

**ama**



**KIWI**

September 2009

**Bringing South Africans Together**



**WWW.AMAKIWI.CO.NZ**

# CONTENTS

September 2009

**3** Ama Grapgat

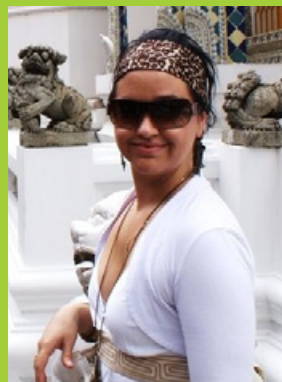
**4** Which side of the Jukskei River  
- *Vanessa Olivier*

**6** Swings and Roundabouts  
- *Eve Hemming*

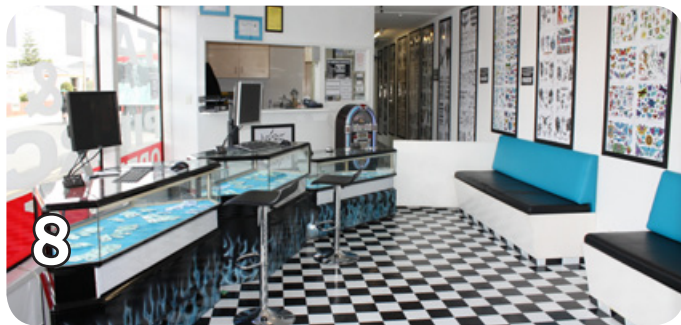
**8** Creating "Living Art"

**11** Ama-Directory

**12** Photo of the month



Ama Editor Sê:  
**ALL GOOD  
THINGS MUST  
COME TO AN  
END**



We tried... we gave it all we had... we appreciate the support you gave, but unfortunately we have to call it a day for Ama Kiwi Magazine. We thought we might be able to carry it on online, but it just isn't working out. Maybe we'll try again one day, but for now we'll say totsiens, farewell... until we meet again.



Happy Fathers day to our wonderful Dads! We wish the Boks all the best in the Tri-Nations... see you at the game in Hamilton!

*Vanessa Laval-Glad*  
Editor  
[vanessa@amakiwi.co.nz](mailto:vanessa@amakiwi.co.nz)



**ama  
GRAPGAT**

VAN DER MERWE

Van der Merwe is invited to have lunch with the Queen. While sitting at her table he says to her:

"Jis you know Queen you have got such a nice house, and you know Queen your clothes are so nice and you know Queen your food is bakgat!"

The Queen gets pissed off with this Queen bit and says to Van. "Mr Van der Merwe, you should not be calling me Queen this and Queen that the correct title is "Your highness".

Van says, " .jis that is unbelievable, my brother's name is also Johannes and he is also a queen!"

Every Friday evening after work Van der Merwe would braai a big, fat juicy steak. But his neighbours, being Catholic and therefore reluctant to eat meat on Fridays suffered agonies of temptation as the delicious aroma carried on the evening breeze.

They persuaded their priest to try to convert Van. Success! Van attended Mass and the priest sprinkled holy water over him and said, "You were born a Protestant, raised a Protestant but now you are a Catholic."

