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Which organisations were operating at that stage?

I moved to Durban in 1980 and got involved with the Durban women's group. It is from that time that I can give my views. At that time there were a number of community-based organisations involving students and women structures.

What issues sparked the need for the UDF?

The UDF was a culmination of sorts, in that already organisations had formed on the ground. I was mentioning the women's organisations, the civics ...and community organisations, on the labour front there were already trade unions in existence. But 1983 was a crucial year in that the government introduced some constitutional reforms, with the Tri-cameral Constitution being introduced and, as you would know, that constitution did not cater for Africans and anyway it was rejected by Indians and Coloureds.

Did you encounter any problems in building the UDF in this

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There was initially a lot of interest and activity, of course when I say this I am talking about activists, people who were involved in various organisations. It was natural for them to be enthusiastic because the UDF provided a home .for all of these organisations. with its launch in Cape Town a lot of people went there. Outside of the activists in the community, I would say, initially the attitude of the Kwa-Zulu government was negative towards the UDF, and the police started to harass the UDF activists. In 1984 and 1985 when the UDF gained strength the police in my opinion began to intensify their onslaught on the UDF.

What were the demands that the UDF advanced?

The key demand was what united us as the UDF, which was a campaign against the constitutional reforms the government had introduced. We were saying that this government was not legitimate and we wanted the people's organisations to be unbanned and the leaders to be released from jail. On the ground people pushed different issues as they confronted them. Housing, for instance, in Lamontville and other areas. People were demanding that their houses should be improved. At that time the government was introducing the Community Council system and demands were directed to those councils, even though in the final analysis they were going to the government because people knew that those structures were set up by the government. Women made demands, mostly around education and detention; we were calling for the end to the practice of detention

without trial, and also going to families of the victims of apartheid and pledging solidarity.

Were there any specific campaigns which you embarked upon? Each affiliate of the UDF - like after 1983 I was involved with the Natal Organisation of Women(NOW), we had our own campaigns as an affiliate but then we also had joint campaigns like the Million Signature Campaign where we got together to collect a million signatures.

You mentioned the NOW, what relationship did you have with the ANC?

We identified with the ANC although we didn't do it openly. As you know, by that time the ANC was still a banned organisation, but our colours were green and gold and black as in the ANC. Individual members had relationship with underground structures of the ANC.

What relationship did you have with the trade unions?

Initially the approach was that we should try and get those unions which were sympathetic to the Freedom Charter and to the Congress Alliance to be part of the UDF, and at the beginning there was some relationship, and when COSATU was formed we had a very close relationship, as the UDF, with them.

How did the response of the state, as you mentioned earlier, affect the organization?

The work of the organisation was affected quite significantly. Initially the activists were able to cope but the state action intensified. The harassment increased, with individual members being detained or put

under house arrest. In 1985, when the State of Emergency had been declared all over the country except Natal, Natal was also affected in that leaders of the UDF in the region were locked up, almost the entire leadership was locked up while it affected the organisation's function. People on the ground continued to engage in activities, demanding the release of the leadership. As a result the state was forced to press charges or release them. Eventually, when the State of Emergency was declared in Natal, it became very difficult to operate. A lot of us had to leave their homes and go underground. It was the kind of situation when we had to operate underground, when we wanted to organize meetings we had to use codes telling one another about the venue and time of the meeting, but we continued to link up nationally. Like on the women's front, we had structures with women's organisations in other provinces, and we were working towards the revival of the Federation of South African Women (FEDSAW), and we had hoped that in 1986 we were going to relaunch it.

Would you say there was fusion between clandestine ANC activities and the activities of the UDF?

I would think so, because in terms of propaganda either in the form of MK activities...for instance, with SASOL I remember a song, a chap who used to sing the song was later killed, he came from Claremont, you would know him through the history of the UDF, Nono was his name. He had a song which was very popular about "Nants' iSupreme Court ivutha umlilo! Nants' iSASOL bayibombe izolo abafana bo

Mkhontol", which were songs we sang in the UDF. So, in that sense, there was a fusion, but also in publications - documents of the ANC reached us, somehow, and got distributed to the various structures of the organisation. How were people elected to their positions in the UDF? We had a general meeting of the UDF with all the affiliates sending their representatives to this meeting. Where a regional structure was formed, with representatives from the organisations that were participating in the UDF, that became the Regional Executive Committee of the UDF, with the youth, for instance, having its representative, the Release Mandela Campaign, JORAC, Natal Indian Congress, NOW, etc.

