

# SASO

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Wood sculpture exhibit at Exhibition of Black Artists. The piece is untitled and the sculptor is anonymous.

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## editorial

The sports arena is a hot spot in the international scene, and white South Africa finds itself increasingly being isolated or threatened with isolation. Their isolation emanates from the fact that the white racist regime claims to be representing South Africa. The world is increasingly becoming aware of the blatant white lie and are pledging themselves to isolating white South Africa until they change their sports policies and dispense with sports apartheid.

What is important, though, is the fact that this isolation is also directed against "non-white" sportsmen. Non-racial sporting organisations are up in arms against affiliation of "apartheid ambassadors", white sportsmen, and it is encouraging and very heartening to realise that they are meeting with some measure of success. A case in point is that of the South African Amateur Swimming Federation who have succeeded in persuading the international body, FINA, to appoint a Commission of inquiry that will come to this country to investigate the merits of the two rival organisations, the other being white. SAASF needs the support of all Black sportsmen and officials.

On the tennis front the republican Davis Cup participation is not assured. They have tried all in their power to deceive the international world, but at each turn they meet obstacles. It comes as no shock when they have to go all out of their way to woo "non-white" sports bodies, but despite their efforts the non-racial organisations are putting enough pressure on the white racial body and the writing is on the wall.

I can cite many instances where the republic is finding it extremely difficult to cheat the world. Their cries of "don't mix sport with politics" are fast falling into deaf ears as people realise that South African sport is politically — dictated and administered. It is the same story in soccer, cricket and rugby. Isolation looms large and clear in the near distance.

Another point that angers Black sportsmen and administrators is the question of sponsorship. White business houses do not want to sponsor sport controlled by non-racial organisations, but pool all their financial resources on racial sport, white sport benefiting twenty-times more than Black sport. It is a known fact that these business houses are Black-supported and it is our contribution that makes them what they are.

Students have a part to play here. Some of us are members of racial organisations and we have not questioned our complicity in the demise of non-racial sport. Non-racial sports organisations are essentially Black organisations. They promote understanding and show the commonness of our destiny. We must start questioning our stand and lend our unqualified support to people like Norman Middleton (soccer), Morgan Naidoo (swimming), Hassan Hwona (cricket) and a host of other relevant sports administrators.

At the recent National Executive Council meeting of SASO a resolution of support was passed and we trust Black students in main, and the Black community in general will wake up and say "away with racial sport", and support wholly the concept of non-racial (Black) sport.

## editorial

The article in the SASO Newsletter regarding "The Ugandan Asians and the Lesson for Us" in point of fact calls for Indian people to relate more intimately with the soil of Africa i.e. the indigenous people of our continent.

Here in South Africa this has a special meaning for the Indian people. Basically, Indians in South Africa believe they are "one better than the Africans and that the "whites treat us well". Some Indians go to the extent of saying, "I'd rather have the Nationalist Government ruling me than the African". And I have heard this particular statement being echoed in various sectors of the Indian community. SASO believes that this kind of statement proves how far Indians refuse to identify with the other Black peoples.

One has to simply look at how poorly Indian businessmen pay their African workers; how degradingly Indian families treat their "servants". Many young Indian children grow up referring to African men and women as "boy" and "girl". Indian store-minders and shopkeepers show no respect to their African customers - and it pains one to have to watch this kind of thing happening.

The Indian people have earned a bad name for themselves in the African community generally. And it is not untrue that Indians by and large show no respect for the African people.

SASO's plea for Black solidarity is based on the fact that Indians, Africans and Coloureds are part of the oppressed Black community and as such should identify as a solid group in the fight against white racism. But as long as the Indian people - a minority group continues to harbour false hang-ups about the genuineness and honesty of the African people then they will not be treated with any respect or kindness when the day of reckoning comes.

The African student has held out his hand to the Indian student to join together in a common struggle. Where is the Indian student? The Black Peoples' Convention initiated by a large group of African people from various parts of the country makes a plea to the Indian people to join them in a struggle. Where is the Indian Community?

Are they pondering the half-truths and blatant lies of an "Indian columnist" of a Durban paper whose favourite hobby is to make vitriolic and immature attacks on SASO and particular individuals in SASO. These attacks do no harm to SASO for her constituency is well established. But for this man to paint dirty pictures of the Black Consciousness movement to a constituency that needs sound and solid guidance as to how they should respond to the evils of the white South Africa one can only presume that this irresponsibility is geared at sowing seeds of confusion and division at a time when there is a dire need for cohesion and solidarity.

If his intention is to discourage Indian people from having anything to do with Black Consciousness then he is in fact paving the way for group division, suspicion and mistrust. And it is precisely this that gave birth to Amin in Uganda. It is precisely this that has given birth to the Rajabs, the Mangopes in Mantanzimas, the Buthelezi's. You cannot call for solidarity and "grass-roots" contact from a platform of separation - unless you yourself pull-out and set the example for "grass-roots" contact.

SASO's call is simple. There is a dire need for unity, awareness and group commitment now. Division will spell the death-knell for any attempt to make meaningful change in this society that is slowly eroding the humaneness, the warmth and the kinship of all oppressed peoples.

# PROVING THE CASE

The first step in the process of proving the case is to identify the problem. This involves a thorough analysis of the situation and the identification of the key issues. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to gather evidence. This can be done through a variety of methods, including interviews, surveys, and document analysis. The evidence gathered should be organized and analyzed to determine its relevance to the case. Finally, the case should be presented in a clear and concise manner, using the evidence to support the argument.

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In the meantime, another project is already underway. CUSEDO has decided to build a community centre. CUSEDO has approached CUSCO to provide them with assistance. From the 1st December 1980, CUSCO's assistance will be provided to CUSEDO. CUSEDO will be providing a number of services to the community, including a day care centre, a youth centre, and a health centre. The community centre will be a multi-purpose facility that will provide a wide range of services to the community.

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ing harassed and frustrated by the administration and their allies. Matters came to a head during the May/June strikes when students were either walking on campuses or being expelled.

SASO immediately saw her responsibility to all Black students and the idea of the Free University was faced in much more concrete and positive terms. The Free University it is hoped would meet the needs that are of priority to Black students and the Black community. While students will, through correspondence universities, receive the formal studies it is foreseen that seminars and tutorial classes will be provided at regular intervals in all subjects. The seminars will attempt to focus on education with a Black perspective in mind. History, Drama, English, Social Sciences, Law and many other subjects will be looked at in much more updated fashion. Rather than look at subjects through the eyes of American, British and white South African eyes the seminars will attempt to look at all these subjects from a Black viewpoint.

The Secretariat of SASO has made contact with a number of overseas universities so that the Free University can have students write examinations through them. Many Black universities in Africa and many Black studies departments in the United States have also been contacted with a view of preparing a curriculum.

