

My experience of leaving South Africa on an exit permit*

(All the letters and documents referred to in the article are in my possession)

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23 January to 22 December, 1965: Time in Bechuanaland (as it was known then)

Persons issued with an exit permit (in terms of Section 5(b) of the Departure from the Union Regulation Act of 34 of 1955) meant they could leave South Africa legally and did not need to skip over the border as was the case with the majority of those fleeing persecution and eminent arrest for their political views and activism or leaving to join the armed wings of the African National Congress (ANC) and Pan Africanist Congress (PAC).

However, having legally departed from the country, should they return then they will be deemed to have left illegally. According to the letter accompanying the issue of the exit permit such persons on returning to the country will be “deemed for the purpose of Section 2 of the Act to have left the Union without a valid passport or permit.” That clearly meant that persons leaving the country on exit permit could return but on pain of being criminally charged with having left the country illegally.

The letter further stated that such a person will:

“for all purposes become a prohibited person within the meaning of the Admission of Persons to the Union Regulation Act, 1913 (Act No 22 of 1913) in the Union with effect from the time he so left the Union”.

Furthermore:

“a South African citizen ceases to be a South African citizen should he for purposes of admission to the republic of SA become a prohibited person”.¹

My exit permit was dated 11 January 1965 and I left South Africa for Bechuanaland (as it was then known) a week after its issue. On it I am addressed as Mna, supposed to be an abbreviation of Morena, coined by the architects of apartheid according to whose thinking the appellation Mr was meant for whites only.

On arrival I headed for the village of Mochudi where, thanks to my friend Martha Matlhaku, an arrangement had been made for me to be adopted by King Linchwe to become a member of his sub-nation, the Bakgatla.

Colonial borders arbitrarily divided the Bakgatla territorially: a part of them were in Mochudi under King Linchwe, and another part was across the border in South Africa in the area around Zeerust and, despite its location, owed allegiance to King Linchwe. Martha and her husband, Ishmael, originally came from the Zeerust area and so were subjects of King Linchwe. It was this allegiance as well as being very good friends of the

King that enabled them to approach the King on my behalf. Martha had also left South Africa on an exit permit, about six months before me. Her application for an exit permit was initially turned down. The refusal must have been because she was a prominent member of the ANC Women's League as well a shop steward of the Garment Workers' Union. As a consequence, she incurred a banning order under the so-called Suppression of Communism Act that placed her under house arrest between 6pm and 6am and prohibited her from setting foot in any factory. Working as an articled legal clerk at the time I used my position in a legal office to successfully appeal on her behalf for her to be issued with an exit permit. Earlier, Ishmael had left South Africa for Bechuanaland, illegally by skipping across the border after he had also been served with a banning order.²

My adoption by Linchwe meant that I did not have to register as an asylum seeker. In any case, there really was no such entrenched status in Bechuanaland. People from South Africa freely entered Bechuanaland (and the two other British Protectorates known then as Swaziland and Basotholand). On crossing the border between South Africa and Bechuanaland when I left South Africa I was checked only on the South African side to see if I was legally departing the country – there were absolutely no checks on the Bechuanaland side. Even those fleeing from arrest for their activism against apartheid on reaching Bechuanaland in transit to countries further north to seek military training were in those days not subject to register as asylum seekers.

So, too, when my fiancée Veronica arrived to join me, she came straight to Mochudi where Martha received her and took her to Linchwe for adoption. Her exit permit was issued on 23rd March 1965 and she arrived at the end of March.

On the basis of my assimilation into the Bakgatla, I assumed I could seek a job in the country. With a degree in mathematics, the only one so qualified in the country at that time, I found one as a lecturer at the Botswana Training Centre in Gaborone and started work on the 1st April 1965. The centre was providing training in engineering at technician level and secretarial skills for employment in the Public Works Department and other departments of the civil service of the soon to be established independence of the country. At this time Bechuanaland was a self-governing British Protectorate, a transitional stage to an independent status a year later when it would name itself Botswana.

As was the case under racial segregation later codified as apartheid in South Africa, the people of Botswana were also denied technical and administrative skills under colonial rule. A startling example of this lack, the District Commissioner of Gaborone had for more than a year been seeking a secretary with shorthand/typing skills. The arrival of Veronica and her adoption as well by King Linchwe was like a god-send to the District Commissioner. Trained to be a school-teacher and having worked in South Africa as a

secretary she was eminently qualified for the job and so the DC employed her. Just one month after she started, she was served with the following letter, dated 30th June 1965:

“I am directed to refer to your temporary employment with the Administration, and to inform you that it is regretted that due to the availability of a local candidate as from 1st August, 1965, it has become necessary to give you one month’s notice of the termination of your temporary appointment with effect from 1st July, 1965.”³

When offered the job there was no indication that it was temporary.

I was also served with a similar letter by the Department of Education terminating my employment at the Training Centre with effect from the end of July. As the country had no graduate in mathematics the department could not claim that a local candidate had become available. Instead, I was told by word of mouth that the country would be receiving from Canada a qualified mathematics teacher under the Voluntary Service Overseas scheme.

We were never able to verify the veracity of the claims made as reasons for our sackings. But at the level of some local people working at unskilled jobs around us, especially amongst low-ranking civil servants, there was a lot of unhappiness that foreigners like us had arrived to take up their jobs just when the country was on the verge of independence and better job opportunities would open up for them. Quite understandable considering that under colonialism they were denied acquisition of administrative and technical skills. I assumed that the intense agitation behind our backs by such people resulted in the termination of our jobs. They jokingly, or mockingly, called people who had come to Bechuanaland from South Africa “ba-tlola di fence” because those leaving South Africa to escape imprisonment for their political activity or to seek military training in order to overthrow the regime had to illegally skip across the border, literally jump over the border fence, and avoided going through the normal channels of immigration control.

The United States Information Office occasionally showed movies on a huge board pitched in the open air and people standing on their feet to watch. When once the feature film was preceded by a Pathe news reel showing East Germans fleeing to West Germany by jumping over the wall the audience hilariously greeted this scene by loud shouts of “ba-tlola di fence” – they were laughingly likening them to those South Africans who had skipped over the border fence into Botswana *en route* to training in guerilla warfare in northern African states.

On receiving the letter giving her notice of termination of her employment she was informed by the police whose offices were next to the DC’s that she would be deported back to South Africa as she did not have a residence permit. Then about this time she fell pregnant with our first child, Yolisa. It was frighteningly unthinkable as to what our

situation would be now that we were without jobs, she threatened with deportation to South Africa and me likely to receive a similar threat, and our status in the country not as secure as we had imagined when King Linchwe conferred Bakgatla membership on us. I entered into a flurry of activity seeking persons with authority to plead our case to the government. At that very early stage of a self-governing status as a step towards independence there was hardly any formality in terms of access to persons who were destined to occupy cabinet positions and make the top civil service bureaucracy.

I sought a meeting with Seretse Khama, the first president to be of an independent Botswana. Instead, I was directed to meet with his permanent secretary who was sent as part of British aid to develop and mentor an indigenous civil service to run the country on attaining independence. At the appointed time I knocked at his office. But no answer. After waiting for a short time outside the door to his office, a door adjacent to his opened and there stood Seretse Khama rounding off a discussion with a man I didn't know. When Seretse Khama noticed me, he greeted me with such familiarity that the man next to him must have got the impression that we are good old friends. The man was the permanent secretary, newly arrived in Africa and so unaware of a tradition of sometimes hailing a complete stranger like a long-lost friend! I wondered if it was due to the impression he gained that Khama is my friend that I got an assurance from him that no deportation order would be served on Veronica.

What our sackings made unambiguously clear to me was that the fact of our adoption by King Linchwe into the Bakgatla was not in itself sufficient to secure our stay beyond his domain in and around Mochudi, nor guarantee our employability in the country. I alerted my South African political colleagues who were already in exile in the UK of our precarious status in Bechuanaland. Kenneth Jordaan, Ishmael Mahomed and Cardiff Marney and me belonged to the same political discussion groups – not formal organisations – inside South Africa. They immediately set about finding a way for me to enter Britain without a passport. They informed me that due to a shortage of science and mathematics graduates entering the teaching profession it should be possible for me to gain entry without a passport into and obtain a teaching job in the UK, so flexible were the immigration laws before they were a few years later tightened.

Belonging to none of the liberation movements, ANC or PAC or Non-European Unity Movement (NEUM), all of which enjoyed recognition by the newly independent states of Africa, the only recourse for help to leave Bechuanaland was the colleagues mentioned above and at our own cost.

As I was involved in all the communications with friends in the UK, there was at the same time among certain sectors of Batswana society much concern regarding my sacking from the Bechuanaland Training Centre. They could not understand why as the only available mathematics graduate in the country at the time I had been sacked. A meeting with Archie Mogwe was arranged for me. He was the most senior of the

Batswana civil servants and in due course rose to be Botswana's Foreign Minister. He took up the case of my dismissal with the Department of Education. As a result of his intervention, I was offered a teaching post at Moeng College, a boarding school established by Tshekedi Khama who acted as regent while the heir to the Bamangwato throne, Seretse Khama, was studying in the United Kingdom. The college was in a remote and rural part in the north-east of the country next to the Tuli Block and very close to the border with South Africa. We were continually being warned never to venture east of the college lest we be kidnapped by South African agents. So lacking in teachers with graduate qualifications Botswana was at that time that the entire teaching staff at Moeng were South African; and so severe was the shortage of teachers that on learning when we arrived at Moeng that Veronica was a qualified primary school teacher she was nevertheless offered a job to teach biology at the college, a secondary school.

But my search for help and ways to leave Bechuanaland were already underway when this job was offered. Thanks to the National Union of Teachers (NUT) who my colleagues in the UK had approached to assist into getting me into the UK without a passport. I received from the NUT a copy of a letter the union had addressed to "The Immigration Officer at the appropriate Port of Entry to the United Kingdom" according to which:

"Mr Phahle wrote to the Appointments Board in September of this year seeking assistance in obtaining a teaching appointment in the U.K. to commence duties in January 1966. Local Education Officers and Heads of Schools are not prepared to make appointments without there first being a personal interview here. As a result of the approaches the Board has made on his behalf, Mr Phahle has been called for interview by the Headmaster of Hillside Secondary School, Boreham Wood, which comes under the administration of the Hertfordshire County Council. According to correspondence we had with the Home Office (Aliens Dept.), reference AKG/127/1/31, we understand that Mr Phahle may be permitted by you to land in the U.K. and to stay here initially for a period of fourteen days for the purpose of being interviewed.

"The Home Office informed us on 17th February, 1960 that 'there is no objection in principle to suitably qualified foreign teachers coming here for interview provided they would normally have been eligible for the issue of a Ministry of Labour permit to take employment here'".⁴

But I would not allow an arrangement to be made for me alone. It had to include my fiancé Veronica who was by now pregnant with our first child. Otherwise, I was not going to leave Bechuanaland. She did not have a degree or a qualification to teach mathematics or science so a separate arrangement could not be made for her. We had to get married so she could accompany me and be allowed to enter the UK as my spouse.

Up to the 1960s Bechuanaland in the tribal areas was governed almost exclusively by customary laws by which marriages were entered into. Marriage by civil rites, as distinct from customary law, was contracted at a District Commissioner's Office. We were now at Moeng College. For our weekly groceries, like all the other members of the teaching staff, we motored to Serowe to shop there. So it was to the DC in Serowe, the one nearest to Moeng, that we went to seek registration of a civil marriage.

"Are you or have been in a customary union?" was the question asked at the DC's office. "For you to contract a marriage by civil rites the DC will require a letter from your chief that you are not in a customary union with one or more wives." I do not belong to any tribe and so do not have a chief, I said. "How can it be? All Africans belong to a tribe and have a chief. If you do not have a chief from whom to get the letter we will have to get legal advice from the Chief Justice as to whether the DC can preside over a marriage by civil rites of a black person who neither has a chief nor does not belong to a tribe."

As a British protectorate, Bechuanaland did not have full-time resident judges. Besides, its administration by Britain was conducted from outside the country, in Mahikeng in South Africa. It engaged barristers practising in South Africa as part-time judges to its high court. So too was the Chief Justice – a barrister practising in South Africa.