Seeing that you were made up of a conglomeration of organisations, did you experience a situation where some organisations were far too active than others, resulting in some conflict?

In my opinion the tension was there, but somehow I think we were able to deal with it to the extent that we had various meetings where we discussed what the UDF really was, whether it was an organisation or a front, and the significance of that was that the various organisations affiliated to the UDF could press on and continue making their demands at the level of that particular structure. But at the level of the UDF, some organisations felt that their demands were not pushed hard enough, and I think that had to (k) with the fact that, as you said, we were a conglomeration of organisations.

How did you ensure that political understanding remained in the light of the problem you mentioned above?

I would think that general meetings of the UDF helped. We called rallies, workshops, we had various activities of the Front which helped to keep the level of political understanding in a balanced state. Of course, as I mentioned earlier, there was tension about whether the UDF should lead in the form of organisation, perhaps even in the form of representing the ANC in the country, and at the same time there was the understanding that it is actually a Front, so it should allow the individual organisations to grow and not expect them to fall on one particular programme.

Which Women's organisations were part of the UDF?

In Natal we were the only organisation that was affiliated to the UDF, although there were a number of organisations which worked closely with it although not affiliated to the UDF and, in a way, they did support the UDF.

How were women represented in the UDF?

Like other organisations we had our representative in the REC. I was elected onto the REC from the Natal Organisation of Women, and that meant whatever issues NOW wanted to take to the UDF were taken through me as a representative, and I would take back whatever the UDF had discussed to the NOW. As an organisation we had our own funding and were able to take up some of our issues, but we had that relationship with the UDF. We understood that our issues were issues of the UDF as well.

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What in your opinion was the cause of the conflict between Inkatha and UDF?

If you look at when the conflict started you might be able to establish a pattern. For me the conflict started before 1980. In 1980 I was in Kwa-Mashu and there was a school boycott. What was happening, at the same time, certain areas were being incorporated into Kwa-Zulu in the process of consolidating the Kwa-Zulu homeland. Kwa-Mashu was one of the areas ... for incorporation, Lamontville and Hambanathi were some of them. Their resistance led to conflict with the Kwa-Zulu government. The 1980 school boycotts ...the response of the Local Community Councils and Kwa-Zulu was that of...the students which were active in the boycotts at that time were reprimanded. Not only just reprimanded, the Kwa-Zulu government actually made statements against those activities. The actual violence started around 1983 when, for instance, Lamontville and Hambanathi were directly attacked, the issue being their resistance of incorporation into Kwa-Zulu. To come to your answer, I think the cause was actually around Inkatha wanting to establish itself in our province as the only political organisation and seeing UDF as a threat. I would personally think that was the cause. I am saying that because, if you take the Lamontville case, you would find each time you have ANC supporters, in the form of the UDF, being the ones which are being attacked...from then onwards it becomes a cycle of attack and oounter-attack.

How did the unbanning of the ANC affect the organization?

A: I will take the NOW as an example, and this would be the same understanding that was going on in other organisations affiliated to the UDF. We felt that we had played our role and now that the ANC was unbanned we would become part of the ANC, and we decided to disband the organisation and join the ranks of the ANC. Of course, there are organisations like the Natal Indian Congress, which did not dissolve, but I would think that in the (NIC) they were also having the same kind of discussions and, perhaps for some reason, they decided not to dissolve.

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Interview with Nozizwe Madlala

(Natal Organisation of Women Representative on UDF)