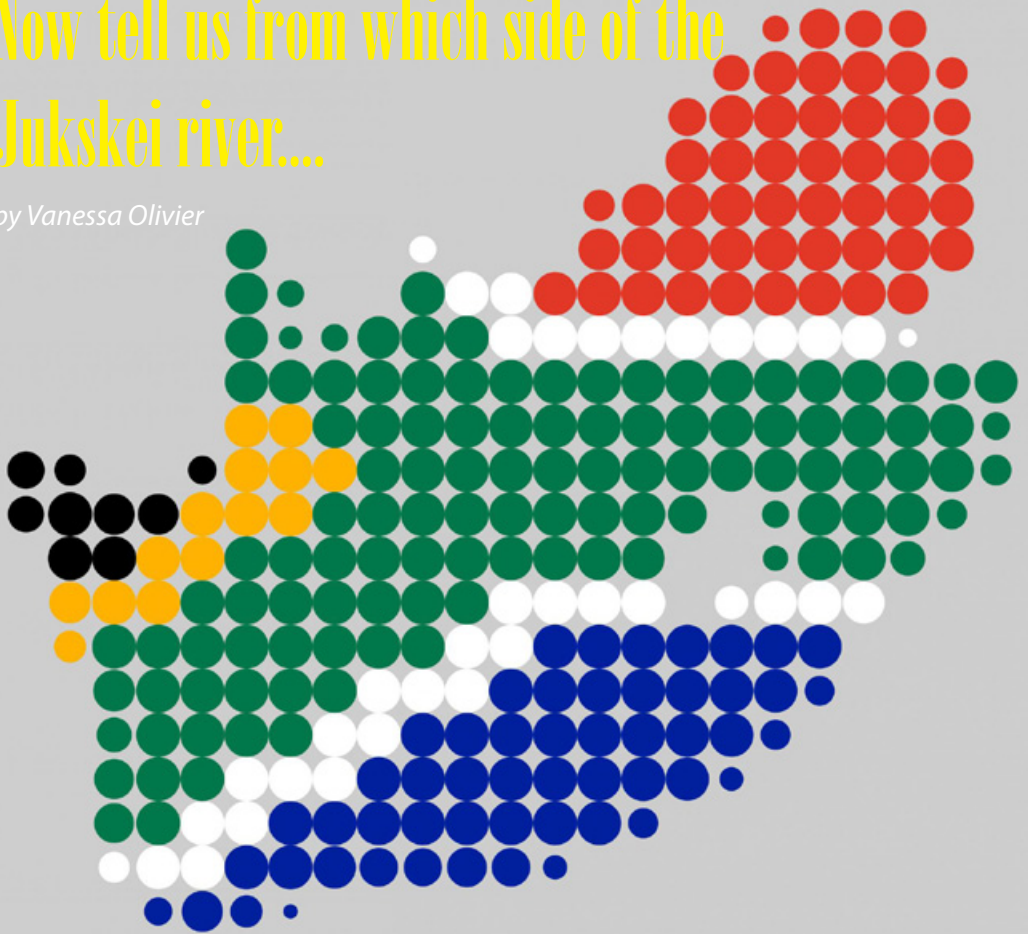
Everybody was delighted.

But when Friday night came the wonderful aroma of grilled steak again wafted over the neighbourhood.

The priest rushed into Van's garden just in time to see him clutching a small bottle of holy water and sprinkling it over the grilling meat and chanting, "You was born a cow, you was raised as a cow, but now you is a snoek!"

# Now tell us from which side of the Jukskei river....

by Vanessa Olivier



If you are from Johannesburg you could never live in Pretoria, if you were born and raised in Pretoria you could only move as far as Halfway House or perhaps at a push Randburg. If you hail from Cape Town, well you didn't think there was anywhere else to live so it didn't really matter did it? As a Durbanite you wished that the rest of us would just leave you alone and go home! And then there was Bloemfontein.....well ag shame hey!

Culturally speaking, although the Kiwis may disagree, the South Africans are not just a

rainbow collection of colloquial language but also of regional cultures and snobbery which perhaps only those of us who eat spiced air dried meat may understand.

Growing up, for me there were only four provinces. With apology to the North North West South Gauteng or Midwest Far North East Province etc. I still think in terms of Transvaal, Vrystaat, Natal, Kaap. (O, and I got 100 lines for forgetting Walvis Baai in standard two.) These beautiful bits of geography were all very clearly connected by the N1. Somehow

in my mind intersected with pit stops at the Mobil petrol stations. The N1 seemed to be a border which was only traversed once a year when on holiday.

