

in the Christian rite. Christ has said "What God has put together let no man put asunder". I take this injunction seriously, and I will not be party to any manmade law or action which defies it.

Suzanna left Sandton on January 21, 1973, as required by the endorsement in her reference book. She is not permitted to return.

Even if she were to come to visit her husband and children, she would face the prospect of arrest.

"The law which has been responsible for this is the law I broke. I stand before this court now, prepared to bear the consequences of having thus chosen to act in accordance with my conscience as a Christian."

What is so funny?

ELEANOR ANDERSON

On catching sight of a Black Sash demonstration, people react in all manner of ways.

Some react by not reacting, save for a small tightening of lip and nostril, and simply cease to see. Others, passing by even unto the other side of the road, rev up their cars, with fierce little roars, and really punish the chewing gum in their mouths, for it has become more than cud. Still others laugh.

Considering that this demonstration concerns hostels and the splitting up of African families, one wonders where the joke lies. One man, with a hard and handsome face, pauses in his Volkswagen alongside the row of women and laughs terrifyingly, showing every well-stopped molar. What is so funny about separating a small child from its mother?

In another car a man nudges his wife, laughs sneeringly, and her heavily lipsticked mouth joins in the mirth. In a bus a pretty young woman holds hands with a small boy next to her and snickers at a poster which has caught her eye. The poster says "Give families family life".

Several young men in a combi pause for the robot, but it is only when the vehicle moves on that one of them has the boldness to shout an obscenity at the women. Does he agree that it is obscene to forcibly separate a man from his wife?

Many people read the slogans on the posters, mouthing the words as if they were hard to understand. "Kinders by ouers" should not pose such great difficulty. A middle-aged man shouts "bloody fools!" and speeds away. A uniformed African chauffeur and his employer gaze non-committally at the posters. A hefty

White truck driver, whose passenger is a small, neat African in overalls, drives his elbow hard into his ribs and bids him share the jest, and the small man, who has been looking with concern at the women, giggles wretchedly.

A young man in a slick red Alfa waits for the green light and looks so nice that one hopes, hopes, that he will not laugh. But he does. A young couple with granny in the back seat stare scornfully, and as they drive on granny, unseen by them, blows the Black Sashers a fluttery kiss.

Why is whiteness so superior? Whiteness puts one in mind of snow of lilies, of clean linen and purity and flags of truce, but it is also associated with fear, and leprosy, and sun-bleached bones.

Bus number 77, Slegs Vir Nie-Blankes, is going to Greenside. Bus number 77, For Europeans, is going to Greenside too. Will they ever meet?