There were no telephone links between the DC's office in Serowe and the Chief Justice in South Africa. Communication was by radio link. Our request to contract a marriage by civil rites was duly conveyed to the Chief Justice. Week after week went by while we waited for the Chief Justice's opinion. Every week when we drove to Serowe for our groceries we would stop at the DC's office to enquire if word had come from the Chief Justice. The clerks at the DC's office would see us approaching from a distance and with a wave of their hands, flapping them sideways, would signal that they haven't yet heard from the Chief Justice. Then one day, as we approached, again with an indication by hands but this time with raised triumphant fists, the Chief Justice had at last ruled that we can be married by civil rites without a letter of authorisation by a chief.

By this time looking forward to a prospect of no more weekly sojourns to the DC's office we asked to be married there and then. In view of our precarious position as stateless persons and friends in the UK making arrangements for me to come to the UK and, above all, expecting our first child, we could not afford to waste any time but get married instantly. "But wait a minute, you need to bring a witness", the clerk said. No problem. My university friend Ridwell "Ray" Molomo who was a lecturer at the Serowe Teacher Training College lived not far away from the DC's office. I drove to get him to be our witness. When the DC asked me, standing upright with my hands at my back, to place a ring in Veronica's finger, Ridwell standing behind me had the good sense to take off his ring and slip into my hand.

Under conditions of refugee status, with no more than five close friends in Bechuanaland, all of them faraway in the south, and given our anxieties about what the future held out for us, we could not have had a conventional wedding with a date set for the wedding, invitations extended to family and friends, a wedding dress and a wedding suit, a ring, photos and a celebration party. We dispensed with such formalities uncertain what the immediate future held out for us but wanting to ensure that whatever happens would be applied to us as a family with a child we were expecting and not in any way separating us. It had to be an instant marriage without ceremony.

How were we going to depart from Bechuanaland when the time came? No international airlines were flying to Bechuanaland. One way out and the easiest was through South Africa. But that wasn't possible in view of being declared prohibited immigrants on account of leaving the country on exit permits. Highly unlikely that Rhodesia as an ally of apartheid South Africa would allow us passage through. Nevertheless, I wrote to the Rhodesian government applying for a visa allowing us to travel in transit by road or rail to Zambia. Following its unilateral declaration of independence from the United Kingdom during the course of that year, it was subjected to international sanctions which included flights. Zambia was where we could catch a flight to the UK. The easiest way to get there was via Rhodesia. But the Rhodesian Department of Immigration declined my application:

“In reply to your letter of the 19th August, I regret that it is not possible for me to allow you or Miss Daphne Veronica Smith to pass through Rhodesia in transit to Zambia.”⁵

The only option open to us was to pass into Zambia at Kazangula at the Caprivi Strip – a point where Bechuanaland, South West Africa ruled by South Africa, Angola under Portuguese rule, Rhodesia and Zambia all met. But to get to Kazangula? A most difficult terrain through desert and jungle was traversable on road only by four wheel drive or 4 by 4 vehicles which were then not owned by ordinary people. It was by such means that the ANC and PAC, both organisations enjoying financial support from some African states, managed to take those who supported them out of Bechuanaland, first to Zambia from Kazangula as a first step on their journey to train in armed struggle in other countries. The boat used to cross the Zambezi River at Kazangula came to be known by South Africans as the Freedom Ferry.

In the early days when the movement into exile began, around 1961, and before the South African liberation organisations had fully established themselves abroad, it was not unheard of for some refugees from South Africa to walk from Francistown to Kazangula, sleeping on trees to avoid being attacked by lions.

A safe and most convenient way of getting to Kazangula was by charter flight. But this was too costly for us to contemplate. Thanks to Mr Motshekwan, formerly resident in

Sophiatown, Johannesburg, and well known to me, who was associated with the UN High Commission for Refugees. Not only did he get us permits to enter Zambia – otherwise only the ANC, PAC and NEUM which enjoyed recognition by the Zambian government could arrange for their members to transit through Zambia without a passport. He also got us into a light aircraft chartered to collect and distribute mail in far flung out areas of Bechuanaland. Just one passenger seat on the plane and I sat on the floor amongst the post office bags of mail and parcels – no seat belt and nothing to hold onto as the plane rose and dived and swayed from side to side in the air. That way we got to Kazangula, booked in the only hotel there where we were warned to be beware of pythons in the garden and, the next morning, onto the Freedom Ferry into Zambia.

Arrival in United Kingdom

On the 24th December 1965, we arrived at Heathrow airport in London. Awaiting us was my political colleague, Kenneth Jordaan and the former president of the South African Coloured People's Congress who defected to the Pan Africanist Congress, Barney Desai. In those days, intervention by an MP was sufficient to put on hold a decision by the Immigration Officers to refuse a person entry into the United Kingdom. Desai came to the airport because he had liaised with an MP who had agreed to be contacted in the event we were refused entry. My other colleague in struggle, Ismail Mohamed, who was the key person in the arrangements to get me into Britain without a passport, had left London earlier that month to assume a lectureship in Mathematics at the University of Zambia.⁶

Despite the letter from the NUT, serving as our “passport”, admission by the Immigration Officers at Heathrow was held up for more than 5 hours while the officers were waiting for word from the Home Office to allow or not to allow us into the country. Ultimately, we were issued with visas valid for one month. The month was to allow me to attend for the job at Hillside Secondary and, if offered the job, I was instructed to report to the Home Office in order to be granted visas valid for one year and thereafter to apply for renewal every year.

Kenneth and his wife Erna accommodated us in their flat in East Finchley until we were able to find a bed-sit about two months later to rent in Cricklewood. Hardly any pre-natal medical services in Bechuanaland, especially in the rural outpost of Moeng College, the only doctor Veronica had seen until then was the college's medical officer. Based in Mahikeng, he came to the college about once every six months. Greatly relieved that he was coming around to the college and that Veronica would at long last be seen by a doctor, the consultation turned out to be a big joke amongst us and the college staff. All the doctor did was to tap Veronica on her knees with a reflex hammer while telling her that pregnancy is not a disease and so there was no need to be seen by a doctor. No sooner had we arrived in London, Erna – by now knowing her way around the National Health Service – than she guided Veronica to register with a doctor and

attend a maternity clinic. Exactly a month after our arrival, on the 24th January 1966, our daughter Yolisa was born under the NHS at a hospital in Barnett. What a blessing that all this went through without any bureaucratic hurdles when we had only just arrived in the country and barely registered on the NHS.

Only on arriving in London did I discover that Kenneth was teaching at the school which had invited me to be interviewed for a teaching position. I was offered the job and required to start fourteen days after our arrival in London. Realising that I had no experience or knowledge of what schools were like in the UK, the Headmistress Mrs Clarke did not give me my own classes to start with. Instead, during my first month she assigned me to two teachers to observe them in teaching and the behaviour of pupils during lessons. She also presented me with Guyanese born E.R. Braithwaite's *To Sir With Love*, a novel based on his actual experiences teaching in British schools soon after World War II and which was made into a film with Sidney Poitier as the star. Only at the end of the one month did she explain to me why she chose the two teachers. By then it was also clear why she had given me Braithwaite's book. The book was to prepare me for what to expect. She deliberately wanted me to observe two very different styles of teaching. She could tell that being new to the country I was not aware of pupil behavioural challenges I will be facing teaching in what was then known as a Secondary Modern school. These were secondary schools to which were assigned kids who either didn't sit or failed the Eleven Plus test, a kind of IQ test at age eleven. The one teacher whose name I remember, Mr Cairns, taught his classes as if they were on a military parade: stand still at attention, and not to move or talk unless commanded; these were the rules he asked each of his classes to recite to him at the beginning of the lesson while standing on their feet before he would order them to sit down. Not really different from the kind of schooling I knew in South Africa.

The other teacher, what a culture shock it was to me to see how kids in his classes behaved. They walked about the classroom freely during the lesson, pulled each other's hairs and screamed, chatted with one another across the classroom, threw pencils and rubbers at each other, during mental arithmetic tests they got up and freely copied other's answers, and no sooner after the test has ended than they would demand the teacher to give them the answers for self-marking. Those who had the right answers, even when they had copied them from others, would yell in excitement like they would at a football match when the team they support scored a goal. Absolute mayhem during the lessons!

At the end of the month Mrs Clarke wanted to know from me what I thought of the two styles of teaching I had been observing. Desperately wanting to be kept in the job so as to maintain my visa status, I said Mr Cairn was the better teacher. I thought his style was the expected norm, and that that's what Mrs Clarke wanted to hear. I knew that I neither had the ability nor temperament to control a class in the style of Mr Cairns, and that my

classes would turn out as chaotic as the ones I had observed. To my utter surprise, Mrs Clarke said she did not approve of that kind of authoritarian teaching by Mr Cairns. It was not child-centred, she said. Coming from a background in South Africa where education was anything but child-centred, the phrase child-centred hardly known, I was learning something new that was to inform my teaching for the rest of my life as a college or university lecturer: always take into consideration who the students are and from where they come.

So considerate Mrs Clarke was of my lack of experience of the British schooling system that during my second month when she gave me my own classes she also arranged for me to spend two days a week in a primary school. She said she wanted me to know the kind of schools the kids came from. What a great pleasure it was to observe the primary school kids, all under the age of eleven. Quietly walking along side them to their classroom after morning assembly they'd jostle each other for a chance to hold my hand.

Ever more considerate, in my third month, she arranged for me to spend two days at the local College of Further Education. She now wanted me to see to where some of the kids will go after finishing secondary school when they will have turned sixteen years old. At this level, the students had grown matured. Most importantly, they were serious minded and goal-oriented in terms of what careers they want to follow. I felt that at this level I'd be happy to work as a teacher. Unlike pupils in what was called secondary modern (as distinct from grammar) schools, students in tertiary education did not present behavioural problems. After the compulsory schooling till age sixteen they chose to stay on to receive further education and training oriented towards a career. They were mature and had a high degree of motivation to gain a qualification that would lead to them being employable in jobs requiring some skill and offering further training under an apprenticeship or internship.

An advertisement appeared in the *Times Educational Supplement* inviting applications for training lecturers for Further Education and Technical Colleges. Trainees on the year long training would be supported by sustenance grants from their local education authorities. I applied for the course offered at Garnett College, a constituent college of the University of London Institute of Education starting in September 1966 and completed the course in June 1967.⁷

The year 1966 brought us a sense of much security compared to our experiences in Bechuanaland in the previous year. First, the teaching job at Hillside resulted in a visa valid for one year and thereafter renewable each year. Second, admission to Garnett College came with a grant from the Inner London Education Authority which was the same amount of £720 per year as I had been earning as a teacher half of which went to paying our rent. Third and above all, obtaining registration under the National Health Scheme without any qualms immediately after setting foot in the UK at a time we

needed it most when Veronica had entered her ninth month of pregnancy without any prior pre-natal care. And fourth, the birth of Yolisa, a bonny baby if there ever was, her parents stateless but she a British subject by virtue of her birth on British soil.

But, as yet, not all our problems were solved.

Believing that when we left South Africa we were leaving racial discrimination behind it did not take us long to be disillusioned. Grateful to Kenneth and Erna for accommodating us till our baby was born, we had to find a place of our own. Many a corner shop in those days carried notices of flats or rooms, called bed-sits, to let. But they all carried a proviso that was sometimes expressly stated: no blacks or Irish.

Each weekday the London newspaper, the *Evening Standard*, advertised scores of flats or rooms to let all over the city. And each day I would find one or two to which to respond by first telephoning, always taking into consideration not only the rental amount but also their proximity to public transport and ease of getting to work. Either, I'd be told the flat had been taken if my accent gave me away, or I'd be asked to come over to see the flat but on seeing me I'd invariably be told it was gone.

Our first accommodation was a bed-sit in Fordwych Road, Cricklewood – big upstairs room facing the street and a kitchen and bathroom, meant to be shared, at the far back end of the floor. It had been advertised in the *New Statesman* well respected as a social-democratic organ. It was found for us by Anita Rodney (nee Thomas), my acquaintance originally from South Africa. Living in London for some years she knew in which papers to look for accommodation to let if you were black. No sooner had we moved in than we met a friend of our landlady who told us he was a friend of Solly Sachs, now retired to the UK after an illustrious career in South Africa as an organiser of a trade union, the Garment Workers Union, amongst black workers. His son, Albie Sachs, became a member of the African National Congress when in exile it opened its membership to whites; and with the inauguration of a democratic South Africa he was amongst the first judges appointed to the Constitutional Court. It was a salutary lesson for us to learn where to look for accommodation to rent. Not in the *Evening Standard* or estate agents' offices, or on notices pinned on corner shop windows some of which had no qualms in being racially exclusive. But to henceforth look in the *New Statesman* whose readership and advertisers were most likely non-racists.

