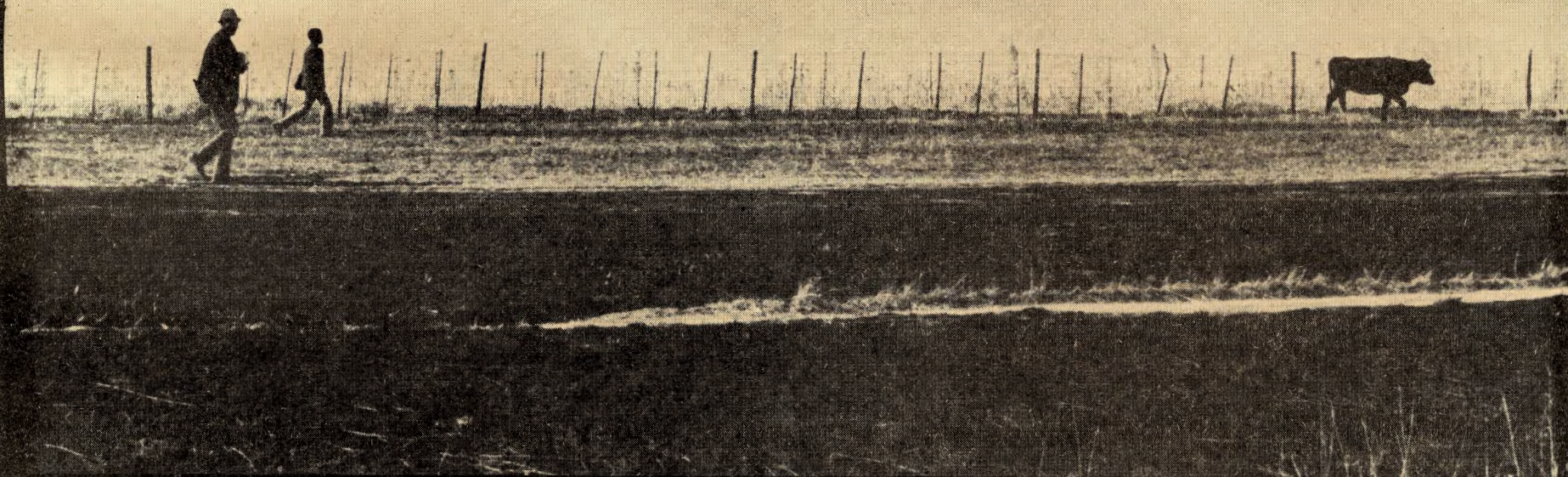


the
NOWHERE
people

*The blacks
of Albany*

The long silence speaks
of deaths and removals.
Restrictions, losses
have strangled utterance.
How shall I now embrace your rhythms?

— Arthur Nortje



Supplement to RHODEO
produced by journalism students

19 AUGUST 1977

A home is a human right

...and
the world
knows it

Lynne Hancock

A third of humanity lives in shanties. One-and-a-half billion people - more than the population of the rich industrialised nations - live in camps resembling Dead Horse Kloof and Modderdam.

But there is one big difference between South Africa and most other nations in this world of squatters. Here, they bulldoze people's homes. Elsewhere, squatters are helped to turn their shanty towns into viable communities.

The principles of self-help for squatter communities were debated at "Habitat", the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements in Vancouver, Canada, last year. A subsequent issue of the Unesco *Courier* features some papers read at the conference.

In cities in the developing world slums and squatter settlements of ten account for a third to half of the population. By the year 2000 more than half of the world's population will live in cities as opposed to 39% today. This growth leads to the rapid swelling of squatting communities.

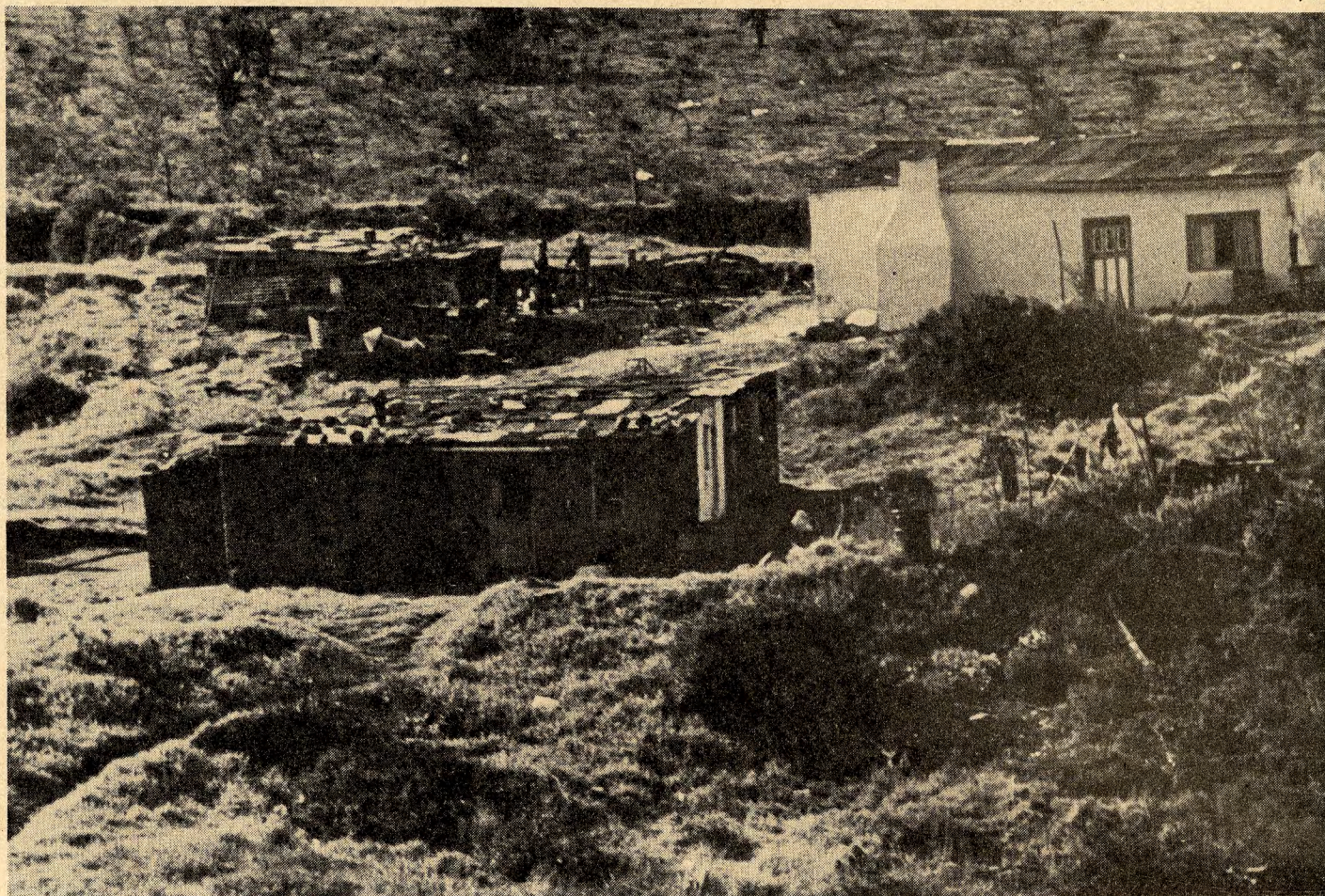
Until recently governments considered squatter communities to be temporary and likely to disappear with progress. This has been proved wrong in their persistence and continual growth in size and number.

Harmony

Squatters who are treated with consideration often develop a harmonious relationship with the authorities and with each other. They also become more responsible towards the environment.

Governments are being asked to take control over land so that it can be allotted to those without homes and provided with sanitation and other essential services.

John F.C. Turner, in a *Courier* article entitled "A New Universe of Squatter-Builders", says that the new directions emerging in public housing schemes will result in "better physical, economic and social results for rich and poor countries alike".



Dead Horse Kloof before the bulldozer moved in

Crowbar tactics at home

Arlene Getz

Coloureds and Blacks will continue to move into squatter shanties because of population increase and overcrowding in the housing estates, says a study of squatters in the Western Cape.

The best policy for the Government to follow would be to recognize the existence of these camps, provide security of tenure for the inhabitants, and lay on the basic services of water, sanitation and refuse removal. Instead it is eroding more and more of the squatters rights.

These suggestions and comments on the squatter problem are put forward in *The Squatter Problem in the Western Cape: Some Causes and Remedies*, by George Ellis, Delia Hendrie, Alide Kooy and Johann Maree (Institute of Race Relations, R4.50).

Homeless

There are at least 120 000 Coloured squatters and about 30 000 Black squatters in the Western Cape. Their plight has recently received wide publicity as shanty homes are being systematically demolished by the authorities. Families are being left homeless. And their rights are slowly being removed.

