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CONTENTS:

Editorial . . . . .	1
The Resignation By Doctors . . . . .	3
The Rising Tide Of Violence In South Africa . . . . .	5
After The Jail Is Over . . . . .	7
Torture In 'Blue Sky' . . . . .	11

THOUGHTS ON A DEFECTOR

The defection to the Portuguese fascists of Kavandame, Frelimo administrative officer in Cabo Delgado, is a relatively unimportant loss as the Frelimo leadership has correctly pointed out. Of course, the Portuguese, rarely presented with such opportunities, are playing up the importance of Kavandame as a military leader and as chief of the Makonde tribe. This is to be expected. Not so long ago the South African racist regime blew up the idiotic "revelations" of an unknown ignoramus who claimed to have been a member of the ANC and claimed to know the "inner workings" of the ANC.

Nevertheless, defections of lesser or greater importance are hazards which face every revolutionary organisation particularly in the early stages of armed struggle.

Guerrilla action usually commences with small numbers of lightly armed men and it takes considerable confidence in history and in the eventual role of the masses to feel with a certain amount of certainty that the People's Army will be successful. The odds against success initially appear very high indeed and the shakey and uncertain amongst us may be tempted to succumb to the enemy's blandishment. But final victory is certain to those who wage a determined and persistent revolutionary struggle.

Such defections are treacherous and inexcusable. Society develops and advances in accordance with social laws. History is on the side of progress. As has been correctly pointed out - in the final analysis it is ideas and not weapons that decide the future. But the path of struggle demands tremendous sacrifices and the road to victory is watered by the blood of heroes. The faint-hearted traitor is but a coward - even he cannot claim that the cause of the fascist-racist oppressors of his people is just.

Revolutionary movements can to some extent guard against this hazard by formulating correct theories and by revolutionary practice. And where defections do take place the worst damage can be avoided by always adhering to the principles of security and discipline. A revolution can only be undertaken and brought to fruition by revolutionaries. There is no room for political dilettants or dogmatic followers of this or that "revolutionary" line. While unity of the oppressed is a vital prerequisite of the struggle there is no room in it for those who must have everything explained to them; who must know what plans are being formulated; who must know what the leadership is doing; who must know the task of this or that - irrespective of whether it is a vital matter of security or not. Such people often cause confusion by their irresponsible actions and words and can certainly not be regarded as seriously

concerned with the struggle. It is obligatory for a revolutionary to work in a disciplined and organised manner whatever his personal feelings. Only if he finds his position intolerable and only if he can see no hope of amending the situation is it premissible for the revolutionary to take an altogether separate path.

As we go forward to conference it is incumbent upon all of us to appraise in detail the situation facing us, to ponder whether our present organisational framework can adequately deal with that situation.

Above all it is incumbent upon all of us to seize the opportunity presented by conference to put forward constructive proposals and once decisions have been taken by the majority let us all accept that in a revolutionary struggle the needs of security will inevitably put certain limitations on internal democracy. This is vastly more preferable than having our tactics and strategy, our organisation and planning exposed to the enemy by a cowardly defector.

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### THE SUMMIT

Leaders of East and Central African States are meeting in Lusaka to discuss wide ranging aspects concerning this particular area of the continent; but of greater significance will be the situation in Southern Africa where war of liberation is going on.

The mere fact that African leaders agreed to meet at the doorstep of fascism itself is a sign of their commitment to Africa's total liberation and to a better understanding of its problems.

A discordant voice sounded on the eve of the summit when Presidents Banda of Malawi and Tsiranana of Malagasy met in Malawi where the Malagasy Head of State is currently on a visit. These two gentlemen made it clear to Africa and the world that their intentions were to carry further their reactionary trends and activities which are to bring them closer to the racist regimes in Southern Africa. These men have taken it upon themselves to be messengers of evil and spokesmen for the oppressive regimes in the southern part of Africa.

For the people of Southern Africa hope lies with those leaders gathering in Zambia's capital city to review their past work and plan also for the future Africa as a whole. And, indeed the hope of the people of Africa is focussed on this summit meeting.

This meeting shows a light towards the unity aspired to by the people of Africa.

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THE RESIGNATION BY DOCTORS

- Anti-Pass

Almost 150 non-White doctors at Provincial Hospitals in Natal have tendered their resignations, to be effective from May 1, 1969. Such a mass resignation would, without doubt, result in complete chaos as far as Natal medical services are concerned. Those immediately affected and hardest hit will be non-White patients who attend the already limited facilities at the hospitals.

