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Pessimism Haunts S. Africa

Many See No Hope For Change

Washington correspondent Jon Sawyer and photographer Odell Mitchell Jr. are traveling in South Africa to report on efforts to end apartheid. This is the first of their reports, which will appear occasionally over the next several weeks.

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

EL DORADO PARK, South Africa — Brandvlei Crescent Secondary School, in this "colored" neighborhood just a stone's throw from the black township of Soweto, fights an uphill struggle against the deep and



persistent scars of apartheid.

The battleground? The hearts and minds of students. They have been seared by a dominating ideology that for

most of a century has impressed on the people of this country the simple fact that nothing counts so much as the color of one's skin.

At a time of unprecedented change in South Africa, and the promise of more, what is most striking at Brandvlei Crescent is that so much pessimism prevails, so little hope.

The story repeats itself across the nation — in the spiraling violence of black townships, the rising militance of right-wing hate groups, the collapse of discipline in schools and mounting alienation on the job.

South Africa is rich in people of good will, people of all races who are truly — often courageously — committed to the building of a more equitable society. They are changing this country in ways great and small, but among the best of them, hope often wages a losing battle with despair.

Part of it is the murderous violence that swept first the tribal kraals, or villages, of Natal and, more recently, the big townships that ring Johannesburg. Part is the inability of either black leader Nelson Mandela or President F.W. de Klerk to bring that violence under control.

But beneath that, and even more

See S. AFRICA, Page 10

■ POLICE DECLARE "iron fist" policy..... Page 10A



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Ridwaan Roberts in class at the Brandvlei Crescent Secondary School near Soweto.



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

A student praying before the start of classes at the Brandvlei School. The students pray for those killed in tribal fighting.

Zulu Chief Blames ANC In Violence

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

ULUNDI, South Africa — The leader of South Africa's largest black "homeland" lashed out Friday at the African National Congress, declaring that the organization bears direct responsibility for the wave of violence in South Africa that has killed more than 700 people in the past three months.

Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, chief administrator of KwaZulu, called the African National Congress "a group that has nurtured violence; a group that has created a culture of violence among young people; a group that is even now threatening to arm young people."

In an interview at his office in the homeland capital, in the remote mountains of Natal province, Buthelezi dismissed as "rubbish" allegations by the African National Congress that his own political organization is to

See BUTHELEZI, Page 10

S. Africa

From page one

troublesome, is a deep-seated suspicion that things will not change in South Africa because they cannot.

You see it at Brandvlei Crescent, where students' hopes and fears are powerfully molded by their sense of where they fit in South Africa's intricate racial hierarchy. And where neither the majority colored students here, nor the handful of black students from Soweto, really believe in the possibility of a new South Africa.

"There's no future in South Africa, not for us," says Sophalene Bezuidenhout, 17, a mixed-race student who dreams of emigrating to America. "We are coloreds and we are going to get caught in the middle."

Sally Mbikwana, 18, one of 30 black students attending Brandvlei from across the highway in Soweto, is just as grim. "I want to leave," she says. "It's always been my dream to leave this country."

Reformers in South Africa, and beyond, talk of dismantling the "pillars" of apartheid. Some of those pillars — the pass laws restricting the movement of blacks, the "separate amenities" barriers on access to beaches and other public places — are already gone. Others, among them the Group Areas Act and Land Acts that restrict where blacks can live and work, are on the way out.

Once these legal pillars are gone, the theory goes, South Africa can move on to a truly non-racial democracy. But what if the metaphor is wrong? What if, instead of pillars, these and other elements of the grand apartheid scheme are really just temporary scaffolding — easy to strip away once the structure itself is complete.

At Brandvlei Crescent, in the way students see themselves and their school and their world, the structure of apartheid appears to be holding firm.

First impressions make this 3-year-old school a hopeful model for where South Africa might be headed. Blacks and coloreds are taught together here, despite the legal distinctions between the two.

People classified as coloreds — because they have white ancestors — have had a limited right to vote since 1983. They also have had property rights and more access to professional careers than has been available to those classified as black, with pure "African" ancestry.

Classroom books and equipment, while limited, are far better than in the past. The tan brick campus, dotted with courtyards and freshly planted trees, has the look of a place where students and teachers share a common purpose.

