

Male

Black

23 years old

A) In March 1994, I participated in boys under 8 sprints 80m and 60m.

B) It was at DP de Villiers Stadium in Sasolburg.

C) My school was the only school with alot of black kids out of about 6. The seating arrangements were pre-arranged. Most schools sat on the proper seats. We were one of the schools who sat on the grass! Usually, little athletes are supposed to be congratulated after winning gold. Some of us were just handed the awards without word nor hand-shake.

But I'm not completely surprised. Because we were on the rise and we didn't know what it was like to win, we over-did it. We were overwhelmed by the fact the we achieved the almost impossible: 3 blacks got medals out of hundreds of others! This was a tremendous achievement. So we *did* dig the knife in a little further in the white boys. We laughed and teased them, even the ones who didn't participate.

I also think that we were all to blame for our actions. We should've respected each other as human beings, not as white or black.

D) This question needs about 50 mins to answer. It's very confidential too. These inter-racial relations of the past have impacted alot on me. I can't give you the most perfect answers now, but I'll highlight a few things. In 2007, when I decided to become a good and conscious student, I started to think of **why** there is so much conflict and **what should be done**. It's really difficult to come up with a realistic answer, but anyway, I think that Theology, together with Politics, can solve the social problems. The best example of a South African in my mind is Leon Schuster. He's white, but he's recognisable and liveable with blacks. Same with Jonny Clegg.

Why? It's because they surrendered a part of themselves (theology/religion) to understand blacks... The same can be done by blacks, although alot have. We got to learn how to invite others' ways of living, speaking, thinking, etc., if we want to be recognisable by everyone.

To talk about Politics, if you've ever watched the film "Big Fellas" (2007), you would fully understand. Zama, you **have** to watch it. There is a part where the two whites ask a black for a job and he talks about BEE and making benefits for the disadvantaged. The whites respond "Just give us ten years, sir". Then one of the whites find out that his father is actually black, crazy, huh, but listen to what he says towards the close of the film.

So, the impact that the racial incidences of the past have on me today, I guess, is still hard to explain. Because I have experienced so much, I'm both black and white. I feel bad when whites are oppressed and I feel bad when blacks are oppressed, on the basis of race only and not character. I've felt this way for a long time.

The impact on my relationships with others: I've become very spiritual over the last 2 years and my prayers and hopes are very seldomly for myself but for humanity. My hopes have become an internal cue, therefore, I see people as humans and not as black or white. To be honest, alot of whites on campus are scared of me and I don't have the best relationships with them. Secondly, their conversations are different to what I would normally speak about. Conversations with blacks are much easier.

Female
Black
22 years old

It took place in Standard one, in '97. I went to one of those random schools where it was just all white people. Highveld Primary. In my standard 1 class I was the only black girl. And there were 2 black guys, so do the Maths. And there were classes with more black people, so it was just one of those schools. And in my school everybody had long hair except for me. My mom had issues with braidings, so I didn't have braidings, I had short hair. So everybody had braidings and so I was always the one – the black girl with the short hair – and I was made to stand out. So it was pretty hard I think in standard 1, because you really want to fit in and a lot of the stuff that they did was based on the hair, you know the Mickey Mouse, the ponytails? Everybody had the ponytails except for me, so that was my earliest form of ... I think it was racism. I don't know if the kids realized it was? Or was it stigma?

I remember there was this one time, we used to do a lot of stuff outside in the fields and stuff and people would sit next to each other according to their hair and stuff and I was the only one with no hair. They would sit in the benches at the top, right? And I was always the only person with no freaking hair. I sat alone. I always sat alone in the class, because I was the only person there with absolutely no hair. It was the weirdest thing - in Standard 1, like I said, I was the only black girl. There were two other black guys and I don't think their experience was the same. I don't think guys actually care about hair as much as girls do.

The perpetrators were 9-year old girls, that's what they were. They were the perpetrators of the stuff and I guess at 9 it's easy to become a victim, so I guess I was the victim. I think the result was that I've never actually relaxed my hair ever since. I just told myself "Flip, I'm black and that's that." I have never relaxed my hair and probably will never relax my hair. I've had dreadlocks pretty much since standard 5 which is like the 7th grade. So I think it pretty much changed my whole relationship with. In my school in Standard 1 there were not a lot of black kids and in Standard 2 there was like an influx – an influx I mean like 20 black kids in one year and that was huge. And they were older than me and they were all from township schools and so their perceptions were totally different from mine. I think they moulded my perceptions, a lot, and I had that experience of Standard 1 as well. It was an interesting time. The older black girls and their perceptions and

moulded with my perceptions. I think I've always been, I don't know, I wouldn't say I've been suspicious of white people, but nothing to me is ever as it seems. There's always a Grey area as far as I'm concerned, even if you're in Standard 1, it's pretty much like a grey area. I can't remember anything else.