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Interview with Mrs Gcina



I wish to start from the beginning. By this, I mean my son, Mkhululi, was arrested for 14 days under Section 22 of the Internal Security Act. He was released on the 4th of August. Soon thereafter was the death of Steve Biko. We attended the funeral. On the Monday following the week-end burial of Biko, in the early hours of dawn the security was hot on his heels. This was in October. That was the last time my son set foot here in my house, hibernating from the security police. On the 18th October, the security came looking for Mkhululi. On the same day they came to my work place asking for his whereabouts. Actually they did not ask for him - they just came to collect me \_ and when my boss asked where they were taking me, they told him that they were going to ask some questions in connection with my son. When we arrived in New Brighton Police Station I saw Mkhululi's father. Immediately I asked why he was there and he told me he was woken up by the police and asked about Mkhululi's whereabouts. Mind you, he was doing night shift. We were then separated and I was locked 13) without questioning. I was released on the 3rd day. It was at five on a Thursday. When I arrived at home I found that, after they took me, they also took my kids, but Mzimasi and Mthetheleli ran away. Zola, who was eleven, was severely bitten, he was blue and, as far as the head...it was terrible (Zola later died in MK). Because of this kind of harassment, my husband decided to take the kids to his brother in Adelaide. When my husband was taking the kids to Adelaide, I asked a lady who is a relative to house-keep with me. On the morning of the 27th, in the early hours, a petrol bomb was thrown into my house. It landed in the kitchen. My kitchen unit

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was burnt, but we managed to save in breaking speed the fridge and stove. I don't know how we did it, because we were the only two women. The fire gutted down the ceiling and the plastering on the wall was falling. We used the hose-pipe to extinguish the roofing. What is interesting is that this takes place after the security were here asking for Mkhululi. Actually, they said to me - when I replied that I don't know where he was - if you died in the house, how is he going to know, who will tell him? I told him that my son can answer that question, we would be dead. Roeloffs is the security man who was talking to me in this fashion. He is still here in P.E. They left and, in the morning, this ordeal took place.

Those days I was tailed to work and on my return home. And not to mention that I am in and out of detention. This is actually what mobilised and revived me into active politics. It was the security police who organised the people. We then organised the civic, women and some trade union, i.e., MACCUSA. To cut a long story short, on the 8th of February 1978, while walking down Njoli street, just after alighting from a bus from work, there was a maroon Combi, parked. There were young men looking at me through the sun filter curtains. There was a young boy standing outside. He approached me, mumbling something. I asked what he was saying and he said he was greeting. I could see he was shaking because he was not ready for the manner I looked at him. I then passed them. Later that evening, it was a very hot Monday evening, I had all the windows and doors open, I was boiling water on the stove to wash up my body because I was preparing to

attend a vigil for someone who had passed away in the neighbourhood. I was just pouring water into the basin when a next-door neighbour came into my house. This woman came in, talked all sorts of superstitious circumstances surrounding the death of this old man. Whilst listening to this crap gossip a small child came saying someone was calling this lady. Just after she left, I was about to warm a second pot of water because my water was cold by then, there were people by the gate calling me in my clan name, Mamsukwini. When I came out they laughed at me and they ran away. I recognised one of them, though they were hooded. I went back into the house, but I was restless. My children were coming to me and, as I entered my room where I was going to wash, I felt my eyes itching and Mzimasi was also feeling the same. Just then, I noticed acid dripping from the bedroom curtain, a little above my headboard, because that was how my bed was situated. My gown, hanging next to the window, was also wet, it was also on the bed. I knew fortunately how to handle acid because I was working in a white school. I fetched some yellow duster, I wiped it, took out the blankets and other affected items, shifted the bed, etc. The following day I went to work as usual. But on my return the one guy I recognised the previous day I met at the Njoli bus-stop. When he saw me he was shivering. I said to him, "why I you looking at me, why don't you take a gun and shoot me because acid is not going to do me anything". That was it. My kids left the country. I was again subjected to detention and questioning until 1984, when the boers came and ransacked my house. It was on a Wednesday. They found nothing. On a Friday following the Wednesday, we were asleep,

myself and my husband. We were woken up by the landing of the petrol bomb in my bedroom. That caused real serious damage - bed, wardrobe, dressing tables, mirrors, etc. (When we were signing for relief after, we thought we were lucky to be alive). I heard the sound of burning flames in the dining room. Unfortunately for the boers, all my clothing and some of my furniture was stacked then, because we had received the sad news that Mzimasi had fallen in one of the MK battles, so we were having vigils those days. I remember those days, we were also preparing for a march and a workshop. There were mattresses that were given to me by the Black Sash for people to sit. This bomb was mixed with teargas, we were suffocating. I managed to get out through the kitchen and screamed for help. The neighbourhood came out. People trying to extinguish the fire were collapsing from the fumes of the gas. I was so strong, so strong, so strong. Virtually everything was destroyed. All in all, we only managed to save the walls and roof of the house. This was happening on a Friday evening. The following day my husband went to report the matter to the police. The furniture was new, I had just recently bought it, so I wanted a police statement to present to the shop. Later that Saturday my husband had not returned, until I sent for him. Sunday - he went again because he was not attended to the previous day, something deliberate because he was told to wait for so-and-so, referred to this and that officer, all of whom were not forthcoming. I was at home, with people comforting us. It was a terrible sight because we were in ashes. Mkhuseleli Jack called me for someone who wanted me outside. There was a man, from the tribal cuts he looked like

