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‘BABY COME DUZE’

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Abstract
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OFAFRIKAANS, ZULU, SOTHO, ENGLISH AND BRAND-NEW WORDS. HERE’S A STORY IN
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‘BABY COME DUZE’

THERE’S A NEW LINGO IN THE TOWNSHIPS, BRIGHT AS THE BRIGHT-BOYS, MADE OF AFRIKAANS, ZULU, SOTHO, ENGLISH AND BRAND-NEW WORDS. HERE’S A STORY IN LINGO – AND EXPLANATIONS.

Story by ‘bra’ D. Can Themba.
Pictures by ‘bra’ Gopal S. Naransamy.

Snooky: ‘Jy val babies bo. Daai’s die Casbah Baos se rubberneck, en sy vat nie moegoes kop-toe nie.’

Prettyboy: ‘Get a load of that one, Snooky. That’s the genuine article. Get it?’
Snooky: ‘You go for every skirt. That girl belongs to the Casbah Boys, and won’t go for suckers.’
‘Say, baby, you got me crazy!’

Prettyboy: ‘Ek sê, baby, ‘n man pitch cruel vir jou. Pun-yuka ek net, dan hol ons die toun toe.’
Ellen: ‘Jy’s babies verskrik, hè! Wat gaan vir wat en wie gaan vir wie? Ou Bull van die Casbahs maak jou hinty, finish en klaar, Daak!’

Prettyboy: ‘I say, baby, I’m nuts about you. Give me a break, and you and I will paint the town red.’
Ellen: ‘You’re girl-crazy, eh! What’s cooking? Bull of the Casbah Boys will kill you off, finish and flat. Scoot!’

Ellen: ‘Toe was ek mix-zup van die out-tie, maar ek nyekeza. Ek was gestoot. Ou Bull is coward met ‘n gounie, en hy neinen net vir molle. My Mma hoor my, is Jozi die!’

Ellen: ‘But I fell hard for the bright-boy. Still I played angel. I was cornered. Bull is cruel with a knife, and goes to jail just through dames. Goodness, this is Joburg!’
‘Lay-off that doll, small-fry!’

Bull: ‘Jy deal met my moll, spy. Pazama weer by daai cherry, dan quip ek you vuil.’

Bull: ‘You string with my girl, small-fry. Just dare go near that dame and I’ll beat you up bad.’

‘n Shot maak jou nie wild as jy Judo notch nie, man. Ga hom Voor hom hele laaities . . .’

‘A bigshot can’t scare you if you know Judo. Grab him in front of all his boys . . .’

‘Spin hom; hy moet brul soos ‘n os as hy vlie ant hulle is almal sissies as jy pluck hou.’

‘Throw him; he must roar like an ox when he flies for they’re all cowards when you show courage.’

‘Die Here weet, die dikker die vark die harder val hy.’

‘God knows, the bigger the pig the harder it drops.’
Prettyboy: ‘Toe kom Easter – mdlalos, nice-times, piekriet! Maar waar! Ons los
die bricados in die shashi, ek en my mama, two-out. Jy gaan dit val ok gee, maar
ons dlala tot die beeste romantic word.’

Prettyboy: ‘Then came Easter – fun parties, picnic! But what! We dodged the
boys, my dame and I, all by ourselves. You’ll think I’m pulling a fast one, but we
spooned till even the cattle became romantic.’

‘Night and day,
you are the one
I love.’

Prettyboy: ‘En daai aand mova ons
titch-toe cruel ge-clip. Die toun was
mca, hinty man. Die baby ga my, is
shandies kalykit crackers sgoer-sgoer
in my koukie. Ek was weg, man,
weg man ...’

Prettyboy: ‘And that night we went
home, in close embrace. The town
was beautiful. Silent. My girl
pressed me, things exploded as if
crackers burst in my head. I was
gone, man, gone man . . .’
Loving, and laughter, forever after . . .

Ellen: ‘If it’s a boy, he’ll cause trouble among the little girls just like his father. And he’ll grumble that her mother stares him off whilst he’s still making love.’

Prettyboy: ‘Geewhiz! Geewhiz! Then he waylays her at the chinaman’s shop, and then he deceives her with the old flattery: “Baby, come closer!” Geewhiz! Geewhiz!’

[April 1956]