

The Theatre and Performance degree is offered by the department of Theatre and Performance.

Unlike secondary school, the University academic year is divided in half and each course lasts for a **SEMESTER** (which is the name given to a half year period). Please note some courses are **compulsory** [indicated below in red] while you have some choice in the professional courses. The four years of study commits you enrol for: please pay close attention to all courses you need to enrol for each year.

1st YEAR:

- Film Visual and Performing Arts [FVPA] – about interpreting the work made by others – across all fields first and second semester [academic course] **compulsory**
- Performance Practice first and second semester [professional course] **compulsory**
- Theatre and Production first and second semester [professional course] **compulsory**
- African Language – first and second semester academic course [you choose from several language options] **compulsory**

2nd YEAR:

- FVPA [first semester] Theatre and Performance [second semester] **compulsory**
- Performance Practice [both semesters] **compulsory**
- Theatre and Production [both semesters] **compulsory**
- Theatre Arts [second semester] **compulsory**

3rd YEAR:

- Theatre Art [first semester]; FVPA [second semester] **compulsory**
- You select **TWO** professional courses from the following options: Directing, Design, Performance Studies, Physical Theatre, Writing, Musical Theatre or Cultural Policy and Management

4th YEAR:

- Research Project OR Long essay by Independent Study – across the whole year **compulsory**
- You select **TWO** professional courses from the following options: Directing, Design, Performance Studies, Physical Theatre, Writing, Musical Theatre or Cultural Policy and Management

Audition Preparation and Requirements

The audition process is aimed at identifying your suitability for the programme. A panel of academic staff from the Theatre and Performance department will assess you.

Applicants are required to **prepare a monologue**, which must be performed in front of the selection panel. This should not be longer than 1 - 1.5 minutes. *[This time limit should be strictly adhered to and if you exceed the time limit, you may be stopped by the selection panel]*

You may select a monologue from one of the options provided [see pages 5 - 11]. Alternatively, **you can choose to perform a monologue of your own choice, as long as it is from a published play.**

PLEASE NOTE: *No self-written monologues or monologues from the internet will be accepted.*

For applicants who hope to study **design, directing, physical theatre, musical theatre or writing** please provide motivation for these interests and any images of their work if they have been involved in these disciplines at school or extramurally.

AUDITION CHECKLIST

Please ensure that you bring **all** required documentation to the audition.

Applicants who fail to bring the documentation requested to the audition will not be permitted to participate in the audition.

Below is a handy checklist to assist you:

	1. A 1- page CV detailing your personal information - include your full name, address, telephone and email contact information, the name of the last school you attended, and year of matriculation [or planned year of matriculation].
	2. A copy of your ID document
	3. A transcript of your most recent marks.
	4. A 1-page document that includes <u>one paragraph</u> on each of the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none">○ The areas of theatre and performance in which you are interested, with a clear statement of why you want to study these.○ A list of all extramural activities you are involved in, cultural/artistic and other.○ A brief mention of your career aspirations and why you have chosen to study at the Wits Theatre and Performance department.
	5. A critical essay [1-2 pages]: Choose a play, film or television programme you have recently seen. <ul style="list-style-type: none">○ Briefly describe it: give the title, when it was performed or released, the creative team involved (director, writer, and lead actors), where it was performed or released, and what it is about (about 2-3 paragraphs)○ Choose <u>ONE</u> aspect of the piece that you found most effective. For example, you could choose <u>ONE</u> of the following: the performances, the direction, the script, the lighting, music, set design, sound, costumes etc. Explain why you found this aspect of the piece most effective, and why you think it is relevant for people in the field of Theatre and Performance to take note of. (about 3 – 5 paragraphs)
	6. Your prepared monologue
	7. Page 1 of your Wits BATAP Audition Sheet (page 1 of this document fully completed).
	8. Once the department has made their recommendations, you will hear back from the Student Enrolment Centre. The Enrolment Centre will notify you of the outcome of your audition i.e. whether you were not recommended or recommended provisionally pending your final matric results. NOTE: <i>it is not incumbent on the university to submit feedback in the event that you are not accepted into the degree</i>

Audition Format and Conduct

The audition will involve workshops and activities in which you will be required to participate. Please make sure you arrive for the audition with comfortable working clothing (tracksuit pants, T-shirt, takkies). Please bring water and a snack if you require.

