

ekapa

Samora Mekapa



Squatters sue Minister of Law and Order for R5m

By TONY WEAVER

MORE THAN 3 300 squatters are suing the South African Police for

Amounts varying from about R200 to R100 000 — for the partial destruction of the Methodist Church in Africa in KTC — are being demanded in the

Institute of Criminology and the Legal Resources Centre

Using mobile legal centres, including a pantechnicon, the team of field-

destroying and/or causing the loss of the said dwelling and property".

Alternatively, the particulars state, the police "wrongfully and unlawfully

Night of death in Soweto

Own Correspondent

JOHANNESBURG. — Soweto residents have alleged that police killed five people and wounded dozens on Wednesday night in two hours of gunfire near the homes of anti-apartheid activists Mrs Winnie Mandela and Mrs Albertina Sisulu. The Bureau for Information last

birdshot in retaliation for petrol-bomb attack and bottle- and stone-throwing.

Soweto residents said the shooting began in Orlando West about 8pm when police in armoured cars confronted rent defaulters.

The bureau said the incident involved an attack by 100 people who neutralised a security vehicle.

wanath Hospital told him they received two people dead on arrival, and one body was brought in from the street.

He said wounded sought treatment elsewhere as they feared arrest at the hospital.

One youth said he heard whistles blowing — a sign from street commit-

tee heard for two hours. Residents said the district was heavily patrolled.

Meanwhile, the bureau yesterday confirmed reports of the death of Bon-gas. Thomas Kheswa, 11, who apparently died from wounds, he said it could not yet confirm if his death was the result of gunshot wounds.

It has been alleged that Kheswa was



'Towards a Peoples' Culture' and a 'Peoples' Education' and thousands of other slogans are inscribed on the walls throughout the Cape Flats. Little children are chanting 'Action Commandant' and 'Viva Oliver Tambo'. As the struggle intensifies with the repressive forces of the state becoming more brutal and determined to crush the Peoples' Resistance and Peoples' Organisations so the exploited and oppressed masses are even more militant and determine to end this evil system. This militancy was witnessed by the Comrades in KTC who fought against all odds — the Witdoeke, the Army and Police. In Bonte-heuwel the Young Lions mocked the police with their hit-and-run tactics. Today mothers are crying out for the release of their children, to see their children who are in hiding, for their children who have left the country to escape state action. The nature of repression has determined the nature of resistance. Hence a Peoples' Culture has become a Fighting Culture — A Culture of Resistance.

Contents

Art

Writer's Page

Interviews

Graphics

Music

Short Stories

Poetry

Photography

Update

This article is a response to the art and literature that have thus far been seen in EKAPA. If one is to use EKAPA as an indicator of popular culture, then it would seem as if our struggle is going nowhere. We know that the facts contradict this. There is no fighting art depicting the militant spirit of our people. The fact of the matter is that we, as cultural workers, are failing to mirror in our work the people's quest for change. The answer is ultimately determined by our perspective which is the dialectical result of our presence in, or distance from, the struggle.

Let it be said from the outset that progressive culture, and the conflict that inspires it, are as old as the hills and the rocks upon which the Khoi-San painted. It is the culmination of a history that goes back to the meeting on unequal terms of the oppressor and the oppressed.

We here in the Western Cape, if not nationally, have not always accurately reflected the ongoing presence of that history and the resistance associated with it. On occasion some sectors of the privileged class, and their friends of colour, have set themselves up as cultural guardians of society. They were more preoccupied with their angst as writers in an oppressive environment, than with the anguish of an oppressed people. Their populist pretensions helped in gaining them a certain amount of standing with the liberal milieu, and also ensured easy access onto the cocktail circuit. Now of course this is cynical, and of course it is a gross caricature, but the point is this: none of these persons made any common cause with the exploited sectors of the population.

This common cause, the impetus towards political change, has resulted only in a few cultural workers, dedicating their talents to the revolutionary struggle. They

were those who wanted their short stories, poems and novels to be used as tools to assist in the building of a new society. Alex La Guma is a notable example of the writer who was a servant of our struggle. It is only the artist who makes revolution, who becomes the authentic architect of popular culture. Such a culture is not the baby of some mysterious, magical moment — or the gifted individual distant from the smell of teargas and the presence of death. Such a culture is the dialectical result of the clash between the ambitions of the State, and the head-on movement of the people's aspirations to social, and economic, and political justice. The process in Nicaragua, and wherever people have said "enough", testify to this. Because, "When a people make a revolution, their entire culture becomes revolutionary" (Ernesto Cardenal, Nicaraguan Minister of Culture).