Ironically, some advertisements of accommodation to let in the shop windows of Kilburn (next to Cricklewood) which had a very large Irish population read "No Blacks" – an obvious discrimination by the Irish in the area against blacks.

With a baby we clearly needed more room than a bed-sit: a space, for example, for keeping the pram or for me while Veronica and the baby could go to sleep while I stayed up to prepare my teaching lessons. Another reason for continuing to seek suitable accommodation was that we needed to move to the south-west suburbs of London to

make it easier and less expensive to travel to Garnett College in Putney when I was to start my teacher training course in September.

A black newspaper, the *Caribbean Voice*, later came to be simply known as *The Voice*, came out onto the market for the first time while we were living in Cricklewood. It meant we could look for accommodation to let also in the *The Voice*. It was through the *The Voice* that we found accommodation in Streatham Hill that had been advertised by a black estate agent. Ernest Lee, the landlord, was of Jamaican origin. It was a bedroom, a kitchenette sectioned off the lounge and a shared bathroom and toilet. In those days, the mid sixties, architect designed conversion of houses into self-contained flats was very rare. But this was infinitely better than the bed-sit in Cricklewood. But this did not stop us for continuing to look for a purpose-built self-contained flat. And so every Friday I bought a copy of the *New Statesman* primarily to look at its advertisements of flats to let though weeks went by before one was advertised for which we could apply.

After a twenty months' search we ultimately found a newly built two-bed self-contained flat in Upper Norwood. The strategy to confine our search to the *New Statesman* paid off. It was in there that the flat was advertised. We were called to be interviewed. Why an interview? Because it was a Housing Association, a co-ownership scheme run by a committee elected from among its members who selected new members that were compatible with the co-operative aims of the scheme. The scheme's initiator was Rodger Hadley, a lecturer in sociology at the London School of Economics. So determined he was to make the membership diverse that each time there was a vacancy he would go out looking for a black family to join. That explains how we were offered a flat at Scoresdale Housing Association, 13 Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London SE19. After we moved in we discovered that not only had the flat been advertised in the *New Statesman* but also in *Tribune*, a weekly on the left of the Labour Party and edited by Michael Foot, an MP. Hadley's wife or brother-in-law or both were on the staff of *Tribune*.

In search of full-time and permanent employment in Further Education

A component of the teacher training course at Garnett was to find a Further Education or Technical College where to go for teaching practice during which one's teaching was assessed. I chose to go to Norwood (as it was known then) Technical College as it was within walking distance of Streatham Hill to where we had moved. Interestingly, one of the lecturers in Mathematics at this college was Hosea Jaffe, a leading member of the Non-European Unity Movement of South Africa from which I resigned during 1957.

A specialisation of the college was to provide training in telecommunication engineering. A very wide spectrum of Advanced Level courses was also taught. My subjects were Pure and Applied Mathematics which fell under the Department of

Physics. Most of the students in the sciences and engineering came from abroad and mainly from Greece, Iran and Turkey.

During my last spell of teaching practice the Senior Lecturer in charge of Mathematics offered me a part-time teaching job if at the completion of my training I had not secured a full-time permanent post anywhere. Part-time lecturing jobs in tertiary education were paid by the hour. The number of hours available depended on how many hours, if any, were left after the full-time staff were allocated stipulated hours in their service conditions. Part-time staff thus did not enjoy tenure and received no pay for about 18 weeks a year when they were not teaching during the college vacations or induction and registration of new students.

Whereas all the students I knew at Garnett College had found jobs before the training came to an end in June, I and the only other black student on the course hadn't. I thus took up the offer of part-time teaching at Norwood College. Starting in September 1967 I stayed part-time for five years. College summer vacations were long during which periods I wasn't earning because my pay was per teaching hour and I'd have to find other temporary jobs to keep earning an income. During two successive summer vacations I found employment as an unskilled building labourer on the Barbican site as it was being developed in the early 1970s. I owed the job to Dave Herriot who was a shop steward on the building site and a member of our housing association. He revelled in his Irish roots and never missed an opportunity to holiday in Ireland.

My first stint at the Barbican was soon after the workers on the site had been on a strike for 18 months. That earned the site as the most militant in the UK. Most of the unskilled labourers were of Irish origin. I was the only black person on the site. This intrigued the other labourers as to how I got the job. In all likelihood most of them would have found their jobs through someone they knew, a compatriot, who was already in the job. Who, they kept wanting to know of me, got me the job? Jock, an elderly unskilled labourer of Scottish descent, endearingly calling me "son" would shout at me : "son, don't tell them." Jock had a son also working on the site. The pair were renowned for resolving disputes that frequently arose among the workers during the course of work by means of fisticuffs. Taken care of by Jock I was well protected. I became his pub mate on every Thursday when we received our weekly pay. That involved a pub crawl from the Barbican in central London to Holloway where he lived, stopping at many pubs along the way to drink a pint of beer. Well exceeding my capacity for beer was a price worth paying for the protection he gave me. We lived at opposite ends of London: he in the north and me in the south. From Holloway I would take the tube to Clapham Common and then a bus to Crystal Palace close to where I lived. On one occasion I was so drunk after our pub crawl that I fell off to sleep on the tube and was woken up in the train sheds at Morden. Just so happened that the train driver after parking the train walked back inside the train, compartment after compartment and that is how he discovered me -fast asleep and

after all public transport (during those years) had come to end for the night. Were it not for the driver walking though inside the train I would have spent the night in the sheds and possibly would have been charged with trespass. Doubling on my luck he was driving to his home in his car in the direction of my home. He very kindly gave me a lift.

Not out of choice did I remain in a part-time lecturing job which meant not only irregular income but also no contributions to an occupational pension fund. Nor would Building Societies advance a mortgage to buy a home in the absence of a regular job. Throughout that time I many times applied for a full-time job in tertiary education but without success. Twice I applied at Norwood Technical when vacancies occurred but had no luck. Jobs in institutions like Grammar Schools or further and technical colleges were plum jobs considering that the alternative were what were called “sink” schools like the Secondary Modern Schools in which pupil behaviour made teaching difficult. Such jobs were generally not available to non-white teachers. I desperately needed a permanent position so we could feel settled in the UK, especially now we had a second child, Lindiwe.

The saying amongst black people at the time was that to get a job one must be overqualified for the job. There was talk of non-white bus drivers who had university degrees. I decided to study for another degree. The United Nations had set up a special fund to help South African refugees seek training in various fields. From this special fund I was awarded a bursary that covered tuition fees, books and travel expenses. I applied to Brunel University to pursue a part-time postgraduate course in Numerical Analysis. Working part-time at Norwood Technical College allowed me to simultaneously study part-time. I completed the course in 1972.⁸

I did exceedingly well in the examination at the end of two years which culminated in the award of a postgraduate Diploma. In the third year I worked on the dissertation to convert the Diploma into a Master’s degree. I approached Dr John Whiteman, the course tutor and a kingpin in the then evolving application of Functional Analysis to Numerical Analysis. He told me that as the best student in the class, based on the results of the Diploma examination, it was the prerogative of the head of department, Professor John Crank, to assign a project to me. A paper based on my dissertation was published in the joint name of my supervisor, John Crank and me. As of May 2025, the paper has had 51 citations since its publication in 1973.⁹ It is also cited in a subsequent edition of Crank’s book on *The Mathematics of Diffusion*, 1979.

The degree would have been conferred *cum laude* but Brunel’s postgraduate degrees were not classified. How unfortunate that was because it could have made up for the poor first degree I had. On completing the dissertation, Professor Crank invited me to join a doctoral programme. But I declined. I had been too long without a proper job even though I never stopped looking for one during the three years of part-study for the

degree. Glowing references by Professor Crank and Garnett College did not help. All I wanted was a permanent job so as a family we could at last settle down.

The frustration of not securing a job in the five years since graduating from Garnett and our precarious living conditions over eight years since leaving South Africa was draining me emotionally. So exhausted I grew that during 1972 I started looking for a job outside the United Kingdom. But how could I even contemplate that when I still was stateless and without a passport to travel? My application for citizenship – now having completed nearly eight years of residence on British soil – was still under consideration by the Home Office.

When Trevor Huddleston learnt of my predicament, he wrote to Joan Lestor, then a Minister at the Home Office, to draw her attention to my situation. I was known by Huddleston from my boarding school days in the early 50s. He was then Head of the South African outpost of the Community of Resurrection, a monastic order based at Mirfield in England that ran St Peter's Secondary School in Rosettenville, Johannesburg. By 1972 he was Bishop of Stepney, a diocese in the east end of London. He also was the president of the Anti-Apartheid Movement in the UK. Lestor's father was also a Bishop in the Anglican Church and I presume must have been well known by Huddleston.

Advice that came from Lestor was that the Home Office could give me papers to travel abroad, a Nansen passport. Crucially for me, she stated that if I left the UK and returned within two years then the period of five years I had completed to qualify for British citizenship would still stand. Acting on this advice I took up a lectureship at the University of Guyana. I stayed in Guyana for just under two years in order not to forfeit that qualifying period of five years. I left my family behind and was away from September 1972 to June 1974. Coming to London to see them twice in that period made me experience the life of migrant workers in South Africa's gold mines.

One of the highlights of my stay in Guyana was to find a political group within the University of Guyana with which I could identify. Although not in the country at the time, a spiritual leader of the group was Dr Walter Rodney. He authored the book *How Europe Underdeveloped Africa*, a much acclaimed contribution to theories of development and underdeveloped which were prevalent at the time. Among members of the group were Dr Omawale, born Walter Green but renamed himself without a first name as he believed was the tradition in Africa in ancient times, and Dr Josh Ramsammy against whom there was a failed attempt to assassinate him by alleged agents of the ruling party, the People's National Congress led by Forbes Burnham.

They and others were the nucleus of the Working People's Alliance formed by Walter Rodney on his return to Guyana in 1974 – just as I was making my return to London in time not to forfeit my qualifying period to acquire British citizenship – after a stint working at the University of Dar es Salaam in Tanzania. Six years after his return to his homeland, on

13th June 1980, he was the fifth opposition political leader to be assassinated. I paid tribute to him in an unsigned article I wrote for *Solidarity No 4* which I was editing for the Black Consciousness Movement of Azania.

Yet another highlight of my stay in Guyana was the arrival from Canada of Dennis Higgs to assume a Visiting Professorship in Mathematics at the university. He found out that I was in the university when he perused the university's staff list. A former lecturer at the University of the Witwatersrand while I was a student there, he fled South Africa to escape arrest for his membership of the Armed Resistance Movement led by among others by Baruch Hirson. But he was kidnapped by South African agents in Zambia and returned to be detained and face trial in South Africa. His kidnapping met with strong protest from the British Government as Zambia was still a British colony and so deemed to be British soil. The South African government denying complicity in his kidnapping, he was mysteriously released and tied to a tree at Zoo Lake in Johannesburg to make it appear that he had been kidnapped by elements acting independently of the government.

What was most distressing during my stay in Guyana was to witness at first hand the rigging of elections to sustain a corrupt government in power.

After my return to the United Kingdom, determined to avoid teaching if it meant a job in a so-called "sink" school, I found a job as a trainee manager at a subsidiary of Lever Bros in the far north-west of London. My marriage had broken down and our two daughters, aged 8 and 6 years, were in my custody. Living in South London, travelling to work took a long time. It meant leaving home for work long before they left for school and returning home from work long after they were back home from school. After two months, I resigned. Resolved to take up any job just to have a permanent job that would allow me to be there for my daughters at times of day they needed me most I went back to the frying pan: a London comprehensive school in Tulse Hill that was reputed at the time to be the most challenging in the country. But teaching in a school near our home my working hours, what time I left and returned home, were more or less the same as my daughters' school hours.

My friend, Kenny Jordaan, who left Hillside Secondary Modern to teach at Tulse Hill Comprehensive was compelled to take early retirement because of a neurological condition. He was told by doctors that it was due to the stress he suffered teaching in such a tough school, that his problem was he did not show anger but bottled it instead. When I told him that I had been offered a job at this school, his advice was don't take it. On the day I was supposed to start teaching I developed cold feet. I did not go in.

Still without a job a month later, I called the school, frankly and honestly told them why I failed to turn up for the job, and enquired if the job was still available. No surprise that the position was still vacant. Such schools had some difficulty in recruiting and

retaining staff. Afraid to hold a full time job I offered to come in as a supply teacher on three days a week.

