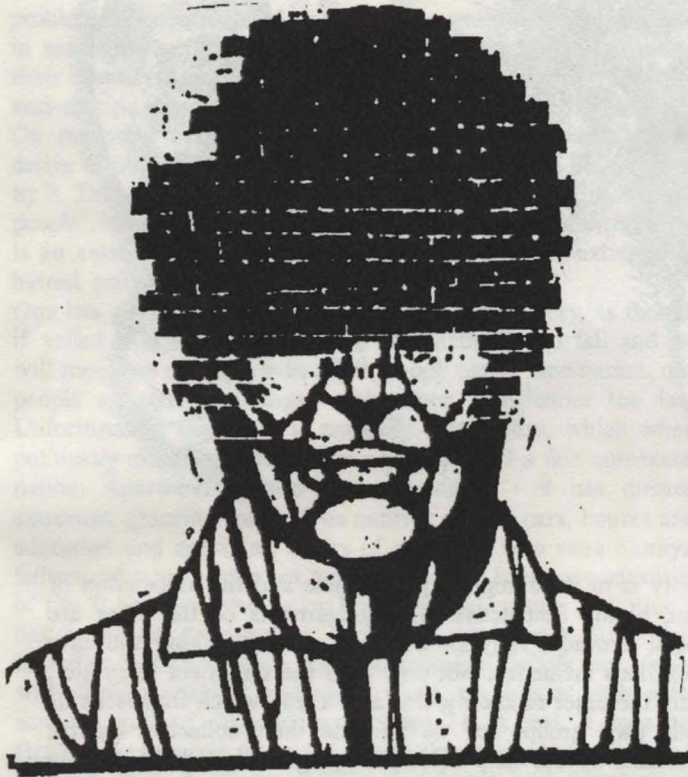


The Walls we Build

by Richard Kaplan

I against my brother
I and my brother against our cousin
I, my brother and our cousin against the neighbours
All of us against the foreigner

Bedouin proverb.



Part 1: The Myths of Identity.

In this world, it seems that we are obliged to claim an identity - to take hold of a distinct collection of concepts and arrange them into a pattern of 'I', 'we' and 'belonging'. We demarcate the peripheries of our identity much like a dog pissing on its territory and before long we have gone to war. To war against otherness - real or perceived enemies. Many supposedly rational reasons are given for our conflicts. They have formed the foundation for intricate ideologies, political diatribes and a mass of academic polemic, yet despite the enormous amount of intellectual activity and political manoeuvres, we continue to live in a world of suspicion, fear and violence. Why? The answer is essentially simple. We are driven by irrational forces in an irrational world and although, in our minds, we attempt to weave a pattern of reason, this does not eradicate the irrational. It merely clothes it.

Politically and socially, we may desire change, yet somehow we fail to examine the predicament of the individuals in our society. We fail to identify and understand the nature of the irrational mind and how it functions in moulding our society. It is this understanding which is essential to change.

In society, we see a seemingly endless potential for human conflict. All that separates us, that places us in groups and distinguishes us, can lead to conflict - race, class, sex, sexual preference, religion, tribal affinity and national boundaries - all that is different. We have a human phenomena which I will call 'differencism', namely a potential or actual group fear and hatred of people who are different to us. In its most brutal form it is almost incomprehensible. It is hard to understand the hatred and loathing that gives rise to genocide. It is a force that is at times rampant in the world and at other times it simmers to recur as one of the many neo-fascist groups. It is

reprehensible and dangerous and yet it only represents the extreme of a far more wide-spread phenomena, for 'differencism' is insidious and presents itself in subtler but no less destructive forms. It is the dehumanisation of the other. The inability to see the other in terms of ones own. To understand how this process of dehumanisation takes place, we must examine the manner in which we stake out an identity, for it is in the assertion of difference that we take the first step to discrimination. This is not to deny difference but rather an examination of what makes us perceive difference as a threat. I would maintain that in our understanding of ourselves, our groups and others, there are myths - the myths of identity.

The Myths.

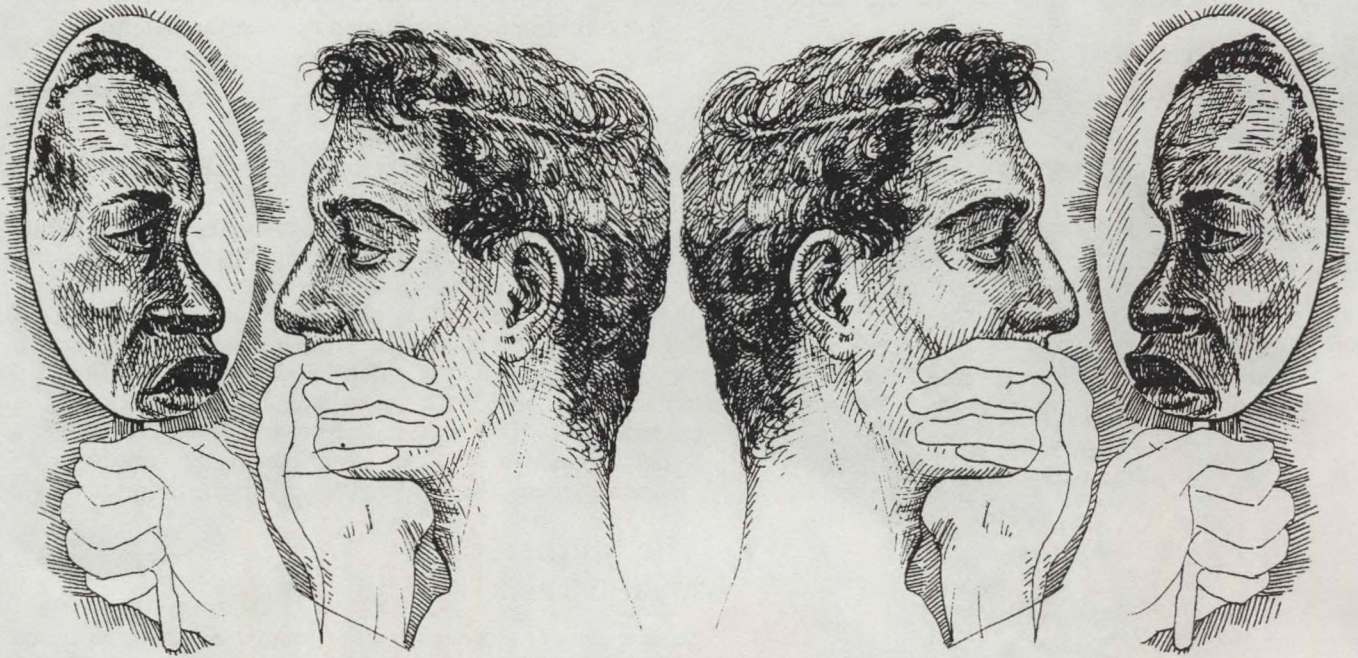
Myth 1: 'I am...'

