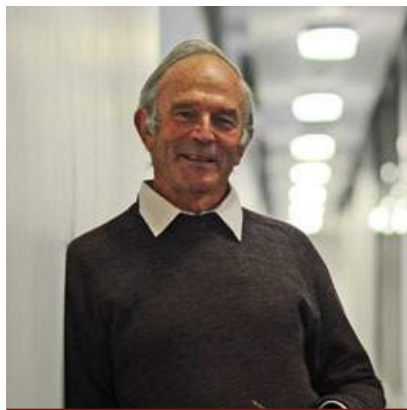




UCT LEGACY SOCIETY

December 2015 Newsletter

This has been a challenging year for South African universities. #rhodesmustfall; #feesmustfall; #outsourcingmustend. These



were the headline demands that, starting with Rhodes' statue at UCT, students at a widening network of universities around the country used to articulate a deeper sense of grievance and anger not only against their universities but also, in the case of fees, to challenge government with a vehemence not seen amongst the student generation since the fall of Apartheid.

UCT has been one of the epi-centres of this upheaval which has placed enormous strain on both students and staff...wherever they found themselves in the raging debate about transformation...but the university's willingness, led by the Vice Chancellor,

to discuss all student and worker demands and to keep talking to everybody until such time as an agreement could be signed about the way forward on a particular issue made a huge difference. Thus, apart from one small scuffle, exams at UCT were written and completed without incident by the 70% of students who had chosen to write at the end of 2015. The other 30% are scheduled to write, as agreed, early in the New Year.

Beyond that there is a serious journey ahead as the various generations (who meet perhaps more directly at university than anywhere else in society) continue to grapple with how most effectively to transform a society still so badly disfigured by the racially biased inequality of both power and wealth generated by its colonial and apartheid history. UCT clearly has an important

role to play in facilitating this vital process on the long bumpy road to a just and sustainable society. It needs all the support...moral, intellectual and financial...that it can get.

With 2015 speeding to a rapid end I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a wonderful and deserving break over the festive season.

In the words of T S Eliot: "For last year's words belong to last year's language. And next year's words await another voice."

Francis Wilson, **President UCT Legacy Society**

Word From the Dean of EBE

Talent for the 21st Century

To be an engineer before 1950, or any time between 1750 and 1950, was to be a leader; a participant in a great adventure; a hero of society. Even Walt Whitman wrote:

*"Singing my days,
Singing the great achievements of the present,
Singing the strong light works of engineers."*

With 1952 and the exploding of the first H bomb; the 1960s and the sobering predictions of Rachel Carson's

Silent Spring; the 1970s threat of nuclear annihilation; followed by the 1990s and fears of irreversible climate change, the Golden Age of the profession began to tarnish.

However, we are now at a point where engineers and professionals of the built environment have the opportunity to be heroes again, as (however unlikely it seems now) they were in the novels and short stories of the late 1800s. With our abilities to rise to complex and undefined challenges, wicked problems, and the innovation and creativity inherent in the training and the profession, we are ideally placed.

This supplement highlights the true awesomeness of the talent and potential held in the Faculty of Engineering &



Photograph: Michael Hammond

*Dean of Engineering,
Professor Alison Lewis*

the Built Environment, from our 3 000 undergraduate students to 1 200 postgraduate students (of which 208 are PhD students) spread across six departments; to our seven SARCHI Chairs and two endowed chairs (the Anglo Platinum Chair in Mineral Processing and the SANRAL Chair in Transport Engineering).

Our 4 200 students are looked after by 232 academic and 199 PASS staff housed in nine different buildings on the Upper Campus. Our faculty hosts 51 NRF-rated researchers and 15 URC-accredited research groupings, including the interdisciplinary signature theme African Centre for Cities and the newly accredited UCT-Nedbank Urban Real Estate Research Unit.

The common threads in our faculty and its six departments of Architecture, Planning and Geomatics, the four basic engineering disciplines (Chemical, Civil, Electrical and Mechanical) and Construction Economics and Management are their focus on the key attributes of EBE professionals: strong analytical skills; practical

ingenuity and creativity; a focus on good communication, and high ethical standards and professionalism, as well as the ability to be lifelong learners. In addition, one of the core aspects of our vision as a faculty is to: "develop outstanding graduates and scholars ... who contribute to society and address socioeconomic challenges through their work."

As the new Dean, I am very proud to be part of a faculty that not only has the skills, the abilities and the ambition to tackle the challenging global problems of the 21st century, but is also living out its vision.

To find out more about the Faculty of Engineering & the Built Environment, visit www.ebe.uct.ac.za.

Alternatively, get in touch directly on 021 650 2699, or send an email to ebe-faculty@uct.ac.za.

Enjoy the read.

Taken from Monday Paper, Volume 34.07 - 28 September 2015



Faculty of Engineering & the Built Environment



Photograph: Michael Hammond

Dr Maanda Mulaudzi, a UCT historian and member of the university's Naming of Building's Committee, shared his views with Monday Monthly about the politics, opportunities and potential pitfalls of names in heritage.

How does renaming a building or place fit into our idea of heritage in a post-apartheid South Africa?

In many ways, the names we have for buildings, places and streets reflect a particular aspect of our complex history. So for us, as UCT and the country in general, the issue ought not be that we just replace the names of what are now considered unfashionable or unheroic people, but [that renaming forms] part of an ongoing process to transform the institutional culture of the university and society.

This renaming is already under way at UCT, and indications are that in the wake of recent events on campus, it has gained momentum. How we do that is part of the current and ongoing debate. For some it might simply mean the replacing of one name with another. For others it forms part of a critical engagement with that history, and recontextualising it and saying, "Well, what does this mean?"

I'm persuaded by the model adopted on Constitution Hill in Johannesburg; instead of

completely erasing the Old Fort Prison and its brutal and oppressive history, it has been integrated into the Constitutional Court. And what this signals is a continual dialogue between the present and the past.

Dr Neville Alexander would have been very uncomfortable with having a building named after him because it would be contrary to his radical politics. So the politics of renaming aren't simply a repetition or replacement of what we're trying to change.