In the meantime SASO has monies available to begin with the project. As plans with overseas universities are still being processed SASO has decided that students who wish to continue studies can apply to SASO for loans. That, in turn they register with the University of South Africa. SASO will organise seminars for the year 1973.

At the SASO executive Council meeting there will also be an election of the "Free University Trust Committee" which will be in charge of the fund and the general administration of loans to students together with the planning of seminars and tutorial classes. It is hoped that members of the Trust will be made up of people from the Black community. The aim is to try to get one person from each region - Natal, Transvaal, Eastern and Western Cape and that the Secretary-General and the Permanent Organiser will also sit on the Trust Committee.

Because SASO sees her responsibility to those students who have walked off the campus and have been expelled priority treatment will be given to those students when applications are made for loans.

Black students who need loans can make applications to the Secretary-General South African Students Organisation, 86 Beatrice Street, Durban.

### Zululand Rector refuses to reconsider Duma case

On 12th October, 1972 the University administration at Zululand cancelled Miss F. Duma's registration for 1972, and she was not allowed to sit for her examinations because she had failed to pay an arrear account of R1,16. When Miss Duma reported the matter to head office the Secretary-General immediately took up the matter and wrote to the rector of the university.

In his letter Nyameko said "The step, (Cancellation of Miss Duma's registration) is obviously drastic and displays a lack of consideration by your administration of the welfare of students.

Miss Duma was being sponsored through her career by Inanda Seminary who made all payments on Miss Duma's behalf. It is interesting that when Miss Duma first registered at the University she was temporarily given a room in one of the female blocks. "The room that I was allocated was part of a structure that was still being built", Miss Duma said, "so that when I was sent into my new room, my mail was still being sent to my old room. Very often my letters never reached me because the administration just dumps letters in the SRC office".

The rector of the university has replied to Nyameko's letter and in the letter claims that "the University still goes out of its way to remind students of their obligation". The rector goes on to give a detailed account of how the University administration reminds students and refers to the particular case of Miss Duma. The letter states that "students were advised, amongst other things, that: in order to avoid misunderstanding at a later date, you are requested to immediately check with the Accounts Section whether your account is up to date".

Miss Duma apparently had an outstanding account of R28,00. According to the rector's letter she was sent a reminder on the 20th June which also stated that "if the outstanding amount was not paid by 1st August, she would not be allowed to write the examinations". Miss Duma alleges that she checked the account and found that her sponsors had not in fact paid the R28,00. She quickly raised some money and managed to pay R26,84, towards the beginning of September.

The rector in his letter claims that three reminders were sent to Miss Duma concerning the R28,00 - and one of these reminders was sent after she had in fact paid R26,84! And yet the Rector claims that Miss Duma "did not take any notice" of the reminders.

It is also surprising that in his letter he states "the University personally contacted sponsors, thereby assisting these students to obtain their

fees". The only reason for Miss Duma's sponsors not being contacted, according the rector, is the fact of Miss Duma not having gone to see the administration about her debt.

If the university had the students interest at heart then surely they would have contacted Miss Duma's sponsors directly since the sponsors had already paid in an amount of R180,000. Over

and above this Miss Duma went to the administration to pay in the R1,16 after it had been decided to expel her and the administration collected the money. Miss Duma at the time was not aware of expulsion. She claims that a registered slip to a Mr. F. L. T. Duma was posted to her old room and the letter only reached her many days after the registered slip had been supposedly posted to her.

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# SASO MEETS THE PEOPLE AND INCIDENTALLY THE POLICE TOO !!



"NO confiscation . . . . . the newsletter is 20 cents each !  
Bokwe Mafana (Facing the camera) and our late brother Mithuli Shezi (Right) are anxiously waiting as the cop awaits a radio reply from "Head Quarters" whether the newsletter should be confiscated or not.

as on Friday, the 17th November, just after 11 a.m. at the Johannesburg Park Station - of Noordt and Hoek Streets - where it all ended.

Johannesburg Regional office guys decided at a drizzling afternoon to take only 200 newsletters (Conference Issue) and sell them at the Station, and baby, what happened there was exciting! Our people bought the newsletters as the saying should go, FREEDOM: fast and family grandmothers and fathers, young men and women responded to the new sight in this area: - a newsletter with a black clenched fist in POWER and SOLIDARITY. As this was accompanied by powerful voices shouting to the rushing might of the African - the Black lot, slogans such as "Black opinion expressed here!" "Present a united front!" "Read about us!" etc..

As things can't smooth in South Africa with Black not being free to be on business towards happiness ending in happiness, the police came to the scene. Though this is a common sight in this area it was somewhat different this time. The

Black people are used to see the aunties and small boys on small time business such as selling fruits and small merchandise harassed and totally destroyed when the police go to the extent of confiscating the goods in the case where the hungry oppressed run away.

In this case the picture was different, it did not come out as the white, as represented by the police intimidation, would love it too. Those who were selling newsletters continued to sell, and those who were buying continued to buy - supporting a black cause without shame. When two white policemen came mounted on motor bikes no one ran away and no confiscation resulted but the police had to pay for the newsletter he needed urgently for the security branch which failed to arrive on time when it was radioed.

After stopping a while in the car we drove home. As we drove past the scene of confrontation the police stopped us and ordered us to reverse to the corner of Hoek Street (we were already at Wanderers) which we did, and the security branch came to the scene and started turning.



SASO appointed him Field Workers' Project. He disciplined Black Workers who were and in a short space of time to this project and it is not see the founding of the which had become his first, his commitment. arrived by both his parents his family. He is very deeply and he was the effective

Black Consciousness was an he lended all his resources Black liberation.

ive in the community of the Black living and the Black the community has a prior talents and our

Business continued the SASO way: Bokwe is selling to the Blackman (Not in view) and our late brother Mthuli is collecting from the cop and is still undecided as to whether he should charge 40 cents or not. When the cop heard this our late brother Mthuli said "You are white and rich!"



agreed that the police, too shall have to pay - and here the representative of Pretoria is Mlapo (Right) watches in all seriousness.

Security: "Your initials?"  
 Bokwe: "W. A."  
 Corneliuson: "Warrant Officer?"  
 Bokwe: "Yes"  
 Bokwe: "Of the Security Branch?"  
 Bokwe: "Yes, can I help you?"  
 Security: "Are you not restricted to the Western Transvaal?"  
 Bokwe: "Don't take a chance, you don't know me."  
 Security: "No, I'm not taking a chance I . . . . eh . . . . and who are your passengers?"  
 Bokwe: "My fellow colleagues in SASO, And you, what is your name?"