The audition will begin with your monologue, followed by a group warm-up including improvisation and a short workshop on devising theatre.

The academic staff may take a moment during the audition to engage with you and your views on events and matters in South Africa and the world.

Your will be assessed based on your ability to:

- Make creative work
- Perform
- Discuss it insightfully, both orally and in writing

PLEASE TAKE NOTE OF THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT INFORMATION:

Whilst the department offers professional courses as part of the BATAP degree, the University is primarily an academic institution. Applicants will be thoroughly assessed on their discursive and academic abilities.

Minimum Admission Requirements (*Meeting the minimum admission requirements does not guarantee admission for any applicant*).

National Senior Certificate (NSC):

Each candidate requires an APS of at least **34 points** and a minimum of **60% for English Home Language OR English First Additional Language**, as well as a successful audition in order to be *considered* for acceptance into the BATAP degree. The Student Enrolment Centre communicates a FIRM offer only, and not the Wits School of Arts (WSoA).

Applicants with 30-33 APS points and at least **60% for English Home Language OR English First Additional Language**, as well as a successful audition will be wait-listed, subject to place availability in January.

International Qualifications:

Relevant exemption from the SA Matriculation Board

English Language O/IGCSE Level A-C | AS Level A-C | A Level A-C

For 2023 Application queries

Contact the Student Call Centre at 011 717-1030 or 011 717 1888 regarding the outcome/status of your application(s) or log onto the Self-service site: <https://self-service.wits.ac.za/>

Alternatively, you may contact your assigned Admissions Consultant.

Your Admissions Consultant's name and email address appear on your correspondence from Wits University.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUDITION MONOLOGUES; THESE ARE ONLY RECOMMENDATIONS AND APPLICANTS MAY USE A MONOLOGUE OF THEIR CHOICE.

1. THENJIWE from BORN IN THE RSA by Barney Simon & Cast

Thenjiwe: One minute I was dreaming of a nice Kentucky chicken and chips, the next, I was on my way to Police Headquarters, with a cop on either side. Well, that's life in the RSA. They led me through a lot of clanging gates to my cell. There were two young girls, spreading mats there. Hey, for a moment I was pleased, perhaps there was going to be company, but the girls moved out as I moved in, and the door was locked.

Early one morning there was a loud bang. It was a very young white cop. He was kicking the wall. His was a face I had seen before. I had dreamt about it. Ag shame, for a moment I pitied him. At least I was doing something I believed in, but what was his life? Locked up in a cell with a swaying, swelling kaffir-girl with rolling eyes. He took some money out of his pocket and sent the black cop out to buy him a Coke. He watched me. He said 'Hey – how many boyfriends have you got, hey?' I didn't answer. Don't you miss them? He moved towards me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, I don't know how much later, he was still there, watching. I thought 'No, I can't believe it - he wants to grab me, to take me.' I wanted to tell him 'Listen man, it's no use, it'll take you an hour to get me to lie down, and I'm no good at doing it standing'. He just watched me. His gun was on the table. If I could just fall that way, I would land on it. The thought of using a gun for the first time got me very excited. I saw it happen - kazoom! Kazoom!

2. MBONGENI from WOZA ALBERT by Mbongeni Ngema, Percy Mtwa & Barney Simon

Mbongeni: Somlandela – Somlandela u Morena

Somlandela yonke indawo

Somlandela – Somlandela u Morena

Lapho eyakhona somlandela

[We shall follow – we shall follow Morena

We shall follow him everywhere

We shall follow – we shall follow Morena

Wherever he leads – we shall follow]

Ja Madoda, hundreds of thousands will gather at the Regina Mundi Church in the heart of Soweto. And people will sing and dance. There will be bread for all. And wine for all. Our people will be left in peace, because there will be too many of us and the whole world will be watching. And people will go home to their beds. These will be days of joy. Auntie Dudu will find chicken legs in her rubbish bin, and whole cabbages. And amadoda – our men – will be offered work at the Pass Office. The barber will be surrounded by white tiles. The young meat -seller will wear a nice new uniform and go to school, and we will all go to Morena for our blessings. And then ... the government will begin to take courage again ... the police and the army will assemble from all parts of the country ... and one night, police dogs will move in as they have done before . There will be shouts at night and bangings on the door – *Maak die deur oop! Polisie!* There will be sounds of police vans and the crying of women and their babies.