I think the experience definitely had an impact on my views about myself. I think in Standard 1 you don't really realize that you're different until somebody points it out to you. I think you're at an age where, that innocence I guess. I didn't think I was different until somebody actually pointed out that you're different, you are. And it did play a major role, because then I also, because now, eish, this whole fake hair and relaxer – I wouldn't say relaxer's fake hair but I just don't not do it– I refuse to do it. I refuse to look a certain image because I think it's the image that a lot of my, of the black girls in my primary school have ended up looking like, so I refuse to fit the image of what white people think black people should look like again. Ya, so it's okay that I have my Afro and people in the room I think they must just deal with it. It's their problem. I don't think our parents actually realized what these interracial schools do, especially in the beginning when there are like 3 black kids there. Eish, eish and then you go through primary school, you can't speak Zulu and then now you've got two lives basically going on - you've got that artificial life at school and then you go home and then you're the black kid who can't speak Zulu, you can only speak English. I don't think parents actually realize. So there's always the conflict now between which world do you fit into. Ya, so I made my choice I think quite early on.

Female
Black
26 years old

My first – I wouldn't say that it was my first experience of racism, as such, but I think it was my first awareness of race – is when I was probably about 7 or 6 and we first came to Jo'burg and we were looking for a school. It must have been maybe about '91 / '92, somewhere there. In fact, I think it was just after my Dad and them found a school for us, then we went to see some of my parents' friends or something and they kept saying, "Oh, you go to a multiracial school" and I couldn't understand what they meant by that and they were so excited about it, that we go to a multiracial school. But I think it didn't really impact me so much as in that I now became conscious of race – but I think that's the first time I heard the word "multiracial" or "racial" or anything to do with race. But going forward, the thing that altered my perception on race? Gee! I can't think of a specific thing.

But then I do know that being at school, growing up at school I was very conscious of white people and black people and I was often more intimidated by white people – white teachers or other white students who were more intelligent or whatever. But I can't even tell you where it stems from, which I think for me goes to prove that so many things get transferred to us by our, maybe our parents or the grown-ups that we grew up with. Because at times you can't even backtrack to where some of these things come from, but at that point already I was already, for whatever reason intimidated by a white person, but I already was.

I'd never heard the word 'multiracial' it before. I think the thing that got my attention was that people around there were so excited, like so proud that "Wow, so you go to a multiracial school". And even though I'd agree and I was like, "Ya, it's great", I don't think I really understood what it meant. I think I just knew that "Okay, I'm going to school with white kids" or whatever, but I didn't understand that the extremes or the depth of what apartheid was and why it was such a big deal to be going to this multiracial school. It was more an awareness. It was an awareness of race. I'm trying to think of a racist encounter ... I don't know if it will come up though. I don't know. You know what? For me, I mean even

now of course I'm still conscious of race, that you can go into a social environment and be very conscious of the fact that you are black, be very conscious of the fact that somebody is white, or whatever the case may be. But I just can't pinpoint to a specific thing. I can't exactly, place it. I think, obviously, I suppose our parents and maybe older brothers and sisters who had experienced – I think maybe when I started becoming more aware of my surroundings, that was like about '91 and the era of apartheid was like coming to an end, virtually – I mean the multiracial school and all of that. So a direct impact where apartheid would have affected my life? You often see on TV where people are running from these like Afrikaans soldiers and hippos and whatever. I think maybe growing up in Lesotho as well kept me away from that and that was when I first heard "multiracial" that I was like awakened to it and to find (out) what is this all about, ja. So maybe it's more that you were maybe socialized to sort of think certain things about certain groups of people. () Even thinking back at school, I'm trying to think of did I ever have like a racist encounter like with teachers or whatever? Even if there was I probably wasn't even aware of it, I just, I don't know. I just think, "Were treating me badly because of me?" It's only when you grow up that you really start associating, well, that I started associating certain things with race. Somebody would serve me – the lady serving somebody else first instead of serving me, then I would associate that to race. But I think when I was younger, at school, race hardly ever crossed my mind. I think maybe there were other things that were more of a conflict within me internally in terms of maybe my self-esteem or inferiority complex. But it was never related to race, it was in terms of maybe I didn't do so well at school or didn't do so well in class or whatever the case might be.

But race did have something to do with it, because back then in class you always think the white kids are the cleverer kids. You know, you'd have more than one class of that grade, so if it's standard 8s there'd be maybe two classes or three classes or whatever the case might be, and then you'll find that the first class has got most of the white kids and it's almost like that's your goal – I have to be in class one, because that's where all the smart kids are. And, it's sad, because it's not that the black kids were in the third class, simply because they were black, but it's because of where they come from, their background, their level of being taught about certain things, their development and all of those things affected it. But then it just goes to show how certain things can feed inferiority and down your confidence. Small

things, but yet they become so significant because even now you grow up disliking, or being so conscious of certain things – whereas like for me, like I say I've never had a direct influence but then I'm so conscious of race and racism and apartheid whatever. And it's not that it doesn't happen – of course it does happen. I mean even at work we were having a discussion with some colleagues, but they were not happy about this like branches of BMW and they were talking about the level of racism that they experience in their work environment. And I guess for me, I often say I think it's by the grace of God, because honestly, I have never worked in an environment where I've worked with a boss that's racist or directly so, in any case. Even where I'm working now. Either I'm ignorant towards it or I'm just protected by God, I guess, or whatever the case might be. But I don't fight racial battles where this one's getting promoted because they're white and this one's getting this because – If it happens, certainly not around me, certainly not with me. So, I don't know, that's the odd thing about it, everywhere I go, okay, I suppose I've said this already, it would be like that at shopping malls or very public areas where you feel like okay this person is actually just being racist or you walk past somebody – like even here in the block of flats there are certain people that you greet, and they just don't greet you. And the sad thing though is that the first thing that you think of is that he's racist, you know. He could just be a grumpy old man that just couldn't be bothered with anybody, regardless of who you are, but because you're black and they are white and they're not greeting you it must be because they're racist.