It's important that we address symbols of the past, but with a different politics of commemoration. Leaving things as they are is not an option either.

How does the Naming of Buildings Committee come to the decision of naming a building after a particular person?

In renaming buildings and spaces, it is tempting to take the easy option. We don't want to simply

do that: just name a building after some hero, but if you're not really thinking about the more important issues, [like the] visions that these people represent, I'm not sure that that process will necessarily advance transformation.

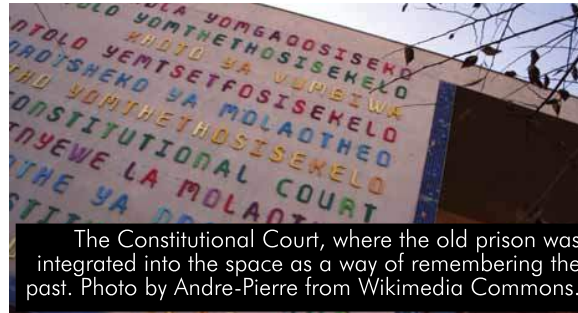
Is there a risk of deifying a person in naming a building after them, but not critically engaging with their ideas?

Exactly. That's the other thing. The conventional politics of memorialisation is canonisation. Done in this way, though, you effectively tame their ideas while elevating them in some fashion.

Can we live up to their ideas? Can we critically engage with their ideas and see how they fit our changing situations? To what extent are we realising their vision? That to me is how you truly live up to somebody's name.

Do we simply want competing nationalisms, where you replace the previous nationalism with a new

version, or do we want something more radical? Renaming ought not to be an event, but a process by which we commit to critically engage with their ideas rather than foreclose



The Constitutional Court, where the old prison was integrated into the space as a way of remembering the past. Photo by Andre-Pierre from Wikimedia Commons.

that process.

I'm not sure building monuments is the best way to do that, either. That becomes a quick way to domesticate the radical politics with which they are associated, but without fully embracing them at the same time. Imagine a Fanon monument, or look at the Mandela Square monument in Sandton; that's an appropriation rather than an engagement with his

ideas.

On competing nationalisms, some argue that renaming is merely throwing out someone's history and replacing it with another group's.

I suppose it's possible to think that if the politics of renaming are not rethought.

For me, it's a process that begins to rethink Cecil John Rhodes, for example, and recontextualise his presence among us now. His history is not just of one group, nor even of just one country. His statue was a celebration of imperialism, of his 'achievements' and of the continued dominance of that legacy. That's the narrow history of some people.

It's not so much that you are replacing or re-writing other people's history. It's telling them that the history that you think is yours is much more complicated than that.

But it will become a case of

competing nationalisms if all you do is replace that statue with another statue, without thinking whether that's the best way to commemorate the past. If you put Mandela where Rhodes was, you're simply putting Mandela in this context that remains unchanged.

To what extent can history and heritage be used as euphemisms for privilege that we might want to maintain?

Again, it comes down to saying that something can't be changed because it's my tradition. A black person calling a white man *baas*: that used to be somebody's tradition. Who wants to maintain that?

It is important for us to know the history of privilege, and white privilege particularly, which continues to the present and which some people are not even aware of.

Think about the old South African flag. It's important to know what it looked like and what it represented, but to wave it and celebrate everything it stood for – that's not going to take us anywhere

except to the unexamined past.

It's interesting that we've quickly fastened onto the word 'heritage' rather than history. The part I'm uncomfortable with is that heritage is supposedly meant to be something we agree on. I'm not sure it is a common heritage because we agree on heritage. It is heritage because it is part of our common history, but how history shaped us might be very different, and we can and should continue to debate that heritage and history.

"It's important that we address symbols of the past, but with a

different politics of commemoration. Leaving things as they are is not an option either." But the way I hear heritage spoken of, it's as if it's something that's beyond debate.

And what do we have as heritage? Braai? Again, I think we can do better than that. And some people are already doing so in various and important ways.

Story by Yusuf Omar

"It's interesting that we've quickly fastened onto the word 'heritage' rather than history."



1968: Students protest against UCT's withdrawal of Archie Mafeje's appointment following pressure from the apartheid government.

Monica and Godfrey Wilson Papers

Contained within this collection, which forms part of UCT's Special Collections, is correspondence between Monica Wilson, UCT's first female professor, and Archie Mafeje, her student. Wilson, a social anthropologist who was also the first woman to become a professor in South Africa, met Mafeje in 1959 when he joined her class in social anthropology. According to Andrew Bank, who wrote *Archie Mafeje: The Life and Work of an African Anthropologist*, theirs was a unique relationship.

Mafeje was a regular visitor at Wilson's house in Rondebosch; he also befriended her two sons, who were fellow students. Mafeje was a field worker in Langa for one of Wilson's research projects in the early 1960s. According to researcher John Sharp, "Mafeje's long hours in the field provided Wilson with the detailed case studies of life in Langa that had been sorely lacking before he came along." Folders containing the interviews and notes by Archie Mafeje from this time can also be found in the collection.

Mafeje was central to a very painful incident in UCT's past. In May 1968, the UCT Council unanimously approved his appointment as a senior lecturer in social anthropology. A month later, after pressure from the apartheid government, the council withdrew this appointment. The decision was met with vehement protest from student leaders and some academic staff. In August 1968, about 600 UCT students began an occupation of the Bremner Building which lasted for nine days, demanding that the council reconsider.

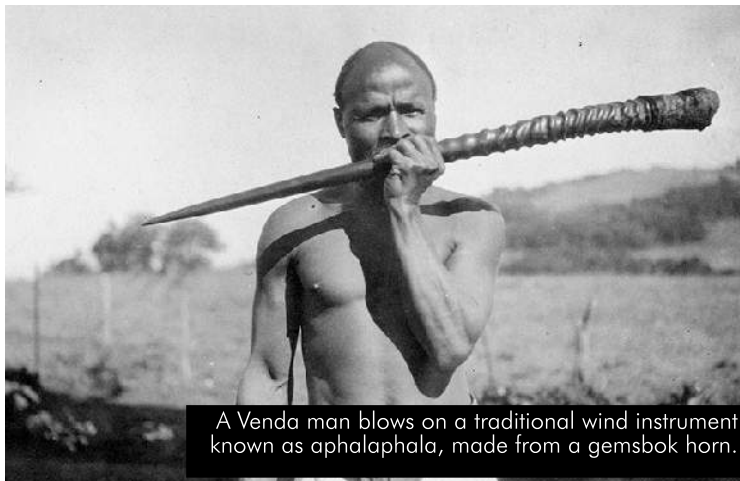
Instead, the UCT Council agreed to establish an Academic Freedom Research Award in honour of Mafeje and placed a plaque in the library recording that the government had taken away its right to appoint lecturers at its own discretion.

