KAMBISA!

Volume 5, rainy season 2004-2004 @ K3000

by you, for you: read it, write it!

Freedom?



ShiMasta Queen Sheeba

Michael Ahlee, Kabalupe Bupe, KJ, Bellah Zulu, O.J. Gathedeme, Mozegater & Rabeeca Igoma

BE HEARD.

IN MEMORIAN

11.11, less then three weeks after Zambia's 40th independenceday, the Palestians lost their leader Yasser Arafat due to a mysterious blooddisorder. Whilst Israel was still neglecting UN-resolutions, Marwan Al Pargothy, the man who had the popularity to succeed Arafat in his quest to gain freedom for his people, was locked behind Israelian bars, breeding on peaceplans to stop neighbors from destroying each other.

Yasser Arafat

A week earlier a provoking-by-profession-columnist was killed in Amsterdam, once perceived to be the capital of tolerance. A young Dutch Muslim of Maroccan descent was arrested for stabbing and shooting this living statue of free-thought and leaving a deaththreat for a m.p., a former Somalian refugee, on his body. Van Gogh and her had made a film about mistreatement of women in Islamic societies, displaying four abused women in shine-through dress, verses from the Qur'an painted on their naked bodies underneath. Shortly after, Islamic schools were bombed and Christian churches burnt down.

Theo van Gogh

The columnist, too critical a thinker to generalize a group a varied as Muslims, was stigmatised to be an 'anti-islam filmmaker' in *The Post*, being dead could not defend himself. Arafat was denounced an 'terrorist' by the Israelian government and a 'hero' by many others. The issue of freedom is a tricky one. One man's death is the other one's breath.

Tobias or Carol?

Whose freedom is it when you can go an drink each night, but your love runs of and everything you're fighting for ends up in the shredder of your own indiscipline? What freedom is it when you are allowed to vote, but denied a dream to choose for? Which freedom is it when your parents let you go to party, but you end up having a reputation which will hunt you for years? The freedom to destroy your own potential?

You or me?

Which freedom, whose freedom, what freedom; it's up to us to chose. Feel free in the cells because nobody can touch your mind, or play slave in a wide empty meadow because there's no wall to scratch on. If freedom is the ability to do what you want to do, your dreams must be its ultimate master.

There's this strange way rape victims protect themselves; they give in and make themselves believe they allowed it. But what followed was the guilt for a sin they didn't commit. Cruelly captured in our need to be free. Sometimes you have to give up in order to keep.



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Tobias was just another guy with dreams of becoming a hip hop star, a good guy with tight lyrics. Everything he wrote was deep and poetic. When you met Tobias for the first time, you would sense how deep his love for music was. He was the kind of person who would never give up on his dreams. But he died. How did he die? He killed himself!

'These lyrics are a dedication to Tobias Death divide us Love multiply us'

Carol was the hottest chick at junior high school, good at sport, modeling and dancing. Even though her grades were not so good, her dream was to become rich. She had it all worked out: she would finish school and then start a business buying clothes from South Africa and selling them to the traders in Kamwala. At 15 she fell pregnant and the boy responsible was also too-young to take care of her and the baby. All he could do was accept that it was indeed his child. After some time, Carol really knew what it meant to become an adult before your time. So what happened to Carol? Her spirit died.

Was Carol's death more justified than Tobias' because her body didn't die? Or was Tobias in a better position because he was no longer a burden to society?

These are very common deaths in our society, and no one is doing anything about it. Our dreams are advertised everyday and encouraged on the radio and on T.V, but they are rejected by society. Society can't embrace our dreams and aspirations because they are too Western, too commercial, too ghetto and so on. How come society can't see that what the youths have to offer is what they have been taught and what they have found happening? Is society so blind that it can't see the pain the youths are feeling, the confusion, the anger, the fear of failure?

'Blacks crossing seven seas on blood and barks of trees

Hunger on street kids

Like chrome on Vietnamese

Mama shedin tears

Coz her boys are turnin into ghetto gees

Her tears falling like bombs droppin on Iraqi

360 degrees of social misdermeanor

spiritual pirates taken me to heaven on a Bima'

Everything has lost its value, even human life. No one cares about the next person. It's now each man for himself and God for everyone. Everyone is busy sorting out their own problems. The leaders are busy quarrelling with each other. Spiritual leaders are also busy privatising God and the Sabbath. Parents are busy with their financial problems while their children are

God and the Sabbath. Parents are busy with their financial problems while their children are occupied with all kinds of physical experiments (a.k.a. growing up).

The whole world is busy. Who is going to pay attention to Tobias? To society, he is just a selfish and childish person. How could he do such a thing? But could it be that he is happier and freer than he ever was alive. What about Carol? Was having sex and later having a baby her fault because she was adult enough to know what it would bring to her if she indulged? But what if this is the only life she knew, the norm in her neighborhood? THE FIXED WAY OF LIFE.

'God the Father
God the Son
God the Holy Spirit
We pray that you can guide us
Coz none of us is righteous
From the book of Genesis we reminsce
Christians owing taxes
Even Pharasees'

Even though the whole world is busy, at least people should realise that just as the soul can't live without the body, society also can not progress without the intact ambitious spirit of the youth. Society needs to educate and encourage the youth instead of criticizing us all the time. If things don't change there will be nothing left to call a society just because someone underestimated the worth of another human being. People should not wait for what happened to Tobias and Carol to happen again before they can finally agree that a positive change in attitudes is really needed.

Only death should divide us - not hate, jealousy or status. Instead we should pray for God to guide and unite us, because none of us is righteous.

Sheeba

'BLAK GODESS' QUEEN SHEEBA IS A ZAMBIAN MUSICIAN, FORMERLY WORKING WITH THE ZAMBEZI SYMPHONY, INCLUDING SHIMASTA, WHOSE STORY IS FOUND ON THE NEXT PAGES.