On the face of it the doctors' action appears callous and selfish; it would appear that they have abandoned their calling in the pursuit of higher salaries. But this is far from being the case. On the contrary, Black doctors have exercised commendable restraint and have been extremely patient despite the indignity they have suffered at the hands of White authority. Black doctors undergo the same period of training, write the same examinations, work the same number of hours, carry the same responsibility and often in the same ward of a hospital as White doctors and yet receive only half the salary. This is a glaring example of apartheid in action and thoroughly exposes the racists' nonsense about maintaining "civilised standards". In other fields the White labour policy and Job Reservation have prevented Whites and non-Whites being employed in the same jobs so that discrimination is somewhat disguised.

For several years Black doctors have pleaded with White authority to bring about wage parity. Several carefully worded and well-documented memoranda have been drafted drawing attention to the wage anomaly. There have even been instances where inexperienced White juniors receive higher salaries than their Black peers. These appeals have been ignored. On 3 or 4 occasions Black doctors have gone on a "go-efficient" campaign. A word of explanation. Readers will, of course, not be surprised that the racists provide very limited medical facilities for the Black majority. Hospital wards are thus forever crowded with patients often sleeping under and between beds. Sick children, often with infectious diseases, have to share cots with 2 or 3 other children similarly afflicted. The Outpatient Departments of these hospitals are always crowded. Thus doctors have to work under tremendous pressure and at great speed to see all the patients everyday. The first victim of such a state of affairs is efficiency as the doctors are the first to admit.

The "go-efficient" campaign means that the doctors give proper attention to each patient they see (as happens in the excellent White medical sector) irrespective of the large queues waiting to be attended. Thus hundreds of patients have to be turned away

daily without being seen by a doctor. Black doctors have gone on a "go-efficient" campaign in support of the pay-claims on several occasions. Each time they have called off these campaigns after varying periods of a few days to a couple of weeks on the humanitarian grounds that while their quarrel is with White authority the immediate sufferers are the Black patients. These patients, unlike White patients, cannot exercise any pressure on the racist authorities for, aside from being voiceless and voteless in the land of their birth, any protest on their part would be brutally crushed. One can well imagine the haste with which matters would be amended if White patients were at the receiving end!!

The humanitarian concern of Black doctors is in sharp contrast to the calous disregard for the Black sick exhibited by the authorities. The most notorious instance was when Major Arthur, head of Natal Health Services, told the doctors in July 1968 that they could do as they pleased because he did not care. As he put it, "it is their own people who will suffer." This racist made it clear that he was not in the least bit concerned about the welfare of Black people - even if they were sick and suffering.

Recently, in February 1969, the Black doctors went on another "go-efficient" campaign which was only called off because they felt they had drawn sufficient attention to their grievances and because they found the plight of their patients intolerable. Subsequently, their salaries were increased by 15% but at the same time White doctors were given increases so that the disparity in salaries continues. Incensed by this insult to past injury and frustrated by the utter disregard of the appeals and protest 150 doctors have submitted their conditional resignation. This is the background.

The Natal Medical Association (a largely White body) is in full sympathy with the demand of these doctors. So is the Dean of the Natal Medical School, Professor Gordon. On the opposite extreme is the South African Medical Council which has refused to intervene in the matter or even to support the claims of the doctors. The racist regime is, in the meantime, indulging in its usual bluster with threats of all sorts.

If the resignations become effective not only will there be chaos in the hospital services but also a direct effect on the Natal Medical School for many doctors also lecture at the medical school. The outcome is unpredictable for the people, left without medical care, may be moved to express their feelings in some way. There is also the possibility that the authorities may give ground or the doctors may withdraw their resignations.

Nevertheless, by their action the doctors have once again exposed the naked racism of the apartheid state. There can be no compromise with it; it must be destroyed and it will be destroyed.

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### THE RISING TIDE OF VIOLENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA

by Mbokodwebomvu.

The February 28th issue of News/Check a South African weekly modelled on Time and Newsweek magazines gave shocking figures of mass self-destruction by the white population of South Africa. To quote News/Check:

"True, today South Africa does have an astronomical murder rate compared with some developed countries. Whereas Britain, with a population of 56 million has a murder rate of about 200 per annum, the South African figure is now over 5,000 murders annually. This does not fall so far behind that of the U.S. where the rate, for a population of 200 million is around 9,000."