Male
Black
24 years old

The year is a bit scratchy; it was, say early 90s. I'm thinking I was quite young. I think it was during crèche. I was about five, six. I was very young. This happened on a trip from Limpopo Province. Okay, Northern Province at the time. My mom, my dad and I had just left my dad's place of birth. We were traveling down back to Jo'burg. Along the way, it was a night drive, all I remember is that we heard sirens blaring at the back. And there was a police car or police van following us and ordering us to pull aside. My dad pulled aside, we stopped the car. They stopped behind us. Three police officers came out. There were two white Afrikaans-speaking police officers and then the third one was a black man. But we're not too sure if he was a police officer or just maybe like a detective or something, 'cos he was in casual dress. He wasn't in uniform. So, they come out of their vehicle and then they asked my dad where he's going and how many people are in our vehicle. my dad drove a van at the time. It was one of these old Toyota bakkies, the one with the very square sort of canopy. Very, very square. That's one of the things I remember about it. It had a funny shape. So they ask him these questions now, in Afrikaans. Now my father was very fluent in Afrikaans as well. So he could communicate with them, but things started to get hectic for me when they started – when people speak to you and ask you questions you can sort of feel that they are starting to get aggressive in the tone of their voice – so I started to feel that. I don't know, maybe I was a bit young, I was maybe sensitive or something, but I felt that a lot from them towards my father. So, I don't know what they were asking him, but he was very subdued throughout the whole thing, he wasn't like fighting back or anything. And my mother was dad quiet, throughout. But then I remember them asking him to come out of the car and they walked about two paces and started to speak to him in private. And I could see from his body language that he was really pleading with them not to do something or say something, I don't know. But they were a few words that they were throwing around in Afrikaans. And from that tone I could hear that this is getting a little overboard. I remember hearing the K word. At the time my mom did tell me about the happenings around the country – black people are seen as less than white people and there's a lot of issues – because it was on the news everyday and every night. So she used to tell me about that, but I had never seen it or been affected by it. But seeing my father being treated like that – till this day I don't know the reason why, what was going on, because I know he wasn't politically active. He was from the rural areas. He came to Jo'burg to work, as a migrant worker. So I don't know what was happening, all I

remember is that I heard that word and my mom just held me close. She was very docile. And didn't want me really to see or hear what was going on. It lasted about five minute and then my dad came back into the car and they went back into their van and they drove off and then my dad took a while to actually drive off. I don't know if he was in shock or if he was scared, but he wasn't himself after that. And we drove off. I remember the rest of the trip we were all quiet, but I just had a lot of noise in my mind. I was thinking why would people disrespect my father like that. Yes they're police man, whatever, but I had a lot of internal conflict. Because I didn't understand, 'cos where my dad was from he was quite a respected man. A good citizen, a good member of the tribe and everything you know? Very, very well respected and a good member of the community in his village. But after seeing the police treat him like that it, I don't know if it planted a seed of this resentment that I still have sort of till this day towards people in uniform. I'm sure I'm not the only young black person with that feeling, but there's a sort of resentment towards people in uniform. It's not easy form me to work with them in a way, if they are going to ask me questions or stuff like that. I can't really, 'cos it's really stayed with me. But when we got home, I remember everything was sort of back to normal. I remember my father; I could sense that he was relaxing. He played with me and things were sort of back to normal, but that experience, seeing your father being disrespected and humiliated in front of his family in that way, it's pretty hectic. But it's one of those things that we kept silent about. Right now, the way it's affected me, as I said, with regard to people in uniform – I don't really get a long with them. I have this deep anger of why they disrespect black people or people of a darker skin colour.

I don't know if I'm going to put this right, I questioned my dad's manhood in a way, like what sort of man is he. Okay I can understand that he had to be subordinate to the police officials. But for me, during that time there was always that thing of we must fight back somehow, someway. So I don't know if I would of actually liked my dad to actually stand up to the police officers. Because I know that would have been a mistake, they would of really gotten even physical with him. I did sort of question his manliness in a way.

