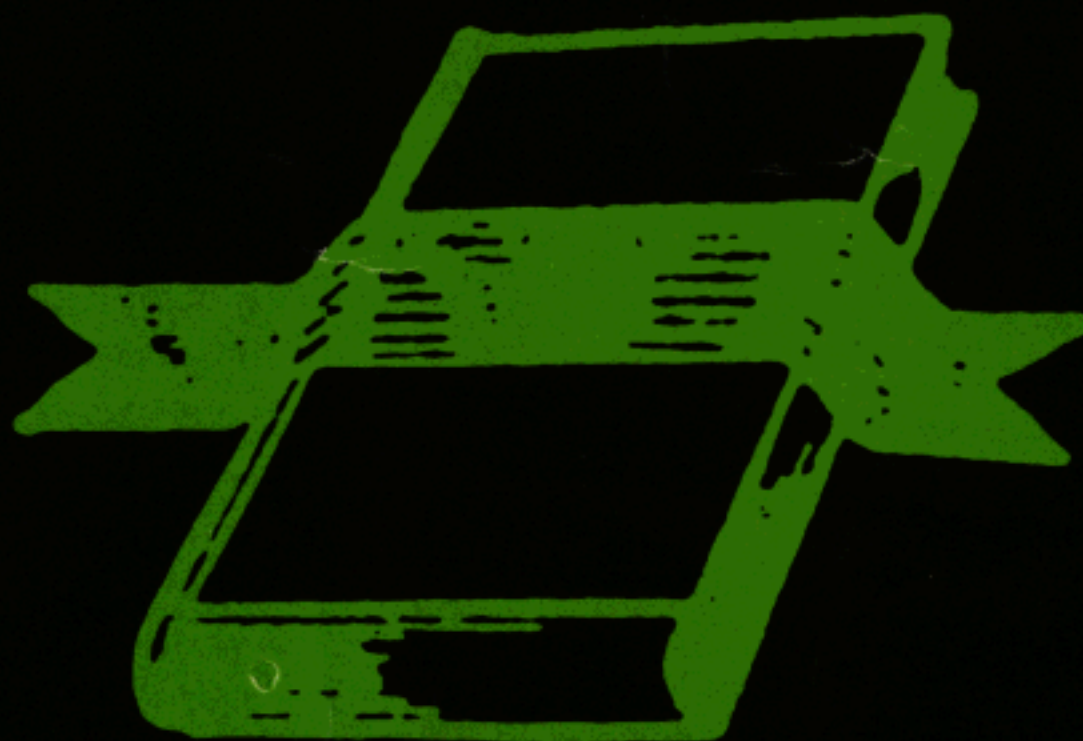


November 1980



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Dedication . . .

IN pride and humbleness we declare our devotion to the land of South Africa, we dedicate ourselves to the service of our country. We pledge ourselves to uphold the ideals of mutual trust and forbearance, of sanctity of word, of courage for the future, and of peace and justice for all persons and peoples. We pledge ourselves to resist any diminishment of these, confident that this duty is required of us, and that history and our children will defend us.

So help us God, in Whose strength we trust.

Toewydingsrede . . .

MET trots en nederigheid verklaar ons ons gehegtheid aan die land van Suid-Afrika, ons wy ons aan die diens van ons land. Ons belowe plegtig die ideale te handhaaf van onderlinge vertroue en verdraagsaamheid, van die onskendbaarheid van beloftes, van moed vir die toekoms, van vrede en regverdigheid teenoor alle persone en rasse. Ons beloop plegtig om ons te verset teen enige vermindering hiervan, oortuig dat hierdie plig ons opgelê is en dat die geskiedenis en ons kinders ons sal regverdig.

Mag God ons help, op Wie se krag ons ons verlaat.



RESETTLEMENT — AGAIN

NO EXCUSE is needed for devoting a large part of an issue of SASH to resettlement for the second time this year. However, an explanation might not come amiss.

The horror and excruciating drama of the actual moment when a community is uprooted, carted off and dumped elsewhere are such that one's consciousness is immobilised at that point. One's mind is almost incapable of conceiving the manner in which the ensuing days, months and years are lived out in new dumping ground.

That is what we attempt to do in this issue. We try to look at how people are living in places in which the law has resettled them, particularly the homelands. 'Resettle' is a sick euphemism. Can a person become settled once he has been discarded and removed?

In this issue we also take another look at the whole mechanism behind removals. Some of it has been said in SASH before, admittedly, but it is worth retaining a mental overview of the jigsaw. One of the reasons apartheid works may well be its complexity. Even opponents of the Government find the maze of repressive laws so mosaicked that they give up trying to finick through them.

The Black Sash cannot afford to do this. It cannot afford to lose sight of the hideousness of the Grand Design, in macrocosm and microcosm.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

The Black Sash is 25 years old this year. The continued erosion of 'mutual trust and forbearance, of sanctity of word and of peace and justice for all persons and peoples' makes it indispensable that we continue to be a political pressure group and a needle for white conscience.

Our members range from the intense and cerebral to the dotty and and scatty. We are grateful for the comradeship, camaraderie and democracy which transcend all. These are the perks of membership of an organisation which most whites fear, dislike or hate — or sometimes even grudgingly admire.

Our potential for making an impact has been lessened by the fact that we are no longer permitted to hold public stands in terms of the Riotous Assemblies Act. When possible, we hold one-woman stands which, visually, are less effective.

It is fitting, therefore, that two of our members were arrested in Pretoria for standing outside the Medical Association of Southern Africa in protest against its exoneration of the doctors who attended Steve Biko.

Arrest in these circumstances is an honour.

Helen Suzman talks

to Janet Sahli

As always, she is a surprise and a delight to interview. Tiny, bright-eyed and quite simply lovely, she is a total stranger to humbug and evasiveness. She is so incisive that one sometimes finds oneself laughing in relief at her frank accuracy.

Janet: Helen, what was your general reaction to the 1980 Parliamentary session?

Helen: Bitter disappointment. I was in a state of atypical — for me — optimism at the pronouncements by the Prime Minister on reform, adaptation and the removal of so-called 'unnecessary' discrimination. Personally, I've never known discrimination that was necessary.

In the event not a single law was introduced which repealed existing discrimination, except for the Repeal of the Black Workers' Building Act. Black artisans can now work in 'white' areas. The Riekert recommendations accepted the previous year were not implemented. I'll give you two examples. People are still being arrested under the curfew laws. It had been accepted unconditionally that these should be repealed. The other example is that Riekert recommended that urban blacks should be able to move freely from one area to another. Nothing has been done on the positive side about implementing this, nor about lifting the pass law burden, which had been conditionally accepted by the Government. The 72-hour provision stands, although to be fair the Government had not accepted the lifting of that.

Janet: I thought that, in fact, the Riekert report had made life harder for blacks in general by recommending more stringent enforcement of influx control regulations.

Helen: Yes, but it had made life easier for urban blacks. Of course, it has implemented a punitive fine for employers with 'illegal' workers.

Janet: Has the Government of Mr P W Botha been a noticeable improvement on that of his predecessor, Mr Vorster?

Helen: No, I don't believe it has. His intentions appear better, but intentions are



● Acknowledgements to THE STAR

no use unless they are carried out. All these 'cons', as I call them — constellation of states, confederation, constitution, consolidation, etcetera — have been notable for their failure.

Janet: You've forestalled me. I was going to ask you later what you thought of the new Constitution.

Helen: It's being abandoned, and a good thing too. The President's Council is a non-

starter. They'll find some stooge 'coloureds' and Indians to serve on it. The Black Council has, of course, been abandoned. I think the whole thing's a shambles.

Janet Do you think that the new Constitution is a threat to what remains of democracy in South Africa? I mean, is it a Nat attempt to establish a dictatorship?

Helen: No, not a threat, but a feeble substitute for real democracy. It's not a Nat attempt to establish a dictatorship because Parliament retains its function.

Janet: What, in your view, was the worst piece of legislation passed this session?

Helen: There was not very much that was contentious. The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution — which provides for the establishment of the President's Council and MPs nominated by the Vice-President — was a grave disappointment to everyone. The new constitutional dispensation is strictly within the framework of separate development.

Janet: To get back to your opinion of the session as a whole . . . ?

Helen: The only good things from the session are the increased amounts voted for education, housing and training. Of course these don't begin to catch up the backlog of three decades of policy aimed in another direction, but it's a start anyway. I feel sick at the thought of the thirty years we've wasted in this country.

If only we could get over white Trades Union resistance to taking on black apprentices we could break the skilled labour shortage. At present there is only in-service training for semi-artisans.

The law has educated whites to think like this and now, with the reversal of policy, reforms have been stymied by a white backlash in Nat constituencies and by the army of bureaucrats, all trained to act in a diametrically opposite direction.

The Government is now resorting to furtive changes via the permit system. This too entails an army of bureaucrats. The

EDITOR'S NOTE: This ban was subsequently lifted.

amount of paper we waste in this country is enormous. You need a form for activities which in any other country are regarded as normal — marriage, where to live, where to work and so on.

Janet: What do you feel about the present state of 'justice' in South Africa? I know 'justice' is the wrong word, but I can't think of another right now. Rights and freedom, particularly those of the Press, seem to be vanishing swiftly.

Helen: Not vanishing, but threatened. In any case we are not under a proper system of the rule of law.

As regards the Press, it is threatened. Discussions with the Press are not undertaken in a harmonious spirit by the Government, but with underlying threats. And the Press is already hampered by dozens of laws.

Janet: Why does the Government appoint so many commissions of inquiry?

Helen: It's the only way out of a cul-de-sac. It diverts attention. Sometimes commissions are genuine and investigative. The Theron Commission, and the Schlobush Commission on the Constitution, were genuine attempts to obtain people's opinions. The Cillie Commission was very tardy in appearance and said nothing new, but at least it gave an authoritative view of black resentment.

So not all commissions are useless, but so many of the recommendations which appear practical and progressive are rejected or shelved.

Janet: What do you think about the law prohibiting political meetings without prior permission having been obtained?

Helen: This is a serious inroad into the right of assembly, which is a normal civil right. It is a highly questionable extension of the Riotous Assemblies Act, and prohibits all meetings of more than ten people, indoors and outdoors, at which politics are discussed. Taken to its ultimate, it could completely inhibit all social intercourse.

The whole thing's a shambles.

Week of the Innocent

MARY BURTON

A diary of the week during which the Civil Rights League called for the repeal of laws that allow punishment without judicial process. The Black Sash held daily stands remembering those who are banned or detained, and several individuals led the life of a banned person for the duration of the week to express their sense of commitment to those who are so punished.

DAY 1 — MONDAY

Strange to start the day knowing that I must live like a banned person for this week. I didn't sleep last night, not because I was thinking of the Week of the Innocent, but because I was writing my English essay, trying to finish it in time to deliver to my tutor before she left her house for the University, so as to comply with the rule that would prevent me from attending any place of education. Missing a week of lectures and having no access to the library won't get me much nearer my degree . . . it makes me realise the effect of banning on those people who have been prevented from getting their degrees, or, having got them, from putting them to much use. I suppose one could study by correspondence through UNISA, as prisoners do — those of them who are granted this 'privilege', anyway—but it must be a lonely business, and one requiring much self-discipline. I can see the University from my window, and I think of a display in one of the glass cases in the Jagger Library, giving a chronological account of UCT's fight for academic freedom, including numerous photographs and a page of the Government Gazette listing the names of people banned in 1976, among them staff and students: Debbie Budlender, Graeme Bloch, Jeremy Baskin, Mary and Tanya Simons, and William Hofmeyr. Their banning orders expire next year. To me it doesn't seem as if nearly five years can have passed since then, but to them it must seem a lifetime.