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a Baca. This man says to me I must go to report at New Brighton in connection with the fire at my house. I asked him who was I to see there. He gave me a piece of paper with a name - it was a Sotho surname. I asked one girl, Siziwe, to accompany me because I did not trust this police. I instructed her that nobody leaves one another; at no stage shall we allow ourselves to be separated; I was very suspicious. When I got to the reception on Monday I was told to turn left and I found this man in this office. We found him writing on a small piece of paper. He never looked at us. He was concentrating on what he was doing, until I asked him what he called me for. He said there were people to meet us, but he did not know them when I probed who they were. After some time he said he was going to look for them. When he left his office we went out into the passage and I saw a team of security meandering in. Siziwe went to look for this man and she found him caucusing with two white security guys. Siziwe told him we were leaving and he came back running, only to tell me that I should report at Algoa Police Station. I told him to tell his bosses that they were mad. We left the police station. I had burns in my arm. I was so furious and saying to this guy, "you have wasted us time to going to hospital." The stupid fool says yes, the security wanted to know which hospital I had gone to, I told him to tell them I had gone to Livingstone, knowing fully well I had gone to my own private doctor. I could not go to hospital where they had their doctors to kill me.

Now, before this arson in 1984, the boers were harassing another

lady whose child had skipped the country. And every time they came, that family would check if we were not harassed. This particular evening I was visiting this family when I saw a security convoy indicating at Njoli, and I was sure they were coming to my house. I came to a standing-still. Just then, I had someone gripping me from behind. I turned around, there was a young man drawing a knife from the pocket - and since the acid incident I never walked without a knife - I swiftly drew mine, and he begged for mercy. A quick assessment told me not to stab him. The poor boy ran away, tumbling all the way. From that day on the security never gave me a respite. They took me for interrogation every so often and did all sorts of silly things to me, kicking me. But I did not give up, I fought back, until they burnt down my house. It was this up and down until the first of April when a new element came in. AZAPO was up against COSAS. This began in a funny sort of way, we had no running water, so my child had gone to fetch water from a communal tap. My daughter was attacked on the way to the tap by AZAPO members. She fought with the bucket and, as I came to her rescue, they fled. That very same night they came to my house. It was the then Secretary of COSAS, Fundile Mafungosi, Tololo, who was a friend to my son, Mkhululi. They had stab wounds, having been attacked by AZAPO members. They were still coming to hear the story of how my daughter was attacked, when the AZAPO gang led by Maghina stormed my house, then a fight broke out. We drove Maghina and his gang out, running away, into their Colt(?), from Maghina's Colt(?) came gun fire, then they sped f'RN

off. We found an empty cartridge the following day. From then on we never rested from attack by AZAPO. My door was now a glass-door. The last attack they launched they were with the boers wearing track-suits. I literally had a scuffle with one, after which the hood of his head fell - this is how I saw he was white. We fought and my glass-door was shattered. The fire was burning with flames coming all round. Fortunately we had the hose-pipe and water ready. Whilst I was fighting in the front my husband, my daughter and another girl from the neighbourhood were fighting the fire. They were fighting to get into the house. My daughter was hit by 21 petrol bomb, but fortunately it not explode. A ... was broken from her. I don't know how I managed to drive them away. I was outside, myself and this boer, I holding a stick. Eventually they ran away. I leant later that they had gone to Fazi's house. This was a final blow delivered. My house was really burnt. Later on some children came in front of my gate. They had the audacity to make petrol bombs in front of my house. Very young children. There was a comrade from Soweto, with other people, neighbours, Mrs Moletsane, Mrs Zani. There were hippos patrolling and these petrol bombers were arrested. Don't ask me how and why. A short while later, Niehoudt (security) comes into my house. He greets me and asks how do I do. I said I am fine. He then proceeds to ask what I had to say since I was always accusing the security of trying to kill me, now that the evidence led to AZAPO. I told him straight away that AZAPO was only beginning, they had started as far back as 1977, even AZAPO was sent by them. He then said,

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"you know what Mrs Gcina, you were supposed to have long been dead. But you are very clever." He said this with such an emphasis that he closed his eyes. I then told him to tell his bosses that Mrs Gcina says, "even if she can be killed, the struggle will never die. You are wasting your time. There are many Mrs Gcinas in the struggle". To my surprise he said its true, agreeing with me.