Corneliuson: "Yes"  
 Bokwe: "Is there anything wrong with the Newsletter?"  
 Corneliuson: "No"  
 Bokwe: "Is there anything else we can do for you?"  
 Corneliuson: "No"  
 Bokwe: "O.K. thank you bye-bye"

And we drove off in power with clenched fists through the windows and the crowd stood in Black Pride.

We, however, learn that some people who bought the newsletter were questioned and their newsletters were confiscated, and this we view as sheer intimidation.



# OBITUARY

Mthuli Nicodemus Shezi passed away on Sunday 17 December at the Natalspruit Hospital. He was admitted there less than a week earlier after he was chased by a white railwayman who later pushed him onto the railway line as the Pretoria train was approaching. It is believed the quarrel stemmed from Shezi's interceding on behalf of Black women who were being maltreated by whites a few days earlier. He had multiple backbones and pelvic fractures and a ruptured bladder. He underwent an operation and seemed to be in a satisfactory condition until this condition deteriorated progressively at the weekend.

Mthuli was born twenty-three years ago and spent his childhood at Alexandra Township until his family was resettled at Thembisa recently. He attended Catholic schools in the Transvaal and Natal until after a spell of one year's work he enrolled at the University of Zululand in 1970. He soon became a prominent student leader there whose qualities were soon recognised on the national student scene and he became Vice-President of the National Catholic Federation of Students at a time when black students were moving away from multi-racial (or white dominated) organisations. He endeared himself to his fellow students by the manner in which he handled a delicate issue. In 1970-71 he became SRC President of the University of Zululand, emotionally committed to the problems of the students, he earned the respect even of the University authorities who found him a dogged campaigner for rights. His term of office was perhaps the most turbulent one in the history of Ngoye - the May/June boycotts found him at the helm. He earned the great respect of even the most ardent opponents of the boycott movement and Black consciousness.

The events of May marked a turning point in his life. He found student politics very frustrating and was honest enough to admit that students were not made of the fibre that could change things. When some students left, he felt morally obliged to leave with them giving the students of Ngoye an opportunity to re-evaluate and bathe themselves in the shame of apathy and indifference of the lot of their brothers elsewhere. He cancelled his registration as a student and

resigned from the SRC. At that time he was presenting English and History for a B.A. degree. This was a most touching decision for he conceded: "My mother will be very disappointed" but he soon consoled himself, "she will have to understand that I am devoted to the struggle".

In July he became Vice-President of the Black People's Convention (BPC) and committed himself to the propagation of the Black gospel. His organisational gifts, programmed mind, and warm personality made him a "find" to community politics and a big catch for BPC. He applied himself diligently and was instrumental in finding several BPC Branches in the Transvaal and the successful Hammanskraal congress was the crowning of this task which he unfortunately could not attend.

On 1st September SASO appointed him Field Officer for the Black Workers' Project. He disciplined himself to the cause of Black Workers who were immensely neglected and in a short space of time he lent all his skills to this project and it is unfortunate that he will not see the founding of the Black Workers' Council which had become his first love-his dream, his wish, his commitment.

Nic, unmarried, is survived by both his parents and he was eldest in his family. He is very deeply attached to his mother and he was the effective breadwinner at home.

The philosophy of Black Consciousness was an ultimate aspiration and he lended all his resources to the achievement of Black liberation.

" . . . . . we believe in the community of the Black dead and the Black living and the Black unborn. We believe that the community has a prior claim on our time and our talents and our resources, and that we must respond when it calls". - Lerome Bennet Jr. - THE CHALLENGE OF BLACKNESS

Mthuli took this creed seriously and he has now departed among us to strengthen the regiment of this community. He has answered the call to his talents and resources.

Therefore Mthuli shared his life with his brothers, stood tall among his peers and he taught us the lessons of our history: about life, suffering, commitment and service. In his true Blackness THIS WAS A MAN.

**NYAMEKO PITYANA**  
(Secretary General)

## THE BLACKMAN — HIS COMPASSION

The Day of Compassion at the University of Western Cape was a rousing and yet moving affair. The paper printed below is a speech read by G. J. Gewel, Afrikaans lecturer at the University of Western Cape. The quiet beauty and deep-felt compassion of Mr. Gerwel's speech epitomises the BLACK-SOUL feeling that results when Black brothers see Black Consciousness as an "attitude of mind"; "a way of life".

There is something paradoxical in our gathering here this afternoon. In the first place, our mere presence here, the fact that we instituted this day, is a symbolic act of self-assertion: it is part of the marvellous new militancy of our people standing tall in their own right. In this sense, our presence here is an act of pride.

And yet, on the other hand, this is an occasion calling for the greatest humility on our part. This is essentially a day of compassion. We are here to pay homage to all Black men, Black women and Black children who have laid down their lives because of the situation in which Black people find themselves in this, our country. We therefore stand here today in the symbolic shadow of our dead generations. And in such a company we cannot but be humble. On this day, let us abandon the excited and often superficial fervour of shouting slogans and empty rhetoric. On this day there is place for neither shame nor mockery. And least of all, let us not mock them whom we remember today.

And let us realize that showing compassion on this day does not for one moment mean "expressing deepest sympathy" with the dead generations. They no longer need anybody's sympathies, and what's more: an expression of sympathy implies condescension. And towards those whom we are paying homage to, we have no grounds for being condescending.

Let us rather on this day, take our own Blackness in our hands, so to speak, and then measure it up against the Blackness of those whom we remember — men, women and children who physically suffered and died EXACTLY BECAUSE THEY WERE BLACK. Men, women and children to whom Blackness did not mean the exciting sensation of "saying it loud and proud", but to whom Blackness was a stark of living, no indeed a fact of dying. And then let us be humble.

And yet, same as false pride on this occasion would have meant mocking the dead, so will a humility which works paralyzing, be a mockery of them. Being humble does not mean becoming weak.

I take the liberty of quoting an Afrikaner poet here, viz. N. P. van Wyk Louw and what's more I choose a poem from his fiercely Afrikaner-nationalistic period. The poem is entitled "By die monument" and the occasion on which it is based is parallel to ours here today: the poem comprises of reflections at a monument erected in memory of Afrikaner women and children who suffered and died under British rule.

Julle was die tederes, en ons kom biddend staan,  
om wat te vind? Teerheid, berasting, ootmoed? Nee,  
dit sou 'n bitter hou in jui gesigte staan  
as dit nog al was wat jul dood ons nou kan gee.

Ons sou soos honde wees wat mak is na die sweep  
en nou die hand lek wat geslaan het, as ons waag  
om hier te staan, en julle sterfte en die greep  
van ons vernedring dra in deemoed sonder vraag.