DAY 2 — TUESDAY

I broke my self-imposed banning order twice today — not a very good record when it is one day old! First I went to lunch with a friend who is leaving Cape Town soon. It was a long-standing engagement (which is no excuse — banned people get no warning) and I couldn't bear not to go. It was a delightful occasion, and a pleasure to meet other women, none of whom I had met before, none of whom is politically active (as far as I know, of course), and all of whom were well-informed, anxious about the present situation — the schools' boycott, the meat workers' strike — and willing to face and accept the major changes they knew were imperative. What a contrast with the ladies' coffee party I went to about fifteen years ago (which was one of the main impulses that prompted me to apply for membership of the Black Sash!), at which the general topic of conversation was the frightful price of 'boy's meat' in Natal and the even more dismaying fact that in Cape Town 'you seem to have to feed your servants from your table!' I'm glad I went to the lunch but the realisation that if I were really banned I could have been found guilty of contravening the order and given a jail sentence for such an innocent frivolity hung over me throughout the day. And the judge who would have to pass the sentence would have no knowledge of why I might have been banned, but would be obliged to convict me of the crime of having lunch with a group of women.

The second way I broke the rules was in taking part in the Black Sash protest stand. The poster I held, standing alongside Camp Ground Road in the evening rush hour, said 'Remember the Banned and Detained'. I did, I do. So many of them over the years, so many of them in the past weeks — David, and Theo, Theresa, Rommel and Richard, to name only a few. I keep thinking of Theresa in detention — how brave she will be (if I were detained, I'd be glad to know Theresa was in the next cell), how undaunted, how willing to pay the price for service to the community — all the community — but how she will ache for Lee-Anne and Marcus, and how angry she will be too. And I think of David, banned but refusing to allow the restrictions to prevent him from doing what he believes to be right.

**Banning is a
lawless punishment.**

When I volunteered to do one of the 'stands', I thought it would be within the terms of a banning order. I'd be standing alone, and I'd be home by the 6 p.m. curfew, but of course I had forgotten that a banned person may not belong to any organisation, which would preclude participation in any activity planned by one. Resigning my membership of the Black Sash, the Civil Rights League, the Institute of Race Relations, the National Council of Women and the Mowbray Inter-Race Group would really be a sacrifice.

Standing with the poster was an interesting experience. I have stood in the same place before, though not for some years, but never before have I experienced such anger and hostility. Cape Town is a tense place right now, and the jeers and vulgarities were probably prompted by fear: a lone placard-bearer may not pose a threat, but stirs up a swarm of guilts and anxieties. One of the other members came to warn us that she had almost been pinned against the wall by a car which had come up over the curb at her, whether by accident or

design it would be impossible to prove. In that atmosphere, the occasional supportive wave or hoot is disproportionately cheering.

DAY 3 — WEDNESDAY

I took my great aunt to her chiropodist today, first making certain that both the place where she lives and the chiropodist's surgery lie within my magisterial district. Not until the children and I were all safely within doors by 6 p.m. did I discover what had been happening in Cape Town today: Bernard Fortuin, aged 15, and another young man, were shot and killed in Elsie's River. 'Fallen for the Cause', many will say — yes, but as I drew closer to my own sons I felt anger and despair at the waste of a precious life. Fear is again the root cause. To be white, to be the enemy in the face of an angry crowd, and especially to be a young white policeman, must be terrifying. South African policemen are sent out to bear the brunt of the policies the majority of white South Africa has elected to pursue. The blame for a death such as this one is not theirs alone, but that of the society itself.

**To be classified white and to
live in South Africa now
is both a burden and a
challenge.**

This evening the Committee of 81 — the scholars — issued a statement appealing to students to avoid confrontation with the police and to refrain from stone-throwing. They have tried remarkably hard to avoid violence while asserting their rights to a fair share in education.

DAY 4 — THURSDAY

Today's news brings no hope of any change in the tense situation. A major bus boycott is to begin on Monday. The Black Sash's stand in Claremont was interrupted by the police, in spite of the fact that it was entirely legal. I feel totally isolated, as if I were in limbo, and find it impossible to settle down to any work. It might not be so

bad if we had a radio service that kept us frequently, thoroughly and reliably informed. Banned people must be hugely dependent on friends to keep them in touch with what is really happening.

Geoff returned from a six-week business trip to Europe tonight; I had to arrange for someone else to meet him, the airport being out of bounds, and his time of arrival after curfew. Poor husband, to come home to a self-banned wife, no prospect of weekend outings, and a long-term meat-free diet!

DAY 5 — FRIDAY

It was announced today that two officials of the Western Province General Workers' Union were detained under Section 22 of the General Laws Amendment Act yesterday (bringing the total number of detentions in the past two months to well over 200). There appears to be little prospect of an agreement being reached between the 800 or so striking meat workers and their employers. An association of Cape butchers has been formed, and its members agreed not to sell red meat as from Monday, with the support of the Western Cape Traders' Association. The detention of the union officials lends strength to the belief that the Government's interest is not in fostering an agreement but in support for the employers.

There have been further incidents of stoning and shooting in Ravensmead, and shops were gutted by fire in Halt Road, Elsie's River. So far the police do not seem to have used the helmets and shields issued earlier this year.

DAY 6 — SATURDAY

Republic Day, seventy years since the Act of Union, nineteen years since the Republic was created. Fragmented, troubled — how long will it last? Yesterday the Republic of SA Constitution Fifth Amendment Bill was published. I believe no constitution will meet South Africa's needs until it provides for the voice of all South Africans to be heard, and the legitimate aspirations of all citizens to be met.

No schools' rugby as a result of the holiday. I would have missed my usual Satur-

day morning on the touch lines, my weekly escapism! I did watch the test match on television. I wonder what prospects there are of true equality in sport. There is no doubt that rugby isolation has been a powerful influence on many people, and there have been some changes. Mr. Howa would say there is no such thing as integration in sport while other facets of life are segregated. True, but perhaps the way is being paved.

DAY 7 — SUNDAY

The last and hardest to bear. House arrest from 6 p.m. on Friday until 6 a.m. tomorrow seems never-ending. During the first few days of this week I was obsessed with externals — remembering the restrictions, feeling self-conscious and trying hard not to feel smug. If I were really to have this lawless punishment inflicted on me, or if I were to be detained, I don't think I could at first avoid feeling rather heroic. After all, banning and detention are in one sense a proof of innocence (if there were evidence of any crime, charges would be laid), and in another a badge of merit. How very quickly that effect would wear off. After the first few days the sense of isolation took over, and with it a turning inward, a self-examination, and a sense of uselessness. What was I doing to help prepare South Africa for the future? What was I doing to prepare myself?

Tomorrow I will be freed from the restrictions. What have I learnt from the experience? Not really what it is like to be banned, since it was only for these seven days. Perhaps it was that to be classified white and to live in South Africa now is both a burden and a challenge. The burden is a heavy one of conscience and anxiety: apartheid is not dead, but its death sentence has been pronounced, and its death throes may be destructive. The challenge is a testing one, demanding courage and vision. Those who are banned and detained have responded to that challenge as they saw the need. The rest of us must accept the challenge too, seeking and daring to do all in our power to achieve justice for all in a united, peaceful South Africa.

RESETTLEMENT IN MACROCOSM

PRUE CROSEUR

BACKGROUND

IN TERMS of the Native Land Act of 1913 and the Land Act of 1936, South Africa was geographically divided on racial lines. Africans were not permitted to own land outside the 14% of South Africa which constitutes 'reserves' or Bantustans. This 14% of South Africa, designed ultimately to become 'independent national states' for South Africa's 19½ million Africans, has been divided up under Nationalist Party homeland policy as follows:

- the **TRANSKEI**, which is 3 separate areas
- the **CISKEI**, which is 9 areas, to become 1 area, for the Xhosa people.
- **KWA ZULU**, which is 20 separate areas, to become 10 areas, for the Zulu people.
- **VENDA**, which is 3 separate areas for the Venda people.
- **GAZANKULU**, which is 4 separate areas, to become 3 areas, for the Shangaan people.
- **KANGWANE**, which is 4 separate areas, to become 1 area for the Swazi people.
- **QWA QWA**, a single piece comprising only 48 000 ha to become 62 000 ha, for the Southern Sotho people.
- **LEBOWA**, which is 8 separate areas, to



become 6 areas, for the Northern Sotho people.

- Provision is now being made for the Ndebele, for whom a separate homeland is still to be carved out.

Various steps have been taken to remove Africans whose labour is not needed from the 'white' areas to the homelands. It is estimated that over two million people have been relocated.

THE REMOVALS

In his book, 'African Population Relocation,' Gerry Mare has divided the removal of 2 million Africans into nine categories:

1. **Clearance of 'Black Spots'**
(including the population of Transkei, Bophuthatswana and Venda)
Black spots are areas in white South Africa where Africans possess freehold rights. From 1948 to 1976, 258 632 people were moved from 'black spots' to homelands. Many of these people had owned their land for generations.
2. **Abolition of Labour Tenant System and Squatting on White Farms**
Africans used to be able to live and use land on white farms in return for labour for half the year, or for rent (squatters). This has been abolished and as a result, since 1960, 740 000 labour tenants and 656 000 squatters were moved off white farms into resettlement camps such as Nondweni and Msinga. These camps are grossly overcrowded, facilities are non-existent and illness and poverty-related diseases rife. Half a million people have been relocated in Natal alone in this category.
3. **Relocation Through the Operation of Influx Control Legislation**
This form of relocation refers to a process which increasingly functions to keep people out of the urban production areas.
 - (a) Only those with Section 10 rights are entitled to reside in the cities.

Those in rural areas can only come as migrant labourers and have to be recruited through labour offices in their areas. Recruitment is now strictly controlled and the number of jobs offered through labour bureaux is much reduced.

- (b) The R500 fine imposed on employers (a result of the Riekert Commission) for employment of illegal workers has succeeded in closing off illegal work opportunities for many people and forcing them to return to the homelands.

4. Urban Relocation

The policy is that Africans are to find their real homes in the homelands so that:

- (a) During the '70s there was a massive growth of homeland towns, and between 1968 and 1978 there was an almost total freeze on the building of houses for blacks in urban areas.
- (b) Black townships adjoining certain towns have also been abolished: the families are moved to the homeland while the breadwinners stay in the towns in all-male or all-female hostels or they commute to the white industrial area, if distance and expense allows.
- (c) Urban relocation also occurs when homeland boundaries are simply redrawn. For example, Kwa Mashu and Umlazi are now in Kwa Zulu.

Increases in urban population in homelands —

1960 — 33 486
1970 — 594 420
1975 — 984 271

Although recent developments indicate that Government now accepts that there will always be black people in urban areas the removal of black communities from so-called 'white' towns continues.

