar gait inadvertently steers him back into the woods, where he immediately stops and takes on a perplexed expression that says, "Hey – woods. Now how the heck did I get here?"

It is amazing, given the moose's lack of cunning and curiously blunted survival instincts, that the moose is one of the longest-surviving creatures in North America. Woolly mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, mountain lions, wolves, caribou, wild horses and even camels all once thrived in the Eastern United States but gradually stumbled into extinction, while the moose just plodded on, untroubled by ice ages, meteor impacts, volcanic eruptions and shifting continents.

Here is just something wrong about hunting and killing an animal as dopyly unassuming as a moose. Shooting a moose is not an achievement. I have encountered moose in the wild and can tell you that you could just about go up and kill one with a folded newspaper. The fact that over 900 percent of hunters manage to bag a moose in a season that lasts only a week is testament to the ease with which they can be hunted down.

[Adapted from *Our Friend the Moose* – Bill Bryson]

**TEXT 3**

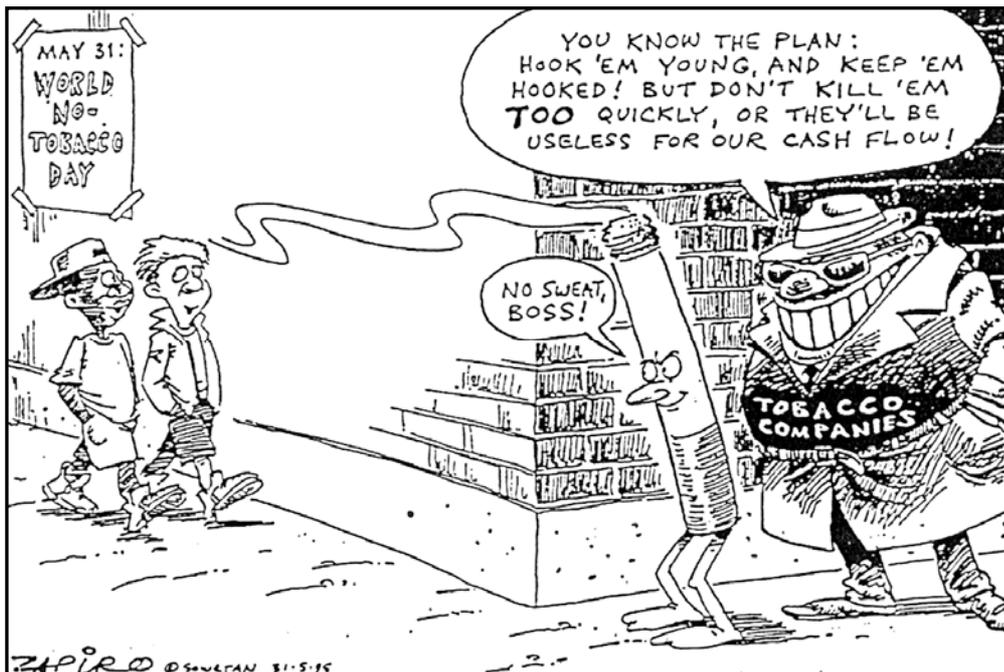
**Which?**

He who does not smoke has either known no griefs, or refuses himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven "What softer than a woman?", whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman or weed? Jupiter<sup>1</sup>! Weigh them both, and if you give the preference to the woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno<sup>2</sup> ruffles you, O Jupiter! try the weed<sup>3</sup>.

- 1 Jupiter – king of the Roman gods
- 2 Juno – Jupiter's wife, in Roman mythology
- 3 the weed – tobacco

[Which? by Bulwer-Lytton]

**TEXT 4**



**TEXT 5****Hawk Roosting**

*I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.*

*The convenience of the high trees!  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.*

*My feet are locked upon the rough bark.  
It took the whole of Creation 10  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot*

*Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –  
I kill where I please because it is all mine.  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads –*

*The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living.  
No arguments assert my right: 20*