The students, many from middle-class colored families, pepper an American visitor with consumer-culture questions: Where can you buy LA Gear sneakers? How do you meet Bill Cosby? How much do Ray-Ban sunglasses cost in the United States?

Ridwaan Roberts is one of several teachers here leading the fight for a single national teachers union that would represent all races and make the case for scrapping the system of separate schools for each race. At Brandvlei, the fight for equal education led last May to a four-week strike by teachers.

Roberts, a soft-spoken mathematics teacher with a ready smile, believes in the new South Africa. He believes education will be critical to its success. He insists that his students call themselves black. "The so-called colored — that is a term the whites imposed," he explains, "to keep us divided."

But consider Chris de Klerk's classroom, where he leads a group of Standard Six (eighth grade) students through a lively discussion of John Updike's poem, "The Mosquito." The back of the wall is lined with posters of attractive women. The label on one



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Three students posing before classes at the Brandvlei Crescent Secondary school near

Soweto. From left: Primrose Frank, Scholastic Mlambo and Palesa Madsakwane.

reads "Sensitive." On another, "Beautiful." All the women featured are white.

Or this: On the first of several visits to Brandvlei earlier this month, nearly all the Soweto students are absent. They are absent as part of a formal stay-away called to protest against violence in the townships, and to attend a mass funeral for the most recent victims. None of their colored classmates takes part in the stay-away, or attends the funeral.

Every Soweto student interviewed is pleased to be at Brandvlei — a far better school than those in Soweto, they say, and a place where the process of learning is not constantly thwarted by student strikes, harassment by street-wise militants or the random attacks by rival gangs that have made many of their neighborhoods free-fire zones in recent weeks. But just getting to school subjects them to a daily gauntlet of intimidation.

"They say 'You're keeping yourself white,'" said Palesa Madsakwane, 15, describing the Soweto "gangsters" who attack students wearing the uniforms of outside schools. "They say, 'Why are you going to other schools when there are schools here in Soweto?' They say we're trying to be better than they are."

The intimidation got fierce enough this month that most Brandvlei students from Soweto took to leaving their uniforms at school, changing into them after making their way to school in regular clothes.

For Sally Mbikwana, a bright student who hopes to become a computer programmer, this is the first year at Brandvlei. She finds it a big improvement on schools in Soweto — and better than the white school she attended last year in the eastern suburbs of Johannesburg, as the only black student.

"That was a white Afrikaner school, run by the church," Mbikwana said. "It was a good school but the students and parents there were not actually Christian. Most of the time they called me 'kaffir,' a pejorative term used here for blacks that is equivalent to 'nigger' in the United States."

The colored students at Brandvlei evince a grudging sort of acceptance for their classmates from Soweto. Only one of many students interviewed said he had visited a Soweto classmate at home; several said they resented the fact that Soweto students were not as well-prepared, that they tended to miss class and thus slowed the pace of work.

More striking still, colored students were quick to voice the fear that for their group, the 4 million South Africans registered as colored, the end of apartheid will mean a loss of relative privilege.

"Things were much better when Nelson Mandela was in jail," says Berenice Rose, 16. "They talk about a united South Africa but I don't see how that can ever be — if there can't be peace among the Zulus and the Xhosas."

Much of the recent fighting across

South Africa has pitted members of the Zulu tribe, South Africa's largest, against those of the Xhosa, the tribal grouping that includes Mandela and many other top leaders of the African National Congress, the country's oldest liberation movement.

"I was happy with apartheid," insists Sophalene Bezuidenhout. "I think it's a lie that there was no opportunity for us then. Look at my mother: She was hired over three whites. When the change comes here the coloreds will be left out. I think there will be a bloody revolution."

Desmond Hartlief, 16, who wants to become a lawyer, said the reign of terror in the townships had confirmed all the predictions made here a year ago by a white Afrikaner teacher. "She said she wasn't a racist but that we needed apartheid," Hartlief recalled. "Now I see that everything she said was right — that we need a system that keeps people separate."

Where does it come from, this straightened view that defines life by shade of color, and what does it mean for a country struggling for a route to peaceful change?

Beyers Naude, a white Afrikaner who in the 1960s abandoned an elite career in the Dutch Reformed Church to take up the cause of justice for blacks, said the roots lay in half a century's worth of divide-and-rule. It comes from a "deliberate policy to exploit tribal and ethnic groups; to play them against each other and to generate division and hatred."