THE FRAGMENTS ON THE RIGHT ARE TAKEN FROM THE LYRICS OF HER UPCOMING SOLO-ALBUM.

SHEEBA'S FOEM 'POETRY OF A SINNER' IS FOUND AT THE BACKCOVER.

One Saturday, I woke up early in the morning just to fix the old roof sheets from leaking raindrops. In this two-roomed house I was renting, I couldn't sleep during rainyseason. It was worth it, since it was cheap and I could only pay K60,000 per month.

While fixing the roof, I was drinking my favourite beer, chibuku. Suddenly my mind took me way back into the days I call 'Mumatololo' (wilderness). When reality first spoke to me, truth behind the mask. It's good to focus on the mistakes of the past, I said to myself; sometimes it's healthy. I sighed.

Mumatololo

One day, the whole family was out. I was a young boy, 15 years of age, still waiting for my school fees which my father used to spend on chibuku everyday, beating up my mum to a bloody face. Several times my mum was being called a bitch in front of others!



SHIMASTA

Is a Zambian musician, formerly working with Zambezi Symphony, including Queen Sheeba, whose words are found earlier in this magazine as well as on the backcover, and Desh, whose works were found in previous issues.

Since Zambezi, ShiMasta has gone solo by releasing his debut cd 'ShiMasta'. His second album, 'Mwela Onse', is on its way....

ShiMasta

My auntie came home, and found me reading my old English book. By then I used to buy myself cheap shoes and clothing in saluala. Sometimes I could help my mother with a K5,000. I did all the washing, plates, watering the garden etc.

So, we sat for ten minutes and my auntie was still quiet. I knew something was going on, because she's a very outspoken kind. I asked what was troubling her. She said I was very young to understand. I insisted. She broke into tears and started saying she was going to be sent away – meaning divorce -, because she was barren. She never got along with my mother, who was complaining that my auntie lived very comfortable without giving her brother a child. So, she came to see my father because she was having a fight with my uncle over a lady she found drinking with my uncle at a pub around 22 hours.

she was going to be sent away because she was barren

She had some money, so she bought some beer and we started drinking. I started encouraging her, saying everything has got its own time. As we got drunk, she started crying that my heart felt very sad. I tried to stop her from crying but she couldn't. When I held her close, rubbing off her tears with my fingers, she held me tight and then she kissed me saying I should help her get a child. It was my uncle who was barren, she said. No one was going to know if I never said it to anyone. She convinced me that if I refused, she was going to lose her marriage, and that she would be a very big disappointment to her family.

We ended up having sex and it became a habit. We did it everywhere we thought was private. People started asking me what was going on between me and my auntie, since we sometimes did things together. That's when I woke up to my senses and told her people are noticing, 'coz they are asking about us.

Ifyakulya ubushiku fitula kumalushi

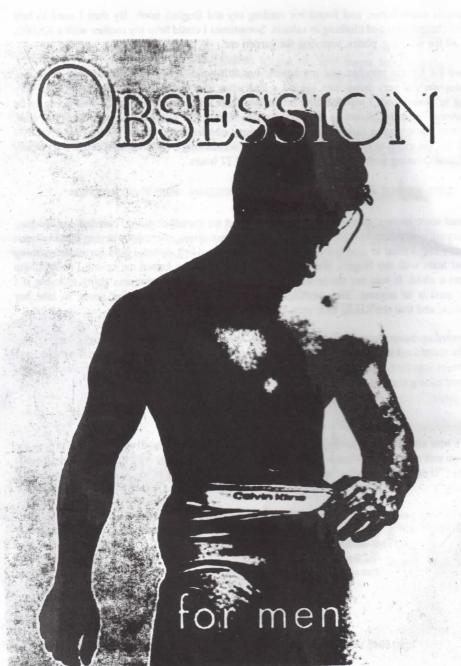
That's how she ended up having my boy child, whom they are now living with. It hurts to see my own son raised by my uncle, especially the baby not knowing who I am to him. In Bemba we say "Ifyakulya ubushiku fitula kumalushi" ("What you eat in the night, you vomit in the morning")

MOZECATERRUBBOYZMOŻEGATERRUBBOYZMOZEGATERRUBBOYZMOŻEGATERRUBBOYZMOŻEGATERRUB

-introThis Mozegater no munankwe
DJ Banky bias munchende
Yes man tell them rud boy
-chorusTake it eazy rud boyz
Ala nati take it eazy
Rud boyz 2x
1990 kwali coup mwanba luchembe
1990 kwali coup

three years later Gabon disaster
ala nati three years later
Gobon disaster
Take it eazy rud boyz
Yalizandile x3 heh x2 boy x2
Yalizandile
-verse 11990-1990 rud boyz kwaliko
coup mwamba luchembe
» p. 19

BOYZMOZEGATERRI DBOYZMOZEGATERRU DBOYZMOZEGATERRU DBOYZMOZEGATERRI DBOYZMOZEGATE



I had to do one thing: obey or not. I choose the latter. Since then, bad things that I thought would never happen to me started happening.

My parents refused me from doing so, but I thought all they said to me was useless.

It was after I had finished doing my teaching course when I decided to marry some one by the name of Alex, whom I had only known for six months.

My parents refused me doing so, but I thought all they said to me was useless. I refused to obey them and went on with my own plans. We wedded on the first of June, just after I had received my first salary.

Alex was an accountant, and he had always been there for me. He gave me hope for a bright future, he was always on time when I needed him.

After one year in marriage, things started changing. He was never at home during the day, not even on Sundays. He claimed that he was busy doing his work. My friends started telling me stories about him. I was told that he had a girlfriend who happened to be my relative. I could not believe it, for where there is love, there is trust. I trusted him so much.