Contrary to popular belief, squatters are not shiftless, unemployed idlers. Seventy nine of the potential work force are employed; 82%

ed. Black men in the area legally are removed to the bachelor barracks. Those in the area illegally are given the transport costs to return to possible starvation in the homelands.

If they are Coloured; they are probably squatting because the Group Areas Act has forced them from their old homes without providing new ones. If they are Black, they are probably from the homelands looking for work. Some are there illegally without a pass. Some are married men, in the Cape legally but reluctant to live in the bachelor barracks. So they squat to be with their families.

Hardship

It is a policy that causes extreme hardship. Houses are hopelessly over-crowded. Many families are forced to separate. Conditions are unhygienic and race relations are deteriorating.

The study suggests that a short term solution would be to recognise that these camps perform a useful function. They should be upgraded in the hope of eventually providing satisfactory housing, possibly through squatters becoming "owner-builders".

It says that influx control only aggravates the homeland situation and jobs should therefore not be limited.

Their suggestions are valuable and practical and those in authority would do well to take note.



have held the same job for at least a year.

A squatter is any person who builds a shack on somebody else's (usually government) land. He is usually in the area illegally. Until May this year a squatter had to be given seven days notice before his shack could be demolished. Now, in terms of the Amendment to the Prevention of Illegal Squatting Act, the Department of Community Development can demolish a shack without even informing the owner.

It is official Government policy to try to freeze the squatter population. All squatter shanties built before 15 November, 1974 are condoned. All shanties erected since that date, as well as all those that are vacated, must be demolish-

The task of government, is to provide tools for the job in the form of land, technical assistance, essential utilities, and community facilities that the people themselves cannot instal.

Silver City has become the temporary home of squatters evicted from nearby Dead Horse Kloof. The bleakness of these huts offers little comfort. But there are toilet facilities in each building and taps in every lane. Made of prefabricated zinc plates, the huts are fiercely cold in winter and like ovens in summer.



BULLDOZING

PHOTOS BY
CARL BECKER
and
IAN ROBERTS

Student Reporters

THE

DEAD HORSE

Dead Horse Kloof, the squatter camp in Grahamstown that has attracted so much publicity during the past three months, is being bulldozed. Scattered plates and heaps of rubble are all that is left of the demolished black shanties.

The squatters have been moved "temporarily" into prefab huts, and their future is uncertain. Having lost homes of their own, they are now totally insecure - and their new huts are damp and cold.

The removal project began two weeks ago after BAAB secured permission to use the tin huts. These were built last year to be used as the halfway house for Fingo Villagers being moved to Committees Drift.

Houses belonging to Coloured families still stand as they have not been given orders to move. There are no houses available for them elsewhere.

The evicted black occupants have been moved to Sunny Side, otherwise known as Silver City, when the Bantu Affairs Administration Board has 12 x 12 ft. tin huts.

Stood Empty

"At the end of the year we put forward an application to use the huts because of the drastic shortage of housing for blacks in Grahamstown," said Mr Dennis Bush, head of BAAB in Grahamstown. The huts had stood empty after the removal of blacks from Fingo Village was stopped in June last year.

Permission to use the huts for resettlement of Dead Horse Kloof was only received three weeks ago - 29 July.

There were 403 blacks living in the Dead Horse Kloof according to figures released by BAAB. The tin huts for them comprise 43 one-roomed dwellings, 7 two-roomed dwellings, 4 three-roomed dwellings, 2 four-roomed dwellings and 2 five-roomed dwellings.

"We're going to put up some more. Right now we're moving out and demolishing until Dead Horse Kloof is empty," said Mr Peter Purdon of BAAB.

Nowhere People



Squatters have no rights

Squatters "have no rights" according to Mr Marais Steyn, Minister of Community Development. The minister has seen it as his duty to fight the squatter problem to the end. The law which enables him to do so is the Prevention of Illegal Squatting Act of 1951, amended to make it tougher.

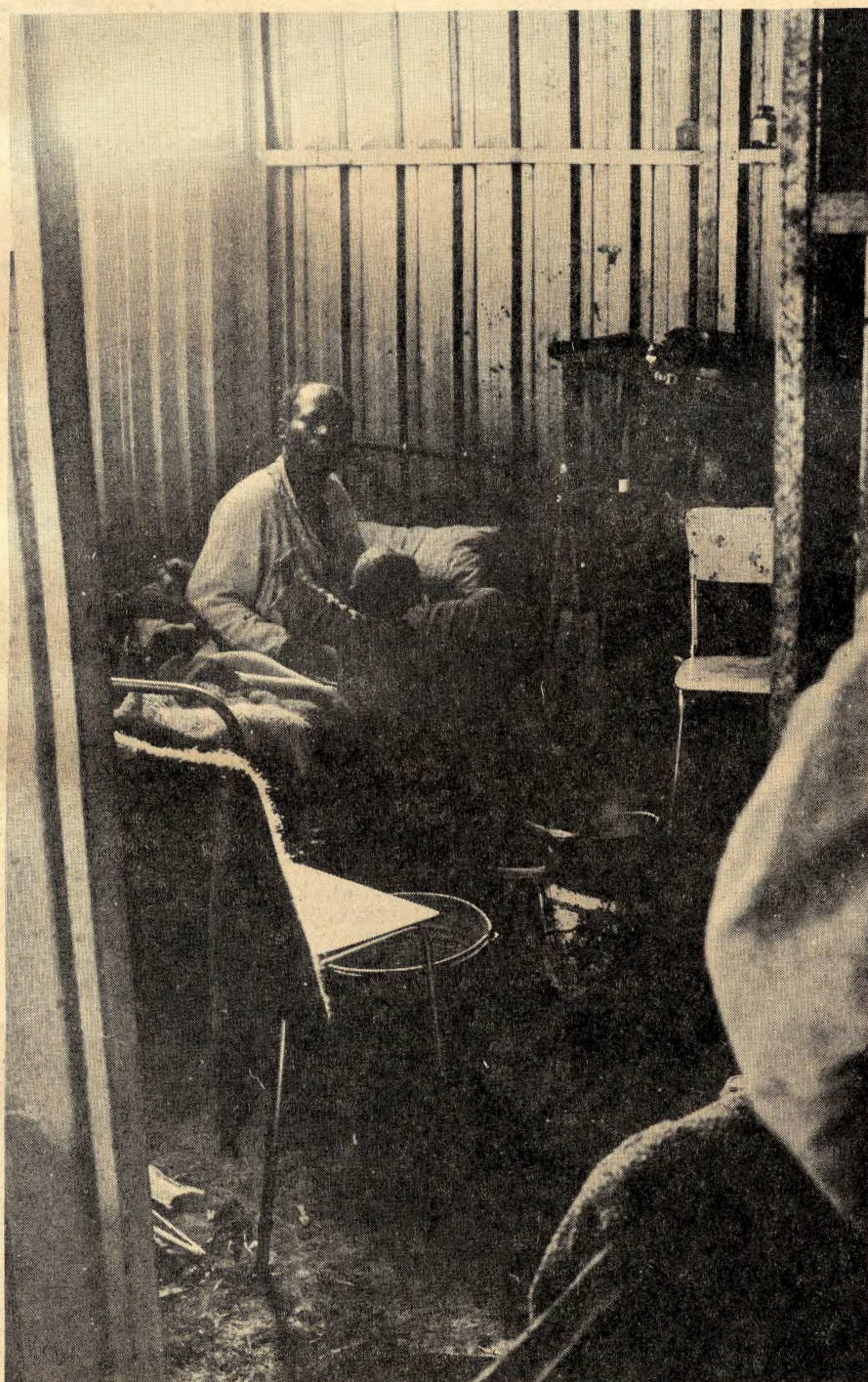
It is now the duty of landlords to evict squatters from their property - and they are liable to a maximum penalty of R500 if they do not.

Previously squatters were given seven days' notice which was, said the Minister, "a concession to the squatters in the hope that it would be easier for them to make alternative arrangements."

Now squatters must move as soon as any "authorised person" tells them to do so, and their homes are destroyed within seven days of their eviction.

Here are some of the Minister's thoughts on squatters: "These squatters are lawbreakers." "They are trespassers and encroach upon the rights of others, persons whose rights are sacred, if not more sacred than theirs, because they are, after all not breaking the law."

"I owe the squatters nothing. They are trespassers and intruders. I owe them nothing. However I do not want to evade responsibility."



The face of misery at Silver City. The future is taking shape in rooms like this, where bitterness breeds.

'It rains on the inside,' said one occupant. 'The whole thing is just mud' The zinc shacks have no ceilings or flood boards. They drip and drip.

I want to speak of the rights of squatters, the wonderful rights of squatters....according to my honourable friend they do have rights.

-Marais Steyn, Minister of Community Development.



Latrine huts and an unkempt lawn at the temporary campsite for "coloureds".

'Fun City?' — no ways!

Martin Feinstein

When I interviewed a local Bantu Affairs Administration Board official about black amenities in Grahamstown, his list was so short that I spent a mere five minutes in his office.