But I stayed on three days a week for just one week, my first week. During a tea break, sitting with the mathematics staff around a table on my third day of teaching, the school's secretary came over to hand to the head of the mathematics department a big envelop containing textbooks. As he fumbled to tear open the envelop, even before he had seen its content, he mumbled "who is this now who has walked out of the job?" it was a common occurrence in these type of schools for teachers who had had enough of the kids' unruly behaviour to walk away from the job without giving notice. Indeed, the envelop contained, accompanying the return of the school's textbooks, a letter of summary resignation from a teacher who couldn't take it anymore.

The head of department turned to me: see the problem I now have, he said, could I please help him by taking over the time-table of the teacher who has just walked away from his post. So my very first week ended what I had wanted to be a three-day week.

I surprised myself at the control I could now exercise over unruly pupils in a school in comparison to which Hillside was like a kindergarten. Thanks to Mrs Clarke, to Hillside Secondary Modern and Braithewaite's *To Sir With Love*, this time I took up the job knowing full well what to expect of the pupils during lessons and well prepared for the challenge.

An incident that's remained etched in my mind all these years since then is when the biggest boy in one of classes chose to sit at a front desk just below where I was standing to give my lesson. He pulled out a pouch of tobacco from his pocket and with his hand raised high, loudly slammed it on his desk. That drew the attention of the whole class which now quietly watched me to see how I would react. He then pulled out from his pocket the machine for rolling up a cigarette and slammed that on his desk. Then he did the same with the Rizla papers used to roll up the tobacco. Clearly being most provocative, I ignored him and carried on with the teaching, all the while the class never so quiet as they watched me to see how I would react. When he had done rolling up the cigarette I calmly asked him to put it away. He put the cigarette on his ear. He was completely taken aback by my reaction as it was not what he expected of any teacher. To have scolded him and demanded him to stop would have been an invitation to him to openly defy me.

I was only four months in this school when at last I secured a full-time permanent post in further education, at Brixton College later to be renamed Lambeth College when it merged with Norwood Technical College where I had been part-time for five years. Just like how we ultimately secured a desirably self-contained flat I owed getting this job to a crusading spirit of one person, John Gaffikin, the vice-principal – of course, undoubtedly with much support from sections of the staff – who without lowering standards sought

to racially diversify the teaching staff, so crucial this was especially in a part of London that was one of the most multi-cultural. I rose to be a Senior Lecturer in charge of Engineering Mathematics. True to the adage about black people finding employment, I was overqualified for this job considering my previous post as a university lecturer in Guyana and subsequent appointment as a tutor-counsellor on the Mathematics Foundation course of the Open University.

Applying for British Citizenship: Registration or Naturalisation

Simply explained, the difference between citizenship by registration and citizenship by naturalisation is that the former is mandatory upon the British government to grant citizenship as in the case of birth in the country or a descendant of a British subject. The latter is at the discretion of the government and subject to a qualifying period of five years of residence. I assumed that I fell under the former but my application was declined on the grounds that I was no longer a South African citizen – later I'll elaborate on this.

In whose eyes was I deemed to have lost my South African citizenship when I left on an exit permit?

The law allowing a person to leave South Africa on an exit permit declared such person a prohibited immigrant to South Africa and because of that could therefore not be a citizen of South Africa. But in crafting the law the apartheid law-makers must have been aware that there was no way by which they could render absolutely stateless a person born in South Africa and whose birth was registered in South Africa. Stateless *de jure* in the eyes of South Africa but a South African citizen *de facto*. Thus in framing the law they left it open for a person leaving on an exit permit to be able to return to the country and so resume their citizenship. But the person returned on pain of punishment to face a criminal charge of being “deemed to have left the country illegally” and imprisonment.¹⁰

The fact is that a person was not barred from returning to South Africa and resuming citizenship. Also, a person landing in any country without a valid passport - an exit permit was certainly not a passport – that country or its immigration officials would put the person back on the plane from whence it came. South Africa would be bound to accept the return of the person but penalise the person for having left on an exit permit. It was in this regard that I assumed that I remained a South African citizen *de facto*, especially in the eyes of other countries. And more especially, I expected that a Labour Party as it was in government at the time would not accept apartheid South Africa's declaration of non-citizenship on persons in my situation.

By 1965, South Africa had left the British Commonwealth because it would not tolerate other member states to question its apartheid policies and had declared itself a republic. While in the commonwealth, South African citizens on British soil could after a

five-year period of residence acquire British citizenship by registration. But Britain withdrew that privilege when South Africa left the commonwealth. However, the British government amended its nationality act so as to allow those South Africans already on British soil to apply for British citizenship by registration after a period of five years of residence. Shortly after I arrived in Bechuanaland, in terms of the amendment, the British High Commission in Bechuanaland placed an advertisement in a newspaper asking those South Africans who aspired to British citizenship by registration to give notice of their intention to apply once they had completed the required period of residence.

There I was in Bechuanaland, a British protectorate and thus on British soil and firmly believing that despite the law in South Africa declaring me a non-citizen that I was seen by governments the world over as a citizen of South Africa, a country to which they would deport me in case I transgressed their laws. I thus gave notice of my intention to apply for British citizenship by registration.

By 23rd January 1970 I had completed five years on British soil, initially in Bechuanaland and lastly in the United Kingdom. I submitted my application for citizenship by registration to the Home Office. Enclosed with my application was one for Veronica as well. To the question on the application form as to what is my nationality I answered that I lost my South African citizenship when I left South Africa – after all that’s what the law in South Africa declared never mind my personal view. The Home Office responded:

“We notice at para 5(b) of your form R14 that you claim you lost South African citizenship on leaving that country. If this is correct would you please let us know your grounds for believing that you ceased to be a South African citizen on 23rd January 1965 and enclose any relevant documentary evidence issued by the South African authorities which you may have.

“If however, you have no real grounds for believing that you have lost South African citizenship you should amend para 5(b) accordingly and arrange for the form to be redeclared at paragraph 10 before the Commissioner of Oaths.

“Alternatively, you may wish to complete the enclosed fresh form.”¹¹

I complied with the request to provide documentary proof which was the original covering letter accompanying the exit permit when it was issued to me. I never recovered this letter from the Home Office but it is exactly the same as the one issued to Veronica from which I quoted earlier.¹²

A most crucial letter that is no longer in my possession is one the Home Office wrote to me in response. It is the letter that informed me that applying for citizenship by registration was not open to me. The reason given was that at the time I gave notice of my intention to apply for British citizenship I had ceased to be a South African citizen.

Not believing that the British government should accept South Africa's legal version that my citizenship had terminated I decided to seek legal advice. Andrew Lukele under whom I served articles of legal clerkship in Johannesburg and now in exile and practising as a solicitor in Swaziland offered to seek advice on my behalf from Sidney Kentridge, South Africa's leading civil lawyer. It was Kentridge we always turned to whenever we had a complex case in a Supreme Court. He gave his opinion on my case *pro bono*. Again, due to a lack photocopying facilities I sent to Lukele the letter from the Home Office. Not a copy but the original letter leaving me without evidence of the letter. But in the written opinion Kentridge gave he refers to the letter, dated 5th June 1970.

I wrote a note to Lukele spelling out the advice I was seeking. I sought advice on all the questions I have raised above.¹³

Lukele forwarded the note to Kentridge who concluded that

“I have studied the letter from the Home Office to Consultant dated 5th June, 1970, and I regret that I have come to the conclusion that the view expressed in that letter is correct.”¹⁴

Kentridge was referring to the view by the Home Office that I did not qualify to acquire British citizenship by registration – a privilege accorded to South African citizens - because when I gave my notice of intention to apply for citizenship I had ceased in terms of South African law to be a South African. As to whether in international law, I asked, other countries should regard me as a South African citizen despite South Africa declaring me not a citizen, Kentridge stated that:

“In my opinion this must refer to persons who are citizens of the Republic of South Africa according to the law of South Africa, as citizenship is essentially a matter of municipal law.”(*ibid*)

His advice to me:

“Accordingly Consultant has in my view no option other than to follow the course suggested by the Home Office.”(*ibid*)

The course suggested by the Home Office in the letter 5th June 1970: apply for British citizenship by naturalisation. Heeding that suggestion and Kentridge's advice I submitted an application for naturalisation shortly after receiving Kentridge's opinion.

Two and a half years later when I had already left for Guyana the Home Office responded to my application as follows:

“I am directed by the Secretary of State to say that he has given full and careful consideration to all the facts of the case but is not prepared to reach a decision on it at present.

"If you will call attention to the matter in not less than two years from the date of this letter, further consideration will be given to your case, but this must not be taken as implying that the Secretary of State will then necessarily be prepared to grant you naturalisation."¹⁵

Duly complying with the instruction contained in this letter I could not instigate a further consideration of my application for naturalisation until after February 1975 even though I returned from Guyana in June 1974. Ultimately, on the 11th November 1977 I was granted British citizenship by naturalisation – seven years after I started the process and ending 13 years of being stateless.¹⁶

A passport holder at last and free to travel

Now that I was a British citizen and in possession of a passport I decided I must visit my brother Cecil George and his wife Lindi in Botswana (no longer Bechuanaland). This would also give me a chance to see my parents who would come over from across the border. George and Lindi were in Botswana in exile as refugees from South Africa. They had been there since 1977'

In South Africa, George belonged to a small Soweto-based political group that was appalled by police killings of students during the 1976 Soweto Uprising and its aftermath. Neither the armed wings of the ANC nor PAC were inside the country to provide retaliatory action and cover for the students. That task was assumed by this small group. My brother earned his living by various informal ways: running a shebeen, selling pots and selling hair products. This provided him with the means to become the financial backer of the group. One member of the group had the technical knowledge of how to make bombs. That was Wellington Mlungisi Tshazibane, a graduate of both Fort Hare and Oxford Universities in the employ of the De Beers Mining company. His job involved regular travel between Johannesburg and various sites in Southern Africa where De Beers operated. The group's major target was petrol bombing police stations. They were avenging the fire by the police which the pupils faced, many of them shot and killed, in their peaceful street protests against an inferior education. So successful they were that from their *modus operandi* the Security Police discounted the possibility that it could be the work of a group infiltrated into the country by either the ANC or PAC who simply did not have this kind of capacity to serially bomb police stations in Soweto and for that matter not known to have a presence of armed combatants inside the country at this time. Indeed, they were a completely independent group solely relying on their own resources. As to exactly who they were was a problem the security police must have set themselves to solve with the utmost urgency.

A mission that went drastically wrong on the 7th December 1977 and was to see the demise of the group was when one of the group's members, Mohlolo Siko, carried a bomb that accidentally exploded in his hands outside the Carlton Centre and had his

right hand blown off and slightly injured sixteen people who were nearby. With such an injury he could not escape from the scene. He was arrested. The Security Police, in addition to their routine torture methods, must have taken advantage of the severe pain he suffered from his severed hand to forcibly extract from him information about who all were involved in the group. In particular they got the name of the person with the bomb-making know how.

Tshazibane was out of the country at the time of the explosion on his regular work-related trips. For them to have acted immediately on the information they had extracted by, for instance, arresting any member of the group they could lay their hands on would have alerted Tshazibane not to return to the country. So they bid their time, waited for him to return and on his return on the 9th December, two days after the explosion, arrested him at the Rand Airport in Johannesburg. Then two days later news broke out that he had died in detention – one of the many assassinations of persons under detention the Security Police claimed was suicide. Delivering a funeral oration at his burial on the 27th December attended by over a 1000 mourners, Thandabantu Wilkinson Khambule (my high school Mathematics teacher) said of the recurring deaths of persons under police detention that “The African community resents this tremendously. They doubt that they were suicides.”¹⁷

When news of Tshazibane’s death broke out it gave a signal to other members of the group that the Security Police had tortured Siko to extract information about them and their whereabouts. My brother and his wife immediately went into hiding and later fled to Botswana. Siko who in the eyes of my brother and the oppressed was a hero was subsequently charged under the Sabotage Act and sentenced to 12 years on Robben Island. Courageously during his trial he said he had undertaken his bombing mission with the “highest patriotic motives for the good of his people and for the good of white South Africans.” He sadly died from a self-inflicted injury on 17th September 2012.¹⁸

In exile, my brother and sister-in-law, like many others who had not been members of the ANC before they left the country, both joined the ANC. Considering how hostile exile conditions could be, joining the ANC made eminent sense. The PAC, the other major organisation in exile to seek military training to overthrow the regime was in total disarray and incapable of providing sanctuary to youth fleeing South Africa. At this particular time, there were hundreds of young people who left the country in the aftermath of the 1976 Soweto Uprising. Only the ANC had the wherewithal – organisation, resources and international reputation – able to give support to them. It was thus quite understandable for my brother, his wife, and many others to join on leaving South Africa an organisation that had the means to support them or give cover to them. Some people who had not left the country but once convicted for their political activities and sentenced to Robben Island needed support for their families, especially in cases where they were breadwinners for their families. Only the ANC enjoying

immense international support could provide the necessary support. However, both my brother and his wife were financially self-supporting. He owned and ran two buses that provided the only public transport by road between Gaborone and Lobatsi, and she was a senior civil servant who was posthumously credited and honoured for piloting Botswana's Children's Act.