It was his demeanour. I had seen my mom also do that, quite often, 'cos when she came to Jo'burg she became a domestic worker and she still is a domestic worker. So she always has to be lower than her employers. And my dad as well, but he was a driver for an IT company, so not as much for him. So I often got this thing that a man's man can never challenged by another man, unless he's trying to start a fight or an argument or something like that. But growing up that's how I felt. I felt that women are able to lower themselves more than men. But over time I started to realize that that was

a wrong sort of view point. But that night it did make me question his manhood and it caused me to ask myself like what kind of a man is my father why is my father letting it happen? Why isn't he being a man about it? I think that's how I felt. I was really, really angry. I was really angry AT HIM, the police officers, the whole situation actually.

I could feel the anger even back then. It took me a while to get over it. Because that's when I realised that there is this difference between the black community and the white community. That we live separate lives, but our lives are still connected in some ways, somehow, whether through work or just because we share the same country. There was a lot of that, I questioned my father's manhood a lot. But over time it sort of disappeared, as things went on and I still respected him and saw him in that light again. But that night did shake my feelings about what a man's place is in the world. It did.

'Cos of my age my main thing was safety really. Whenever I saw a police van from then on I never felt safe. It was the total opposite. I would always be worried. My mom used to tell me when she still had to carry around her dom pass. She'd tell me that we were scared of the police more than tsotsis, than being mugged in Jo'burg. Because the police would either take you to the police station and keep you overnight until you'd sorted out your papers or they'd beat you up and leave you there and the tsotsis would come and take whatever you had. So it was really a no win situation, but that's how i felt. That's how I actually felt. I felt as though policeman are the enemy. Any sort of official really, because at the time most of the officials were all white and Afrikaans speaking. The language Afrikaans itself for me, I wouldn't say I hated it, I was just uncomfortable with it. Learning it always brought back those memories of this language leads to violence, this language leads to someone's humiliation. It's only in primary school that that changed, 'cos I think my schooling really helped me out a lot.

Male

Black

29 years old

My first encounter of racism I was about 9 or 10. I think the first thing that I need to mention is that I actually grew up on a farm. It was a Black-owned farm, my grand parents owned it. So seeing white people was not a strange thing for me, okay, but I never really played with them the white children. It was purely business when they came over, it was for mealies or cows or whatever the case is, and they never really brought kids onto the farm.

So, my first real encounter actually happened all the way in the East Coast in Durban, that's when I really first encountered racism. I was on holiday with my parents. Seeing white people was never really anything major for me. And playing with them, I had never really experienced that kind of thing. So I think, because of my naïve mind at that age, seeing white kids playing around in Durban in a pool, I just jumped in the pool normally like any other kids would - other kids are having fun why not. I wasn't really aware what was going on, but funny thing is, all the white kids went out of the pool – it was only white kids in the pool at the time, but I didn't notice that. After a while you see that you are the only person in the pool and there is no real point in being in the pool if you can't swim – you can do what ever you want but after a while it gets boring, so I got out the pool and went to sit with my mum. All the white kids went into the pool and I jumped into the pool again laughter, 'cause I thought the kids are back into the pool so I can go play with them, and they all went out the pool again, their parents called them. After a while it sort of irritated me a bit. I couldn't speak English at that time; I grew up on the farm with my grandparents, so I only spoke Tswana. I asked my mother what was going on, and my mother looked at me with a frown – I don't know if she was upset herself or if she was irritated or angry that I couldn't understand what was going on. But she did tell what the problem was and the effect that it had on me, you start to look at yourself in a different way – in the sense that you are Black and that things like that do happen. At that age you don't really understand it, but you try to grasp it a little bit. The way my mother explained the whole thing to me it was like “You know what you gotta stay away from them”, that's what it was

Because growing up on a farm in Northern West – okay there is apartheid throughout the country – but I would say I was protected, in the sense that I grew up on the farm, the school wasn't far from where I was staying, the shops weren't far from where I was staying, there was actually no white people living in that area and my grandparents owned the farm – it was sustainable farming. So, for me to actually leave the whole province (North West) and come to Jo'burg then to Durban and experience that, it was something that I couldn't even grasp as a kid. And I didn't think I appreciated the whole concept of apartheid, 'cause I was too young to understand. But then the actual happening, from a personal point of view – kids jumping into the pool and their parents calling all of them all of a sudden, that kinda does make you very conscious of your colour. You are used to seeing people on the farm coming to talk to your grandparents and there is no “get away, don't talk to them, don't look at them don't touch them” – there isn't that kind of communication on the farm. But then you are at a community area where there is people everywhere and you just want to play as a kid, just to jump into the pool, no harm in it, no malicious intent or anything of that sort, and then the parents are calling their kids to come out of the pool and you wonder why. At 10 you don't really grasp the idea. There are things that you understand in life at 10, but that kind of thing, for me, it was brand new completely, it was something that I'd never experienced – you hear people talk about it but you have never really, really appreciated it at that age, because you are just a kid. So, ya that was my first real encounter of Apartheid.

I was roughly about 9 or 10, if I'm not mistaken, and so it would've been about '89 towards '90. Because I was born in 1980.

The pool wasn't segregated at all. Maybe in Durban people already had the low down on how the apartheid system it works – if white kids are in the pool, then the black kids are those from the area so they know they are not allowed in the pool. I just didn't take note, I was just excited, it was a swimming pool – just go and jump in and have fun, I didn't see anything wrong with it.

