

All is fair in love and war Jan van Tonder

Toe hy Helena die eerste keer gesien het, het Edwill besluit hy gaan alles in sy vermoë doen om haar hart te wen.

When he saw Helena for the first time, Edwill decided that he is going to do everything in his ability to win her heart.

En toe hy agtergekom het wie haar ou is, het hy geweet hy het nie 'n kans nie.
And when realised who her boyfriend is, he knew he didn't have a chance.

"Dit voel asof ek voor die afskop al verloor het," het Edwilll moedeloos by sy suster gekla.

"It feels as if I lost even before I've kicked off," Edwilll despondently complained to his sister.

Lita het simpatiek na hom gekyk. "Wie is die meisie?"

Lita sympathetically looked at him. "Who is the girl?"

"Helena."

"Helena"

"Helena Greeff? Hel, boetie, dis Waldemar se *girl* daai! Jy't nie 'n kat se kans nie!"

"Helena Greeff? Hell, brother, that's Waldemar's girl! You don't have a cat's chance!"

Kat se kans ofte not, Edwill was verlief en sy verliefdheid wou nie oorwaai nie. Elke keer as hy Helena by die skool gesien het, was dit vir hom asof sy IK met 'n punt of twee gedaal het sodat selfs Afrikaans en Engels vir hom moeilik geraak het en Wiskunde gans onmoontlik. Elke breinsel in sy kop het net Helena se naam geken.

Cat's chance or not, Edwill fell in love and it was a feeling that did not want to go away.

Each time he saw Helena at school, it seemed to him as if his IQ would drop with a point or two so that even Afrikaans and English became difficult for him and

Mathematics totally impossible. Each brain cell in his head just knew Helena's name.

Hy het 'n intense belangstelling in netbal ontwikkel en na elke wedstryd waarin Helena gespeel het, gaan kyk. En hy't getrou langs die rugbyveld gaan sit as Waldemar speel, want Helena sou daar wees om te kyk hoe haar aantreklike, fris kêrel drieë druk en seuns van ander skole se ribbes breek.

He had an intense developing interest in netball and saw every game in which Helena played. And he sat next to the Rugby field as Waldemar played, because Helena would be there to see how her handsome boyfriend scored tries and how he would break the ribs of the opponents.

In die klas het die Afrikaanseonderwyser hulle eendag van die skone Helena van Troje vertel en van die houtperd waarin soldate weggesteek is sodat hulle die stad ongemerk

kon binnegaan. En daar en dan het Edwill 'n plan gekry. Hy sou met Waldemar vriende maak.

In class one day the Afrikaans teacher told them the story of the beautiful Helana of Trojan and told them of the wooden horse in which soldiers tucked away so that they could enter the city undetected. Just there and then Edwill got a plan. He would make friends with Waldemar.

Waldemar neem sy nuwe pel, Edwill, tot binne-in Helena-hulle se huis, waar Edwill op sy gemak inligting kan insamel om aan sy suster verslag te doen. Lita het onderneem om hom te help om 'n strategie te ontwikkel wat hom darem meer as 'n kat se kans kon gee by die beeldskone Helena.

Waldemar takes his new friend, Edwill, inside Helena's house, where Edwill at ease can collect information to report to his sister. Lita has undertaken to help him to develop a strategy where he will at least have more than a cat's chance with the beautiful Helena.

"Vertel," sê Lita.

"Tell," says Lita.

Edwill trek sy skouers op. "Daar's nog nie eintlik iets nie."

Edwill pulls up his shoulders. "There's not much yet."

"Hoe bedoel jy? Jy was nou al hoeveel keer in daai huis!"

"How do you mean? You have been there quite a few times already!"

"Dis maar nes ander huise. Helena se ma is *great*. En sy het twee boeties."

"It is just like other houses. Helena's mother is great. And she has two brothers."

Lita gryp Edwill aan sy skouers en skud hom. "Ek praat van Helena en Waldemar. Wat doen hulle?"

Lita grabs Edwill by his shoulders and shake him. "I'm talking about Helena and Waldemar. What do they do?"

"Nie eintlik iets nie."

"Nothing much."

"Vry hulle?"

"Do they kiss?"

"Waldemar hou haar hand vas as hulle alleen is."

"Waldemar holds her hand when they are alone."

