



JANUS

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Piet Grobler het spesiaal dié skets, getiteld: *Prent aan myself op 20 vir Janus* geskep. Die oorspronklike werk is in gemengde media: collage met monotipe, ink en pastel.

A TIME FOR REFLECTION

Over just more than 40 years 26 Crozier Street has been a home to a variety of young minds – eager to learn as much as possible in preparation for the world of work or for making their mark in some other way. Some might have been scared and apprehensive, others bursting with enthusiasm and ideas. Regardless of which feelings followed you on your way across the graduation platform – and thus also out of the Department – one thing remains clear: there was no turning back.

Daar kom egter 'n tyd wat 'n mens tot verhaal kan kom en terugkyk na wat jy as student ervaar en geleer het. 'n Tyd vir besinning en herinneringe. Miskien dalk nou juis aan die vooraand van reeds die derde dekade van ons 21ste eeu met al sy opwindende maar dalk ook vreesaanjaende moontlikhede – soos so uitstekend vergestalt in Piet Grobler (Klas van 1990) se voorblad-illustrasie as “brief” aan sy jeugdig self.

This edition of *Janus* serves to capture the thoughts and feelings of alumni in the form of a letter to their 20-year-old self. Some of these letters are full of advice for past and future generations of students, others self-effacing and full of humour.

Hierdie briewe van alumni – en ook dosente wat oor die jare oor Crozierstraat se drupel gestap het – aan die 20-jarige weergawe van hulself kan dus gelees word as raad of refleksie – of sommer net vir vermaak. Wat 'n mens ook al uit hierdie skrywes ter harte neem, blyk dit duidelik dat die Departement tuiste was (en steeds is) vir mense wat wonderlike, uiteenlopende bydraes tot die wêreld maak.

We hope that alumni will enjoy reading the musings of their peers – also as inspiration for their own contributions to *Janus* in the future.

– Marenet Jordaan | BAHons Journalism convener



Voorbladkunstenaar

Piet Grobler (Klas van 1990) wou in sy sestigste jaar in Portugal langs die see woon en onbelemmerd sy eie prentboek maak. Die boek is nie klaar nie, maar hy kon reis na Korea, Italië en Brasilië vir prentboek-geleenthede... en boonop die pous ontmoet!

Sy Nederlandse uitgewer het 1001 kopieë van sy *Franciskus en die diere* aan die pous geskenk om na goeddunke uit te deel aan behoeftige kinders. Piet het spesiaal die voorbladskets vir *Janus* geskep.

TO BRAG A BIT

Die Departement is baie trots op die Hons-BA Joernalistiek klas van 2019 wat hard gewerk het om die twee jaarlikse gedrukte publikasies, *LIP* en *SMF*, te voltooi.

Hierdie publikasies is ook aanlyn via die Departement se webruimte (www.sun.ac.za/journalism) beskikbaar.

The students in the BAHons Journalism class of 2019 also continued growing MatieMedia (www.matiemedia.org) as digital news platform relevant to Stellenbosch – not just to the university, but also to the broader community.

Please contact the Department if you would like to get hold of any of the printed publications – and give MatieMedia a follow on Instagram or Twitter.

Volg gerus die aktiwiteite van die Departement en studente op ons sosiale media platforms:



StellenboschJournalism



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MatieMedia

it all unfolds here.

HOME NEWS CAMPUS LIFESTYLE SPORT FEATURES OPINION

About

A word from the editors.

Here at *MatieMedia*, we strive to provide real news that is relevant and accessible to the residents and the students of Stellenbosch and surrounds.

We are an independent, dynamic, and fast-paced digital news publication reporting on a wide variety of news and current affairs.

The team consists of the postgraduate Journalism class at Stellenbosch University. All content

The Latest

From turbulence to happiness: SU gives platform to speak about mental health

Nikola Vlok set to shake things up at Endless Daze 2019

Chalk Talk: Personal finance tips for graduates

SU lecturer's work to be displayed in Massachusetts Museum

YOU ARE MUCH MORE THAN A PLAN



Carryn-Ann Nel was the Rykie van Reenen-fellow of 2019 at Stellenbosch University's Journalism Department. She has no idea what her future will look like.

“ Eat the cake.
Buy the dress.
Kiss every frog.

Dear 20 year old-self me,

Hello from the future. It's bright and exciting right now, just a bit different to what you might have imagined.

The planet is dying. Donald Trump is president of the United States of America. There's this thing called Uber Eats that will change your life for the worse but it's actually the best thing that you can do with your cell phone. Unfortunately Riaan Cruywagen is not on the telly anymore.

Life as you knew it then, is completely different in 2019.

At the tender age of 20 you thought you had all your ducks in a row and your whole life planned out. You were fairly lucky too to walk into a job straight after your studies. You thought things must fit into this perfect pattern. How wrong you were...

You are so much more than a plan, and you actually have so much more power than you think: You have the license to make mistakes and to learn from them, far more than at any other stage of your life. You're at a time of your life where it's kind of expected of you to make a mess, because you WILL. And it's fine!

You will misspell a minister's name in an article and learn to never spell anyone's name wrong again.

You will make an accident on the N1 on a Monday morning and learn about the importance of insurance. A boy from church will break your heart and you will learn that not all men from church are angels. In fact, wait, oh never mind...

Live more in the moment and don't plan too much. Forgo your stupid little ideal of working out your life at 20, because my dear, you still have a lot to learn. Save where you can. Travel in South Africa and then travel to anywhere in the world. Eat the cake. Buy the dress. Kiss every frog.

Don't be so hard on yourself and stop comparing yourself to everyone. Don't look at every cellulite in the mirror as a punishment, every single person I know today has a body that has cellulite and that's perfectly ok. There are way more important things to ponder about.

Make mistakes and bump your head and smile while doing it, because this kind of freedom won't come again. And tell your damn ducks to go away.

TEGNOLOGIE, TRUMP EN TWITTER



Pieter-Louis Myburgh (Klas van 2009) is 'n ondersoekende joernalis by *Scorpio*, die aanlyn-nuuspublikasie *Daily Maverick* se ondersoekendeheid. Hy is ook die skrywer van die boeke *The Republic of Gupta* (2017) en *Gangster State*. Laasgenoemde is in April vanjaar bekend gestel en werp lig op die staatskapingsnetwerk wat Ace Magashule, die ANC se sekretaris-generaal, tydens sy twee termyne as premier van die Vrystaat in plek gestel het.

Beste 20-jarige ek, toe ek jou ouderdom was het ek waarskynlik gedink die jaar 2019 lê so ver in die toekoms dat mens teen dan moeiteloos heen en weer deur tyd sou kon reis. Maar die mensdom se tegnologiese vooruitgang oor die afgelope 14 jaar was helaas nie só drasties nie. Ek skryf maar hierdie brief met die hoop dat een of ander genie dit wel eendag regkry om die kosmos se boustene te herrangskik sodat hierdie woorde jou tog sal bereik.

Wat hier volg, is eintlik net 'n rits *spoilers* oor gebeure wat op jou en jou tydgenote wag. Ek is jammer indien jy dalk 'n onuitputbare reeks wysrede en raad van jou (nie soveel!) ouer self verwag het. Trouens, hier is die eerste *spoiler* — jy word nie oor die volgende 14 jaar tot so 'n mate slimmer en wyser dat jy in 'n onuitputbare bron van kennis en raad ontpop nie.

Jy is beslis ook nie nou 'n bodemlose put van wysheid nie. Hou dit in gedagte wanneer jy idees, opinies en inligting teëkom wat nie met jou eie wêreldbeskouing strook nie. Indien ander se sienswyse jou dalk ontstel, vat eers 'n blaaskans voordat jy daarop reageer. Oorhaastige reaksies wat in oomblikke van woede losgelaat word, is van geen waarde in konstruktiewe

gesprekke tussen mense met opponerende oortuigings nie.

Laasgenoemde opmerking is veral van toepassing op tegnologiese uitvindings wat klaarblyklik vir die mens 'n groter prioriteit was as tydreis, naamlik sosiale media. Waar jy jouself nou op die tyd-kontinuum bevind, is die platform Facebook pas bekend gestel. Oor twee jaar sal jy vir die eerste van Twitter hoor. Albei het aanvanklik belowend gelyk in terme van die vrye verspreiding van idees en selfs nuus. Maar die twee vernaamste sosiale media-platforms het ongelukkig mettertyd nuttige kanale geword vir diegene wat haat en konflik wil aanblaas en blatante leuens die wêreld wil instuur (jy sal nog kennis maak met die term 'fopnuus').

Iemand wat hierdie platforms in die jaar 2019 baie effektief tot sy eie voordeel aanwend, is Donald Trump. Jy ken hom nou dalk bloot as 'n sakeman en aanbieder van die weklikeheidsreeks 'The Apprentice'. Maar in 2016 wen dié verdelende figuur wraggies die Amerikaanse verkiesing.

En in die jaar voor dié skrikwekkende verwikkeling verloor die Springbokke 'n Wêreldbeker-rugbywedstryd teen Japan. Dit is ongelukkig nie fopnuus nie.