An adviser now to the African Na-

tional Congress, Naude said he warned constantly that "we must not raise false expectations in the hearts of the majority of our people... Some people have utopian dreams," he said, "that once we have a multi-racial democracy we're on our way to the kingdom."

"No way, my friend."

Consider, he said, the barriers that remain:

■ Widespread black unemployment, running more than 90 percent in most of the country.

■ A crisis in education, with more than half of all black students failing their final exams and most township schools paralyzed.

■ A shortfall of almost a million houses in black townships, with a squatter population exceeding 1.5 mil-

lion in the Johannesburg area alone. "So we should have no illusions," Naude said. "This will be the work of a lifetime."

Johan Heyns, current moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church, puts a more hopeful gloss on today's trauma.

"I believe what we're experiencing today are the birth pangs of a new nation," he said. "A birth is always accompanied by pain, and even death, but at the end a birth has taken place."

"That's exactly what is happening here. We're on the verge of a new society being born. It might take time, it might even take lives, but in the end there is going to be a new society, a new nation."

Perhaps. But South Africa's fate, everyone here knows, is up for grabs — and apocalyptic visions ring at least as true as Heyns' vision of a new world aborning.

Don Mattera, one of the country's leading black poets and journalists, lives in El Dorado Park. He's fought most of his life against color labeling.

"I reject the term 'colored,'" he says. "I reject it with all the venom in my body. You won't hear a black man call Don Mattera a colored man. They say 'Don Mattera, African.'"

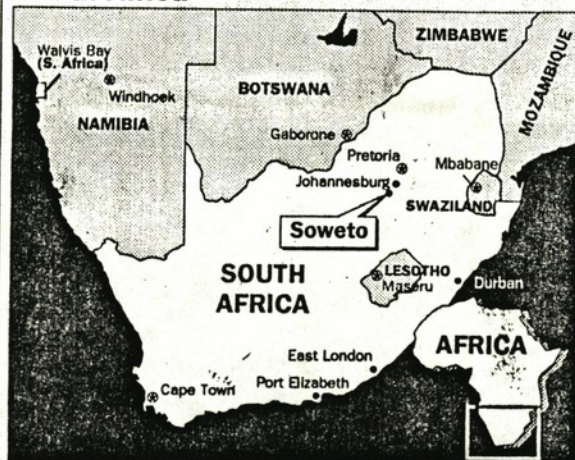
"What you saw at that school," Mattera said of Brandvlei Crescent, "is reality. But it is a reality borne out of the falsification of truth."

But when asked how South Africa will undo that long history of falsification, Mattera concedes his own frustration. He relates a dream he had earlier this summer before fighting erupted in Johannesburg's townships.

"I had the same dream two nights in a row about Nelson Mandela," he says. "I was walking on the other side of the road. There was burning all around us. He ran over and kissed me, and he said, 'I can't understand. Why has everything gone so wrong? I thought it would be so easy but look at it — it's burning.'"

"And he kissed me on the cheek, twice, and then he vanished."

South Africa



PROFILE

Capital: Pretoria.

Area: 472,359 sq. mi., about twice the size of Texas.

Topography: A large interior plateau reaches close to the 2,700 mile coastline. Few major rivers or lakes, rainfall sparse in west, more plentiful in east.

Population: 35,625,000 (1989 est.). The numerically leading black groups are: Zulu 5,685,520; Xhosa 2,987,340; Sepedi 2,347,600; Sesheeshoe 1,742,060; Tswana 1,357,360.

Ethnic groups: Black 68%, white 18%, "colored" 10%, Asian 3%.

Language: Afrikaans, English (both official), Bantu language predominate.

Religion: Mainly Christian, Hindu, Moslem minority.

Industry: Steel, tires, motors, textiles, plastics.

Agriculture: Corn, wool, dairy products, grain, tobacco, sugar, fruit, peanuts, grapes.

Government: Tricameral parliament with one chamber each for whites, "colored" and Asians.

Head of State: State President F.W. de Klerk, in office Aug. 15, 1989.

SOURCES: World Almanac, 1990; The Statesman's Year-Book, 1987-88

Post-Dispatch Map/James Cook

Buthlezi

From page one
blame for the trouble.

The African National Congress has alleged that Buthelezi's Inkatha Movement, a predominantly Zulu-based group, precipitated the blood-letting through its exacerbation of tribal conflicts.