Sources:

- *Archie Mafeje: The Life and Work of an African Anthropologist* by Andrew Bank
- *Mafeje and Langa: The start of an intellectual journey* by John Sharp

Compiled by Abigail Calata: *Monday Monthly*, September 2015

Kirby Collection



A Venda man blows on a traditional wind instrument known as aphalaphala, made from a gemsbok horn.

Through the Humanitec project the Kirby Collection, a musical treasure, is now also available online. The Kirby Collection is made up of rare musical instruments that pre-date urbanisation. Most of these 600 instruments were used in southern Africa before 1934. The physical collection is housed on the ground floor of the South African College of Music, but through meticulous documenting of every instrument, people all over the world now have access to this unique collection.

Scotsman Percival Robson Kirby arrived at Wits (then

University College) in 1921 to found the Music Department. Shortly after his arrival he began travelling around southern Africa to research indigenous musical practices. Kirby almost achieved his goal of acquiring one of every indigenous instrument that was available in southern Africa, and took great care to preserve these instruments. When he retired from Wits in 1954, he loaned his collection to the Africana Museum (now Museum Africa), where it remained even after his death. UCT purchased the collection in the early 1980s.

Curator Michael Nixon, a senior lecturer in ethnomusicology at UCT, says, "This historic collection's potential for understanding the history and complexity of Southern Africa's music – and indeed, the world's music – is inestimable. Our work is to care for the instruments as best we can, and to make them accessible to all."

To see and learn more about this unique collection go to www.digitalcollections.lib.uct.ac.za/humanitec/kirby.



Source | <http://goo.gl/etYBLR>

Compiled by Abigail Calata: Monday Monthly, September 2015



My name is Aditi Hunma. People call me Aditi, which is a Sanskrit name that means 'Mother Earth, mother of the gods'. 'Aditi' also means 'free'. Being a Sanskrit name referring to a Hindu goddess, it reflects my Indian heritage. Names give us a sense of belonging to a particular family, clan and region. This said, today 'cultural' boundaries are much more fluid, and names are seen to transcend these boundaries. I like my name – it inspires me to emulate the virtues of this personality. It is also short, which makes it easy to use, especially when filling out forms!

Names are interesting as they not only define who we are, but also carry aspirational values. Individuals are named after prophets, apostles, saints, stars, in the hope that their existence will be as fulfilling as the exceptional figures after whom they're named.

My name is Salvatore Mancuso. Salvatore means 'The person who saves', which comes from Jesus Christ, the one who saves. My surname reflects my roots in that it's a Sicilian dialectal version of the Italian word 'mancino', meaning 'left-handed'. I wouldn't change my name – though it did cause some problems a few years ago, as I share a name with a Colombian paramilitary leader. Once I flew to Colombia via Bogotá airport for a friend's wedding. I expected problems, but the official who checked my passport smiled and waved me through. The other Salvatore Mancuso had just been jailed!



My full name is Jennifer Caroline van Wyk, but people call me Jenny. I love my name. It means 'The fair one'. My name doesn't reflect my heritage. When I was born, my parents hadn't yet chosen a name – and they named me after the name on my baby blanket: Jenny.



Monday Monthly, September 2015

My name is Asonzeh Ukah. I have never met or heard of anyone else bearing the name. I hope I meet someone in future. I don't have a nickname, but some of my siblings sometimes call me 'Aso' or 'Nzeh'. 'Nzeh', in Igbo (from eastern Nigeria), means a title-holder, such as a chief or king. 'Asonzeh' is the middle form of a longer, 15-letter name. 'Asonzeh' is Igbo; it means 'Do not fear a king'. (The fuller, longer name is still a mystery I would rather leave as such!) Most West Africans who have read Chinua Achebe's

Things Fall Apart could easily identify my names as Igbo-Nigerian. It's deeply a core aspect of my heritage and my identity. While many would not have met or seen anyone bearing the name

'Asonzeh', it is easy to understand that 'Nze(h)' relates to the titled nobility in Igboland. I'm proud of my name and wouldn't change it to any other name. It has become a strong part of my symbolic DNA, as anyone who Googles 'Asonzeh' will find that every hit is associated directly or indirectly with me!



My name is Steffne Elizabeth Hughes and my nickname is Steff. My name means 'Crowned in victory'. It doesn't really reflect my heritage, but came as the result of a book my mother loved as a child. The character was a princess with a golden voice. My mom loved the character and the name, but didn't like the way it was spelled; so she changed it from Stephanie to Steffne. I love my name, even though it means that I have to spell it out for

people. I am forever grateful too that my parents chose not to use family names for us. My maternal grandmother was Mona Wilhelmina! I've often wondered whether people 'live up to' their names, either consciously or subconsciously. If you're named after a family member or a famous person, do you take on aspects of their personality? Do you deliberately avoid any similarities?



My name is Anwarul Haq Suleman Mall. I prefer people to call me Anwar. Anwarul Haq means 'The Light of Truth' ('Haq' means 'truth'). 'Suleman' is the Arabic version of the Hebrew 'Solomon', 'The Wise'. Solomon was a king of Israel, the son of David, renowned for his wisdom. Its roots are from the Hebrew 'shalom', meaning 'peace' – from the Hebrew name שלמנה (Shelomoh) which was derived from Hebrew שלום (shalom), or 'peace'. 'Mall' in Urdu means 'goods' or 'possessions'. So the surname has Indian/Pakistani roots.