*The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep thinks like this.*

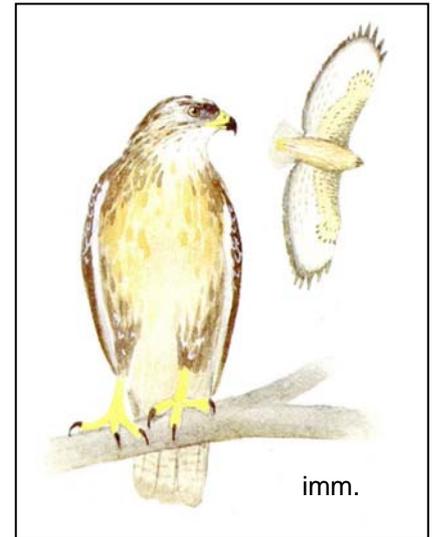
– Ted Hughes

**TEXT 6**

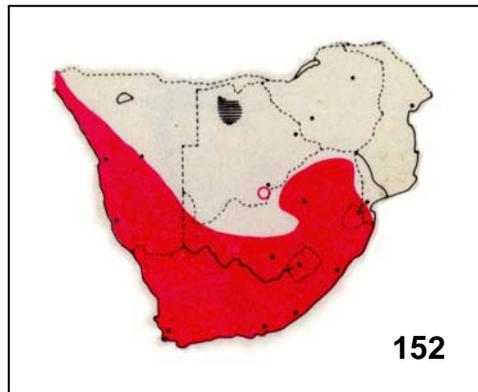
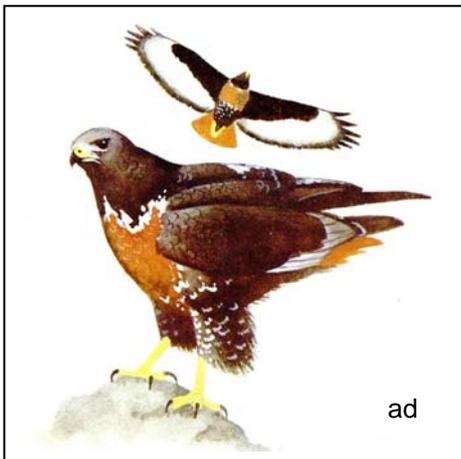
**JACKAL BUZZARD** *Butco rufofuscus* (152) 45 – 53 cm

*Ad. has dark grey underpants with bright chestnut breast and barred black and white belly. In flight vaguely resembles ad. Bateleur (p.88) but the longer, rufous tail and more flapping flight action clinimate confusion. Jackal Buzzards with white breasts can be distinguished from Augur Buzzard by their dark underwing coverts.*

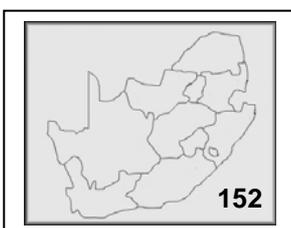
SEXES alike. IMM. easily mistaken for Steppe Buzzard (p. 102) but has larger, broader wings and a pale unbarred tail. HABITAT. Generally cionfined to mountain ranges and adjacent grasslands. STATUS. Locally common resident; endemic. CALL. A loud, drawn out ‘weeah-ka-ka-ka’, much like the yelp of Blackbacked Jackal. (Rooiborsjakkalsvoël)



Extract from *The SASOL Field-guide to Birds of Southern Africa*.

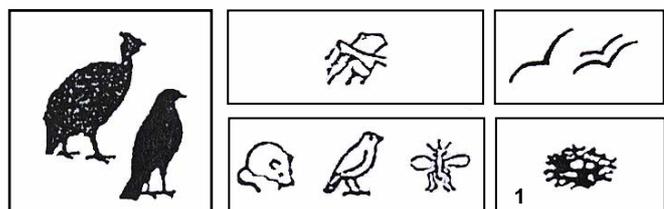


**TEXT 7**



**Jackal Buzzard**

A fairly large, almost black raptor. The rufous breast and tail are diagnostic. The broad white band on the underwing is seen while it is soaring overhead in hilly or mountainous country. Juveniles have dark brown upperpants and pale brown underpants. Often sits on telephone poles but is easily overlooked when perched on rocks. Hovers in the wind. Nests on cliff ledges. The call is jackal-like.



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