The 7 million Zulus represent the largest single tribal group in South Africa, which has a total population of about 40 million. Many of the top African National Congress leaders are members of the smaller Xhosa tribe. Much, but not all, of the recent fighting in Johannesburg's black townships has involved Zulus.

"I've never said that Inkatha was not involved" in the fighting, Buthelezi said. "We have a situation now where you find a preemptive violence, retaliatory violence, revenge violence. In any situation like this — whether its Lebanon or Ireland or here — you find that."

The result, he said, is random, "horrible" attacks, like Thursday's assault on a commuter train, "that benefit no one. We are all losers, in fact."

Buthelezi insisted that he has done everything possible on his side to curb the violence, not least his standing offer to meet with Nelson Mandela, the African National Congress leader, and to issue a joint appeal for peace. Mandela has thus far refused, although talks have begun at a lower level and are scheduled to resume this week in Durban.

Buthelezi also criticized South African President F.W. de Klerk. He said de Klerk should have insisted on a three-way meeting of de Klerk, Buthelezi and Mandela to discuss the violence — rather than meeting separately with Mandela as he has on several occasions and as he did again on Friday.

"When de Klerk talks about violence with Mandela, to me it seems very funny," Buthelezi said. "It takes two to tango. If they're going to allege that the violence is all between the African National Congress and In-

katha, then they should have me there too.

"Otherwise, it creates the wrong impression that Mandela and de Klerk are running the country, and that between the two of them they can control the country. All this violence proves they can't."

Those who believe Buthelezi's supporters are behind the township violence contend that they are inciting it for just that reason — to break up any possibility of a political accommodation between de Klerk and Mandela that leaves Buthelezi and the Zulus out.

"Nonsense," Buthelezi said Friday. "Why am I so clever that they can't prove even now any evidence that I am orchestrating the violence?"

Buthelezi said he welcomed the announcement 10 days ago by the ruling Nationalist Party that it plans to open its membership, currently limited to whites only, to all races. He said the move might open the way to a formal Nationalist alliance with Inkatha.

"I certainly believe in alliance politics," he said. "Once the Nationalists

have dropped the apartheid albatross, my people might have no problem in having an alliance with them — so long as it was based on common beliefs."

Buthelezi said he welcomed next week's meeting in Washington between President George Bush and de Klerk. The meeting will be the first time a U.S. president has officially received a South African head of state since South Africa began implementing the full legal system of racial apartheid in 1948.

If the United States wants to stop the wave of violence in South Africa, Buthelezi said, it ought to move immediately to lift the economic sanctions that were imposed by law against South Africa in 1986. Buthelezi contends that the impact of sanctions has fallen most heavily on poor blacks.

"If you look at the situation here clearly, you see that much of the violence is caused by poverty," he said. "If the United States wants to defuse the violence, it must change its policy at once. To roll back poverty, we must roll in bank loans — and soon."

'The Struggle'

Problems Worsen In Black Townships

Washington Correspondent Jon Sawyer is traveling in South Africa to report on efforts to end apartheid. His reports will appear occasionally over the next several weeks.

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

THABONG, South Africa — The young African National Congress "comrades" crowded around the metal dining table at Hostel G, fired up still about their exploits from the day before.

Small wonder: They had captured two policemen, beaten them and stolen their shotgun — and then calmly negotiated the shotgun's return with an un-nerfed branch of the South African police.

This was in Thabong, the black township attached to Welkom, in the conservative bedrock of the Orange Free State. And in Mamelodi township 150 miles to the



north, on the outskirts of the South African capital of Pretoria, the story was the same.

There, African National Congress student leaders swaggered about the grounds of Lehlabile Secondary School. Teachers clustered in the staff room, barred from their classes by an on-and-off strike that has ground school to a halt for 100 days so far this year.