In due course, my youngest brother Livingston, one of South Africa's leading jazz pianists at the time, also fled South Africa to seek refuge in Botswana. There he joined the MEDU Art Ensemble, a cultural wing of the ANC. During the nights – George putting his van for the purpose - he answered calls to pick up from the border with South Africa activists arriving to join the ANC in exile.

The South African Defence Force (SADF) raid on Botswana

When in 1984 I planned to visit my brothers in Botswana, armed with a British passport, I thought I could fly to Botswana by the most convenient route, that is via Johannesburg – not visiting South Africa but merely stopping in transit to change planes. When George learnt that this was my plan he immediately got on the phone to me strongly advising me against coming through Johannesburg. He had very good reason to be apprehensive.

On one occasion during my visit when he and I returned to his home in the Broadhurst suburb of Gaborone in the early hours of the evening, Lindi simply said to him that “they were on the phone again asking to talk to you. They said they'll call again later tonight”. They? They were the Security Police in South Africa who had been trying to get my brother to give himself up to them.

When they did call again George took the call. What was it all about? He said he was told in no uncertain terms that if he does not return to South Africa to give himself up to them they'll come for him and kill him. Presumably that is exactly what they would have done to him if they failed – as they certainly would not have succeeded - to turn him into a mole in the ANC.

And so it happened. On the 14th June 1985, exactly a year after I had visited them, the South African Defence Force (SADF) raided Gaborone in the middle of the night. According to their intelligence, there were three people residing in the house in the Broadhurst suburb of Gaborone: George, Lindi and Livingston. ANC members in the country lived in expectation of a raid by South Africa. It had happened previously in Lesotho and Mozambique. What they expected was that the SADF would do exactly as it had done in these countries which was to bomb the houses in which they lived. As a safety measure they took to sleeping under their beds so their mattresses could cushion them against collapsing walls and ceilings when the house was bombed. But on this occasion the SADF did not bomb the house. Instead, they blew up the front door to gain entry into the house.

When the SADF got inside the house, shooting the television set on their way to the bedrooms, George and Lindi ran out of their bedroom into Livingston's and there pushed Livingston's piano against the door to prevent them entering. But to no avail. They were machine gunned through the door. Not a single door that was shut inside the house was left without a string of bullet holes on it just in case there was someone behind it. They repeatedly shot across the toilet door in case there was someone hiding there. There were bullet holes across the doors to the wardrobes in the third bedroom. Hiding inside the wardrobe was Joseph Malaza, a cousin of Lindi's who had arrived from Johannesburg that same day to visit them. That is how Joseph got killed. Having killed George, Lindi and Joseph they left satisfied they had killed all three occupants who according to their intelligence lived in the house. That way Livingston escaped being killed. He came out of his bedroom literally walking over the dead bodies of his brother and sister-in-law in the dead of night to wonder in a dazed state through the streets of Gaborone.

They were not the only victims of the SADF during this raid. Eleven others, all but one being members of the ANC, were also shot and killed in similar raids to their homes.

In the very early hours of the morning I received a call from Hugh Masekela who had left Botswana the day before for one of his musical tours. He was speaking from Harari. From him I learnt of what happened during the night. When dawn broke out I turned the TV news. There was my brother Livingston on BBC TV news, traumatised and being interviewed. A footage of the interview is on exhibition in the Apartheid Museum in Johannesburg.

Thanks to Bishop Huddleston. He arranged with Defence and Aid to provide me with funding to pay for airfares for my daughters and me to attend the funeral in Gaborone. I carried a letter from him addressed to Walter Khotso Makhulu who was the Archbishop of Botswana and Central Africa. He asked Makhulu to give me whatever assistance I needed while in Botswana. He would see to Makhulu being reimbursed for any financial assistance I needed. That enabled me to arrange for Joseph's remains to be repatriated to South Africa for burial in Soweto by his family.

When the Security Police discovered that they had killed the wrong person instead of Livingston, they continued a daily surveillance around George and Lindi's house. Several times each day they slowly drove towards the house stopping for a little while in the street just outside the house. We feared they were in search of Livingston.

In the aftermath of the killings, the American and Australian governments offered asylum to South African refugees who were in what was called the Frontline States – countries neighbouring South Africa and in danger of being killed in future raids by the SADF. The offer was conditional on a renunciation of violence by which was meant the armed struggle against the apartheid regime. It is a condition which Livingston and

many others in their conscience found objectionable. It took tremendous persuasion, much of it thanks to Archbishop Makhulu, to get Livingston to accept the offer of asylum in the USA. His position in Botswana, knowing the SADF sought him to finish their killing mission of the 14th June, became so untenable that he was not sleeping at his home. He in effect became homeless. He moved to Francistown, miles away from Gaborone. But he needed to earn his living by performing in Gaborone's night clubs over weekends. Breaking rules in the students' residences of the University of Botswana, a female friend was letting him stay the nights in her room when he came over to Gaborone. Several people whose involvement in the struggle for freedom was not as armed combatants took advantage of the offers of asylum. He was ultimately persuaded to do likewise.

He never came to terms with what happened to his brother and sister-in-law. Nor with knowing that someone mistaken for him was killed. After a while in the USA he stopped performing altogether. He had a stint performing on keyboards for *Sarafina* when this music drama came to the US; and was a member of Afro Polka a New York jazz band led by Maciek Schejbal. But, in the end, he succumbed to the trauma he suffered from the killings in Botswana. Never believing that real change had come to South Africa in 1994 he refused to return and spurned all my efforts to entice him to return including a flat in Pretoria I purchased for him and had its ownership registered in his name. He died living in the streets of Manhattan in 2017 at the age of 65. A documentary video of his life in the streets was made and loaded on Vimeo under the title *Tracks of Life* but looks like it has been removed from the Internet.

My quest for a visa-free entry into South Africa

During 1985 I applied through the South African Embassy in London for a multiple-entry visa.¹⁹

I made that application despite the warning by my brother in the previous year to avoid travelling through South Africa and exactly two months before the SADF's raid in which he and his wife were assassinated. After the raid I received a reply informing me that:

“exemption from the visa requirements has been withdrawn. This means that before you can again enter the Republic of South Africa you will have to be in possession of a visa.”²⁰

The letter reads as if I had been previously given an exemption from visa requirements and that I had previously visited South Africa. But what it was really referring to is the visa exemption enjoyed by British passport holders. That exemption I was being told did not extend to me even though I now held a British passport. The letter went on:

“To facilitate your application kindly request your relatives in South Africa to write to the Director-General for Home Affairs, Private Bag X14, Pretoria.” (*ibid*)

But then thereafter came the following letter:

“Further to my letter of the 19th April 1985, I have been advised by the Director-General for Home Affairs that your recent application for a visitor’s visa has not been successful.”²¹

Again, during 1986, I applied for a visa. Acknowledgement of receipt of my application was word for word exactly the same as was sent on 19th April 1985.²²

That letter again asked me to get my parents to write to the Director-General for Home Affairs. Instead, what my parents decided to do was to write to David Daling, a Progressive Party MP who they asked to make representations on their behalf. He reported back to my parents:

“I have already made representations to the Minister of Home Affairs in this connection and regret to advise that the representations were refused.”²³

Confirmation by the SA Embassy in London soon followed:

“Further to my letter of 21 March 1986 I have been advised by the Director-General for Home Affairs, Pretoria, that your application for a visa has been unsuccessful.”²⁴

South Africa’s Ambassador to the UK during this period was Dr Dennis Worrall. He was widely believed to be a *virilgite*, that is one of the so-called enlightened members of the white establishment in South Africa. Some believed that he was a supporter of the Progressive Party. I was curious to test his response when I wrote to him laying out the circumstances that led to me to leaving South Africa on an exit permit and my fruitless attempts to be accorded the same privilege British subjects enjoyed regarding visa free entry into South Africa.

“I am now a naturalised British subject”, I wrote to him. “Furthermore. I hold a British passport. Yet the South African visa exemptions enjoyed by British subjects do not apply to me by virtue of the manner by which I left South Africa.

“I would like to stress that I left South Africa lawfully and would have left on a South African passport if that privilege had been available to me as a black citizen of South Africa at the time. I could not see any reason why I was refused a passport and find even more incomprehensible the refusal now to grant me a visa.”²⁵

In response I was advised that the Ambassador had referred my letter to the Department of Home Affairs in Pretoria and was thereafter informed that:

“I have now been instructed to inform you that after carefully considering all the facts appertaining to your case, the Director-General for Home Affairs is not prepared to approve of a visa being issued to you or to your exemption from the

visa requirements and has requested that his decision should please be accepted as final.”²⁶

Although implored in this letter to accept the decision to refuse me a visa or exempt me from the visa requirements as final, I did not let the matter rest there. In 1987 I again wrote to Dr Worrall:

“Notwithstanding the request of your Director-General I again would like to make an application for a visa and appeal particularly to you as South Africa’s Ambassador to make strong representations on my behalf.

“I am afraid that while I am not unmindful of the Director-General’s request I cannot let the matter rest there for so long as I have my parents living in South Africa. I have a duty to them, especially now they are of a very advanced age, to do all I can to try to obtain a visa to visit them in South Africa.”²⁷

Despite having set out in my letter to the Ambassador the circumstances that led me to leave South Africa on an exit permit – the refusal to grant me a passport – the response by the Embassy to the above letter was:

“It would be appreciated if you could provide this Embassy with full details pertaining to your application for a visa to visit South Africa. Upon receipt of this information your case will be raised with the relevant authorities.”²⁸

Complying with this request, I furnished the Embassy with copies of four letters I had previously written to the Ambassador and Chief Immigration Officer at the London Embassy.²⁹

To which came the reply:

“ decision to withdraw your exemption from visa requirements remains in force. It will consequently be necessary for you to continue applying to the nearest South African Diplomatic or Consular Representative abroad or to the Director-General of Home Affairs in Pretoria for a visa to visit South Africa. In the case where you attempt to enter South Africa without such a visa you will not be permitted to enter”³⁰

As I had not previously been asked that I must accept the decision to deny me a visa as final, I was again being advised to apply for a visa. And so I put in yet another application.³¹

My application was acknowledged in a letter dated 7th May 1987 from the Embassy. Three months later came the unsurprising response:

“I have been advised by the Director-General for Home Affairs, Pretoria, that your application for a visa has been unsuccessful.”³²

I had made five unsuccessful applications for a visa but was still not prepared to give up. I wrote to the London Embassy asking to be furnished with a reason why I am refused a visa, why the exemption enjoyed by British subjects is not afforded to me and if the British government has been informed that I, a British subject, am excluded from the reciprocal agreement between Britain and South Africa to mutually waive the need for visas by their citizens.³³

That elicited a very curt reply from the Embassy:

“I would advise that there is absolutely nothing to add to my communications of 13 August 1987 and 26 August 1986.”³⁴

In all the time I am engaged in these exchanges with the South African Embassy in London I was heavily involved in anti-apartheid activity. Positions that I held were as editor of *Solidarity* the official organ of the Black Consciousness Movement of Azania, editor of *Azania Worker*, *Azania Frontline* and *Frontline Worker* which were brought out by a group of us constituted as the Azania Liberation Support Committee, a member of the editorial board of *Searchlight*, and reviewing books on South Africa for *Race & Class*. I was also frequently invited by various branches of the British Labour Party to give a talk on South Africa. It is activity the South African government must have been aware of given its extensive network of informers and very likely the underlying reason I was being denied a visa. I was not naïve to imagine that given my activity I would be given a visa. But persisting with making applications for a visa was itself a form of political activity to assert my rights.