Monday Monthly, September 2015

My full name is Ntobeko Ayanda Bubele Ntusi. Strangely, I have managed to get to adulthood without ever having had a nickname! People always use my first name to address me. I always sign my emails with the letter 'N', the initial for my first name, and some of my friends have recently taken to referring to me as 'N'. 'Ntobeko' means 'humility'. Clearly my parents had high expectations of me from a tender age! It is a big ask to expect a child to always be humble. I am proudly Xhosa. Since antiquity, Xhosa names have always had a meaning. That is part of the beauty. The Xhosas have always believed that each one of us is brought into this world for a purpose. The name, in part, encapsulates part of what we are meant to aspire towards. So my name truly reflects my Xhosa heritage. I love my name; it's a central aspect of my identity. I often fear that I do not live up to it. Names and personal identity carry such significance, in every culture. Our names not only identify us as being separate from others; they often resonate with the different roles we play in life.



NOW & THEN



UCT Sports Field



Jan Smuts Courtyard



A 40 year architectural career has come and gone. It commenced in Toronto during the early 70's. When "high rise" and "developer" were dark words in the lexicon of young grads universally; when placement in architectural offices was fraught with obstacles; when the Gardiner Expressway was a parking lot most of the time.

Today, Toronto's downtown urban built form is stratospheric by any Canadian standards. The fate of the Gardiner Expressway enters its 3rd decade of debate.

37 years has lapsed since I moved to Vancouver, a most memorable event precipitated this. A telephone call from Vancouver interrupted gardening late one

afternoon. "Take the 6:00 pm flight to Vancouver," the caller said. "We will meet at your hotel in the morning." This was a response to many resumes sent out West. So with dirty finger nails and all, I picked up flight tickets and a hotel voucher at the airport and flew west.

Another unforgettable event while still in Toronto: I had walked the icy streets of the city in search of the holy grail of employment. An architect called late at night and directed me to an address at which I would be expected the following morning. I presented myself at the IMA office in a timely manner. Waiting in the reception area, and looking all around, I noticed not a solitary photograph nor illustration of a building: the usual hallmark of

architectural offices. Unknown to me in the moment, I was about to be ushered into the Sanctum Sanctorum of an employment agency's interviewing centre. It turned out to be quite small. No larger than 10 by 15 Feet. Behind the desk, a dark glass bespectacled man, his windowless room. Holes on the soles of his shoes glowering at me from the desk top. "We understand that people like you do not choose to be here" he began. He concluded with "remember, if after a few weeks you cannot stand the work, I personally will place you in an architectural office of your choice".

Thus began a daily 3 hour commute along a seemingly stationary highway. My first job!



"I had walked the icy streets of the city in search of the holy grail of employment."

While waiting action on the agent's promise, and seeing none, I started my own search for a more appropriate position. It was on the first of a ten-day canoe trip in Algonquin park that a letter was delivered to my mail box. "Should this opportunity still be of interest to you, kindly call the writer immediately on receipt, to arrange an interview." I called right away. "Oh hello. We had given up on hearing from you. But listen, it is 4:20. You live only 2 blocks from our office. Come over right away". I explained my ten day state. "Tell Helen at the front desk that you are...Joe the plumber and that I am expecting you. Be here in 10 minutes." At the end of the interview I was hired. I started what ought to have been a long term relationship



with WZMH. But ambition clouded my vision and I moved to Vancouver after a few years.

I am now retired. My 40 something year career ended on a high note. I was invited to join the Eng and Wright firm and became a partner soon thereafter. The firm was established at about the time of my entering UCT. In the mid 90's the founding partners retired. The practice underwent a few structural

changes and then merged with Jim Hancock's office. Subsequently, after several years of wonderful projects, another merger took place, this time with a Toronto giant, IBI.

The images are some of our work, first as HBEW and then as HB/IBI. I need to emphasize that I did not design any of the projects. My role in all of them was as partner in charge during construction document production and of construction itself.

ALAN WOOLFE

Much, even most of the work carried out myself was buoyed I believe, in part thanks to my Alma Mater, where among other, I learned the art of perseverance. (During my early Vancouver years, working nights and weekends, I teamed with a mechanical engineer, entering a nation-wide architectural design competition for a hypothetical low-energy building design. For me, this was perhaps THE thesis to compensate for the gargantuan struggle experienced on starting my finals at the School of Architecture. We won an award for our work).

How can I ever forget the long hours of studio work in the Centlivre Building, the Pig and Whistle, the Evergreen to supplement the College House flat meat diet, the infamous College house invention of streaking, Newlands? The Toubador in District Six, so callously raised to the ground, the Delmonico and its sister, pirate's-nest of vipers. Clifton beach, Llandudno and beyond, and Muizenberg?

I am now well positioned for

retirement. I commenced oil-painting fifteen years ago, and continue to take courses, some as far afield as in Santa Fe, New Mexico. My latest painting, inspired by a local news paper travel section photo, is an aerial view of Signal Hill and Lion's Head rising up to the Table Mountain.

How can I ever forget the sight of the mountain receding from view as the ship sailed

northward from the Cape? And my colleagues from the School- Don, Lester, Irwin, Johann, Warren, Collin, Chris, Mike, Trevor, Ed, Ken, John, Cyril, Isaac, Bruce, Leslie, Linda, Sue...I reel these names from memory and hope I am forgiven if memory has faded. And hope to have my Bannister Fletcher History of Architecture returned before the end of the century.

"How can I ever forget the sight of the mountain receding from view as the ship sailed northward from the Cape?"

I recall too, names of my professors and lecturers: Revel (Fox), Dennis, Roelof, Tony, Adelle, Dean, Udo, Hugh, Jack, Gawie, Senior, professor Pryce-Lewis, Roman, Pius. And Mr Parsons who lectured on the attributes of timely project delivery.

So what does it all mean: To migrate to a new country when I was neither a refugee nor an activist? Did the South African nation turn around at the brink because of, or in spite of, so much emigration?

I for one, will never know the answer. But what I do know is that Canada has proven to be a wonderful country in which to have resided, worked and yes, in which to have been engaged in so much outstanding wilderness canoeing, camping, hiking, skiing and road-tripping. In all four seasons of the years.