To a large extent, this has not been seen in our struggle — this love of people and of land. Culture as a terrain where we organise, has until late been viewed as the lower eschelons of struggle. Serious-minded revolutionaries were significantly absent from this site. For a long time culture has been the shebeen of self-indulgent voyeurs, who in their work and life, were incapable of reflecting the beauty and majesty of our people. Also, too many artists are hamstrung by their narrow individualism, and are unable to function within, and under the discipline of a collective. Such persons should not be pretentious about the cause that they serve. Self-interest must not be confused with commitment to the people.

Writers, artists and poets of the people, let us go to war!! Let us deploy our art, our poems and stories in our people's cause; exploding the myths, subverting the lies — always laughing in the face of tyranny!!



Poetry

THEY SAY

THEY say the wind never whistle on that day
But from the SOUTH speaks the haunting voice of
Detantè
South Africa control even the elements of Southern Africa
The clack-clack of a white beast halts on the Eastern
Transvaal rail

They say two beings enter in the domain of the white
beast
swallowing both only one survive
A black hand scribble on white while the blistering sun
reflect
evidence of treachery

They say the dry African soil crack under the tread of
white Domination
Your country now liberated of white dominion
There is an outcry for liberation in this country
the struggle will continue

They say while the springbokke kick the air of bountiful
richness in the south
the lions and rhinos roam the scorched desert garden of
death
fested with bleach-white bones

They say hunger plague the north worse than the
notorious TSETSE-fly
Dry bones cry out to be clad with flesh their stomachs not
yet fulled
And so they still say in his armour of medals and state
presidency
he got lost in the stomach of the BEAST
THEY SAY an ECONOMIC TREATY was finally won by
the WHITE BEAST

JOHANNES DAVIDS

POEM OF RETURN

When I return from the land of exile and silence,
do not bring me flowers.

Bring me rather the dews,
tears of dawns which witnessed dramas.
BRING me the immense hunger for love
and the plaint of tumid sexes in star-studded night.
Bring me the long night of sleeplessness
with mothers mourning, their arms bereft of sons.

Bring me only, just this
the last wish of heroes fallen at day-break
with a wingless stone in hand
and a thread of anger snaking from his eyes.

JOFRE ROCHA (Angolan)

HOEKOM EK?

Hy lê daar op die bed met sy oog verbind
Gedagtes dwaal deur sy kop
Vrae sonder antwoorde

Hoekom ek?
Is die een vraag wat bly vassteek
Waarom, hoekom . . .

Daar is net een iets wat hy aan kan vasklou en dit
is die feit dat hy bygedra het tot die stryd
En betaal het met sy veg in die proses

Hy voel trots
Dis asof hy weer gebore
Hy kry die moed om weer te begin
Hy wil opstaan en losbreek maar helaas
hy kan nie sien
Het hy dit regtig verdien?

Die lewe moet aangaan
Vryheid is waarvoor hy sal aanhou veg
Sonder totale vryheid kan jy nie lewe
Dit voel vir hom asof hy sy vryheid verloor het en
Hy voel soos 'n gevangene meer as ooit
Die keer is dit nie in sy land nie maar
In sy eie liggaam
Waarvan hy ook al mag dink, dink die vraag
weer en weer op
Hoekom ek?

NAJMAH ABRAHAMS
STD 7 — Oaklands High



Women In The Struggle



This is a familiar sight around the Cape Flats lately! The issue of culture becoming topical — especially in the present political situation. Culture is emerging in a number of different ways:

Song for SA! Bop against the Bureau! and

Towards a People's Culture...

the slogan for a cultural festival to be held in December 1986. Motivations:

— re-awakening of progressive organisations to culture in the struggle and the need to assert a people's culture

— and understanding and formulation of a national People's culture

— to build relationships across ideological differences through co-operation in the cultural sphere

DRAMATIC INTERLUDE:

Chokka: Maar waar kom all die 'culture' dan nou skielik vandaan?