I remember the traumatic day my mother told me that some people in the Cape don't eat pap. They eat toasted sandwiches, which, being the avant garde trailblazer that she is, she promptly made for our next braai. My father added to the conversation as he was cutting the watermelon into long thin half moon slices by stating that 'they' down there also cut their watermelon 'wrong'. Shock. Horror. Into big round circles? Was this true? I still don't know if that is in fact true but that is what I was told and that is how it is. Don't forget the standing jokes about the boys from the Free State joining the army so that they could sleep late and grow their hair.

As a young adult I went to visit a young police constable at the training college in Pretoria. Down Potgieter Street, got horribly lost in my cute little city golf - turned into some street, (one way), got hooted at by an army person in a Bedford. (There were lots of those around in those days). Up another street, still lost, got hooted at again. I drove around what felt like hours. Eventually I pulled into a parking, facing the wrong way under a dark purple leafy umbrella and cried my heart out. Lost in the big ugly inhospitable city that is 'Die Jakaranda Stad'. Terrified of the horror stories of what happened at the "Fonteine". Some serial killer had killed people there and I didn't have a clue of where I was "en die bloomin' Pretorians kannie bestuur nie en is ongeskik". For the younger ones, this was long before mobile phones and cd players and email. Yes, yes I know the dinosaurs were eating at my car's wheels. One thing we all had in common though, was that we spoke English and Afrikaans to some degree, and at the very least understood it. This is quite apparent when the 'souties' shout "een, ses, vierhonderd"

on the rugby field. Or, when they speak Afrikaans to each other at the crease. (For the record boys, the f-word translates pretty well into a few languages and even if we can't hear you we can see you.)

Emigrating to New Zealand, I was ready never to speak or hear Afrikaans or Zulu again, but may I remind you of the feeling you got when you sat in a coffee shop in Taupo and heard a mother say: "Johan hou Surita se hand vas as julle loop."? There was the time you pushed a trolley through the Pack'n Save in Albany and heard a rather irritated husband say: "Vrou die goed is blêrie duur jong."? My most surreal moment was walking into a well known vacuum cleaner shop and a young kiwi (I was still getting used to the accent then and found it fascinating) asked us what we were looking for, (my partner which in future we shall lovingly refer to as the Techie - that is another story entirely); being a Capricorn, insisted on test driving the vacuum cleaners on a bit of 'conveniently' placed carpet. A tad on the tired side of shopping for a new vacuum cleaner (If you know a Capricorn you would know that we had been at this for some time), I smiled apologetically at the young man and said: "We will look around a bit first if that's okay?" and I added to my partner "Liefie, kies een die kind gaan dink ons is mal." I had to sit down when the child answered: "Nee dis reg tannie vra maar net as ek kan help..." We are here and we have been assimilated ...or perhaps it is a case of we are assimilating them. We, South Africans, Kiwianers, Ama Kiwis, live in Albany, Browns Bay, Northcote, Howick, Taupo, Takanini, Taranaki, Queenstown and everywhere else in between. Some of us eat pap, some of us don't, many of us eat biltong and drive big 4x4's. Some still say "tannie" others say "antie". When some of us walk in the mall the rest know, she's from Pretoria and him? He must be from Warmbad. We are all from far over the waters. We are all here. Gee hulle gas Johanna!

# Swings and Roundabouts

by Eve Hemming

I have uninvited flu lurking. The respite of bed-dozing means a moment to pluck my thoughts, examine and distil them. It's a year since I moved to a new country - time enough to do a mini-review of all the pros and cons, the swings and roundabouts.

It's a crisp, sun-filled day. A little cold creeps into my hand as I write this, necessitating intervals to pause and hide my hand under the bedcovers. Paddywag lies next to me. He's our Kiwi baby – named to commemorate two of our S.A. dogs that we sadly rehomed – Paddystix and Scallywag. He's an illuminating light that delights us. He's brought a new meaning to the word 'watch dog'. One doesn't need a watch dog for protection here. Instead, he is a watchdog because he watches us. I wake to his scrutiny. I bath to the same scrutiny as he pushes the bathroom door ajar. He seems mildly amused by my every breathing moment.