But I want to add that what he was saying was true, they really wanted to kill me. Ever since I Imobilised women, working together with the civic and organising the non-racial trade unions like MACCUSA, the boers were really after me. I remember I had gone to August 9 celebrations in East London, thereafter a child of one of the women I was organising said to me I was wanted in Grahamstown. When I asked her who wanted to see me, she could not come. I had regular visits to Grahamstown (Rini), especially to Rhodes.

This girl told me there was a car that was to await me at the station in New Brighton. I said alright. After a week this girl comes again, she says those people say they were there and I wasn't. I then said to her I was there, those people should not fool me, I was there and there was nobody. Another incident happened here in my house. There was a knock on my window and when I asked who it was, he said he was Kholeka's elder brother. When I asked what he wanted, he asked to peep through the window and I asked why; I told him, not at night, and he left moaning. As he was leaving I went to the other window and I saw it was



really Kholeka's elder brother, with another man. They had parked a car a little distance in the corner. This was during the week. On Sunday following this incident, he came here. I asked what he wanted that evening and denied he was ever here. Anyway, to cut the story short, he wanted us to be lovers. I told him straight that he failed to shoot me through the window, now he was trying new tactics because, if I had an affair with him I would not tell anybody my whereabouts when I was with him - so they could eliminate me without trace - that he should tell the boers that their's was a futile exercise, and he must never set foot in my house again. That was the last time he ever came to my place. There were many of these until the declaration of the State of Emergency, 22 July 1985. I was detained, tortured, etc. I was so tortured that even now I can't sleep with my left side. My nerves suffered.

Another attempt on my life was in 1987 in detention. Yes, I was re-detained on June 12 1986. We had a hunger strike at Rooi Hell Prison on the 18th of September. We were held through October, November, on the 10th November the boers came. During the hunger strike the boers would come, bringing some documents for me to sign. I never signed any, I refused. Many comrades in the process were released and departed. In detention was myself, comrade Fazi and his wife, Ntsiki Vithi, Maradebe, a woman from Fort Beaufort, Nontobeko, a girl from Lundini, Kholeka Nkwinti, the wife to Gugile. Radi was taken to Bethelsdorp, Kholeka was released. There were two Coloured girls next to my cell. The boers would come with doctor Berger, an old crock, asking to sign ,1?

these documents. I refused. On this day of the tenth, in the morning they came for the regular urine and weight tests. At about ten-to-four in the afternoon we were taken by a woman warder. This green said we were called by Schwedellem, her senior. When we arrived, there was a Cbloured surgeon who brought us that stuff used for finger-printing. I said to Kholeka not to put her fingers, there is a trick. When she was taking Kholeka's hand, I said, "green, leave that hand!" And she said, "why?" and I told her that I don't know why they were doing that (my experience was that before you leave the prison, they normally take your finger prints). She went back to her superiors and reported that I was refusing. Schwedellem called me in and said, "Ivy why the fuss?" I told her we were not going anywhere, and she said you are going to hospital. I asked which hospital, she said at provincial hospital, Uitenhage, because the doctor had ordered so. I said I am not going there. Another warder, Leach, said, "were under the impression the doctor told you." I said, "we are not going there." They then called a Sister Nurse who tried to persuade me, saying, "Ivy, I am here for your help." I said, "I am not going there. Finish." This was about knock-off time. At that point two policemen came in. One was wearing yellow pants, with a pistol on the left hip, the other one with a uniform, with no visible firearm. They had no names, like they normally have on uniforms.

At Rooi Hell, under normal circumstances, even when the security come for your interrogation, they don't come up to your cells, they wait for you downs-stairs where you are brought to them.