He looked into my eyes and assured me that all the stories I had been told were lies.

One day, he came back early and I thought I had a chance to ask him about what I had been hearing. He looked into my eyes and assured me that all the stories I had been told were lies. He told me that I was the only lady he had ever loved. I begun to think as though the people who told me the stories about him, were just yealous. My parents came to tell me about him but all I told them was that I had my own life to lead. Again, I refused to obey my parents. It was only after the parents of the girl came to me and told me that their daughter was pregnant, that I realised Alex had been playing games with my heart.

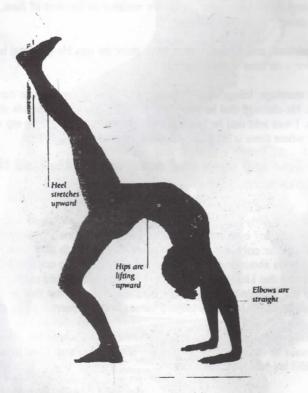
I called for a family meeting and to my disappointment Alex chose the young girl over me. After all the promises he made me, the love I gave him and the trust I had in him, he could not look back and fulfill his promises. He was gone.

do not rush for you will crush

I am now alone. My dear friends, do not rush for you will crush. If only I had obeyed my parents, I would not have found myself in such a situation.

Birdcage Walk Road, across from the Intercontinental Hotel's back entrance

with Tej Saturdays at 12:00 noon to 1:00 pm Sundays at 12:00 noon to 1:00 pm with Garlanne
Wednesdays at 6:00 pm to 7:00 pm
Sundays at 10:00 am to 11:00 am — Hatha
Sundays at 11:00 am to 12:00 pm — Ashtanga



With vividness, I summon up remembrances of the night In whose nights and darkest hour, death scared thine cares Into dark caves;

The rugged, jagged edge of death cuts across our homesteads.

Shivers of fevers, as deep as rivers shuddered like spears in our

Spacious hearts, so shattering,

And us, sanguine-souled, wept.

Bitterly, we wept, and warm blood our hearts bled,
Sobbing, softly we spoke, like quiet winds on seas So low, so inaudible, yet we talked, we heard;
For your transcendental living was so much present in the
Stillness of the night;
The sense of oneness, still we felt;
To us, you were all but in the thick of sleep soon to slip out;

Your absence, your existence, so much, we shall cherish
And in nothingness we shall stare;
For Death no more shall scare your cares.

INDEPENDENCE; SOMETHING ON RACE

by Ostakachte John Gathedense 24th Octaber, 2004.

I was born in Zambia about 25 years, 8 months ago. I do not know what it was like in this country before October 24, 1964. Everything I can possibly know about Northern Rhodesia is purely from what I have been told and what I have read, but mostly it's from what I have read.

I have read a bit of the history of Northern Rhodesia and that of Southern and Central Africa generally. Not many people who lived in the then Northern Rhodesia have told me stories about the conditions of living before we attained independence. So I do not know of many injustices that probably took place in pre-independence Zambia.

My father once told me that older native people had to call all white persons as "sir", or "bwana" whether the white person was young or old. Daddy told me this in the presence of my Mum and I asked them both if they themselves had had to call any white person younger than themselves as "sir" or "bwana".

They said that indeed they did on more than one occasion had to address a younger person as "sir" or "Bwana". Hearing this, I laughed at both of them and they laughed back. I thought it was very funny and stupid.

And when a white man was coming, my parents told me that they had to give way to the white person to pass. This rarely happened to my parents because, so they told me, they did not get to meet white people often as blacks and whites lived and operated from quite different areas.

My parents had to call all white persons "sir" or "bwana"

I wonder how it felt like to get treated differently by society on the basis of race. There is no doubt in my mind that it was not easy to be happy in such land. Racism was her Majesty's government policy and was entrenched in the way society was structured. It was made to be embraced by all – Asians, Europeans and Africans. This is still manifested even this day by many sectors and individuals.

If one attempts to understand the trend of racist behaviour in people living in Zambia today, one will probably agree with me that generally persons my age are not racists and do not speak nor act as such.

One might not disagree that those who actually lived and experienced racism still exhibit racist behaviour; or at least from time to time. I suggest that the reason is obvious. Old, especially bad habits die hard.

But I have never been illtreated due to the colour of my skin, nothing inspires me to be racist.

I have never been ill-treated or been treated less favourably because of the colour of my skin, and I have not treated anybody less favourably on account of their race. Nothing inspires me to be racist. I love blacks and whites. But my favourites are persons of

Asian descent.

To those who lived before 24th October 1964, Independence Day means liberation and freedom. When I was born, Zambia had long been independent and there was freedom and liberty in abundance already. That is all I have known and experienced as a Zambian - never oppressed, persecuted or improperly treated on account of the type of numan being that I am. When I was in my first grade, my teachers were not even spanking us!

To me Independence Day means enhanced freedoms and liberties; it means democracy and adherence to the principles of natural justice; it means respecting human rights. It is a symbol of the betterment of our society in all ways.

We must strive to make ourselves into better human beings than we were the year previously. We must be able to successfully argue that as a country we are better off than all the previous years.

It is up to the younger generation to show our fathers and mothers that Zambia today is 40 years better off than it was 40 years ago.

It is up to the younger generation to show our fathers and mothers that Zambia today is 40 years better off than it was 40 years ago. This must show in the way we conduct ourselves mentally and physically.

Ours is a generation of gender equality, racial equality, information technology, intellectual property, democracy and environmental salvation.

We are interested in such subjects as debt cancellation, the inequities of the slave trade (these were certainly crimes against humanity), the effects of globalization on the third world economies, the threat of AIDS on the future of our economy, the problem of privatization, the question of maize marketing, the effect of the perpetual instabilities of the middle east on the oil prices.