On a recent visit to South Africa, I avoided seeing our three ex-dogs. I felt it would be too painful for me, too confusing for them, now deliciously ensconced in their new lives.



*Eve and Ant with Paddywag*

One of the most exasperating factors about living here is the vast time difference. I often ache for the immediate gratification of hearing one of my children or grandchildren's voices during the day – to just press the call button on my mobile. But they are sleeping now. And at night, I still find that my circadian rhythm occasionally resists conforming; that I want to drink tea and check my emails at 2a.m.

Moving country remains the hugest thing I've ever experienced/accomplished/drowned in. It's an act of seemingly utter insanity, which negates all one's most visceral connections to the cosmos. I find myself quoting Keats more often, 'Happiness is sharpened by its antithetical elements'.

Experiencing a new chapter of life is nothing less than profound, and isn't given enough credence. Each day I'm grateful to metaphorically taste a different menu, yet simultaneously I miss the staple diet stemming from my roots. I recall emailing a psychologist colleague of mine after my arrival here, "Am I experiencing a schism of the self?" She replied, "No, just re-inventing the self." I kept that pinned on my notice board at work for the past year to reflect on.

Living in Auckland is exciting. It's a sprawling city with stunning vistas. And New Zealand is spectacularly beautiful, no more nor less than South Africa – just utterly different. And whereas NZ only has 4.5 million people in its entirety, SA has close to 50 million (if one includes all the illegal immigrants.) One never feels crowded, pushed or rushed by the maelstrom of humanity. It's a far quieter, more

ordered, tidier place, yet equally florid with immigrants from Africa, Asia, Europe and the Pacific Islands, plus the Kiwis and indigenous Maori.

Everything works. And to make a small economy financially viable one has to tick all the boxes; be accountable for the nano seconds of every working day. After being in Africa with remnants of circular time, here the linear time at its extreme requires some adaptation. Don't ever believe that Kiwi's aren't hard working. They work arduously and fearlessly. There are companies one can even call through the night if emergency repair work is required. And women drive buses and bulldozers and chop wood, though don't carry large bundles of wood on their heads as they do back home.

Despite the hard work, the less stressful vibe seems to lower one's kinetic vibrations. Speeding is an offence and Kiwis are generally law abiding (except some reprobate youth). I never feel anxious driving because I know that Jo Soap won't push me off the road. Kiwis have an internalised holistic respect.

But Kiwis possibly lack the robustness which "SAfers" have. They haven't had to walk on the edge of the precipice of life. They haven't experienced loving and hating their land simultaneously. They aren't exposed to such a wide spectrum of life from exhilaration through to visceral threat.

I love the freedom of wide expanses of glass unfettered by burglar bars, the freedom of no gates or electrical gadgets. I sleep peacefully except for my occasional 2 a.m. tea. But after a year of tasting a new chapter, the honeymoon's over. It's time for that honest evaluation. What would my advice be to my family, friends and colleagues? People frequently want me to forward their CV to some or other

NZ destination, to ask a myriad questions about immigration...

My answer is this – no one can give one a definitive answer. For those who left SA due to a family member being ravaged by violence and their inner sanctum being violated, there is no choice, no turning back.

But for those who leave in an endeavour to prevent a heinous occurrence, which would splinter the core of their psyche, the choice is complex. Either way one lacks totality. If here, one will, for some time experience the pangs of desire for one's loved ones at home and the smells, sounds and imagery of Africa. Else remaining there, one will never know how it would feel to taste a new life and never know when the bad could rear it's head. There's good, bad and ugly everywhere. It boils down to quantity, random occurrences and dare I say it luck?