Whether the figure falls short or not of that of the U.S. the fact of the matter is that South Africans are killing each other and this fact must be explained and not glossed over. We can explain better the South African situation if we put the murder status of South Africa against other status which tell a gruesome story. The 1957 Report of the South African Commissioner of Police gives us another set of statistics which compliment and put in perspective this high rate of murder in South Africa. We shall compare these police figures with those of the annual report of London's Police Commissioner of the same year. (These figures were taken from Africa South in Exile Oct.-Dec. 1959).

The Metropolitan area of London with a population of more than 8,000,000 and all the complex conflicts of a cosmopolitan culture, registered 30,097 arrests during 1967, or an average of 82 arrests a day. During the same year, 1,525,612 people were committed for trial in South Africa of whom 1,448,582 were convicted. Everyday of the year, therefore, some 4,200 South Africans were arrested and tried out of a population of 14,500,000, every year, one out of every ten inhabitants - women and children included - was convicted of a crime.

Even more significant were the figures for crimes of violence. During 1957, there were eleven convictions for murder in the metropolitan area of London. The number of convictions for murder in South Africa rose from 390 in 1953 to 789 in 1959. Where London in 1957 registered 96 cases of criminal violence resulting in death, numbering in the total all deaths directly caused by dangerous driving, South Africa during the

same year .... /6

same year recorded 4,654, of which 1,992 were murders. Some 12 people therefore died everyday of the year in South Africa as a result of violence. And of these five were murdered. Surely this is a society that has been slithering into destruction for a long time.

What are the reasons for this state of affairs? According to the learned journalist of News/Check, the South African figures are strongly affected by the presence of a large concentration of economically underdeveloped Africans in the big towns and cities. But of course this does not explain what News/Check calls "a disturbing new feature among the economically privileged White population" which is also characterised by violence and social aggression of an increasing number of its members. Another characteristic feature of murders in the White population is the violent death of innocent children. For instance in three of a number of family tragedies, eight children were butchered by their fathers.

Let us remember that all this is happening in the society that is practicing the worst form of racial oppression to more than 3/4 of the population. This is a society which is armed to the teeth and which has established amongst the fairer sex of its White population pistol clubs to shoot Africans to teach them that nothing needs changing in South Africa. The crucial cause of this self-destruction in South Africa is the oppression the Whites inflict on the Africans, Coloured and Indians. It is the irony of the situation in South Africa that the oppressor himself fearing sub-consciously the violent revolution that is casting its shadows is beginning to take his own life. For us the truth of the matter of why there/such violence in South Africa is that South Africa is the arena of social conflicts which it is harbouring within its womb; the worst inter-racial conflicts yet to come.

There is more violence in South Africa among the Blacks than anywhere else. This violence is for reasons Fanon has explained in The Wretched of the Earth. Revolutionaries must take cognisance of the situation. It is fraught with revolutionary potentialities which must be taken advantage of, otherwise our people will keep on destroying themselves instead of that system that makes them beasts.

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QUOTE:

On our part, in the name of our people, we are determined to fight and make the kind of sacrifices which made revolutionary Algeria free and independent in a struggle against one of the world's great powers. We shall carry on the fight no matter how long or difficult it may be. We shall win because Africa must be free.



AFTER THE JAIL IS OVER

by Jean Middleton.

Jean Middleton served three years in a South African jail for being a member of the Communist Party. She was released last year and immediately served with banning orders (under the Suppression of Communism Act), so comprehensive she could not pursue her life in South Africa; she came to this country where she recently started work as a teacher. On leaving South Africa, she became one of the many exiles whose "speeches, utterings, writings or statements" may not be reproduced anywhere in the Republic. Sixty-four such people were subjected to banning orders or renewals, as of September 1968. Inside South Africa at least 400 people live under banning orders of some kind. A list of their names is available from the United Nations Unit on Apartheid, New York. Here Jean Middleton describes what, after three years in jail, life "at large is like."

On the day before I was released from Johannesburg Female Prison, I was called to the office of the Lieutenant in charge, and there, in her presence, two security police men served me with banning orders.

There is no appeal against it.