A brief survey of Grahamstown revealed an alarming lack of, not only sporting facilities, but of any form of entertainment or recreation.

The township halls - the Nelut-hande Hall in Makana's Kop and the Recreation Hall in Fingo Village - are the main social centres. They must serve as venues for the social activities of 55 000 blacks, and are hired out almost every night. Although they cater for a variety of church functions, dances and meetings, they cannot meet the community's needs.

The townships also have two beer-halls and two canteens, open all week. But it is doubtful whether these provide the atmosphere to relax over a beer, something Grahamstown's whites take for granted. There are also no cinemas for Grahamstown's blacks, and although the drive-in is open to all races, attendance requires a car - a luxury most blacks can't afford.

Evidence of the desire for recreation despite the abysmal lack of facilities are 16 sports clubs, including tennis, cricket, weightlifting, boxing, and a ballroom dancing. The sports clubs must share one stadium in Makana's Kop. Although there are two rugby fields, a cricket pitch, two tennis courts, and six children's playgrounds, these exist more in theory than in reality. More often than not they comprise a pitted field with leaning goalposts.

An exception to the shabbiness is the new Duma Library, proudly stocked with over 7 000 books. But, say officials, it is hardly used. Begun by the Cape Provincial Library Service, it is the first

of its kind.

Facilities are unlikely to improve in the near future. Already one community development programme, planned by a Grahamstown church group, has collapsed, while black staff at Rhodes University lost out on a planned recreation centre when a fire destroyed the new wing of the Settler's Hospital. Plans to transform the old Prince Alfred Hospital into a recreation centre had to be scrapped as the building was needed after the fire.

June Couldridge

About R150 000 is to be spent on a new sports complex for Grahams-town. But for the present the facilities will be for whites only.

Plans for the centre were passed at the June meeting of the Grahamstown City Council.

Mr. Doug Coghlan of the Rhodes Physical Education Department and chairman of the Albany Sports Advisory Council, hopes it will be possible to open the facilities to all races soon after they are ready.

"But the situation of the complex will act as a deterrent even if clearance is obtained" he said. "I can't see blacks walking long distances at night. However if there is a bus service they may decide the complex is close enough to use."

The centre is to be built on grounds which were used by St. Aidans before it closed.

The building of the complex will

Deathly air at Campers' Gulch

A caretaker is to be employed to look after the planned new camping and caravan park for coloured visitors to Grahamstown. The park should be finished by October and will be an improvement on the temporary site which has served till now. But it may still be a rather deathly place. MARK VAN DER VELDEN reports.

Mr. Garth Timm, the Grahamstown municipal parks superintendent says the city regards its caravan grounds as "transit parks" for people to stay in overnight and move on. He told me in an interview that Grahamstown is not a resort town like places on the coast, and most travellers remain here only briefly.

This may be true of the present temporary park for coloureds, but it is less true of the white park. And the difference is marked by much better facilities for whites. Even the new park for coloured travellers will not match up, although Mr Timm says it will be modelled on the white park.

"The present temporary site is used maybe once or twice a month," said Mr Timm. This estimate is based on the amount of garbage in the bins every month, for the site has no permanent staff. Neither will the new one. Fees there will be collected by the caretaker of a nearby cemetery who will also have to cope with any immediate problems.

The white park has a staff of four - three black labourers and a white supervisor. It has sites for 75 caravans. The running costs are about R12 000 a year and the park has only made a profit once in the past ten years.

The park for whites is situated in a small but beautiful valley about

10 minutes walk from Grahamstown. The terraces have large rondavels serving as ablution blocks, and there is also a playground for children.

The temporary coloured park is set in an exposed situation near the national road to Port Elizabeth, several kilometres from the city.

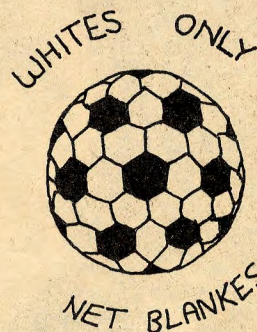
Gravestones

The new park will have sites for 25 caravans and will have ablution facilities. A visit to the area showed that the toilet block is nearing completion, but once again the visitor will have little view. The national road is some three hundred paces away.

Mr Timm said that any site closer to town would have involved expensive clearing. "Besides, it's right next to power and water supplies and sewerage drains. This will allow for flush toilets instead of the old pit-latrines."

Apparently no campsites exist for blacks although the national roads carry many blacks to and from the homelands. If they are wealthy they can find accommodation at Settler's Motel. Others stay with friends or in lodgings in the township.

RACIAL COMPLEX



provide some employment for the local blacks. A small staff will also be needed for the upkeep of the complex.

Kingswood College is to buy Kings Field from the municipality for R65 000, and this money will go towards the cost of the complex.

A further R50 000 is expected from the Department of Sport and Recreation, with fund-raising to cover the rest.

The first stage of the plan is the building of two rugby fields, two cricket fields, one soccer field,

five tennis courts, one archery range and two croquet lawns. A hockey field has already been marked out and the Archery Club is already active. Other clubs and societies are showing interest too.

A pavilion seating 1000 will have four changing rooms for men and one for women, toilet and shower facilities, a referees' room and a first aid room. Two squash courts will be built on either side. Later a match tennis court will be built.

The pavilion will also have a lounge with a bar and a kitchen, a committee room and storage space.

Black staff at Rhodes University, the largest employer in Grahamstown, have access to all the university's sporting facilities, according to the SRC. But it appears that few black staff members are aware of these facilities, says Mr Jackson Vena, chairman of the Black Workers' Union.

GLENMORE

*Nowhere is
where it's at...*

Glenmore is the name of a farm on the Ciskei, about 45 km from Grahamstown. The name sounds pleasant enough, but for thousands of Fingo Villagers it holds out the sinister prospect of resettlement in the middle of nowhere.

Blacks are to be moved out of Grahamstown to Glenmore, which the Government plans to incorporate into the Ciskei at a later date. The Ciskei has already said it will refuse to have anything to do with the scheme.

No-one seems to know - and officials are not saying - just how many people will be expected to move to Glenmore, but estimates have ranged from 7 000 to a staggering 200 000.

BIG MOVE

Fingos first to go

The first to be affected will be the inhabitants of Fingo Village, the historic community which has been part of Grahamstown since the 1850s when several hundred properties were given to blacks by the colonial government of the day. The Fingoes were granted ownership of the land for themselves and their descendants in perpetuity. The Nationalist Government has now rescinded the guarantee.

villagers will have until 1981 to sell up and move out. Those who hold title to properties will be given alternative sites in the Grahamstown townships, but the rest will be given the "option" to move to Glenmore.

Less than 300 new housing sites are available for Grahamstown blacks at present, with little hope of the Government allowing more to be created. Blacks may not remain illegally as squatters, so the option is no option at all.

In 1975, an official referendum among Fingo Villagers produced a resounding vote against resettlement in the Ciskei. The Government has ignored the result. Probably more than 6 000 Fingo Villagers will be resettled, along with the squatters from Dead Horse Kloof who are now being housed in tin huts at Silver City.

In addition, blacks from surrounding areas of Grahamstown or else-

where in the Eastern Cape may be moved to Glenmore.

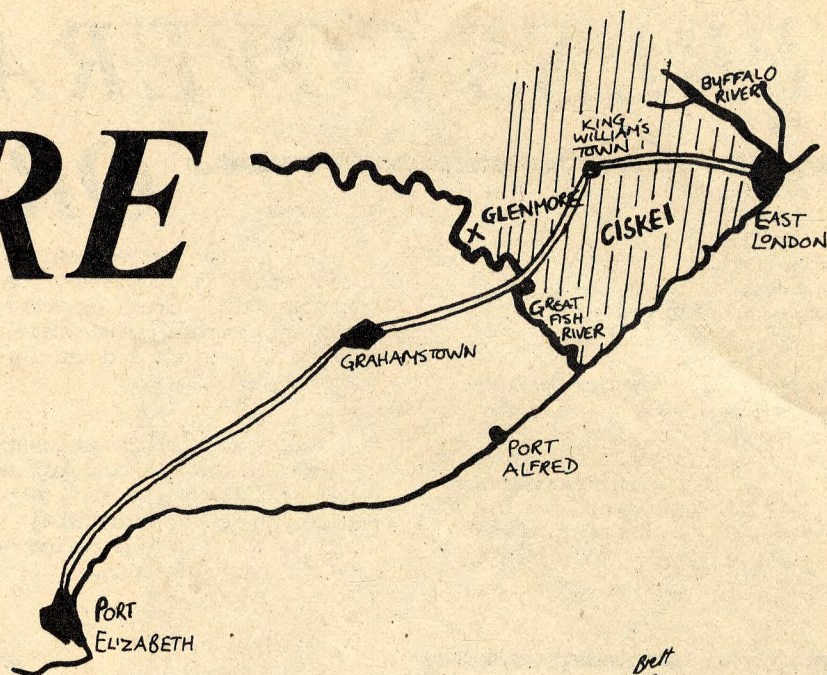
Blacks with jobs in Grahamstown may keep them but will have to travel from their "homeland" to the "border industrial area", as the city is designated. The 90 km round trip will have to be by bus, since there is no railway, but the present dirt road is so rough and is cut by so many culverts (13 which flood at times) that the bus fleet will suffer constant breakdowns.