Appearing that I had reached the end of the road regarding my repeated unsuccessful applications for a visa or visa exemption I decided that it was time to take up the matter with the British government. This was a way of drawing the attention of the British government’s appeasement of the apartheid regime and its effects at a very personal level. I addressed a three-page long letter to Margaret Thatcher, Prime Minister of the UK at the time.

Amongst the points I raised in the letter are:

“I am more and more growing to believe that the South African government is discriminating against me either on racial or political grounds, or simply because I am my late brother’s brother.

“I do not believe that their refusal to allow me to visit South Africa, with or without a visa, and their refusal to give reasons for the refusal should go unchallenged. That is why I have chosen to write to you, Prime Minister.”³⁵

About my brother, I wrote in the letter:

“ in June 1985 [when] the South African government troops raided Botswana and killed, among several innocent people, my brother, his wife and

his wife's cousin. My younger brother would have been killed had the South African troops known he was hiding under a bed.

“My brother was a businessman owning an essential bus service in Botswana, his wife a senior civil servant in the employ of the Botswana government, and her cousin had come over from South Africa to visit them.”*(ibid)*

The Prime Minister's office referred my letter to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office as the matter I raised I was informed is normally dealt with by this office.

“Before we can consider taking the matter up with the South African authorities, we need to have more information on your visa applications. I should be grateful, therefore, if you could let me have details of the application preferably with copies of any letters from the South African Embassy.”³⁶

I forwarded to Mr Andrews at the UK Foreign Office copies of all the correspondence I had had with the South African Embassy in London and also included a copy of the letter by David Dalling, the Progressive Party member of the South African parliament.³⁷

After an expiration of seven months with no reply from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office I wrote on 2nd June 1988 to ask for a report. The Office responded:

“I am sorry that it has taken a long time for us to reply to your earlier letter. We have raised the matter with the South African Embassy in London. They have, however, told us that they were instructed by their Department of Home Affairs to refer your visa application to South Africa. The Embassy were not made aware of the reasons for the decision to refuse your application.

“We have therefore asked our Embassy in Pretoria to make further enquiries on your behalf with the Department of Home Affairs.”³⁸

Then on 6th September Mr Andrews reported to me:

“Our Embassy in Pretoria have raised your case with the South African Department of Home Affairs who have said that they do not give reasons for refusing a visa application. The Embassy was told that the Department looked sympathetically at applications from people such as yourself who are required to apply for a visa because you left South Africa on an exit permit after a passport had been refused. The Department of Home Affairs also said that even if you had left South Africa illegally, that in itself would not be sufficient reason to turn down your visa application and that there is no reason why you should not apply again for a visa. [Each application is considered on its merits at the time it is received.] I suggest therefore that in the light of our representations you make a further application for a visa. I hope you are successful on this occasion.”³⁹

Taking Mr Andrews' advice I renewed my application.⁴⁰

My application, I was informed, “had been forwarded to South Africa for consideration by the appropriate authorities.”⁴¹

Then came a response, brief to the point, I had grown accustomed to:

“With reference to my letter of 16 November 1988, I have been advised by the Director-General for Home Affairs, Pretoria, that your above [visa] application has been unsuccessful.”⁴²

I reported to Mr Andrews that my endeavour following his advice to make another application was unsuccessful. I pointed out to him that:

“It is clear that my position vis-à-vis South Africa’s refusal to allow me entry to South Africa is exactly the same as it was before I wrote to the Prime Minister asking for representations to be made on my behalf. Your letter to which I have referred does not in any way enlighten me on the two questions I posed when I asked for representations to be made. These questions are

- (a) why do I as a British subject require a visa to visit South Africa?
- (b) why am I refused a visa by South Africa when I do apply for one?

“I am not going to give up applying for a visa to visit South Africa and see my aged parents there. On the other hand, I would hope that the Foreign and Commonwealth Office will also continue making representations on my behalf and pressing for an answer to the above questions until the South African government either accords me equal treatment with all other British citizens, waives visa requirements in my case, or grants me a visa.”⁴³

Reply by Mr Andrews:

“The issue of visas for South Africa is of course a matter for the South African authorities, who are best placed to answer your questions. Our understanding is that certain British citizens require visas to enter South Africa. These include journalists, trade unionists and anyone whose visa exemption has been withdrawn. I believe that you were notified in July 1985 that the latter applied to you and assume that this is the reason why you are obliged to obtain a visa before travelling to South Africa. I am unable to answer your second question. As I said in my letter of 6 September, the South African Department of Home Affairs told our Embassy in Pretoria that they do not give reasons for refusing a visa application.”⁴⁴

My father’s death

During January 1989, two friends from South Africa came visiting London. One, Toughey Markham, was my associate in our underground political activities before I left South Africa. The other, Jarvie O’Donovan, his business partner. From Toughey I learnt that my

father was gravely ill. When I called my mother to find out about my father she obviously did not want to distress me. Wanting to spare me the pain of knowing my father's condition she denied my father was ill. She even went as far as saying that my father, 12 years older than her, was in such good health that he will survive her. I told her that Toughey was in London and has told me the truth. She let out then that he was re-admitted to hospital the previous day. But clearly seeing that my mother was shielding me from knowing the worst about my father's condition, I resumed my application for a visa and this time I wrote directly to Home Affairs, Pretoria:

“I make this appeal on the grounds of my father's illness. My father is over 80 years old and, after enjoying a good health all his life, fell repeatedly ill and was several times hospitalised during the course of the last 12 months. I learn that he was readmitted to hospital on 20th January, this time to the Johannesburg General Hospital and in a condition more serious than before.

“My mother is herself not in good health. She is 71 years old and has suffered arthritis of the hip for more than ten years. She stands or walks with a great deal of pain. She told me over the telephone that her physical condition did not allow her to be by my father's bedside yesterday, the day after his admission to hospital.”⁴⁵

A reply to this letter, if ever there was going to be one, was overtaken by events: a call from my mother before dawn on the 17th February that my father had passed away that morning. I said to my mother do everything possible to get them to give me a visa to come for my father's funeral. Ask Helen Suzman, renowned leader of the Progressive Party, to intervene on my behalf. And so it happened on the very same day my father died and after Suzman took up my case with the government I received a hand-written note “with the compliments of the Chief Immigration Officer at the South African Embassy, London” that instructed me:

“Mr Phahle submit your passport to this office in order to be issued with your visa, application approved.”⁴⁶

That meant my British passport.

I was given a visa valid for ten days. I reported this to Mr Andrews:

“My father died in the early hours of today. On 23 January I had again written to the South African government asking for the decision not to grant me a visa to be reconsidered. I appealed on the ground that my father had fallen seriously ill and had been admitted to the Johannesburg General Hospital. When news of my father's death reached me today the South African government still had not responded to my urgent appeal.

“I am grateful to Ms Helen Suzman M.P. whose intervention in Cape Town this morning resulted in the 10 day visa being granted to enable me to attend my father’s funeral on 25 February.”⁴⁷

Indeed, it was due to representations made by Helen Suzman that the government at last relented and gave me a visa. A tsunami of a political force, she was able to extract some concessions such as, for example, easing to a degree the condition of the political prisoners on Robben Island, out of the granite obstinacy of the apartheid government. Her task though, at this particular time, must have been made easier by the ongoing interventions by various powerful interests, among them investors, business, the so-called *verligtes* (meaning the enlightened ones) within the ruling apartheid party and, above all, the unyielding militancy of the oppressed masses, to bring pressure on the government to make radical changes to the political system.

In order to optimise the use of my limited number of days I was allowed in the country and knowing that people I had all along been secretly in touch with would want to meet with me I decided to arrive in South Africa the day before the funeral. In the days remaining after the funeral, I could meet them and be appraised of the internal political situation. But throughout I feared being either killed or arrested by the regime. I never stopped looking across my shoulder when I was out of the house.

That the apartheid regime was undergoing its death throes was clear to everybody except for some diehards on the left and the black consciousness oriented Azanian Peoples Organisation. Only the African National Congress, of all the national liberation movements, was pre-eminently positioned to be the oppressed people’s leading representative in the negotiations to bring about the necessary changes. I returned to London and wrote an article – not without criticism of the ANC - addressed particularly to the left.⁴⁸

That real change, not just the cosmetic changes the regime had tried to get away with in the past, was certainly on the horizon was confirmed by the unbanning of all the national liberation movements on 2nd February 1990 and, followed nine days later, by the release of Nelson Mandela from prison. All this set me thinking that now my exile days were soon to come to an end what was it I must do to prepare myself so as to play a socially productive role and secure a job when I return to settle in a democratic South Africa. To this end, in September 1990, I started attending a once weekly evening course in Statistics at Birkbeck College, University of London. In the years following, 1991 to 1994, I enrolled on a postgraduate distance-learning course in Applied Statistics at Sheffield Hallam University. I graduated with a second Master’s degree in 1994.⁴⁹

As is customary, laying a tombstone on our graves is accomplished some months or a few years after the burial in a ceremony popularly known as the unveiling of the tombstone. My mother did not waste time in arranging for a tombstone on my father’s grave. She decided to do so during July of the following year. I applied for a visa so I can be present for the unveiling. Instead of being issued with a visa across the desk of the London Embassy, again my application was “referred to South Africa for consideration by the appropriate authorities.”⁵⁰

Again, I was given a ten-day visa. On arrival my mother got in touch with Helen Suzman's office to ask her to obtain an extension. She got the visa extended to 30 days. Significantly, Nelson Mandela had by now been released from prison and "talks about talks" to make political changes had started.

Do I still need to apply for a visa?

I asked the above question in a letter I wrote to the Chief Immigration Officer at the South African Embassy in London.

"I have on several occasions in the past written to your Embassy to ask why the visa exemptions enjoyed by British citizens do not apply to me, and, as you know, have also pursued this matter through the British Government and a member of the South African parliament. There has never been an explanation made to me or any of those who intervened on my behalf as to why I am required to have a visa to visit South Africa."⁵¹

Of course, it is not entirely true that there was no explanation. I had left South Africa on an exit permit and thus on that account I had been declared a prohibited immigrant and so my visa applications were declined. But my premise was that now I was a British subject I demanded the visa exemption enjoyed by British subjects.

My letter continued:

"In view of the reform process that is underway and the fact that I have been allowed back into South Africa on three occasions, I would like to know whether, as a British citizen and passport-holder, I still need a visa to visit South Africa?"(*ibid*)

I think I was mistaken writing that I had been allowed into the country on three occasions. The only times I can recall are in February 1989 for my father's funeral and in July 1990 for the unveiling of my father's tombstone. Instead of answering my question, I was sent a visa application form to fill. I was asked to return the form "together with a covering letter explaining [my] future intentions regarding travel to South Africa."⁵²

I wrote back as follows:

"I am afraid that you have misunderstood my letter. If you would please read my letter you will I am sure understand that I am not applying for a visa. Yet you have responded to my letter by sending me a visa application form and asking me to advise you of my travel arrangements."⁵³

The usual response came:

"I have referred the matter to South Africa for consideration by the appropriate authorities."⁵⁴

In a further letter the Chief Immigration Officer sent to me, quoting advice given by the Department of Home Affairs, the by now well-known consequences of having left South Africa on an exit permit were once again spelt out. After that I was informed, still quoting advice by Home Affairs, that:

“Presently parliament is considering a Bill on aliens control which will empower the Minister to exempt a prohibited person from such disqualification. The Bill will most probably come into effect on 1 October 1991 and your representations will then receive the necessary attention.

“Until such time as the existing legislation can be suitably amended, the granting of visas (upon application) is by far the most expedient way in which to handle admission to the RSA on a temporary basis.

“However, should you contemplate returning to the RSA on a permanent basis, your request can be considered upon receipt of your confirmation in this regard.”⁵⁵

Not having heard from the Chief Immigration Officer five weeks after the Bill on aliens control had come into operation, I wrote to him:

“You informed me that under a new law coming into effect as from 1st October a reinstatement of my visa exemption would become possible. As that date has come and passed without me hearing from you, I would like to know whether my application is receiving consideration.”⁵⁶

As had become standard practice, my letter was “forwarded to the appropriate authorities in South Africa”.⁵⁷

Then after nearly three weeks came the response from the Chief Immigration Officer:

“I have been requested by the Director-General for Home Affairs in Pretoria to forward the attached letter dated 20 December 1991 to you.”⁵⁸

And the attached letter from the Director-General was saying amen to all my years of agitation to be accorded as a British subject the privilege of visa exemption to visit South Africa as enjoyed by other British subjects:

“I have to inform you that after careful consideration the Department has decided to remove the restrictions placed upon you.