It was the standard restriction notice. I was forbidden to teach, or even to enter the premises of any educational institution; and I suppose it was this clause that was to have the most powerful effect on my life, since teaching is the only skill that I can lay any claim to. I was forbidden to enter areas set aside for Africans and Indians: forbidden to enter the premises of any factory forbidden to compile or assist in the compilation of any document or photograph: forbidden to leave the magisterial district of Johannesburg, in which I had lived for six years before my arrest: forbidden to attend any kind of gathering at which people had met for a common purpose, even if that purpose was merely that of social intercourse. I was forbidden to enter the premises of any court of law unless I was required there as accused or witness, plaintiff or defendant in some case, or unless I had gone there to apply to magistrate for exemption from any of these prohibitions (I was to make many such applications as time went on); this clause is presumably intended to prevent one from attending political trials to show solidarity from the gallery. I had to report to the police every day at a specified police station. I was forbidden to communicate in any way with any other person similarly restricted, or with any person listed as being at one time a member of any organisation now banned, though people of this class were not forbidden to communicate with me.

Confusing? Certainly. The life of a restricted person is full of confusion over what he may or may not do, for many of these clauses are vaguely worded and have not yet been clarified by test cases in court. (Exactly how many people, for example, constitute a social gathering? - if a restricted person allows a snapshot to be taken of himself, is he assisting in the compilation of a photograph?) His life is also full of the strain of keeping all these prohibitions in mind, for it is easy, in the course of day-to-day living, to forget them.

When one is driving, it is easy, for instance, to cross over the border of the magistral district of Johannesburg without knowing that one has done so. It is easy to stop and talk to an old acquaintance in the street, forgetting, or perhaps not even knowing, that he, too is banned or has been listed.

When I came out of jail, unemployed, unemployable, and almost penniless, a friend of mine took me into her home for a while. Within a week or two, I applied to the British Consul in Johannesburg for permission to live and work in Britain, for I had to begin earning my living again as soon as I could. I saw a vice-consul, who told me that if I were given permission it would take some time to come through; I knew that my permission to leave South Africa would cause another delay; and so I determined to use time in finishing my master's thesis, which I hadn't been able to work on while I was in jail. Other friends, with a large house, offered to have me for a few months, until I left.

So I applied to the Chief Magistrate of Johannesburg for permission to work on my thesis and to live in the district of Germiston. I was to wait two months for this permission; and before I got it, my friends were twice visited and questioned by the security police. Whether permission for such applications is granted depends, of course, on the police and not on the magistrate, though few magistrates are honest - or naive enough to admit this.

I fell into a daily routine. This began each morning with a bus ride into town, where I would first report at the police station. The reporting was in itself a simple process; I would go into the charge office and ask for the security book, that book in which restricted people have to sign their names regularly, and which is inspected regularly by the security police.

I would sign the book, write the date and the time, wait to see that it was countersigned by a policeman, and then go. From the police station, I would go to transact whatever business I had, perhaps pay a visit or two, buy a newspaper and sit in the autumn sun on the verandah of some cafe, reading, or talking to a friend.

It was a quiet and even a monotonous routine: but at first I was delighted with it; so happy was I to be out of jail that at first I didn't feel the full severity of my restrictions.

After some time, however, I began to feel keenly the narrowness of my life, and also its deadly inactivity. I longed to do some work, but I had none to do. I couldn't go on holiday, because I couldn't leave Johannesburg. There were many of my friends to whom I couldn't speak, couldn't write, because they, too, were banned or listed persons.

While there were some friends, I could talk to them only in small groups; for the phrase 'social gathering' in banning notices is usually taken to mean a gathering of three or more persons besides the banned person himself. A banned person cannot go out in a party of four or more; and this in itself has a very limiting effect on his social life. Of all the clauses in a banning notice, the clause concerning social gatherings is the easiest to break; one breaks it often without being able to help it. If I walked down the street with one other person and we met two people we know and stopped to talk, I was breaking my ban.

If I sat at a table in a public place with two other people and one person without sitting down to join us, I was breaking my ban. I often risked having dinner with my friends and their families in their homes; but before I did so, I had to make sure that there were to be no other guests. If anyone dropped in unexpectedly during an evening of this kind, I would have a choice between leaving the room and sitting elsewhere in the house, or of staying and breaking my ban.

Nearly every restricted person forgets, sooner or later, to report to the police, and one day I forgot. It simply went out of my head. I was charged and tried for this, and given the minimum sentence, which is one year's imprisonment with all but four days suspended. Serving the four days was not much hardship. But my position was made worse, because not only would any further mistake incur a further sentence; it would also bring my suspended sentence into operation.