5. Institution of Betterment Schemes

Betterment Schemes involve demarcating a particular area into arable land, residential land and common grazing land. All the people are moved to the

residential land. This has met with great opposition from peasant populations in Kwa Zulu and Transkei.

6. Relocation due to Strategic or Infra-structural Schemes

The establishment of military test sites, roads, dams (like Woodstock Dam in Upper Tugela location).

People who are in the way are moved. This happens in all countries but the Africans involved in these removals are never involved in the decisions made for the above schemes.

7. Relocation as Resistance

Some population movements can be seen as direct or indirect resistance:

- (a) resistance to forced location or relocation, e.g.: wives move from homelands to towns in contravention of pass laws in order to be with their husbands, particularly when reserves are far from urban areas, for instance families came to Crossroads from Ciskei and Transkei.
- (b) resistance to housing shortage. Families simply squat.
- (c) resistance to unemployment. People come to towns, although illegally.
- (d) resistance to lack of agricultural land. Farm labourers from DFS were attracted to Ciskei by reports that they could get land there.
- (e) resistance to avoid political oppression. People fled Transkei to Thornhill in Ciskei.

8. Homeland Consolidation

In terms of the 1975 proposals in which the homeland area as a percentage of South Africa will be increased from 12% to 15%, Benso calculates that a further 175 000 families (1 million people) will have to be moved. This is not a final figure as the Van der Walt Commission on consolidation of the homelands has not yet reported its final findings.

9. Others

Mare includes banishment in this category. This affects few people today but is a most serious deprivation of human

rights. One example is Winnie Mandela banished from Soweto to Brandfort in OFS.

GROUP AREAS ACT REMOVALS

In addition to the 2 million Africans who have been relocated a further half million people have been resettled under the Group Areas Act which has demarcated all South Africa into white areas, Coloured areas and Indian areas. **Families** moved since commencement of the Group Areas Act to the 31st December 1979 number:

White 2 234, Coloured 74 909, Indian 35 113. Total 112 256.

THE COST OF REMOVALS

It is impossible to estimate the cost in human terms. Communities are broken up in the move and so are families, as fathers and mothers are usually forced to become migrant labourers — if they can obtain work. This often leads to a second family in the city so that the country family is forgotten. The conditions in the new areas are usually grossly inadequate; particularly for the first few years. The conditions of living in rural areas of South Africa are highlighted by infant mortality rates.

12 per 1 000 in white South Africa.

280 per 1 000 in black rural areas.

378 per 1 000 in Eastern Cape.

Relocated people are generally removed from places where they were managing to survive, with varying degrees of prosperity or poverty, into places where they become entirely dependent upon jobs offered to them. Hundreds of thousands have no possibility of ever being offered work and they are not allowed to leave the homelands to look for work for themselves or to establish themselves in communities where successful operation in the informal sector is possible.

It is even difficult to obtain Government figures in financial terms.

CONCLUSIONS

It is important to understand the resettlement policy in South Africa both in terms of Nationalist Party homeland policy and in terms of labour practice in South Africa. Long before the Nationalist Party came to power the land was divided into 86% for

the whites and 14% for the blacks. Various means were used to coerce blacks off the land to work on the mines and on the farms. Now there is an over-supply of unskilled labour and an increasingly mechanised production economy.

Today the homelands are little more than labour camps for white South Africa. The worker may return to white South Africa as a migrant but his family must remain behind in the homeland. The recent findings of Benso that the 'homeland' can never become economically viable, with or without consolidation, has not deterred Nationalist policy in any way. Government leaders have stated again and again that the homeland policy is not negotiable.

The Rand Daily Mail on 12 August 1980 reported how pressure is placed on the non-independent homelands to become independent. Independent homelands receive more financial backing than non-independent homelands. In the words of the Chief Minister of Gazankulu, Professor Ntwansisi, 'It smacks of political bribery. It smacks of political blackmail. It is an attempt to persuade non-independent states to sell their birthright as South Africans for a bowl of soup.' It is important to note that blacks were never consulted when South Africa was carved up and that the validity of the elections which resulted in the independence of the three homelands has been challenged by many political observers.

The total strategy, however it may be presented, is that South Africa will be surrounded by nine 'national states,' economically unviable and dependent upon South Africa but drawn into a constellation of states with her so that they can sell her their labour and provide a market for her manufactured goods.

White South Africa can shrug off all responsibility for the poverty and overcrowding in the homelands because the people there will no longer be South African citizens.

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IN AN ATTEMPT to highlight other communities threatened with removal, an extract from the Matiwanoskop memorandum to the Minister of Co-operation and Development is reproduced here. It would be naive to believe that by focussing on each community under threat of removal, one could 'save' them. Relocation is official policy. Government responds increasingly to pressure by making exceptions

for those in the limelight. It does not change policy. Soon after the Crossroads 'settlement', black squatters in Hout Bay were removed. They had neither sufficient unity or publicity to resist successfully.

Therefore this memorandum is circulated to let others know how Matiwanoskop is reacting to threat of removal. Perhaps it will give courage to others under the same threat.

The Farm Matiwanoskop No. 1393 County of Klip River, Province of Natal

(i) PREAMBLE

To the Honourable the Minister of Co-operation and Development.

The Chief Trustees and Matiwanoskop Tribe through our Government, KwaZulu Government, hereby humbly submit the following facts regarding the above-mentioned matter for consideration and immediate salvation of the Tribe.

1. On 9 October 1972, the Ladysmith Bantu Affairs Commissioner introduced to a very few inhabitants of Matiwanoskop, consisting mainly of women, Mr van Rensburg from Pretoria, Mr H Koster, Agricultural Supervisor, Mr van der Walter from Pretoria.

2. Mr van Rensburg, who was the speaker, alarmed and disappointed us when he announced that he had come to notify the Matiwanoskop Tribe that they would be removed from Matiwanoskop land before the 1979 winter season. The reason being that we, the Matiwanoskop Tribe, requested in 1974 to be removed from our land Matiwanoskop.

3. Mr van Rensburg further stated that Central Government would provide buses to take the Matiwanoskop Tribe to see the new place for their approval or disapproval, but we should bear in mind that enough land is not available.

4. We were also informed that we could plough our fields at our own risk.

(ii) FACTS

1. In 1974 Mr Aaron Nkabinde acted on behalf of the present chief T R Shabalala after the death of the late Mhlanganiso Aylif. Shabalala, chief T R Shabalala's father. As an acting chief at that time Aaron Nkabinde and the Matiwanoskop Tribe made no request to be removed.

2. The Ladysmith Bantu Affairs Commissioner sent Mr H Koster to announce through our school children on 7 October 1978 (on a Tuesday) that he would like to meet the Matiwanoskop Tribe on 9 October 1978 (on a Thursday).

3. This approach was very unfair because the land owners who are the heads of the families, were at work as it could be ex-

pected. This notice was too short to invite the land owners from far and wide to attend, so as a result many women could not attend.

4. Our Chief T R Shabalela has since 9 October 1978 been pestered by the Lady-smith Bantu Affairs Commissioner with the idea that the Matiwaneskop Tribe is to be removed from the area they are occupying at present.

4.1 We the Trustees and the Tribe would like to put it in no uncertain terms that we have never asked any government to be moved away from our present property where the Chief, Trustees and the Tenants have become one solid Tribe, and attained a standard of living and solidarity comparable to any tribal unit in KwaZulu and Natal.

4.2 Further, we would like to point out that there is no record anywhere in the Tribal affairs where we ever intimated that we were dissatisfied with this area and therefore would prefer to be moved to another area.

4.3 We are therefore surprised to see our Chief every now and then being summoned to appear before the Bantu Affairs Commissioner in connection with the Matiwaneskop Tribe removal scheme.

5. We view this as a disturbing move on the confidence of the Tribe and the Chief because . . .

This perpetual private-message-sending to the Chief by the Bantu Affairs Commissioner is putting our Chief into a very difficult position, as it makes the Chief a private property owner and/or Tribe owner divorced from his Government KwaZulu and divorced from his Tribe Matiwaneskop Tribe.

NB: Some higher authority must step in to regularise the Chief, Trustees and the Tribe as any respectable law-abiding Tribe. We demand this because we have no record of being a Tribe that has given the Central Government any trouble in any way that would have made it different from any other tribe in Natal.

(iii) **LAND AND OWNERSHIP**

1. We would like to put forth the history of Matiwaneskop land for wanting to remain here forever because we are proud of our history and inheritance of the place.

(Here follows a history from 1856-1914).

2. At this time the Shabalala Tribe as it was then known, was under Chief Mveli Shabalala, whose scattered tribe was in the white farms in the region of Besters . . .

When the First World War broke out in 1914 the Natal Land and Colonisation Co Ltd. summoned Chief Mbekwa Shabalala, Rev Henry Mathebula and Ezra Shabalala, on behalf of the 117 others (total 120 people) to sign the agreement of the transfer of the title deed. This was done in order to protect the rightful ownership of the land against the Germans should they win the war.

The transfer and signinf of the deed of ownership and transfer was put down . . .

3. The record of the Deed of Grant . . . is known by every property owner and the Matiwaneskop Tribe, as it was known after the acquisition of this property has always been under the impression that the Central Government was still to fulfil the promise made when during World War I several men joined the army to defend the country that after the war, Matiwaneskop would be joined to the Amantungwa Tribe by the annexation of the white farms that separate the two tribes. It has been a complete surprise to learn that instead of the Central Government fulfilling its promise now the Matiwaneskop Tribe must be moved much against its will.

4. We have cherished our land with jealousy because of the presence of the ever running streams and innumerable springs with crystal clear and cool waters. Rains fall regularly and we have never experienced any droughts.

5. Matiwaneskop is a land of our comfort where we live creatively and peacefully. We cultivate all the different types of vegetables that suit the climate. People who

cannot find employment are able to make a living through land cultivation.

6. The Tribe is able to meet and satisfy its needs. Housing accommodation is not a problem. There is ample space to accommodate houses according to our traditional and customary beliefs — taking into consideration the position and the status attached to the position each family member occupies.

7. Among the people there are pensioners who have been loyal and honest to the Central Government during their youth. These people cannot make any fresh start elsewhere no matter how they would receive as compensation.

It would be tragic to have an impression that the Central Government does not consider and sympathise with such old people and their descendants after being loyal to the Government in their lives.

(iv) **IMPROVEMENTS AND DEVELOPMENTS**

1. Matiwanoskop Farm was bought after being rejected by white farmers as being unproductive and watery.

1.1 The Matiwanoskop Tribe has worked up the farm and made it productive and comparable with any other farm with the same population density per kilometre.

1.2 The socio-economic life of the people has been so geared up that if this stable community were to be moved to another:

a. They would not be in a position to live the same way of life as they are living

b. no matter what amount of compensation would be given, money-wise, that would not enable the tribe to be the same tribe as before

c. from the time of Matiwane himself to the very last Chief who recently passed away, their graves are in the area where they were traditionally buried.

d. it is unthinkable to imagine that a tribe with a long traditional custom of burying

Chiefs has to move away and leave those graves behind

2. Our objection to the removal from our present property is based on the following reasons:

2.1 On page 1 of the Journal of the Development Corporations, Growth, May 1979 the Minister of Plural Relations (now Co-operation) and Development, Dr P Koornhof, says, 'The very least that I expect from the National Development Corporations are **co-operation, good human relations and the creation of job opportunities.**'

On page 8 he concludes by saying, 'To achieve a happy and meaningful life for the black people housing, food and employment had to be provided.' Dr Koornhof stressed that this approach would be to plan with and not for the black people.