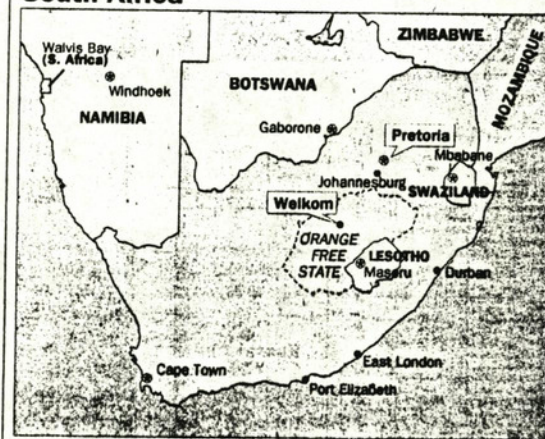
Neither Thabong nor Mamelodi has exploded with the violence unleashed the past two months in the townships surrounding Johannesburg. Each, however, is prone to trouble. Last May, it was a mob of Thabong residents that clubbed and stabbed two whites to death. Mamelodi has just ended a rent boycott that began five years ago after an indiscriminate police attack that left 21 residents dead.

The episodes just a few days ago at each place capture the stark fact that day by fearsome day, the

See AFRICA, Page 13

■ WINNIE MANDELA is detained by police..Page 12A

South Africa



Post-Dispatch Map

Africa

From page one

isolated townships into which South African whites have forced South African blacks are becoming ungovernable.

Consider Thabong, and that crowd of comrades in Hostel G.

Several hours after the initial fight the police came back, buttressed by armored personnel carriers, police vans and riot equipment. Searching for the shotgun, they broke every one of the 20 locker padlocks in Hostel G's Dormitory 64. They didn't find the gun — but they did arrest four of the youths who had taken part in the morning fight.

Back at the police station, bargaining began. The comrades said they had the gun and would hand it over if the police came with them back to the hostel.

"They sent some of the police home with us to fetch the gun," said Andries Hlahleni, one of the four arrested. "But when we got to the hostel entrance, they were afraid to come in. They left us behind and ran away."

The comrades called the police headquarters, declaring again that they were prepared to turn the gun in. The police still balked at coming into the hostel.

The police then met with local African National Congress representatives, who drove them and the gun to police headquarters in Welkom.

The Welkom police chief then met with the young men from the hostel and the black nationalist group's township leaders. The outcome was a commitment by the police not to enter the hostels without notifying representatives who would be elected from each hostel.

A police spokesman said later that an investigation was continuing and

They are testaments — these scraps of packing crates and pieces of tin — to the abject poverty in the remote rural "homelands" South Africa devised for blacks.

that arrests would be made — although those who had confessed already had been released. The two policemen involved in the fight were in a hospital, one with a broken arm and the other with a lacerated hand.

Of the 20 or so young men in Hostel G, ranging in age from the late teens to mid-20s, not one was in school. Not one had a regular job. They were living in the hostel, where the rent for half a cubicle in a 20-person dormitory is \$8.50 a month, but for the past five months no one had paid the rent.

They run a sort of protection game themselves, collecting small chagge from hostel residents for a cleanup fund that, judging from the stench of garbage, hasn't achieved much cleaning up. But watching the comrades in their ANC bandannas and military mufti, dancing en masse through the weathered complex, one suspects that most people pay up.

"This," said resident Elliott Mokgosi, "is people power."

People power likewise sets the pace in Mamelodi, a dusty township that spills over several hills in the open country 10 miles east of Pretoria's elegant government buildings and the jacaranda trees with their brilliant purple blossoms that grace the gardens below.

In Mamelodi, the gardens are

scarce.

Some 350,000 people live there, two thirds of them in houses with no indoor toilets or running water. The average in each house is 21 persons. The township boasts two small libraries, one cinema and one health clinic that's open during the day. Medical emergencies are taken to Kalafong, the black township west of Pretoria, which means driving straight through downtown and its first-class, whites-only hospitals.

Yet Mamelodi is a destination, a magnet, and like the townships all across South Africa, it is full of new squatter shacks and packed hostels. They are testaments — these scraps of packing crates and pieces of tin — to the abject poverty in the remote rural "homelands" South Africa devised for blacks.

At the hostels here, one recent pilgrim is Abram Masilela, 23, who arrived last year from the KwaNdebele homeland northwest of Pretoria. He has no job. Since April he has shared a narrow cot with his brother because he doesn't have the \$8.50 monthly bed fee.

"But I like it better here," he says. "It's close to the city, and, if I get a job, I'll be able to sleep until 6 a.m."

From KwaNdebele, the transport buses start their daily commuter runs at 3 a.m.; workers get home each night at 9 p.m.