In January 1927 many young teenage men and women lined up in alphabetical order on the campus of UCT to register for the classes they would be taking in the first semester of their first year at the University. Amongst these were Sylvia Gavron with the G's and Jack Heselson with the H's. As they stood beside each other for some hours they began to chat and this led in time to a firm friendship. The two soon became study partners. This continued until their graduation from UCT medical

school in 1933. They both decided to go on to post-graduate work in London, England, where they again met. They resumed their friendship and in 1936 they married in London and may well have continued to live there for some time had the War not intervened. In 1940 Sylvia was evacuated on a ship filled with 2000 pregnant women. They sailed - via South America to avoid German U-boats and torpedoes - to South Africa where she went from Cape Town to Pretoria to live with her parents where I was born later in 1940.

Jack joined the SA medical corps in London and served for 6 years fighting and performing surgery in North Africa and the Middle East.

After the war, in 1945, he returned to SA and they moved to Durban and ultimately to Cape Town where Jack established himself as a surgeon in private practice and where he also worked at Groote Schuur and several surrounding local hospitals. Sylvia, after having two more children (my brother, Neil, and my sister, Joan) also worked at and was associated with UCT and Groote Schuur.

My mother worked as the Director of the Child Guidance

Clinic and taught several generations of medical students in small group sessions at the clinic. My father, too, was associated with teaching - surgery to 5th and final year students. Sylvia retired when she lost her sight in her early 60's and Jack continued to teach anatomy to 2nd year students after he retired from surgery, quite literally until the day he collapsed from a stroke. He died shortly thereafter at the age of 83 .

My brother, Neil Heselson, graduated from UCT medical school 3 years after I did (class of 1966) and married Betty Jewel, a nursing graduate from Groote Schuur's nursing school. He worked as a radiologist at Groote Schuur until his retirement in the 1980s.

My sister, Joan Bub, graduated in 1971 and also worked as a radiologist. She married Ben Bub, who became a neurosurgeon and an anaesthetist, from the medical class of 1959. The older two of their 3 children (Lawrence, Michelle (Cassera) and Steven) are

practicing physicians in the United States.

Immediately after my graduation in 1963, I married David Ginsburg of the medical class of 1960. His parents, too, had met as young medical students at UCT. They were Miriam Weinstein and Morris Ginsburg and they married in Queenstown SA in 1936. They had 3 children, all of whom graduated from UCT medical school: David, his sister, Margaret (Grunebaum), from the class of 1969, a practicing family physician in Toronto and his brother, Jonathan, from the class of 1972, who is an internist in Grimsby, Ontario.

David and I emigrated from South Africa in 1966 and lived briefly in Scotland and Boston, USA. We have lived in Kingston, Ontario since 1970. Here at Queens University, I studied and worked as a geriatric psychiatrist and David as an oncologist, ultimately becoming the Head of the Department of Oncology and Director of the Kingston Regional Cancer Center.

We have 3 children, a son, Neale, born in Cape Town in 1965 and delivered by Dr. Cecil Craig at Groote Schuur Hospital, and two daughters, Daryl and Alison, born in Boston, USA and Kingston, Canada, respectively.

When our son was a final year medical student at the University of Toronto, he came to Cape Town and in 1989, lived with my father for 6 weeks. He worked as a student clerk on the wards at Groote Schuur, so he too had a small connection with the University of Cape Town and the medical school. This year brings the association of our family with this school to 88 years!

I feel very honoured to have been invited to submit this piece for the legacy newsletter.

It was originally part of a speech delivered at a regraduation ceremony at the 50th reunion of my medical school class, in December 2013, conceived and arranged by Dr. Ashley Robins.



On a sunny Autumn morning in April 1987 I flew from Durban to Cape Town to interview in Pollsmoor Prison "that Commie terrorist" or "the world's most famous political prisoner" depending on your point of view. And it was all happening with the consent of the Ministers of Justice and Prisons and the Attorney-General of the Province of Natal.

Since November 1986, I had been

appearing with my learned friend and Junior, the late, very much lamented Pius Langa (later C.J.) for 13 young ANC/MK activists who had been charged with a number of serious political offences, of whom 10 had by now been convicted. They instructed us to call Nelson Mandela to explain, in mitigation, why the ANC had departed from its long-held policy of non-violence in order to support MK's conduct. As Mandela was in prison at the time, it was necessary to obtain the leave of the Court to issue a subpoena for his production at Court. It is, I suppose understandable that apart from any other consideration, the then Government could not tolerate the notion of producing our witness at the very old College Road Court in Pietermaritzburg at the time. Imagine the riot!

To cut a very long story short, our application (in which the Ministers and the A-G were Respondents) was settled on the basis that I (and not my Junior, or either of our instructing attorneys, who were an Indian and an African respectively) would interview

Mr. Mandela at Pollsmoor, that a prison official would be entitled to observe but not overhear our interview, that I was not to hand to or receive anything from Mr. Mandela, or take notes while the interview was taking place, but that, in fine disregard of the Hearsay Rule and the requirement that a witness be sworn, I would in the course of argument in mitigation of sentence, inform the Court what Mr. Mandela had told me and what I told the Court would be accepted by both the Prosecution and the Court as the evidence he would have given had he been called as a witness.

I mention in passing that Pius and I regarded the proposal that I alone should represent the defence as a racist condition which was unacceptable unless our clients gave us express instructions to accept it. They did.

When I arrived at Pollsmoor, I was shown into an office to be greeted by an affable-looking African man whose first words were to express thanks to

the members of the South African Bar who were defending MK cadres facing serious criminal charges in South African Courts. This was the acknowledged leader of millions of Black South Africans (and to most White South Africans at the time the embodiment of "Swart Gevaar") thanking mainly White advocates for assisting "his" people when in trouble.

Our interview lasted nearly three hours with, in accordance with the settlement, nobody else present. A prison warder, seated outside the office door on what looked like a bar stool, could see what occurred between us through a small window set in the door. The cynic in me suspected that the office was "bugged", notwithstanding the term of the settlement that the interview was to take place in the sight but not the hearing of a prisons official.