Lita knip haar kop nadenkend. "Praat hulle baie?"

Lita nods her head while thinking. "Do they talk a lot?"

"Sy praat. Hy omtrent niks nie, behalwe as dit oor rugby gaan."
"She talks. He virtually says nothing, except if it is about rugby."

"A-há!" Lita knip haar kop soos een wat die lig sien. Sy lyk wyser as Oprah en Dr. Phil saam. "En help hy haar wanneer sy takies in die huis moet verrig?"
"A-há!" Lita nods her head like one who sees the light. She looks wiser than Oprah and Dr. Phil, together. "And does he help her when she has to do tasks in the house?"

"Soos skottelgoed was?"
"Like washing dishes?"

Lita knik.
Lita nods.

"Nee. Hy wag in die sitkamer tot sy klaar is. Sy was en ek droog af."
"No. He waits in the living room until she's finished. She washes and I will dry."

Lita gee 'n gillettjie wat die kat verskrik by die venster laat uitspring. Ons hét die Achilleshiel in hulle verhouding."
Lita screams which makes the cat to jump out by the window. We have the Achilles' heel in their relationship."

"Wat?"
"What?"

"Die swak plek, onnosel. Onse Waldemar weet nie hoe belangrik kommunikasie tussen man en vrou is nie." Ene Dr. Phil.
"The weak spot, stupid. Waldemar don't know how important communication is between a man and a women." Dr. Phil.

"O."
"O."

"En hy is so onromanties soos 'n rugbybal." Oprah aan die woord.
"And he is so unromantic like a rugby ball." Oprah at the word.

"Nè?"
"Really?"

"En boonop is hy een van daardie soort wat dink 'n vrou se plek is in die kombuis."
"And in addition he is one of those people that thinks a woman's place is in the kitchen."

Edwill staan op. "Nou klink jy soos Ma. Maar wat help dit alles mý?"
Edwill gets up. "Now you sound like Mom. But how does this help me?"

"Meer as wat jy dink. Jy gaan begin lees, liewe boetie. Liefdesgedigte. Jy gaan 'n klomp mooies uitsoek en hulle lees tot jy hulle uit die kop kan opsê."

"More than you think. You are going to start reading, dear brother. Love poems. You are going to look up a few and read them so that you can recite them."

Hy begin spyt kry dat hy haar raad gevra het. "Waar dink jy moet ek die gedigte kry?"
He begins to regret asking her for advice. "Where should I get the poems?"

Sy rol haar oë. "In die flippen biblioteek, man. Is jy *stupid*, of wat?"
She rolls her eyes. "In the library, man. Are you stupid or what?"

Edwill sit in die kombuis met Helena se ma en gesels toe Helena ingestorm kom.
Edwill sits in the kitchen chatting with Helena's mother when Helena comes in.

"Ek kan dit nie meer vát nie, Mams, daardie twee ..." Sy soek woorde. "Daardie twee ..."
"I can no longer take this, Mom, those two ..." She searches for words. "Those two ..."

"Boeties van jou?"
"Brothers of yours?"

Daar is smeking én verwyd in Helena se stem. "Ek en Waldemar kan nóg 'n bietjie alleen wees nie."
She pleads and there is regret in Helena's voice. "Waldemar and I can never have some alone time."

Edwill tree tussenbeide. "Stuur hulle buitentoe, ek sal hulle besig hou."
Edwill then interrupts. "Send them outside, I will keep them busy."

Helena se ma loer verbaas oor haar bril na Edwill en stap fronsend die vertrek uit.
Helena's mother is shocked when she peers over her glasses to Edwill then steps out of the room, frowning.

Helena neem sy hand. "Sal jy rêrig?"
Helena takes his hand. "Will you really?"

"Jip," antwoord Edwill.
"Yes," Edwill replies.

"Hoekom?" vra Helena.
"Why?" Helena asks.

Haar aanraking laat hom voel asof hy rillend van vreugde tot sterwe kan kom. Of tot lewe.
Her touch let him feels as if he will die of shivering joy. Or live.

Hy kyk in haar oë en praat soos een wat 'n resitasie opsê: "Dit alles doen ek net vir jou, omdat ek vreeslik baie van jou hou." Maar hy voeg nie by dat dit die slotwoorde van 'n gedig deur Theunis Engelbrecht is nie.