Hoener: Jy sien, we have to facilitate the growth of a national culture that crosses ideological boundaries.

Lange: Ja, but what does that mean? Look, last year there was a lot of concerts to raise funds for unrest victims and so on. A lot of poets and musicians took part. Many made names for themselves. And you must remember there was a state of emergency — you couldn't have political gatherings — so people expressed themselves through attending the concerts.

Chokka (interrupts): Wag, — julle praat nou van "ideological boundaries" en "cultural concerts". Maar wat is 'progressive culture' eintlik? Is dit die songs wat hulle oor die struggle sing, is dit die titles, of wat?

Hoener: Toe ek 'national culture' gesê het toe meen ek van gedagtes soos ons moet weg van American culture na African culture. Die mense appreciate nie township jazz nie want hulle is gewoonte aan disco music.

Shorty: Jy kan sê wat jy will maar die boere praat ook van using culture to cross boundaries — for instance this latest song for South Africa is going to promote racial harmony. And what's more all this vague and fancy ideas is open to abuse. Daar is mense wat die situation exploit — ons mense word uit die townships en op 'n stage by die Baxter gesit. Dan maak hulle videos en stuur dit Amerika toe — Dan praat hulle nog van Africanisation.

Lange (interrupts): Shorty, you must understand in the South African situation, there are only a few avenues for artists to produce creative and progressive material. So this is 'n two-way situation, sien jy. Artists can be exploit-

ed and they themselves can exploit. So it's not just a simple matter of saying that "okay we gonna have culture".

Chokka: Ja, die culture is daarem a complicated move. Maar waarnatoe nou?

A concert organised around a labour issue. Workers and organisations are involved actively — even in the actual performance. A lot of ground work goes into it — not just a lot of publicity. The concert has its faults but it shows one direction culture can take.

The concert does not become an indulgent cultural entity — no features like an unrepresentative audience and overpaid artists. The proceeds go directly into a labour issue. But the show also brings focus to certain general problems in the cultural drive: — artistic production stagnating — artists simply reproducing a set repertoire. — few attempts to produce fresh material, to commit it to a context and an ideology.

"The Revolution will not be televised" — Gill Scott Heron

Much of what is regarded as 'culture' tends to become commercialized. In a situation where culture should be working in the interests of the working class struggle this is ironical because artistic production becomes a commodity like any other on the capitalist market. Often artists from the townships get into this commercial environment. Can this sort of activity benefit the struggle of the oppressed community in any way? Surely in the present situation culture should be taking on a more explicitly political role — helping to build community organisations instead of commercializing the potential that exists? At a time when there is a need for political clarity shouldn't artists be consciously committing themselves to a particular ideology instead of hiding behind ideas like "crossing ideological barriers"? — ideas which can be abused as a recent example shows, where the state co-opts artists and groups in the name of 'racial harmony'.

We need to evaluate this situation carefully, especially now because with the state of emergency 'culture' has emerged as a means of political expression.

B.KADALIE/V.LAYNE

Arts Festival

Towards A People's Culture

Art Festival '86 with its theme "Towards a people culture" will run from the 12 — 22 December with a wide range of cultural activities being organised for that period. One of the aims of the festival is to "foster relationship across ideological differences through co-operation and working together in the cultural spheres." Some of the activities planned for the festival include:

- (a) Drama events including skills training & workshops
- (b) Music
- (c) Art exhibitions

Sathima Bea Benjamin: Home is Where the Heart is

It's a long way home from New York City to Cape Town, longer still if home is where you want to be, but life determines otherwise. Jazz-singer, Sathima Bea Benjamin, mother to Tsakwe and Tsidi, wife and companion to Dollar Ibrahim, came home for a little while.

Sathima of the soft, warm voice, smiles easily when asked about her life. 'I'm so glad I grew up here,' she said. 'There's such a wealth of influences in Cape Town; historically it was the melting-pot of all these different cultures — Malaysian, Javanese, Indian, Chinese, African. Cape Town is also near Angola from where the Portuguese took slaves to Brazil. The Cape Town rhythm, I always tell musicians, is something like a samba but a little more complex, similar to the rhythm that came from Angola to Brazil.'