“Consequently it will no longer be necessary for you to be in possession of a visa when entering the Republic of South Africa.”⁵⁹

This was not a personal victory. The removal of visa requirement on me was in the context of the “talks about the talks” to dismantle apartheid as a result of which the ban

on organisations like the ANC and PAC was removed and their members were returning back into the country without hindrance. Harold MacMillan's reference to "winds of change" were now perceptibly blowing through South Africa at long last.

Next getting my South African citizenship back

Acknowledging that I no longer needed a visa to travel to South Africa, I wrote back:

"I would now like to have my South African citizenship restored to me and would be pleased to be advised of the steps I should take to that end."⁶⁰

Five months later, after the usual forwarding of my requests to the Director-General, the Chief Immigration wrote back to me:

"I attach a letter received from the Director-General for Home Affairs confirming your re-instatement as a South African citizen.

"If you wish to hold both South African and British passports concurrently, you will need to apply for the necessary permission. I attach the required forms for your attention."⁶¹

According to the attached letter by the Director-General:

"With reference to your letter dated 18 March 1992, I have to inform you that it has been directed that you did not cease to be a South African citizen when you obtained the citizenship of the United Kingdom whilst outside South Africa."⁶²

What a curious letter by the Director-General! Had I not been declared a prohibited immigrant to South Africa and, as such, informed that I cannot be a citizen of South Africa? Implied by the Director-General is that I never ever lost my South African citizenship. Was Sidney Kentridge's opinion incorrect? Should I have acquired British citizenship by registration? I never accepted that I had lost my South African citizenship. Yes, lost it de jure in the eyes of the South African government. But not as far as I was concerned and I expected not de facto in the eyes of foreign governments, especially social democratic ones, and the international community. That is what had fed into my expectation that I qualified to acquire British nationality by registration.

At last, a South African passport for me

To hold a South African passport at the same time as a British passport, I had been informed I need not only the permission of the South African government but also give the government a reason. Accordingly, I stated in my covering letter to the application for a South African passport:

“I have worked and lived in Britain for a period of 27 years. My pension contributions, insurances and mortgage do not allow me to contemplate a change of residence or employment. Also, I travel abroad frequently and thus would like to retain my British passport for purposes of re-entry into Britain and ease of travel within the European Community.”⁶³

In the letter giving me permission to hold two passports the Chief Immigration Officer reiterated the Director-General’s letter of 8th August 1992 that:

“I have to inform you that it has in terms of Section 15(1)(a) of Act 44 of 1949 been directed that you did not cease to be a South African when you obtained the citizenship of the United Kingdom whilst outside South Africa.”⁶⁴

Act 44 was the South African Citizenship Act passed in 1949. Implied in the above letter, as in the previous letter of 8th August 1992, is that at no stage did I ever cease to be a South African citizen. If only I had known this when I applied for British citizenship I would have quoted chapter and verse, Section 15(1)(a) of the South African Citizenship Act No 44 of 1949, that I am a South African citizen and would have acquired the citizenship by registration. Or, was the Director-General misinterpreting the Act?

The assurance that I had never lost my South African citizenship was not enough to secure me a South African passport. A birth certificate was required to support the application for a passport. Between the 25th May and 19th December 1993 I engaged in an exchange of letters with the Chief Immigration Officer, London Embassy trying to get a birth certificate.

“Further to your application for a birth certificate I advise that the Director-General, Department of Home Affairs, Pretoria has requested that you complete and return enclosed BI-24 birth registration form together with a verification of birth in the form of a birth certificate, baptismal certificate or sworn affidavit confirming the particulars of your birth.

“On receiving the above information my Head Office will be in a position to register your birth and issue a birth certificate as applied for.”⁶⁵

I wrote back:

“I am at a total loss to understand why you are unable to furnish me with a copy of my birth certificate. I find it even more difficult to understand why a routine application such as I have made for a copy of my birth certificate should be referred to the Director-General of the Department of Home Affairs, Pretoria, for his/her consideration.

“Contrary to the suggestion in the second paragraph of your letter, I must state very categorically that my birth was registered in South Africa.”⁶⁶

When I applied for British citizenship proof was required that I am a South African citizen. Despite not believing – contrary to the opinion of highly esteemed Sidney Kentridge - that I had lost my South African citizenship as was conveyed in the letter accompanying the issue of the exit permit, I submitted my birth certificate. I accordingly wrote to the British Home Office on the same day I sent off the above letter:

“When I applied for British Citizenship by naturalisation” – in retrospect I think it is most likely when I initially applied for citizenship by registration – “I submitted a copy of my birth certificate. I am informed that it is the practice of the Home Office to return to applicants documents such as birth certificates. In my case no documents were returned to me and it could be because my application took nearly 7 years to process.

“If you still have a copy of my birth certificate I would be very grateful to have it sent back to me as I need it to verify my date of birth for a number of purposes.”⁶⁷

Replying to my letter of the 19th November, the Acting Chief Immigration Officer informed me that:

“I am afraid that the Department of Home Affairs in Pretoria who hold all birth registration records have indicated that no record of a birth registration can be traced for yourself.”⁶⁸

I began to question myself as to what document I had actually submitted with my application for British Citizenship: a baptismal certificate or a copy of a certificate of birth registration by South Africa. But I found it incredible that my highly enlightened parents or the maternity clinic would not have registered my birth. I was born in what was called Eastern Native Township, near George Goch, a municipal run township of about 600 households administered by the Johannesburg City Council, enclosed by a steel fence to control under the pass laws movement in and out the township. In the township there were two municipal employed midwives who delivered all the babies in the township: Mrs Mamabolo who delivered me and Mrs Clarke who delivered my brother George. Such fun there was in the township that every child knew by which of the two midwives delivered them. We called them our mums. The City Council, running the clinic, would have seen to it that all births in its clinics are registered. Under the pass laws, a right by black Africans to live and work in the urban areas was given to those born in the urban areas. A registration of their births was thus mandatory.

I am absolutely certain that when I applied for British citizenship my application was accompanied by my birth certificate. Why am I so certain? My middle name is Daniel named after my paternal grandfather. His middle name was Mokhuloane, a name by which he fondly called me. I grew up believing that his middle name had also been given to me. My degree certificate from the University of the Witwatersrand carries the name as I believed it was one of my names when I registered for the degree. It was when my

parents saw the certificate that they told me I had not been given that name. Thereafter, I stopped claiming the name. Confirmation that I had never been given that name came when I first saw my birth certificate sent to me by my parents when I asked them for it at the time I lodged my application for British citizenship. The certificate does not bear the name Mokhuloane.

By 6th February 1994 I still had had no reply from the British Home Office and wrote to the Home Office again asking if the certificate I lodged with my citizenship application can be retrieved and sent to me.⁶⁹

Yet another reminder to the Home Office to respond I sent in a letter dated 16th April 1994.

Reply by the Home Office:

“We do not appear to have received a copy of your birth certificate at any time and would be grateful if you would forward evidence of this.”⁷⁰

I was being asked for evidence but what evidence could I have had? I wrote back:

“You ask me to provide evidence to the effect that I submitted a copy of my birth certificate when I made application for nationality. All I can say is that as a stateless person at the time the only proof I had of my nationality at birth was my birth certificate. My application was accompanied then or subsequently by documents to prove my identity and loss of South African citizenship. A copy of my birth certificate was a key document in establishing the proof.

“I do not have my original birth certificate. I have applied to South Africa for a copy of my birth certificate but they inform me that they cannot trace the record of my birth. I am pursuing this matter further with South Africa because my birth was registered and the copy of the birth certificate I submitted with my application for British nationality I had obtained from the Registrar of Births in Pretoria.”⁷¹

Looking back, I cannot now recall for certain whether I had submitted a baptismal certificate or a government issued certificate. But I am certain that my parents had sent me a birth certificate when I required one. Neither can I understand why I still continued bothering about getting my birth certificate when by June 1994 I had already been issued with a South African passport – more about this later.

Reply to my letter on 4th August 1994:

“There are no records on file to show that a copy of your birth certificate was received in the Home Office.

“However, I have enclosed a copy of your departure permit and advise you to use this as confirmation of your date of birth along with your naturalisation certificate.”⁷²

I am at a total loss to recall why after the 27th April 1994 I persisted in the exchange of the above letters with the Immigration and Nationality Department of the British Home Affairs. The correspondence started with my request to have returned to me my birth certificate. I needed the birth certificate to get a South African passport after the restoration of my citizenship. But by the 27th April when the first democratic elections were held what document did I produce to prove I am South African and thus eligible to vote? I stood alongside many compatriots in the long queue outside South Africa House in London. All those who had been in exile and had left South Africa without passports still held on to their “dom passes” which was the only documentary proof they had to prove they were South Africans entitled to vote. Before I left South Africa for exile I had assumed a dual identity: as a black African in possession of a “dom pass”, and as a coloured African carrying an ID card. The former I got rid of when I left South Africa; the latter I never kept on me or wherever I lived lest I be raided by the Security Police and thereby incur a charge of falsely identifying myself under the so-called race classification laws. I left it for safe keeping in the custody Claude Noble, a colleague in the secret political discussion groups we ran.

How then did I prove that I am a South African eligible to vote on the 27th April, 1994? I could not have used my exit permit. It was lodged with the Home Office when documentary proof of my loss of South African citizenship was required. Only on the 4th August 1994, well after the elections on 27th April, did the Home Office send me a copy of the exit permit (see letter above). The only proof I would have had is a South African passport. By the time of the elections I must therefore have been issued with a South African passport. A phone call from South Africa must have alerted me that a passport was available for me – I mention later how by now the Embassy had taken to phoning me rather than writing to me letters such as the many I have referred to above. I do not have a letter from the Embassy informing me to collect my passport. I will have been informed by a telephone call from the Embassy. Why then did I continue to seek to retrieve my birth certificate from the British Home Affairs when I no longer needed it so as to get a South African passport? I cannot remember why. It could be that the letter dated 4th August was a belated response – long after I no longer had need for the birth certificate - to the last letter dated 6th February 1994 I wrote to the Home Office as a reminder to my request to retrieve my birth certificate.

In July 1994 now armed with a South African passport, I went to South Africa with the express purpose of finding a job at a university or Technikon. I was offered an appointment at Vista University, to start work on 1st January 1995, first as a Lecturer then a few months later as Senior Lecturer in Mathematics; a year later I transferred to Statistics as a Senior Lecturer.

Having regained my South African citizenship I now turned to acquiring the same for my daughters. I, accordingly, wrote to the South African Embassy in London:

“I have two daughters born in Britain and now aged over 21. At the time, the South African Government denied me citizenship rights and, consequently, their births were registered in Britain only. I would like to know what steps they or I should undertake in order to rectify this position and have South African citizenship conferred upon them.”⁷³

I was sent application forms to complete for the late registration of my daughters’ births as South African citizens.⁷⁴

Reply by me to the Chief Immigration Officer:

“Enclosed please find my passport and birth certificates of my daughters. As requested in the guidelines you sent me these are original certificates which I trust will be returned to me as soon as they have served the purpose of registering my daughters as South African citizens.”⁷⁵

The icy relations I had up to now had with the South African Embassy in London, communicating through impersonal letters, began to thaw. Now I was being phoned to establish contact with me:

“Thank you for the telephone call this morning when you advised me to send you my marriage certificate and a duly completed BI-24E form for the purpose of registering my own birth. Enclosed herewith please find these documents.”⁷⁶

Another phone call:

“As requested telephonically, please forward your original marriage certificate which is part of the application to register your children as South African citizens.”⁷⁷

Yet another phone call:

“Further to our telephone conversation this morning I am enclosing the following documents:

- (a) Certified copy of my BSc degree certificate from the University of the Witwatersrand; and
- (b) Copy of exit permit issued to me by the Ministry of Interior (now Home Affairs) at the time of my departure from South Africa in 1965.”⁷⁸

But thereafter as always invariably happened in the past:

“The matter has been referred to the Director-General for Home Affairs in South Africa and I shall contact you as soon as circumstances permit.”⁷⁹

Due to start my job at Vista University at the beginning of the 1995 academic year in January, I wrote to the Embassy:

‘

“I am booked to travel to South Africa on a one-way ticket to South Africa on 31 December. I will need my South African passport for this journey. I am writing to you because I handed in my passport to you on 3 October for the purpose of registering in South Africa the births of my daughters.”⁸⁰

My passport was returned to me.