He looks in her eyes and speak as one who recites a recitation: "I just do it all for you, because I really like you." But he does not add that it is the conclusion words of a poem by Theunis Engelbrecht.

Helena draai haar kop skeef, asof in verwondering. Skielik gee sy hom 'n piksoen op die mond en dartel terug sitkamer toe.

Helena tilts her head, as if in awe. Suddenly, she gives him a peck kiss on the mouth and runs back to the living room.

Sy sus Lita hoort op TV, dink Edwill terwyl hy met sy wysvinger voel of sy lippe nie dalk skoon weggebrand is nie.

His sister Lita belongs on TV, Edwill thinks while he feels with his index finger if his lips has not burned away.

So gaan dit aan. Daar is baie gedigte wat hy graag vir Helena wil opsê of in 'n brief wil oorskryf, maar digters kan soms nogal stout raak. Hy wil nie hê dat Helena moet weet hy dink sulke goed oor haar nie.

So it continues. There are many poems that he would like to recite to Helena or write in a letter, but poets can sometimes become a bit naughty. He doesn't want Helena to know that he thinks about her in such a way.

Dus hou Edwill by fragmente waarmee hy haar hart sal kan steel, soos dié een van Rosa Keet, wat hy op 'n dag op 'n flentertjie papier in die gang vir haar aanbied. Nie net weerhou hy die digter se naam nie; hy behou hom die reg voor om 'n effense aanpassing daaraan te maak.

So Edwill only keeps fragments with which he will be able to steal her heart, like this one from Rosa Keet, which he one day gave her in the hallway. Not only does he keep the poet's name from her; He also reserves the right to make a slight adjustment to it.

*My pols sing 'n minnelied
Ek sleep vlerk by die sterre
Wat in jou oë verskiet.
My pulse sings a lovesong
I'm flirting with the stars
That shines in your eyes.*

Op pad terug na die sitkamer waar Waldemar wag, soen sy Edwill op die mond. Lank. G'n piksoentjie nie.

On the way back to the living room where Waldemar waits, she kisses Edwill on the mouth. Long. No peck kiss.

Dit gebeur al hoe meer. Helena hou dit ook nie teen hom toe hy die volgende gedig van Wilhelm Jordaan onder sy eie naam in haar oor fluister nie:

It happens more and more. Helena also does not hold it against him when he whispers the following poem from Wilhelm Jordaan, under his own name, in her ear:

Kom ons stig 'n maatskappy
(ek en jy) een
Sonder winsmotief
Besit ons niks.
Hê mekaar
Net lief.
Let's establish a company
(you and I) one
Without profit
We will have nothing.
Just love
Each other.

Edwill weet hy het die stad met die hulp van Waldemar (en 'n klompie digters) ingeneem. Wel, half en half. Want Helena is, sonder dat iemand anders daarvan weet, Waldemar én Edwill se meisie. In die openbaar en in hulle sitkamer is sy Waldemar's, maar in die gang sýne.

Edwill knows that he entered the city with the help of Waldemar (and a number of poets). Well, half and half. Because Helena is, without anyone else knowing, Waldemar and Edwill's girlfriend. In public and in their living room she is Waldemar's, but in the hallway his.

"Dis tyd vir die *coup de grâce*," sê Lita toe Edwill weer verslag doen.

"It's time for the *coup de grâce*," Lita says when Edwill gives her a report.

"Vir wát?"

"For what?"

"Die *coup de grâce*. Mens spreek dit uit: 'koe de ghraas'. Genadeslag, dis wat dit is, die doodskoot. Jy moet nou self 'n gedig skryf, uit jou binneste, soos 'n pyl van Cupido gemik op Helena se hart."

"The *coup de grâce*. You pronounce it as: 'koe de ghraas'. The final blow, the clincher. You must now write a poem, from your heart, like an arrow of Cupid aimed at Helena's heart."

En al voel Edwill op 'n manier sleg omdat hy Waldemar se vriendskap misbruik, troos hy hom aan die Engelse spreekwoord wat Lita hom gee: *All is fair in love and war*.

And even though Edwill feels bad because he is using Waldemar's friendship, he comforts himself with the English proverb that Lita gives him: *All is fair in love and war*.

Dae lank werk hy aan sy gedig. Uiteindelik wys hy dit vir Lita.
For days he works on his poem. Finally, he shows it to Lita.