Waar swakheid uitgemeer is, durf net die krag bestaan;  
waar liefde en sagtheid so geskend is, net die haat;  
jul sal sterstes wees, jul sal ons oë slaan  
met helderheid, ons hande krag gee vir die daad.

Hier sal, ons kniel, hier sal ons bid en peins  
tot smartlik in ons leef die pyn jul aangedaan,  
tot ons rein word en sterk om nie terug te deins  
vir sterke dinge: dan het ons jul dood verstaan;

Geen smart gaan ooit verlore, want verborge soos die saad  
en ingebind tot streng verbeide en verwagte,  
groei dit in duistere gelud deur baie nagte  
tot die daghelder vreug van ons opstand teen die kwaad.

Thus, if I may paraphrase part of the poem, shall we kneel here, shall we pray and meditate, until the pain inflicted on them relives searingly in us, until we become pure and strong, so strong as not to flinch from strong deeds; then would we have understood their deaths and its message, viz. that no suffering is ever in vain for hidden and secret as the seeds, it grows in dark patience and through many nights until it blooms into the bright joy of our rebellion against injustice.

Such should be the nature of our compassion on this day: their suffering should feed our strength, their despair our hope, the humility engendered by this occasion should be the springboard of our new pure pride.

and then, too, I wish to pay special homage to dead women and children. No doubt, somebody shall today sing an ode or say a praise to our young Black men, so that I may specially remember the women and children - they who would have been the joy of our nation, they who would have laughed, sung, played, loved, who would have been loved. They who have become quiet and unsung martyrs of our situation.

Pause a moment and listen intently to the winds blowing on the winds of our country. And instead of the joyous laughter of a child, you may at this very moment hear the pitiful squeal of a child dying of malnutrition, of hunger, of deprivation, dying of poverty, dying because he's Black.

Listen, and instead of the tranquil and contented wailing of a wife and mother, you may hear the sorrowful wailing of a husbandless wife and fatherless mother - the flower of our nation pining away to a premature death.

And think too of those spiritual corpses who at this moment roam the streets of our slums and tenements. They have spiritually been killed, been reduced to skollies, and tsotsis and thugs, not because they chose it, but because they are Black - because of the lack of educational facilities, the lack of a

social and economic environment conducive to a decent living. They have been killed - let us remember them.

But I shall once more return from suffering to strength, from despair to hope, from dying to living. For in a sense the dead are not dead; I have already spoken of their symbolic presence here. As another Afrikaaner poetess had written (and I translate freely):

"the child is not dead  
neither at Langa nor at Sharpeville  
neither at Orlando nor at Nyanga  
neither at the police station in Phillipi  
where he lies with a bullet through his head

the child who only wanted to play in the sun at Nyanga is everywhere  
the child who became a man moves through the entire Africa  
the child who became a giant travels through the whole world without a pass"

Yes, let us remember the sufferings of our people, let us remember it profoundly. And then let us have compassion, compassion as a living, dynamic and moving emotion, compassion meaning to have a sincere and profound commitment to the cause of alleviating suffering.

????????????????????????????????



Its the same spot the same Black faces, the same newsletter and its T.C.B. baby.



**WELCOME KOBOKA'S "FLUTIST"**

The original is sharply drawn in colour that contrasts and blends to reveal something of the deep concentration and fervour with which the Black man handles his music.

**ARTS & LETTERS**

AN EXHIBITION OF

(held at "Revelation", 70 CNR House, December to 20th January)

A comparatively new innovation that has appeared to encourage and foster Black paintings and artists in white liberalism.

To this end they have organised the first exhibition exhibit. Over 50 pieces of art were exhibited.

To many people, art has presented itself more in which BLACKNESS moved in style, rhythm and in most part one felt slightly puzzled by the exhibits. Most of the artists tended to be swayed by the new other nuance in western art. But I am a "layman" which I don't know. Hajira Vahed's "Knowledge", "Some People" did not in any way make an impact.

Again, it maybe that one searches for something political impact on the viewer.

Of all the artists, the man who excited the view and rhythm reflected in the pieces especially "Some of reality that forces you to nod your head in approval gave it the kind of character that makes it understand mastery with which Koboka uses his canvas raised his

Percy Mariemuthu's "Black Angels" deserves up Black dignity. The theme is touching and those of us the message of Black consciousness and Black art directly and simply said "I'm Black and I'm Proud".

One hopes that Black Arts Studio can encourage nity to meet and exchange opinion on the direction exhibition were either unaware or did not see it as Black thinking.

Black Arts Studio holds its next exhibition in February exhibition will lead viewers to the BLACK TRUTH.

"Soweto Housewives" Koboka's imaginative representation of a facet of South Africa's largest black ghetto. The movement here shows the artists love and concern for the Black woman. He seems to be saying, "The Black woman can muddle through any obstacle and come out a winner".



of the wood sculpture pieces. The piece is untitled. There is something uncannily elusive about the mood in this piece that forces one to look again and again at the sculpture.



## VIEWS

ARTISTS

### DURBAN from the 20th

work scene is Black Arts Studios. Its aims are to educate and draw them away from condescending

Artists which attracted over 20 artists to

in a work to be appreciated. The extent to which the pieces exhibited is questionable. For the most part, one is excitingly moved by the numerous works. One's untutored eye cannot reach beyond that of the artists' "Magnum Opus" and Vishnu Naidoo's "The People's Awareness".

to satisfy one or something that has a certain

of the M. Koboka whose style, use of colour and "Pimville Location" - some kind of a reflection of township life. The quality and quantity of the most untrained eye. The quality and quantity of the best exhibitor.

for its quiet honesty and its assertion of the artistic world attempting to bring across the message that the heart at this piece which to my mind

which would give Black artists the opportunity to take. Many of the artists at this particular exhibition have a duty to give expression to Black feeling and

let us hope that the direction taken at that exhibition is towards BLACK LIBERATION.

Koboka's "Pimville Location". Another reflection of Township life.



## A LOOK AT THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT FORUM - NUS

This is an extension of the last two articles 'from our International Correspondent' and 'The World Forum responds'. This article takes a look at the National Union of Students of the United Kingdom (NUS).

The National Union of Students is made up of 750 affiliated student unions representing some 540,000 students. In a pamphlet printed by NUS publication department called "NUS on the attack" she says that her strength lies in these 750 affiliated unions.

According to the pamphlet, "NUS is a campaigning, active and democratic organisation". The central feature of NUS activity, "is its function as a campaigner". It fights for the interests of its student members and is a major organisation, "campaigning for social and educational change". In the pamphlet it says, "The National Union is an organisation that wants change. It wants change, firstly, in the interests of its members. It is their Union, and has a pressing responsibility to fight for improved student rights, wider access to universities and colleges, a proper grants system, and a comprehensive system of post school education, and to protect and extend the autonomy of individual student unions".