Shshsh Mama! Tula Mama! Mama! Mama! Leave the door. They'll start surrounding our homes at night. And some of our friends will be caught by stray bullets. There will be roadblocks at every entrance to Soweto, and Regina Mundi Church will be full of tear-gas smoke! Then life will go on as before.

3. ITSOSENG by Omphile Molusi

Mawilla: *[Puts Dolly's body downstage centre next to the small wooden box]* I hate what this place has become. Nobody listens, nobody hears us. Irrespective of how big we try to shout to them up there, our voices just bang on their walls, they fall and they bury them. 'Nothing happened, everybody is happy; the whole country is smiling, alive with possibilities.' Sometimes I wish all the townships would be burned to the ground like this shopping complex, so we could all start afresh ... to live. We are still living in a curse. *[He opens the small wooden box, takes out a small piece of pink cloth, three small transparent bottles of empty perfume, a red beaded bracelet, and a small white cross made of a straw. He puts the pink cloth on the box nicely as he speaks].* A curse on Majita, on girls, on our whole small Itsoseng, to lose hope. *[]* On Dolly, to have two babies and three illegal abortions. *[He sighs and sticks the white cross on top of the box]* Her womb couldn't take

it, so she died. [*Looks out into the distance stage right*] People are at the graveyard right now burying her body, and I am here burying her soul. [*He picks up a wrapped-up newspaper next to him and opens it: it is plastic flowers. He scatters them on the small box and around the blanket as he speaks*] Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. May your soul live in peace. [*He walks to the trunk and opens it, takes out black shoes and holds them as he looks out into space*] Sometimes I wish me and Dolly were born a hundred years from now. Maybe things would be different. [*He sits on the trunk and wears the shoes*] And I would be putting on my blue suit and black shoes for our wedding, not the funeral. I would ask her to dance with me, and we would dance the whole day. Yah! Dreams ... that's all I have left ... Dreams. [*Lights fade out.*]

4. PORTRAIT from PILLAR TO POST by Lindiwe Matshikiza© *

Woman: I get so tired of saying my own name sometimes. That long moment where the person I'm speaking with mentally repeats it in their head: the lips move slightly, a frown, a half-smile, maybe a slight snort in disbelief. A glance towards my hairline, following it to a conclusion.

It helps that now there are more Ethiopians and Somalis, more *other* Africans around; sometimes I just say, 'Ah, I'm not from here'. I remember being eleven at the ice rink. I'm resting at the side when I feel some arms slide around my waist. An older boy in a Kappa vest, his friends just behind him grinning, waiting to see what will happen. 'What you gonna do now, Ma?' he breathes into my face. 'I not speak, no, no, no Engleesh,' I blurted out and skated away. Better to be more strange than strange.

I still do that sometimes: Lie for no reason.

I made one friend when we got back: Wendy. Her hair was relaxed. She didn't seem to find me odd, though my accent must have seemed outrageous at the time. She was the first person I invited to my house. My mother made a huge thing out of it: laying out snacks and cool drink, asking her what her favourite subjects were. Wendy accepted the attention gracefully. She was protective over me after that, as if she read in my mother, how vulnerable I was with no language, no understanding of how the city worked.

On a class trip to the zoo, all the kids were mocking the gorilla alone on his grassy mound, separated from us by a deep and narrow trench and a high stone wall. From our height and distance, the gorilla was so small looking, sad and alone. 'Don't be mean to him!' I suddenly screamed, 'He's like our uncle!' Silence.

5. YOU SUCK AND OTHER INESCAPABLE TRUTHS from PILLAR TO POST by Klara Van Wyk© *

Pretina: Hip Hop is really technical. Any would-be celebrity climbing da ladder of success would be able to tell you need to have a good repertoire of contemporary hot-right-now dance moves, preferably in da genre of hip hop. Of course, dis genre is very wide ranging so I've chosen to focus my study on Miley Cyrus, Missy Elliot and Iggy Azalea. But actually, I owe my hip-hop success to my best friend Noemsie who taught me everyting I know. Noemsie won at the Nationals for most promising Hip Hop dancer in the world. Every week she gives me very strict homework and this week I had to master da following:

Firstly there is 'Pop lock and drop' which goes something like dis [*demonstrates*].