"Uiteindelik net ek en jy," lees sy die titel. "Wie s'n is dit dié keer?"
"Finally just you and I," she reads the title. "Who's is it this time?"

Edwill is verontwaardig. "Gmf!" sê hy. "Lees die ding."
Edwill is offended. "Gmf!" he says. "Read the thing."

Lita se oë is op die papier met die netjiese drukwerk in haar hand. Sy frons. Edwill wonder of sy dink dis 'n spul sentimentele snert. Maar sy glimlag skielik vir hom. "Jy gaan haar voete onder haar uitslaan, Boetie."

Lita's eyes are on the paper with the neat printing, in her hand. She frowns. Edwill wonders if she thinks it's sentimental nonsense. Then suddenly she smiles at him. "You are going to knock her off her feet, little brother."

Edwill en Waldemar is al naby aan Helena-hulle se huis, maar dit voel vir Edwill te ver, want die gedig in sy hemsak brand sy bors. "Kom ons vat kortpad," stel hy voor.
Edwill and Waldemar are already close to Helena's house, but to Edwill it feels too far, because the poem in his shirt pocket is burning his chest. "Come let's take a shortcut," he suggests.

"Watse kortpad?"
"What shortcut?"

"Sommer hier oor."
"Through here."

"Hier oor" synde oor mure en vreemde mense se eiendom.
"Through here" being over walls and strange people's property.

"Kom, man!"
"Come on, man!"

Edwill vlieg weg en kry 'n lekker voorsprong voordat Waldemar halfhartig volg. Toe sy voet vashaak, slaan hy neer, maar hy spring vining op en hol verder. Hy klim hier deur 'n draad en spring daar oor 'n muurtjie. Honde blaf. 'n Sproeier spuit hom nat. Hy kom voor Waldemar by Helena aan.

Edwill sprints away and get a nice head start before Waldemar half-heartedly follows him. When his foot gets caught, he falls down, but he jumps up and runs further. He climbs through fences and jumps over walls. Dogs bark. A sprinkler wets him. He gets to Helena before Waldemar.

"Kyk hoe lyk jy," sê sy besorg.

"Look at you," she says.

"Dis oukei, ek en Waldemar het resies gehol." Hy kyk oor sy skouer, en sien Waldemar nie, en dink: Nou, die koe de ghraas.

"It's okay, Waldemar and I raced." He looks over his shoulder and can't see Waldemar, and thinks: well, now for the koe de ghraas.

Maar Waldemar daag op en soen Helena liggies. Sy hare en klere is ook nat.
But Waldemar shows up and kisses Helena lightly. His hair and clothes are also wet.

"Julle sal ook nooit grootword nie. Kom, laat ek vir julle handdoeke gee," sê Helena.

"You guys will never grow up. Come, let me give you towels," says Helena.

Die twee boeties vra vir Edwill of hulle ook kan gaan speel waar hy en Waldemar was.
The two brothers asks Edwill if they can also go and play where he and Waldemar was.

"Asseblief!"

"Please!"

Edwill skud sy kop en kyk Helena en Waldemar agterna toe hulle sitkamer toe stap.
Edwill speel met die seuns, praat met Helena se ma en hou die sitkamerdeur dop.
Edwill shakes his head and looks at Helena and Waldemar as they walk to the living room.
Edwill plays with the boys, talks with Helena's mother and keeps an eye on the living room door.

Uiteindelik kom Helena te voorskyn. Sy stap met 'n wiegende lyf in die gang af. Haar oë blink. Edwill wag haar in.

Eventually Helena comes. She walks with a swaying body down the passage. Her eyes shining. Edwill waits her in.

Hy vat-vat na sy hemsak. "Ek het vir jou 'n ..."

He tucks into his shirt pocket. "I have something for you ..."

Helena kom staan voor hom, plaas haar hande op sy skouers, staan op haar tone, soen hom liggies op die voorkop en sê: "Waldemar het vir my 'n wonderlike gedig geskryf. Die mooiste woorde wat ek ooit gehoor het."

Helena stands in front of him, puts her hands on his shoulders, stand on her toes, kisses him lightly on the forehead and says: "Waldemar wrote me a wonderful poem. The most beautiful words I ever heard."