NUS is also a pressure group. It is a pressure group that has carried out many successful campaigns.

Perhaps its success is due to the fact that NUS represents over half a million students. NUS believes that she is in every sense a trade union of students "in every bit as real as the National Union of Mine Workers . . . is the Mine Workers Union". In this respect it is no wonder that the NUS's campaigns against the policies of the British Government, against Britain's policies towards Ireland, Southern Africa and Vietnam have been very effective in Britain.

The relationship between NUS and SASO has been a very fruitful one. Following May-June strikes NUS in conjunction with the anti-apartheid movement organized a massive demonstration outside South Africa House on Friday 9th June. Many of NUS's students also "took part in a sit-in at the London offices of the South African Airways". In addition NUS has urged all her affiliate unions to send messages of solidarity to SASO.

NUS's commitment to opposing racist regimes of Southern Africa is clearly illustrated in the number of campaigns she has initiated against British Investors. The most recent of which has resulted in TUC (Trade Union Council) "deciding to sell all its investments in firms with Southern African subsidiaries".

The backlash from this move has spurred lecturers, teachers and doctors to take resolutions of support for SASO and to encourage all these professional groups to refrain from lecturing, practising or studying in South Africa.

In her campaign NUS has sent an appeal on SASO's behalf for funds to be used in SASO's "Black Students' Relief Fund". To give British students a picture of what happened during the recent boycotts, extracts from the Newsletter's feature on the student protest have been quoted in their International Bulletin of June '72.

Meanwhile the response from British students to SASO's appeal has been very encouraging and to-date approximately R500 has been received: NUS's activities also extend to keep the International forum aware of what is happening in Namibia and she has played a major role together with the anti-apartheid movement and with the South West African Peoples Organisation in organising a very successful, "Namibia International Conference" at Brussels from the 26th-28th May. A "Plan/Hatch Conference on Southern Africa" was also held from the 7th-9th July "to discuss the tactics and strategies to be adopted in the campaign against Southern Africa".

NUS also carried a massive demonstration against U.S. policy in Vietnam. NUS has taken part in the "Vietnam Vigil" which is sponsored by the British Campaign for Peace in Vietnam outside the U.S. Embassy from 12-1 p.m. "Each day a different group participates - doctors, trade unionists, etc." NUS's turn came on Friday, 16th June and turned out to be one of the largest and most successful vigils that was held.

# ARTS & LETTERS: REVIEWS

"Yakhal inkomo" poems by Mongane Wally Serote  
Published by Renoster Books, 1a 5th Street, Victoria, Johannesburg  
Obtainable at R1.50 a copy

so often we have heard — sometimes with a tinge of despair — that so and so is a new black find, a missing link between prominence and obscurity that has been discovered by a magnetic literacy anthropologist. This reminds one of the enthusiasm and the love of some people for that scientific religion called statistics; like in 18 so and so there were no blacks wearing shoes, and now they wear shoes it is a sign of progress; and in 19 so and so there were no black people reading newspapers, etc. This is also euphemistically named progress, and it means in fact, that black suffering is supposed to be less intense.

Unfortunately the advent of black poetastering (in South Africa) irreducibly intertwined with liberalism. Liberalism, likewise with whiteness and white racist status quo. So, now, a black poet of prominence finds himself in an excruciatingly untenable position. He becomes prominent to the extent the powers that be allow him.

Black poets, then, have the tendency of writing in a way that won't raise the ire of their well-meaning sponsors — and the money issue plays a very important and one-sided role. This is a terrible thing to say about the black people. But black people let themselves be sucked up in the vortex of this quagmire consciously and unconsciously. Those who let this happen to them are worse than the racist themselves.

It is a fact that one must practise a certain amount of self-censorship, but the question is how much? Also that censorship must be a necessary voluntary thing — it must not be regulated by the whims and caprices of someone else, be it immediate or remote.

One, in the same vein, must as, Leroi Jones (Imanu Amiri Baraka) put it, report and reflect the nature of society and of himself in that society, so that other men will be moved by the exactness of his rendering; and if they are black men will grow strong having seen their strength and weakness in this moving; and if they are white men, will tremble, curse, and go mad for they will be drenched with the filth of their own evil.

Alas, almost all black poets of prominence have succeeded in salving and propitiating white people's guilty consciences.

Overpraising mediocre or merely passable or positively bad pieces of literature is a favourite pastime of reviewers of black poetry — so much so that anyone who takes literature seriously is forever finding himself in the tiresome position of having to cry "fraud" at the latest masterpiece to be discovered by the papers.

Also, as it has been seen through the ages past that anybody who "protests" about the dehumanizing process of racial discrimination can be a poet. But, then, here is the paradox: anybody who protests and devises, by way of suggestions, ways and means of doing away with oppression is overstepping the boundaries that are set for him. He is labelled a radical, a *soi-distant* revolutionary; worse still, communist inspired and he is subjected to the most stringent persecution. Mongane Wally Serote was detained under the Terrorism Act in June, 1969, and released nine months later without being charged. He was also refused a passport after being granted by a scholarship by an American University. Is it not the time, then, to ask, what is black poetry? What is a black poet?

Is a black poet a person who writes in some secret language the tribulations in encounters — especially if one has a black skin? Is he a person who has a penetrating eye that can see beneath the veneer that shrouds this pluralistic society? Either views reality and transcends that in lines, lines profound in meaning, rich in imagery and constructive in expression. Sometimes it needs to be destructive.

Mongane Wally Serote's *Yakhal inkomo* does not need any introduction. It has been extolled by *Sunday Times* and summarily dismissed by *To the Point's* lofty critic. *Yakhal inkomo* is Wally's contribution and the title of the book is based on Mankunku Ngozi's famous jazz number of the same title. This book of poetry offers us a kaleidoscopic and panoramic view of the utter absurdity, bewilderment, and terror of a black being's experience. It is the life where one day is like the proverbial thousand years, and, rarely indeed, if ever, vice versa.

It would not escape the man gifted with the merest mustard of imagination that Wally comes from a township — a hard-cored product of the

sleazy ghetto with all its fringe benefits like poverty, hunger, murder and rape. Without being sentimental and maudlin Serote makes us see, so vividly, the despair and unutterable pain that abounds in the township. This all comes out in his poem *City Johannesburg*:

"This way I salute you:  
My hand pulses to my back trousers pocket  
Or into my inner jacket pocket  
For my pass, my life,  
Jo'burg City.  
My hand like a starved snake rears my pockets  
For my thin, ever lean wallet,  
While my stomach groans a friendly smile to hunger,  
Jo'burg City".

