Xhosa boy Chris lauds Cape Jazz

BY DOC BIKITSHA

JOBURG.—I saw him wince when I addressed him as Mr. McGregor. He will be plait Chris to you and me next time. He is the tall gangling pianist from the Cape who came to Joburg to work on a dedicated field — jazz. Chris McGregor was born 26 years ago in Somerset West in the Cape and grew up in the Transkei.

"Do you know any Xhosa, Chris, boy?" I asked.

"I used to but now I've forgotten most of it because lots of people talk to me in English", he replied.

As a young, bare-footed rustic in the undulating vales of the Transkei he used to trudge the veld with his best friend, an African lad called Boy Bikitsa. There was a bright sparkle in Chris' eyes at the mention of his friend.

As a young boy he had that out to trudge the veld with his best friend. An African lad called Boy Bikitsa.

It was a serious problem. Much was going to waste in Johannesburg.

In Cape Town at any session a person would just join in anywhere and keep a terrific rhythm section.

Eli Mabuza had that in him. He had to bring that out by working hard.

"I can't work — there's much wasting", said Chris as he was eulogising about Cape Town jazz.

The interview could have gone on for most of the night had I not decided to call it quits.

Fuzz on face

Chris was very interested to find out tomorrow how I would manage writing sense on his life. I have not done it justice. I'll keep on trying.