One of eleven children, Sathima taught herself piano at an early age. She grew up with her grandma where the music of Nat King Cole, Sarah Vaughan and Ella ruled sublime sweetness.

In 1959, Sathima, the school-teacher by day, by night worked the Cape Town night-club circuit. In the pre-reform days of the 50's, American jazz was very popular in Cape Town. Apartheid was still respectable; the white ruling-class swaggered about with the arrogance of knowing that they were still very secure in the drivers' seat. The psyche that gave rise to the Sharpeville Massacre, was on the rise. The pride and the we-are-something sense of the Black-Consciousness Movement, was still to come. Sathima recalled those times, 'We worked in white night-clubs. Between sets we had to sit in the basement or in the kitchen.' It was this kind of experience which drew her to jazz: 'Jazz was — liberating music'.

And then there was Dollar of the big boots and the no-nonsense attitude. They love The Duke (that is, Mr Ellington) and of course they loved each other. Racism consistently invaded the lives of these jazz persons, and the night club owner wanted organ-grinder monkeys to satisfy their clientele. These non-musical factors helped them understand and see the enemy that shaped their daily lives, who determined where they lived and how much they were paid, where they could make their living and hone their craft. If the choices and options are so limited, the choice to leave for more favourable circumstances, becomes more obvious. The rhythm of jazz has its own demands. In 1962, the Ibrahims left South Africa. 'My husband and I became modern-day gypsies, performing in Europe, in Africa and in New York.'

An apartment in New York's Chelsea Hotel, is their home-in-exile. But South Africa is never far from their thoughts and is related to much of their activity.

In May, this year, Sathima released the album, "Windsong", which is dedicated to the mothers and daughters of the oppressed people of South Africa. It is for their courage, their resilience, their patience and their deep sense of compassion.

EKAPA salutes a daughter of the soil; she who sings for love of freedom and of people.

BODY BLUES

My ways are blocked, stopped, caspied and barbed
My brain kicked
into the crater of my soul
I RISE ...

My eyes are thrust
into the channels and passages of my mind
My nose twitch as I meet the
oncoming horror and confusion
My senses are on fire
I RISE ...

My thoughts spin through suggestive sounds
My lungs suck in polluted WHITE fumes
My body flexed AS I AM SCORNED
My skin RESIST their blows
I RISE ...

AND my heart
Gives birth to REVOLUTION!

FAKIER



SATHIMA

CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY

Cry, the Beloved Country
for your warriors long dead.
Mourn, you proud yet oppressed nation
for your leaders unjustly terminated.
Weep, my sister
for your lover who has left
Never to return to your arms again.
Lament, mothers and fathers
for your sons who have departed
to seek glory in the cities
to seek wealth in the minefields of Egoli.

Cry, parents of the nation
for all your sons have found is misery.
The only glory there is
belongs to someone else
And the only wealth there is
was not theirs to share.
All they got in return for their labours
was shattered limbs, and oppressed mentalities
And death.
So cry, Beloved Country
And mourn those who are gone
never to return.

TANIA LAWRENCE — Ocean View

THIS COUNTRY, ONE NATION

In Kimberley a child throws a stone
into the big hole where maybe
diamonds still lurk: and splash

a wave descends, phases out on
this stretch of Cape Town beach
the sand eagerly awaits its wetness

on leaves that sit and watch
the three lone elephants stalking Tsitsikamma
broken white tusks reflect the moon

rising on cool Karoo evenings
a car zooms through, white dots
in the darkness crazy car noise

descending and rising above the golden
city - Joburg dirty and smoggy
leaving a grey soot on the soul

that springs alive when rolling
through Natal hills the Durban
air, warm and clean awaits, envelopes

like mothers, brown and big to lean on,
almost always there to care and nurture loomingly in the
middle of this city table
that needs no chair

for this house is your home
and every corner, niche there
to brimful your heart with bread
and pens and guns and laughter for you
this country one nation to feed on / and fight for.

JASON WELBIE

COME WITH ME

Come with me to the centre of the city
down to the Plaza of the Revolution!
We're off to celebrate our country's anniversary —
this is the first year of liberation!
Thousands of comrades gathered all around,
singing and dancing — hear the joyful sound!
We are here to celebrate our blood-bought victory
over racist evil, death and tyranny.