Secondly we have Noemsies favourite 'Sigalikeke'. [*demonstrates*].

And den ders a very difficult one – bum dusting – you need to make sure you go forward wiff dis one, if you go backwards it's called 'twerking', what is old news. [*demonstrates*].

Den lastly and most importantly we have your expression Imagine I had to do Hip Hop wiff dis face [*smiles while doing bum dusting*]. Is dat effective? Didn't think so, rather your face need to say 'bitch face resting' with aggression. Like come at me – but don't come at my dancing. [*demonstrate aggressive hip-hip face*].

[*pause*] Now you want to ask me: "Pretina when is da best time for me to do Hip Hop?"

Good question. It's when you're angry. It's when you've built up a lot of aggression inside of you!

6. BEKEZELA MBEKEZELI from PILLAR TO POST by Kgomotso Precious Monyai© *

Fazakile: Divorce? Divorce, Thandi. Where did you learn that mntanam? Textbook? Mhlawunbe lapha kuma boardroom meetings? Hmm, what does that even mean? Uyazi? Oh, you've got so much learning to do mntanam, so much!

Amadoda agcwele izimanga mntanam. One day they are your allies, marching faithfully alongside you, helping you build that dream house with aluminium windows and remote gate. Then as you get comfortable, they suddenly get uncomfortable. Angzaz, kodwa ikhona lento ebalumayo. Angaz noma ama demoni noma yi mid-life crisis but there's this destructive call they always answer to. Then they become your enemy. And that dream house enayakha, he starts hammering it down bit by bit. And what I don't understand, probably never will is why hammer down the house with you in it? Hehe, amadoda agcwele izimanga mntanam, ezisabekayo!

[she closes her eyes and slowly starts crumpling the papers in her hands as she speaks]

Umuntu umthande, umthandise. Umnakekele, umthengele ingubo zoklala, ngisho ne underpende. Umphekele umphakhele, uphinde umdlise. Bese yena adakwe nje, kubemnandi. Abuye ngeshath'sakhe, angabuzwa wumuntu. Umndlalele ingubo zakhe, bese ekseni uphind' umdlulele. Bese uyamdeka nge breakfast emnandi, e nconsisa amathe. Uma eqeda, Umcobe umzimba, umsule ikhanda,, umfake ngisho ne cologne ezokwaz ukunuka kamnandi.

[she crumples the paper even more. Her upper body leaning forward as she crumples these papers harder. She opens her eyes]

Then watch him leave and return the next day rolling-drunk, with a stench strong enough to choke you to death. The scariest part though is having him tilt back and forth towards you like a double-decker bus trying to overtake a bicycle. Bloody scary.

7. RUNNING from PILLAR TO POST by Lilian Tshabalala© *

[She walks into the ward and finds Bonny lying on her bed, she sits on the chair right next to her].

PORTIA: Now Bonny, I was sent by the doctor to come and have a little chat with you okay? Now I know you have seen me doing a few rounds around the hospital taking care of everyone but every now and then I take on a different role in this hospital... now I am not a qualified therapist or a psychologist but I'm a nice lady who wears glasses and speaks in a soft voice! And that's the closest thing you'll find to a therapist in a government hospital okay! So, I guess my first question to you would be, do you want to die? No? Ok! So... I guess my second question to you would be (*ponders for a moment*) then why are you here? Aha! And why is that? Aha! And why is that? Aha! I see... and how does that make you feel? (*Looks at her watch*) Aha look at that! Times up unfortunately, but it was nice chatting to you and I hope this session can make you graciously move on with your life. Lunch break time. I will have to talk to your mother about taking you to another school because those white people are clearly driving you crazy!