The pass, to the African, has become a symbol of helplessness, frustration and outrage. It is the most blatant manifestation of oppression. It is, like a rare and contagious disease, something inseparable from the person who has it. No amount of elegant rhetoric can remove this fact — this cold hard fact — from a black person's mind. Wally, here shows that he's an artist of consummate skill, succeeding with his unique blend of subtlety, anger and understanding.

Another poem dealing with an almost similar, and an even more terrible, theme is *What's in this Black Shit*"

"I'm learning to pronounce this "Shit" well,  
Since the other day,  
At the pass office,  
When I went to get employment,  
The officer there endorsed me to Middleburg,  
So I said, hard and with all my might, "Shit!"  
I felt a little better:  
But what's good, is, I said it in his face,  
A thing my father wouldn't dare do.  
That's what's in this black "Shit!"

Many people have never understood why some poets use scatological terms like "shit". They are revolted and disgusted beyond endurance. They forget that what they call obscenity and profanity is part and parcel of the black person's life. I'm forced to quote somebody here who said, "Obscene is not the picture of a naked woman who exposes her pubic hair but a general who displays his medals awarded in a war of aggression." Also, the so-called profanity is the only way black people can express themselves, among themselves explicitly. It is also the way they show their anger. "To be black, and to be relatively conscious, is to be in rage almost all the time". There is nothing more enraging than to be endorsed out, to be told to get your tail out of town in 72 hours, to be labelled an outcast — a thing that should disappear from the master's land. The blackman's plight when he's been endorsed out cannot be overstated

and once again, the poet's creative power has gone into the construction of an image of doom and disaster, but he is unwilling to let his own impulses towards despair have the last word. The poet, in many ways, is able to project bitterness and pain but his solutions to problems — for the role of the poet is also to show the way out — is shrouded in a cloud of obscurity.

The poem, *THE GROWING*, is a savage and relentless insistence on a truth which, however painful we may finally judge it to be, nevertheless a compelling perspective on the way the author lives and suffers. There is a faint upsurge of recalcitrance and rebellion when he says:

"This is the teaching about the growing of things:  
If you crowd me I'll retreat from you,  
If you still crowd me I'll think a bit,  
Not about crowding you but about your right to crowd me;  
If you still crowd me, I will not, but I will be thinking  
About crowding you.  
To prune the twigs and sweep the leaves,  
There was a growth of thought here,  
Then words, then action.  
So if I say prune instead of cut,  
I'm teaching you about the growth of things"

The poem that almost covers the whole spectrum of the dog-eat-dog type of township existence — and also one of the best poems in the book — *MY BROTHERS IN THE STREETS*.

"Oh you black boys,  
You thin shadows who emerge like a chill in the night,  
You whose heart-tearing footsteps sound in the night,  
My brothers in the streets,  
Who holiday in jails,  
Who rest in hospitals,  
Who smile at insults,  
Who fear the whites,  
Oh you black boys,  
You horde-waters that sweep over black pastures,  
You bloody bodies that dodge bullets,  
My brothers in the streets,  
Who booze and listen to records,  
Who've tasted rape of mothers and sisters,  
Who take alms from white hands,  
Who grab bread from black mouths,  
Oh you black boys,  
Who spill blood as easy as saying "Voetsek"  
Listen!  
Come by black brothers in the streets,  
Listen,  
It's black women who are crying"

This poem is about the underground life of the township youth fashionably called *tsotsis*. It is the life of birth, prison and death. The eternal and vicious circle. In this life it is the black women who give birth to these social misfits, nurtured them and saw them grow, who will suffer the



eat the pangs when they languish in jails, hospitals, and cemeteries. Killing in the township has become something like a subculture. It is no longer a kill-or-kill's sake type of thing but people now kill for survival. It is either kill or starve.

Alexandra, one of Wally Mongane's most famous poems, is a cry for human understanding, prayer. It is the last fling of a man in the throes of unmeasurable despair and frustration. Also it is rich in poetic substance than almost all the other poems in the book put together. It is the climax, the culmination, and the crashing of cymbals that form a black entity.

"Were it possible to say,  
Mother, I have seen more beautiful mothers.  
A most loving mother,  
And tell her there I will go,  
Alexandra, I would have long gone from you.

But we have only one mother, none can replace,  
Just as we have no choice to be born,  
We can't choose mothers;  
We fall out of them like we fall out of life to death.  
And Alexandra,  
My beginning was knotted to you,  
Just like you knot my destiny.  
You throb in my inside silences  
You are silent in my heart-beat that's load to me.  
Alexandra often I've cried.  
When I was thirsty my tongue tasted dust,  
Dust burdening your nipples.  
I cry Alexandra when I am thirsty.  
Your breasts ooze the dirty waters of your dongas,  
Waters diluted with the blood of my brothers, your children,  
Who once chose those dongas for death-beds.  
Do you love me Alexandra, or what are you doing to me?"

MANDLENKOSI N. LANGA

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# THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF BLACK CONSCIOUSNESS FOR THE CHURCH

(address given by Rev. E. N. Bartman at Methodist Conference, 1972)

Mr. President, members of Conference, friends, this short address is on Black Consciousness and its significance for the Church. Before I begin I would like to say that I do not in any way claim to be an authority who has worked out a systematic thesis on the subject. My authority lies in the fact that I am Black in a white dominated country and a member of a strange institution, a white "multi-racial" church and yet it is multi-racial. My second point is that I, in no way speak for non-whites. I am speaking for myself.

I certainly am not the negative of any man. What follows is said to help the Church proclaim the Gospel more realistically, that is if we believe proclamation is both from pulpit and through our way of life. This is said out of a deep sense of gratitude for the grace of God in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Gratitude for men and women who gave up all to bring the good news of the Gospel that I and other black men can be sons of God. It is my Christian duty to speak freely as I am going to do.

### What is Black Consciousness?

It is beyond me to define in human words what

it is. How do you put on paper the fact that you are awake? You know that you are awake because you are in touch with yourself and your environment. You are able to respond to stimuli and know that that is your response. Nobody tells you about it.

Black Consciousness is the former Kaffir, Hottentot, Coolie, non-European, Bantu and Non-white saying loudly "NO" to the Baas, the Master, the Europeans and the White. It is the Black man saying "NO" to White racism in all its forms, oppressive and paternalistic. It is the Black man saying "NO" to the arrogance of the White Verkrampes, verligtes, liberals and progressives. No more is he going to try and fit into a non-white's portrait drawn by the white man. No more is he going to say what the white man wants to hear and thus continue his own indignity. No more does the white man epitomise all that is good, just and of value. No more is the white man the black man's yardstick to humanity.