LEER OM TYD VIR JOUSELF TE MAAK



Louis Heyneman (Klas van 1979), 'n oud-Paul Rooser, het musiek en joernalistiek aan die US en die Universiteit van Columbia-Missouri gestudeer. By *Die Burger* werk hy by die kunsblad en word later adjunk-redakteur van *De Kat*. In 1993 keer hy terug na sy eerste liefde, musiek. Sedert 2000 is hy die Uitvoerende Hoof van die Kaapstadse Filharmoniese Orkes. Vroeër vanjaar ontvang hy 'n Ministeriële Prys in die Wes-Kaap vir sy "Lewenslange Prestasie in Musiek".

Beste Louis,

Veertig jaar gelede was die lewe in Crozierstraat eenvoudiger en dalk lekkerder as nou. Alles was minder gekompliseerd en gejaagd. Ons sakrekenaartjies kon net optel, aftrek, maal en deel!

Die dae was ook drie uur langer ... dis die gemiddelde tyd wat baie van ons nou daaglik op ons slimfone mors.

Ons tikmasjiene kon net tik. Snelskrif is in ons kele afgedruk en ons het bloutjies (deurslag-kopieë) getik van elke storie. "Cut and paste" was iets vir kunsklasse; spelling is nagegaan in Bosman & Van der Merwe en Google was nog nie eens 'n toekomsdroom nie.

Tussen toe en nou het die wêreld 'n dorpie geword. Toe die eerste oorlog in Irak regstreeks op CNN uitbreek met die verslaggewer Bernard Shaw se woorde "the skies over Bagdad is illuminated", het ons gedink ons het alles gesien! Dat ons lewens sedertdien rondom die kuberruim sou draai, is steeds 'n daaglikse bron van verbasing.

Waar's die dae toe jou posbus of landlyn jou enigste verbinding met die buitewêreld

was? Deesdae staan my kantoor stil as my skootrekenaar 'n nuk of twee ontwikkel. En hoe leef mens sonder WhatsApp?

Einde verlede jaar het die Joernalistiek-klas van 1979 'n WhatsApp groep gestig met die oog op 'n reünie vanjaar. Ons klas het immers drie prominente Afrikaanse skrywers opgelewer en die meeste van ons het 'n merk in die Suid-Afrikaanse lewewêreld gemaak. Dit was asof ons groep tegnologie van meet af ontdek het: die geklets in die kuberruim het maande aangehou en die hele klas is nou net 'n foonnommer ver.

Hoewel dit veertig jaar en 'n tegnologiese revolusie later is, is ons almal nog presies dieselfde: die manier van praat, lag of lyftaal. Ten spyte van kwale en skete. En natuurlik ekstra vet en plooië.

Maar te midde van die inligtingsontploffing wat ons lewens oorspoel, smag ons na die eenvoudige goedjies. Vroegoggend stilte, die tyd om 'n boek in die tuin te sit en lees of ver langs die strand te stap.

Ek het net een stukkie raad vir jou. Leer om tyd vir jouself te maak. Dis wat ek ná veertig jaar die meeste mis.

Jou oudste vriend, Louis

BE BRAVE, YOU'RE ONTO SOMETHING



Andeline Wieland (Class of 2017) is a 24-year-old self-proclaimed "hustler". Her NPO The Snow White Project is booming in its seventh year of existence, after four years, her business Untold Jewellery is the accessories brand of choice in Namibia and she's pursuing her presenting and modelling career. She is completing her Postgraduate Diploma in Marketing at SU and is a happy foster mommy to shelter dogs.

In your 20th year you start fearing your future life as a functioning cog in what is a gloomy economy. You know jobs are scarce and good pay even more so. And so, to avoid having to work, you study further, partially because you are curious, mainly because you are terrified of the future. Will you ever be old or educated enough to run your own business? Will businessmen ever respect your position even though you are a "poppie"? And will your boyfriend ever introduce you to his family and go traveling? Dearest Andeline. I can't change what has happened since I left you four years ago, but if I could these would be my pearls of limited wisdom:

1. Continue wearing that sunscreen, it truly works.
2. You are the most hopeless romantic I have ever met, but I want you to know that no, you don't get married before you're 25. Truthfully, it's a sharp stab to the chest some days, but honestly, all that energy you are currently investing in making someone else presentable, employable and social is what you will later find is your super power.

er. You will change men into confident, well-dressed and eloquent workers and then they will leave. And that's ok because you know you've left them better than you found them. But spare a little of that same energy on yourself.

3. Take care of the mental illness that took you two years to diagnose. It's ok to not be ok.

4. Stop doubting your experience! No amount of degrees will ever give you the confidence you need to start a business, nevermind two! That, my dear, comes purely from being bat-shit crazy and risking it all (since there isn't much to risk). Trust me, it will be ok.

5. Learn to ask for help if you don't know. It's the fastest way to get to where you want to go.

6. It's ok to not want a job, admit that you're an entrepreneur.

7. Your youth is a gift, make use of it as much as you can! Go travel on a strict budget, work late hours and be social.

Trust me, you have so much more to discover in this short lifetime. Be brave, you're onto something.

CRAFTY + FAIR = JOURNALISM



Ian McNaught Davis (Class of 2007) has worked as a freelance photojournalist for the past six years – the last two of which were spent in the former Soviet republic of Georgia. He was recently awarded a Chevening Scholarship to study in the UK and is currently studying an MA in Photography at Goldsmiths, University of London.
www.ianmcnaughtdavis.com

Dear Twenty-Year-Old Me

There you are, a second-year student living in blissful squalor – subsisting on two-minute noodles and spraying deodorant on clothes instead of washing them.

Your vast universe stretches from the porta-pools of Merriman Avenue to the blurry outer reaches of Bird Street.

You moan about the academic pressure of a BA degree when your life is but a three-year-long huisfondsdans interspersed with the occasional essay. And this is only rewriting the essays you did in Standard 8 on *Things Fall Apart* and *Lord Of The Flies* by adding words like “furthermore” and “notwithstanding”, and your favourite phrase, “In conclusion...”

The good news is you can write off your TEFL course plans because after you graduate, you’ll get accepted into a course that teaches you skills you’ll end up using. The bad news is that SparkNotes.com isn’t going to help you get through the Journalism Practice 771 module at the *Eikestadnuus*.

In the winter of your BPhil year, you’ll fly on an aeroplane for the first time as you go on a media tour to Joburg, decimating your campus-bound bubble of existence.

Up until now, your concept of travel has been confined to monthly trips to your mother’s washing machine after running out of deodorant.

Crozier Street’s awakening of the combination of journalism and travel within you will define your next 13 years. It’ll take you to war in Ukraine, pagan rituals in Georgia, drinks with diamond smugglers in Tanzania, holy water in Ethiopia and decapitated-goat-polo tournaments in *Kyrgyzstan*. It will also teach you to spell *Kyrgyzstan*. It will take you to where the 33-year-old you is: in London, being a student again. So it’s just as well you like two-minute noodles as much as you do.

Now, to get the scholarship for this larny university, you’ll need a reference from the journalism department. The tricky part is that if you initiate correspondence with them, they’ll make you write for their newsletter. This is crafty of them, but also fair. And if you think about it, isn’t being crafty and fair what being a journalist is about anyway?

Lovingly yours,
Me

... THERE WILL BE NO TURNING BACK



Larry Schwartz (Class of 1978) is a Melbourne-based journalist and writer whose first book of poems, *Padkos*, was recently published. He is the author of a memoir, *The Wild Almond Line*, and has a PhD from Swinburne University where he teaches journalism.

You’re with me always, my younger self, changed and yet not so much. It’s tempting to write to you as a son. But you’re more than a decade younger than the younger of your two sons, though he resembles you more than I do now that I’m older than your father was then.

When invited to write this letter to a 20 year-old self, I thought I might joke about Bob Dylan “bootlegs” available these days. But this is serious. It’s 1976. There’s rioting over instruction in Afrikaans in black schools. You’re among those picketing against apartheid at a university on the edge of the mountain. You will go on to study at a Boland university town.

Each year you’ve filled in forms to the SADF seeking deferment. How long can you keep this up? I see you in old photos with the look of one who’s wondering if he’ll make it through. Let me be the bearer of tidings, good and ill. There will be no backing away from what awaits you. No

hanging back. Sooner than later, you’ll be on a troop train headed north to a vast camp that had another name when your father trained there before he went to war.

You’ll go into the army knowing that soon after two years’ military service you’ll have to quit your country if you are to marry the woman you love. You’ll both go because such love is forbidden by race laws at such a time.

This is your place. “God’s country,” your father says. But you will find another among good people, hold a small family together and make your way. It will be a struggle at times. But there will be no turning back, nowhere to fall.

I’ll resist the temptation to say much more than to urge you to stay the course. There will be some heartache and pain and doubt. But there will be joy too with the woman you love and fine sons. There will be darkness. But there will be light too. Let that light sustain us.

YOU CAN BE MULTIFACETED



Dear Sethu,

My life has changed drastically over the past five years: from being at a loss as to which professional opportunities to take to changing my career path, starting an NPO, meeting the Queen, Prince Harry and Meghan Markle and receiving recognition for my work as an activist.