[She leaves to go have her lunch]

8. YOU SUCK AND OTHER INESCAPABLE TRUTHS – Afrikaans translation by Klara van Wyk and Marné Pienaar© *

PRETINA: Hip-Hop is regtig tegnies. Enige aspirant-celeb wat die suksesleer klim, sal vir jou sê jy moet 'n behoorlike repertoire van hedendaagse reg-nou, witwarm dansmoves hê, verkieslik in die Hip-Hop genre. Obviously is dit 'n baie breë genre, so ek het besluit om my navorsing te fokus op Miley Cyrus, missy Elliot en Iggy Azalea. Basies, het ek my Hip-Hop-talente te danke aan my vriendin Noemsie, sy het my alles geleer wat ek weet. Toe sy nou die dag hier was vir n biologie projek, het ons die top 4 belangrikste Hip Hop moves geïdentifiseer:

Eerstens, Pôp and lôk and drop, dit lyk so, kyk mooi. (*demonstreer*)

En dan Noemsie se gunsteling, dit is – *Sigalikeke* – dit beteken sny die koek in haar taal (*demonstreer*)

Dan is daar Bumb dusting, nou die een is baie moeilik. Jy kan dit stadig voorentoe doen en dan het dit hierdie effek (*demonstreer*) jy kan dit baie vining doen en dan grens dit aan Twerking – Miley Cyrus se move.

Laastens is daar jou Uitdrukking op jou gesig en it is die heel belangrikste. Verbeel julle ek dans met hierdie uitdrukking, (*Pretina glimlag en doen Sikalikeke halfhartig*) is dit effektief? Ek dink nie so nie, jou gesig moet eerder aggressief wees met oë wat sê “kom hier, maar moet liever nie want ek dans” soos in “Bitch face resting”.

Ek Hip-Hop op die oomblik gereeld want die laaste paar weke was maar baie rof. Sarah Walker het nie belly-ring ding glad nie goed hanteer nie en besluit sy wil wraak neem. Sy het dit geteken.

9. KATRINA from PILLAR TO POST by Joel Leonard © *

DON: [*Sitting in his boat.*] I first met the girl while I was fishing, just off the Muizenberg coast. It was a good day for fishing too, as the skies were empty, the sun was mild and the waves were beckoning to my boat. I was out at sea just shy of five hours, a very short time on the waters for us fishermen and had just tossed my net out, so there was nothing left for me to do at that point. I grabbed a fold-out chair and a book, and read. Reading is a big part of my fishing ritual. I read as much as I can from the book, then I use the book to cover my face while I sleep, so I don't get burnt. I only know if I've caught some fish once the net tugs the boat, and the book falls off my face. This usually means I've caught a lot of fish. Of course, this also means that on many failed fishing trips, I've spent the night out at sea, sleeping with a book on my face.

I've began to place the book on my face when I felt a light tug on the side of my boat. [*He rises, slightly.*] I thought it was very strange, so I decided to ignore it. Fish aren't easily caught at nine o'clock you see, so I sat down and rested the book ever-so-comfortably on my face. [*Resumes resting with his book.*] My eyes slowly began to close, but then the boat was tugged so roughly that my book flew into the water! I crashed into the side, stopping myself from sharing a similar fate with my dearly departed book. I grabbed the net and began hauling it onto deck. It was heavy! Perhaps I caught something rare, a Yellowtail, Tuna or two, or even a big Red Steenbras! I untangled the net, only to find two small Kabeljous, and a girl. A girl?! Wat was she doing in my net?! Her eyes were closed and she did not move.

10. BLAME from PILLAR TO POST by Palesa Buyeye © *

YOLANDA: I don't remember all their faces but I remember the way they felt.
I remember 'bhuti Mzwakhe's face, the one that always protected me.
He was drunk that night.
All of them were.
The hot breath against my back and the way they pulled my hair.
I remember screaming and praying that god takes me before it's the next one's turn.
I remember promising him, god that I would never look at another woman every again, that I would devote my life to loving a man as I should, as he intended for me.
“Uyayiva into! This is what it feels like to be with a real man!”
I remember screaming until I realized he couldn't hear me, none of them could. Not even god.
I lay helplessly on the floor.
I died.
I died before I even got the chance to live.
Before we even got the change to live.
“Difebe tsele!”
“Bo heteni fela! Ba layayegile!” Ausi Esther's voice ran through my mind.
I was taught a lesson.
I was taught a lesson by my community for bringing shame to them. For bringing attention to myself, even officer Siya and my mother agreed.
I'm sure you do too.
But how could I be expected not to love black women when we were hated by everyone? When we still are?
Like a compass needle that always points north, a man's accusing finger always finds a woman, always.
I remember reading these works from A Thousand Splendid Suns but being too young to fully understand the magnitude of what Nana was telling Maria.
I remember always being blamed for my little brother's behaviour or for the dishes not being done.
I remember always being blamed for the laundry not being hung or the house not cleaned.