We didn't leave afterwards, we stayed. I didn't wanna go back into the pool, I thought just leave the pool alone, move on to the next event – which was the salt pool, where they've

got the little bridges. The salt one is more of a mixture, the other one where we were is more secluded. I wouldn't say there were more whites or blacks, because everybody could enter the other pool, there wasn't a sign that said white people or black people and everybody could enter. So we didn't leave immediately and, like I said, my mother just let me sit there and looked at me with a frown before she explained the whole thing. After a while she explained it. I don't think she really wanted to explain it that much in detail, but the way she put it to me, from what I understood was, "you stay, you let them play in the pool, if you wanna go in you can go in." Like I said, you start to be very conscious about things at that moment. You think of colours (and you think) clearly there is no mixture. So eventually we did leave the pool area and then we went to the other pool, the salt pool, with the sea water, which was more pleasant 'cos there are more kids in there anyway.

You lose your innocence actually as child, because all you wanna do is play and when people make you realise that there is differences in people, and people look at you differently, from what you think, from what you know, from what you are used to in your culture – as a black person anywhere in Africa, you greet people, it's normal to say hi to people, to interact with people and talk to people. Okay, granted the fact that I couldn't speak English or Afrikaans, whatever the language those kids spoke, meant that) I never really approached any of them to say "Lets talk" or "Lets play". It was just about jumping in the pool and kids are there, you just splash your water around. You just interacting and as kids, you know how you make friendship as a child, you meet some kid who starts talking to you, and whether you wanna talk to that kid or not is a different story. You don't have to know the language you just play. I've had moments where I'm at a park in Jo'burg at that age about 9 or 10 and kids are playing soccer and you don't have to speak English or anything. I remember there was a particular moment when my grandmother used to work around here, in Craighall, and we went down to a park just over by Dunkeld and there were white kids playing soccer, and it's boys. So you can't speak English, but you wanna play. You just go and play, and they play with you. I didn't think the whole race thing, the parent wasn't there, they were there with their maid – and it's one of those, they kick the ball to you, you kick it back, it's as simple as that. So the pool area situation for me, it was gonna be the same thing, you just jump in the pool they don't even speak the same language, whatever game they playing they might just let you in on it, so that's how I took it.

I think it didn't have a long term effect on me, because eventually in my life I got introduced to a multi-racial school, started going to school with white kids. When you are at those kind of schools you do pick up a lot of things, that not everybody is the same, not every white kid is gonna treat you the way those white kids treated you at the pool. And the teachers themselves, they are there to do a job, they might not like Black people but they won't show it, because its part of their job. I mean any teacher wouldn't wanna be accused of racism, you know what I mean? So it boils down to toleration, people tolerating each other. Like I said, you get introduced to that environment. I think that's what sort of helped me in the long run, to actually realise, "you know what, not all white people are bad, not all white people are gonna pull their kids out when you jump into the pool." Like I said, my first encounter with white kids was at a park, playing soccer, their parents might not have been there, but I kicked the ball they kicked it back and we played. It's as simple as that. So I think once you are in a multi-racial school, sort of helped smooth that out a bit in terms of acceptance as well and a lot of people don't know this about me, you are probably the first person to know this and if you tell anybody I'll have your head. I think the biggest influence in my life in terms of race and looking at different cultures and different people is my stepfather. My stepfather is white, I've got a colored brother. I think in the long run it was, not all white people are bad, you understand? When I started going to a multi-racial school, I had a Canadian teacher from a very early age and she was genuinely a nice person she was white and my mother was very scared of her - she liked me a lot and she asked my mother if I could go to Canada with her on holiday. And my mother was like, "You are not taking my kid anywhere." So my mother was scared of her, like "I want my son back home at this time." Mason. And I'll never forget her, because she was such a wonderful person and I think I didn't see the colour. She is a human being and she's got a different culture to me, I guess she was brought up in different way, but she had the same values that I had. Human beings are human beings at the end of the day, it doesn't matter what race or colour they are. So I think those two people in my life definitely smoothed out for me. Like I said, it doesn't necessarily mean because I had a white step father, that I can't be a racist, it doesn't mean that, it's a choice that I made as a human being. And I decided to take a step back and say "You know what, look at people for who they are, not what colour, what culture they are from, and be tolerant." Relationships can be built and we can have a community and that will smooth things out for you completely.

Female
Black
23 years old

I was about 7 or 8 years old as it was during a time in which we lived in East London in the Eastern Cape. It must have been around 1993 or 1994. I had gone shopping with my mother at Game which is a store that you buy a range of things including furniture, kitchen wear and outdoor sports equipment. She had left me in the area where they displayed children's sports equipment such as bikes, whilst she continued shopping. This was something that I and other children often did whilst waiting for our moms to finish shopping. The other children were usually white. On this particular day a white woman who must have been in her late 20's or early 30's spotted me from across the room and walked up to me, without saying a word she shook her head in disapproval, motioning that I should get off the bike. She was quite harsh and I'll never forget the look of disgust that she had on her face, as if she couldn't believe that a black kid had the audacity to be so free in such a place. I was about 7 or 8 yet I could sense her hatred towards me. It was quite a shock and I remember running to my mom, who asked me what was wrong. I never told her, I just carried the shame that the lady made me feel as I really thought that I had done something wrong. The effect that this had on me was that I felt that I couldn't be free in certain places as I might be doing something wrong, It made me feel like there was something fundamentally wrong with me because I had done something wrong without realising that I had done it.