But the scheme will go ahead.

And until Grahamstown accepts this situation gracefully, the Government will make little or no effort to bring industry to this economically struggling area. Joblessness will increase, no more houses may be built, and social tensions will escalate.

Glenmore is the "bait" for industrial development in this area.

True, and blacks are wriggling on the hook.



The no-hoppers

VAL PIENAAR

Without food there is no hope.

Any realistic picture of the future of agriculture in the Transkei and the other homelands must be a depressing one, according to two researchers at the Institute for Social and Economic Research.

The early 1970s saw the start of the so-called "green revolution", resulting from the discovery of new varieties of wheat, rice and other crops with short growing periods and high yields. The "green revolution" seemed to be the solution for under-developed countries, but in almost every

case it failed because of poor management and lack of capital.

Scientific changes are being made in farming, but techniques are often far too advanced to be applied to the areas which need them most. Says Mr Geoff Antrobus of the ISER: "Developments have been always catering for the developed countries."

Migrant problems

Much depends on the attitudes of farmers. In the Transkei and other homelands, the majority of the population consists of migrant labourers, for whom farming is a secondary activity. Migrant labour has been a widespread phenomenon for several generations; many of the people are in fact urban workers, lacking the outlook of the farmer, yet continuing to scratch at some small plot to have a place to leave their children and old people and something to fall back on if they lose their jobs.

These people lack both the interest and the capital to farm profitably. In some cases groups have clubbed together to buy a tractor.

Ideology

The problem, according to Mr William Beinhart, formerly at the ISER, is in the running of the co-operatives, which up to now has tended to be very formalised with control imposed from the top. "You need some kind of ideology to get co-ops going, and in South Africa this is impossible," he said.

Mr Beinhart laid most of the blame for the condition of farming in the homelands on government policy. "The backwardness of homeland agriculture is the result of a long structural process," he said. "You can either have peasants or migrants. You've got to make up your mind."

Grahamstown hit the national headlines in April this year when the Prog-Ref MP for Orange Grove, Mr Rupert Lorimer, made a speech in Parliament deploring conditions in the area. This speech had a ripple effect on the press and officialdom - an effect which is still being felt today.

These extracts are from House of Assembly speeches. The local MP, Mr Bill Deacon, replied to Mr Lorimer in the debate during April this year.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Lorimer on Grahamstown:

‘THE PROPOSED REMOVAL scheme to Committees Drift and Glenmore is used as an excuse to do nothing about the unbelievably squalid conditions in which most of Grahamstown's black population live and to build no houses for the ever-increasing number of black people.

One has to ask oneself the question What sort of people are going to come from this sort of environment? We are creating problems for the future which will make out present problems look like kindergarten games.’

Deacon in response to Lorimer:

‘I AM VERY SORRY that the hon. member for Orange Grove saw it fit to speak about the Bantu housing situation in Grahamstown. We have had a great deal of problems with housing in Grahamstown during the years and I have always believed that it was correct to act directly with the hon. Minister's department through the hon. Deputy Minister concerned with the matter. Over the years I have had consultations and dealings with the successive Deputy Ministers and, if I may say so, with considerable success.’

PRESS COVERAGE OR COVER—UP?

Press coverage of Grahamstown is poor and little interest is shown in black problems.

Depending upon whether you are one of its 12 500 white inhabitants or one of its 50 000 black inhabitants, Grahamstown is either the traditional centre of English culture in South Africa or the most squalid collection of townships in the country.

Grocott's, the twice-weekly local paper, is completely non-controversial, often ignoring important township news while using white-orientated trivia as front-page stories.

The *Daily Dispatch* gives erratic coverage to Grahamstown, aiming usually at the university community. It has no permanent staff in the city and relies on student correspondents.

The *E.P. Herald*, which has a Grahamstown office with two reporters, gives the best all-round coverage of Grahamstown, but often gives prominence to white official statements.

The *Sunday Times* concentrates on sensational coverage. It's P.E. representative, Nic van Oudshoorn, former Rhodes Information Officer, is the terror of the university.

The *World* has no reporter here and relies on journalism students

to keep it posted.

This year, the Rhodes student press has stepped in to cover issues which the local and national press have been slow to deal with. *Rhodo* published its "Shame City" exposé - which upset officialdom - and *Oppidan* has focused on the poor bus service for blacks.

They led the way for the established press, which later picked up the issues and gave them prominence.

From exposé to action

The articles in this supplement have been written by journalism students after an extensive probe into the state of Grahamstown's environment.

Environment ... what does the word mean? For thousands in the Settler City it means sheer misery. They live in tumbledown, leaking shacks, in conditions of fearful overcrowding. Crime stalks the unlit, untarred streets, and disease lurks in the yards where open pit and bucket latrines are used by scores of people daily.

There is no privacy in houses accommodating 117 or 208 people - such houses exist in Wood Street, Fingo Village. There is no hope for children who are born onto the streets to grow up as beggars and thieves. There is little chance of education in a city which offers only one high school - Nathaniel Nyaluza - to its population of 55 000 blacks.

But there is despair and hatred.

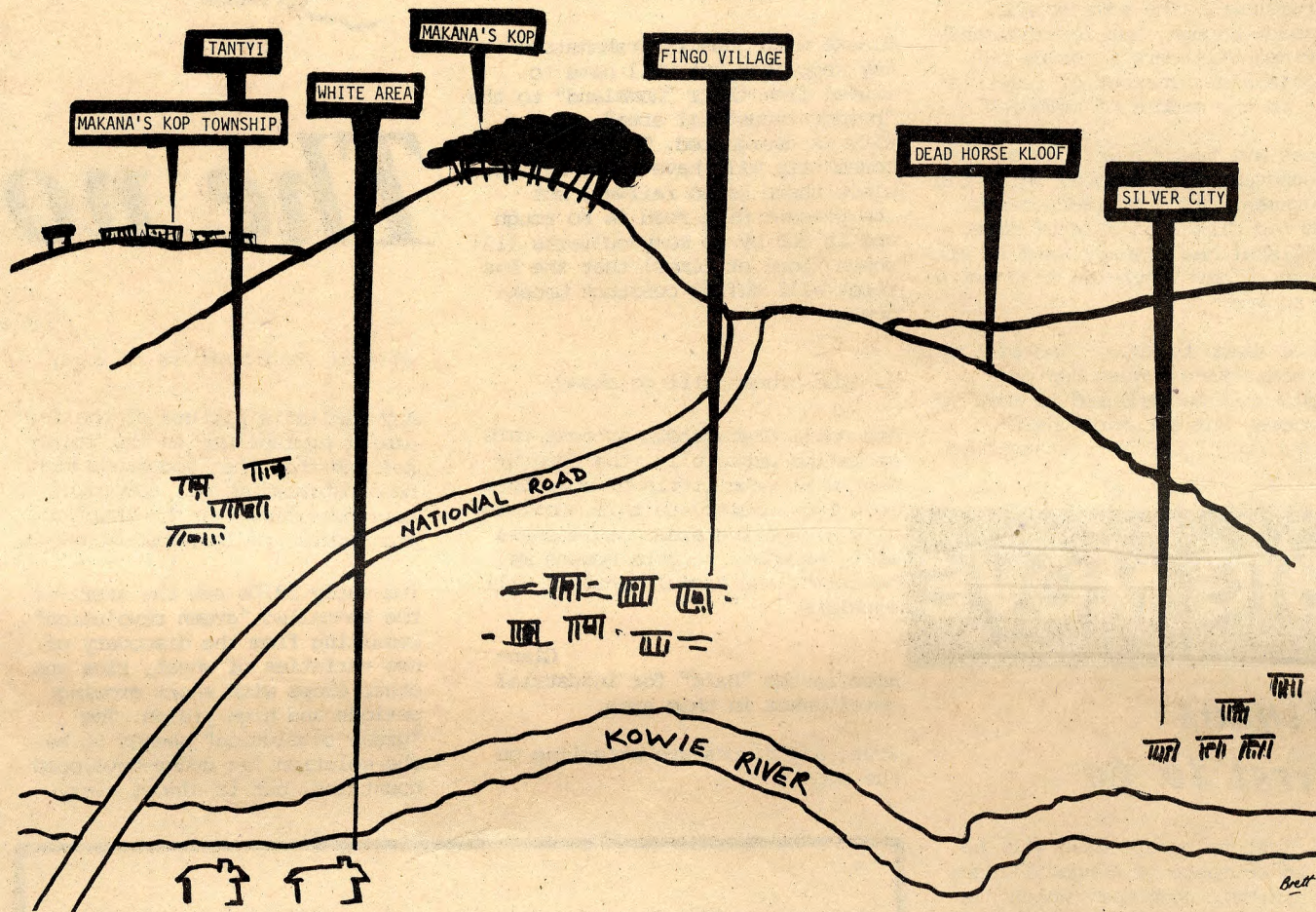
Grahamstown's urban environment is a curse upon the future of the bulk of its inhabitants, who happen to be black. And yet this is a city which has prided itself on its heritage of buildings, squares, and antiques. A tourist industry has grown up around the town's showpieces, and developers are making money out of restored Settler homes.