We are interested in reading books with titles such as Time is Money, Do not Waste it, How to effectively Out-Compete your Competitors. This is not to sound unpatriotic but I want to propose that that is the main reason that many 25 year olds are not usually present at celebrations for National events

such as Africa Freedom Day and Independence Day.

We as youths have our own problems

We as youths have our own problems and find meaning in quite different things from those that our fathers worship. By realising this, I believe it becomes easier for both the old and the young to appreciate their roles as citizens of this country.

Happy 40th day my country.

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Kambisa!BeHeard.



Kambisa!BeHeard.

c/o Klaartje Jaspers p.o. box 37657 Lusaka Zambia I've passed through many generations. In the freedom struggle I played a role which was appreciated. That's why the first president appointed me as minister for women's affairs. I wanted to raise awareness of freedom values, especially those for women. We were downtrodded upon. Traditionally, woman were just regarded as tools for the men; to cook for them, bear their children etc. This was further established by the colonial masters, who regarded us as second citizens. Women could not move without a marriage certificate. There were checkpoints in every province. Unmaried woman were not allowed to go to urban areas.

They said African woman smell bad.

I don't know why they established such rules, I think it was just to humiliate us. Off course we felt bad, we rose against that humiliation. Women were not allowed to buy from European shops. If they wanted something, they could get it through the window. They said African woman smell bad.

Myself, when I was three years old, my mum took me from Northern Province to Kitwe to join my father. She could do so, as she was in possession of a marriage certificate. I was brought up in a missionary, my parents raised me in a Christian way and I finished grade seven when I was fifteen years old – which was very quick. I would have continued studying, had I not gotten married when I was sixteen. My husband was Mr. Timothy Jiranda Kankasa, he died 22 years ago, after we had ten children together.

The humiliations made the women of our land to rise against the traditional and the colonial system.

The humiliations made the women of our land to rise against the traditional and the colonial system. The freedom struggle started in the forties. It was the men who started it, the women followed, they wanted freedom from the colonial and the traditional system. We fought side by side with the men.

Both my husband and I were politicians. He was also a union leader. We were members of the ANC (African National Congress) and in 1955-I joined UNIP, which is still my party. I started organising the women during the struggle, promising them that independence would bring an end to the humiliations. They chose me as their leader, since I was more educated than the others.

After independence, I became the minister for Womens Affairs, which I was from 1969 till 1988, nineteen years. I am the longest serving minister of Womens Affairs.

educate the girlchild

Our work had been voluntary during the struggle, after independence now we were on the payrole. My job was to emancipate women; arranging paid maternity leave, initiating

Womens Day and dealing with the way tradition still looked at women – there were still so many humiliations. We wanted to be part and parcel of the system, being appointed to high positions etc. My major aim was to educate the girlchild, so that she can be what she wants to be.

Our Zambian men have always been very understanding. In fact, men helped us to brew the convention of elimination of all forms of discrimination against women in 1979. I signed it in Kopenhagen, it was a worldconference with all memberstates of the United Nations.

Let the young ones come.

I'm a retired politician, I've done my part, I am now aging. Let the young ones come. If they want advise, they can always come.

I started the Kalingalinga Care off Orphanage because off my consciounce. After living with children who have become orphaned, who don't go to school. Working for them, I consider my last appointment on earth.

Nowadays, girls are sleeping around too much.

In the past we had orphanes, but not in big numbers like now awadays. It's due to HIV/Aids. Women should protect themselves from sleeping with men. Nowadays, girls are sleeping around too much. I blame it on poverty, they don't have what to do, they just believe in sex. If I were to be Minister of Womens Affairs today, I would urge the government to create jobs.

WHAT OSAMA MEANS TO THE MINIBUS DRIVER

A fictional monologue based on here-say/heresy

by An Anonimous American

The police say I have to give my bus a fresh coat of blue paint. Mine is too rusty, they say, and they will fine me if I don't comply. So, if I have to spring for the paint, I might as well rechristen the old tin can. I mean, as long as I'm at it. My Tupac poster is ragged and dusty and needs a rest, anyway. No disrespect to him; it's just time to move on.

What the bus needs is someone stronger, badder that Tupac. A new totem, to show that I'm faster, fiercer than the others. Someone powerful, someone known. I want people to stand back when they see me coming.

No disrespect to Tupac; it's just time to move on

First I was thinking maybe Jesus, but too many buses have Jesus. Guess they're hoping the Lord will protect them from their own bad driving. Ha! It's a bus, not a church. I was thinking more Osama than Jesus. It's not a bad thing to get a bit of fear when driving past.

Ok, ok, it's not like I want to be a freedom fighter. Those guys are rough. I don't want to blow up a building, or suicide myself. The roads are dangerous enough; I don't need to go looking for ways to get killed. Sometimes the other drivers get going so fast that when they hit a turn or swerve, they lose their grip on the road and roll over. You never know how the other guy is going to come at you.

My friend Masauso, he's crazy. He's got Osama in gold letters all over his bus, but to him, it's for real. He believes in Osama, his mission. Osama won't hold his tongue just to get aid money, like so many other leaders, he says. He can't stop talking about how Osama is going to show America something, David against Goliath. Any means necessary, Masauso says, like he's Malcolm.

Osama won't hold his tongue just to get aid money

He thinks Osama is on our side. How do you figure that? I asked him. He's for the black man, Masauso said. I've never heard that, I tell him. Masauso doesn't like to listen. And he's got all kinds of crazy theories to go with it. I tell you the man is mad. He thinks AIDS came in the polio vaccine from the US. He says the whites made it in a lab, because they want to kill all the blacks. Hey, if that's true, they're doing a pretty good job. I tell you, there is a funeral every day. And I can't always go, or else how am I going to make it to the end of the month?