Growing up, I always thought there was only one path to follow at any given time, that I had no right to want to explore multiple passions and interests professionally. This intensified during the years of my science undergraduate degree, where I didn't feel particularly pulled towards a life as a

Sethu Mbuli (Class of 2019) is a 25-year-old activist and aspiring science communicator with interests at the intersection between the media, human rights, social justice and education. She is a passionate advocate for inclusive media representation and using her skills and knowledge to uplift communities. She is a Queen's Young Leader 2018 and a News24 Young Mandela of the future 2019.

lab scientist but felt passionate about science outreach, broadcast media and social justice.

This theme has followed me throughout the last five years of my life. Now, at 25 years old, I feel certain about one thing: you can be multifaceted. There have been trade-offs, but I'm sure my path is becoming clearer as I go. Following what I'm most curious about has resulted in experiences I would have never imagined possible.

The past year at Crozier Street has taught me to always be prepared. I got a wonderful opportunity to write for Africa Check – the continent's first fact-checking platform – just by asking if they had any opportunities for student journalists when they spoke to our class earlier this year. Ultimately, this degree is what you make of it; no one experience of doing this course is completely replicated. This is as it should be, since all of us will simulate this environment in the 'real world' with colleagues and peers that have different backgrounds, values and experiences from us.

TODAY'S OPPORTUNITIES ENSURE A BRIGHTER TOMORROW



Byron Mühlberg (Class of 2019) is about to complete the BAHons Journalism. He plans to move abroad to find work. His plan is to find a 'bread and butter job' in order to support himself while he builds up side projects. Some of these projects include his very own publication, as well as several half-baked business ideas.

Dear Byron,

Youth is wasted on the young.

That's at least how Irish playwright George Bernard Shaw saw things. And placing his political views firmly to the side, he may at the very least have been right about that.

I've been told that as one becomes older, there grows a tendency to look at the youth with some measure of envy. After all, they say, young people are so full of potential and energy. They're still able to chart the direction of their lives in whichever way they so choose, and make a lasting impression on those around them.

All of this seems understandable enough to me. But from my part, I would hope one day — when the better part of my days are behind me — that I won't be viewing my younger compatriots in such a way. I would hope that my actions in my younger years will have laid the foundations for me to become the man I've always wanted to become. I would hope that I don't need to look back one day and think to myself, "I

should have tried harder."

Of course, 'trying hard' can mean different things to different people. But my experience as part of the BAHons Journalism class of 2019 has been about discovering what it means for me. From the many hours of typing-away before dawn; to heading up MatieMedia, the student publication; to writing a watertight business plan; and to being carted-off to France simply to give a three minute presentation — this year has been a whirlwind of an experience which has taught me a lot about what I'm capable of.

And while I do think that I could've done better and gone further still; I am content in the knowledge that the opportunities I'm taking today are going to make tomorrow a brighter place.

And so the lesson here is simple: do the things you'll one day be proud of having done.

Only then might youth not be wasted, after all.

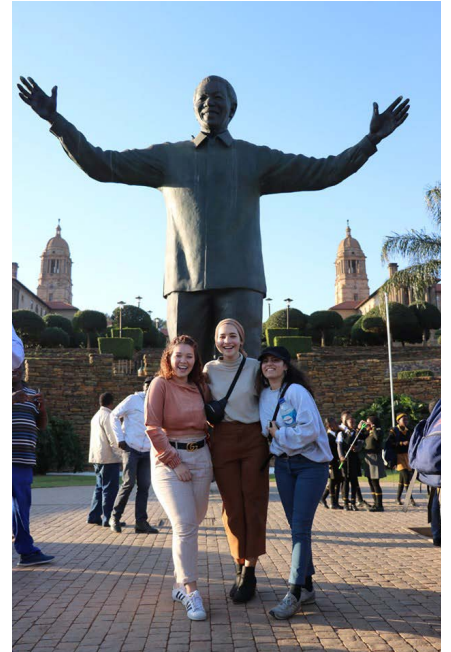


JOHANNESBURG MEDIA TOUR 2019

EDUCATIONAL AND ENLIGHTENING

At the start of the winter break, the honours class visited various media houses and did cultural excursions (some of which are featured here). In a letter to MNet, who sponsored the tour, the students wrote: "In an era where the role of the media is increasingly in the spotlight and where the industry is undergoing many changes, we found this tour to be educational and enlightening. It was enriching to be able to experience the many different aspects of the media environment. ... It was also a wonderful cultural experience for the class to visit the Cradle of Humankind, both the museum at Maropeng and the Sterkfontein Caves. Seeing these important parts of the history of humankind provides us with foundational knowledge about where we come from and where we are going."





PROBEER TOG BLY BY DIE DEADLINES



Erns Grundling (Klas van 2002) is 'n vryskutjoernalis, skrywer, TV-aanbieder en vervaardiger van stand-up komedie. In 2019 wys sy tweede Elders-reeks, oor 'n reis na Japan, op kykNET. Sy tweede reisboek, *Sushi en Shosholozza*, word in dieselfde jaar uitgegee deur Queilleries. Hy en sy meisie Catharien woon in sonde met twee honde in 'n huisie in Brooklyn, Kaapstad.

“ Hou verskeie balle in die lug, al het jy swak balans

Liewe ek (of is dit Liewe jy?)

Daar is 'n sêding “Hindsight is like foresight without a future”, so dalk is hierdie van meet af 'n futiele poging om vir jou “advies” te probeer gee, of om lewenslesse te deel. In die koerant- en tydskrifwêreld is “Ken jou leser” 'n gevestigde leuse, maar ek is nie seker of ek hierdie brief se skrywer óf leser werklik ken nie...

Maar dalk is dit 'n goeie vertrekpunt; maak vroeg vrede hiermee: Jy weet nie eintlik wat aangaan nie, en dit is oukei. Moet egter nooit die binnereis vlak kyk of afskeep nie. Ons kyk die heeltyd in 'n dowwe speël, maar daar is baie te sê vir 'n soeke na betekenis, binne jouself en in die wêreld. Jy sal dit veral vind in stories. Soos Dana Snyman altyd sê: “Stories is groter as mense.”

'n Baie wyse man, vir wie jy nog gaan ontmoet en wat later op 'n onverwagse manier gaan sterf, sal jou nog leer: “The point of life is life.”

Wees sag met jouself en met ander, kyk met nuuskierigheid, humor en deernis na hierdie vlietende gedoente wat ons lewe noem.

Jy ken reeds die Swart Hond van Depressie. Moenie dié hond troetel óf verjaag nie, hy is hier om te bly, hy is in jou stamboom en in jou brein, maar onderhandel 'n middeweg, en kry vroeg hulp. Sluk maar daardie pilletjie, dis geen skande nie.

Gee meer aandag aan die basiese dinge: slaap genoeg, eet gesond, oefen gereeld. Mediteer en doen joga. Daarsonder gaan jy altyd swaarkry, selfs al sluk jy reeds daardie pilletjie.

Moenie bang wees vir lekkerkry of seerkry nie. Maar moenie een van die twee te hard soek nie...

Geluk is nooit te vinde by 'n eindbestem-

ming nie, of in die arms van 'n beminde, of in die uitkoms van 'n projek nie. Geluk is 'n byproduk en gebeur tussen-in; byna toevallig. Geluk is 'n plek langs die pad. Of soos die Boeddha glo gesê het: “There is no way to happiness. Happiness is the way.”

Doen maar alles soos jy dit doen. Hou verskeie balle in die lug, al het jy swak balans. Voluit of fokol. Want as jy dit anders sou doen, sou hierdie brief ook anders gewees en geles het.

Maar probeer jou tog meer steur aan deadlines, dit is aaklig en onnodig om met so 'n spesifieke “legacy” saam te leef. Dit sal altyd jou werk – selfs al is dit soms uitstekend – kenmerk én kniehalter.

Eendag gaan jy op 'n vliegtuig tussen Port Elizabeth en Kaapstad die woorde van 'n Spaanse digter lees wanneer jy gereed is om dit te lees: “Die lewe is baie korter as die dood.”

Jy gaan vir ten minste nog twintig jaar leef, want ek is nou so te sê veertig jaar oud. Onthou, om Julian Barnes rofweg aan te haal: “Jy lewe, jy sterwe, jy word onthou, jy word vergeet.” Dit is ons almal se voorland.

Ek gaan jou nie langer pla nie. Jy moet sekerlik nou een of ander werkstuk (dalk selfs meer as een) wat reeds laat, is gaan voltooi. Soos ek my en jou ken, is jy tans in 'n moerse *flat spin*. Onthou net jy is nie jou op-en-af emosies nie – jy is eintlik die een wat dit waarneem.

Dalk lees jy nie eers hierdie brief enduit nie. En dit is ook okay, want jy gaan al hierdie dinge oor twintig jaar dink én op 'n slimfoon wat nou nog nie bestaan nie iewers in 'n vliegtuig bo die Karoo tik.

Liefde

Erns

PS. Wanneer alles op 35 skeefloop, gaan stap die Camino.