Where is the money going? Who is going to restore hope and health to the community's blacks? There are dozens of charity organizations in Grahamstown but in today's political and economic context many blacks take exception to being given handouts by well-to-do whites.

What is needed now is a major community development project to pool the resources of Grahamstown for the benefit of the deprived. The poor themselves should run the scheme and decide how best to spend the funds creamed off the white community.

There is nothing to stop such a programme.

- Supplement Editor



A PANORAMA OF DEPRESSION

The black sector of Grahamstown stretches out across the low hills surrounding Makana's Kop. On the extreme right, Dead Horse Kloof - the home until recently of hundreds of black squatters. Silver City is a sterile region of tin huts to which the squatters have been moved. The old-established Fingo Village is today only a crumbling ruin, close to being another squatter camp, with shanties everywhere. The local authority, BAAB, has set aside more than 200 sites for new houses in the Makana's Kop township.

Produced by journalism students in collaboration with *Rhodo*. Editing and headlines by G.N. Addison of the Department of Journalism.

Buses go on

Rob Morrell.

Many of Grahamstown's blacks are continuing to walk to work, following bus fare increases in the recent past. Good news for bus users is that the service is still going and has in fact been extended to serve a new area.

The city's bus problems have been the subject of various reports in the Rhodes student press querying official policy towards this essential service. At one stage it was reported that the City Council would scrap the service because it was losing money - a move that would force hundreds to walk long distances each day.

Those to suffer would all be blacks, while the decisions on the service are taken by whites.

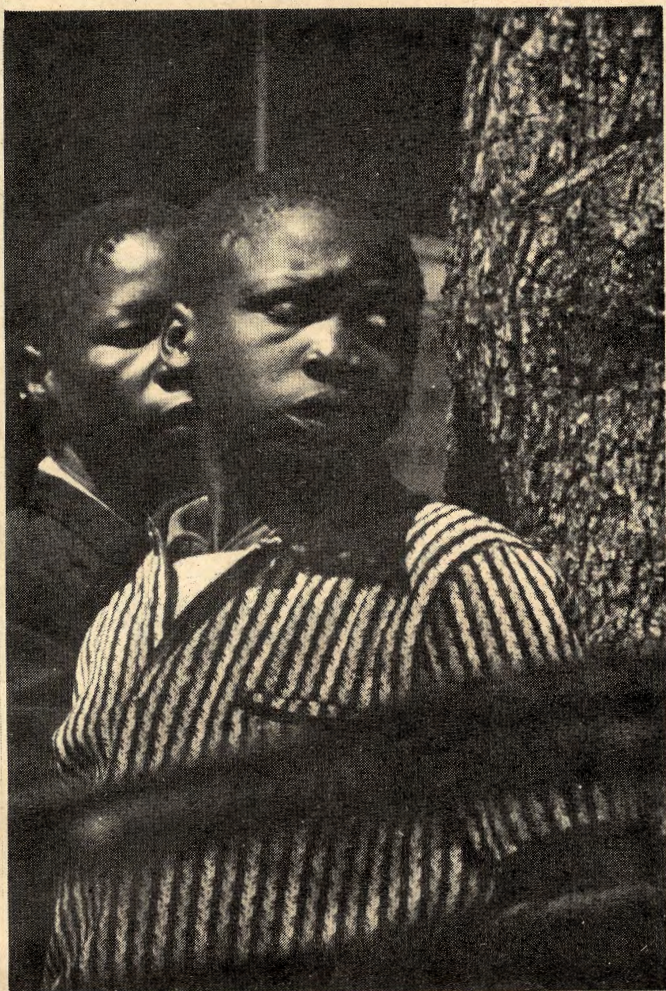
Apparently, the Council has now reconsidered its plans. A new area being served is the Escom site near Makana's Kop. This receives visits from buses leaving Joza at 6.00 am and 5.30 pm each

working day. Other routes include one of Market Square and another to the northern section of Grahamstown where many black domestics are employed.

Despite the busfare increases, the service is still losing money and commuters. For the period January - June 1977, the net takings were down about 1 000 from the same period last year, according to figures released by the Grahamstown transport manager, Mr L.J. Hickman.

The Grahamstown municipality is still subsidising the service. There is scant chance that any private company will buy the bus service and attempt to run it at a profit, as the Council had hoped someone would.

For the present, blacks who can afford to travel by bus can rest easy. Those for whom food comes before fares will just have to go on wearing their soles down.



It's a
great
place if
you're
white



GRAHAMSTOWN

I was there (in Grahamstown) a few weeks ago and I saw some of the foulest living conditions that I have ever seen in my life, and I have seen some pretty bad ones.

-Rupert Lorimer MP

Not a City Of Saints

In many ways, this has remained a frontier town with all the anxieties that go with its border status. The granting of "independence" to the Transkei, and the self-government of the Ciskei have reminded the whites of this area of their traditional role as buffers between the black states to the east and the white power in the west.

The city is a small one by South African standards, but it has symbolic significance. This is where whites and blacks rubbed shoulders as masters and servants, friends and enemies, when there was no statutory apartheid to decide how they should interact.

This is where whites, who boast of their community feelings, grabbed what they could and made sweated labour of their black allies and dependents, the Fingos. This is where blacks have learnt the meaning of frustration over a century or more of existence as second-class citizens.

The squalor that we find in the townships has developed over years of neglect. It is not just the fault of BAAB or of the City Council - it is the logical outcome of exploitation.

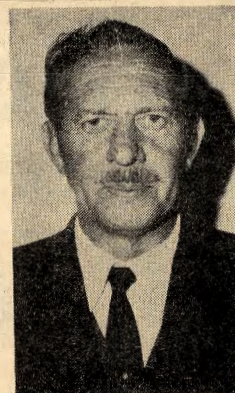
Black interests are nearly always subordinated to those of whites. White homes have electricity and proper sewage - blacks have been waiting generations for these services. And now that the big removal to Glenmore is definitely on, how many whites will stand shoulder-to-shoulder with blacks to oppose the move?



A City of Schizo- phrenia...

*Mayor
Gerrit
Fourie*

*'...city has a
split
personality'*



David Wilson

Grahamstown is a city with a split personality hovering between the urges of development and preservation.

This is the view of the mayor, Mr Gerrit Fourie. He said the city had a responsibility to develop and provide more jobs for the unemployed, but this had to be done without sacrificing any of its historical character.

Mr Fourie said the solution to Grahamstown's problems was to provide more jobs and so improve the living standards of the people. But the effect of industry on the character of the city had to be considered.

"More effort must be taken in helping more enterprising members of the Black population to become entrepreneurs and creators of employment."

He described the city as unique because of its restrictions on income. With 52 churches, seven white schools, one university, two hospitals, a magistrates and a Supreme Court, and the Settlers Monument, more than half the town is de-rated property.

Mr Fourie said a small house brought in more money in rates than a building costing several million rand. Grahamstown was living on half the normal income of a town its size.

Population

Total	75 250
Black	55 000
White	12 500
Col	7 500
Asian	250

Black pop. growth 500 a year

Black Employment

Men: Employed 4114
Unemployed 1253

Women: Employed 4463
Unemployed 5947

Total employed 8577
Total unemployed 7 200



Delta is the name of the Greek letter "D", which is represented by a small triangle. Delta is also the symbol of change.

And on the Rhodes campus Delta has become a force for change with the creation of a society under that name which aims to bring about community uplift among blacks. Delta came into being early this year after the dissolution of Radsoc, whose radical image was alienating a lot of students.

Within weeks, Delta had established its image by focusing on the Thornhill crisis and arranging for students to visit the area to see what help could be given.

During the July vacation, a Delta group spent a few days at Thornhill teaching local women to sew quilts from material provided by students. The Thornhill campaign is continuing, and now Delta has turned its attention to the crisis closer to home - in Grahamstown's own townships.

- Plans are afoot to set up a community newspaper to help the poor make ends meet and suggest self-help schemes.

- An idea for a small-scale industry has also been mooted, and students will be undertaking a feasibility study in this area.



Rhodesco COMMUNITY ACTION

Pat Cheney

Moves are afoot to set up a Rhodes University community aid organisation to serve blacks in this area. The idea, which emerged from a staff and student visit to Thornhill last term, is now being enthusiastically promoted by Mrs Thelma Henderson, wife of the vice-chancellor. A "Rhodesco" would operate on the same lines as the Wits University, Witsco, and UCT's Students Health and Welfare Centres Organisation (Shawco). These organisations provide health, welfare and educational facilities for the Coloured communities in Johannesburg and Cape Town.