But I'm not like him. I just want a real life superhero on my bus, Rambo in the flesh. And Masauso can borrow me one of his posters. My cousin can paint the back of the bus, in big letters, but not too big. I don't want people to think I'm a fanatic. And no gold, just black. Maybe some red around the outline.

I even asked Masauso, how he can like Tupac so much, but hate the land that made him? He says Tupac wasn't like the rest of America. But I don't get it, how come Osama hates America, when he's never been there? Masauso just says, because they're telling everyone else what to do. He laughs when he talks about how America can't get a grip on Osama, because he's too rich. Masauso wants to get there, to Babylon, learn all their tricks, and use the tricks against them.

how he can like Tupac so n but hate the land that made l

Why waste your time? I asked him. If you go there, just enjoy. Listen to some new tunes, drive a new car, meet some nice chics. No, Masauso says, that's what they want you to do. Since the US won't listen to anyone else, then talking time is over. Time for action, he keeps saying.

But I know he's just talking. There's no action coming out of Masauso except what happens in A-bar late at night.

And me, the only action I'm looking for is a smooth drive, plenty of fares, working brakes, less hassling from the police. Wait til they see my shiny new paint and the bad boy himself staring out the back window. Try and give me a fine then.

OUTLOOK ON OSAMA - A VIEW FROM AMERICA

Right after September 11th, 2001, I found myself talking to a group of Zambian school children. They wanted to know why the world trade centers had been targeted. I tried to start at the beginning - the conflict in Israel, the plight of the Palestinians, the US military bases in Saudi Arabia, the dependence of America's economy on oil from the Middle East. It is a complicated story, why Osama would strike at the US, one I'm not sure I fully understand myself. It struck me, in the midst of my confusing explanation, that most of these matters have no relevance in Zambia. The school children didn't know the history because it didn't seem to affect this part of the world. The politics of the Middle East are remote enough for Americans; even more so for Zambians.

So I was surprised to see, on the inside of the minibus, the name Osama Bin Laden, in red paint

outlined in blue. Other minibuses sport his name, too - over the rear doors; others tape his picture to the rear window, so he stares at the traffic. I see his face on t-shirts, as well. He is a hero here, to someone who drives a minibus.

In America, a bus that carried Osama's name would be unheard of. For one, it would attract a lot of unwanted attention from the powers that be, if it didn't get stopped by angry citizens first. But here, a bus called Osama stands behind a bus called Jesus, a bus called Tupac, a bus called Malcolm X, and no one blinks an eye.

In my efforts to understand this, I spoke to some Zambian friends. They are not minibus drivers themselves, but offered some possible reasons why these guys like Osama.

Chilufiya* said, 'Putting Osama on your bus has nothing to do with politics. These guys see him

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A HURRICANE

TO TURN THINGS

R
R
N
D

Loesje

loesje@loesje.org

PO Box 1045 6801 BA Arnhem The Netherlands as Rambo. To them, he is a larger-than-life figure, rich and fearless, a powerful man, with lots of money, and lots of followers. A superstar like any other. People like him, but don't really know anything about him."

My friend Chibeza* offered a different point of view. He believes that a greater political awareness is at hand. He said, 'There are those who believe in Osama; who applaud his actions, his methods, and his outlook. These are people that see America as arrogant and bullying; a giant that needs to take a fall. For these people, the death of innocent Americans is not a tragedy, but a necessary step to dismantling the superpower. They like Osama because he will not hold his tongue just to get aid money. In this person's point of view, anyone who stands up to America deserves respect."

While my friends helped me to understand better the view of Osama in Lusaka, their responses also raised more questions. Chilufiya's explanation made me wonder about admiring people solely for their wealth and power. Surely,

what they did to achieve that status matters too. In Osama's case, he was born into wealth and power, and his fame comes mostly from murderous acts. Is that worthy of worship? Does he deserve the same status as Tupac, Bob Marley, or even Rambo?

Chibeza's explanation was slightly more distressing, because it tells me that someone with no stakes in Middle East politics can still take the side of Al Quaeda, in response to America's recent military initiatives. I don't condone terrorist acts; nor do I agree with America's role in Afghanistan or Iraq. But I do worry that America's role in world politics will bring upon it such enemies as the minibus driver, or the teenager who wears Osama's face on his t-shirt.

*names have been changed to protect interviewees' identity.

We need outlooks on other countries for the next issue of Kambisa! If you have anything to tell which puts any foreign country in a critical perspective, or you know something or somebody which or who does please contact Kambisa!

MOZIGATERRUBBOYZ MOZEGATERRUBBOYZ MOZI GATERRUBBOYZ MOZEGATERRUBBOYZ MOZEGATERRUB thoz days rud boyz nali um ufana boyz yalizandile yalizandile boyz boyz yalizandile Mozegater ita dj banky bias

Ati avokepo -chorus-

-verse 2-93 boys Gabon disaster ifili lyash bakalamba tule chifwenkemuna fye na bakalamba ba Mozegater this is DJ Banky bias chachine bakalamba natwisa munchede twakula mupela

fyonse ifyo mulefwaya

-chorus-

-talk flaver-

imagin boys 97

takanyeni tumulondolwele ifylechika mulishilya

mwabali na bana sunsuntileni pakuti baleke

ichongo mwise mumfwe ifyachike ku mulumendo cacpain

obviously after that kwaliko no mulumendo selial killer muwfwi she nombe wach this

-verse 3-

naliku mushi kukasama uko nalina Banky, nalina Mbuyu, nalina B.O.K.

>> p. 21

NAMOZEGATERRE DBOYZMOZEGATERRE DBOYZMOZEGATERRE DBOYZMOZEGATERRE DBOYZMOZEGATE

Kambisa! needs help...