I even remember being blamed for my father's alcoholism, the cliché of him walking out on us or how malume Booitjie looked at me.
I remember being blamed for my dark skin, the breast and bum I had suddenly grown at such a young age. My height, my thick thighs and my sexuality.
But never thought I would be blamed for my rape. For being raped.
Raped for loving another woman.

©* All these monologues are from **Pillar to Post** published by **Monageng Motshabi** [diartskonageng]

11. THOMAS from SKIERLIK by Phillip M Dikotla

When we started to stay here in this place, no one cared about us. No one wanted to know about us. No community wanted to accept us. We just had to get on and carry on with our lives, and we did. I'm still looking at the shacks over there, in between the closely crammed shacks. I can see a long, dark, narrow passage, created by the shacks. I go through the passage. It is dark here; I can hardly see what I am stepping on and I know that there are rats here! Many rats of Skierlik, going up and down. If you see one, kill it! And ah! It's the end of the passage. Welcome to Skierlik. Welcome! A little bit of space. It's hot! A little bit open. Hot! Dry! Rats will be going; up and down. And the dirty little kids of Skierlik are playing all over there with a piece of corrugated-iron shit. Strange toy, neh? And that one! Tikiline. Sitting over there, he never miles There is noise coming from that side? That's at Mmanthiba's place, it's where everyone else here goes to drink beer, and the young women of Skierlik play cards and gamble with their Child Grant money.

There is a toilet there. Now, there is a story about that toilet. You see, that toilet has been here since the people of Skierlik started to stay here in this place and it is the only toilet here in Skierlik. And it's a pit toilet. And the thing is that, since it's the only toilet here, and it has been here for all these years, now it's kind of, like, full of the So kids here are not allowed to use that toilet, because the parents are scared that they might fall into the So kids help themselves behind the shacks, past the railway line, behind the bushes and trees. But there is another problem with that. It's that, people here have chickens, and the chickens will go anywhere, behind the shacks, past the railway line, behind the bushes and trees, so they can get something to eat And on top of that problem, there is another problem. It's that people here are not vegetarians, they eat chicken. They love chicken! You did not hear that from me.

12. GLEN from BORN IN THE RSA by Barney Simon & Cast

My name is Glen Donahue. I'm a graduate student. I was born in the RSA. When I was little I just used to sit and stare, not out of boredom, just out of simple fascination with how a cloud was shaping itself or how an insect was moving. People always used to say to me, 'What are you thinking about?' I would just smile and say nothing, because there was nothing to say. Privacy intrigues people, so on the whole people find me pretty intriguing – especially women. They all have so many questions and I just smile or shrug, and it drives them crazy! The reasons I do things are usually very simple, but no-one will believe me. For instance, I decided to do my national service in the Police Force, because I could stay at home, in Cape Town. Simple. And I've always been able to get on quite well with blacks because I'm simply curious about them, not because of the whole liberal guilt thing. And then, when I finished my training, I decided I wanted to go the Witwatersrand University. I thought that I was ready for Johannesburg. We were very naive in those days. For instance I had had very little to do with politics before I came to varsity. There were things I didn't like about the government if I thought about it, but I'd seen shit happening on both sides in the Police Force, and I liked my life, and I didn't want it to change. If anything, Political Science at Wits put me off even more. There was so much bullshit flying around. One thing I can't handle is bullshitters who are so full of themselves! This one guy – Feigle – he was my tutor for Political Science and he nearly made me change courses. That guy's tutorials on Marxism have put me off for life. And I think that's why I started watching him for the Police you know? I got this strange double feeling – this feeling of my own power! It felt good!