To state that our separate identities are myths may be perceived to be insulting and absurd. I do not intend to be either. What I mean to suggest is that our identities are merely descriptions of ourselves - that they are not sacred. I know this is contrary to common perceptions but in truth, though we have the ability to think and reason, we have no real conception of what we are. Our ignorance is profound. Although this should be humbling, more often it is denied and we seek a sense of being in identity. In the statement 'I am'. I am black, white, Indian, Jewish, Christian etc. In itself, the descriptive label is not harmful, however with the statement 'I am' arises automatically a contrary statement - 'he/she is not'. It is in our awareness, our focus and our prejudice against what we are not, that we lose a sense of similarity, for if studied objectively, we must come to the conclusion that human beings are essentially the same. We share the same range of feelings, the same types of bodies, the same mental capacities and potentials, the same hopes, desires and insecurities. We are incredibly similar. Our differences are not substantial but rather a reflection of the patterns we weave - collectively and individually - patterns of thought, belief and feeling. 'I am' is therefore merely a statement of pattern. It is not an absolute that makes us profoundly distinct from the other. Unfortunately, all too often, the statement 'I am' is not merely a description but a wall which separates us from the other and from an understanding and acceptance of difference.

Myth 2: 'We are...'

The collective identity. Often, it is our psychological home - a base from which to step out into the world. A base to return to. Through belonging, we are relieved of our solitude and we are granted a security of being. It is a collective culture and may serve to form and affirm our beliefs. In our need to belong, we feel the urge to conform so that we may be accepted and recognised. It is a natural urge and in a compartmentalised society, it herds us into groups either willingly or reluctantly. Although the group can be our cultural and spiritual home, it can also as easily become our prison. It can trap us in its hierarchies and norms and cause us conflict as we struggle to conform and at the same time express a self that does not comply with the collective values of the group. Mostly, we conform, sometimes we rebel but still remain within the outer boundaries of the group. Seldom do we find ourselves stepping out - the step into not belonging!

'I am' - 'we are'. The individual identity within the group. Groups are exclusive and through this exclusivity arises the



myths. We are what? We are superior? We are more intelligent? More 'civilized'? More moral? More devout? We are the good?

Myth 3: 'We are the good'

It is a dangerous myth but widely held. For the most part, we walk mirrorless - unwilling to examine ourselves personally, politically or socially, for we are the good. Others may be judged. Others may be blamed but we are faultless. We represent the correct way, the better way, the finest way. Unfortunately the others think they do too.

Nationally, we see this most clearly in the Americans, 'the protectors of the free world', for no matter how despicable are their acts of foreign aggression, covert actions or the fuel of war they supply to repressive regimes, they maintain their self-image untarnished. For they are 'the good' and 'the good' are faultless.

The myth that we are the good applies to us all though, both personally and politically. Individually, so often, we assert that we are right and are impervious and dismissive of other peoples' views. Politically, we may struggle for a better world and yet remain blind to our own failings. We refuse to examine ourselves - to look into the mirror of the mind. It is a human mirror - a mirror of our failings, our mistakes, our cruelties - it does not discriminate, it does not judge or question. It merely exposes ourselves to ourselves. For we are not the good. We are human. We are imperfect. This does not mean that we are all lost and damned but rather that the political polarities mask the truth - the enemy is not only the other.

The myths that we hold of ourselves and our groups are great but they are nothing compared to the myths we have about others. For, if we are the good, what are they?

Myth 4: 'They are'

They are bad. They are 'communists'. They are terrorists. They are fools. They are uncivilized. They are fascists. The list is endless.

Racism - the conception of the other as inferior. It is rife and although South Africa is the epitome of racial discrimination, it is apparent throughout the world. It has become a part of language and culture. The white God is white, good is white - the white devil is black, evil is black. The conception of such a

polarity is in itself highly questionable and the association of colour, highly destructive. The judgements of the other are difficult to evade. They are a part of our upbringing and have an insidious influence. Not only does the statement 'they are', declare the other as enemy, it is also a trap which imprisons us in our own groups for we become their collective enemy, identifiable by our skin colour, language and features. We are identified by others with our group whether we uphold its precepts or not. In this way our society and world becomes polarised and ready for conflict.

It is therefore in our sense of identity, both individually and collectively that we lay the foundation for fear, hatred and conflict. Theoretically, this may be true. That our mad conflicts arise through ignorance and a false sense of identity. Practically however, it is of little value unless collectively understood. It is useless to even attempt to explain to a man with a gun who is lost in his sense of self that the stone throwing children on the street are as his own. He is not open to reason. He is lost in an irrational confrontation motivated by his own beliefs which are often intransigent. We remain confronted with the actions arising from a sense of difference - we remain confronted with injustice and brutality.

Part 2: Identity - The trap.

Growing up in the cage of racial, religious and national identity can at times become so constricting that we long for a freedom - long to be released from the confines and conceptions of our group. We may hate the precepts of our heritage and search wildly for a way out. This can give rise to the white who would be black - names change, clothes change - a claim to Africanism - to become a part of black culture. Unfortunately, the skin remains the same. To culture hop is not easy - the gap is wide and even the greatest of leaps does not guarantee an open armed reception. The wisdom of such movement is also highly questionable. We see some white people wishing to dissociate themselves from racism and from a sense of collective guilt by attempting to become like the other. On the other hand, we see some black people, who have internalised the hatred and scorn heaped upon them by white society, attempting to buy into whitedom with skin lighteners, a Michael Jackson nose and a 'refined' dress and manner. The



problems of identity send us flying in a multitude of directions in search of self-comfort. We see people attempting to evade their identity and so denigrating their origins of birth - the anti-semitic Jew or the Afrikaner who derides Afrikanerdom. On the other extreme, there is the assertion of identity, the desire to merge with and glorify our group and so be glorified by it. This gives rise to inflated claims as to the nobility of 'our people'. 'Our truth' is the truth. South Africa is an extreme. It is an extreme of all the traps of identity. It is an extreme of hatred, guilt and fear. We need a way out, badly.