We need...

- authors : there are some topics we want to discuss in our next issues, but we need people to do it. For instance, we would like somebody to write a article on ones rights when dealing with the police, somebody to interview celebrities like Sista D. and somebody to follow the local courtcases, pick a victim and the suspects in her/his case interview both parties and make follow ups on them. These things can be written without professional journalistic skills as long as the writer clearly indicates his or her position and the article is written, like all others, in a readable fashion. The editors of Kambisa! are willing to give you some hints or help when writing.

Beware! the author always remains responsible for his or her own work: think about the potential

consequences of publication before you start!

If you can't read or write, contact Kambisa! and we'll find somebody to help you out.

- translators: translating: mostly from one of the local languages into English for the magazine, later

we might need things to be the other way found as well...

- storyfinders & transscribers: get out of towncentre, find people who want to get their story published and help them getting it in Kambisa! ALLWAYs tell people their story will be used for publication before writing their story down and handing it over!!!!! We need their explicite permission as they remain responsible!!!! Make sure people understand the potential risks of publication under their true name before they agree. If necessary, we can publish things anonimously, but this has to be indicated. Ask for name, age, sexe and profession/ societal status. Again...the editors of Kambisa! are willing to give you some hints or help when writing.

- representors : people to go the organizations, individuals, events etc. which could play part in Kambisa! (f.i. human rights awareness organisations, NGOCC etc) ask them if they know about it, what they think about it, want write a colum for it etc... do so, but do so AFTER consultating the rest of the Kambisa! - people, or at LEAST Klaartje. Though we all want to promote individual freedom, Kambisa! as a project should stand for something, we can't have people going round claiming to do so on our

behalf without the rest knowing about it and supporting their stance.

- digitalizers : people who can type incoming paperwork into the computer for further editing

- editors : people who can reread other people's work, comment on it, correct sentences that are too long or confusing, the incorrect use of words etc. This job needs some skill - whether it came by nature or schooling doesn't matter, but we need to be able to trust your work.

- correctors : correcting grammar & spelling, people who are fluent in written English

- designers/ visual artists: people who can help preparing the final texts for print, who can do the layout or help in making some nice illustrations to give some air to the texts or to lively up the cover

- marketeers: people to promote the magazine, to get some media attention, make posters, find and

deal with advertisers etc.

- distributors : making sure the magazine gets exposure in as many places as possible, signing 'contracts' with the ones selling or selling yourself! (commission 1000 kwacha per copy, this is the only paid job at the time of writing)

ENGAGE! Contact Kambisa! via p.o.box 37657 in Lusaka, 097-845019 or KambisaBeHeard@hotmail.com

KAMBISA!OnAir.

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We really hate them when it comes to rules. We often think we're smatter, don't we?

Face it, my little brothers and sisters: the rulemakers ARE smatter. They have been young before and that makes them more experienced than us. The have seen all sides of the angle and that makes them more advanced than us - unless we say it's normal for a grade one to lecture a university student. Because that is exactly what we mean when we tell our old folks 'I know what am doing!!!'.

The have seen all sides of the angle and that makes them more advanced than us. Our fathers drink and smoke, yet they tell us not to. They really sound like hypocrites, don't they? But they are saying so because they have realised their mistakes at a stage too late to quit, hence they do not want us to go through what they went through.

Doesn't that make them good fathers? If our parents were given a second chance at youth, they would have made better choices. That is why they want only the best for us. They don't want us to regret like them, ah ah!

Experience is the best teacher and that is the text book our parents have. Ours is theory. You better listen to them.

Let me assure you that no parent enjoys bau history repeating itself; this is the worst fear that torments our folks. Every parent wants their child to be better than them. That's why it is important to do what our parents tell us instead of what they do. Their youth and time has gone but ours hasn't. So let's make the best of it.

MOZEGATERRUBBOYZMOZEGATERRUBBOYZMOZEGATERRUBBOYZMOZEGATERRUBBOYZMOZEGATERRUB

bashala bonse bali uko

Naisa shikamo rud boyz imbe

twalimine rud boys pa ka chelo
kuya ku mabala
nalisendele na waileshi or instile radio
naleumfwa, naleumfwa rud boyz nati amuti mbuya
bapoke chalo
mama isa zanda ebele
very stupid, very rud and very foolish rud boys
shali nimbezi
mama aisapoka aisapokarud boyz
iyo radio ala umfwa
boyz yalizadile

ebele mozegater kashichachine

aisa njipusha tuchte shani?

nati nachila myeba

COMPOSING HIS OWN 'CHIUNDA'-MUSIC IN 1998.

"CHIUNDA" MEANS "SOUND", MOZEGATER
EXPLAINS, 'ANY SOUND IS MUSIC. LISTEN TO THE
SOUNDS AT THE ROUNDABOUT, THAT'S MUSIC.'

RUD BOYZ TALKS ABOUT THE THINGS
SURROUNDING THE ISSUE WITH CAPTAIN SOLO IN

MOZEGATER (1978, KASAMA) STARTED

Imbe rable now wich side?