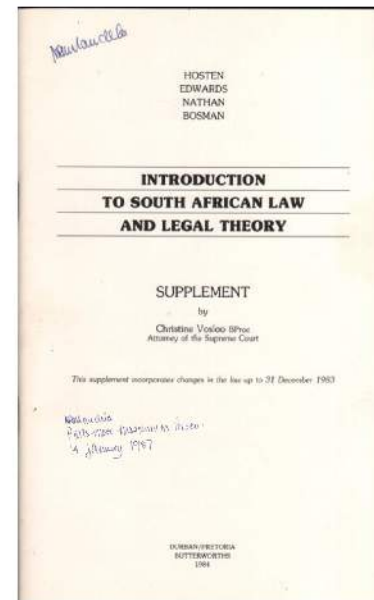
My visit to Mr Mandela attracted a huge amount of local and international media interest. While I was in Cape Town my wife, at home, had to handle telephone calls from a number of South African newspapers, not to mention a call from her uncle who had read about my visit in the "Sydney Morning Herald".

When I returned home I was inundated with questions asking me my views about Mr Mandela. I told friends and colleagues that I had found him very easy to talk to but that what I had found most impressive was that he displayed no feelings of bitterness to anyone. Bearing in

mind, firstly, that we had been discussing the history of the refusal by successive South African Governments to respond to approaches by the ANC to discuss the treatment of the country's Black population, and secondly, that he had by then been incarcerated for some 23 years for offences of which, as a lawyer, he must have known he was guilty, but as he must have believed everything he had done was in the interests of all South Africans, how could he not be bitter?

But he did not appear so to me.

If I had then known the word, I might have told those who asked "what Mandela was like", that I now knew what "Ubuntu" meant; certainly I mentioned that there was an aura of leadership about him. Not to put too fine a point on it, I simply liked the man I had met.



BRIAN B. GRIPPER

I was a very average student at school and had a very talented BSC Engineering father who agreed to my wish to follow him in Electrical Engineering. I arrived at Smuts Hall in 1947 and my father wished me well, but warned me that he would not accept any supps in 1948 so I had better work hard. He, I think, understood that I would be better with my hands rather than my brain!

I failed pure maths and left UCT to do an apprenticeship at Port Elizabeth Technical College while working for Aberdare Cables as their first 'pupil engineer'. I worked hard and the chairman of Aberdare, Sir George Usher, chose me as a suitable candidate for 3 years training in the UK with International Combustion, a subsidiary of Aberdare.

I will never forget my basic year at UCT and I eventually retired at 70 and left over 15 people employed.

HENRY ERROL ROSSOUW

My husband graduated from UCT with a BA Music degree (of which German was the other component) in 1962.

He was classified coloured in those days and lived in Claremont before the Group Areas Act removed coloured people from what is now Harfield Village.

He subsequently taught Music and German at Livingstone High School, his alma mater, where he developed a flourishing and famous orchestra and choir.

He was deprived of citizenship by the then National Party and I, who am English, met him at an Inner London High School where we were both teaching.

Because Henry was stateless we could only marry by special licence, which we did in 1979.

Once the ANC and other political parties were unbanned and then later, Mandela released, my husband got his

citizenship back and our family were able to come here to live in 1993, our son then being 10.

Our son, also called Henry, went on to academic success and achieved a B.Bus Science (Hons) in 2007 and Bachelor of Laws in 2009. He is now an Associate at ENS specializing in Labour Law.

My husband died on 4th April 2010 having suffered from Early Onset Alzheimer's for the previous nine years.

Submitted by Carole Rossouw



There were Chemistry Practicals, which were also more challenging than the previous year, and the subject really began to deserve the schoolboy sobriquet "stinks". We used hydrogen sulphide, the classic "bad-egg" gas, and synthesised carbon disulphide, which was rather worse, if anything, but neither was as asphyxiatingly choking as benzoyl chloride and thionyl chloride. All these compounds were supposed to be confined to fume cupboards, but in the case of thionyl and benzoyl chloride it didn't take a very large leak to render the lab pretty uninhabitable for a while. There was an inorganic synthesis we had to carry out, and though I doubt I shall ever forget it, the details have faded into obscurity, perhaps due to the same mechanism by which we forget traumatic events. This was the preparation of Potassium Iodide. I think it had been included in the syllabus out of sheer vindictiveness. It was a convoluted preparation



involving several stages, one of which had to be very carefully heated while reacting, or it would suddenly "go wildfire" and foam over onto the bench, which meant you had to start all over again. It really was temperamental, and unfortunately this stage was reached only toward the end of the experiment. Both Jake and I (who occupied adjacent workspaces in the Lab) had had three failures and were getting seriously behind in the programme, so to try to catch up I

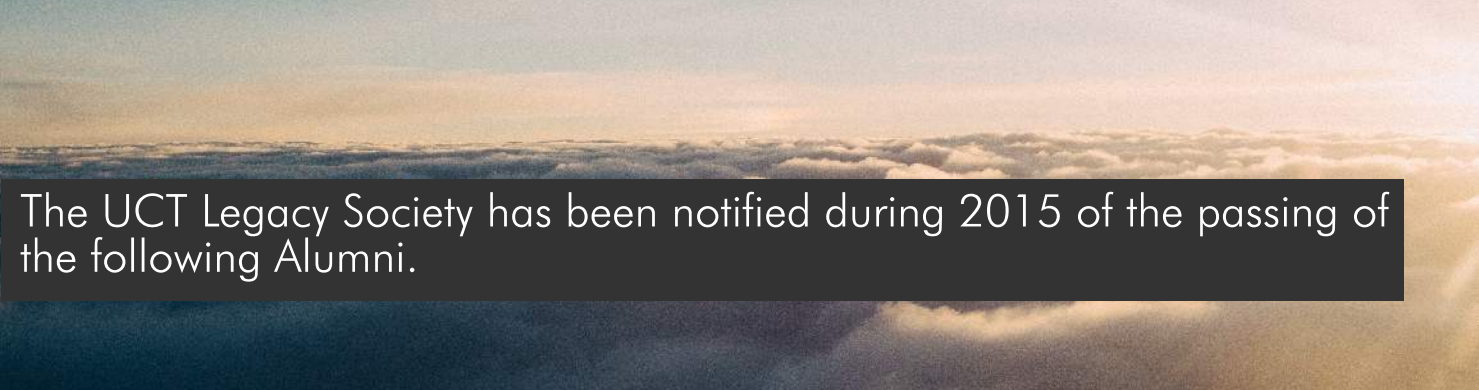
took a very short lunch-break and started for the fourth time. It went well, and I'd at last got past the dicey stage and was on the final lap which involved filtering the liquor from the muddy residue, after which the liquid had to be carefully evaporated to dryness to obtain the final product. I set up my filtration system, then left it collecting into a beaker and went into the balance room to weigh out the ingredients for the next synthesis. I was involved in this when Jake sauntered into the balance room. 'Hi', he said, 'your beaker was getting a bit full so I emptied it for you.' 'You ...what? Ha ha, you're kidding me, right?' 'No,' he said, quite seriously, 'it looked like it would have overflowed soon.' 'Where did you empty it?' I asked, and he said, 'Down the sink, of course, where else?' A surreal, numb sensation overtook me as I went back to my bench, and verified that indeed he'd done just as he said. 'You