This created a sense of intimidation towards white people, especially women. It made me feel as if they had more authority in life in generally. I never rode the bikes at Game ever again after that incident, I wish I had told my mother but I felt like she would be as angry with me as the lady was. I had no idea that the white lady's attitude towards me was rooted in racism. I have met many white women since then, who are the antithesis of this one white woman. I do not believe that it still effects me, except that it makes me more aware of how one person's small negative action can make a big difference in another person's world.

I was seven years old and it was 1980. We had a relative visiting us from London. My Grandfather is extremely patriotic and is always trying to show his birth country off, especially to foreigners who choose other countries over his. He was born in South Africa and therefore considers himself a South African, not an Indian.

My grandfather took our relative to the beach front in Durban to show him the beauty of South Africa. While walking along the beach, we decided to sit on a nearby bench to absorb the beauty. We didn't realise that it was a "White Only" bench. As the three of us were on the bench, a young, white, male who was walking by noticed that we were sitting on this bench and began shouting at us to get off the bench as it was a white only bench. We got off the bench. I, my grandfather, who was much older in age had to apologise for making this "mistake". I resented this. From this point onwards I viewed my country through different lenses.

This was my first exposure to direct racism. I was embarrassed by it. I really wanted to impress a foreigner with our country but instead he went back home with thinking that South Africa is not the place to live in if you are not White. And instead of regretting his decision for immigrating to London, he was actually relieved that he didn't come to South Africa.

It was only after this incident that I realised what apartheid really meant. As a result of this incident, I was cautious not to expose myself to such a situation again. I kept away from "White" areas. I immersed myself in Indian areas, went to an all Indian school, work in an all Indian company and have mostly Indian friends.

I became more traditional and found my sense of security in traditions and familiarity.

I replaced my pride for my country with pride for my culture instead.

Based on conversation that I have had with other race groups, the most recent being with a stranger on a plane, Indians are perceived as hardworking, focused on education, family orientated and always looking for a bargain.

There is some negative feeling towards Indian in the other race groups. The most obvious being the song by Mngobeni Ngema describing Indians as exploiters and shrewd businessmen.

I think that Indians too perceive themselves as being hardworking. Many of them feel that they have worked hard for all that they have achieved. They have built their own schools, technikons, temples, mosques and churches and hospitals. They believe that they weren't given any handouts and built their communities and secured their children's future on their own strength.

I am J.S, an Indian female. Born 1961 at King Edward Hospital in Durban. I have brown skin and jet black hair. Surrounding me were other babies that could have looked like my brothers and sisters.

Until the age of 17, I saw life in two colours – brown and occasionally black. I lived in an Indian neighbourhood, went to an Indian school and had Indian friends.

In this ocean of life, I swam among the other sardines until it was time to leave the shoal. I had my encounter with a 'great white' in 1979.

At the age of 17, a part time job was necessary to supplement the family income. I applied to Edgars and was interviewed by Mrs G. My first close exposure to white skinned people and the stern look on Mrs G face drained the blood from mine so that I looked like as white as a ghost.

She was abrupt, rude and unkind. The conversation began with "So why do you need to work here?". This encounter with her at the interview burst my bubble. 'Whites' I immediately thought are NOT superior human beings and I just realised that they too can be lesser human beings. What did I think they were made of – sugar and spice! That opinion certainly changed instantaneously.

I got the job. I was briefed on the separate entrance, the separate bathroom, the separate staff room and Mrs G made sure she mentioned that 'Indians' use this one implying that I was privileged over the other 'Black' staff. I already felt inferior and from that day I knew I had to free myself from this oppressive behaviour. I worked hard always- to prove a point but that just made me the perfectionist that I am today. Yes, I did go the extra mile not to let the 'Whites' down. I was confused..... I really liked the attention that I got for getting everything correct the first time was it because 'Whites' trained me? Did they know it all?

To this day, that experience shaped by personality in a way that made me the most driven achiever even if it were something minor.

After working several weekends, I made my first 'White' friend, Jane. In nature, Mrs G was the chalk and Jane was the delicious cheese. Once again, confusion set in. I had formed an opinion of white skinned people because of Mrs G and Jane was so different. She invited me to have lunch with her

on the last Saturday of the month. I couldn't wait to be seen with my white skinned friend. I dressed extra special that Saturday and made sure that I had a purse and handbag just like Jane did. Came lunchtime Jane suggested Wimpy. I had never been there and was excited to eat my burger, French fries and milkshake. I came from a family of five children and eating out was a luxury that we could not afford.