One has already been proposed - the non-racial cry, as though if yelled loud enough, the walls of apartheid will fall and we will merge as one people in a fair, happy blend. One nation, one people as equals amongst each other and before the law. Unfortunately, apartheid is not only a structure, which when politically discarded, will allow us to re-build a fair non-racial nation. Apartheid is also our upbringing - it has created extremes, granting some of us nannies, cooks, cars, houses and education and depriving others of mothers, who were nannies, fathers, who were migrant workers and the basic opportunities of life. It has separated us by language and culture and often it has made us strangers to each other. It is not surprising, therefore that though we may be united in beliefs and ideals, with similar political and social aims, we look at each other across a gulf of disparate experiences. It is real. It does not fizzle and evaporate when the magic slogan of non-racialism is chanted at it. It is the gulf in our heads and threatens us through misunderstanding and conflict.

It is obvious that we have to deal with the problems of racism, identity and difference. We cannot do this by denial of difference or by an attempt to merge as one culture. Neither can we do it through guilt, bitterness or recrimination. It is only through a sense of comfort with our own identity, which may be a personal battle and through understanding and respect, that we may move beyond the barriers of difference.

Part 3: The judgement of the Group

A bearer of mad tidings - an anecdote.

A couple of years ago, I was phoned by an old school friend. Someone I had last seen when I was sixteen. He said that he was passing through Amsterdam and would very much like to see me. I remembered our friendship as being brief and not very rewarding and I did not wish to see him, thinking it was a further example of my personal theory of inverses - that the further one is from ones country, the more distantly connected are the people who look you up. The friend of a friend of a friend, who suddenly arrives unannounced - who would never dream of contacting you in your own country. Nevertheless, I have difficulty refusing hospitality, so I said,

"Sure, come for tea."

He came and throughout the afternoon, kept on saying that he did not wish to discuss politics, which was fine by me, except that as soon as he had negated a discussion of politics, he would make an absurd, contentious political statement. Too absurd to argue with - I laughed - the worlds of our minds too far apart. Then, at some stage of the afternoon, he said,

"They said things about you when you left. Not very nice things."

He did not specify who "they" were but I assumed them to be his father and old school fellows - the right of centre rugger

buggers.

"Oh," I asked, "What did they say?"

"I can't tell you," he said, "They were horrible things."

I was very curious and insisted that he should tell me. He protested that he couldn't, that the things they said were too defamatory but finally, I managed to get it out of him.

"They said you were a 'Kaffir-boetie'," he announced solemnly.

I snorted.

"Well, that's not so terrible," I replied, *"I have heard it before."*

"No, but they said even worse things," he retorted, *"Much worse things."*

"Like what?" I asked.

Again, he persisted that he couldn't tell me. That the things they had said were so damning that he couldn't possibly divulge them. I said that he should - that I wanted to know and we carried on with this ridiculous conversation of him not wanting and me insisting. Eventually, he came out with it. In a very grave voice, he blurted,

"They said you were a communist."

I laughed.

"Well, that's not too bad either," I replied.

He was taken aback but quickly retorted,

"The third thing they said about you was the worst though. It was really bad."

"What was it?" I asked.

But of course, he couldn't tell me. It was much too horrific and again I had to press him to get the information. He insisted that it was far too terrible to say but by this time I was extremely curious to find out the third damning thing they had said about me. Finally, I wore him down.

"They said you were a traitor," he stated in a voice that could easily have been pronouncing a death sentence.

I roared with laughter. Once I had contained myself, I replied,

"They are absolutely right."

He stared at me in shocked disbelief.

I said,

"In their eyes, I am all these things. In their eyes, I am a 'kaffir-boetie' because I believe that black and white people are equal. I am a communist because I believe that people should not be economically exploited by other people and I am a traitor because I have betrayed the cause of white supremacy. I see nothing wrong with that."

Wide-eyed, he stared at me.

"Well, in that case, you mustn't come back to South Africa," he stated with obvious fear for my safety and possibly doubt of my sanity.

"Oh, but I will," I replied.



ZEPHANIA LEKOANE MOTHOPENG

President of the Pan Africanist Congress
of Azania

10 Sept 1913 - 23 Oct 1990

The President of the Pan Africanist Congress of Azania, cde Zephania Lekoane Mothopeng, was released unconditionally from prison by the racist Pretoria regime on the 26 Nov 1988. He had served 9 years of a 15 year jail term. He had been incarcerated since 1979 following the infamous Bethal 18 Secret Trial, where as accused number 1, he was convicted to 2 fifteen year jail terms for furthering the aims of the banned P.A.C.

Confident and defiant as ever, "Uncle Zeph", as he is popularly known in P.A.C. circles, strode out of jail and in less than 48 hours held a press conference, during which he stated that if the enemy was hoping for signs of repentance from him, they were in for a shock. In the context of the state of emergency currently imposed on the country since 1986, and for the fact that president Mothopeng held a press conference, calling for war against the settler colonial regime and intensification of sanctions and the release of all political prisoners, his defiance of the settler regime was total.

But who is Zephania Mothopeng? Surely history does not seem to have recorded much about this man, who has soldiered on for nearly 50 years against the gruelling system of white herrenvolkism. Nor does he seem the type that goes crawling, craving for the cheap limelight and spectacular newspaper headlines. A lifelong friend of his described him as a man, who was both known and unknown. Yet during the seventies he built a massive youth front and ended up on the Island of Makana, serving time with his contemporaries, his sons and his grandsons. Indeed the judge had referred to him during his trial as a "corruptor of the youth..... a man, who sowed the seeds of dissention and anarchy.....and so on".

Zephania Mothopeng was born in the Orange Free State Province of South Africa, in the Vrede district on the 10th Sept 1913. He attended the St Mary's Anglican School at Daggekraal and completed his matriculation at the St Peter's High School at Rosettenville, near Johannesburg in 1937. Mothopeng trained as a teacher at Adam's College in Natal and completed his post graduate teacher's diploma in 1940. In 1946, he completed his bachelor's degree by correspondence with the University of South Africa, whilst teaching at the Orlando High School in Soweto.

During his years as a teacher, Mothopeng often arranged platforms for Youth League leaders such as Anton Muziwakhe Lembede, A.P. Mda and others. It was on such occasions that Lembede unfolded his vision of a new Africa, mighty, free and great among the nations of the world. Mothopeng worked

quietly in the background, bringing to bear his talents for creative thinking, writing and effective organization. It was during these years as a teacher that he was elected to several terms as president of the Transvaal African Teachers Association (TATA), and in this capacity, he became the most outspoken opponent of the introduction of Bantu-education, which aimed at the enslaving of the minds of the African children. One of the most memorable protest marches he organized under the banner of TATA was in 1946 in



Johannesburg, when he blocked Eloff Street and brought traffic to a standstill, something unthinkable in those days in South Africa. The immediate result was a hastily formed Commission of Inquiry, in which for the first time, an African (S.J.J. Lesolang) was included. Education for Africans was made uniform throughout South Africa and teachers' salaries were raised, effective from January 1947. He was consequently dismissed from teaching together with 2 members of his executive committee, Ezekiel Mphahlele, who was TATA's secretary general, and Isaac Matlare, editor of the Teachers' journal, "The

Good Shepherd".