2.2 The relationship of the facts expressed above to the Matiwanoskop Tribe is self evident. We are a settled and an orderly tribe, well-disciplined and law-abiding. We do not have any peculiar crimes distinct from other tribes. We have respect for the Government and the law, and we have never encouraged any subversive movement in our area.

2.3 We appeal to the Minister to exercise his goodwill as shown to the people of Alexandra Township when he said, 'There must be trust established between the different people of this country and I cannot see why that cannot happen. If the white, black, Indian and coloured people will take each by the hand and really co-operate, we can build this into one of the most magnificent countries in the world.' Sunday Times, July 29, 1979, para 3.

2.4 The Matiwanoskop Tribe has lived very happily with the neighbouring white farmers. If there is any element of untoward behaviour, it must be a result of individuals recently expelled from the white farms and infiltrated into the tribe and vice-versa.

(v) CONCLUSION

The Chief and his Tribe do not wish to be moved from Matiwaneskop land because:

1. We are still living traditional life unspoiled by any outside influence
2. There is no hooliganism among our youth
3. We have lived peacefully for many years observing our tribal habits, customs, rituals
4. The tribe has ever since been loyal to the Government
5. We are able to live and prosper at no expense
6. The Tribal achievements include inter alia

- a. Church building
- b. 6 school building
- c. 1 laboratory
- d. 1 library
- d. 1 woodwork shop
- e. 1 general mechanic shop and
- f. 12 shops

7. The above facts are a humble request by the Matiwaneskop Tribe that as far as the Tribe is concerned, the idea of shifting to another area is unacceptable.

Should the worse come to the worst, it will be much against their will and regrettable.

VOX DEI

The dominee leading a move to kick Indian and Coloured families out of Mayfair, Johannesburg, has no doubts about what he's doing.

'It is the will of God. I am not a racist. I am just obeying the laws of God.'

Dominee Johan Krige . . . this week announced he was the head of the action committee which wants the Indians and Coloureds evicted from Mayfair.

Ds Krige said he thought that apart from the growing numbers of blacks in the area being against the laws of the country, 'which every Christian must obey according to Romans 13,' people were worried that perhaps the value of their properties would drop if the situation continued.

Ds Krige agreed that most of the civilised world does not accept his interpretation of Christianity nor his belief that he is not a racist.

'It is the way of a coward to believe strongly that apartheid is wrong and to say nothing about it.

'If Jesus Christ had been afraid of political comeback, He would not have preached the Sermon on the Mount.'

The soft-spoken young man is Ds Lindo Pieters — the fiery Boshof cleric who recently shrivelled his parishioners' consciences with his condemnation of church apartheid.

- 'The dominee is two years ahead of the people of Boshof.'
- 'I for one will never sit next to a kaffir in church.'
- 'Our blacks know their place — they won't want to come into our church.'
- 'If we don't accept this, we cannot be Christians.'
- 'This is doing South Africa a lot of harm in the outside world.'

● *By courtesy of Sunday Express*

Life in the Ciskei

SHEENA DUNCAN

SHE had missed the bus and was standing with a heavy parcel hoping for a lift to Port Elizabeth.

She is an assistant teacher at a Lower Primary school in the Ciskei. She lives at the school, which serves a rural community, and goes home to her mother at Mdan-tane each weekend. She could travel home each evening, but it is too expensive — R1,35 on the bus, R2,50 by taxi.

Her father was a labourer at Frere Hospital for many years. He died in 1972. 'I made a mistake then because I did not go to ask for his pension. They gave my mother R400 when he died and she has a small insurance. This helps me because she is diabetic and cannot work. She has no pension and I have to find money for everything — for her rent and her food and for my child.'

HER SCHOOL

'There are so many poor children where I teach. There are some families where the parents have gone away and left the children alone in the house. Some of the fathers have gone to work on the farms and the mothers look for work in East London but they don't come home and they don't send money. There is one family of five — very clever children. They have no parents. We teachers all gave ten rand each to help them then the Principal said she would pay for the eldest one to go to boarding school. That child is supposed to be starting nursing next year, but there has been trouble at the school where she is and if she cannot write her exams we do not know what we will do because she can't begin nursing without the exam. The

Vice-Principal buys shoes for the two other children.'

'Sometimes you can't teach some of the children. They are clever but they are hungry and a child can't learn if the stomach is empty. I ask the children who have money to pay 2 cents and then we buy bread which we all share.'

'My pay is R256 a month but R42 is taken off in deductions. There is money for the pension and then I chose a Profit-maker insurance with the Old Mutual. The pension is a (Ciskei) Government pension, but if I die I know my mother and my child will get nothing. If I live until I stop working I will get the money but they will get nothing if I die first. We all know this because we know many families who have asked and asked for the pension money but it never comes. We have complained through the Teachers' Association but nothing happens.'

EQUALITY VERSUS INDEPENDENCE

'Chief Sebe must not go for independence. We blacks cannot do things properly. It is better to be under the whites because you know where you are. We blacks are lazy. Look at this land. If whites owned it, it would be ploughed and things would be growing. No, it is not because there is no water — all this irrigation makes no difference. I know black people who have bought the farms where the whites used to be. There is irrigation there but they don't use the land. They are friends of the Government and they bought the land because they wanted to live in the beautiful farm house. They work somewhere else and leave their wife and child-

ren in the big house but the land is not used. Whites work very hard.

'I have some friends who are white, Mr and Mrs Andrews. They live in Cambridge and they were very kind to me. Sometimes when I needed R25 quickly for books or fees they gave it to me when my parents could not manage. I do not know how I can ever repay them because I do not have money left over. They explained to me how we can never be equal. They told me I only pay R7,50 in rent (it's R10 now) for a four-roomed house and I don't have to pay for the water I use and I don't have electricity to pay for. They said we could never be equal because they have to pay a lot of rent and have to pay for their water and for the electricity.

'But I think equality is a good thing. Yes, we could all share everything in this country. That is better than this independence.

'You know blacks can't manage a country like whites can. Everywhere I have heard of like Kwa-Zulu and Swaziland blacks don't do things properly.'

'What about Zimbabwe?' I asked.

'I don't know the place.'

'Rhodesia — what about Mugabe?'

'Oh Rhodesia. He is just beginning and you can't tell. You see, I am a peasant and I will always be a peasant because I am not related to any of the big men who are the Government. You can never stop being a peasant if you are in a black country. A student who was at Lovedale with me is now an instructress, after only eight years' experience. I know many people who have been teaching for many years — fifteen years or something like that — who are assistant teachers like me. We are peasants and we can never be anything else. With a white Government you have a better chance because you get promotions if you work hard not because of your relations.'

'Last year we were supposed to get an increase in October but it never came. Even this year it never came. Now they have revised the scales again and we are getting that increase but we never got the money for the last one — only the Principals and Vice-Principals did.'

PAY OFFS

'The thing is all the money you have to pay. Now they are collecting R2 from every female and R3 from every male for the new stadium. You have to pay. If you refuse, you lose your job. Even the people who are not working have to pay. I have to pay R2 for myself and give another R2 to my mother so she can pay. I told her she should tell them that she is sick and not working and has no pension but she says she must pay because she wants a pension and also she says they will take the house away if she does not pay.

'When he (Chief Sebe) goes away we have to pay R1 for his journey and when he comes back we have to pay 50 cents for his reception at Zwelitsha. Even pensioners have to pay because otherwise they take the pensions away. People from different departments come to collect the money.'

'My mother has joined a cell of Chief Sebe's party. I asked her why she did that and she says it is because she wants the pension and she will not get it otherwise.'

'There is no opposition party now. We are people who lived under an opposition Chief. The windmills stopped moving and were never repaired; nothing happened in the schools and the people never got pensions. That is why the people went to the Chief and asked him to join Chief Sebe's party because otherwise they would get nothing. That is why there is no opposition party any more.'

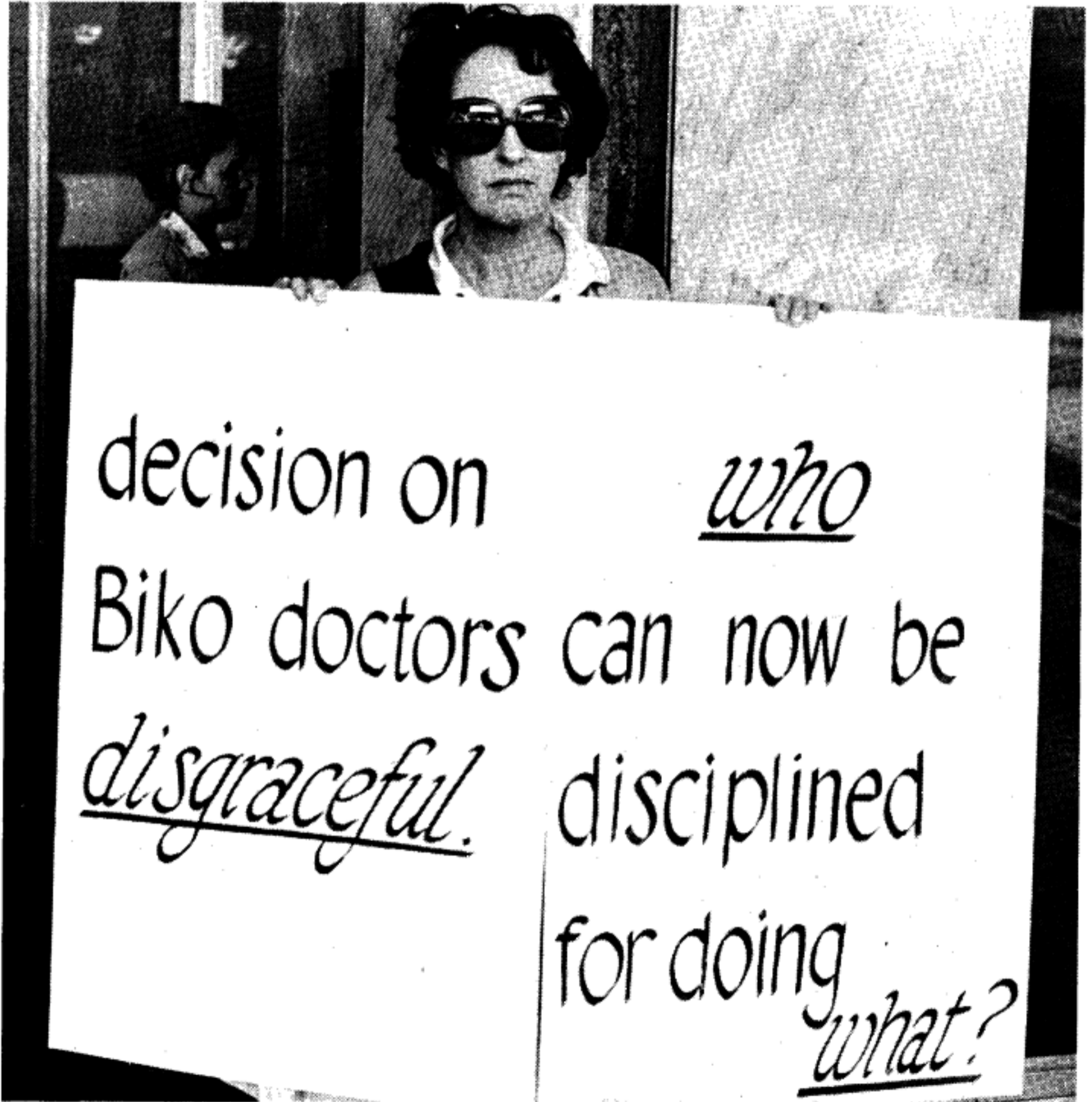
POLICE

'Even the police now don't keep the law in Ciskei like they should. Law is supposed to be there so we can live quietly and not be afraid. We had a burglar in our house. He locked himself in our toilet outside. I talked to him nicely through the door and asked him to come out but when he came out he had an axe and he came into the house and said he would chop us. Our neighbours were in the house with my mother. I ran to the police station but they refused to believe me. They told me I was drunk and must not come to them to com-

plain about my boyfriend. In the end they came and arrested the burglar but the next day he came back to our house because he said he left his dompas in our toilet. He laughed at us and said we must not think we could do anything because he is a friend of those police. When there is any-

thing I have to go to the police for, I go to the white police in town because it is much better. They will listen to a person.