These two entered women's changing room that afternoon of the 10th November and then they were saying to us, "come here." It was so cold, I had all my prison gear, added to that were the towel I rapped around. As we were led into the corridor with Schwedellem in front, followed by the Sister, next was I with the policemen either of my sides. And then Kholeka said, "please let us go and change." The policemen roared and said, "nee!" When we were about to descend the staircase, Schwedellem, stepped aside for me to go down. There and then I knew that I was going to knock her down. I don't know how I pushed her. What I recall, I was heading for the cells and Kholeka rushed, running, passed me. I am unable to run. And the boers were coming with heavy footsteps. The uniformed one grabbed me and he had the papers we refused to finger-print. I lashed out at his face. Fortunately, they had been refusing my request for a nail-clipper for a long time. This was a blessing in disguise. It was a walk in the park for me and as I jumped for joy, as my nails were in his face, eyes and hair, his clothes as we rolled on the passage. I fought like mad. His blood was all over my clothes. And his colleague was saying, "...laat los haar, laat los haar!" We discovered late they already heard it in the papers: Ivy and Gcina and Kholeka Nkwinti had escaped on their way to hospital. While in detention, the boers had gone to my home. I had told my husband to leave and evacuate the house once he heard any mention of AZAPO. Apparently the boers, mounted on a hippo came to my house. We had new doors after the last fire. The story is told by neighbours that they used an axe to chop the doors

open, shattered all the windows with axes. They went in and found nobody except for my bottles in the cupboard, bottles I had bought for my foodstuffs. They broke all those. My neighbours say they were fighting amongst themselves, accusing one another that there were no people there. Some were saying "they are lucky, their mother would receive the good news in detention that her family is dead. And we would tell her to go and ask AZAPO." They left with their hippo cars. That very same week, they came on a Saturday, climbed over the fence, and took flowers from my garden, telling neighbours that they were sending them to me in detention. By this I am showing you the degree and the intensity of persecution we went through. We never lived a normal life. Our lives began with the unbanning. Actually, I am not used to having a peaceful sleep. I wake up at night at the slightest sound. I am not used to peaceful nights. From 1977 - it was only in 1990 when things became better. Even now, I don't mean the threat of death is over, because this is the time when the battle is intensified. I am sure we are top on the list of hit squads.

Mrs Gcina was only 14 years when she entered the life of political activity in the Youth League of the ANC in the years of the Defiance Campaign. She cannot remember the exact date. during the introduction of the Bantu Education she attended the schools (Amabaleni) where there were harassed and beaten up by the police. She remembers an incident where one of the girls was injured, her idol in netball. Even now, she is limping, you would think she was born like that. Then the schools were taken

to certain houses, taught by the Women's League. During that process these homes were under constant harassment. A week without interruption was very long. The women teachers would be arrested and teaching would be taken over by someone else. On 1st March 1956 she was married the traditional way, and that ended her political involvement. They then moved from Adelaide with her husband to P.E., where she attended political meetings and gatherings. In 1959 she got this house. Meetings were held in her house. Mrs Biko and Mr Tshaka were some of the people she worked with then, until some of the people were arrested in 1963. She then attended the trials until the lull following the Rivonia Trial.

It was not until the 1976 student riots when she taught some kids the Freedom Charter, for she had a copy. And this she imparted to his son Mkhululi, who was in SASM at the time. "I tried to steer him from the Black Consciousness line and taught him non-racialism in the struggle."

It was not until 1979 that she went back into all-time politics, organising women and working with the Zwide Residents Association, encouraging its expansion. "People like Thozamile named it Black Civic Organisation. We persuaded them to change the name from Black Civic Organisation to Peoples Civic Organisation." It was in 1980 where she targeted women in factories and CUSA, which was under MACCUSA, and PEWO were launched in 1983. Her first secretary was Sandy Stuart, a white lady. "I visited white women in their houses and I was getting &j

positive responses from the white community."

White women were mobilised under the question of disparities in conditions of Black women and their white counterparts, that they should join the struggle in order to understand the plight of the Black man. "We told them that when our freedom come and then they joined the struggle, people would not understand who they were. So this was the time. The support was very positive. The contact was dynamised. We would socialise together in town and they would come to us in the township. We walked together with them in town, inducing others to join and equally showing them we were no 'rhorhos,' to an extent that a lot of young white girls slept here at my place. They would sleep here on the floor, not even on the bed. There we were still using the bucket system, and they used the same toilets, experiencing what we were going through."

Interview with Yunus Mahomed.

(Regional Secretaryl Natal Region UDF)