stupid idiot', I almost sobbed, 'that was the bit we were supposed to keep!' Jake, who had not read the instructions beyond the stage at which he was working, saw a funny side to this and started chuckling. I didn't, but the more I railed at him the more he laughed, till he was fairly gasping for breath. The numbness persisted as I watched him start to set up for his fourth attempt. He took out a beaker from his locker and in his residual mirth slapped it down on the bench. It shattered. Serve you bloody well right, I thought. He cleared up the broken glass, then more carefully, took out a second beaker, still chuckling, and measured the reagents into it before setting it on a wire gauze over a Bunsen burner. The wire gauze, it turned out, had a hole in the middle, which allowed the naked Bunsen flame to impact directly onto the bottom of the beaker. There was a loud, dull crack, as the beaker disintegrated, depositing the contents not only all over the bench but down the nozzle of the Bunsen as well. That did it for Jake,

Jake said, "Look, we really ought to get smart..."

his legs wouldn't support him anymore, he just rolled around the floor gasping for breath. It was at about this point that I began to see the funny side of it all, and before long I too was rolling around on the floor. The other students in the lab must have thought we were about one nut short of a fruitcake, but we were beyond help or caring for about ten minutes. Once we'd returned to normal, Jake said, 'Look, we really ought to get smart. There's Potassium Iodide on the reagent shelves. Let's just fake it.' It sounded a good idea, so we checked the Potassium Iodide bottles. They were all empty. It seemed some other students had got smart rather earlier than we had, or more likely the demonstrators, having no doubt passed this way before. Then we thought Potassium Bromide might do the trick, as long as the demonstrators didn't check too carefully. But then it seemed rather more students than we'd initially assumed had beaten us to the smarts, because the Potassium Bromide bottles were also empty. I don't know what we eventually settled on, but fortunately the demonstrators didn't check, so we got the marks. My god, we'd earned them.

"There was an Inorganic synthesis we had to carry out... I think it had been included in the syllabus out of sheer vindictiveness."



The UCT Legacy Society has been notified during 2015 of the passing of the following Alumni.

Adam, Zaida (Ms)	Blacking, Paula (Mrs)	Conway-Cragg, John (Mr)
Alexander, Agnes (Mrs)	Bottger, Walter Alfred (Mr)	Crompton, Allan (Jake) John (Mr)
Allchin, Bridget (Dr)	Bowker, Ronald John (Mr)	De Villiers, Abraham Benjamin (Dr)
Arbuckle, Derek Dennis (Prof)	Bramwell, Stewart (Mr)	Dell, Murray John (The Rev Dr)
Armist, Ronald (Mr)	Brice, Trevor Edmund (Mr)	Fitzgerald, Lynette Ann (Ms)
Bailie, John Bruce (Dr)	Briscoe, John (Prof)	Fourie, Melvin Johnith (Mr)
Bain, Shelah May Sinclair (Mrs)	Brown, Denis Robert Christopher (Dr)	Furman, Geoffrey (Mr)
Balchin, Keith John (Mr)	Burger, Bernardus Antonius (Mr)	Geldenhuys, Dirk Willem Hendrik (Mr)
Baron, Geoffrey Stephen (Dr)	Burman, Sandra Beatrice (Em Prof)	Gilinsky, Isaac (Mr)
Behardien, Yasmin (Ms)	Chute, Robert Bryan (Dr)	Godlonton, John D'Urban (Dr)
Benjamin, Arthur David (Mr)	Cole, Jonathan Hugh (Mr)	Graham, Kenneth William Turner (Dr)

Grant, Neil Hartington (Mr)
 Gunter, Petrus Albertus (Dr)
 Hansen, Denys Arthur (Dr)
 Hoffman, Kate Eugenie (Ms)
 Hopkins, Ernest Beven (Mr)
 Hunt, Matthew Thomas Wiltshire (Mr)
 Israel, Hasday (Mr)
 Jeffery, Peter Colin (Dr)
 Kahn, Stanley Bernard (Mr)
 King, Edwin Leslie (The Hon Mr Justice)
 Kirby, Richard Conyers (Mr)
 Korck, Ivor Melvin (Mr)
 Lambrechts, Mathiam Stefanus Johannes (Mr)
 Latimer, Valerie Ellen (Mrs)
 Le Roux, Desmond Raubenheimer (Dr)
 Leask, Bruce Colmer (Mr)
 Li Green, Jeffery (Dr)
 Lidovho, Mardocai Nange (Dr)

Lindhorst, Mark William (Mr)
 Macata, Abednego (Mr)
 Mandelbrote, Bertram Maurice (Dr)
 Marais, Gerrit Van Rooyen (Em Prof)
 Marks, Charles (Dr)
 Maxwell, Juliet Lesley (Mrs)
 Mazwai, Konke (Mr)
 Mc Cumisky, Lorna Ann (Ms)
 McKenzie, Herbert Simon (Mr)
 Meltzer, Bertha (Mrs)
 Meyer, Genevieve Jocelyne (Ms)
 Meyer, Hedwig Alwine Henriette (Dr)
 Meyer, Raymond Henri (Mr)
 Minter, Pamela Enid (Mrs)
 Molloy, Robert (Mr)
 Mossop, Raymond Thomas (Dr)
 Mpambukeli, Manelisi Jonson (Mr)
 Newman, Raymond Carl (Dr)
 Nichol, John Robert (Mr)
 Norton, David Alan (Mr)