President Mothopeng had joined the ANC Youth League, in 1943 at its formation. The Youth league, which was the convergent forum for the militant youth of the Forties, stood for "running and uniting the African youth into one national front under the banner of African nationalism". From 1954 he became one of the members of the Africanist group within the ANC, who were opposed to the influence and interference of the white "liberals" in the ANC affairs and agitated for militant positive action conceived and led by the Africans themselves against the racist system.

Comrade Mothopeng is a founder member of the Pan Africanist Congress and was one of the close confidantes and trusted colleagues of the Party's first president, Mangaliso Sobukwe. He was elected to the National Executive Committee at the inaugural convention of the P.A.C. in April 1959 and appointed Secretary For Justice as well as member of the National Working Committee.

He was arrested and jailed together with Mangaliso Sobukwe and other members of the National Executive Committee (NEC) of the movement on the 21st March 1960 at Orlando Police Station following the launching by the P.A.C. of the Positive Action Campaign against the Pass Laws. He was released in 1962 on the completion of his jail term, but was soon rearrested in March 1963 for furthering P.A.C. activities.

When the case against him collapsed in court for lack of evidence he was immediately rearrested and detained for 90 days. In 1964 Uncle Zeph, once more, faced the police witch-hunt and was arrested, charged and sentenced to 3 years hard labour for furthering activities of the P.A.C. He served his sentence on the notorious Robben Island Maximum Security Prison.

On his release in 1967 he was banned for two years to the so called Bantu Homeland of Qwaqwa in the Orange Free State but remained there for only 6 months. He was allowed to return to Johannesburg where he resumed his law studies. In 1969 his banning order was renewed for another two years.

During the early 1970's President Mothopeng was one of the few activists of the previous decades who came up in support of the rising tide of the Black Consciousness Movement. He criss-crossed the country, accepting speaking engagements arranged by the South African Students Organisation (SASO) and the Black Peoples Convention (BPC), never modifying the language or meaning of his message. As one of his colleagues wrote a few years ago:

"It remains to be said how Zeph Mothopeng performed his historic task during the period in South African history which has been referred to as the "Great vacuum" - when the peoples' organisations were totally banned...Operating quietly from his private headquarters in Soweto, he gathered groups of youth around himself and he injected into them the mighty spirit of African nationalism and Pan Africanism. He formed cells and nuclei, right under the noses of the South African police. The cells and nuclei consolidated and matured, and they began to differentiate and multiply. An underground movement grew in scope and depth, and it converged with the patriotic efforts of the late Steve Biko of honoured memory, until it engulfed the entire sub-continent, until it burst onto the surface and expressed itself in a determined uncompromising and courageous confrontation with the white oppressors, beginning in the memorable year of 1976..."

Zeph Mothopeng was arrested in August 1976 at the height of the Soweto Student Uprising. Over 500 people were arrested in connection with the Bethal Case. Only 18 were charged, the rest were tortured severely in an attempt to turn them into prosecution witnesses. Four of them died during the torture.

The trial itself was held in secrecy with the prosecutions witnesses masked and referred to by labels like "X", "Y" and so on. Zeph refused to plead and his co-accused followed suit. He then proceeded to state that he was indeed not only a member, but a leader of the Pan Africanist Congress. He nevertheless denied the charges levelled against him and restated the historic mission of the P.A.C.

He was sentenced to two 15 year terms of imprisonment, and arriving on Robben Island for the second time in two decades, he told his fellow freedom fighters: "In 1960 I went to jail with your leaders. In 1963, I came here with you, my sons. And now, I am back with my grandsons."

President Mothopeng was unanimously elected leader of the P.A.C. in 1986 whilst serving his sentence, which was,

undoubtedly, an honour bestowed on him by both the underground and external wings of the movement. He accepted with humility the arduous task of stepping into Sobukwe's shoes to lead the youthful and revolutionary P.A.C. of Azania.

Throughout his numerous trials, Uncle Zeph Mothopeng consistently, and as a matter of strong conviction, refused to plead in the racist law courts on the grounds that he did not recognise the authority and jurisdiction of a white court, presided over by a white magistrate, with a white prosecutor and charged under a law made by a whites-only so called parliament. Justice could never be meted out in such a court even with the best intentions, for an unjust law could not conceivably be justly applied.

Since his unconditional release from imprisonment in November 1988, Mr Mothopeng has fearlessly and defiantly restated the policies and programmes of the P.A.C. of Azania in the most eloquent of terms.

For him there are only two opposing and antagonistic forces in occupied Azania, namely the toiling Azanian Masses and the settler colonial usurpers. The issue, as far as Mothopeng is concerned, is clear. The indigenous African people have been robbed of their land and in the process, consequently degraded and humiliated as a people and as a nation. They therefore have every right to fight and recover their lost land. Every square inch of the country belongs to the Azanian people, Uncle Zeph emphatically stated in a recent press interview.

On the thorny race issue, he has restated P.A.C. policy without mincing words. The P.A.C. recognises only one race on the face of this planet, earth, and that is the human race to which we all belong. Racial arrogance, he says, is displayed by those in power in order to maintain their greedy material interests.

Mothopeng was during his lifetime the unchallenged advocate of unity, the complete unity of all the Azanian people for the total overthrow of white domination.

Uncle Zeph is survived by his wife, Urbaniah, and four children, Locksley, Sheila, John and Lancelot.

Hamba Kahle
Qhawe Lama Qhawe

IZWE LETHU!



Submitted by the P.A.C. Netherlands

Morogoro Market, Buying Sugar

Richard Jurgens

The mountain forest's under cloud today. Out of the baking plain we come to look at luxuries, icecream, beer, shadows, traffic. It's Saturday. A morning storm. The potholes clog with mud but can't bog down town—life's colour—agency cars, power at their wheels, women in bright swaying kangas, the cart—men under Africa's stone sun, their sweating muscled torsos.

Like children, wide-eyed at the market, we wander in the cornucopia. Beneath the shadows of the huts the canny farmers shine the fruit of their hard labour. Try bargaining a fungu's price of red-hot chillis, pineapples large as donkeys' heads hung from beams, or passionfruit, kapenta in rank basket shoals: and practice patience. It's a law of Africa that we are rich.