Eventually, permission came through for me to move. It came in a letter which also informed that it was not necessary for me to get permission to work on my thesis. I moved at once, and two days later my new orders were served on me by two men from the security police in Germiston. I had to report to another police station, but otherwise my new orders were the same as my old ones, with one important addition. Now that I had some fairly permanent abode, I had been placed under what is known as 12-hour house arrest.

The phrase "twelve-hour house arrest" is misleading: for I was confined to the house and garden from six in the evening until seven in the

morning during.....10/

morning during the week, and I could not go out at all on Saturday afternoons, Sundays and public holidays. My medical practitioner was the only visitor I was allowed at any time.

The police station at which I had to report was about four miles away by road, and again there was no public transport, so my hostess had to drive me there and back each day. When my mother came up from Durban to see me, I had to entertain her sitting on the vacant plot of ground across the road, for I could not get permission to have her as a visitor in the house.

A letter from the Chief Magistrate - for by then all the permits I had been seeking had begun to come through - gave me permission to proceed directly from Johannesburg to Durban on September 12, 1968, to spend six days with my mother before embarking from Durban on the 18th. I was to report to the police on the way from the railway station to my mother's house, and could not leave her house again until the day of embarkation, when I was to proceed directly to the harbour, reporting again to the police, on the way.

When my permit to leave the country came, it was accompanied by a letter from the Secretary for the Interior, telling me that when I embarked I would lose my South African citizenship and become a prohibited immigrant in my own country.

I hope I never have to experience again such personal grief as I felt during the last week before I left. I looked forward to coming to Britain, which I already knew and loved; but I was leaving my own country behind me; and I still do not know when I shall see it again. Both in Johannesburg and in Durban, I had friends to whom I had to say good-bye; I had to say good-bye to some of them over the telephone, since I could not visit them, nor they me; there were many to whom I could not say good-bye at all, since they were either banned or listed.

The magistrate's letter that I regard as the best in my collection was written during these last days, it is from the Acting Control Magistrate in Durban and was, of course, written on the instructions of the local security police. It gave me permission to visit the centre of Durban on the sixteenth of September to have my hair done and to change money at the banks; it specified which hairdresser I must visit and gave me a choice of two banks across the street from the hairdresser; it told me that I must proceed there and back by the normal bus route; it even warned me against having more than one appointment with the hairdresser during the course of the morning.

TORTURE IN 'BLUE SKY'

- Thabo Matomq

"Yes, I shot the White man. The conditions in prison are too heavy and difficult. When I transferred from Baviaanspoort Prison, I was fully prepared that if I got a gun in my hands, I would slaughter all White men in prison."

The above statement was made by a prisoner Frank Radebe in the Johannesburg Criminal Sessions where he was facing a charge of murder. The State alleged that he shot and killed a White prison warder Mr. Christian Dames during an attempt to escape from the notorious Cindrella Prison - also known as 'Blue Sky' - along with four other prisoners.

All the accused said that their attempt to escape from the prison was motivated by the treatment all prisoners had to undergo at the hands of the White warders. One of the accused Joseph Mahlaba described his treatment saying: "When Mr. Gous came he took away our shoes, socks and toothpaste...he took away our cigarettes...Mr. Gous would place two buckets about 12 paces apart and force us to run around those buckets for thirty minutes. If we refused he would assault us," Mahlaba added in evidence; "After he had taken away my shoes, my feet were rotten because of the cold cement we were forced to stand on." He also said that Mr. Gous told him that in the Congo he (Gous) used to shoot Africans 'like flies'.

Radebe, around whom the case centred made a scathing attack on the judge when he said: "These Whites are dealing with us in deceitfulness. Since our forefathers were shot dead in the Battle of Blood River, we struggled to get our bread in fear.....and we are rebuked in our sleep." Radebe also gave a detailed account of assaults on him and other prisoners. He also told of food served in dirty dishes and how he was made to eat, sleep and walk in handcuffs.

All the accused were found guilty and later sentenced to death for murder. But this trial exposed the amount of atrocities inflicted on prisoners in the country's jails where countless stories of assaults have been related. The South African regime has tried hard to deny these allegations, but time and time again many detainees and prisoners have reported of their treatment during imprisonment.

The situation is one that demands for a change in the whole system and a change will be effected with the physical overthrow of the fascist regime.