Sy dans verder die gang af. "Uiteindelik net ek en jy ..." hoor Edwill haar sê voor sy 'n deur tussen hulle toemaak.

She dances down the passage. "Finally just you and me ..." Edwill hears her say before she closes a door between them.

"Waldemar, jou helsem," sis hy die aftog saggies deur sy tande.
"Waldemar, you bully," he hisses softly through his teeth.

Inligting oor die skrywer Information about the author

Jan van Tonder is in 1954 in Durban gebore waar hy grootgeword het. Hy het 'n graad in Sielkunde en Krimonologie. Hy het al interessante beroepe beklee: byvoorbeeld restaurantbestuurder, tronkbewaarder, stoker, kondukteur, joernalis en skilder. Terwyl hy in Durban se gevangenis werk, skryf hy sy eerste verhaal wat in *Huisgenoot* gepubliseer word.

Jan van Tonder was born in 1954 in Durban where he grew up. He holds a degree in Psychology and Crime Studies. He has already held interesting occupations: for example, restaurant manager, jailer, stoker, conductor, journalist and painter. While working in Durban's prison, he writes his first story published in *Huisgenoot*.

Jan se bekendste werke is die novella *Is Sagie; Die kind* (wenner van die ATKV-prys vir prosa); *Roepman* (waarvan 'n film gemaak is en wat op die kortlys van die W.A. Hofmeyr- en M-Net pryse was) en sy drama *Lewensreg* (wat met die Sanlamprys bekroon is).

Jan's best-known works are the novella *Is Sagie; Die kind* (winner of the ATKV prize for prose); *Roepman* (whose film was made and was on the short list of the W.A. Hofmeyr and M-Net prizes) and his drama *Lewensreg* (which was awarded with the Sanlam Prize).

Nadat hy lank op Oodtshoorn gewoon het, woon Jan, 'n ywerige seiljagvaarder, tans in Gordonsbaai waar sy seiljag, *Roepman*, in die hawe lê.

After living for years in Oodtshoorn, Jan, a keen sailor, currently lives in Gordon's Bay where his yacht, *Roepman*, lies in the harbor.

Inleiding tot die kortverhaal Introduction to the short story

"All is fair in love and war" is 'n humoristiese liefdesverhaal. Dit is meer as die gewone liefdesdriehoek; Waldemar is salig onbewus daarvan dat sy nuwe, goeie vriend Edwill eintlik by sy meisie aanlê en dat hulle die kat in die donker knyp (of weet hy dalk wat aangaan?). Die verhaal toon heelwat ooreenkomste met die klassieke liefdesdriehoek *Helena van Troje*. En die meisie oor wie dit gaan se naam is ook "Helena".

"All is fair in love and war" is a humorous love story. It is more than the usual love triangle; Waldemar is blissfully unaware that his new, good friend Edwill actually wants his girlfriend and that they have an affair (or does he perhaps know what's going on?). The story shows a lot of similarities with the classic love triangle *Helena of Trojan*. And the girl whom it is about is also "Helena".

Humor word ingebring deur die snaakse vergelykings wat Edwill se suster, Lita, gebruik. Sy sê byvoorbeeld dat Waldemar so onromanties soos 'n rugbybal is. (Dra sy miskien

eerstehandse kennis en het sy verskuilde motiewe in haar offensief teen Waldemar?) Edwill, deur wie se perspektief die verhaal vertel word, het 'n lekker sin vir humor. Hy hoop byvoorbeeld dat Lita se strategie hom meer as sy kat se kans by Helena gaan gee. Humor is brought in by the funny comparisons that Edwill's sister, Lita, use. For example, she says that Waldemar is so unromantic like a rugby ball. (Does she maybe have first-hand knowledge or perhaps has a hidden agenda in her offense against Waldemar?) Edwill, through whose perspective the story is told, has a good sense of humour. For example, he hopes that Lita's strategy gives him more than a chance with Helena.

Die titel word deeglik ontgin: Die leser ervaar hoe beide karakters letterlik alles sal probeer in hierdie liefdesoorlog.

The title is thoroughly exploited: The reader experience how both characters will literally do anything in this love war.