Now to the goods we've been without for weeks. We ask around for sugar but have no language for white sweetness, must mime its stirring action, drink from an imaginary cup.

Our friend regrets he has no sugar. "Asante sana." "Asante bwana." (So much for my egalantary.) The next hut's air is flour dust and sacks of cornmeal tower in its quiet shade like squatting sandbags.

Aware that strangers often ask for what's forbidden by the Party, our contact tells us sugar's price today. It's twice the real rate! "No sugar." Bored, he turns away. "All right." I pay and soon he's back, a small brown packet in his jacket. "Asante sana." He nods, this sugar—pirate, this black—marketeer. And suddenly we're smiling, life we know, a little sweeter now.

Man Pride

Marcel Henry

MAN PRIDE does not only refer to the oppression of women by men, it is about the ego: The destructive force which gives people the illusion that they are better than the next. The root of all oppression which operates at the expense of all humanity.

Sabbath beast,
grazing off humanity,
stealing breaths air from her daughters to fill his well muscled chest.
Without the sacrifice of earths children,
he dies;
Spiralling into dark chasms,
the thread of emotion snapped
by his own kicking pride.

While innocent blossoms bloom,
he masticates their nectar.
High on the sweet pollen;
his head swirling like a lord
claiming rule to the pastures of all earths people.
But:
when season falls
and earths sucklings return
to incubate in her bosom,
making sweet riches in ebb;
The beast spirals in conical meadows,
lonely lost, kicking the dark void
once filled with sacrificial juices.



National Explosion

A Song by Mac McKenzie



Can you tell the truth
 Is it hard to do
 With your silver spoon
 In your paper castle
 Your little ones
 With tender hearts
 Can you teach those hearts
 To understand

'Cos you don't know
 You don't know
 What's going down
 You don't know the anger
 You don't feel the danger

To your little ones
 Still growing up
 In this atmosphere
 Of near disaster
 You're on the other side
 I'm on the other side
 With a different way of life
 Between us

'Cos I don't know
 I don't know
 What's going down
 I can hear the children's
 Passionate discussions
 Of pillage and destruction
 A national explosion
 Unity's the blessing
 Freedom is the blessing

If you can tell the truth
 It's not hard to do
 For your little ones
 Can you tell the truth...

The Picture Plane in my life...

Simon Paull

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

NAME:
Simon Lister Paull


PARENTS:
Charles Harry Lister Paull
Kelen Mitchell Lydie

PLACE: Ficksburg
DATE: 2/11/1950

Before knowing anything I am claimed by the State, as a citizen; at my birth. Knowledge of the law of State will be my duty together with obedience to it, unto death.

STATE LAW

Sir John Kennedy School



SCHOOL BADGE

Delivered by my parents from family into boarding school. A new identity, uniform and lifestyle. Loyalty to English school traditions demanded in an African context.

SCHOOL LAW

SCHOOL REPORT

Term ending: 25/11/60

Subjects:

Arithmetic:	FAIL
Nature Study:	PASS

Remarks:
Tends to dream!

Detailed factual account of my progress in academic and extra-mural activities, plus comments on my general behaviour and attitude, delivered to my parents. 3x a year for 13 years.

SCHOOL LAW


General Certificate of Education

'M' LEVEL:

- ENGLISH LANG.
- ENGLISH LIT.
- MATHS.
- SCIENCE
- GEOGRAPHY
- HISTORY


The final academic achievement which is thoroughly earned. The ticket to my designated place in an industrial future. A culmination and a starting point.

SCHOOL LAW




STATE LAW

Understanding of the laws of the road demanded and tested. Official acknowledgement of my competence to drive. Freedom to share the roads of the State.



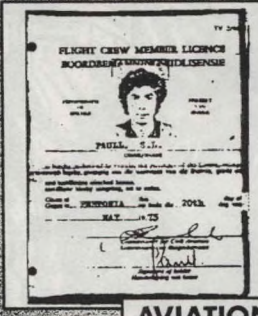
MILITARY LAW

Conscription, the enforced test of manhood, the training to kill and obedience to orders. Individuality is eradicated to create effective units. THE FLAG IS THE PICTURE PLANE OF THE ARMY, THE PARADE GROUND ITS SHADOW. Military obligation fulfilled. Citizenship gained, humanity lost!



STATE LAW

Identity document. Privilege and proof of citizenship. Licence to travel to allied countries. Protection in foreign lands.



AVIATION LAW

Certificate of proficiency. Annually renewable. Freedom to travel and work extended to the vertical plane, subject to Air Law.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

Civil Contract

PLACE: Salisbury

Between:
S.L. Paull and
S.O. Kershaw

Witnesses:
Albert and Violet
Kershaw

CIVIL LAW

Licence to live together and raise a family. Also to legitimise future offspring. The necessary qualification to enter society as Mr. and Mrs. Somebody.

EMPLOYMENT CONTRACTS:

Ned Bank.
NCR.
T.R. Services.
Rhobrick.
Medwood.
SentraLugdians.
Longyear Africa.
Freddie's Tavern.
Universal Drillers.

Agreement to work a specified number of hours per month in return for cash remuneration. Conditions of employment and its termination.

COMPANY LAW

INCOME TAX RETURN

Receiver of Revenue

P.A.Y.E.

TOTAL

Report to State Agency of all financial dealings of "private" person or company for purposes of assessment of tax liability. Fulfillment of financial obligations to the State.

FISCAL LAW

DEED OF SALE

Property:
11 Imperani str.
Ficksburg.

Loan:
Sentraoes Bond.

Price:
R15.000

Seller:
Henry Hugo.

Document certifying change of ownership of a property and manner and conditions of payment, Building Society loan etc. Lawyers fees to my account.

PROPERTY LAW

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Name:
Jusine Helen Paull

Father:
J.L.Paull

Mother:
Sa. Paull

Place: Ficksburg

Date: 28/12/76

The next generation claimed as a national by the country of birth.

STATE LAW

PRESSURE OF RESPONSIBILITY CLIMAX CRISIS

LUXAVIA TICKET

Departure:
Johannesburg

Destination:
Amsterdam

Date: 26/6/82

Open return Property of airline company. Agreement to carriage.

Out of the frying pan, enter the fire within...

COMMERCIAL LAW

Enter the artists picture plane

Primitive Chinese
Renaissance Mandala
Modern Islamic
American

guided by conscience
bound by imagination

The home of the good, the true and the beautiful reflected in the human body, ceramics, fabric, stone, plaster, wood, metal, paper, celluloid, cathode ray tube...