'Yes, we all know about the Black Sash and Helen Suzman. We used to think that you would be able to change things but now we have no hope.'



● By courtesy of the Rand Daily Mail

Nobody lives on a bridge

For the background to this farm, adjacent to KwaZulu, run by the Church Agricultural Project, see SASH, February 1979.

SWELISWE is one of Msinga's small farmers, a tall, dark man of few words — and those curt and blunt. He is quick to anger, oversensitive to slights, and although he has many good neighbours, he has no friends. Intimacy makes him uncomfortable, so he walks alone. 'But listen carefully to Sweliswe,' the men in the valley advised us. 'When he speaks he has something to say.'

Sweliswe lives on the edge of a donga, watching rocks sprout around him, listening to the clatter and chink of falling stones. Sweliswe's gulch is not an easy place to farm — but because he has no other place, Sweliswe is trying.

Once upon a time he lived at Mdukutshani, a man of substance with more than 50 cattle and double that number of goats. The numbers are only an estimate, however — for Sweliswe never went to school, and never learnt to count much beyond ten.

He was a boy of 12 when he started work as a farm labourer, earning 75 cents a month. It was not that the family needed that kind of money — but to stay on at Mdukutshani they had to pay a rental of six months labour a year. The white owner never once visited Mdukutshani — he lived up near Ahrens. But he kept a book, and the book told him when it was time to send a lorry to collect his rent — to collect a new load of labour. Every six months Sweliswe went off to Ahrens, and the next six months he spent at home.

He married twice — both wives slender, fine-boned beauties who became and stayed inseparable friends. In 1957 there were three toddlers in the family — and Sweliswe was earning R2 a month. He decided to strike out for the big city and its big wages. In Goli he could earn R50 a month as a builder — enough to 'hire' somebody to do his six months for him.

He cannot remember when the rumour started that change was coming. 'We knew that the six months system was going to stop,' he said, 'but we didn't know what terrible thing would take its place. Everyone was restless.'

Sweliswe happened to be home on holiday the day the helicopters came to Mdukutshani. They hovered above, and police vans scoured below, rounding up everyone they could find.

'I watched but I was not worried,' said Sweliswe. 'I had done nothing wrong. I had settled with him. I was walking along a patch when I was arrested and locked in a van. The police said when I was in court I could explain why I was not working.'

Despite his protests, Sweliswe was jailed.

'As soon as I came out of jail I went to the farmer. I told him I had done my six months by the other man. He said he knew it, but I must do more work or it would be more jail. So I worked another six months for him. At the end of that time I went to report that I was leaving. I had worked my time. 'You can have a month off,' the white

man told me. 'But the book says you always do duty in May, so you must be back next month.'

In May Sweliswe was incredulous. His hireling had worked six months for him. He had worked another six months.

'The book says May,' said the white man firmly.

'So I told him,' said Sweliswe, 'he would never see me again. Then I went to the induna in the location and asked him for a place where I could build.' He was given a site on the edge of a donga on a stony hillside, and he began building a new home.

For a while his father looked after the cattle and goats — there was grazing on Mdukutshani but nothing at Sweliswe's new home. 'But then came the mixed-up period,' he says. The time of the removals. 1969. His father and everybody else was forced off Mdukutshani. Some of the Dladla cattle went to the speculators at knock-down prices. As many as possible were 'hidden' with friends who had stockrights in the Reserve. But the mixed-up period was a time of great thieving, and it was not long before the Dladlas, who had owned 50 cattle and double that number of goats, no longer owned any animals at all.

Sweliswe returned to Johannesburg, but he was not a healthy man. 'I was never sick enough to lie down, but I was always sick,' he said. In 1973 he came back to Msinga for good, and tried to make a living carving doorframes and lintels. When we arrived he asked for work as a builder, and we found a craftsman. 'A square, a spirit level?' Sweliswe growled. 'My eye tells me better than those things if a round rock is straight!'

Although Sweliswe is expert at hiding his feelings, his anguish showed when Zepe, his four-year-old daughter, went to hospital with TB. She stayed in hospital for four months. Then Sweliswe himself took ill again. Then his two wives. Then more children . . . One day, brittle-thin and desperate, Sweliswe arrived to ask for a loan to buy a cow. He had been to a witch-

doctor to find out why calamity had struck the family, and been told that the spirits of his ancestors were angry that he had deserted his birthplace on Mdukutshani. He would have to sacrifice a beast to appease them.

The beast was slaughtered, Sweliswe donned braces made from its hide, as ordered by the witchdoctor, and the Dladla family went for its medical check. 'They told us we must all take pills, even those who are not sick,' Sweliswe reported on his return. MaNdimande, the one wife, was so ill however that she was kept in hospital for six months. So were four children. Misery settled on the shabby huts at the edge of the donga.

Today the family is together again, but they are not well. Even in the few years we have known them, the women have wasted away. Not only their flesh has gone; their bones seem to have been whittled too. You have only to glance at the Dladla's shopping list to understand why. Last month they spent:

Mealies, R15,80; Salt, R0,80; Onions, R0,40; Beans, R1,60; Soap, R1,80; Mabela, R12,00; Sugar, R2,40; Potatoes, R0,80; Tobacco, R1,40; Paraffin, R3,60; Malt, R12,00; Fat, R1,60; Cabbage, R0,80; Matches, R0,80; Washing powder, R0,60.

A total of R56,10.

Seven Dladlas work: Sweliswe (part time), his wives, three sons and one daughter.

'It was a good month,' Sweliswe says. Because there was a big order from America, his wives earned more than usual, bringing the family's total earnings to R109,40.

Because it was a good month — and because it was getting cold — they bought two blankets for R11,00 (the other six the family share are threadbare, and five years old). They also bought a vest each — R18,50. 'And the rest I put in my box,' Sweliswe said. 'I try to save something every month so I can buy each of my boys a goat. One day they will need to marry.'

Give a man a fish, says the most popular of all development cliches, and you feed

him for a day. Teach a man to fish and he can feed himself for life.

Sweliswe could tell you what is wrong with that. He has had a lot of teaching over the past five years, and he has remembered it. He knows the story. And if anyone has tried to put it into practice, he has. He believed us when we said any land could be made productive, and he got a loan from our Small Farmers' Trust to fence two gardens, one for each wife. Although the first year there was food from the gardens, however, this year beans, mealies, cabbages and sweet potatoes grew but did not bear. The heat and drought withered other gardens too. Because there was nothing to be done in the gardens, the family started making a dam across the donga, to hold the rain, if it ever fell again.

Sweliswe asked the Trust for a loan of R16 to buy cement, and sent his two lovely, fragile wives and teenage daughter, Xwayisile, to carry it over the hills. Meanwhile he cared for the five little ones, and they rolled small piles of stones while he heaved big rocks into their niche on the rising wall.

Sweliswe's dam was not yet complete when the first storm broke. Part of the wall was washed away, and the dam was filled with silt. Using their broken drum as a scoop, the Dladlas began to clear out the silt. Sweliswe rolled new rocks for a new wall. And began to think about a new loan for new cement. 'If we had had fowls, we would have had something,' he said when he came to ask for R30 worth of poles and wire so that he could make a start on the biggest, smartest, cobra-proof fowl house in Msinga. And now that it is almost ready, he needs a loan for fowls. More debt to add to the R261,80 he already owes for wire, piping, seed.

Sweliswe is not poor. He is average. At a recent meeting, in fact, he got very heated about the distribution of a gift of milk powder. 'It must go to the poor,' he insisted. 'The widows whose husbands were killed.' He also got very heated when the meeting discussed the problem of obtaining educated staff at Mdukutshani.

'We have to remember,' Ntabela was say-

ing, 'that the whites who come here draw very poor salaries.'

'What do you mean, poor salaries?' Sweliswe demanded. 'How can you say they get poor salaries when they get R32 each, and that is just for one person?' Mhlongo agreed. 'And on top of that,' he said, 'whites are unreliable. They only come here for a little bit, then they go. We pay them R32 while they are here — but with that same money we could buy a boat. I suggest we do without whites. It would be better to spend the money we have on goats. At the end of the year we would have a flock of goats — and where's the white who's worth a flock of goats?'

'That is so,' said Majozi, 'but we all learn by associating with one another. It is our job to make a bridge between black and white. Mdukutshani must be a place for building bridges.'

Sweliswe was absent from the next meeting. He sent his apologies. He was sick.

'That man is starving,' said Mhlongo. 'Sweliswe is going to die if we don't force him to eat.'

'Resolved,' read the Minutes, 'that Numzaan be instructed to get Sweliswe proper food and force him to eat properly.'

Next item on the agenda was a job application from concerned whites wishing to work at Mdukutshani. Their application was read to the meeting: 'We realise that CAP has limited financial resources,' they wrote, 'that we are living in a crisis situation of mass unemployment, pitifully low wages, spiralling inflation, and that the threat of famine is imminent. In these circumstances for us to ask for a higher wage than R32 a month may appear as greedy, inappropriate and out-of-touch with CAP's philosophy . . . If we are to work for CAP, however, we would like to earn R100 a month each.'

There are bridges across the gulf that separates the black and white worlds, and it is interesting, as an excursion, to cross into black country to see how the other half lives. Few who have the choice, however, remain on the black side of the gulf. And nobody lives on a bridge.

Justice in the Transkei

SHEENA DUNCAN

MR JOSEPH ZOLISILE KOBO is a South African citizen and a citizen of the Ciskei. He holds a Ciskei citizenship card. He used to be a personal friend of Chief Sebe and was editor of the official Ciskei Government newspaper. He lived at 1012 NU 10 Mdantsane. He is 47 years old. He was born in Transkei but chose citizenship of Ciskei because he has lived in the East London area for a long time.