While Shawco and Witsco operate only in the Coloured communities, she feels there is a greater need among Grahamstown blacks where the people have no jobs and half have no homes.

Since there is no medical or dental faculty at Rhodes these services could not be provided by students. But a legal clinic, crèches, a community clinic, home work centres and play centres could be run by students in law, social science, and psychology.

Mrs Henderson has suggested that the legal clinic set up by law students could become part of Rhodesco.

In an interview, she stressed

that any assistance should be "self-help" orientated so that eventually the "umbilical cord" could be cut between Rhodes and the community.

Representatives from the SRC and Senate would have to sort out legal and administrative problems involved in starting a Rhodesco.

Premises would have to be found near the black community, salaries would be provided for full-time staff and proper equipment bought and maintained.

Rag would never raise enough for this and a "fairy godmother" would have to sponsor the venture. Also, because Rhodes is such a small university, a much larger proportion of the students would have to be involved.

What are Rhodes students doing for Grahamstown - apart from spending their money here? VAL PIENAAR, a journalism student who is also on the Students' Representative Council, takes a look at student schemes to assist the community.

Rhodes is doing precious little. But it does have:

- Delta, a community development society, recently founded
- A Rag Committee
- A Legal Aid Clinic
- Two tutoring schemes
- Dancing lessons for 'Sissies'
- Numerous Christian and other societies with social welfare projects

FANFARES AND FAILURE

BY MARION WHITEHEAD

WHY a project collapsed

But 1976 saw the rapid collapse of a community development project sponsored by the Anglican Church at a cost of thousands.

Initially it brought a new spirit of hope in the person of Dr Milton Rosner, a United Nations community development consultant who had successfully started rural development projects in Zambia and Zululand.

Dr Rosner held meetings in Grahamstown and drew up a plan for a community development project that was to uplift blacks. The plan aimed to reduce unemployment, bad housing, and sanitation, and improve schooling and recreation facilities.

After two months Dr Rosner flew back to Ohio State University in the States and enthusiasm seemed to fly out with him. Within

another two months the whole community development project had collapsed, with the exception of the feeding scheme run at the old age home in Joza.

It failed because:

- only the elite of the township were involved. The result was an unrepresentative leadership by people out of touch with grassroots sentiments;
- The project was over-ambitious and involved too much money
- There was a lot of talk at meetings and little action.

After years of charity, a handout mentality exists in Grahamstown.

● People are apathetic and have lost hope of improving their situation.

● The pilot project was badly chosen and was not an urgent need in the community.

● "Community development" is an unfortunate name as it is very similar to the Government's Department of Community Development which resettles people and endorses them out of areas.

● The threat of resettlement at Committees Drift hung over many residents contributing to a feeling of instability.

● Nationwide disturbances following the Soweto uprising of June '76 increased tensions, suspicions and instability in the community.

● The committees were separated along racial lines, with a black steering committee and a white resource unit, and this eventually led to a clash of expectations.

HOW to avoid disaster

The project initiated by the Anglican church has failed, but valuable lessons have been learned and much useful information collected.

A number of people interviewed had ideas on directions for any new aided self-help project.

"It's better to start with small groups, explain and discuss the project with them and let them decide what to do. Other people can join you if they're interested," said Mrs Mary Khota, a domestic worker.

"To start something you need a lot of money. Home industries might work."

"If small groups of people sat down and did something within an existing structure, there would be a greater response."

Sister Grace Babara of the Anglican Church is also keen on starting in a small way. She pointed to Yanda Fashions, started by Mrs Olive Ngezi in 1975. Five women started off making school uniforms and caftans.

What it's for

Community development gets people involved in helping themselves. It aims to make people independent of charity handouts.

It's also been called 'aided self help', and has become the hope of Third World countries and under-developed areas throughout the world.

In the process of aided self-help, people in de-

pressed communities work together to improve their social and economic situations, using resources inside and outside the community.

Inside the community they seek:

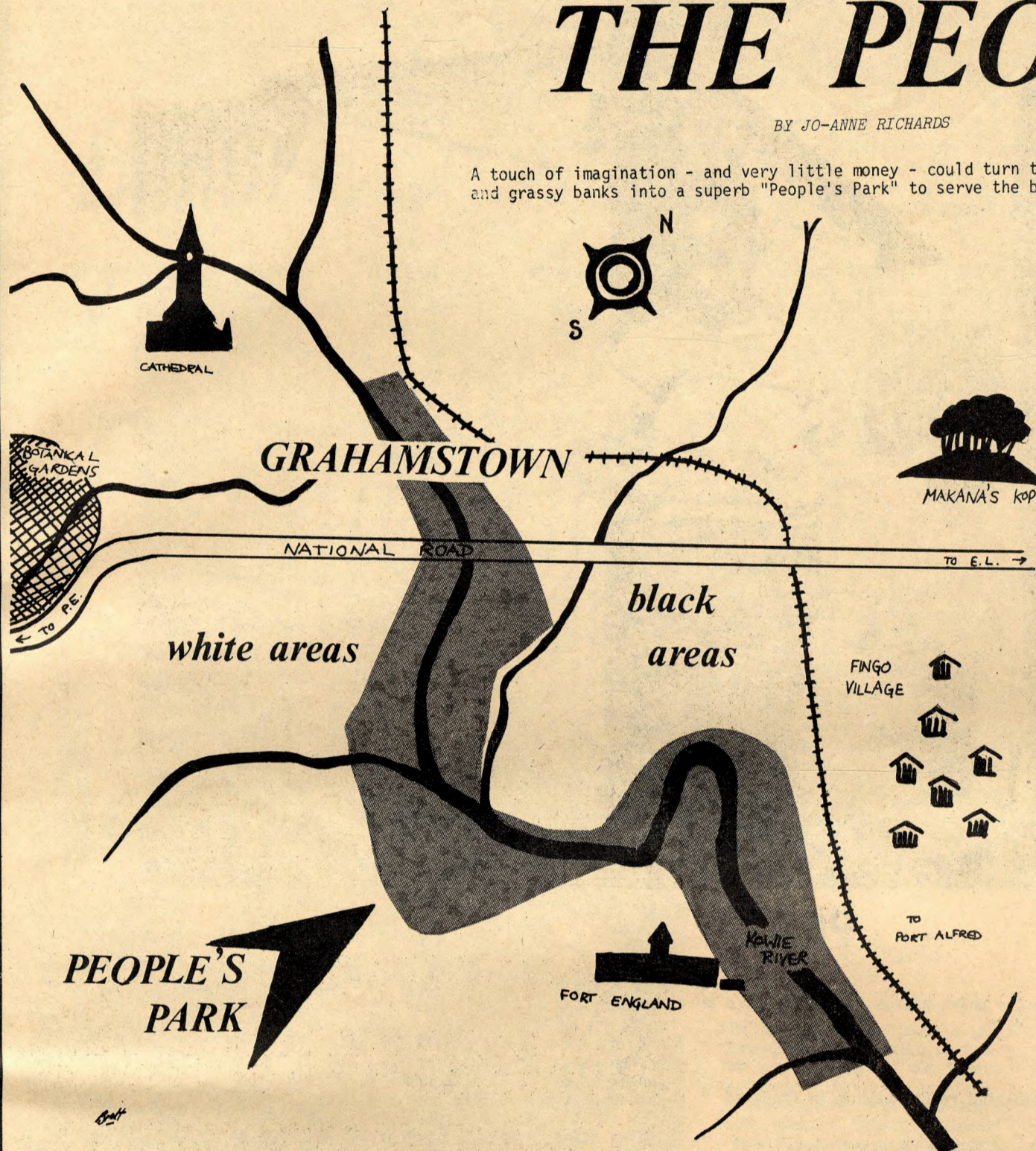
- *leadership and initiative
- *labour and skills
- Outside the community:
- *initial funding
- *Technical know-how

The dream.....

A PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE

BY JO-ANNE RICHARDS

A touch of imagination - and very little money - could turn the Kowie stream with its tree-lined and grassy banks into a superb "People's Park" to serve the black and white areas of Grahamstown.



The city at present has no central park for the people especially of its poorer areas to meet and mix as a community should. Fingo Village in particular badly needs a park, and the Kowie, flowing along the foot of the village, offers an unbeatable site for one.

The Botanical Gardens constitute Grahamstown's main park at present, but the gardens are far from the townships and also have a forbidding air of white exclusivity about them.

All that is required to turn the Kowie banks into a People's Park is a mower to trim the luxuriant kikuyu grass, and a few benches and tables to provide picnic sites under the aspen and willow trees.

A walk through this potentially lovely area brings the senses alive to its possibilities. It is good bird-watching country, and the dense clumps of trees along parts of the stream make for shady forest walks.