Up there on stage are Apartheid's long-term prisoners,
see their gleaming faces — symbols that we've freed.
Then hear us sing and cheer a rousing welcome
for all the exiles back in their country.

A flood of happy tears is freely flowing here,
we are revelling in our freedom from decades of fear!
No more vigilantes! No more arrests!
No more detentions! No more brutal deaths!

Hear the joyful stories told by young and old
of pensions they can live on, of students who've enrolled.
Workers have just wages, women's rights secured,
once landless now are farming, housing for all assured!
Our poets are reciting, our choirs sing their songs.
Our children playing so carefree, our mothers laugh and
dance.
With tears we sing our anthem as our musicians play.
And all because it is our first — Liberation Day.

MICHAEL VAN GRAAN

IN MOURNING OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE KINROSS MINE

It could've been dozens of dead, black flies
who died from a poisonous household can.
Names — unknown
Next of kin — unknown
Cause of accident — unknown
177 — dead
lost in the deep dark cellars of the Kinross mine.

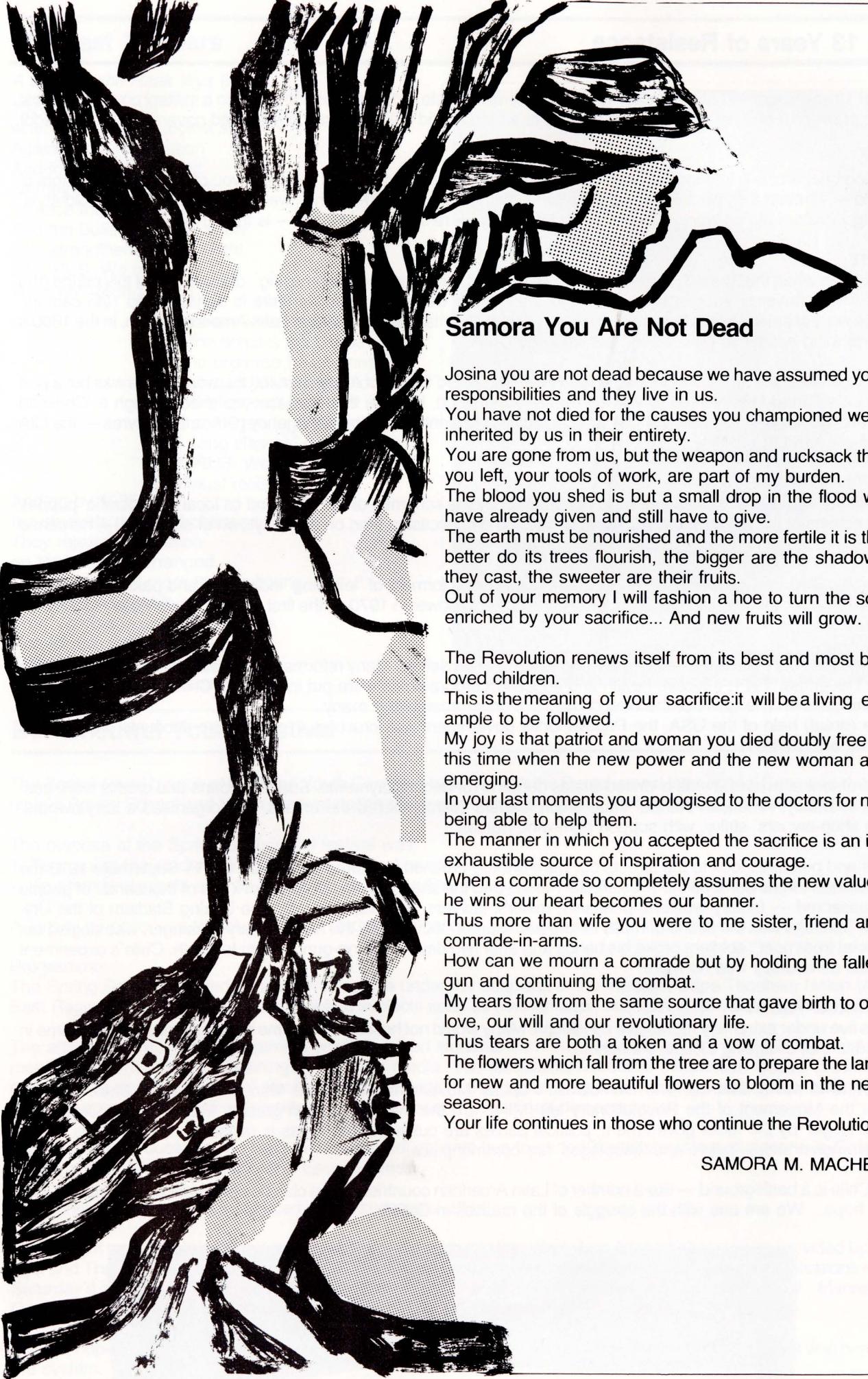
Survivors report
That on that fatal day
They held their noses
Closed their mouths
and tried to walk away.