In a conversation with Sheena Duncan he told the following story:

On 19 January 1979 he was accused of having participated in an unlawful bus strike in the Ciskei and was arrested and detained. He was charged, but the charges were subsequently withdrawn — presumably because he is not, and never has been, a bus driver so could not have been on strike with the bus drivers.

On 20 April 1979 he was served with an order banishing him from Ciskei in terms of Regulation 5(1) of Proclamation R252 of 1977 and was given 48 hours to leave the Ciskei.

His wife and children still live in his house at Mdantsane. He is unable to visit them because he may not enter Ciskei. He is unable to move them from Mdantsane to live with him in Duncan Village because the Administration Board has refused to give him a house there. He lives with friends who give him shelter but he has no permanent place to stay. Mr Livingstone Malotana of 942NU 10 Mdantsane, who was an elected member of the Mdantsane Township Council and worked for the bus company as a statistician, was deported from the Ciskei on the same day as Mr Kobo and is in the same position. Mr Kobo has

made many approaches to the Ciskei Government asking for the banishment order to be withdrawn. He was told by Chief Sebe's brother, who is head of the Ciskei Intelligence Service, that he could come back if he persuaded the bus drivers to withdraw a legal case they were bringing against the Ciskei Government. He refused to co-operate in this and says that even if it were in his power to influence the bus drivers he would not do so.

He lost five different jobs offered to him because they all entailed travelling into the Ciskei.

He and Mr Malotana have now appealed to Dr Koornhof to assist them in obtaining accommodation for themselves and their families in Duncan Village.

Because he has been unsuccessful in obtaining anywhere to live, Mr Kobo decided to make a personal approach to Chief George Matanzima in Transkei to be allowed to go to live there. He knows Chief George and made an appointment to see him on 17 August 1979.

He travelled to Umtata. When he reached Chief George's office he was told the Chief was out for a while and he should return later. He left the office and crossed the road to the City Hall where he greeted some people he knew. As he was shaking their hands he was arrested by Transkei security policemen and taken into detention.

He was in solitary confinement from 17 August 1979 to 28 August 1980. He was allowed no letters and no visitors. He was allowed only the Bible. He was never visited on any occasion by any magistrate, doctor or Church Minister. (He is an Anglican). He had 15 minutes exercise each

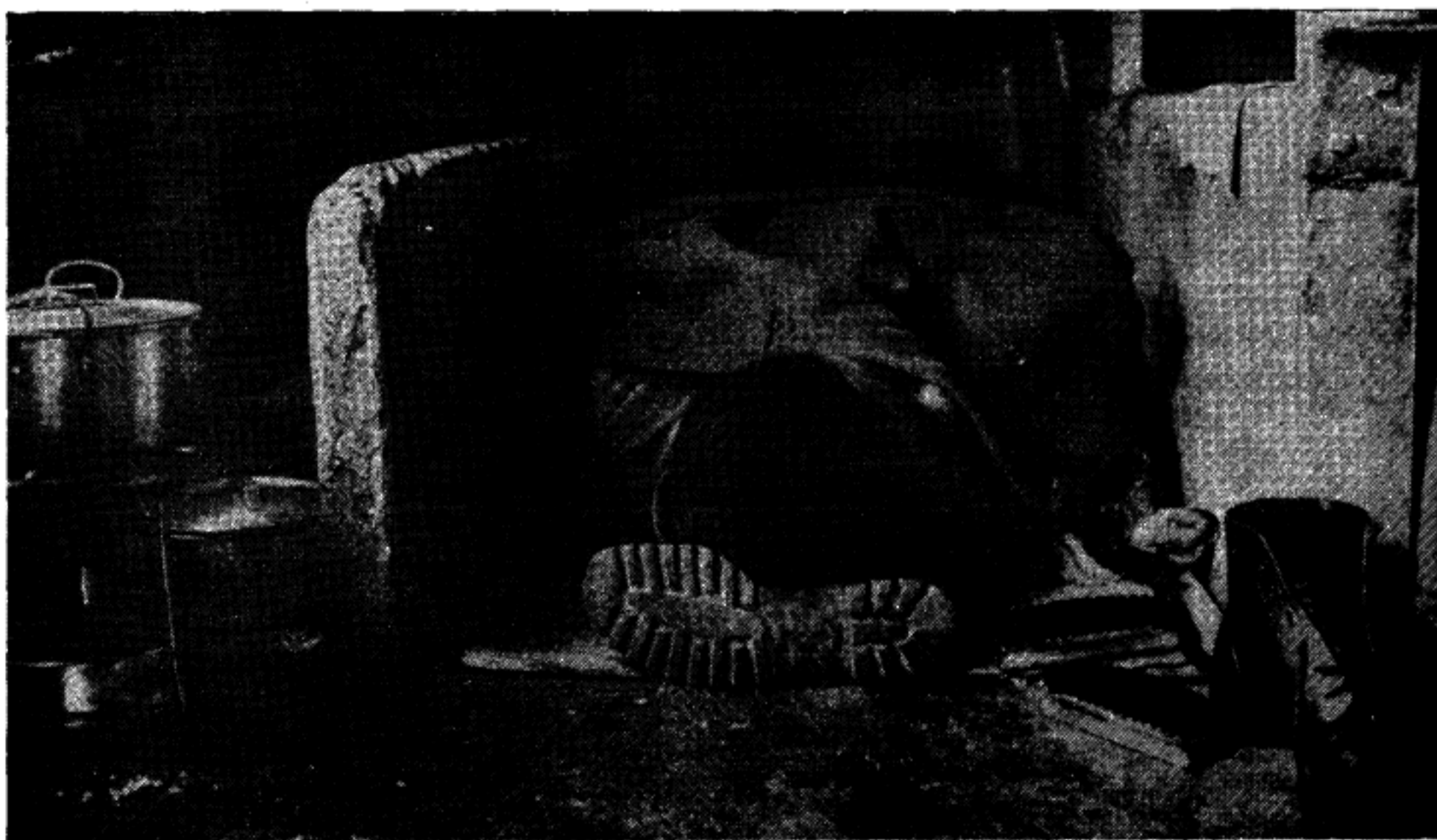
day. His family were informed that he had been detained but were refused any further information, even as to where he was. He tried to smuggle a message out to the South African Embassy in Umtata. He is not aware of any attempt made by the South African Government to intervene on his behalf but supposes the Embassy may not have got his message. He believes that many South African citizens are in detention in Transkei and that dozens of people, both Transkeians and South Africans, are being detained there all the time. Many came in and out of prison while he was there; some were there when he went in and were still there when he came out.

On Friday morning after he had been in solitary confinement for approximately one hundred days, Mr Kobo was taken from his cell to another small cell where his hands were tied behind his back and a noose was put round his neck with the knot at the back. The rope was attached to

a hook in the ceiling and was taut. There was a row of four chairs in front of him and these were occupied by shifts of four security policemen who interrogated him but never told him what about. They said 'Talk' and he said 'What about?' and they said 'You know — just talk'. He was kept standing like that from Friday morning to the following Tuesday evening. Every time he sagged the noose choked him. He was not beaten or touched in any other way. His body swelled grossly from the waist downwards. He was not released from this position during the whole period for any reason at all.

On the Tuesday evening he was returned to solitary confinement in his cell. He was ill for a month. The prison warders were very kind and rolled a blanket under his ankles to raise his legs slightly to relieve the odema. He had no medical attention.

He was released on 28 August 1980 and returned to East London on 30 August 1980.



A particularly shocking example of migrant workers' accommodation in Johannesburg—a concrete bunk. This is provided by a private company.

● *Courtesy of the Sunday Express*

RESETTLEMENT is like tear-gas

ELEANOR ANDERSON

YOUR wife has made a remarkable recovery,' said Dr Simpson.

'She has the fighting Afrikaner spirit,' agreed Mr McKinnon, though I don't think she'd have won without you as her ally.'

'Er . . . ah . . . well, harumph!' said the doctor, who never knew how to handle a compliment. 'The thing is to get her to accept that she'll have to take it easy.'

'Which will not be easy,' said Mr McKinnon. 'Soda or water?'

'Water, if you please,' said the doctor. 'Well now, let me make my suggestions as palatable as I can . . .'

'Like applying apartheid humanely,' interrupted Mr McKinnon.

'Ummm. She'll need to rest a good bit. I'd strongly recommend breakfast in bed, and for a while she'll be glad enough to put her feet up after lunch. No late nights, no anxiety if possible, no strenuous exercise — a pity that you live in a double-storey — but she can do a little light gardening.'

'There's no such thing,' retorted the host.

'Oh yes there is. Snipping off deadheads, re-sowing the carrots, washing black aphid off the broad beans. You know what I mean.'

'Can she play her piano?'

'Of course she can, I'm not a complete monster.' The doctor emptied his glass and rose to go. 'I'll look in next week, but do ring me any time you like.'

'Thank you very much,' said Mr McKinnon as he saw his trusty medical adviser to the door.

It was a slow road back to health. Mrs McKinnon tired easily and was hardly tempted by that March's splendid avocados, but it was her unaccustomed docil-

ity which most worried her husband. Gradually, however, she began to read again, seemed to enjoy her snipping and her sowing, and played her piano for longer periods. Only she and Selina knew about the nasty moment on the stairs when she would have fallen had not her servant flown to the rescue and almost carried her up to her room. 'Now don't you worry . . . shame . . . Madam is not yet quite strong . . . I'll make some tea . . .' murmured Selina as any friend would have done.

'Though why the hell I should expect her to be my friend,' thought Mrs McKinnon tiredly, 'I simply have no idea. She's been a member of our household for six years and I still don't know what she is thinking.'

Shortly after that Selina said abruptly one morning that she wanted a week's leave. Her friend would do the work while she was away.

'Oh Selina, must you go now?'

'Yes, Madam.'

'Can't it possibly wait?'

'There is trouble at home, Madam. I'll come back next Sunday.' She would say no more, and Mrs McKinnon rather crossly managed to find enough money in the house for her train fare, and let her go.

The next day the tiresome incident on the staircase was repeated. Mr McKinnon was just opening the front door to say no thank you to a trim young woman from an estate agency, when his wife cried 'Jim!' and he saw her clinging desperately to the balustrade.

'Has this happened before?' he asked her later.

'Well, er, I suppose it has. Only once though.'

'Why didn't you tell me?'

'I was afraid you might sell the house. It's been our home for thirty years and I couldn't bear to leave it.'

'My darling wife,' said James McKinnon gently, 'I'm afraid that is the very thing you will have to bear. Dr. Simpson said no strenuous exercise and that seems to include stairs. We'll get ourselves a nice little garden flat and there we'll live happily ever after.'

'It's all my fault,' cried Joan McKinnon. 'Damn and blast. I'm sorry, Jim.'

'Don't be,' said James McKinnon. 'I've been thinking for quite some time that this place is too big for us.'

'Liar,' said his wife.

'There's my girl,' said her husband. 'At least if we have to move we'll still be seeing our friends and we shall be together.'