But at the moment the area is littered with bottles and cans, car wrecks and bits of tin, and in the polluted river trail barbed wire strands and long tresses of infected slime.

The sites for People's Park would stretch virtually from the centre of town - where the Kowie now flows in a concrete culvert - to the outskirts where the river enters the Belmont Valley. This distance of about 1½ km borders on both white and black Group Areas, making it a logical community meeting place. At the lower end the land along the stream is zoned for agricultural use.

Some of the Kowie's tributaries could also be incorporated in the park.

All of the land is presently held by private owners who can hardly be contemplating developing it. They should be asked to turn the use of the land over to the townspeople, and a fund can be started to cover the rates.

Some of the banks are steep and rocky, offering little level ground for homes but creating attractive scenic features where children can play or adults can have some privacy for thought.

Leisure facilities are just as important as other aspects of community life, but they seem to be most neglected in Grahamstown. All modern cities in the civilized world are careful nowadays to provide "outdoor lungs" for their built-up areas, so that people do not suffocate from overcrowding.

The reality.... smoke and filth

Sheila Donald and Barbara Mott

Pollution Act do not apply here.

which results in a high rate of illness.

Dark, smoky interiors - paraffin lamps and choking coal fires - no electricity, no home power for cooking and heating: this is the lot of the majority of Grahamstown's inhabitants.

The City of Saints is a city of smoke and pollution in which diseases like tuberculosis can thrive. Belching chimneys, rotting rubbish, and acrid fumes are a threat to the health of the community.

There are no by-laws specifically relating to pollution other than dumping, although in certain cases some action could be taken if pollution is considered to have a nuisance value. Mr A P Grimbeek, Chief Health Inspector of Grahamstown, said that as the city is not an industrial one, regulations in the Atmospheric

Accordingly he asked the Chief Air Pollution officer in Pretoria for recommendations, and in due course a set of regulations designed specifically for Grahamstown arrived and were submitted to the Town Clerk, who was urged to have them adopted.

But somehow, somewhere in the files of officialdom, the regulations have disappeared.

"It is hoped that smokeless stoves will be introduced into our Bantu townships," said Mr Grimbeek in an interview.

Inhabitants of the Fingo Village say they are dissatisfied with the condition of the "fresh" air at their homes. Their general complaint is that the necessity of fires for cooking means day-long air pollution every day,

The other main causes of air pollution in the city "cannot be helped" according to city officials. The city rubbish dump emits acrid smoke day and night, and not even the rain will extinguish it. The dump is so deep that natural combustion cannot be avoided. The city cannot afford the equipment necessary for controlled dipping and levelling which would eliminate the smoke.

Mr G Ranchod, owner of a steam laundry, in the central city area, has had many complaints from the public about the odorous grey fumes which belch out of the chimneys and cloud the street each time he stokes his boilers. He denies that the smoke is a health hazard. He blames the poor quality coal which is sent to him from Durban.

God doesn't live



one

God is still there;

chained in a crumbling niche while the paint crazes his fading face as the earth waits for the promise of rain.

None comes.

And the springs have dried, leaving etiolated reeds swaying in frenzied hope on the altar-banks.

A cock crows but God cannot hear it, stumbling through alleys in search of yesterdays he cannot recall, memory-prayers dribbling from the corners of his mouth: lips frantically sucking a meths-chalice bottle as sunlight lashes the desperate ground writhing beneath the weight of scythed years running from outstretched bloated palms begging in shop doorways waiting for lingering night...

two

Morning comes painfully here in the land where flowers bloom in darkness, springing from arid layers of dust covering the roof-houses which stand like crooked teeth in the dip of the valley and birth echoes are smothered: silently fading into nothingness with the last slash of dawn red leaving the pallid sky...

...Smoke trickles from leaning chimneys dotting the zinc horizon.

Straggle dew patches melt on pieces of dry ground leaving sunken eyes in a bleached skull.

Children call.

Thin voices swirling like long forgotten winter mists as sparse tufts of grass shuffle in the rising wind - sound debris after the bulldozers have gone.

three

The houses are mute.

Like a collection of weeds along a well - kept fence the walls glimmer as the late morning pokes through the sky, across the puddles littering the untarred road and the disembowelled washing; casting shadows onto an enveloping stench running through the alleys between the shacks - a shy child hiding from strangers.

Water oozes down an open furrow, momentarily damming around a stone before edging away the discarded leaves from branches weeping for the messiah.

A thin ribbon of tar covers the body of a spinal road which radiates broken ribs: stretches of gravel in a defoliated garden of eden where hunger drives nails into crucified hopes; stomachs contracting inside patchwork shacks called home.

Chairs stand in the yard, clustered around a table waiting for the people returning from a funeral. Across the valley a grid network of streets beckon.

I cannot run from the sorrow which hangs like a suppurating sore over the gravel eroded after rains had gone, leaving the shattered phrases of hymns drowning in the mud: buried beneath the tracks of bulldozers erasing playgrounds.

A woman comes from the darkened doorway, holding some bones with the remnants of meat in her hand. Children gather quietly, as if a stranger had called.

She smiles at me, her eyes trying to mask the pain as she glances at the table, waiting like a pyre.

I am the heretic: my hands groping at life, sifting through the ashes of fires I had huddled around, cringing for the light...

Singing softly, with the acceptance of life she walks with me telling of the death of her brother.

She smiles again; as if remembering dreams when the hills were still young.

I remain immune listening to the sound of the children haggling over the size of their bones; trying to remember the fairies at the bottom of my garden.

She stops.

And her voice carries all the sorrow from beneath mounds covered in plastic flowers as a sacrifice.

In the silence I hear the footsteps and the crunch of stopping cars back from the windswept cemetery. Voices sweep the yard, muffling the sound of water thrown onto a fire. I die in a pall of smoke - like the dust from the trucks...

IMMORALITY ACT SECRECY

The Commissioner of the South African Police, Lieut-General P W Kruger, has refused to supply details of prosecutions under the Immorality Act in the Grahamstown area.

Rhodes journalism student Susan Dunningham wrote to the Commissioner in May asking for facts and figures from police files on sex across the colour line. Susan was following up a Sunday newspaper report that, next to Pretoria, Grahamstown had the highest "immorality" rate in the country.

Local police and public officials refused to comment on the report and Miss Dunningham was referred to Pretoria in order to obtain clearance on police figures. The response came in a letter dated 4 July and signed on behalf of the Commissioner, saying: "I regret to advise you that your application cannot be favourably considered."

The student investigation into the "immorality" rate began early in April when Susan and another journalism student visited the CID offices in Grahamstown. It soon emerged that the facts were a closely guarded secret - and the pair was referred to higher authority all along the line.

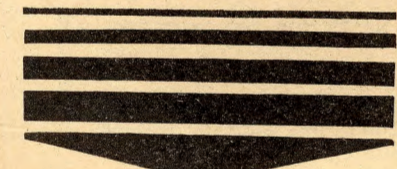
"Before I can disclose any particulars," said Detective-Sergeant Van Wyk of the CID, "you must apply for permission from Captain Calitz." A letter was written immediately, in hopes of a prompt reply.

The students wanted to examine the evidence of a typical "immorality" trial. It seemed obvious to visit the filing office of the Magistrate's Court. Foiled again. They were politely told that all such cases were on recorded tapes which would have to be bought before they could be listened to.

Sociologists, Social Workers, Psychologists. None could help with comment on the sex-across-the-colour-line issue. Evidently the CID would be the only source of information.

After a week, as no letter had arrived from Captain Calitz, the students went to see him. He explained the difficulties involved in disclosing information of this sort.

"We can't tell things like this to just anyone," were his words. "You'll have to write to the Commissioner of Police in Pretoria."



Why is the public not entitled to know? Does Grahamstown really have something to be ashamed of?

STUDENT REPORTERS

Contraception is a dirty word in South Africa - and nowhere more so, it seems, than among countless blacks who regard birth control as part of a white plan to reduce the black population.

Grahamstown has three municipal family planning clinics which cater mainly for blacks but offer their services free to all races. But, like other centres, the city is not coping with its population explosion.

Every month there are more than 40 new mouths to feed - 500 a year. Grahamstown cannot provide jobs for its present population and at this rate the situation can only get much worse.

Cultural attitudes and misunderstandings are hindering effective family planning among blacks.

PEOPLE BOMB

The clinics are forced to keep a low profile in order not to antagonise particularly the menfolk who oppose the use of the pill or other contraceptives by women.

The crisis is compounded by reportedly rough handling some women have received at the hands of clinic staff. Whether or not the rumours are true, they do have an impact on public attitudes to the clinics and may well be scaring off prospective patients.

Some women complain of after-effects from clinic treatment, but the medical authorities have been reluctant to comment.

It has been found that the women who do use contraceptives are those who feel they already have enough children. Often their men are not told about the contraceptives.