GO OUT AND DISCOVER



My 20-year old self was a driven but clueless person. I would tell him that the career choices he makes at 20 are not set in stone. Obtaining a degree in anything is key though, as you unlock doors to post graduate courses and degrees in varying fields later on in life.

In terms of finding out what you would like to do one day, I would use a trick I learnt when changing my profession from a physiotherapist to a journalist.

One should ask oneself: If money was not an object, and you had to do a job in the village you grew up in, what responsibility would you take on in that village?

Anthony Molyneux (Class of 2014) is a senior multimedia journalist employed at TimesLIVE and *Sunday Times*, living in Cape Town. He focuses on mostly crime-related visual storytelling of a high quality and engaging nature. He won the Online News Video category at the 11th IAB Bookmark Awards in 2019. He is also currently the Photojournalism lecturer for the BAHons Journalism students.

My first answer to that was not caretaker or doctor. That's when I realised I shouldn't be in physiotherapy as one needs a nurturing and selfless care for one's patients.

I came up with the answer that I would want to be the scout – going out and discovering new places, new ideas and delivering the news back to the village. I looked at occupations around that idea and I found journalism.

That led me to the postgraduate degree in journalism at Stellenbosch University at 28 years of age and I have been working in the news world for five years.

I know that my idea of my duty to the village will change again, but I am not afraid of that. One needs to be fluid and you need to trust yourself. If you don't have it all figured out by 30, that's ok.

For now, find out who you truly are and be that way. That is the only way to understanding what is right for you and finding what you are really passionate about and what you will excel in.

'N STEM EN OË VIR ANDER



Martinette Hay (Klas van 2017) is sedert Desember 2017 die redakteur van *Vrystaat Nuus/News*, 'n gemeenskapskoerant wat weekliks in die Oos-Vrystaat versprei word. In 2018 was sy 'n top 3-finalis vir die Forum vir Gemeenskapsjoernaliste (FCJ) se Alet Roux-eerbewys wat gemik is op joernaliste met minder as drie jaar ondervinding.

Liewe 20-jarige Martinette,

Op dié jong ouderdom het jy jouself maklik deur ander se opinies laat beïnvloed. Die veralgemening dat joernaliste wreedaards en ongevoeliges is, het lank by jou vasgesteek. Jy het die idee gehad dat alle joernaliste sensasiesoekers is.

Vir 'n lang tyd het dié ongegronde opinies jou van jou roeping weerhou.

Van kleins af was jy gaande oor stories skryf. Jy het boeke en boeke vol kortverhale geskryf. Maar uit pure onkunde het jy die verkeerde beroepskeuse uitgeoefen. Op 20-jarige ouderdom was jy sielsongelukkig in jou tweede jaar as Arbeidsterapie-student. Al wat jy eintlik wou doen, is skryf.

Min het jy geweet dat jou opinie oor joernaliste handomkeer sou verander.

Net ná universiteit het jou aanstelling as redakteur van 'n gemeenskapskoerant jou verras. Dis hiér waar jy besef het nie alle joernaliste is harteloos nie.

Die eerste keer toe jy na 'n moordtoneel in die platteland geroep is, het die situasie jou soos koue water in die gesig getref. Die beelde het oor en oor in jou kop gemaak. Die klank van die vrou se histeriese gehuil was oorverdowend.

Maar tog was die sielkundige se raad een van die beste lesse wat jy ooit kon leer. "As hierdie tipe gebeurte jou nie meer ontstel nie, moet jy weet jy het jou hart verloor. En dan moes jy reeds jou bedanking ingedien het," het sy gesê.

'n Mens betree dikwels die joernalistiek met die idee dat jy die wêreld gaan verander. Maar mettertyd besef jy die wêreld is te groot, en jy en 'n paar duisend ander joernaliste sal dit nie kan verander nie.

Maar as gemeenskapsjoernalis veg jy 'n ander soort geveg, en dit is baie bevredigend. Jy is 'n stem vir die wat nie hul verhaale kan deel nie en die oë van die wat nie self daar kon wees nie.

Om ná 'n lang dag 'n oproep te kry van 'n leser wat dankie sê vir wat jy vir die gemeenskap beteken, maak al die druk van spertye die moeite werd.

Dis hiér waar jy besef, as jy nie 'n hart vir die gemeenskap het nie, is jy op die verkeerde plek.

Ek glo as jy ses jaar gelede geweet het hoe vinnig 'n gemeenskap in jou hart kan inkruipe en hoe bevredigend joernalistiek is, sou jy nie huiwer om van die begin af jou roeping te volg nie.

OM GETUIE TE WEES VAN GROOT TYE*



Herman Wasserman (Klas van 1994) is Professor in Mediastudies en Direkteur van die Sentrum vir Film- en Mediastudies aan die Universiteit van Kaapstad. Sy navorsing handel meesal oor media-etiek. Sy derde monografie, *The Ethics of Engagement*, wat handel oor etiese perspektiewe op die media se rol in konfliktsituasies in Afrika-demokratiseringsprosesse, verskyn in 2020 by Oxford University Press.

Hei, jy daar in die agterste ry! Fokus. Ek praat met jou.

Die jaar staan einde se kant toe, en binnekort gaan jy inval as 'n groentjie-verslaggewer by 'n dagblad. Wat 'n tyd om 'n joernalis te wees! Dit is duiselingwekkende tye vir Suid-Afrika. Die eerste demokratiese verkiesing is pas verby, en die land steier 'n nuwe toekoms binne: Ons is dronk op hoop. Suid-Afrika is nog hoog op die internasionale nuus-agenda, ons drempel word deurgetrap deur besoekende beroemdes, en jy gaan nog 'n hele paar popsterre op die lughawe ontmoet (maak seker die fotograaf neem 'n foto van jou en David Bowie saam, dis nog die jare voor selfoon-selfies!). Maar daar lê ook nog moeilike tye voor. Die Waarheids-en-Versoeningskommissie se verhoor begin eers oor twee jaar, en daar kom nog onthullings wat jou tot in jou diepste wese gaan skud. Voor dan gaan jy ook nog eers baie ure in hofsale, polisiekantore en op misdaad- en ongelukstonele deurbring. Jy wat nou so lekker agteroorleun daar op jou stoel in Crozierstraat en onderlangs grappies maak met jou klasmaat op die stoel langsaaan, gaan nog soms diep twyfel in die goedheid van die mens.

Maar gee aandag aan wat om jou gebeur. 'n Mens besef nie altyd jy is midde-in die maalstroom van die geskiedenis terwyl die eens bekende landskap besig is om by jou verby te snel nie. Waar ook al jy is, wees teenwoordig.

Die nuusmedia self gaan ook 'n tyd van verandering binne, en jy gaan getuie wees van hoe joernaliste besin oor etiese waardes, hul rol binne 'n nuwe demokrasie, te midde van 'n digitale omwenteling wat nog 'n paar jaar in die toekoms lê, maar uiteindelik die bedryf tot in sy fundamente gaan ontwig. Hierdie veranderinge gaan navorsers, jouself inkluis, nog vir jare besig hou met analises.

Maar jy besef dit nog nie. Vir nou is jy besig om te dagdroom oor jou potspel-strategie vanaand in De Akker. En dis ook goed so. Die lewe is inderdaad te belangrik om heeltyd ernstig op te neem, het Oscar Wilde min of meer gesê, en jy weet reeds dat balans jou lewensfilosofie gaan wees. Moenie die kapitaal van jou jeug alles in die mandjie van studie belê nie, maar moet ook nie alles verkis op laat-slaap nie. Lees soveel jy kan. Kyk baie films, ontdek vreemde musiek. Maak goeie vriende. En los maar die sigarette. Gaan draf eerder in die berg en gaan swem in die dam. Daai cliché van 'n gesonde liggaam en 'n gesonde gees is waarder as wat jy dink. Besluit op jou waardes en verbind jouself daartoe.

Weet dít: wat jy nou doen, gaan bepaal watter stories jy eendag gaan hê om te vertel. Sorg nou al dat joune niemand sal verveel nie.

* Met apologie aan Schalk Pienaar, na aanleiding van sy boek *Getuie van Groot Tye* (Tafelberg, 1979)

JY GAAN LEWENSLANK LEER EN GROEI



Gerda Engelbrecht gee die afgelope agt jaar Afrikaans vir Joernaliste vir die honneursstudente. Sy is ook die besturende redakteur vir Media24 se kommersiële projekte. Gerda het onlangs 'n Prys vir Uitnemendheid by Media24 gewen vir haar Camino-blogreëls.

Jy sal nie glo waar ek is nie! Daai onderwysloopbaan waarvoor jy jou voorberei het, het toe nie heeltemal uitgewerk nie. (Is jy nie nou dankbaar dat jy daardie 16:00-klas oor tрупprojektor-gebruik gebunk het nie?)

Ek skryf hierdie brief vanuit 'n straatkafee op die Camino de Santiago, 'n pelgrimstog in Spanje wat mense al die afgelope duisend jaar stap. Jy het op 20 nog nie daarvoor begin droom nie, maar die afgelope paar jaar het dit nogals 'n groot rol in jou lewe en loopbaan begin speel. In minder as twee jaar het jy al amper 750 km gestap vir jou werk: op die Camino, op die Via Francigena in Italië, op die Inka in Peru. Dit alles as deel van 'n loopbaan waarvan selfs die ouens in die 1995-joernalistiekklas nog nie eintlik gehoor het nie. Jy bevind jou nou kniepdiep in inheemse advertensies (sogenaamde "native advertising"), die liefdeskind van die joernalis-

tiek en die reklamebedryf.