Urgent sales sometimes take months but the McKinnons, who did not want to sell at all, found an immediate buyer. 'Vergenoeg' had always been a beautiful house and a Mr and Mrs Dunbar saw it, loved it, and paid a handsome price for it. The McKinnons found a pretty ground-floor flat with a pansy-sized garden. The move was to take place in a month's time.

No woman exists who can last four weeks without seeing the house she has just bought, so of course Mrs Dunbar asked permission to call, when quite convenient, and the McKinnons had to agree. Mrs Dunbar's only weapons were a tape measure and a busy little notebook, and once an architect with an ambitious eye, but if she had stormed up in a bulldozer Joan McKinnon could not have hated her visits more. For thirty years she had viewed her house with the eye of love, inconvenient cupboards and small pantry included, and now it seemed that this room was to be enlarged, that wall knocked down, and

there was even some cold thought of aving the jacaranda.

Sorting and packing began. The young people would take some of the treasures, but there would be room in the flat for grandfather's walnut cabinet, the beaded chairs, Joan's piano and of course the Ullman tapestry. And books. In fact, it began to look almost tolerable.

'You'll feel less cluttered with fewer possessions,' said friends. 'You'll probably be surprised at how much you enjoy the simpler style of life.'

Joan McKinnon, who had never minded being cluttered with her splendid oak dining-room furniture, replied: 'No doubt. But I still feel like a lost member of a lost tribe.'

Everyone helped with the move and Selina was a tower of strength, though she had returned from her week's leave rather unsmiling and rather silent. The transport vans were due at nine on the Monday morning and shortly before their arrival Joan McKinnon wandered to the far end of the garden for a last word with the silver birch. 'Tot siens, ou vriend,' she whispered, running a finger along a rough-edged leaf, 'Take care, grow nicely.'

Her husband came to fetch her and as they walked back towards the house they heard someone crying. Selina was sitting on a little bench weeping as if her heart would break.

'My dear friend, what is it?' said Mrs McKinnon, bending over her.

Selina sprang to her feet and dashed away the tears with the back of her hand. 'It stings so much it's rather like teargas, isn't it, Madam?'

'What is like teargas?' asked Mr McKinnon wonderingly.

'Leaving home,' said Selina. 'Forced resettlement is a terrible thing.'

The homelands scheme is an attempt to persuade non-independent states to sell their birthright as South Africans for a bowl of soup.

SEEDING THE CLOUDS

J. COHEN

This article analyses the discrepancies between Government promises and actualities.

BECAUSE we are in the Black Sash and because we are women concerned about the problems that beset our country we try to live hopefully. Our optimism has been aroused by the present government and by the statements made by the Prime Minister, members of his cabinet, by top civil servants and by commissioners appointed to investigate the many problems which occur in our country. My task is to find out whether the optimism is justified. How many of the promises made have been fulfilled? What are the promises? What are the expectations of the people and how often have they been disappointed and frustrated by being given new hope?

Mr P. W. Botha was appointed Prime Minister in September 1978. He narrowly defeated Mr Connie Mulder and those people who suspected the corruption that was subsequently exposed breathed a sigh of relief, but only a sigh because they suspected too that although Mr P. W. Botha's integrity was not to be questioned, his affirmation of apartheid was entrenched.

Our spirits were raised when he began to attack the granite face of apartheid. In his first year of office he had called a meeting of 250 black and white executives to joint discussions with the cabinet and had thrown out some hints of change.

He announced that the Mixed Marriage and Immorality Acts would be reviewed.

He recognised Trade Union membership for all races.

He opened restaurants to all groups provided that they had ap-

plied for and been granted exemptions.

He made unprecedented — for a Prime Minister — visits to Soweto and black homelands.

He opened the door to the inclusion of blacks in the umbrella body that will govern the planned constellation of African states.

He warned his own recalcitrant cabinet ministers that if they did not go along with him they would be sacked.

He has not amended much in the statute books which entrench apartheid but has instituted certain reforms by exemption.

He wrote off a R9 million inherited debt in Soweto.

He transferred powers of authority over black urban areas from white administration boards to the black community councils.

He agreed to stay the abolition of Crossroads until alternative housing was made available.

He gave hope to 'qualified' urban blacks that they would be integrated into the South African economy and there would be possibilities for them to improve their position.

Theatres, civic halls and certain hotels would be open to blacks, again providing exemption had been asked for and granted.

These expressions of change made many South Africans, black and white feel that there was a new approach and a real change of direction. He warned white reactionaries that they had 'to adapt or die in a bloodbath before breakfast.' He professed his ideal to create a contented black labour aristocracy in the urban areas and that his 'civic action

plans' were meant to win the hearts and minds of rural blacks.

He is prepared for some losses on his side as a result of a right-wing backlash and he is determined to implement changes regarded as 'vital to South Africa's survival'.

In the face of vehement objections from right-wing white workers, he scrapped statutory job reservation, and approved applications for black workers to become apprenticed in white areas.

Under his premiership he has appointed the Schlebusch Commission to work out a new constitution.

He has also instituted the Rabie commission to investigate the fairness and efficiency of South Africa's security system. This commission is expected to hear advice and complaints against bannings and detentions without trial.

The Van der Walt commission is to look at Homelands Consolidation and the Chairman has said he would not be bound by the 1936 Land Act — a major breakthrough in Nationalist thinking.

The setting up of commissions may be a way of prolonging the existing system and of postponing reforms but it does imply the recognition of a need for change.

There is undoubtedly an idea in the minds of the government that all is not well in our society and this has been transmitted to the community who are beginning to believe that doubts and promises already imply significant progress.

BUT we have a right to be sceptical when Mr Botha and his henchmen repeatedly affirm their

belief in apartheid. There is no argument in Afrikanerdom over points of view such as:-

The importance of identity, ethnicity and self preservation of all population groups and the maintenance of group interests and a participation and say over their own affairs, the rejection of a unitary state, political integration and the inclusion of the black people in a federal government, the protection of group areas, schools, facilities, services and institutions. The basic tenets of apartheid must not be touched so that we are justified in our disbelief in essential change. But we would be unjustified in denying the climate for change which has been inspired by changes that have been made or changes that have been proposed and initiated by the government. They are like weathermen who seed the clouds and make the rain fall in only very limited areas and even the weathermen are opposed by those who feel that rain or shine is the will of a Higher Authority and that His Will must not be questioned.

Let us now look at specific areas of concern.

HOUSING

LEASEHOLD SCHEME: AUGUST, 1978.

Those who qualify for urban residence will be able to acquire rights in some but not all urban areas. Leaseholders will be able to erect, alter or demolish buildings, sell leases to other 'qualified people' and encumber them by means of mortgages.

The snags in this scheme:

- a) The land is the property of the local administration board which can dispose of it subject to the lease.
- b) The right to obtain a lease depends on qualifications under Section 10 (i) (a) or (b) of the Urban Areas Consolidation Act. Migrant labourers and those living in hostels cannot qualify and now because of Section 12 of the same act it is doubtful whether children born after independence of the black states to which they

are forced to belong will be able to qualify for houses or inherit such houses. Of course, exemptions can be granted but exemption is not a substitution for a legally enforceable right.

By October 1979 nineteen houses were registered under the leasehold scheme and 263 applications were being processed. Although home ownership is a step in the right direction it is not the answer to rehousing the mass of the black population. It is estimated that by 1985, 34 000-50 000 homes will be required. The Soweto councils can do very little to finance housing because they have practically no way of raising money in their own areas. They need approximately R66 million per annum for housing. The income available is R22 million raised mainly by rents.

The General Sales Tax raises R20 million per annum but does not find its way back to the townships nor does R66 million collected in tax from urban blacks. This money is paid direct to revenue funds of the black states. Marais Steyn, Minister of Community Development, **promised** to wipe out the housing backlog by 1980. His figures are unrealistic and he does not take into account population growth, overcrowding and doubling up. He talks about 25 000 houses for coloureds but the number is more in the region of 40-50 000.

Sometimes the type of housing provided does not match the economic ability of the people to pay e.g. Mitchell's Plain. Housing is nearly always far from the place of work and this involves the working population in heavy transport costs. In turn this aggravates the poverty of the inhabitants. Removals and housing are linked and there are many instances where people have been moved from homes which they have built and paid for to areas where the government has provided them with tents and shacks. It is true that they are beginning to feel guilty about their actions and the reprieve for Crossroads and Alexandra and the temporary staying of remov-

als in Walmer are examples.

The deputy Minister of Plural Relations, Mr. Vosloo said the government's broad policy was that as far as practicable Africans must live in Bantustans or at least live there and commute daily or weekly to work in 'white areas'. The government, to its credit has now accepted self-help and site and service schemes as means of providing housing e.g. Plural Relations has agreed to 'upgrade' rather than 'relocate'.

The Secretary for Community Development, Mr Louis Fouché announced that subsidies available to whites, coloureds and Asians would be extended to Africans. In other words the government is now re-introducing sub-economic housing subsidies which had been suspended. It is obvious that in planning for urban housing there is a recognition that a stable, skilled labour force is vital to the economic growth of the country.

GROUP AREAS ACT is still in force even after Mr Pik Botha claimed that the government did not condone racial discrimination. There has been much harassment of 'coloureds' and Indians seeking shelter in Hillbrow and Mr Marais Steyn implied that these people would have continued to be allowed to live there had the press not drawn attention to them. He also made promises to the Indians that they would be able to trade in the central business districts before blacks — this incensed not only the blacks but the Indians too because they did not want to be a party to this kind of discrimination. Permission was granted for a big shopping area to be built on the outskirts of Soweto. The black traders felt it would be impossible for them to compete even though they were told that black businessmen would be given priority in the allocation of premises but would not predominate. The big white department stores would occupy most space and skilled white professional men like pharmacists and opticians would occupy some of the shops because blacks had not yet being trained in these skills. The blacks objected to

white spots near black areas when black spots near white areas, like the Carlton Centre did not exist. Mr Koornhof has now agreed that the 21 ha site be incorporated into Soweto. The complex will still be developed by whites but blacks will own 51 per cent of the shares.

In the course of investigation into coloured housing the Black Sash discovered blocks of flats bordering on the coloured areas. These had previously housed immigrants, namely Portuguese from Mozambique and Angola. They had now moved to other areas and although the flats were largely empty the coloured community was denied permission to use them.

EMPLOYMENT AND WAGES

In the last few months the economic situation has improved considerably. This must mean a drop in unemployment and we hope an increase in wages. More than 1 million people still live away from their families for part of their working lives. More than 100 000 blacks were prosecuted for not being in possession of passes and most of them were probably seeking employment in the cities.

As a result of the Riekert Commission the maximum fines for employing people illegally was raised from R100 to R500. Riekert wanted the employers rather than the employees to be prosecuted. The intention in the Commission was to tie urban residence rights to lawful employment and improved housing. Mr Koornhof made one concession re passes and allowed employers to register illegal employees until 31 October, 1979. This was a mere stay of execution.

The big wage gap persists.

In manufacturing and construction the ratio of white wages to black is 4:1.

In the South African Railways and the General Post Office and the Social Services the ratio is 4,5:1.

In commerce the ratio is 3,5:1.

In mining the ratio is 8:1.

In finance the ratio is 2,5:1.

The gap is smallest where fewer black people are employed.