Black Consciousness is the black man saying "YES", he says yes who is in Jesus Christ. He affirms all that Christ affirmed, Christ says yes to neaitin. He healed the sick, lame, the deaf and

dumb. He said yes to food, He fed the multitudes. He said yes to freedom because he came to set the prisoner free. He came to say yes to Love. Love God, love your neighbour, love your enemy, love them that curse and abuse you.

Black Consciousness awakens the black man to all that is his. It seeks to help the Black man to love himself because God loves him. The Black man must take pride in all that is his because it is black.

Black Consciousness as has already been implied is borne out of the black man's experience of life in this country. It is a response to an experience of deep hurt, constant humiliation, sustained dehumanisation and forced self-denial. This is the point at which the black man's being can never be shared by the privileged and those in power. It is the suppression of this experience that makes the acceptance of all the Christian statements on unity and oneness sound hollow and hypocritical to the black man. It is this experience which makes it hard for the black man to hear the gospel proclaimed by the best intentioned white preacher.

Black Consciousness is a response to the Gospel preached by the Church. It is the black man seeking to respond to the Gospel. This is the black man at the foot the Cross repenting, claiming forgiveness and trying to accept as a child of God. In faith using the power of being a child of God, and claiming the power to continue to live as a child of God. What I am saying is thanks to the Church, the black man has been awakened. Having said all this let me pause for a moment and say this is a phenomenon that like all others can be and will be misused, abused and misunderstood. Nobody will deny that there will increasingly be little room for difference. There must come a time when anyone thinking a little differently, will be suspect and even a traitor to the cause. To white theologians who are going to use their criteria for assessing Black Theology my response is go on, but your white standards are irrelevant. The black man is not seeking your approval.

Black Consciousness is not necessarily Black Power. I believe that Black Power has violence built into it. Black Consciousness does not have violence as one of its facets, as Black power or white powers. The black man has suffered a great deal from violence. The black man is suffering now from violence. He sees that this does to the one who administers violence and knows the pain. Added to this Christ says, "He who lives by the sword will die by the sword". What the statement says in that if he kills the one who wields the sword then he eventually must perish in a similar way.

Black Consciousness seeks power for the black man. It is aware of one basic thing, a man in power

finds it extremely difficult to listen to one who is powerless. It then must begin to give the black man inner power. Love of God and the power that is the gift of that love. The power to love myself which enables me to love my neighbour.

On the whole, the non-whites fear the whites. Black Consciousness says, "Love the whites". It says love them so much that you will help them become human towards the non-whites and see him as a Black man (Indian, Coloured, African). You must so love the White man that he must see it as his Christian calling to share power with you. You must so love the White man that you become a Thou rather than an It. You must so love him that for his sake, for his humanity, you will never allow him to treat you as an It. The power that Black Consciousness seeks from God is the power to love and seek power from man to make this love incarnate. Even God sought the co-operation of man in the Incarnation.

Mr. President, this is hardly the place to discuss Black Theology and I do not intend to do so. Suffice it for me to make a few points. Black Theology is very new but it is born out of an old experience. It is Theology that seeks to interpret God's activity from black experience. It seeks to inform the Preacher in New Brighton, Gugulethu, Chatsworth, Soweto, Ga-Rankuwa, Morsgat, Dimbaza, Limehill and all other places of deprivation and despair so that he brings the word of God and it becomes 'Good News' to these people. The word then becomes the Township News.

There is the danger that others may exploit this and use it not for the development of the black but for selfish ends. Those in power and have rights and privileges will misunderstand it, understandingly so the black man. At first to the privileged it may be a threat to their continuing prosperity. This is true of course, if the prosperity is going to continue at the expense of the black man. For too long your theology has been couched in terms which have caused more difficulties for your own theologians. The black man seeks to interpret God from a black experience in a black experience into a Christian love. If you say there can be no Black Theology I say for your comfort, I agree that for a white man there can be no Black or White Theology. For the black man there certainly is Black Theology. The black man must hear it again and again, over and over that God is on his side. He is for the oppressed, the dispossessed and the down-trodden. Of course it may well be that the word "BLACK" upsets the white man. If it does, he must rather examine himself, honestly try to understand why. What I believe is the most important point about Black Theology is that it has Jesus Christ as its centre, area and circumference.

**Its Significance for the Church:**

The starting point is that the Church must accept that this is a fact. I want to suggest that to choose indifference as a response is to misunderstand the Story of Lazarus and the Rich Man. The sin of indifference. It is easier to help a person who hates or loves. It is not impossible but very hard to help a man who is indifferent.

The Church must seek to affirm the black man. It must say YES you are and go on to show him that he is.

The Church must remove all laws and practises that show signs of racialism. You only have to read Laws and Discipline. It is encouraging to see that this is already beginning to happen because already we have had a report from the Committee for Justice and Reconciliation.

One knows that you cannot legislate love. No law can make me love anybody I do not love. Nevertheless, the law can prevent me from concretely showing my hatred, contempt and indifference for him.

No law can make me eat off the same plate at the same time. But the law can prevent me from making me eat outside in the rain and cold. No law can make you sing Xhosa but it certainly make it possible for me to sing it in the same building.

The Church must help both the black man and white man in their attitudes to one another. One wants to say to the W.C.C. their concern for the black man is appreciated. Their fight against racism is supported. Their strategy is dubious and at times almost naive.

White racism is not something confined to this country, but it is world wide. The tables of America are heaped with food and lined with dollars, the wine flows in Paris, the froth blown in England, because the sweat of the black miner is not sufficiently compensated. What then does the withdrawal of investment mean apart of being a token of White paternalism. One recognises what it could mean if it were possible and one was talking about human beings, in which case it would not be necessary anyway. But we are talking of people in power, people who have.

We need help in changing attitudes. An almost silly question is "Send us a jumbo load of psychiatrists to each of these places, Pretoria, Cape Town, Umtata, Nongoma, Ga-Rankuwa etc."

The Church must help its members change their attitudes. The white person regards and accepts himself as a superior to a black man. The tragedy is that the black man has accepted the white man as superior to himself. The black man has been so brain-washed. I have never been to a function or service where whites were made to stand up and

make room for blacks. I have seen time and again blacks jumping up or being rudely removed in front seats to make room for the whites. This is not the fault of a white man, many will say. He is being offered the seat by the black man. His fault is in accepting this. The Church must help white members become sensitive to the feelings of blacks. We know that in this country for too long now blacks have been treated as things without feelings. The Church must be an agent of reconciliation at every point. This is where Black Consciousness says there must be a definite effort towards unity.

But we must unite as equals. A man must talk to a man. An I to a THOU. This is why there are times when the Blacks must get together, and need to withdraw from this THOU - IT situation in order to come back, having accepted himself as a THOU. Only as the black man takes pride in his blackness can the Church hope to grow richer in her life. Only then will the black man make a genuine contribution. We have been so thoroughly made to hate blackness that some black churches are carbon copies of the white churches. We will not even sing African anthems. We sing African hymns in European tunes. We even take up white mistakes for the real thing. We cannot pronounce clicks anymore. Names and places like Ixopo, have become Ikopo, Umtata has become Amtata, Qumra - Komgha and so on.