13. TSWALO by Billy Langa

Narrator: I see seven circles above the man's head.
He holds his head very high.
His height frightens the night.
It shoots right into the belly of the sky, like a figure held up high by some supernatural being,
His skin is black like the darkness of the starless night sky.
There is a stench.
He reeks of tiredness, weariness!
He is exhausted; his dry white lips scream fatigue;
His brow has grown brown, wet from the sweat of his hands.
He had been working. Besides him, I see a figure of a woman, as though carrying burning light beams.
Her complexion is brighter than daylight.
It looks like she bears both the moon and the sun in her pot belly, a pot of melting silver and gold.
Wealth! Her bowels are full.
She is pregnant, her glow is blinding.
The shimmering is like a mirage.
She looks heavy, as though poverty and starvation are but a myth.
She has a huge appetite.
She cannot stop eating.
Beside her I see seed shells and seedless sweet watermelons and water cans.
But behind them I see a withered wintry tree, a tree of life;
It looks as though it has been watered with venom.
It appears very weak and cold old as though ageing in its own youth.
Down below, over there, far in the distance, there is a swirl of stars and cosmic clouds, it is the stellar nursery!
It jogs my memory to that pot of melting silver and gold, to my mother's bowels.
I remember now when I was in her womb, galaxies have already drifted apart, each retaining its form in the shape of a man,
A man and a woman.

SESOTHO AND ISIZULU MONOLOGUES

1. Senkatana from *Senkatana* by Sophonia Machabe Mofokeng

Mme, se o hlorisang ke a se bona. Nka be ke re ke tla leka ka matla ho itlhokomela ho kgahlisa wena; nka be ke re ke tla leka ho phema ditsietsi tsohle hore ke leke ho o fokoletsa matshwenyeho; empa nka itlhokomela jwang hara batho ba bangata hakale? Ha eba ba sa mpatle, ba tla mpoloya; ha eba ba mpatla ba k eke ba mpolaya, ba tla mpoloka. Tshireletso ya nnete ke e tswang dipelong tsa bona, se tla ntshireletsa ke lerato leo ba nthatang ka lona. Mme tseo tsohle ha se tseo re ka di boning, hoo rona re ka ho etsang ke ho tshepa. E, ho tshepa hore bottle bot la hlola bobo dipelong tsa bona, hore ho loka ho tla feta bokgopo, lerato le fete mona. Re phela ka tshepo lefatsheng, tshepo ke matla a rona, ke matshediso a rona, ke se re kgothatsang bothateng, boimeng bofe le bofe; tshepo ke yona e re ntshang makaqabetsing. Re tswela pele hantle ditabeng ha feela tshepo mme, ke yona matshediso a rona, ke yona e tla re matlafatsa.

2. Buthelezi from *Ngavele Ngasho* by David Mkhize

Ndabezitha! Umkami wasuka waya eNquthu eyofunela umfana incwadi yemvume lena esekukhulunywe ngayo. Ngangingazange ngitshelwe mina ukuthi kuyahanjwa. Ngabona nje uMaNtombela esekhwishiza ekuseni elungisa umphako. Ngaze ngazibuzela ukuthi kuyiwaphi. Kwayima engitshela uMaNtombela ukuthi uya eNquthu uyofunela uDambuza incwadi leyo yemvume. Ngathi nxa ngibuza ukuthi akangazisanga ngani pho, akaze aphuma nazwi; name ngasale sengithula nje. Ekubuyeni kwabo e Nquthu sekuhwalala uMaNtombela wafika nezwi lokuthi kufuneka mina ukuze kutholakale leyoncwadi, wathi ngakho-ke kufuneka ngivukele eNquthu. Ngathi mina agisoze ngakwenza lokho. Wayekwazile yena ukuthatha umfana ngaphandle kwami ngingumnumzane amuse eNquthu. Ngalesosenzo sakhe wangikhombisa ukuthi akangishayi mkhuba. Nxa esefika ehluleka phambili, usekhumbula mina. Ngenqaba impela. Akusilo iqiniso ukuthi kwathi emveni kokuba sengenqabile

wangincenga. Akangincenganga: wangiyoca, wangiyoca, esho khona ukuthi kade abona ukuthi anginandaba nomntanakhe, ngejatshuliswa ukumbona ehlopheka, naye ngamthatha ngingamfuni. Umbelebele wesicefe: ukuba yilokhu liqalile nje lelicala umuntu usampempeza, ukhuluma amazwana aziswana odwa, mina ngithule. Ngathi akathule angabelokhu engifundekela. Kabwe ngiyambanga. Wasuka wandiza ezindwanini-ke manje ngokuthetha. Ngaze ngacasuka-ke ngathi akaphume endlini. Wala, wathi nxa ngingafuni ukuhlala naye akaphume mina. Ngangingeke-ke ngisakumela lokho. Ukusuka kwami-ke lokho ngilanda induku ngimshaya. Okwalandela lapho mayelana nokulanyulelwa kwakhe usekulande njengoba kwenzeka.