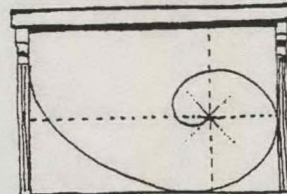
IKON
PORTABLE.

SACRED PICTURE PLANE:
IMAGES DERIVED FROM SACRED SCRIPTURE.
AUTHORITY: GOD

CONCEPT

ABSOLUTE TRUTH: TRUTH
SOUL UNCHANGING.

STYLE:
GEOMETRICAL STYLISATION
PLUS THE VERIFYING SACRED LOGOS, OR, WORDS OF GOD.



FRESCO

A WALL SURFACE ON THE INTERIOR OF A PUBLIC BUILDING.

MORAL PICTURE PLANE -

IMAGES OF COLLECTIVE EXPERIENCE WITH DESIGNATED VALUE, DRAWN FROM LIFE.
AUTHORITY: GOD, THE KINGDOM, THE STATE.

HISTORY PAINTING

MIND-HEAVEN
HORIZON LINE
BODY-EARTH

HISTORY PAINTING

EVENTS WHICH AUTHORISE AUTHORITY AND SANCTION ORDER AND ENFORCE CIVIC RIGHTS. IMAGES REFLECT BODY AND MIND UNITED IN AN IDEAL STYLE - HENCE MORAL. IT SETS AN EXAMPLE FOR COLLECTIVE LIFE.

STYLE:
CLASSICAL, GEOMETRICAL AND ORGANIC FUSION.
FOCAL POINT SACRED OR ETERNAL, ENCOMPASSED BY THE TEMPORAL STATE OR NATURE. THE BLENDING OF THE SACRED WITH THE PROFANE, THE IMMORTAL WITH THE MORTAL, TRUTH WITH FLESH.

ILLUSIONISM

IMAGES DERIVED BY ORGANIC OR MECHANICAL MEANS.
EXISTENTIAL PICTURE PLANE -
IMAGES OF SOCIAL COMPACTS IE INDUSTRY, IDEOLOGY, POLITICS. THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE ANTI-INDIVIDUAL.
AUTHORITY: STATE, BANK, MATERIAL, LOCATION, SIGNATURE.

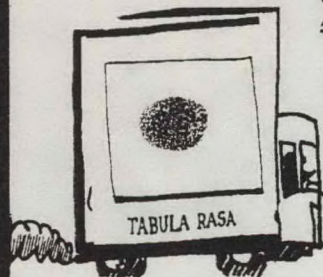
EXISTENCE

IMAGES DERIVED THROUGH PERCEPTION OR IMAGINATION, PSYCHOLOGY - THE INDIVIDUAL; THROUGH THE AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNING STATE, RACE, OR PREVAILING CUSTOM ESTABLISHED BY THE SWORD OR THE RIGHTS OF EXISTENCE CODED BY LAW; THE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF MATTER... NEON LIGHTS, STAINLESS STEEL PLASTIC.

STYLE:
MATHEMATICAL, MECHANICAL, INDUSTRIAL, BIOLOGICAL, CINEMATIC
DECORATIVE, PHYSIOLOGICAL, ELECTRONIC, PSYCHIC, OR PRIMITIVE

EMOTIONAL (IE ABSTRACT), BEING AND NON-BEING CONFRONTATION OR INDIFFERENT

FACT



The Encounter Group Experience.

Ebrahim Saley

Within the context of a rapidly changing South Africa, the evolving culture needs to be directed towards communication as opposed to the historical path of confrontation. In essence, the demands for ways of defusing the legacy of racial polarization has now become vital to the process of transition in South Africa.

The Encounter Group can be seen as an attempt to find new and creative ways of facilitating a path towards the conciliation of the many differences within our society at present.

Over the past two years of 'encountering', we have confirmed that the single most debilitating factor in the South African equation is Fear. It is this anxiety which stems from uncertainty about what lies across the 'great colour divide' that paralyses the initiative towards change and obliterates reason among South Africans. The lack of interaction achieved through years of racial separation has created a cultural gulf which in turn has contributed to the critical misinterpretations of what is commonly

perceived as the 'other-side' of the racial barrier.



AllanBell

The Encounter Group allowed for people to explore and confront their apprehensions within a non-coercive setting. The operational psychological principle is that unwittingly to a degree we all carry a residual part of our upbringing, and in this case we can call it our South African legacy of apartheid. The key word here is 'degree' and the implication is that to a lesser or greater degree we are all the products of our past. In the almost two years of the Encounter Group, the participants were able to explore and share the many facets of what being South African has meant to a black person and to a white person. What is common and what is different. How the future appears to each member and what the past has meant. It would be impossible to recount every milestone

achieved over these two years and yet for most of us it was only the beginning. Ultimately, we are one another's hopes, fears, aspirations and future.

"nothing then is unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable rights of man."

Thomas Jefferson



Review: MY TRAITOR'S HEART by Rian Malan

by Richard Jurgens

Rian Malan is of that family of which a member 'has been present at all the great dramas and turning points of the Afrikaner tribe' - including DF Malan. The book, he tells us, was supposed to be an account of the (mis) adventures of various members of this family since their first fateful arrival at the Cape of Good Hope in 1688. One character particularly fascinating to the author is Dawid Malan, Boer, slave-owner and "citizen of great substance", who in 1788 disappeared over the Great Fish River with Sara, a black slave woman, only to reappear in the colony some 26 years later as a defendant in the Slagter's Nek trial." The man who abandoned his birthright for the love of a black woman had become what would one day be called a white supremacist," says Malan, "One man when he crossed the river into Africa and another when he reappeared." And it is this that becomes Malan's main question: what it is about Africa that has so transformed "the white man", the Afrikaner in particular, that he could deliberately choose to extinguish the Enlightenment and ever since then "shit on the altars of Western enlightenment."

That Malan is "a reporter and a muckraker", as he says of himself, may have had something to do with his decision to write about the present, as well as the pressure of his return after 8 years in America, "pretending to be a political exile." We are treated to a racy account of the author's childhood in white Afrikaans suburbia, his disolute youth as a zol-smoking, jolling, 'Communist' teenager, apprenticeship as crime reporter with *The Star*, and his decision to leave South Africa for fear of being drafted.