Mamelodi has proved to be fertile ground for the ANC, particularly among those 20 and under who make up half of South Africa's population. Recruiters are signing up not just regular members but soldiers as well, with the promise of foreign training in guerrilla warfare for those who join the black nationalists' military wing, *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation).

Abey Morake, 17, is among those thinking of signing up, to join what he calls "the struggle." Black-white talks on a new constitution are supposed to begin early next year, with all sides publicly pledged to a peaceful transition. Yet Morake says he's been told to expect to spend as much as five to seven years in training abroad before coming home to fight.

The fight already has begun in Mamelodi's schools. ANC-led students at

three of the township's senior high schools have chased principals out of their jobs this year alone, over issues that range from misuse of funds to poor instruction. Students have won their demands for free books and the repeal of school fees — which had been \$10 a year.

Victor Motau, president of the Council of South African Students in Mamelodi and a student at Rethebile Secondary School, explains the technique:

"We suspended our principal here because he misused our money. He said he didn't have the money and wouldn't talk with us, so we decided to get rid of him. We started a stay-away in March, and by April he was gone."

Outside Lehlabile Secondary School, several hundred students were milling around at mid-morning a few days ago, awaiting instructions from Scheepers Morude, chairman of the school's Student Representative

Council. Classes had not met for the previous 10 days, although the students had arrived on time each morning in their green and black uniforms.

Morude, who hopes to go to college and become a lawyer after completing high school this year, said the issue of the moment was the final exam that all students must take in November. The students demanded the right to use reference materials during the exam — on the novel ground that their strikes all year had put them impossibly behind.

"We're saying that both students

and teachers wasted a lot of time during this academic year," Morude said, "so we demand the right to use reference materials."

When was the last time classes met normally here?

"I don't remember," says the principal, Moffata Nkwe. "On one day some classes might meet but then the next there are disruptions again..."

"But there's nothing special about Lehlabile," Nkwe added. "This is happening all over Mamelodi, all over the country."

Leaders Blamed For S. African Violence

Poverty, Police Ignite Blacks Killing Blacks

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post Dispatch Staff

SOWETO, South Africa — Michael Tshabalala, among the first victims of the frenzied rage in Johannesburg's black townships, still can't say what it's all about.

He arrived in Soweto last fall from Swaziland. He found a job at a butcher's shop and was on his way to work on the morning of Aug. 16.

It was the wrong time, the wrong place, at Soweto's Inhlazane Railroad Station. A group of Zulu workers turned warriors, members of the Inkatha political movement, swarmed onto the platform.

"They entered the train and started chopping people," Tshabalala said. "Mine was the first car they entered, hitting everyone

with panga knives."

Tshabalala, 22, standing outside his shack in the Mshengu Ville squatters camp, shows off his wounds: a gaping slash across his lower back, the scar tissue forming on his fingers and shoulder, a line of sutures concealing what's left of an eye socket that was hacked away.

"I don't know anything about Inkatha," Tshabalala says through tears. "They were just chopping everyone, at 6 o'clock in the morning. Even women were dead there."

"Why? Just tell me, why?"

Tshabalala's question takes on added urgency with each passing week, with the spread of fighting to townships east and west of Johannesburg and a death toll that now exceeds 760.

The answers go as deep as the three generations of apartheid policy that denied both political and economic opportunity to blacks. Apartheid consigned them to squatter camps and migrant hostels, purposefully separated by tribe in a successful divide-and-conquer tactic.

Betrayed By Leaders

But many in South Africa see another answer: the betrayal of Michael Tshabalala and millions like him throughout South Africa by their leaders, black and white.

The African National Congress and its leader, Nelson Mandela, have clung to the claim that it is blameless in the violence — while exhorting its township "comrades" to take up arms to defend



ABOVE: Youngsters carrying buckets of water in Mshengu Ville, the squatter's camp in Soweto, South Africa. RIGHT: Men carrying the casket of one of 19 people during a mass funeral in Kagiso, north of Soweto.

themselves.