To stop the poison from
Blocking their lungs
They jumped down the endless shaft
Fell down the endless shaft
and died in the Kinross mine.

Where was the fire extinguisher?
Was there a fire alarm?
What, in the first place, caused all this harm?
No questions answered
Only cover up lies
'Cos they say there are a thousand ways
To die in a mine
"It's common, accidents happen. We do our best."

It could've been dozens of dead, black flies
Who died from a poisonous household can.

MARLENE WINBERG — Action Workshop



Samora You Are Not Dead

Josina you are not dead because we have assumed your responsibilities and they live in us.
You have not died for the causes you championed were inherited by us in their entirety.
You are gone from us, but the weapon and rucksack that you left, your tools of work, are part of my burden.
The blood you shed is but a small drop in the flood we have already given and still have to give.
The earth must be nourished and the more fertile it is the better do its trees flourish, the bigger are the shadows they cast, the sweeter are their fruits.
Out of your memory I will fashion a hoe to turn the sod enriched by your sacrifice... And new fruits will grow.

The Revolution renews itself from its best and most beloved children.
This is the meaning of your sacrifice: it will be a living example to be followed.
My joy is that patriot and woman you died doubly free in this time when the new power and the new woman are emerging.
In your last moments you apologised to the doctors for not being able to help them.
The manner in which you accepted the sacrifice is an inexhaustible source of inspiration and courage.
When a comrade so completely assumes the new values he wins our heart becomes our banner.
Thus more than wife you were to me sister, friend and comrade-in-arms.
How can we mourn a comrade but by holding the fallen gun and continuing the combat.
My tears flow from the same source that gave birth to our love, our will and our revolutionary life.
Thus tears are both a token and a vow of combat.
The flowers which fall from the tree are to prepare the land for new and more beautiful flowers to bloom in the next season.
Your life continues in those who continue the Revolution.

SAMORA M. MACHEL

Chile: 13 Years of Resistance

Just over 13 years ago — 11 September 1973 — General Augusto Pinochet came to power in a military coup which cost the lives of over 10 000 people. Pinochet brought to a bloody end the democratically-elected government of Salvador Allende.

This all too brief article is intended to whet your appetite for further reading, and to remind you of the vicious dictators of this world — whether they be dressed up in 'civilian', 'democratic' gear. (Pinochet, we note is one of just two 'old-style' right-wing dictators of this world. Stroessner of Paraguay — refuge of old Nazis — is the other).

HISTORY

History began when the Spanish arrived in Chile. Text books will tell us of other amazing 'discoveries' of this period (the 1500's). The Spaniards 'successfully' de-Chiled Chile: there was no Chilean literature in the 17th and 18th century. Later, the wars of independence saw intense rivalry between Britain and America in Latin America. Britain, in the 1800's was the leading economic power and thus captured Chile.

But of course, after the First (and Second) World War, the United States of America, ruled the world. Chile was but a part of America's Grand Master Plan to subvert and rule the world. In Chile this was accomplished through a 'Christian Democratic' government — with a strong arm, and a host of Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) manoeuvres — the CIA being an old hand at the dirty tricks game.

RESISTANCE IN THE 70'S

Most ordinary workers and peasants were not taken in by the schemes of the USA and its local 'democratic' puppet. And the actions of the government's soldiers — who on one occasion fired on a shantytown of squatters — hardened the masses' attitude to 'their' (Christian) government.