John Kaag skryf in *Hiking with Nietzsche* oor 'n konsep van "perpetual becoming". Hy kry een middag in die Alpe 'n droom wat vir hom helderheid bring: "Life does not change, but the attitude you bring to it might. And this is not a trivial adjustment. In fact, it may be the only meaningful adjustment that is possible." En dan kom hy tot die besef: "For a moment, I was happy, genuinely happy, happier than I've ever been that I was still here. Right here, not somewhere else."

Ontspan dus, Gerda! Jou loopbaan lyk nie naastenby soos jy gedink het dit gaan wees nie. Maar jy is gelukkig met die hier en nou! Jy reis baie en beleef baie. Die lewe is groter as Bellville en Stellenbosch. Selfs as Suid-Afrika. En jy gaan dekades lank studeer, maar jy gaan lewenslank leer en groei. En dis heerlik.

OOR KUIERS EN FEESVIER

Crozierstraat speel jaarliks gasheer vir talle aktiwiteite – nie net vir die honneursklas nie. 'n Paar van die hoogtepunte word hier vasgevang..



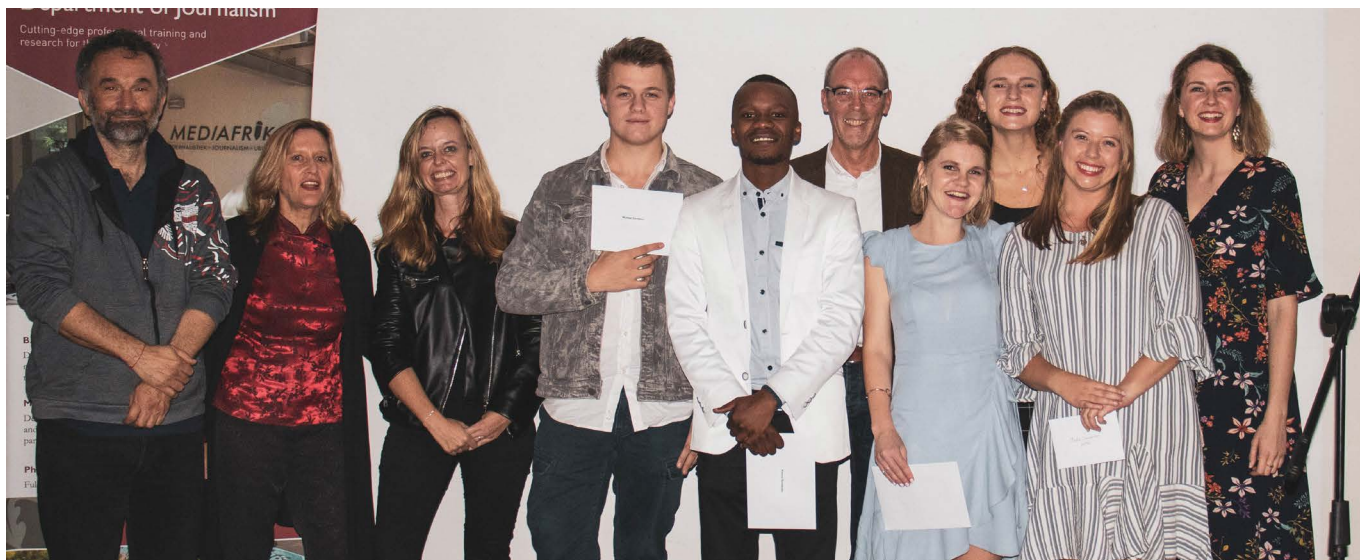
Die Klas van 1979 het in Maart vanjaar 'n reünie gehou en dié foto binne die departement geneem. Agter van links na regs: Riaan Gerber, Constant Steyn, Alex Barnard, Melanie Gosling, Rachelle Greeff, Pieter Marais, Victor Munnik, Niel de Bois. Voor: Louis Heyneman, Michele Alexander, Gerlind Behrens, Irna van Zyl, Lila Horn, Elsabé Wessels, Marita van der Vyver. Louis Heyneman skryf oor dié ontmoeting: "Ons was verbaas oor hoe min ons oor die jare verander het. Almal van ons het gevoel of ons vir een dag weer terug by ons huis in Crozierstraat was. Die revolusie van kommunikasie – van tikmasjien tot WhatsApp – het die afgelope veertig jaar voor ons afgespeel, hoewel niemand iets van snelskrif kan onthou nie! Tot die einde van die naweek het ons WhatsApp-groep steeds gegons met boodskappe en herinneringe."



Die tydskrif *Sarie* se enigste twee vroulike redakteurs in haar sewentig jaar is oudstudeante van Crozierstraat. By 'n "fringe-paartie" vir *Sarie* se groot sewentigste vierings wat in Julie ook by die departement gevier is, was Michéle van Breda (Klas van 1980) en Lizette Rabe (Klas van 1979).



Ton Vosloo, the Department's only honorary professor in its just more than forty years, in conversation with Zoë Human from the honours class of 2019 during a SU Cluster event held at the Heemstede Annexe, the original building in which Naspers was founded more than a century ago. Vosloo was invited to speak about how one should always be prepared to "cross boundaries", after his memoir *Across Boundaries: A life in the media in a time of change* (in Afrikaans *Oor grense: 'n Lewe in die media in 'n tyd van verandering*), published by Jonathan Ball. PHOTO: HENK OETS



Die pryswenner uit die honneursklas van 2018 is in April vanjaar by die gebruiklike glansryke geleentheid, waar Rebecca Davis van die Daily Maverick die spreker was, aangekondig. From left to right: Branco Brkic, editor-in-chief of the Daily Maverick, who sponsored the prize for the best student; Janet Heard, managing editor of the Daily Maverick and lecturer in copy editing; Rebecca Davis, senior journalist at the Daily Maverick and guest speaker for the evening; Michael Davidson, winner of the Yunus Mohamed prize for photojournalism; Kamva Somdyala, winner of the Ton Vosloo prize for leadership; Egbert de Waal, head: research, reporting and communication at Media24, Nicolette van Schalkwyk, winner of the Piet Cillié prize for clarity in writing, Grethe Bestbier, winner of the Christina Scott prize for science communication; Christi Nortier, winner of the Media Innovation award for the best student in Media Entrepreneurship; and, Arleen Stone, winner of the Golden Pen Award for the best in-depth project, as well as the Daily Maverick prize for the overall best honours student of 2018.



Loren (Pienaar) Greyling, toesigvervaardiger (commissioning editor) by M-Net en lid van die Klas van 2010 en haar dogter Stella onder 'n aanhaling van oupa en oupagrootjie Schalk Pienaar in Crozierstraat.



Kamva Somdyala (middle) embraces our office administrator, Elizabeth Newman (left) and office assistant Lijuan Williams-Daniels (right) at the 2019 graduation function. Elizabeth celebrated 10 years at the Department this year, and Lijuan has been at 26 Crozier Street for 15 years.



Tanya de Vente-Bijker en Lali van Zuydam, twee M-studente, by Lizette Rabe tydens die Crozierstraat se tradisionele viering ter ere van haar graduandi tydens April-gradeplegtigheid.

WEES GENADIG IN JOU OORDELE



In die laaste van sy 35 jaar by Naspers het Tobie Wiese 'n boek oor motorfietsry, *Die Bike-boek*, saamgestel. Die een ding lei tot die ander: 12 boeke sedertdien as skrywer, medeskrywer, samesteller of redigeerder, die jongste synde *Wreed én mooi is die dood* (Jonathan Ball Uitgewers, 2019). Sonder die joernalistieke ervaring was dit kwalik moontlik. Tobie was die Rykie van Reen-genoot tussen 2000 en 2004.

Beste Tobie

Dit lyk nou of jy tog vasbeslote is om 'n joernalis te word, ondanks al my goed bedoelde waarskuwings. Dit verskaf my ook vreugde, moet ek erken, want die genot wat die joernalistiek my besorg het, het klaarblyklik ook aan jou afgesmeer.

Die wêreld én Suid-Afrika én die joernalistiek het die afgelope 30, 40 jaar soveel verander dat swye van my kant 'n wyse opsie sou wees. Wel het ek oor die jare iets van “die lewe” geleer, ook dat jy as mens en jy as beroepsmens nie geskei kan word nie.

'n Enkele paragraaf oor die joernalistiek. Hoewel baie dinge byna onherkenbaar verander het, het mense se behoefte aan inligting en vermaak, asook sekere joernalistieke waardes – dalk eerder ideale! – nie verander nie. Dit is knap saamgevat in *The Elements of Journalism* (Kovach, Bill en Rosenstiel, Tom. Prime Publishing, Rocklin. 2014). Hier is 'n paar wat uitstaan: “Journalism's first obligation is to the truth. Its first loyalty is to citizens. Its practitioners must maintain an independence from those they cover. It must keep the news comprehensive and proportional.” Maar moenie net google nie, lees die boek.