“I acknowledge receipt of your letter dated 08 December 1994 and enclose your South African passport and your childrens full British birth certificate (*sic*).

“With reference to your and your childrens applications for the late registration of your birth (*sic*), I am still awaiting a reply from the Director-General for Home Affairs in Pretoria.”⁸¹

As if like a coda, the next letter was the last of the correspondence between the South African Embassy and me.

“I have been in correspondence with you concerning the registration of births in respect of my daughters and myself. As this matter has not yet drawn to a conclusion and I am leaving Britain for South Africa on 31 December I would be pleased if you would note the following as my address in South Africa

P O Box 104
Bergvlei 2012
South Africa

to which please address all future correspondence.”⁸²

Back in South Africa, I wasted no time in pursuing Home Affairs to issue birth certificates. Not so much for me as by this time I had been issued with a South African passport. But to have my daughters’ births registered in South Africa so they could automatically claim South African citizenship. Birth certificates for all three of us were ultimately issued on 27th February 1995, two months after I had returned to re-settle in South Africa.

Postscript: Voluntary attempts at community upliftment after 1994

I mentioned in the above paper that when it became clear as daylight that a radical transition to a democracy was imminent I set about preparing myself for a permanent return to South Africa. I looked forward to playing a voluntary role in community development on a non-remunerative basis, the same way as I and those with whom I had worked politically throughout the years we were engaged in the struggle for national liberation. But first I had to have a job to support myself financially. To ensure I would find a job to my liking, teaching at either a technikon or university, I undertook to study towards a second master’s degree. As already mentioned, I went to South Africa during July 1994 to seek employment and found one at Vista University.

Very briefly, the following are the voluntary activities in community development I got involved in, to repeat, without seeking remuneration (except for a reimbursement of my expenses in some but not all instances thus consciously avoiding “tenderentrepreneurship” at all costs):

1. On behalf of the Women’s Development Foundation (WDF) following interviews with focus groups and as part of a research team led by Dr Anne Letsebe we published *Towards a Gender-Sensitive National Crime Prevention Strategy: Perceptions of Communities in the Free State* (August 1998).**
2. Had a role in guiding a pilot study resulting in the publication of *Women at Local Government: The Centre of Delivery – A Report by the Women’s Development Foundation* (2000).** Published by WDF.
3. An analysis of crime statistics in a project led by Dr Anne Letsebe in her capacity as Deputy Director-General in the office of President Mbeki and as Cabinet Secretary.
4. Established Dipalo School of Information and Communication Technology, a non-profit organisation based in Soweto, formed primarily to provide PC Literacy to school leavers who had had no experience with computers in the schools they had attended. The school existed from 2001 to 2013.
5. Sponsored by the Bakubung Economic Development Unit (BEDU), provided Mathematics support to four secondary schools in Ledig, a village next to Sun City. BEDU paid my travel expenses to Ledig and hotel expenses.
6. *Learners’ Study and Revision Guides for Grade 12 Mathematics**** are a series of twenty booklets, each booklet devoted to a question set in the final examination, which I put together and donated to Kagiso Trust on the understanding that they are made freely available online to schools. Initially, all loaded on a dedicated website named ktclassroom.com (kt for Kagiso Trust), they were without my knowledge or consent subsequently placed on commercial platforms: Issuu and Scribd. This means that to access the booklets schools and learners have to pay a subscription fee which is beyond the means of the overwhelming majority of learners at whom they are targeted. On discovering that the materials were removed from ktclassroom.com and placed on these platforms I objected to Kagiso Trust on two grounds. One, their placement on commercial platforms is a violation of the Department of Basic Education’s copyright. Past examination papers are available without cost to schools on the Department’s website. Two, their placement on commercial websites is in flagrant contravention of the spirit in which I developed the material and donated it to Kagiso Trust as a free resource to be used in the schools. (My correspondence with Zanele Mbeki, a trustee of Kagiso Trust, Goolam Aboobakar, another trustee and the CEO of

Kagiso Trust regarding my disquiet about placing the booklets on commercial platforms, is included in the documents I intend to archive).

In particular, among the documents to be archived is a paper titled *ktclassroom.co.za: My disquiet on placing the above on an Issuu platform* which I wrote and presented to Kagiso Trust.

7. I was one of nearly 100 highly qualified and well experienced mathematics teachers, most of them teaching in the private sector, that volunteered contributions to the *Everything Mathematics* and *Everything Science* books for Grades 10, 11 & 12 produced by Siyavula, a non-profit and non-governmental organisation funded by the Mark Shuttleworth Foundation. All the contributors are acknowledged in the books which are available on Scribd.com.

*Written during January 2025

**Included in the documents to be archived.

***Two of the booklets are included among the documents to be archived. Also included is a print-out from the website of Issuu which lists all the booklets.

Notes

1. Letter dated 23 March 1965 by the South African Department of Home Affairs addressed to Miss V.D. Smith, who was Veronica my fiancé. I lodged a similar letter addressed to me with the British Home Office when five years later I applied to acquire British nationality.
2. I mention the circumstances that led to Ishmael Matlhaku fleeing South Africa in my article *Reminiscences of the Arrest of Fikile Bam & Marcus Solomon in 1963* which is on SAHistoryOnline.com.
3. Letter dated 30 June 1965 from the District Commissioner's Office addressed to Miss VD Smith.
4. Letter dated 22 October 1965 from the National Union of Teachers addressed to The Immigration Officer at the appropriate Port of Entry to the United Kingdom.
5. Letter dated 24 August 1965 by the Chief Immigration Officer of the Rhodesian Department of Immigration addressed to me.
6. For my relationship with Ismail Mohamed, see my article *Notes on Letters from a Kindred Spirit* on SAHistoryOnline.com. Also on SAHistoryOnline.com I refer to my relationship with both Ismail Mohamed and Kenneth Jordaan in *Reminiscences of the Arrest of Fikile Bam & Marcus Solomon in 1963*.
7. Copy of Teacher's Certificate, dated 1 August 1967 and issued by the University of London Institute of Education.

8. Master of Technology or MTech in Numerical Analysis awarded to me by Brunel University on 19 December 1972.
9. The paper is an extract from my dissertation *Melting Ice by the Isotherm Migration Method* published under the joint names of my supervisor Professor John Crank and mine in Bulletin of the Institute of Mathematics and its Applications, Vol 9 No 1, January 1973, pp12-14.
10. I discuss the question of a return to South Africa after having left on an exit permit in my article *The Death of Nat Nakasa: Jumped or Pushed* which is on SAHistoryOnline.com.
11. Letter dated 1 May 1970 from the British Home Office addressed to me.
12. Letter dated 23 March 1965 from South African Department of Home Affairs addressed to Miss VD Smith. Why I submitted the original letter to the Home Office and did not keep a copy may be because photocopying facilities were not freely available at the time.
13. My briefing note to Lukele does not bear a title nor does it show that it is addressed to him but – to help identify it – it is signed by me and is dated 14 July 1970.
14. Ex Parte Rose-Innes Phahle in Re: South African Citizenship signed S. Kentridge, Chambers, Johannesburg. 28 July 1970.
15. Letter dated 8 February 1973 from the Home Office addressed to me.
16. A copy of my Certificate of Naturalisation dated 11 November 1977.
17. <https://www.sahistory.org.za/people/wellington-mlungisi-tshazibane>.
18. <https://mg.co.za/article/2012-09-17-carlton-centre-bomber-dies/>
19. Letter dated 15 April 1985 I addressed to the South African Embassy in London.
20. Letter dated 22 July 1985 by the Department of Home Affairs, Republic of South Africa, addressed to me.
21. Letter dated 19 August 1985 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
22. Letter dated 21 March 1986 by SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
23. Letter dated 6 May 1986 by David Daling MP addressed to my mother Mrs HO Phahle.
24. Letter dated 15 May 1986 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
25. Letter dated 24 June 1986 by me addressed to Dr Dennis Worrall, SA's ambassador to the UK.
26. Letter dated 26 August 1986 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
27. Letter dated 21 January 1987 by me addressed to Dr Dennis Worrall.
28. Letter dated 23 January 1987 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
29. Letter dated 31 January 1987 by me addressed to Mr P Goosen, Secretary of SA Embassy in London.
30. Letter dated 11 March 1987 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
31. Letter dated 2 April 1987 by me addressed to Mr P Goosen, Secretary of SA Embassy in London; letter dated 15 April 1987 by Mr Goosen addressed to me

- and enclosing an application form for a visa; and letter dated 25 April 1987 by me to the SA Embassy submitting an application for a visa.
32. Letter dated 13 August 1987 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
 33. Letter dated 22 August 1987 by me addressed to the SA Embassy in London.
 34. Letter dated 3 September 1987 by Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy in London, addressed to me.
 35. Letter dated 20 October 1987 by me addressed to Mrs Margaret Thatcher, UK's Prime Minister.
 36. Letter dated 26 November 1987 by TJ Andrews, Southern African Department, Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London, addressed to me.
 37. Letter dated 1 December 1987 by me addressed to Mr TJ Andrews, Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London.
 38. Letter dated 30 June 1988 by Mr TJ Andrews addressed to me.
 39. Letter dated 6 September 1988 by Mr TJ Andrews, Foreign and Commonwealth Office in London addressed to me.
 40. Letter dated 27 October 1988 by me addressed to the Immigration Section, SA Embassy in London.
 41. Letter dated 16 November 1988 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
 42. Letter dated 8 December 1988 by the SA Embassy in London addressed to me.
 43. Letter dated 15 December 1988 by me addressed to Mr TJ Andrews, Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London.
 44. Letter dated 4 January 1989 by Mr TJ Andrews addressed to me.
 45. Letter dated 23 January 1989 by me addressed to the Director-General for Home Affairs, Pretoria.
 46. Undated hand written note Ref: VS/P() MISC from the Immigration Section, SA Embassy in London addressed to me "With the Compliments of the Chief Migration Officer".
 47. Letter dated 17 February 1989 by me addressed to Mr TJ Andrews, Foreign and Commonwealth Office.
 48. Roseinnes Phahle: *Supporting the MDM and Negotiations and Stopping Further Tactical Errors in Frontline Worker*, No 2 April/May 1990.
 49. My certificates in Applied Statistics: Postgraduate Diploma 1993 and Master of Science (MSc) 1994.
 50. Letter dated 28 March 1990 by the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
 51. Letter dated 24 April 1991 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
 52. Letter dated 3 May 1991 by the Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
 53. Letter dated 22 May 1991 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer.
 54. Letter dated 24 May 1991 by the Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
 55. Letter dated 16 July 1991 by the Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.

56. Letter dated 6 November 1991 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer.
57. Letter dated 21 November 1991 by Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
58. Letter date 9 January 1992 by Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
59. Letter dated 12 December 1991 by the Director-General, Department of Home Affairs, Pretoria.
60. Letter dated 18th March 1992 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer.
61. Letter dated 25 August 1992 by the Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
62. Letter dated 8 August 1992 by the Director-General addressed to me
63. Letter dated 17 March 1993 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer.
64. Letter dated 25th May 1993 by the Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
65. Letter dated 26 October 1993 by the Acting Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
66. Letter dated 19 November 1993 by me addressed to the Acting Chief Immigration Officer.
67. Letter dated 19 November 1993 by me addressed to the Home Office, Whitehall, London.
68. Letter dated 30 November 1993 by Acting Chief Immigration Officer addressed to me.
69. Letter dated 6 February 1994 by me to the Home Office, Croydon.
70. Letter dated 7 May 1994 by the Immigration and Nationality Division, Home Office.
71. Letter dated 5 June 1994 by me addressed to Miss A Langley, Immigration and Nationality Department, Liverpool.
72. Letter dated 4 August 1994 by Miss A Langley, Immigration and Nationality Department, Liverpool, addressed to me.
73. Letter dated 15 September 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
74. Letter dated 20 September 1994 by the Chief Immigration Office, SA Embassy London, addressed to me.
75. Letter dated 3 October 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
76. Letter dated 6 October 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
77. Letter dated 13 October by Chief Immigration Office, SA Embassy, London, addressed to me.
78. Letter dated 17 October 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.
79. Letter dated 21 October 1994 by the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London, addressed to me.
80. Letter dated 8 December 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.

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81. Letter dated 13 December 1994 by the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London, addressed to me.
 82. Letter dated 28 December 1994 by me addressed to the Chief Immigration Officer, SA Embassy, London.