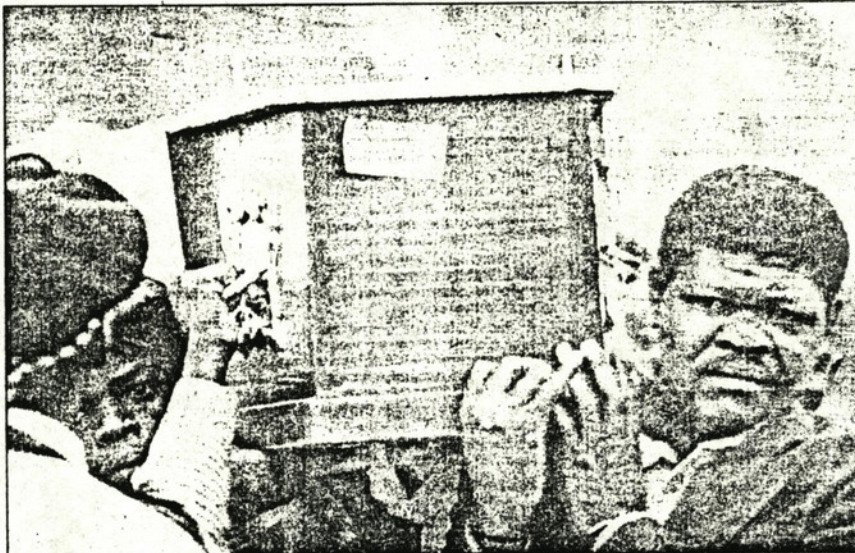
Inkatha has talked peace — while doing nothing to stop the heavily armed Zulu armies that have come out of their hostels to roam the townships at will.

And the government has relied on over-armed, poorly trained and at times biased police officers whose approach to riot control has often been the indiscriminate firing of birdshot from inside an armored personnel carrier.

The two political groups that command the most support among blacks, the African National Congress

See S. AFRICA, Page 12

■ DE KLERK'S White House visit Monday will be a first.... Page 1B



S. Africa

From page one

ress and Inkatha, last week finally showed some recognition of the harm this bloodletting has done their cause.

In Natal province, where Inkatha battles with African National Congress supporters have claimed nearly 4,000 lives over the last four years, senior leaders from each side met to talk peace. In Johannesburg, the African National Congress declared for the first time that it was prepared to meet with Mangosuthu Buthelezi, Inkatha's founder and leader.

What the government did was to announce the Iron Fist, a crackdown in the townships that began with the erection of barbed wire fences around hostels and the addition of light machine guns to police patrols.

De Klerk Criticized

Notwithstanding Mandela's criticism, there is a demand in the townships for security. But there also is a cry for accountability, for an end to provocations by partisan patrols. President F.W. de Klerk has ignored that cry, taking no action to remove or discipline top police officials, despite abundant evidence of misconduct.

Critics say he has played down the horror in the townships to the point that at times he appears unaware that it is happening, or why. In an interview with a local newspaper last week marking his first year as president, de Klerk was asked to gauge his performance. "I think we have made tremendous progress in all spheres," he said.

The interview appeared in Johannesburg on Thursday, the day thousands of people gathered in Soweto's Jambelani Stadium to bury another dozen dead, victims of the ongoing violence.

As he arrives Sunday in the United States for the first official meeting by a South African head of state with an American president since 1945, de Klerk is banking that his "tremendous progress" will bring American support.

Yet at home, across the broken landscape of the townships, the real test of his leadership is just beginning.

Take Mshengu Ville, the squatters' camp in the heart of Soweto where Michael Tshabalala lives. The camp stands as a testament of contempt for the normal human aspirations of people who are black.

The Squatters Camps

Mshengu Ville at dusk is a place so thick with the smoke from a thousand coal fires that a person can hardly breathe. The smoke mixes with the stench of urine from the handful of portable toilets Soweto's township government has put in for the squatters.

Tshabalala's aunt and uncle have lived in the squatters camp for six years, hard by the toilets and underneath a 50-foot pylon for electricity

lines. Amos and Lezzie Makanya's shack has two rooms with a dirt floor and walls made from scraps of corrugated metal. It has no electricity.

"When it rains," Lezzie Makanya says, "the water comes everywhere — under the door, through the roof."

The Makanyas have seized this precarious perch, for themselves, their four children and Michael, after years of hard and steady labor. Amos, a truck driver, hauls Sealy Posturpedic mattresses across South Africa. He's been doing that for eight years and makes \$80 a week. Lezzie has worked as a seamstress in a textile factory for 15 years; she makes \$60 a week.

Yet they do have jobs, and that makes them stand out among South African blacks, where the unemployment rate for working-age people is more than 50 percent.