Imbe refuge

RUD BOYZ TALKS ABOUT THE THINGS SURROUNDING THE ISSUE WITH CAPTAIN SOLO IN KASAMA BETWEEN 1999 AND 2000. IT INTENDS TO PUT PEOPLE INTO A CLEAR PICTURE. FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT MOZEGATER ON 097 617469 OR MOZEGATER@YAHOO.COM

Wednesday

I have to go and see my mum. She's been asking for me. Problem is; she's expecting me to have a job by now. My uncle organised me an interview with some chap who seems to need an accountant. I went but they wanted to see my papers. We made an appointment, but by the time I was supposed to be there, Kasongo had shown up. His wife had thrown him out, big shit. She had been told he had been sleeping with one of her friends. Man, the guy was complaining. I couldn't chase him. Off course it s a bit true, but he had not expected her to find out about it. When he went to see the other one, she was equally upset. The guy is in trouble, I'm telling you.

my head is banging like a blacksmith's hammer

Friday

Ishhh, big fun last night, now my head is banging like a blacksmith's hammer. Wish I had thrown up last night, didn't think it was that bad. Met some nice chick, she claims she's eighteen, but seeing her this morning, I doubt. Hope nobody is gonna come and arrest me. Anyway – she had very nice hips, 100% worth the risk. Considering to call her, but might get disappointed. According to Charles the size of the thighs is compensated by the size of the brains. He was claiming he had tested it a hundred times. Can see why he thinks like that; the skinny ones are somehow bit easy to get, fat ones allways pretending to be some kind of queens. Think the skinny ones are more straight-forward, they just tell you their price and off you go. But eeh.. me, I like some flesh in my hands.

Chico was like that. Man, I was a fool to let that one go. She stuck with me through and through. She took a lot of my shit, I don't like being told what to do. But she needed something also, I guess I wasn't always being fair. Still, we believed in it so much. We had plans. I wanted to marry her and have twins. Don't know what went wrong, I guess it was the money-shit. I wanted to find enough cash before proposing to her, but things didn't work out. One morning, I just found her gone. Not even a note. They told me she'd gone to the village. Maybe she just got tired of waiting, a girl's got her time.

Anyway, I have to start preparing myself. Need to be at that white guy's office by thirteen. He says he can get me a deal, but I need to see his manager first. Aftershave is finished, have to get some before I go. Smelling like shit.

Saturday

Woke up to find my sister knocking at the window. Mum wanted me. I had wanted to go there being able to help her with something, but there was no more chance for delay. Tried to get myself together, while she cleaned up the house. When I came back from having a bath, I found the bookshelves re-organised with the comdoms neatly near the bed-end. Am gonna kill her if she spreads the word.



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Mum was worried. My uncle had told her I had failed to show up for the job-interview three times in a row and now they were no longer interested. I had to talk my way out of it big time. Don't know where I got it from, but I guess I made it.

I wish she knew how right she was.

We had some nice lunch, chicken. She asked me how Chico was. I haven't told her we broke up. So I said she's gone to the Copperbelt for further studies. She looked at me and said 'You must be missing her'. I wish she knew how right she was. Feels bad to lie to her, but I don't want to make her upset. I'll make things right and make her proud. My sisters need new shoes and it's high time Benjamin starts going to school. He's almost five now, and too sharp.

On the way back I met Matongo, that guy is organised. He's looking smart these days, says he's been running around trying to get adverts for some magazines. It seems, since he got a baby, thay guy has turned really serious. I wanted to take him for a drink, but he refused, said he had to go and sort some business.

He offered he could introduce me to some of his people on Monday. The way he's talking, things can work out. They give you a 15% of every add you get them. He says it's a lot of hassle, people trying to sweet talk you, making you come for nothing etc. but you just have to come out like you're time is valuable and they need you more than you need them. OK, it's small money, but in the end the smalls add up to a big one. I think I should just try it, I'm tired of begging people for jobs everyday.

tired of begging people for jobs everyday

Sunday

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Chico killed my baby! Met her friend in A-bar the other day, she got pissed with me and said I had made her having an abortion. I blasted at her, didn't believe it. Chico is no person to kill a baby. She can't do that. But that friend gave me a lot of details which made some sense, says how was she going to raise a baby with a guy like you? You were just gonna give her promises, that's all you ever did, she had nowhere to go.... shit, am gonna kill myself.

'you were just gonna give her promises, that's all you ever did'

Sunday (later)

Went to see her at her grandmum's place, am told she's not there and they don't know where she is. I don't believe them, the shirt I gave her was on the line. She wouldn't have left without it, she wore it on our first date and the first time I laid my hands on her. She wore it on my birthday, on every special happy occasion we had.

What if she did? She must be really upset with me. What did I do to her?

I've been ging roud like crazy, trying to find out more 'bout Chico and trying to get some money. Somebody said she's got a baby; maybe she's just talking, but if it's like that, I need to support her. One guy said she's engaged, but the way he described the fiancee I think he was talking about me. He admitted he hadn't seen her for long. Can't really get a clue as to where she is, or how. I've been hanging round a bar near her grandmum's place, but people are not saying much. Looks like they've been instructed. Wish I didn't expose myself when talking to that bitch or going to her place.

I have messed up

I have messed up. Can't even really see why. Things were just time, we were gonna have a nice life. She was going to study, I was gonna work. We wanted babies, why didn't she tell me she was pregnant? I would have stopped her.

OK, she complained; she wanted me home at night, she wanted to go to college. But I didn't know it was like this, that serious. Her grandmum told me staying with me was going to stop her from studying, it was gonna make her a housewife instead. They didn't want that, Chico had a dream and the brains to make it come true. She wanted to become a lawyer. She could not accept just sitting at home waiting for me.

But-that's not what I wanted either; I was convinced I would make it. Things were not working out, I knew. But I took it to be temporary. I didn't see why me having some fun had anything to do with our plans not going according to sheme. I was trying hard to get her some cash, I didn't see the harm in having a beer afterwards. I didn't get why she was crying over stupid small things, she'd never been like that before. I guess mistakes which were coincidence to me, started to look predictable to them. When she used to mention my 'bad habits', I just blamed her of having a lack of faith. Now that I come to think of it, maybe that's why she used to pray so much in the end.