A source quoted an example of a nurse at Fort England Hospital who supplies contraceptive pills or injections to out-patients. When she was running low on stocks she suggested that the women go to the Market Square clinic. They refused because men would see them there.

Most of the family planning education programmed is aimed at women many of whom would like to use contraception. If more education were aimed at the men the response would be far more effective.

Part of the programme should be to show that the need for more effective family planning exists amongst whites as well as blacks.

Young girls often refuse to use contraceptives, and illegitimate births are the outcome.

Hope for success

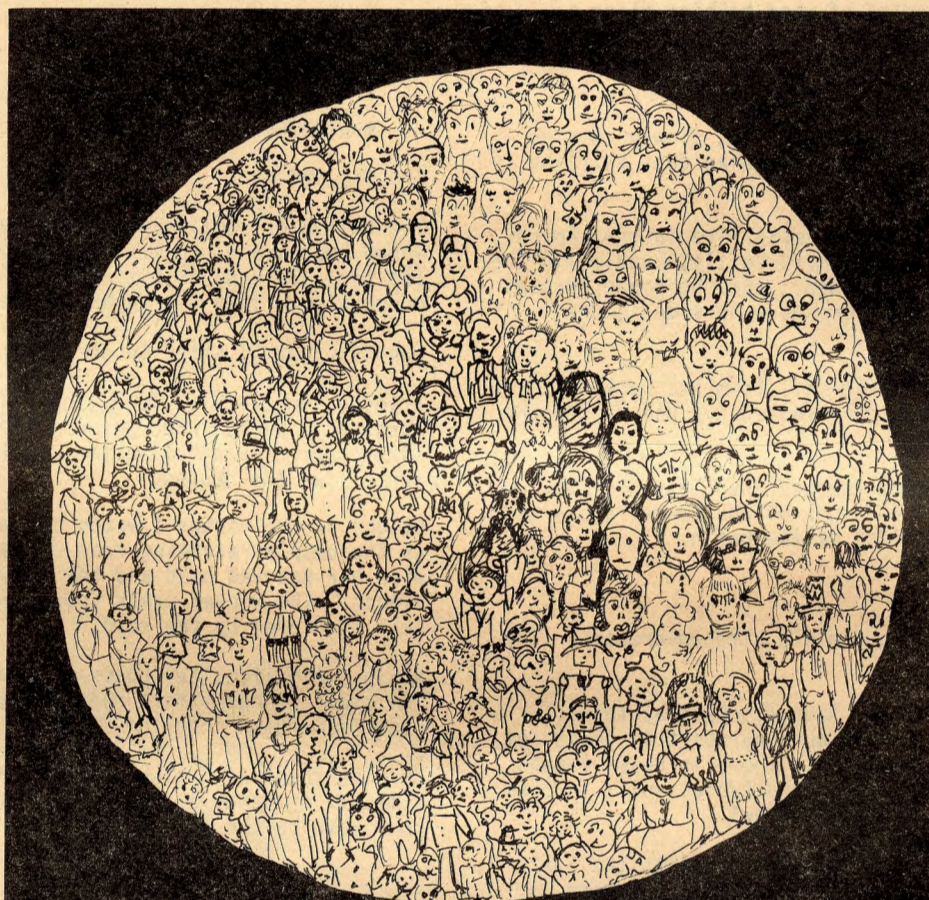
An academic authority on contraception, who did not wish to have her name used, explained some of the problems in this touchy area. In her opinion, family planning can succeed if people can be educated in the need for it.

But there are human problems too. Black migrant workers who leave the rural areas to work in the cities feel that the women they leave behind them are more likely to be unfaithful if they can come by contraceptives.

Young girls who systematically use contraception and reach their twenties without having a child are feared to be sterile. There are whispers that such women have had abortions and are no longer capable of bearing children.

These women may be left single. The men want children when they marry, believing, that large families are an asset and reveal the virility of the father. The attitude that contraception is a white plot to reduce black numbers is not unique to South Africa. In Mauritius and Jamaica posters equating contraception with the murder of blacks are sometimes displayed.

There is a need for posters similar to those used in India, depicting a large, poor family next to a smaller, more well-off family. It is essential that these be non-racial.



HOW MANY MOUTHS TO FEED?
South Africa's population in millions

	1970	2000
Whites	3 822 000	6 890 000
Blacks	15 468 000	37 293 000
TOTAL	22 038 000	50 288 000

Creches needed

Grahamstown desperately needs creches to care for the children of black working mothers. This is one area where Rhodes could help the community. To see how a creche is funded and run, reporter KAREN JUUL visited the Red Cross.

Opened in 1961, the Gladys William Creche is one of the services the Red Cross offers to Grahamstown.

The creche gets a small subsidy from the Coloured Administration Board, but otherwise relies on money collected by fund-raising.

The creche is open to all Coloured children between two and six. It can care for up to 60 children.

The creche is staffed by three: a cook-in-charge and two untrained nursemaids. The cook also looks after the pleasant little garden around the creche.

For many of the 39 children attending the creche it is the first time that they have had regular hot meals and been able to sleep in the afternoons in comfort.

here anymore . . .

four

Slowly passing the mud houses with stones anchoring the roof.

Past the pirouetting paper and the rubble.

Past the emaciated trees and the derelict abandoned cars.

Past the screams clogging the back of throats too tired to cry.

Past the little boy watching the bulldozer trundle across his highway in the sand and the half bricks he pushed through worlds only he knew; watching his dream powder into dust which settled lightly on his shins as he searched the ground for pieces of wood to rebuild in a place where the hills were old.

Past the frames of doorways which held the promise of warmth and now
clutched at nakedness hiding in shame from strangers who spoke easily above the noise of falling walls.

And in the reverberating echo I watched the woman pour boiling water onto maize meal for porridge for the child crying in a corner, the sound coming from the gloom like bundles of wood bobbing along a river before the flood.

A lamp reveals the gaunt faces swaying on the walls.

Hands mould stiff porridge into balls before eating, slowly chewing - the effort to swallow heavy in throats dry from gulag dust swirling in street-bowls.

Raw fingers spread, sucking warmth from the smoky fire in the centre of the earthen-floored room. The child whimpers softly, cradled in the arms of the woman as she crooned songs of hope; and the smoke spreads a benediction over a single voice heard somewhere outside in the street:

Inside, the song continues - a low keening wail from the back of the woman's throat as if the sorrow of too many yesterdays had broken the long drought.

On a linoleum covered table her daughter washes the blackened pot, water making futile waves within the confines of the enamel shore and flotsam bits of grease cling to the sides of the basin.

No pebbles decorate the mantelpiece.

There is no mantelpiece. Mugs stand in the old kitchen-dresser, like headstones behind the glass.

I watch a fly buzz into the silence. The lamp flickers as the door opens and the sound of water hitting the ground buries the remains of supper. I am still hungry; no-one complains. There is never enough to eat here where the grains of sugar lie on the table, spilt in disregard until the woman sweeps in back into the bowl.

But God does not hear my prayer, only a cough which splits the darkness: the temple of the lord burnt in riot aftermaths. A rosary of hate with a snapped thread; the beads dropping hollowly...



five

... exploding in a flash.

The sky heaves.

The bulldozer remains immobile beneath the shadow of a partly demolished house; and crucified to memories the little boy stands beneath the roof overhang of his house. The floors still weep as afternoon moves slowly like a pregnant woman.

Shouts carry: I stand in the yard watching the children gnaw on bones.

A voice sings - high long lingering sounds drifting to my ears in a language I cannot understand. The sorrow lashes in all directions like paper driven before the gusting wind: cattle trapped against a fence like the houses.

Caught in the vortex I watch the washing of hands in the muddy water as the people returning from the grave hug the woman standing alone with her scarred head and the dress torn beneath the armpit. Her lip bleeds. The winter crack tear, leaving patches of red on the grey skin tightened by the cold.

Again she smiles; her bones accentuated by the hollow of her cheeks. The smell of burnt meat hangs above the rooftops as the sun begins its slow crawl back into the womb of the earth.

Joining the line I slowly move forward to clean my hands, washing the silt off my hands so that I may hug her and retrace my God; leaving the grave on the hill to wait the coming storm.

six

The clouds mass.

Waiting I turn to the woman.

She does not smile as her brother's child plays with the fingers of my hand; sucking a piece of meat leftover from the burial feast.

The bulldozers have gone now, together with the memories of another life: a crushed bottle all that remains of a world stitched to the palm of a little boy begging in the alleys, waiting for sunrise; a thin dried snot mark on the edge of his hand where he had wiped his nose.

The woman looks at me as I turn to go.

We have met.

Across the valley a grid network of streets call, my footsteps familiar with the ring of shoes on concrete pavements and doorways she cannot enter...

seven

God is still there.

Chained to a crumbling niche.

The paint crazes his face as the earth waits for the promised rain.

None comes...
only the bloated night carried on the crow of a cock God cannot hear stumbling through alleys in search of tomorrows sucking a meths chalice and dreams too painful to rebuild...

end