Op 'n persoonlike noot, net vyf padwysers:

■ Kry insig in jouself en jou tyd en die dinge wat jou gevorm het. Ware kennis begin by selfkennis. Met goeie rede het Dag Hammarskjöld (eertyde VN-sekretaris-generaal) gesê: “The longest journey is the journey inwards.”

■ Leef na buite. Dis 'n kenmerk van die gelukkigste en inspirerendste mense wat ek ken. En omgekeerd: Van die ongelukkigstes leef net vir hulself – en kry nooit genoeg daarvan nie.

■ Bejeën alle ideologieë, -ismes en maklike antwoorde met agterdog; ook alles en almal wat die lewe van sy fassinerende kompleksiteit en heerlike teenstrydighede probeer beroof.

■ Wees genadig in jou oordele, ook oor jouself. Probeer eerder verstaan as veroordeel. Plaas jouself altyd in die skoene van ander. ('n Standaardoefening in die joernalistiek!)

■ Of jy dit nou wil weet of nie: Ons is ook spirituele wesens. As jy dit (probeer) ignoreer en afskeep, bly jy 'n onvervulde mens. Leef na die son toe en hy sal op jou skyn! Groete, Tobie

#YOURRACEYOURPACE



Tanya de Vente-Bijker, wat in 2019 haar MA-graad verwerf het met 'n tesis oor die geskiedenis vir die Nasionale Persklub, werk tans as 'n media entrepreneur. Sy skryf vryskut artikels vir verskeie publikasies, neem weekliks deel aan die mediabespreking op Die Groot Ontbyt op KykNet, werk as 'n instaan-omroeper vir GrootFM en is ook betrokke by die Nasionale Persklub. Tussen alles deur doen sy haar belangrikste werk, en dit is om Mamma te wees vir haar twee dogtertjies.

Dear twenty year old Tanya,

You made it. From the sixty students that started in first year you are part of the twenty that are doing their third year internships. However, I know you are unsure of your future. Most of your classmates got internships at big media houses and you are starting out as a student assistant at your university.

Oh, how you love to compare yourself to others. I know you are also scared of the realities in our country and in journalism. It seems more and more difficult to make a success. If we look at the political, economic and social landscape of South Africa and we add the turbulent, changing tides of journalism, worldwide, it can be difficult to be optimistic about your future. However, I want to give you some advice for your life and career.

Every person has different enemies that want to steal hope from them. For some it is doubt, fear, a negative attitude or a fear of failure. I know for you comparison is a big challenge. Try to remember that

every person has their own journey. Those colleagues making it big time right now might be on a different route. Journalism has many different branches and not one journalist is the same. Remember the motto: #YourRaceYourPace. And yes, perhaps you will start at a community newspaper, but if you work hard, learn what you can learn every day, the right opportunities will present itself in due time.

Secondly, I know you want to grab every possible opportunity that comes your way. You have this fear of missing out. Some speaker in high school told you that if you don't grab an opportunity when it comes by it changes into a statue. That is untrue. Opportunities do come again, and sometimes the first opportunity wasn't at the right time for you to accept, but the right opportunities will come along and then you will know to accept them.

Stop doubting yourself. You can do this. Even if you go slow, just go, and building brick by brick, you will build a life and a future that your children will be proud of.

DIE GOEIE NUUS ÉN DIE SLEGTE NUUS



Le Roux Schoeman het in 2001 sy BPhil (deesdae die BAHons Joernalistiek) voltooi en ná een jaar se Engels-gee in Suid-Korea hom in die joernalistiek begewe, waar hy steeds werk. Sy belangstelling is woorde en video. Hy is onlangs aangestel as redakteur van die Kerkbode.

“ Die bose is alom en die lewe is ook dáárvan vol.

Hi Le Roux, ek het goeie en slegte nuus: Slegte: Jy gaan oor twee weke per abuis 'n uil met 'n geleende dienspistool doodskiet in KZN en dit beteken 20 jaar bad luck. Goeie nuus: Dis somehow nou 20 jaar later! Jou lewe kan nou hervat. Sterkte daarmee. Ek weet jy voel dalk jy het uitgemis en is dalk selfs ontroosbaar hartseer. Dis natuurlik. Wat jou nou te doen staan, is wat ons “grief and anger work” noem. Google dit bietjie noudat jy uit jou funk ontwaak soos 'n hendaagse Rip van Winkel. Maar moenie jouself te veel bejammer nie. Jy moes aan die uil en dié se naasbestaandes gedink het voor jy daai aand op die plot tussen die donker bosse aan't skiet geraak het. Ons leef in 'n wêreld van oorsaak en gevolg en jy sal saamstem dat om daardie ketting te breek met die waansin van genade totaal onverantwoordelik sal wees. So, if you can't do the time, don't do the crime.

Skuus, Le Roux, ek terg net. Jy het die uil net skrams getref. Dit tel nie. Niks bad luck vir jou nie. Maar nou dat ek jou aandag het, kom ons begin weer: Hi Le Roux-op-ouderdom-twintig, jy ken my nie (hemel weet!) en ek skuld jou 'n manuskrip. Jy het gedink ek sou al klaar wees daarmee. Trouens, ek het jou beloof ek sou, maar ek het nog nie begin nie.

Ek draai lelik vas en vra hiermee nog twee dekades uitstel, as dit kan? Jammer daaroor. Jy sal dalk verstaan as jy self hierdie punt bereik, maar – eksistensiële spoiler alert – ek het vasegal in oordadige navorsing vir 'n verhaal wat handel oor die twee groot goed in die lewe: Magie en ballas.

Hoe ouer ek word, hoe meer sentraal

staan dit in my lewe. Dis allesoorheersend, wil ek sê. Slaan net eers jou HAT oop en soek die woorde op.

Magie. Van die Grieks mos. Magos. Toorkuns, toordery.

Die toordery wat 'n mens tot sterwens toe besig hou – die toorwoorde wat jou so bekoor – het jy reeds begin aanleer daar waar jy nou sit in die yl koelte van 1997. Die lewe is so vol daarvan. Sit weg die HAT en vat die Bybel. Blaai na die Nuwe Testament. Die Evangelies. Matteus 12.

“Wanneer 'n onrein gees uit 'n mens weggaan, swerf hy deur dor streke op soek na 'n rusplek. As hy dit nie kry nie, sê hy: ‘Ek gaan terug na my huis waaruit ek weggegaan het.’ Hy kom dan terug en kry dit onbewoon, skoon en aan die kant. Dan gaan haal hy sewe ander geeste, nog slegter as hy self, en hulle trek saam met hom in en gaan woon daar. Aan die einde is so 'n mens slegter daaraan toe as aan die begin. So sal dit ook gaan met die slegte mense van vandag.”

Sterkte ook daarmee. Een wyk en vele keer terug. Die bose is alom en die lewe is ook dáárvan vol. Kinders word blind wanneer Dandelion-saadjes sekuur soos heat seeking missiles in hul oë waai en weerlig slaan smiddae skaapwagters wat kleilat speel. Dis als soms verskriklik, maar enige wyse uil bly sit mooi stil as jy 'n pistool op hom rig.

Dan ballas.

Die “lading van sand, klippe, water om 'n skip diepgang te gee,” sê die HAT. Om 'n vaartuig vas te laat lê.

Dis die vrag stukkend in jou wat jou mas mooi regop hou
Neem kennis, jong vriend.

SKRYF AS TERAPIE

Om tot verhaal te kom – verwerk trauma en verlies deur skryfterapie van Lizette Rabe is vroeër vanjaar deur LAPA uitgegee. Die radio- en TV-joernalis Lizma van Zyl beskryf die boek as “'n Waardevolle boek wat die leser emosioneel bemagtig” en met “praktiese wenke toerus om hul pad na 'n nuwe lewe oop te skryf”, en die skrywer en joernalis Riette Rust skryf in haar resensie op Litnet: “Dit verg moed om jou trauma te herbesoek. Dink egter só daaraan: Indien jy eerder sou vasval in onverwerkte verdriet, kan dit tot psigologiese komplikasies lei. Om tot verhaal te kom gee jou die moed om déur die oog van die storm te beweeg. Daar is eenvoudig nie 'n ompad nie. Maar jy sal dapper moet wees.” Die boek is te kry by boekwinkels en die skrywerstantiëme gaan aan die Ithemba Stigting wat ten doel het om bewusmaking te skep van die belangrikheid van psigiese gesondheid en om navorsing te ondersteun.

“ Dit verg moed om jou trauma te herbesoek.”



AMBASSADORS HAVING FUN

Students engaged in fun (and more serious, activities) to showcase the Department to the outside world. Here are some highlights.



Many of the honours students attended this year's Hope Hike and Bike at the Blaauwklippen Estate, presented by the Ithemba Foundation to highlight the importance of mental health and the need for awareness and research on mental disorders. From left to right: Kara van der Berg, Wianda Gilliland, Elri Voigt, Jana Greyling, Annerine Snyman, Byron Mühlberg, SZ Minnaar, Marecia Damons, Roxanne Mooneys, Lucian van Wyk and Jessica Josephs. Tashin Singh was the photographer.



