

ternal actions. **Letting South Africa off the hook of sports boycotts or the EEC code of practice on wages may not in fact prove a friendly act.** Any signs of increased sensitivity and of the appreciation of the ultimate advantages of sharing power need to be encouraged. The welcome given in Pretoria initially to the Reagan administration provides the Conservative government in Washington — and in London — with a powerful opportunity for leverage, and therefore with a special responsibility to sustain pressures on the Republic's leadership.

But, in general, the world outside can do little but wait and refrain from military intervention. There is, however, no doubt that the continuance

of racial tension and discrimination in South Africa provides the Soviet Union with a unique opportunity, not only for maintaining her credibility with Black Africa, but for embarrassing the West. This opportunity, if it continues, could well extend beyond the diplomatic field to the whole question of access, especially to mineral raw materials. The responsibility for initiatives lies clearly with the existing government of South Africa. It has to isolate the genuine internal causes of discontent and redress them fast enough to avoid a final flare-up. The success of P W Botha in laying at least the foundations of a new and generally acceptable order by 1985 is fervently to be hoped for. The chances are objectively not good.

Love Your Neighbour?

PIETER DIRK UYS ©

SO IT didn't take that long for the Ugly Sister to throw off her sweet Cinderella facade. Barely four days after the Nationalist win in our snakes-and-ladders election, reality raised its arrogant head.

I suppose it was all too un-South African to be true — all the honest promise of reform. Maybe we ourselves are the ones to blame, like school-children, believing what our leaders say and feeling relieved at the promise of reform and a safer future.

We do pride ourselves in being a Christian nation with the Commandments at our fingertips — to love our neighbours and hold out the hand of compassion and care.

Somehow, with all the promise of change and the need for careful consideration of the past few weeks, one was lulled into believing that once P W Botha had his mandate he would rid himself of not only the irritating Right-wing extremist supporters of a 'Kaffirlose Vaderland', but would get rid of those passengers who have been clinging to his bandwagon for the ride and the thrill of being a little boss.

The Jimmy Krugers, the Lapa Munniks, the Arrie Paulus brigade and then, of course, the perpetuators of the obscenity of the laws of the Group Areas Act and the other little gems in our political heritage necklace.

And so it came to pass that, in keeping with what one expects of a Christian nation — the title with which we have endowed ourselves, while not having passed the audition — on Sunday morning two young and very confident policemen collared a young Black man who was watering a suburban garden and demanded his passbook.

The pass proved to be relatively up-to-date but further inquiry showed the man was in fact resident on the property — without permission.

'He can't stay here', the Dienaars said, 'We'll give you a warning and then we will come and raid you and it'll be a R500 fine for you. And for him? Well, he's not allowed to stay here. Let him stay in Soweto, there's lots of room there for him'.

The Black man watched and listened and if he had a tail should have wagged it, for the conversation was not about a person, but an animal. An animal who needed a collar and a licence and a permit — and firm instructions a la Woodhouse to 'walkies' and 'sit' and 'stay!' 'Stay' being the operative command — 'in your own area' (which this White suburb was not)!

It was getting on for winter. It was damp. Where would he find a place to stay?

'Listen, he hasn't got a permit to work here as a garden boy. You should get him a permit from Bantu Administration, although they won't give it to you, I can tell you now. He's already registered where he works — he can't be registered in two places'.

Suddenly their smiles faded and the interview was over.

'R500 hey, we're making a note of your name and address'.

They did and left — leaving the echo of P W Botha's voice repeating for the umpteenth time:

'The Afrikaner knows from his march through poverty and his determination to stand up and be himself how there was one attempt after the other to prevent him getting his freedom and therefore there isn't a nation in Africa better equipped to understand what is going on in the hearts of people who want to be free . . .' (Rustenburg, 1981).

I looked at the impassive Black face of the young man next to me, struggling through his poverty and trying to stand up and be himself, despite one attempt after the other to prevent him from getting his freedom — a face devoid of the

trappings of pretence, a face set in anger and humiliation.

Of course, the choices were only mine on this day in the life of White South Africa. He had no choice: he had to get out and find a home elsewhere or end up in jail or worse.

I could, of course, refuse to pay that R500 fine and demand to be jailed in the glare of the public interest. (If all the Whites confronted with That Fine refused to pay it on humanitarian grounds could the prisons in South Africa, already overfull, accommodate 20 000 housewives and careermen from the upper echelons of our society?)

But our nasionale unitate has never been that virile, so maybe let's pay and be damned — forget the conscience and donate to the starving kids somewhere, get the brochure and see what it looks like down in Australia, try to get the money out and

the kids away before they have to fight on a border to protect the dreams of men dead or defiled.

The string of mini-events that led to the conclusion that our Sunday was not only the day of God but of Demons was nothing that earth-shattering. It was just another incident among hundreds and thousands involving the lives of people and their families that we White overlords accept as the norm.

But at least there is one screen we can't hide behind. One day, when we have to pay, probably in kind, for the inhumanity of our Christian society; when we have to stand alone against all mankind, accused of the first degree emotional murder of millions, we cannot say, as has been said by others not so long ago:

'We didn't know . . . we really had no idea what was going on . . . we're not to blame . . .'

● Acknowledgements to Sunday Express



PATTI PRICE

WHEN PATTI PRICE died in 1980 a Port Elizabeth newspaper suggested that a boathouse should be named after her, to commemorate the wonderful work she had done for the National Service



Rescue Institute of South Africa.

Happily, on July 18 1981 a new boathouse was opened and named 'Patti Price'. The event took place at Simons-town and a plaque in her honour was unveiled by Mrs J Ferris, wife of Commodore Ferris of the South African Navy.

Patti was an outstanding member of the Sash and members of the False Bay Branch who had been invited to be present were proud and deeply moved by this wonderful tribute to our dear and never-to-be-forgotten Patti Price.

Lily Herbstein

ZIMBABWE'S WHITE LIBERALS PRAISED

WHITE LIBERALS who opposed the Rhodesian Front Government of Mr Ian Smith were given unusual praise in Salisbury yesterday by a member of the Zimbabwe Government.

The Deputy Minister of Lands, Mr Moven Mahachi, told a National Unifying Force lunch: 'The role you played to oppose the regime which we were also fighting against was very important.

'You may not have realised it but we who were in the hot front know very well what you were doing and what you intended to achieve.

'Although we used to regard liberals as people trying to apply brakes on a fast moving revolution, that was not the case here.

'Our revolution was a people's revolution so powerful that no force could hold it. Hence we sympathised with your stand'.

Mr Mahachi's unexpected tribute was unusual in that in most African countries White liberals were barely tolerated by nationalist movements.

In Rhodesia, however, members of the opposition White parties, the Centre Party and the Rhodesia Party that joined forces later to form the National Unifying Party, maintained, wherever possible, strong links with the main nationalist parties.

Mr Mahachi told the NUF members: 'You criticised the previous regime for its racial policies and its brutal behaviour. You tried to persuade them to see reason and the need for change. That action you took was marginal in a way but very important to some of us'.

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