In domestic service and on farms virtually only blacks are employed so there can be no figures regarding disparity. More farm workers are drifting into towns seeking more profitable work and domestic service has become only a last resort for work seekers. By the end of the century mining will have outpaced farming as a black employer.

However, although black wages have been rising faster than white wages, in many cases the wage gap has increased e.g. a white employee earning R800 has his wage increased by 25 per cent. He now earns R1 000.

A black employee has his wage increased from R200 by 50 per cent and he now earns R300.

Previously the gap was R600 and now it is R700.

HEALTH

The Secretary for Health, Mr Jan de Beer, made a statement in which he said that the ultimate purpose of the health services is to meet the health needs of the total population. Very few black doctors have qualified, white medical schools are still not open to blacks, except by exemption and more facilities are being provided for whites than for blacks. There is, however, the intention to train semi-trained medical workers for the rural areas.

ENVIRONMENTAL PLANNING ACT

This act imposes a limit on the number of Africans that can be employed in the main industrial areas. The employer is penalised instead of encouraged to increase his work force. The Riekert Commission recommended a change but this has not yet been introduced.

EDUCATION

In this field there has been an improvement. Text books are now provided free but not prescribed books from Standard 1-10. Stationery is not free though it is in white schools.

The Public Relations Officer for the Department of Education and

Training has said 'We are keen to bring black education in line with what is happening in white schools'.

But black teachers are still paid considerably less than white teachers — approximately R150 per month less than whites. Parity would cost the state R25 million per annum.

Per capita expenditure:-

1977 ... R57 per child as compared with R17 per child in 1953.

In 1977 the government spent R886 million on white education and R452 million on black education.

The government has embarked on a building programme for black schools, including high schools and is enlarging the Teachers' Training College in Soweto. Previously it disapproved of increasing the number of facilities for higher education in the urban areas. There are also technical schools in the pipe line. As far as university education is concerned, the government is allocating more money for education where hitherto only loan financing was available though the Department of Community Development and the interest and capital redemption costs were borne by the township householders. Each household had to pay a levy of 38 cents per month and school levies were even higher. White schools were always built by outright grants from the government's budget but the Department of Education and Training has been in the absurd position of having the responsibility for educating black children while not having the wherewithal to build schools. The Department will now decide where schools should be built and build them with their own funds.

Mr Punt Janson said 'we have to face facts — there are thousands of kids who have to be given education and who can't go back to the homelands. We must provide schools where they are.' He has made a promise and it is being fulfilled.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

Janson has promised that alternatives to present university education for blacks are being examin-

ed. At present there are 5 000 blacks in black universities and they all live in hostels which makes their education more expensive. 6 300 are enrolled in UNISA.

Seven per 10 000 blacks receive a university education; 240 per 10 000 whites.

In 1977 403 degrees were awarded to blacks, mostly in the field of arts. Even Prof Viljoen expressed his doubts about ethnic universities. There is a feeling that universities may become more open and that there will be extensions to the white universities so that they can function next to the black townships.

This government and its henchmen have certainly made bold statements.

Mr P. W. Botha — 'The government is irrevocably committed to ensuring an existence with human dignity for all.'

In Washington Mr Piet Koorn-

hof spoke about objectives of equality, full participation in decision making and full citizenship for all, but he added that this could only be achieved in a plural society. The Financial Mail commented that 'Treurnicht couldn't have put it better.'

Dr Koornhof when accompanying the Prime Minister to the Ciskei said removals to the Glenmore resettlement area would be suspended. The people of Elukhanywani nearby, some of whom were listening to the speech, could not have been very impressed. They had already been moved.

GENERAL MAGNUS MALAN

The defence of our country is 80 per cent political and 20 per cent military — perhaps that's why the Defence Force has set up a 'Peace Corps'. Soldiers are being used as teachers, doctors, agricultural advisors etc. They work

in uniform and are armed with pistols.

Koornhof says that apartheid as the world knows it is dead.

Fanie Botha — 'If we can't create sufficient jobs we will perish in the revolution of the unemployed'. His call for economic and political reform and justice is bound to give momentum to a rise in expectation.

It seems obvious that the government is committed to a need for change. The question is, is it committed to change?

People would be happier if changes were entrenched in the law and not made by the granting of exemptions which can be granted by the whims and needs of individuals and withdrawn equally easily.

The opening of restaurants etc. are the single swallows which don't make a summer. We'll be happy to see the swallows swarming.

If the cap fits

We must not be silent. The needs and hopes of our time are in many outstanding questions so unambiguous that silence out of opportunism, lack of courage or superficiality can involve guilt just as much as the silence of many responsible people at the time of the Reformation.

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We must act ourselves. Complaining is not enough. Whenever human rights are violated, it always depends on the initiative of individuals to set change in motion.

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We must not give up. The greatest temptation is the excuse that there is no point in in all, that we can make no headway and we had better get out of it: we leave altogether or withdraw into ourselves. But if there is no hope there can be no action.

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Therefore: Particularly in a phase of stagnation and setbacks the important thing is to endure it and hold out with confident faith. Opposition can be expected. But there is no renewal without a struggle.

Dr. Hans Küng, German theologian

UNTAMED IGNORANCE

JILL WENTZEL

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DESPITE the ban on open air gatherings which makes it impossible to demonstrate more than one at a time the Black Sash continues with poster demonstrations to keep alive the habit of protest, without which democracy cannot survive.

We don't pretend to live in a proper democracy; with a view to the future, and along with other organisations, we seek to foster the habit of democracy by highlighting relevant issues and trying by example to show the public that good citizenship involves query and quarrel and protest.

Many South Africans (including our censorship board) believe it is destructive to dwell only on what is wrong in a society without always at the same time mentioning what is good. We believe that a healthy democracy takes for granted the positive achievements of government and seeks to concentrate on and eliminate what is wrong in a society.

Demonstrating in Johannesburg we have encountered hostility, quite a lot of cheerful abuse and a more or less equal amount of congratulation from the public, white and black.

In Pretoria last week, where we went for the first time in many years, the atmosphere was harsher.

We went to protest outside the Medical and Dental Council's offices against their exoneration of the Biko doctors.

No white said a friendly word to us. Most of the time there was a mild hostility, hinting at something implacable, but now and then a menacing group gathered round hurling abuse, and some men tended to prowl, coming back and back with angry comments.

What was frightening was not so much the physical presence of antagonistic people, but the feeling of a violent consensus in the air.

We were disturbed to feel our-

selves in the midst of an untamed sort of ignorance — untamed because there seems no immediate way of dealing with it. Everyday life seems to us so full of the evidence of the horrors of apartheid, a desperate rural situation, and the unpleasantness of urban black lives.

All **-language* newspapers write what are clearly reliable accounts of pass law cruelties, group areas evictions and threatened evictions, transport problems, bus boycotts, low pay and unemployment. Every week there are in-depth articles about resettlement, overcrowding and starvation in rural areas — and about the chaos in black education and the desperate fury of black pupils.

And even if one doesn't read the papers these things are all there to be seen in one's daily life.

Yet white passers-by who spoke so angrily to us seemed unable to know or see or hear these obvious things.

How will they ever be told? By what method — when even Minister Le Grange displays the barbaric habit of blaming the messenger for bad tidings?

And who did they represent, those who passed by? Most whites, three quarters of the whites, or less?

The combined experience of standing in Pretoria for one hour and reading Minister Le Grange's comments on the Press has produced the feeling that this distinctive white South African ignorance is the reality — not the hope generated by more sophisticated sounds from Mr P W Botha and some of his Ministers.

In the 1960s those who abused protestors were mainly ordinary hooligans; now respectable typists, clerks, young executives and civil servants offer this same feeling of violence.

Their faces furious, they spit out at middle-aged Black Sash

ladies: 'Terrorist — you should be shot,' 'Why don't you leave the country?' 'What are you trying to do, curry favour with the blacks?' 'Stupid cow,' 'That's the Black Sash, they love the kaffirs,' 'Biko was a stinking terrorist and so are you,' 'Sis, haven't you got anything better to do?'

The remarks were perhaps the same as always. What worried us was the feeling of a unanimity of opinion that cannot understand the bases of civilised living, that cannot see the difference between terrorism and ordinary community protest or understand the importance of the latter as a peaceful means of airing and ultimately solving grievances and problems.

This is what has happened after decades of non-democratic training — the development of unreading, passive minds — and violence always the other side of this coin.

Writing some years ago in the *Guardian Weekly*, a prison governor said that he was more afraid of punitive-minded citizens than of criminals themselves. He wrote: 'The violence of the respectable burgess is the most terrifying of all and the most destructive of all.'

Which reminds us that citizens' violence is nothing new in the world and not confined to South Africa. Literature is full of it. Elsewhere wise leaders and strong democratic institutions have been able to educate and quieten agitated and frightened citizens. Hopefully, somehow, this will happen in South Africa.

** EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer deeply regrets that when this article first appeared in the Rand Daily Mail it erroneously read 'All English-language newspapers'. She wishes to record here her appreciation for the efforts of Afrikaans newspapers to educate their readers.*

OBITUARIES

DEBBIE DISON was tragically killed in a motor accident while on a holiday in Zimbabwe on 4 September 1980 at the age of 27.

I knew Debbie from the time she was three years old. I had become friendly with her parents when both our daughters were in Fever Hospital at the same time after contracting polio and, as a result of this, Debbie was left severely handicapped. She spent a great deal of time over the years undergoing extensive surgery. She always displayed unbelievable courage and always hated 'a fuss'.

She matriculated at Waverley Girls' High School in 1970 and graduated from Wits University with a BALLB in 1976. While studying at Wits she was very active in student affairs and during her student years she worked every Saturday at Industrial Aid. This was the beginning of her interest in Labour Law, which was eventually to become her main interest. She joined Legal Resources Centre at the beginning of 1979 and worked for them until the end of August this year. She was to start work after her holiday in a new practice where she intended pursuing her interest in Labour Law. But this was not to be.

Debbie was friend and helper to many organisations, which included Industrial Aid, Act Stop and Black Sash, and I think I can honestly say that these organisations found her to be a very creative, courageous, inventive and tenacious lawyer. She only became a member of Black Sash in June this year but, of course, her dealings with us had started when she was working for Industrial Aid.

Her membership only formalised a working relationship which had existed for some time. I found that there were days when I was on the telephone to her at least once or twice, and sometimes even more. She always answered any queries with intelligence and good humour, and was always very concise.

We extend our deepest sympathy to her parents, Mercia and Lean, and her brother David and sister Laura. The very special person that Debbie was, was in no small measure a direct reflection on their own strength of character and dignity. We will miss her.

BEULAH ROLLNICK

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of **Kay Stucken**. She was one of our foundation members and she served on the Johannesburg Regional Committee until a year or two before her death, so dependable, so consistent, so loyal and so kind. Her whole life was a life of service for other people.

We all greatly valued her support and her wisdom certainly prevailed upon me when I had some of my 'strange ideas'.

After her retirement I often used to meet her walking up to the shops in Rosebank. We discussed the latest Black Sash news and activities which helped to keep us both in contact with current projects.

We will all miss Kay very much and our sympathy goes to her sisters and her brother.

JEAN SINCLAIR

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