I honestly don't regret taking the plunge. It's taught me reflection and provided fodder for inner growth. But I continue to wish that my husband and I could find the perfect place near all our treasured children.



*Eve Hemming is a former resident of Hilton, KZN and now resides in Auckland, NZ. An edited version of "Swings and Roundabouts" was printed in The Witness on 4 August 2009.*



# TAT2ROBNZ

*Creating "Living Art"*

*By Rob Donovan*

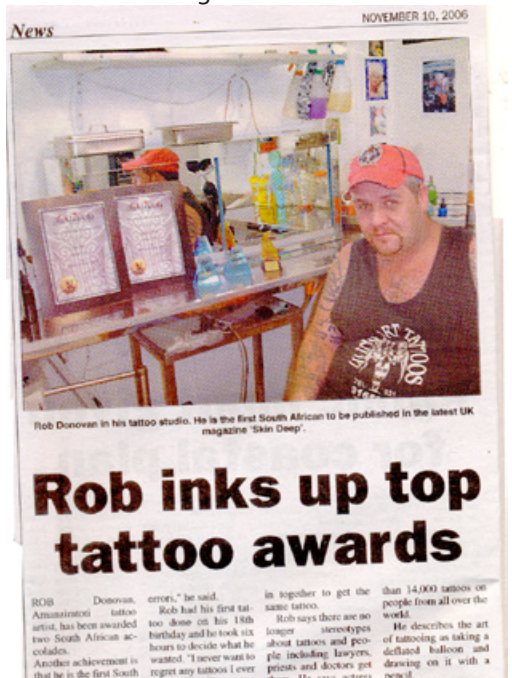
signed from Toyota, took all my savings and got the best equipment money could buy - and it was worth it .

The first 100 tattoos just brought more and more people and so we went on and on, to having international customers from all over the world that would make a point of flying to Durban to get more tattoos from me every time they came to South Africa . When I looked again, I had done 10 000 tattoos and had tattooed in England, Ireland and the U.S.A - Life was good.

I was born about 100 years ago in a small town just outside Johannesburg (South Africa ) called Springs. I moved to Durban when I was about 8, to a town called Amanzimtoti, were I went to Kuswag High. After I finished High School, I went to the army, as all South African men had to at the time, starting in Potchefstroom then Ladysmith and lastly the dog unit in Burcksluck just outside Graskop (Nelspruit).

Once that was done I started work at Toyota S.A in Prospecton were I worked as a production supervisor in the paint shop for about 5 years until I found someone who was willing to teach me how to tattoo.

I had always had a fascination with tattoos and wanted to follow my dream. I had started drawing tattoos for people years before and knew I would love doing it full time. So when the opportunity to learn from someone came along, I jumped into the deep end and re-



Then crime started getting worse , I had already met my soulmate, Tammy, and had a beautiful daughter (Kendra), when we decided to get out of S.A. I knew it was just a question of how long before crime touched our lives and we were not willing to wait. Even though we left behind our families and everything we had built up over the last 11 years, we just had to go .

I had been researching New Zealand for a couple of years and it was our best option for raising our daughter in a reasonably safe environment .

So, like many of our fellow South Africans here, we sold everything and came over with three suit cases and about \$800. An old friend, Zonie, who had been here for five years, gave us a place to stay. My mom and dad came over 3 months later and helped in every way they could. Things just worked out.



Now, almost three years later we have had a boy (Garnett), who is one year old. My Henderson studio is doing really well. We are

planning a second branch on the North Shore and then another somewhere in the south, mainly aiming at the South African market. My reputation in SA was pretty good and many people from SA know me or the Tattoo guy from Amanzimtoti (Rob) so if I can get the word out there in the South African community that I am in New Zealand we should do pretty good. People in SA came to me because they knew I have very high standards in my studio - only the best is good enough - and the same goes for my work here.

Hope to see all of you soon and thank you to my family and loyal customers that have supported me all the way!