This is very different from Separate Development. In the temporary separation the black seeks to find his own identity and come back into unity a free man. So that it is one freedom uniting with another. He does not develop along lines defined for him by another man. The lines of development are genuinely his. He comes back so that he can in unity develop as fully as he can the potential in him. The Church must make this possible.

The Church must now help members understand identification with somebody else goes hand in hand with belonging. On a recent tour of a neighbouring country we saw how expatriates walked barefooted, were untidy and unclean, all, possibly, in the name of identification. That is not belonging and can only lead to rejection. We all are happy to see wives of Chairmen in red blouses, black skirts and white hats. What gives us serious reservations on this is the doubt of their belonging to the Manyano or their understanding of the deep meaning and meaningfulness of this black movement to its members. This is not just a uniform for a big occasion but a way of life in a black existence.

The Church must not only speak of blacks being brought into positions of leadership but must be seen leading. Our white members must give leadership to blacks and risk them making mistakes in the hope that they will learn from their mistakes.

Black Consciousness seeks reconciliation. It is reconciliation between persons. We recognise reconciliation has its roots in the being of God. He is love and love seeks to be one with love because there is only one love. For the white man in power to speak of reconciliation to the black in a position of powerlessness is to show a complete misunderstanding of the term. The terms of reconciliation are those of God.

The Church must act now. The Gospel is the now. Now is the time to respond to Christ's call of

taking up the Cross. Now is the time to obey God. Now is the time to act for God. Now is the time to join Jesus Christ in his struggle for the poor, the hungry, the oppressed. Now is the time to make the sufferings of Christ complete. We shall claim to be obedient when we have helped the black shout with meaning and in truth "I am black and I am proud. I am black but I am beautiful".

ERNEST N. BAARTMAN

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# BLACK POETRY ALIVE

One poem from SIPHO MAGUDULELA.

## TEACH US OH LORD

Teach us oh Lord we do thee beseech, to scream out at this pain we feel.  
To this day learn to live up to our Black selves.  
To laugh in times of merriment, and in woeful times weep.  
Help us to pride our Black heritage.  
This fear that's sown into our Black souls, help us overcome.

A kick on the behind "Dankie my Bass!"  
A slap in the face "My Kroon" Lord!  
Deeply lies the sown seed of fear, and the roots the plant have outgrown.

Down the earth's black belly we dig for a golden fortune.  
Out in the field's, for the cream of the crop.  
But being black, we remain tattered.  
Lord we are Black but not to blame.

Out in the scorching sun we toil, yet to tire is wrong.  
Lord we itch but then to scratch is wrong.  
Though we long to have, we can't, but remain possessed by this root of fear.

So, help us dear Lord to sing out this song that only our ears hear,  
to say out this prayer that only our hearts know;

Above all, Teach us to scream out at this pain we feel.  
Help us Dear Lord to overcome this fear that tends to fling us into oblivion.

So be it.

Two poems from I. MACKAY

NOT THERE !

walk  
r faces - uncertain, yet hoping  
r eyes - searching, but not finding it.  
long ago  
so hoped  
I also searched  
I never found it  
truth is that it is knitted  
o a garment of lies.

WHY ?

So many faces  
(many like weeds in a deserted garden),  
none smiling  
(smiling like the young successful graduate);  
all wondering  
(wondering like the thousands have before them)  
about the suffering  
(suffering they don't deserve,  
suffering that has no just reason,  
suffering only they can explain,  
sweet suffering because they're Black.)

BITCH - NEVER - DIE

Two Poems from GLENN MASOKOANE

I was born when i didn't know  
I fell out of mom by accident  
Still then; I never gave a yelp  
I kept very quiet till my birth

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

We are all going to die one day  
if we die that will solve the problem  
say we are dead and the problem remains  
it is we who are dead  
Problem alive!  
In short death will solve our problems  
But the next generation finds the same problem  
And dies .....!  
Their death leaves the living problem for them  
Thus I will die like that soldier  
With war boots on.  
A better man dies having an idea;  
Dying is not the ultimate end in life  
It depends why a man,  
finds himself dead  
So Blackman,  
For whom are you going to die  
For whom the bell tolls?

Born to be wise  
I am a pleasure island  
Born to please  
I feed all me different ages

Marriage is not my line  
I want to live, I want life  
My hole is open twenty four hours all-round  
My body is free, I am too free  
I owned a dozen men  
All went away lack of energy  
I own a dozen kids  
All went away, lack of parental care,

Now this time I have only one kid  
Angelo!he is white by colour  
His papa went back to Italy on exit  
He writes me letters, but I can't read

Those who know me, who is my name?  
Bitch - never - die, my full name  
The pleasure island  
Everlasting fountain.

ONE POEM FROM MAFIKA PASCAL GWALA

SUNSET

Like icing on a cake,  
Circles of silvery clouds  
frill the setting sun;  
Inviting a cool evening air,  
to soothe the valley  
Below the Insikeni hills.  
A freight train  
rumbles down the slope  
In Geometric fashion;  
Into the Malenge Valley.  
Willow women  
In German Colonial dresses,  
Joke it up from the water hole;  
With adbright five-gallon drums  
on their black docks.  
Clusters of rondavels  
Like the brown poisonous mushrooms  
that the people do not feed on;  
Garging ghetto commotions,  
Spreading them in torrential drops;  
Not across; the hopscotch rhythm of  
these crowded huts can be the  
Right thing too.  
Mbothwe's Ford tractor  
hollers for breath;  
Under a pressing load of wood  
The driver armed with a balaclava  
Against the wind.  
A baasboy perches on a cross-pole  
Counts the stock of horses  
arrested for stray grazing.  
A primitive sledge  
Drawn by cows and oxen,  
Grades out stones  
On the tawny road.  
A meat hawker  
begs us to the last two pieces  
of meat he wants to part with, fast;  
'Just to empty my basket'.  
As we claw up the path  
Above the valley  
Rays of the sun  
Hustle to filter into the clouds;  
Descending the eastern horizon,  
Fragments of cloudlets break  
Into light rain.

It is the endeavour of SASO to make the newsletter a semi-independent organ, in regard to financial backing and expression of opinion reflected in the newsletter. Your assistance, dear black readers, would be most welcome. Assist SASO in making the newsletter an organ that will be borne by the black community. Articles and/or donations to be sent to . . .

The Editor,  
SASO Newsletter,  
86 Beatrice Street,  
Durban.

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