An alliance called Popular Unity (UP — Unidad Popular) was formed, of 'left-wing' individuals and parties. In a mass, popular campaign, their candidate Salvador Allende came to power in 1970 — the first 'constitutionally elected' Marxist government.

For the first time the poor could afford to eat and to clothe themselves. Many reforms went ahead: Unemployment fell to 3.8% in December 1971; effective health and education programmes were put into action; Chile returned to its own music and culture. The gains of the new democratic government were many.

With the (great) help of the USA, the Popular Unity government was crushed, in 1973. (The accounts of this tragic happening are endless).

One instrument of pressure was a United States demand for debt repayments. Suddenly loans and credits were suspended. Internally, American-trained 'trade union leaders' dismembered the unions, and organised a lorry-owners' strike, a shop-owners' strike, with support right-wing parties.

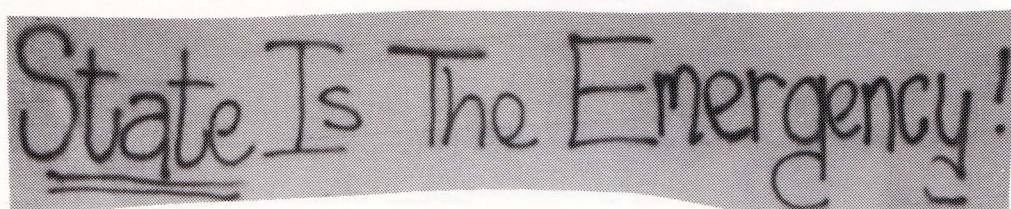
Workers and peasants took to the streets but were brutally crushed by naked fascism. On the 11 September 1973 the Chilean armed forces bombed the Presidential Palace and the shantytowns of Santiago. Tens of thousands of people were massacred — factory workers, peasants, miners, lawyers, doctors, students. The Boxing Stadium of the University of Santiago was the scene of mass torture and murder. Victor Jara, the revolutionary folksinger, was singled out for 'special treatment': soldiers broke his hands and after two days machine-gunned him to death. Chile's experiment in socialist democracy was no more.

RESISTANCE TODAY

Chileans live under extremely repressive conditions. Many would not hesitate to say, the harshest, most brutal regime in the world is that of ageing dictator Pinochet.

But ... there is still resistance. The Democratic Popular Movement (MPD), the Manuel Rodriguez Patriotic Front (FPMR), the Movement of the Revolutionary left (MIR), are the main opposition groups. Most of their actions are deemed 'illegal' by the fascist government; political parties are outlawed; the Press is censored... But there is resistance... Demonstrations, rallies and 'sabotages' are commonplace.

Today, Chile is a battleground — like a number of Latin American countries, in the clutches of American imperialism. But there is hope... We are one with the struggle of the masses in Chile!!



The Last 10 Years

A song by the Raak Wys Band

1976 was the year
when the students took a stand
Against gutter education
And injustice in the land
so they took to the streets
to voice their discontent
And the bullets of oppression
only strengthened their intent
CHORUS: We must resist...

We must resist... And then in 1980

there were lessons that they learnt
that the schools should be united
And to organise they turned
to the struggles of the union
with the boycott as a tool
And so began to challenge
the ruling classes' rule
CHORUS: We must resist...

We must resist...

And so by 1985
the students they had changed
They rejected education
on terms just re-arranged
They demanded more than uniforms
and teachers held in chains
They wanted to control their lives
And for this they were prepared
To fight the state and its police
We must resist, We must resist



Bonteheuwel Youth Festival

The Bonteheuwel branch of the Cape Youth Congress together with the Bonteheuwel Inter-school Congress decided to have a Spring School and Youth Festival during the spring school holidays from September 22nd to September 28th.

The purpose of the Spring School and festival was:

1. To prepare the students in BISCO for the final examinations and
2. To provide students and youth with an understanding of the social economic conditions under which people live.

A further purpose was to get youth and students to become actively involved in a community project.

Programme:

The Spring School included an academic course under the auspices of the Western Cape Teachers Union (Athlone East Region). The course included problem subjects such as mathematics, accounting, physical science and others.

The alternative education programme which involved students from standards six to nine provided the most excitement. Grassroots provided training in skills for media. The Education Resource Information Centre provided programmes on group areas, and among others, workers in the capitalist system. A special leadership training course covered aspects on meeting procedures, democracy and centralised democracy.