Literêre aspekte **Literary aspects**

Die titel is 'n bekende Engelse idioom. Dit kom uit die Engelse digter en dramaturg John Lyly se gedig "Euphues" (geskryf in 1578). Die oorspronklike aanhaling lui: "The rules of fair play do not apply in love and war." Hierdie aanhaling word dikwels gebruik om kullery te regverdig. Dit was Lita wat vir Edwill hierdie Engelse spreekwoord gegee het om Edwill te oorreed om Waldemar te mislei. As mens die titel lees, verwag jy dat die hoofkarakter waarskynlik enigiets sal doen om die geliefde in die hande te kry, selfs al is dit oneerlik of onderduims.

The title is a well-known English idiom. It comes from the English poet and playwright John Lyly's poem "Euphues" (written in 1578). The original quote reads: "The rules of fair play do not apply in love and war." This quote is often used to justify cheating. It was Lita who gave Edwill this English proverb to persuade him to deceive Waldemar. If one reads the title, you expect that the main character will do probably anything to get hold of the loved one, even if it is to be dishonest.

Die verhaal word vertel deur 'n (beperkte) derdepersoonsverteller. Die vertelling vind vanuit Edwill se perspektief plaas; Edwill is dus die fokalisator. Die leser weet dus nie wat die ander karakters, byvoorbeeld Waldemar, dink nie. (Die verteller gee wel soms 'n indirekte leidraad: soos Helena se ma wat onderaan bl. 7 verbaas oor haar bril na Edwill loer en fronsend die vertrek uitstap. Sy lei af dat Edwill van Helena hou.) hierdie verteller is glad nie objektief nie. Ons sien Waldemar en so ook Helena deur sy oë. Ons het ook nie 'n objektiewe blik op die soenery wat tussen hom en Helena in die gang plaasvind nie. Dalk is dit net 'n vriendskaplike piksoentjie.

The story is told by a (limited) third person narrator. The narration takes place from Edwill's perspective; Edwill is the narrator. Therefore, the reader does not know what the other characters, such as Waldemar, thinks. (The narrator sometimes gives an indirect clue: such as when Helena's mother at the bottom of page 7 looks over her glasses and frowns at Edwill before she walks out of the room. She suspects that Edwill

likes Helena.) This Narrator is not objective at all. We see Waldemar and Helena through his eyes. We also do not have an objective look at the kisses between him and Helena in the hall way. It may be just a friendly peck kiss.

Karakterisering vind in hierdie verhaal onder andere deur naamgewing plaas. Waldemar (van Germaanse oorsprong) is afgelei van die woorde wald (om te reageer) en meri (groot of beroemd). Waldemar is dus 'n groot of beroemde heerser (op die rugbyveld en van meisies se harte).

Characterisation takes place in this story, among others, by the choice of names. Waldemar (of Germanic origin) is derived from the words wald (to respond) and meri (large or famous). Waldemar is therefore a major or famous ruler (on the Rugby field and of girls' hearts).

Helena (van Griekse oorsprong) beteken sonstraal of helder lig. Sy is die lig in Edwill se lewe.

Helena (of Greek origin) means sunlight or bright light. She is the light in Edwill's life.

Edwill is die protagonis en Waldemar die antagonis. Edwill word bygestaan deur sy suster, terwyl Waldemar geen hulp in sy hoek het nie, behalwe sy mooi voorkoms en rugbytalent. Waldemar word deur Edwill en sy suster aan die leser geskets. Volgens Edwill kan hy "seuns van ander skole se ribbes breek". Hy is skynbaar nie juis spraaksaam nie; hy praat net oor rugby. Dit lyk asof Edwill en Lita dink hy is redelik onintelligent, maar dalk het hy lankal Edwill se plan gesnap.

Edwill is the protagonist and Waldemar the antagonist. Edwill is assisted by his sister, while Waldemar has no help in his corner, besides his beautiful appearance and his rugby talent. Waldemar is being described by Edwill and Lita. According to Edwill he can "break the ribs of his opponents". He is apparently not too talkative; he only talks about rugby. It looks as if Edwill and Lita thinks he is quite unintelligent, but maybe he knew what Edwill's plan was.

Edwill is die hoofkarakter, maar hy is die een wat die stryd verloor. Hy kan as 'n tragiese held, soos in 'n Griekse tragedie, beskou word.

Edwill is the main character, but he is the one who lost the battle. He can be seen as a tragic hero, as in a Greek tragedy.