Paulse, Lucille Denise (Ms)
 Poole, Conrad Henry (Mr)
 Prisman, Cyril Bernard (Mr)
 Rabie, Monty (Mr)
 Reid, Darryl Adrian (Mr)
 Rennie, Stuart Howard (Mr)
 Rosenberg, Raymond Henry (Dr)
 Russell, David Patrick Hamilton (Bishop)
 Schmitt, Paul Waldemar (Mr)
 Shell, Robert Carl Heinz (Prof)
 Silberstein, Leonard Milton (Dr)
 Sinclair, David Stuart (Mr)
 Sleggs, Timothy Arthur (Mr)
 Smith, Mervyn Meyer (Mr)
 Smith, Philip Christopher (Mr)
 Spreckley, Christopher Stanley (Mr)
 Stephen, Alistair Matthew (Em Prof)
 Sussman, Harold Leonard (Dr)
 Tasker, Timothy Patrick Beaumont (Dr)
 Taylor, Jeremy Guy (Mr)

Thomas, Edmund James Mclachlan (Mr)
Thukwana, Agnes Jabulile (Mrs)
Toogood, Tony Humphrey (Mr)
Tyers, Trevor John (Rev)
Tyfield, Michael Jeremy Lewis (Mr)
van den Ende, Joan Herold (Mrs)
van Lennep, Bryony Hilda (Mrs)
van Ryneveld, Elizabeth Ann (Mrs)
van Wageningen, Gerhard (Dr)
Volkwyn, Michael Theodore (Mr)
Wadsworth, Wendy Alison (Mrs)
Wenzelburger, Reinhard Klaus (Mr)
West, Martin Elgar (Em Prof)
Wilkinson, David Robert McIntyre (Prof)
Willis, Ireton Zeeman (Mr)
Withers, Michael John (Mr)
Wolman, Ellie Meyer (Dr)
Wyner, Lesley Ann (Ms)



Our most sincere condolences to all family and friends.

2015 & UCT Legacy Events

Despite all the commotion at UCT we still had an incredibly productive year. At the end of 2015 we have set ourselves a target to increase our UCT Legacy Membership from 218 to 250 and have actually surpassed that mark by 4 members.

The Legacy office was joined by Lwando (Lu) Nteya as Assistant Legacy Officer and so far he has already shown his worth by suggesting a variety of “younger” ideas to keep us in line with the fast development of communication around us.

The Society was quite active during 2015 and we did a variety of events around the country which included amongst others the following:

I Live to Sing (Ndiphilela Ukucula) – A documentary made following the daily routines of three of our UCT Opera students as they prepare for a full scale productions of Offenbach’s *Tales of Hoffmann*. The production received a Grammy for best foreign documentary in 2014 and is a massive feather in the cap of our UCT Opera School that keep on producing extraordinary young vocal talent. This past year alone UCT Opera Students have won critical acclaim at several international singing competitions globally. There were two fully booked screenings of the documentary in Cape Town attended by some members of the UCT legacy Society.



GSB Launch JBN & CTN

Since 2011 until 2015 the number members of the UCT LS has grown from 22 to 252. Even though we are extremely excited about this, we feel there is a lot more potential for growth should we take a more targeted approach in recruiting members.

During 2015 we therefore decided to try a new approach by launching Legacy Societies for the different faculties. UCT GSB was first on the list with very successful launch events in Johannesburg and Cape Town. We hope to continue the trend in 2016 with new societies for Faculties of Law and Health Sciences

Donizetti's Maria Stuarda was definitely the opera highlight of this past year with a partially staged production at the ArtsCape Opera during October. Our



Legacy members flocked to the opening night where we were all treated with a quality of singing good enough for any opera house in the world. The Cape Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Kamal Khan lead a bevy of UCT Opera Graduates that had the audience on their feet at the end of the performance. Quoting Christine Crouse of Cape Town Opera: "the UCT Opera School is indeed capable to hold it's own against any other opera school in the world".

Law ALF: PJ Schwikard Farewell Lunch

Over lunch at the Balalaika Hotel in Sandton PJ Schwikard addressed some Law Alumni about her tenure as dean of law that comes to an end in December 2015. It was inspiring to see so many of the "older" alum there. The atmosphere was rather animated with quite a lot of the discussion going on around the past year at UCT and other South African universities.

The University of Cape Town has appointed Professor Penelope (Penny) Andrews as the new Dean of the Faculty of Law. She will take up her post in January 2016.

FOUR:30 (Made in South Africa)

UCT Opera School, in collaboration with CTO and funded by the National Lottery Distribution Trust Fund, presented an evening composed of four new home-grown operas. Four notable South African composers

teamed up with four acclaimed writers to create powerful and innovative, half hour works that telling contemporary African stories in imaginative new ways.

The orchestra was conducted by Kamal Khan with directors Geoffrey Hyland and Marcus Tebogo Desando looking after the staging and the award winning team of set designer Michael Mitchell and costume designer Leigh Bishop completing the artistic team.

Prior to the event UCT Legacy Members and friends attended a cocktail event where UCT Legacy Society President Francis Wilson gave a very enlightening talk about the Society and its future as well as an overview of 2015 on UCT Campus.



IN CONCLUSION

We had great fun in compiling this final edition for 2015 and trust that you enjoyed reading it. Special thanks to Ruth Pietersen who helped with the overall look and lay-out.

2016 is around the corner and we are looking forward to an extremely productive year. Francis and René will visit the UK during April to attend a variety of UCT Legacy Society and Alumni events in London, Oxford and Edinburgh. On the local scene we have planned a year full of events and developments and we are excited about the prospect of acceleration the growth in UCT Legacy Society Membership. Should you already have included the University of Cape Town in you Will, please let us know in order for us to register you as a UCT Legacy Society member.



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