Upon entering the restaurant, I was told that Indians were not allowed to dine inside. Jane was shocked and just looked at me for a reaction. My cheeks burned with embarrassment and I was never so humiliated. I was utterly dumbfounded. Jane quickly suggested that we but take out. Once again, I was told that Indians were not allowed to sit under the umbrellas. With the food in our hands and tears rolling down my cheeks, we left. Jane and I could not go back to the staff room because that would have meant that we ate separately. We then sat on the pavement outside the Edgars building. We tried to eat and there was total silence throughout the meal. The burger that I was so looking forward to didn't go down easily as it was filled with hatred and indifference. That experience scarred me and I have never been to a Wimpy restaurant since that day. The tears and anger of that day brought about a curiosity of the word 'Apartheid'. To me ... from then onwards 'Apartheid' meant to OPPRESS, TO HATE, TO HURT.

I embarked on a fact finding mission, Apartheid changed my life and it changed me. The deep wound made me brave, hostile and assertive. I was always on my guard and questioned everything. This in turn refined my thinking and my ideas. My instinct taught me to co-operate. At times there was no answer and at other times, I questioned what I had to do to be part of the superior privileged race?

Later, my time had come to make an application to a tertiary institution. I chose the University of the Witwatersrand. After my application I awaited a positive reply. When I received that first white envelope with my name on it – I was nervous to open it. Upon opening I was angered once again by the fact that my application was pending, not because of my grades obtained in Standard 9 but because I did not make an application for ministerial consent to attend a 'White' institution where only a certain number of brown skinned persons were accepted. I was obviously expected to go to the University of Durban Westville. My application was accepted due to my being ill and the coastal climate in Durban that made my asthma worse. Consent was granted after many visits to the medical persons they recommended.

At Wits, I studied to become a teacher and as one of my ancillary subjects, I had chosen typing, shorthand and *senlschrift*. My lecturer in the education block, Mrs E, was prim and proper. She greeted the girls at the door with a handshake and a smile. My hands, off course, were untouched and I was told politely to please find a seat. The girls were asked to introduce themselves because we were a small class of 20. It was my turn. Mrs E responded to my introduction by saying, " I am 49 years of age and never had the experience of teaching an Indian girl, where did you say you came from?" Obviously, she had never heard of Newcastle in Natal.

I immediately realized that Mrs E was institutionalising an inferiority complex. I thought ... how judgemental can one be? Do you even know me or my abilities? I am here to learn just like all the other girls. Her superior attitude gave me the drive and determination to make a mark. I topped the class in my first test- and her reaction to that was "had this not been an oral/ written testing, your grade would be questioned". Was she now implying that I would copy in a test to get the grade I attained?. After such depth of oppression, I finally believed, with the help of my Indian friends that I can and will change the 'superior minds' opinion of my race. I left there in my fourth year with that very 'superior race' consulting with me and made them realise that we are and can be the same. Mrs E and the girls then believed the Indians were a race with some intelligence, sometimes a little more than their expectations.

My experience hardened my resolve. I wanted to be instrumental in changing attitudes in South Africa and joined in the youth group on campus. There I was enlightened even further and fought for my human rights and racial inequality. I graduated ... at that time I realised that there was no winning. The other 'White' graduates could choose the institution where they would like to go and teach in close proximity to their homes. The 'Indians' had to apply to the department of Indian Affairs and get posted where their services were required. My post was in Benoni but I lived in Lenasia. There were many schools in Lenasia at that time but no post for me.

I was somewhat stereotyped into thinking and still sometimes believe that white supremacy still exists. The challenge for me is to think outside those old categories and to free myself from obsolete paradigms. I must preserve and create new ones. What is needed to be realised by me and others from my past, that what is needed is recognition of the post Apartheid South Africa. We must now accept and welcome our conflicting and competing memories as an inevitable part of the transition to democracy.

Where does the Indian nationality fit in our multi racial society still remains a challenge and I believe that the quality of the country's transformation to democracy can be improved day to day by dealing openly with the past.

My first experience of Apartheid was in 1973 when I was small. We had to travel to Johannesburg. I was excited because I was going to another town for the first time. I could not understand all the preparation for the paper work that was going on. I only learnt about that when we approached the Transvaal-Natal boarder. We were stopped by the police. We were asked for our permits and the reasons for travelling to Transvaal. When I left home my dad told me that if anyone asks why I am travelling with people other than my parents I should tell them that I am attending a wedding with them. I did as I was told. When we crossed the border my uncle told me that we had to lie because they do not let Indians live and work in Transvaal. Indians were only allowed to live in Natal. The Indians who lived in Transvaal before the law was passed were allowed to live there. No new immigrants were allowed here (*Johannesburg*).

In later years I learnt that no Indians were allowed in the Free State at all. After I got married my husband and I decided to go to Cape Town by car. We decided to stop over in a small town called Richmond. We had hotel bookings there. I think we got the bookings because of our surname, the surname sounds very French. When we arrived at the hotel the receptionist looked shocked deemed that we did not have bookings. We were stunned because there was no other place we could go to stay. With a bit of luck we met a kind lady who took us to her house and explained no one should see us and let us stay there for the night. There were many more experiences but I only stated the two that left a mark on my life.