The body of the book concerns Malan's investigation of the background to various recent murder cases: the brutal murder of Dennis Moshweshwe by whites at a Sunday braai around the pool, the murder of 13 year old Moses Mope by off-duty white cops in Atteridgeville in 1985, the Hammerman case in Empangeni in 1983, in which Simon Mpungose was charged and convicted of bludgeoning whites to death with a hammer as they slept, and the deaths of Themba Ngwazi, a miner and union member, and two white policemen, Pretorius and Koekemoer, in unrest at Randfontein Estates in 1985. A substantial section concerns what Malan calls 'the other civil war' in Soweto, between AZAPO and UDF supporters, warawaras and zimzims. In the light of the author's investigation of the violence at the heart of South African society, the finale is a despairing but hopeful account of the work of Neil Alcock in Msinga, Kwazulu. Alcock attempted to set up farming cooperatives that would work and run themselves without foreign aid. He, too, was killed when he got caught in the crossfire of clan-warefare, but was honoured with a traditional Zulu funeral. Having become one of the ancestors, Malan concludes, he was 'the first white man (to) come home to Africa to stay.'

Malan's answer to his question is implicitly that, what changed 'the white man' in Africa into a raging blind oppressor was Africa's own endemic violence. Such a conclusion is likely to be unpalatable to many Africans

and a source of secret, guilty comfort to Europeans and other white westerners, for whom the book is clearly written. The journalistic style of thought and investigation cannot support such a grave conclusion on any more than an impressionistic level. And Malan's focus as a crime reporter (and moreover, a white one, racked with guilt and doubt) tends all too easily to find what it is seeking. But it is an honest book, written from the heart, and for that reason worth reading.

My Traitor's Heart by Rian Malan
Vintage, London, 1990.



The Joker at the end of the road — Alan Bell

In Whitest Africa — an excerpt from a story in *Holidays in Hell* by P.J. O'Rourke.

Everywhere you go in the world somebody's raping women, expelling ethnic Chinese, enslaving stone-age tribesmen, shooting Communists, rounding up Jews, kidnapping Americans, setting fire to Sikhs, keeping Catholics out of country clubs and hunting peasants from helicopters with automatic weapons. The world is built on discrimination of the most horrible kind. The problem with South Africans is they admit it. They don't say, like the French, 'Algerians have a legal right to live in the sixteenth arrondissement, but they can't afford to.' They don't say, like the Israelis, 'Arabs have a legal right to live in West Jerusalem, but they're afraid to.' They don't say like the Americans, 'Indians have a legal right to live in Ohio, but, oops, we killed them all.' The South Africans just say, 'Fuck you.' I believe it's right there in their constitution: 'Article IV: Fuck you. We're bigots.' We hate them for this. And we're going to hold indignant demonstrations and make our universities sell all their Krugerrands until the South Africans learn to stand up and lie like white men.

Letters



continued from pg.1...

"Subversive books" are confiscated, while the white, young, right-wing fellows, if not N.P itself, continues to swear at you.

Road blocks delay the 400km journey to Pietersburg, while the signs of "Whites Only" are still evident in the small dorpiets of Nylstroom, Warmbaths and Potgietersrus. One's little township of Lebowakgoma is still manned by the security forces, while fear still reigns amongst the older generations of our communities. All this is done in the name of security and preserving law and order. I could not help but understand why the young people told me that the country is back to the 50's and the 60's.

Analysing the Situation: State of the Nation.

It cannot be denied that the situation in the country is not what it was in the past years since Verwoerd, Botha, Vorster and the others. De Klerk has introduced a new terminology into the vocabulary of our language in the struggle: A NEW SOUTH AFRICA.

This new terminology has brought about uncontained expectations from among the ordinary people of our country. The talks going on between the government and the ANC have brought new hope in our country. It therefore goes without saying that we need to closely analyse the situation from its historical perspective.

The increased conflicts that have been going on in the Reef can therefore be interpreted as a power struggle from Inkatha and its similar forces. Realising that the ANC is an indisputable force in our political arena, the Government and Inkatha are out to destabilise the ANC and its formations. It reasons like this because, in trying to win alliances, the government, by urging the homeland leaders to form political parties, is trying to weaken the ANC at the negotiation table. In contrast, the ANC has won all homeland leaders except Gatsha and Inkatha to its side and therefore is frustrating the governments strategy.

One is safe to conclude by saying that, through its strategy of openness, the ANC is carefully playing its cards. No wonder it has managed to put the government in a tight corner. Optimism arises out of the fact that, it is the ANC

which has initiated the talks, and not the government, and reason states that, the government itself has been put into a situation where it cannot afford to see the talks collapsing.

Our only hope is that the PAC and Azapo will revise their strategies and engage the government at the negotiating table. Their refusal to engage in talks can only enable the government to capitalise on the division and differences among these liberation forces.

Cde. Mandela and the government itself have long declared that they are not the only actors in this exercise and therefore it is necessary that all forces join.

One can only conclude by saying that de Klerk still needs to prove his sincerity by ensuring the success of these talks, and as Cde. Gwala once asserted: "We are not on honeymoon with the government."

Legodi wa Boshielo (Benny)



Democracy Questioned

Dear SACCC executive

It has been many, many months now since the first and last annual general meeting and as I recall, a mandate was given to expand the executive by the appointment of new members from the community. This interim body was to have the function of establishing the SACCC as a democratic organisation representing the South African community in the Netherlands. However, much time has elapsed and still the executive continues to function as a body, accountable to no-one but itself. We now merely have a larger dictatorship of the executive, albeit a benevolent one. News filters through that a constitution is still in the making, that membership is being discussed, that funds are being solicited and that a new, improved structure is being proposed. It is also clear that the concept of democracy is being ardently and in my opinion, at times over-ardently practised within the executive however we have yet to see its influence outside the evenings spent in discussion and argument behind the closed doors of the SACCC office. I have no criticism of the activities of the executive and its

members but I do have a number of questions.

1) What progress has been made in ensuring that the SACCC becomes a democratic organisation and when can we expect a proposal for a constitution and a meeting of the members to elect a representative executive?

2) What definition has been given to the direction of the organisation, for though officially it is a cultural organisation, it is also presently functioning as a political voice of the South African community that it proposes to represent?

3) What consideration has been given to the idea of a united South African organisation, comprised of members with a variety of political ideas and affiliations and in what context is this unity meant to come about?

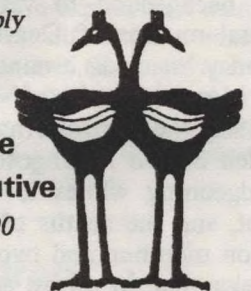
4) If the SACCC does intend to remain as a broad front for all supporters of the liberation struggle, how does it propose to function as a non-partisan organisation, allowing the expression and implementation of different viewpoints? I am referring once again to the democratic principle, but in its truest sense, namely the respect and acknowledgement of views that one does not necessarily agree with, a principle which seems to me almost unheard of in the South African context.