Dr Marenet Jordaan (left) and Class of 2019 student Byron Mühlberg at the World Journalism Education Congress in Paris in July. Byron won a place at this conference to present, as student from Africa, on his idea of the Journalism School of Tomorrow.



Die departement se uitstalling by die Universiteit Stellenbosch se Opedag.

SKEP ONS APE PLEKS VAN ENGELE?



George Claassen is a former head of the Department of Journalism at Stellenbosch University. He is public editor of News24 and Media24's Community Press and a board member of the Organization of Newsombudsmen and Standards Editors. He was the first director of the Centre for Science and Technology Mass Communication and has written various books on science and health quackery.

“ Ons as joernaliste kan bietjie meer nederig wees

Beste George

Hoe skryf 'n mens oor dinge wat jy miskien lankal vergeet het en hoe pen jy die lesse neer wat die lewe jou geleer het? Hieraan het ek gedink op 'n warm somersdag in Augustus vanjaar toe ons die Refugio de Januar-roete in die witgrys dolomiete van die Sierra de la Nueves in Andalucía stap. In die nederige klein hotel met dieselfde naam bo in die berge het die afgetrede Franse president Charles de Gaulle in Junie 1970 sy memoires geskryf. Dit was twee jaar nadat oproerige studente en werkers die kobbeltstene uit Parys se strate op die gendarmerie laat reën het om die dekadellange presidentskap van die held van die Franse weerstandsbeweging brutal te beëindig.

Op die grondpad wat die hotel tussen die denne- en olyfbome met die uitsig oor die Middellandse See verbind tot waar jy die moederkontinent in die verte kan sien, dink ek aan De Gaulle en oor hoe 'n mens die verlede kan vang soos 'n skoelapper in 'n net. Waarom ek eintlik skryf, is om iets te probeer weergee van wat ek oor vyf dekades geleer het in die beroep wat ek oor en oor weer sal kies, sou ek miskien soos 'n mistieke Oosterse wese gereïnkarnear word. Andalucía, waar ons naaste familie, die Neanderdal, uitgesterf het, laat jou, soos Hannie Michaelis geskryf het,

Beladen met herinneringe

Buigen wij ons na de aarde toe...

Wat het ek geleer in die joernalistiek?

■ Ons as joernaliste kan bietjie meer nederig wees. Ons weet dikwels eerste, vertel dit eerste (dikwels te uitasem voordat ons getoets het of feit nie eintlik versinsel is nie).

■ Wanneer ons fouteer, erken ons so moeilik en aanvaar nie dadelik aanspreeklikheid om feite reg te stel en om jammer te sê nie. Vandag is dit deel van media-etiek; toe ek twintig was, het die konsep skaars bestaan – omdat ons meer respek vir ons medemens begin kry het?

■ Waarom weet ons so min? Waarom verdiep 2019 se joernaliste hulle so min in Homerus, Herodotus, Gibbon, Tuchman, Soyinka, Dostojewski, Márquez, Shakespeare, Arendt, Achebe, Joyce, Goethe, Chaucer, Toynbee, noem maar op? Ken ons die name en woorde en werke en dade

van die rolmodelle van ons beroep, Thomas Pringle en John Fairbairn, Rachel Carson, Ben Bradlee, Ton Vosloo, Bob Woodward en Carl Bernstein, Daphne Galizia, Harvey Tyson, Dene Smuts, Katharine Graham, Jane Raphaely, Kitt Katzin en Chris Day, Isa Wells, Max du Preez, Martha Gellhorn, Ryszard Kapuściński, Anna Politkovskaja, te veel baanbrekers om op te noem...? En hoe kan ons dit regstel? Ons slimfone het ons bewussyn gekaap. Vir die moderne joernalistiek hou dit groot gevare in omdat ons konteks verloor en historiese perspektief nie meer integraal deel van ons joernalistieke mondering is nie. Thomas Aquinas het sy vrees uitgespreek vir die man van een boek. Ek wonder soms, behoort nie-lesendes hoegenaamd nog die beroep te beoefen?

■ Die wetenskap se bevindings rus op getoetste bewyse, dis die beste manier van weet wat waar is en wat nie. En dis die teenpool van wensdenkery. Waarom dink ons as joernaliste nie méér soos wetenskaplikes nie en wanneer kry nuuskantore volwaardige wetenskapredakteurs? Wetenskap het die politieke terrein betree, en met ontkenners van en fopnuusverspreiders oor klimaatsverandering en inenting, het ons joernaliste se verantwoordelikheid om akkuraat en sinvol hieroor te rapporteer, dringend noodsaaklik geword. Ons slaag nie, want ons belê nie in kundige wetenskapverslaggewers nie. Dit sluit in dat ons nie kwaksalwers en Middeleeuse misleiding (dink maar aan die astrologievoorspellings waarvoor ons media steeds so onhebbelik lief is) langer behoort te duld nie.

■ Ten laaste, reflekteer en beaam die verflakking van wat ons as nuus beskou en aanbied waarin glanspersoonlikhede, Britse koninklikes en onbenullighede hoogtye vier, nie Blaise Pascal se woorde dat 'n boek (lees: die media) 'n spieël is waarin jy kyk, en as 'n aap daarin kyk kan jy nie verwag 'n engel moet terugkyk nie? Skep ons as die media nie die ape in plaas van die engele in die keuse wat ons maak in nuus-seleksie nie?

Ek hoop dié cadeau'tjie oor ons beroep is iets werd en dat my lesse eendag waarde sal inhou vir jong joernaliste soos jy. Alles goeds vir jou!

DURF DIE AGTERPAAIE AAN



Paula-Ann Smit (Klas van 2017) is in Junie vanjaar aangestel as redakteur van die *Graaff-Reinet Advertiser*, 'n tweetalige gemeenskapskoerant wat weekliks aan agt Karoo-dorpe versprei word. In April het sy 'n Caxton Award gewen vir haar digitale innovering by die *Kempton Express*, 'n gemeenskapskoerant in Kempton Park. Sy studeer deeltjys vir 'n meestersgraad in joernalistiek.

Ek wou nog altyd 'n joernalis word, ek het net nooit geweet watter soort nie.

Tydens my keuringsonderhoud vir honneurs het Marenet Jordaan (wat intussen 'n dokter geword het) gevra waar ek eendag in dié beroep wil wees. “Ag, Rooi Rose,” het ek gesê, ietwat onseker en desperaat om deel van die Crozierstraat-klas te word.

Praat van 'n warrelwind-jaar: fotografie, politiek en koerantuitleg. Tydskrifontwerp, grafika en etiek, en slapelose nagte oor in-diepte projekte.

By prof. George Claassen het ek geleer om alles te bevraagteken, vir Andre Gouws se digitale vernuf sal ek altyd dankbaar wees, en ek kan maar net hoop om eendag met die kennis en grasia van prof. Lizette Rabe te lei. Te danke aan haar weet ek ook dat dit oukei is om oor psigiese gesondheid te praat.

As ek kon teruggaan sal ek liefs taal-fundi Gerda Engelbrecht se Afrikaanse klasse Maandae om 8:00 bywoon. Ek was té lief vir slaap, en wie sou ooit kon raai dat ek eendag in die Karoo gaan werk? Gelukkig praat hulle hier Graaffrikaans, so my tale kan maar mix.

Ek sou wel nie vroeër my bestuurslisen-

sie kry nie. Ek moes iewers intern, en die Eikestadnuus was loopafstand.

“Ek hou al my haatpos,” was redakteur Danie Keet se advies; raad wat ek vandag nog volg. Já, julle sal verbaas wees oor die aantal hate mail in gemeenskapsnuus. Danie se deur was altyd oop vir Franschhoek-tannies wat oor swak dienslewering wil gesels, en trotse oumas met kleinkinders wat presteer.

Ek het verlief geword op gemeenskapsnuus. Soms heroorweeg ek my beroepskeuse, veral wanneer die haatpos ophoop, ongelukkige inwoners dreig om die koerant te verbrand, en die slegte nuus meer blaai opneem as die goeie.

Maar dan kom die goeie nuus wel, belangrike plaaslike stories kry 'n platform, en 'n leser daag op met 'n melkert “sommer net”.

Die lewe loop snaakse draai. Jy droom miskien van 'n kantoor met groot vensters in Heerengrachtstraat, Kaapstad, en as jy weer sien is jy in die platteland, duskant die Vallei van Verlatenheid, waar die aalwyne hemelhoog groei.

Durf die agterpaaie aan; jy sal nie spyt wees nie.

KEEP WORKING TOWARDS YOUR GOALS



Joan van Dyk (Class of 2016) is a senior health reporter at the Bhekisisa Centre for Health Journalism. She made her journalism debut at the Centre in 2017 and writes about various issues facing the health sector, including tobacco control and migration. In 2019, Van Dyk was shortlisted for the Michael Elliot Award for Excellence in African Storytelling and won the features category at the Sikuville Journalism Awards with her colleagues.