Gogo didn't say anything about a pregnancy, but the way she's coming out, I guess being pregnant made her decide the time for waiting was up. I remember she tried to put me on a deadline once. She told me if I was not gonna get her into college by the next term, she was gonna move back in with Gogo and find a job. Off course she didn't. I even forgot about it.

Thursday

I saw her in town, carrying a baby on the back. I shouted from the window, but when she saw me, she ran into the market. I was in a bus, by the time I entered I couldn't find her anymore.

I'm gonna find her and prove myself,

I'm gonna find her and prove myself. Got another job interview next week, I even begged them to give me another chance. Meanwhile, I'm gonna find somebody to borrow me some money, then I can start some small business. But first I have to find my reg. Don't know where I left it, but I need it for that interview. Maybe I left it with Kasongo the other night... let me go and check on him.

KambisalBeHeard. Freedom?

... was made by:
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Thanks!!!

to them, their many helpers and those who agreed to be interviewed or photographed,

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Tourist Missing the Eclipse

by Michael Ahlee

One of Australia's tourists missed his mission due to drinking of African spirits: Kachasu. On Thursday the 21st of June 2001, we had a great event which attracked a lot of people from all over the world. The sun, earth and moon were alligned in a straight line and the shadow of the moon fell on the southern hemisphere of the earth, causing the so-called eclipse.

Imagine, what an event to be missed by someone who came all the way from Australia to see it. On the very day of the event, the man decided to taste kachasu, what a mess. He had drunk so carelessly that he couldn't notice what was taking place.

When it came into his mind that he had missed his oncein-a-liftime's event, he cried by all means, what a big.... what a big mess. His colleagues tried to calm him by saying 'Don't worry much We took some pictures and recorded eveything on video.', but a video is not a life experience.

Addition from the writer:

Yes, my brothers, time wasted is never recovered. Note these seven disadvantages of drinking alcohol:

- 1. substruction of money
- 2. addition of troubles
- 3. multiplication of enemies
- 4. division of family
- 5. destruction of health
- 6. misunderstanding of friends & relatives
- 7. total loss of respect

Let these seven alcoholic laws guide you from drinking beer.

< ZIKOMO KWAMBILI <
THANKS < NATASHA
MUKWAI < TWALUMBA <</pre>

ard is looking for your creative contributions. Photos, puzzles, cartoons drawings, short stories, interviews, poems, articles ...: anything printable. Anyone who has something to say or show about his/her life in Zambia, the current state of world affairs or human kind in general, is invited to send his/her contributions.

the size has to be less than 2000 words or max. 2 A5-pages (black & white), language should be English or any Zambian language if a translation is included, responsibility and copyright remain yours,

don't forget to include a contact-address & indicate if you want this to be published or not and please.... keep it simple: KambisalBeHeard is meant to serve a wide audience, don't torture the readers by using unnecessary complicated sentences or words nobody has ever heard off. Intellect is in the message, not just in the words.

e note:

ADVERTS

> KambisalBeHeard. magazine has space for advertisements. Non-governmental organisations and private Zambian companies can contact Kambisal BeHeard. for further information on the rates. The magazine is printed at A5 format, advertisers can buy space at a full, half, a third or a quarter page. Rates are dependent on size, colour and place.

- backcover, opening and closing page (artpaper) full page (A5) backcover: b/w K 800.000, full colour K 1.500.000

full page (A5) opening and closing page (p.2 & p. 27): b/w K 800.000, full colour K 1.200.000

middle pages (p. 14 & p. 15):

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half page: b/w K 300.000 third page: b/w K 200.000 quarter page: b/w K 150.000

Kambisa! celebrates 24-10-2004 by giving a 40% discount on all adds ordered in 2004.

> The radioprogramme can be sponsored at K 80,000 per show (30 minute airtime), plus K40.000 productioncosts and a fee for the DJs. Programmes can be sponsered in packages of 6 or 13 weeks. It is possible to turn the current Kambisal-show into a one hour show, in which case the air time fee will be K 120.000

For adds on the website, rates in foreign currencies or deviating orders, please get in touch.

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E-mail subscribtions: free.

Postal subscribtions: 30.000 K/yr within Zambia; 30 Euro/yr outside of Zambia.

More information on the participants in KambisalBeHeard, ways to engage and previous copies, can be found at www.kambisa.com

CONTACT Kambisa!BeHeard

via KambisaBeHeard@hotmail.com, p.o.box 37657 in Lusaka or 097-845019

I walk the pathway of confusion,
I meet the carrier of illusions,
the man ahead of me drops crumbs of obstacles
hungry as I am, I feed on them like a child
on sweet lies of the suckle,
after this I lie down to dream, the dreamy dreams of a dreamer,
escaping this life of a prisoner,
I destructedly try to dream my life away,
a run away dream of a better day,
with the dawn of reality I wake up to take a bath,
to wash off this sleepy lazy aftermath,

I dive in the lake of reckless desire,
the water cannot cool me down, I'm like the fire
later I'm swept away by the whirlpool of insanity
not even the anchorman can save my vanity,
I'm then eaten by the jaws of sorrow,
only to be vomited because I see the light of tomorrow,
I succumb to the preacher man's warmth,
and patiently dry while I wait for he who was, he who is, he who shall
cometh,

Soon my patience is tested by the tradesman, who promises that peace and harmony will rise at the same time as the sun, his voice as smooth as velvet, and his beauty is as captivating as an African sunset, he tells me that if I exchange my soul with a life without poverty, I shall not drown in self-pity, soon I'm dancing to the sweet melodies from the harp of the beast, and I die, as I'm hit by an Angel with its furious fist,

I awake to find judgment,
from the judges of my testament,
and I subconsciously wait for my punishment,
my last wish as a sinner, is to ask one question,
the question that will balance my life's equation,
If God had so loved the world, why had he given me a mind?

> for more words from the Queen, check the insides of this magazine