3. MaNtombela from Ngavele Ngasho by David Mkhize

Ndabezitha! Kwasuka ngendaba yomfana wami uDambuza. Ngahamba nomfana ngaya naye eNquthu ngiyomfunela incwadi kwaNdabazabantu yokumvumela ukungena eThekwini afune umsebenzi. Wafika wathi uNdabazabantu kufuneka ukuba umfana eze noyise uButhelezi. Nxa sesibuyile eNquthu nomfana ngafika ngamtshela uButhelezi ukuthi kudingeka ukuba kuye yena. Wayesethi yena akayingeni nje indaba kaDambuza, ngingenza engikubonayo ngaye. Wathi futhi kade angitshela ukuthi akanandaba yena noDambuza, akazi ukuthi ngisamfundekela nani. Ngathi nxa ngiqhubeka ngimcenga wangitshela ukuthi uzongishaya ngoba ngiyamcasula. Ngangingazi-ke ukuthi uqinisile, ngaqhubeka ngimbelesela ukuba akhapha umfana aye eNquthu. Uthe ethatha wayephuma exhibeni, lokhu sasihlezi exhibeni, wabuya esehethe induku. Wangena wavala umnyango wayesengishaya. Wangidinda wonke umzimba lo ezithweni, nasezimbajeni, nasemahlombe, nasemhlane. Ngithi nxa ngiya ngasemnyango angivimbe, angifuqele amsamo angishaye. Ngasizwa ukuba kuzwe omakhelwane, kwase kufika uMkhaya engilamulela. Yena uButhelezi wayethi uyangibulala. Uthe esuka laho wayesethi akasafuni ukungibona lapha emzini wakhe, yena akazukukumela ukuhlala nomfazi oweyisayo. Washo wadumela induku futhi. Ngaphuma ngintantatheka ngingazi ukuthi ngizoshonaphi. Ngaze ngayolala kwamfowethu owakhe eMathutshana. Ngafika khona umzimba wonke ubuhlungu, isihlakala nendololwane kuvuvukele, ngingakwazi ukuphakamisa ngishoni ngaleyo ngalo. Ngavuka-ke ngakusasa ngeza lapha koMkhulu ngizomangala.

4. Mmaditaolane from Senkatana by Sophonia Machabe Mofokeng

Thabo e sa feleng ha se ya lena lefatshe. Tlokotsing eo ke neng ke le ho yona ke ne ke behile tshepo ya ka ho lesea lena, thabo ya ka e ne e le ho lona. Ho thusang ho beha tshepo nthong tsa lefatshe, tse fetohang jwalo ka lona? Thabo ya ka le yona e fetohile maswabi hape. Monate o fetile, bohloko bo fihlile; mohlomong monate o tla tla hape, o latele bohloko jwalo ka pele. Na ekaba motho a ka hlola a phema bohloko fatsheng lena mme a phela nyakallong matsatsi ohle? Na bohloko bo tshwanetse ho latela monate ka mehla? Ha ho nang.

Ha ho kamoo nka mo thibang kateng. O ikemiseditse ho phetha morero o pelong yah ae. Hoja ha se morero wa nnete o tlotlisehang, nka be ke bua le yena. Empa ha motho a itokiseditse ho etsa se lokileng ha ho kamoo a ka thijwang, kateng. A ke ke a sa kgotsofala a e-so phethe morero oo. Thuso keng ho phela le yena a s kgotsofala? Leha nna ke kgotsofetse, ke thaba ha ke mmna pela ka, ke tla sulafallwa ha ke bona maswabi mahlong a hae. A ka mpa a phetha morero wa hae, a itela mme a shwa a leka ho pholosa bohle le ho ipholosa. Ha ho nang.