First of all, take a deep breath. I'm sure you can use it. Secondly, now might be a good time to stop studying and go and visit your grandmother. Her little house in Stellenbosch is full of tea and buttermilk rusks, and the bougainvillea on her stoep will by now be spilling fuschia-coloured blooms all over her grumpy neighbour's walkway.

She'll squeal with delight at how annoyed the old man will be and bite into another rusk before repeating her favourite catchphrase: “Few things are fatal.”

Remember that, you'll save yourself a lot of worrying.

Don't get me wrong, you must keep working towards your goals. Just don't fret so much about whether it's all going to pay off. Some will, some won't – you're in for a treat either way.

Five years from now you'll have the reporting job you always wanted. One that allows you to sink into a story for weeks at a time. Enough time to get lost in reams of documents and emerge with the gory, bloody, often heartbreaking details.

You'll be intrigued by the politics of the country, and meet unbelievable South Africans. The most astounding humans will be

those at the coal-face of the issues you cover.

By 2019, you'll have written about fascinating issues. Be prepared for some gut-wrenching moments too.

One day, you'll find yourself traipsing around cemeteries in Johannesburg in search of a toddler who died at Bosasa's detention centre for undocumented migrants, Lindela, almost 15 years ago. You won't find his grave, but your story will inspire a team of lawyers to represent the child's heartbroken family in a two-pronged case against the state.

You'll go inside Big Tobacco's playbook to reveal that the industry is secretly paying social media influencers to illegally advertise their deadly products.

In the same year, you'll have to blink twice when you're handed a Sikuville Journalism Award with your name on it for a feature you wrote with your colleagues at the Bhekisisa Centre for Health Journalism.

It won't always be easy, and you'll do a fair amount of penny counting. When things are tough, just make a cup of tea and take a few deep breaths. It's going to be so much fun.

A HACKADEMIC'S REFLECTIONS ON JOURNALISM AND ACADEMIA

Dear Gawie,

You are 20 now and do not realise that by the time you are 57, you will be writing to yourself in English. It is a long story, but do not panic, your English has improved considerably, and nowadays there is also something called spellcheck, which you can use on your computer. "Spellcheck ... computer?" I am sorry, I don't have time to explain now.

But, that's not all. It may amaze you that the language of the old Colonial foe, English, has become the lingua franca and accepted as a facilitator for peace and unity in a post-apartheid South Africa. Yes, I know, that's perhaps too much to take in at once, but the good news is that apartheid has finally ended. The bad news is that after initial optimism there are worrying signs of extended polarisation between different people and groups, who, believe it or not, are still categorised by the same race markers of yesteryear. (But it should work out fine this time around; the goal is after all a good one).

Yes, let's rather try to stay positive – you are such a gloomy young adult already. Of course, anything is preferable to strife and war, and if English provides the magic cure for a divided humankind, we can even sing "God save the Queen" together for all I care. Or the "Star-Spangled Banner", for that matter, because economically and culturally we increasingly behave like a satellite of the United States of America. What is interesting, though, is that it has become fashionable to declare your dislike for the "land of the free and the home of the brave" while binging endlessly on their movies, music, games and technology and disturbing the neighbours by putting on scary costumes and begging for sweets. I must warn you now that your great childhood appreciation for Elvis and rock 'n roll is not as innocent as it seems, after all, and may in time even lead to jazz.

In the meantime, I have read that the Chinese would like to become closer friends with us as well, and it is quite possible, since they turned out all capitalist and friendly after the Cold War ended (it did!). They now even have links to the South African media, including that old Afrikaner-stalwart formerly known as Nasionale Pers. By the way, it may surprise you, but if you are not careful and leave *Die Matie* in

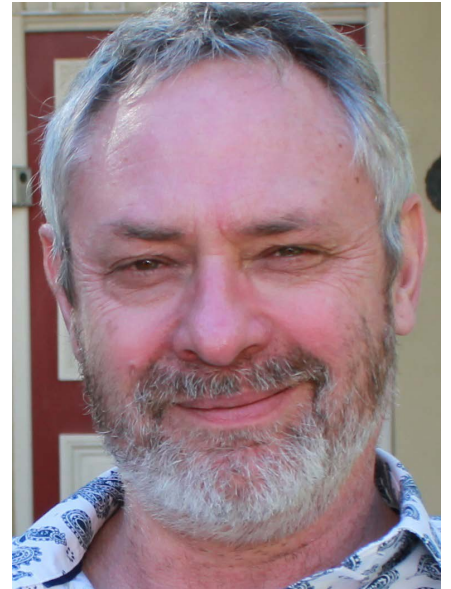
time, you will end up working for a newspaper owned by the self-same Naspers for up to 15 years. Yes, journalism, and on the arts and culture beat, with lots of American and British movies and music to cover! If you are lucky, you may eventually be allowed to review a few local and even indigenuous stage performances as well.

Without giving away too much of the future, I can summarise: Through journalism, you will have lots of opportunities, and if you stay focused and learn to work a little harder you may even end up in an academic post. About academic life, I will, however, say as little as possible, otherwise it might scare you beyond your fragile wits.

I know you may be sceptical about my predictions, and that you still think you will one day become a great, no, THE Great Afrikaans Writer and Poet of the 21st century. Don't be disappointed or disheartened. All I can say is that you became a writer and academic of sort. Perhaps hackademic is a better description, and one increasingly working in English, as I mentioned before.

Furthermore, I must warn you: To try and defend Afrikaans in 2019 will be futile. That French guy you will discover in a few years, Foucault, was after all right about how the language that we use, and often are pressured to use, influences the level of freedom we enjoy to seek and express the truth. But, take note, you will also have to make peace with the fact that Foucault will be widely ridiculed, often by critics who do not read his work and use and abuse strange, nonsensical words, such as postmodernism and poststructuralism. My advice to you is to rather keep away from Foucault and these terms and retain your common-sense realist outlook on the world, because any engagement with passing intellectual trends such as constructionism and relativism will only lead to grief in your journalistic and academic career, and even personal life. In short: do not blow your mind on theory and ideas – they are not real. Although, I must hasten to add, seriously believing in ideas can have very real, even deadly, consequences. For example, as a young person you may be easily convinced by ideologues that armed conflict is not only necessary, but a heroic service to your country.

But, as I already advised above, rather



Gawie Botma (Klas van 1988) is voorsitter van die Departement Joernalistiek aan die Universiteit van Stellenbosch. Hy is die skrywer van twee boeke, *Brothers in armchairs: Cultural struggles at Die Burger* (2014, Sun Press) en *Polemieke: Bekgevegte in Afrikaans* (2018, Zebra Press). Hy het in 2011 die graad PhD aan die US verwerf met die proefskrif *Manufacturing cultural capital: Arts journalism at Die Burger (1990-1999)*. Botma het die graad M.Phil (cum laude) in 2006 aan die US behaal met 'n studie wat op media-transformasie by Naspers en *Die Burger* sedert 1994 gefokus het. Hy het navorsingsartikels in vooraanstaande vaktydskrifte, soos *Journalism and Mass Communication Educator*, *African Journalism Studies*, *Communicatio* en *Critical Arts*, gepubliseer. Tot en met sy aanstelling by die US was hy kunsredakteur en -skrywer/resensent van *Die Burger* in Kaapstad.

try to look and stay on the bright side of life. Because, If you read carefully up to here, you will realise that you actually do make it past the challenges, stupidity, and transgressions of youth, largely due to the generous amounts of energy, enthusiasm, talents, love, generosity, forgiveness and opportunities you will be handed, often on a silver platter. But as you will also discover, if you do not use it, you may lose it.

And that, finally, brings me to the real purpose of my letter to you: Rugby – you will not believe when I tell you ...

Regards,

Gawie Botma

LEARNING TO THRIVE AND NOT JUST SURVIVE

Our honours students work hard, but as alumni know, they also know how to enjoy what they do. Here are a few final highlights from 2019.



Die honneursklas het in Oktober vanjaar innoverende besigheidsidees aangebied as deel van die Media-entrepreneurskap module, onder leiding van Marí Lategan (hoof: bemerking en kommunikasie by die Curro-groep). Hier is die klas ná die aanbiedinge saam met Marí en die paneellede wat hulle beoordeel het: Mohamed Shaikh, Natasha Mkhize, Prof Lizette Rabe en Siyabonga Africa.



Redakteur van die *Stellenbosch Media Forum (SMF)*, Roxanne Mooneys, pronk met dié tydskrif wat vanjaar onder die tema: "Press, Politics, and the Planet" versprei is



Cher Petersen on the Rooiplein with *LIP*, which dealt with the national elections.



Mike Wright (left), Byron Mühlberg (middle) and Dennis Delport getting ready for the braai to celebrate the end of the orientation period in February.



Ons wil graag méér alumni se stories in *Janus* vertel. Laat weet ons asseblief as jy 'n hoogtepunt beleef – of hoor van 'n klasmaat wat iets het om te vier.

Stuur gerus enige tyd van die jaar 'n e-pos met nuus na **marenet@sun.ac.za**.

The content of *Janus* is only as good as the tip-offs received from alumni. Please help us to tell everyone's stories.

You can send an email with news, any time of the year, to **marenet@sun.ac.za**