I am proud to be an Indian in South Africa. If my grandparents had not come to South Africa we would still be in India. There would have been no progress in our lives. I came from a privileged background. We grew up in Durban. My parents had lots of opportunity to prosper in business. We were subject to Apartheid only outside Durban. In Durban, because of my granddad's and dad's prosperity people of all walks of life respected us.

Whites and Blacks do view Indians as a threat to them. Indians work very hard they are very big competitors as compared to whites and Blacks. Indians are proud and arrogant. They love their colourful customs and enjoy their festivals.

I am a South African – born in South Africa -having been a tourist to India for a period not exceeding 4 weeks in my lifetime. My Indian grandfather emigrated to South Africa. We now have the fourth generation in South Africa. My eldest child at 25 has not visited India. All my children are passionate South African's in both a political and sporting outlook.

Apartheid has led to a the generation until 1994 that can never be unequivocally South African housed with the free generation who have no other loyalty but South Africa in the same home .

Apartheid has ensured, that all my life I have been reminded that I am a Indian first – thereafter South African, with a classification even until the dying days of apartheid of being a South African of Indian origin and in the new political dispensation requiring identification as an Indian in all official government forms and in all empowerment initiatives from both government and in private commerce and industry.

The impact of Apartheid was felt when I started schooling in 1960 and continued until the new dispensation was introduced in 1994. Schooling started with entry being allocated into an “Indian “only school. The first impact was that the lack of choice of a school meant that I attended an Indian primary school two kilometres away, even though an “Indian” school was 300 metres close to our home. The department of Indian Affairs made an arbitrary allocation which school in the Indian neighbourhood you attended. High School was by train to a school 35 kilometres away. Residence was chosen for the family by reallocation, without choice, to an Indian township 35 kilometres away and this led to working life starting in a strange and distant city centre that was arranged to be hostile to people of colour.

University was at a bush college located 600 kilometres away where the introduction to the first across the colour line interaction with white surly lecturers was made. These lecturers were those who were not good enough for white universities. This engineering ensured a racial hate – hate relation with the cream of the Indian youth of the country.

Schooling- from primary to tertiary was in a harsh and difficult environment that ensured limited exposure for children and was expensive for parents.

Apartheid delivered a purpose constructed Indian only environment that contributed to all the *ills of a closed society*.

Firstly, white officialdom dispensed favours, ingraining in the closed community the belief of white superiority and the fear of black Africans as violent lesser humans.

The Indians community was divided between those accepting favours from white officialdom and those fighting the inequality of the system of granting favours such as trading licences under onerous conditions.

Secondly the higher economic cost of living ensured that you remained in poverty .Also, any success achieved was envied by the lesser fortunate and fellow black African who tended to have even lesser opportunities to progress and this also encouraged racial tension between black groups.

Thirdly, the assumption was made in promoting the policy of separate development that all Indians were homogenous. No separate identity was given to the professional's in the society, the tolerant religious devotee nor the majority of honest peace loving Indian who espoused a high work ethic and a love for a peaceful environment. The minority, dishonest shopkeeper and religious fanatic, that did exist, were the stereotype that was marketed as universal.

Fourthly, as with any communities under threat Indians also found solace internally in the family unit. Indians had in their mother country a strong family value and unity culture. This culture strengthened and grew in the extended family unit forced upon the community by the hardships of apartheid.

Lastly, the Apartheid government introduced the House of Delegates in their separate development policy that was divisive and introduced corruption into the community. Opportunists arose who received favours for political compromises. Apartheid turned a blind eye to the corruption that followed from a policy of divide and rule. This corruption also saw the economic divide growing with the few corrupt Indians now becoming prosperous at the expense of their fellow community members.

This history has created a current confused Indian identity. The older baby boomers (born after world war two) grew up with a distinct Indian identity as they were excluded from a South African

identity. They had found solace in seeing the values of being an Indian and grew further and further away from their fellow white and black citizens. As with all minorities globally they saw their future best protected in delivering an exceptional work ethic that would provide economic freedom and invested heavily into education for the uncertain future. The current generation grew up in a distinctly western world that was promoted as the ideal in a prospering western world. This western lifestyle was easier to adopt having the economic freedom that their parents invested in the uncertainty under the apartheid era.

Presently, Indians in the majority continue with the tradition of an above average work ethic and continue to deliver more professionals in recent times than any other race group. The strong family and community units forced from the Group Areas Act are being diluted but still contribute to growth.

In South Africa today, Indians are respected for the contribution on an individual to individual basis for the excellent service and work ethic. They are the first choice for medical or financial services above every other race group by all race groups. There uneven prosperity however is seen with envy by fellow South Africans who follow a more short term individualistic philosophy to economic and lifestyle choices. Regrettably, the closed community that continues in promoting a strong culture are viewed with suspicion when they are not envied.

Indians do believe that they are descendants of a superior culture and continue to plan for a longer term having the fears normal with every minority grouping.

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