Yours awaiting reply

Richard Kaplan

Reply from the SACCC executive

26 November 1990



Dear Richard

Thank-you for your letter which raises many questions that members of the SACCC executive discuss both in meetings and informally. Many echo your observations of the ardent/over ardent application of a democratic operation within the executive. We can look to the SACCC draft working guidelines to streamline this process; until then if we err it will continue to be in favour of over-democratisation, trying our best to have collective decision making process for the sake of thoroughness.

To answer your questions in the order they were asked the executive can point to the following developments:-

1. Yes, we are busy with a draft of the "SACCC working guidelines", soon to be adopted by the SACCC executive for working purposes. This draft, if accepted, will transform the SACCC from a foundation accountable to its board, to a democratic structure, with a membership, a council and executive committee. The adoption of this draft will mean that the SACCC executive is willing to take the draft to the community for amendment and hopefully adoption by the membership in an AGM. The membership will then be requested to elect an executive to see to the day to day running of the SACCC in accordance with the working guidelines. The process then, agreed to in the last AGM, carried forward by the General Committee, will be complete.

2. The general aims of the SACCC remain the same. The focus or direction will change primarily in accordance with the needs of the community; clarity on the issue of repatriation is an example.

The SACCC by name is cultural, however its aims are broad enough to incorporate activities in other fields. For example, recent demobilisation of those previously involved in anti-apartheid activities in the Netherlands have left the SACCC no option but to direct more attention to anti-apartheid political mobilisation. As a South African organisation based in the Netherlands we are in a position to join in and lead (where necessary) in the political demonstration work. Recent examples have been in the blockade of the Shell international head offices on 15th June, and demonstrations at the visit of De Klerk this October. This maintenance of pressure to isolate apartheid has of late been abandoned by the major solidarity groups due to strategic and seemingly expedient reasons.

3. The SACCC has been established with the aim of being a non-sectarian, broad based platform. The draft working guidelines proposes a policy of "working towards a non-racist, non-sexist democracy in South Africa". It was from just such considerations as you mentioned that the SACCC was established. All those who subscribe to this can find a home in the SACCC.

4. The SACCC can only function as the broad based organisation that is envisaged, if members of liberation movements and others who identify

with the aims of the SACCC, see the achievable possibilities and feel comfortable in contributing energy in realising projects or working on those already existing. This ideal is achievable, unless outside agendas dominate the proceedings.

The priority at this distance from South Africa is to contribute to the struggle to end apartheid - to make possible the chance for exiles to return home and to exercise our political rights and responsibilities with maturity. It is a challenge to operate in a community based organisation with the histories that we carry, but if we can't manage it here where the environment is more conducive, what chance is there of achieving the aim of non-racial, non-sexist democratic ideals at home, where rivalry and intolerance within the struggle is more intense?

Steve Thorne.



Imbalance

Something is rotten in the SACCC. Those who spend any amount of time working at projects at the office cannot help but notice the imbalance in the situation. The SACCC is intended as a progressive, non-partisan cultural organization for all South Africans; its door is open to ideas, projects and participation from all who are committed to the ideal of a non-racial, democratic South African identity. Yet representationally it is only too clear that a certain male whiteness predominates.

Some may be inclined to see this as a conspiracy. The organization is frequently criticized from a distance as elitist, closed, non-representational. Yet what is surely becoming increasingly clear is that a South African identity is not defined by any one gender, 'race', 'group', 'culture' - it is defined by their interaction. And nature, as the well-known saying goes, abhors a vacuum. Which would be more ideal - a working situation where each gender, 'race', 'group', 'culture' were represented exactly in proportion to its presence in the population, or one where reference to such categories had been rendered redundant?

In my experience in left-wing circles in Johannesburg, in black-nationalist and socialist circles in Harare, Lusaka, Morogoro, and in the South African community in Amsterdam and environs, it is a frequent criticism of these kinds of questions that they are abstract and decontextualized. I want to suggest that those who make such criticisms may be guilty of exactly that of which they accuse others. But I agree that such questions cannot be answered in the abstract. They can only be answered by an involvement of some kind. This does not, to my mind, have to be an involvement determined by others, or even one with which everyone will agree. All that is required is an involvement of some kind - and one which does not, as its starting point, accuse others of the worst of motives.

Richard Jurgens





HEROES DAY – 16th DECEMBER

December 16th is commemorated by progressive South Africans as Heroes Day, a day to remember all those who have made sacrifices for freedom in our country. This year, an event is being planned in Amsterdam,

Saturday December 15th
at "De Duif"
Prinsengracht 754
starting at 6:30 pm.

It has been organised by the CASA choir
 (nothing to do with the CASA conference organisers!)

Planned highlights include:

- ▶ The first performance by a Dutch children's choir, singing a South African repertoire.
- ▶ **Sihambile cultural group** – percussion and dance (gumboot)
- ▶ A briefing session where people from the South African community describe the situation back home.
- ▶ Unexpected drama???
- ▶ **CASA choir and you?**
- ▶ The **Rev. F. Kekane** explains 'Nkosi Sikelele'
- ▶ The band – **Lebombo**

As well as commemorating Heroes Day, the theme is '**Het is nog niet voorbij**' (it's not over yet). The CASA choir has organised this commemoration in solidarity with the people of South Africa, and invites you to participate.

Repatriation a guide to returning.

A South African legal firm, Mallinck Ress Richman & Closenbergh, has brought out a practical guide for South Africans wishing to return home. The booklet, entitled 'Immigration and return to South Africa', covers a wide range of topics, including citizenship, entry into South Africa, indemnity from prosecution and military service. A number of practical problems which may apply to returnees are also briefly dealt with. It offers advice on exchange control, taxation, buying a house in South Africa and customs concessions. There is a copy of the booklet available in the SACCC office. It can also be ordered directly from the London branch of Mallinicks at the cost of one pound fifty. To order, send a cheque or postal order for £1.50 to: Mallinick Ress Richman & Closenbergh, 5th Floor, 20 Regent Street, London SW1Y 4PH, United Kingdom. Request a copy of: 'Immigration and return to South Africa - a practical guide'

If you would like to contact Mallinicks for further information, their telephone number in London is 09 4471 9308702.

Christmas / New Years Party

Come and live the Old out and the New in!

SAT.29th December

PH.31 Prins Hendriklaan 31

Help, as always, welcome.



SACCC Women's group

The 2nd Seminar on Feminism, due to take place on the 16th December, has been postponed until early next year. Further information will be released when a new date has been set.



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