The alternative education programme included educational bus tours to Khayelitsha, slave dungeons in Groot Constantia and a visit to The Argus and Esquire Press.

The spring school was well attended and a successful effort.

Friday night saw people entertained with plays by Suca and Action Workshop. Marimba music was provided by Amajingqi and The Raakwys band concluded the cultural evening. A grand fête involving a number of organisations opened Saturday's activities. The evening was rounded off with a Reggae/Jazz festival which featured Basil Mannenberg, Coetzee, Smoking Brass and Mkonto We Sizwe.

We had hoped to end our spring activities with a church service and panel discussion but unfortunately it was banned by the system.



Little Boy Lost In a Township Jungle

There was a little boy named Daniel. He lived with his mother and father among the sand dunes and caves in the mountains above Fish Hoek. They did not have a proper house but this did not stop Daniel and his friends from attending school at the nearby seaside village. They loved their surroundings. Tall trees were to be found in the valley where they would play until night time. They felt free and happy to have the beauty of the trees, the wild flowers and mountain shrubs.

At the bottom of the valley was a golf links. At weekends the children and their fathers would caddy for the rich white men. Some boys searched for lost golf balls for which they were paid. On rainy Saturdays Daniel and his friends would push trolleys at the local supermarket for pocket money. The other boys would buy fish and chips and Ginger Beer with their tips but not Daniel. He saved his money to buy his mother a house, he had said!

Some days when the police caught them, they would be pushed into the back of the van and driven back to the bush. The police would warn them to stay out of the white area and boxed their ears before they drove off with their van.

One sunny Saturday afternoon while the children were climbing the tall trees, clambering from branch to branch like little monkeys, their lives were changed by an unpleasant incident. The grown-ups sat round a fire, cooking the Sunday lunch. Everyone was enjoying a lazy care-free weekend. Suddenly the children spotted a Landrover which appeared from and behind the sand dunes. It was driven right next to the fire and three angry men jumped out, shouted at the men and kicked the pot of food off the fire into the sand.

Daniel closed his eyes when he saw them setting fire to their belongings. Soon the flames shot high into the sky! The men warned them to be away from that place by morning. Their parents were shocked into silence while the boys sat terrified in the trees. That night they all huddled together inside the mountain caves for warmth.

On Monday Daniel was sad at school. The teacher noticed his strange look and asked for the reason for his sadness. Through a flood of tears he told her what had happened. The teacher who was very fond of him went to the local priest. In defiance of the regulations the priest allowed Daniel and his parents and all the other people to live in tents on the church grounds.

After a while they received certain papers from the Council which gave all the people in the tents, houses. But the houses were far from each other. It meant that Daniel would be separated from his friends forever. His family moved to a township which was very far from the valley. They lived in a flat at the top of a very steep concrete stairway. There were no trees, not even a leaf was to be seen anywhere!

Days after they had moved in, they did not leave their flat. They locked themselves in and Daniel's mother slept all the time. It seemed as if she had no work to do around the house because they had very little furniture. Every room was almost bare which made Daniel very sad.

Daniel's father started to stay away from home and he couldn't go to his old school as it was too far. One day he was so bored that he decided to take a walk outside and see this new township for himself. He walked and walked around for hours, looking at the place and the people and the funny blocks of flats which all seemed to look the same.

He became bewildered and worried when he noticed that the workers were already coming home. They all looked so tired and worn. He searched the faces of the men hoping to see his father's. But Daniel was too young to understand that his father was tired of them, of the place and the endless struggles.

For a long time he walked about but could not find their flat. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he ran along the streets, looking into windows, hoping to see his mother's face. Perhaps she will be looking for him! But to no avail and he ran on until it grew dark. Daniel grew hungry and cold and knew that he was lost in this brick and concrete jungle.

Gladys Thomas







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Swapo masses as heavy rains fall

WINDHOEK. — More than 1 000 Swapo insurgents have gathered at their retraining bases in southern Angola in preparation for their seasonal offensive.

It was estimated that the plan would deploy about 1 100 of its estimated 8 350 men under arms for the onslaught.

Most of the guerrilla fighters would be held in reserve in southern Angola while small de-



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