



In the middle of April Father David Russell of King Williams Town began trying to survive on R5 a month, the average pension paid to black people in South Africa. During the month of June he intends to live on the rations, worth R2,58 a month, issued to destitute people in Dimbaza. Women in Dimbaza may be paid R2,50 a month in maintenance grants. When they receive this money the rations they were previously receiving are withdrawn. Dimbaza is a town in the Ciskei homeland, established under government policy for the resettlement of "superfluous" people from the so-called white area of the Republic.

In this magazine we publish letters from one "superfluous" widow, Masakona Molovhedzi who was "resettled" in her homeland north of Louis Trichard in January this year. Up to January 1972 she had been supporting herself and her three small children by working, albeit unlawfully, in Johannesburg. Now she is destitute. Her baby is ill because "I cannot get the milk I used to buy her in Johannesburg. The doctor says it is because of the milk I am now giving her here."

Her eldest daughter, if she survives to adulthood, may never be able to go to school again because there is no money for her exercise books. There is no future for any of them.

This is the ultimate political reality of South Africa. Verligtes, Verkrampes, Brakpan, Oudtshoorn, boerehaat, foreign investment, non-racial sport, economic fluctuations, — all the subjects which command newspaper columns and dominate discussions in Country Clubs and boardrooms mean nothing when measured against the story of this one widow and her three little daughters. They are the

final result of the grand ideology, call it baaskap or apartheid, separate development or multi-nationalism. They are all that matters when we reach down to fundamentals. They are the means to whatever end white South Africa visualises for its own prosperity. There can be no justification.

Mrs. Molovhedzi is a determined woman, capable of wresting a livelihood for herself and survival for her children even from the underprivileged, competitive jungle of a black, urban environment in South Africa — if she were permitted to do so. But even the most determined woman can do nothing to further her own welfare in the remote resettlement areas of the homelands. Mrs. Molovhedzi is not living there in poverty because of uncontrollable economic factors. She is there in poverty because she was intentionally put there. To promise her citizenship of a mythical, landless, unconsolidated State does not compensate her for the fact that she has no daily bread.

Her hunger is the truth about South Africa. Yet she has no part in contemporary dialogue, no part in current political calculations.

No amount of window dressing or double talk can disguise the fact that her life has been deliberately, ruthlessly destroyed in the interests of those who have all the authority and all the temporal power.

In this country there seems to be absolutely no recognition whatsoever that there are actually people on the receiving end of legislation piously put through Parliament in the name of ideology — human beings who have the most indescribable suffering imposed upon them from which they have no escape.