*Living Art Tattoos is situated at 50 Lincoln Rd, Henderson. Give them a call on 09 836 9025.*

*Check out Rob's work at [www.livingarttattoos.co.nz](http://www.livingarttattoos.co.nz)*

# LIVING ART TATTOOS & BODY PIERCING



International award winning tattoo artist, Tat2rob, has over 11 years in the trade, leaving his mark all over the world.

Originally from Amanzimtoti, Tat2rob and his team will give you the personal and professional touch.

**OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 10AM-5PM**  
**PROFESSIONAL TATTOOS & PIERCINGS**  
**AT UNBEATABLE PRICES**

50 Lincoln Rd, Henderson  
CONTACT US on 09 836 9025  
OR E-MAIL [tat2rob@gmail.com](mailto:tat2rob@gmail.com)  
Search "Tat2robzn" on YouTube for more!

*Indigo Moon Productions*

EVENT & WEDDING  
VIDEOGRAPHY

CAPTURING THE GREATEST  
MOMENTS IN YOUR LIFE



021 069 5650

[VANESSA@INDIGOMOON.CO.NZ](mailto:VANESSA@INDIGOMOON.CO.NZ)

[WWW.INDIGOMOON.CO.NZ](http://WWW.INDIGOMOON.CO.NZ)

***We specialise in obtaining finance for South Africans new to New Zealand ... See why even one of the owners of Ama Kiwi recommends us!***

*"I've bought 4 cars through Drive Town, the service is great, their after sale customer care is fantastic and they've always sold me a good car.*

*I would definitely recommend Drive Town."* Wayne Johnson - Owner, Ama Kiwi



## EASY FINANCE, TOP TRADE PRICES

*Come and join our team of happy South African clients who have come to us recommended through friends and family as the place to buy your car!*

# DRIVE TOWN

LMVD

25 Years' Professional Service with Pride



**(09) 527 3457**

**4x4's, sedans, hatchbacks ect...complete range of vehicle available ...OPEN 7 DAYS**

522 Main Highway, Panmure, Auckland | email: [sales@drivetown.co.nz](mailto:sales@drivetown.co.nz) | [www.drivetown.co.nz](http://www.drivetown.co.nz)

# ama DIRECTORY

## DRIVE TOWN

Easy finance, top trade prices  
09 527 3457  
[www.drivetown.co.nz](http://www.drivetown.co.nz)

## HARVEY WORLD TRAVEL BOTANY

The Travel Professionals  
09 277 2040  
[pam.dixon@harveyworld.co.nz](mailto:pam.dixon@harveyworld.co.nz)  
[www.botany.harveyworld.co.nz](http://www.botany.harveyworld.co.nz)

## INDIGO MOON PRODUCTIONS

Wedding & Event Videography  
09 272 4633 | 021 069 5650  
[info@indigomoon.co.nz](mailto:info@indigomoon.co.nz)  
[www.indigomoon.co.nz](http://www.indigomoon.co.nz)

## KEITH GOODALL & ASSOCIATES LTD

Accounting, Business & Taxation services  
09 921 4635  
[carien.louw@kgal.co.nz](mailto:carien.louw@kgal.co.nz)  
[www.kgal.co.nz](http://www.kgal.co.nz)

## LIVING ART TATTOOS

50 Lincoln Rd, Henderson  
Phone: 09 836 9025  
[www.livingarttattoos.co.nz](http://www.livingarttattoos.co.nz)

## SA Butcher

Biltong, boerewors and other lekker SA stuff  
Shop 11, Highland Park Shoppin Centre,  
Pakuranga Road  
09 534 7492

# BELGIAN WAFFLE & CREPE CO.

- waffles
- crepes
- soft serve
- milkshakes

*Now open at:  
Meadowlands Shopping Plaza,  
112 Whitford Rd, Howick*

Bring this advert in, purchase one coffee and  
receive one traditional crepe FOR FREE  
conditions apply ask instore

*crepe away*