The Makanyas years ago stopped paying rent — set for them at \$6 a week — to protest the government's failure to resolve their legal right to live in Mshengu Ville. Scarcely anyone in Soweto pays rent or utility bills and probably won't start, despite the African National Congress' settlement this month of the formal rent strike.

Amos Makanya is a member of the Zulu tribe; Lezzie, a member of the Swazis, from Swaziland. They have nothing to do with Inkatha.

"There's a difference between the two Zulus," Amos Makanya says. "The Zulus who are fighting and those who aren't. I am not fighting."

Asked to explain why some fight, Makanya comes up blank. "I don't know," he says.

The Hostels

Just a few miles away, on the northern edge of Soweto, Inkatha is at work in the Meadowlands hostel, formerly a men-only hostel that over the years has opened up to women and families as well. Most of the residents, while Zulu, have only the vaguest sense of politics; what they do understand is intimidation.

"The Inkatha people came in here and forced everyone to march with them," says an off-duty policeman who identifies himself only as Leonard. "They wanted to have a fight with the ANC people, and they threatened to burn our houses down if we didn't march with them."

The families in Meadowlands make do with cramped concrete-block quarters, semi-divided rooms 12 feet square where six or eight or 10 people live. Outside there's little but dirt and trash.

A visitor picking his way through is intercepted by a smooth-talking leader of Inkatha's local youth brigade, who insists that "all the people here" support Inkatha.

"Your country went crazy over Mandela, just because he spent 27 years in prison," the Inkatha organizer says. "What's the matter with America? Don't you believe in free enterprise anymore?"

African National Congress leaders reject tribal conflict as the main ingredient in the township violence. They say the real causes are police



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch
Michael Tshabalala, who lost an eye and suffered other injuries during a Zulu attack last month in Soweto, South Africa.

'Instant Constables'

Completing this incendiary brew are the South African police, trained for 30 years to view the African National Congress as communist terrorists and, for half that time, to consider Inkatha as the white man's friend.

South Africa's police force numbers 80,000 men and women, half of them white and half black. Perhaps as many as half of the whites, recent polls suggest, support the Conservative Party and other, more militant groups on the political right. Many of these groups actively promote black-on-black violence as the surest route to the reimposition of "law and order" and grand apartheid.

South Africa, in fact, is under-policed, with about one-fourth fewer police officers, per capita, than serve in the United States. Plans to build up the force have been frustrated, however, both by South Africa's rapid growth in population — 3.5 percent a year — and by a critical shortage of people with basic education skills.

The police have made up the difference with recruits called "instant constables," to deadly effect. Just how deadly became clear in the report this month by Justice Richard Goldstone's commission of inquiry into police misconduct last March in the Sebokeng township south of Johannesburg.

Goldstone found that of the 11 people killed and 163 wounded during an African National Congress-backed rally in Sebokeng on March 26, 81 had been shot in the back. He found that police officers had used "sharp," or penetrating, ammunition — despite standing orders not to do so. Subsequent testimony that only birdshot had been used was among the many statements Goldstone ruled "false" or "biased and one-sided."

The captain in charge of the Sebokeng police force had not even been present when his men opened fire. Among the 30 policemen who shot into the protest crowd, Goldstone found, 18 were "instant constables" — with average training in riot control of seven hours.

Goldstone's report was turned over to prosecutors for further investigation. No one has been dismissed or disciplined as a result of Sebokeng.

Maj. Gen. Herman D. Stadler, chief spokesman for the South African Police, was among those who put out statements on Sebokeng that later turned out to be false. Stadler at first asserted, then withdrew, the demonstrably false claim that Goldstone's report represented the first time any government inquiry had found specif-

"The Inkatha people came in here and forced everyone to march with them."

LEONARD, a policeman

manipulation," right-wing agents provocateurs or the oppressive poverty bred by apartheid.

Not all the Zulus are members of Inkatha. The party claims only 1.7 million members, out of 7 million Zulus nationally. But almost all Inkatha members are Zulus, and many of them are highly susceptible to the sort of broad appeals to tribal consciousness that Inkatha trumpets.

Inkatha is strongest in rural areas, among less educated people where tribal chiefs still hold sway. Its fortunes have suffered in recent years as the African National Congress re-emerged as a public force and as people moved into the urban townships and cut loose, their ties to traditional ways.

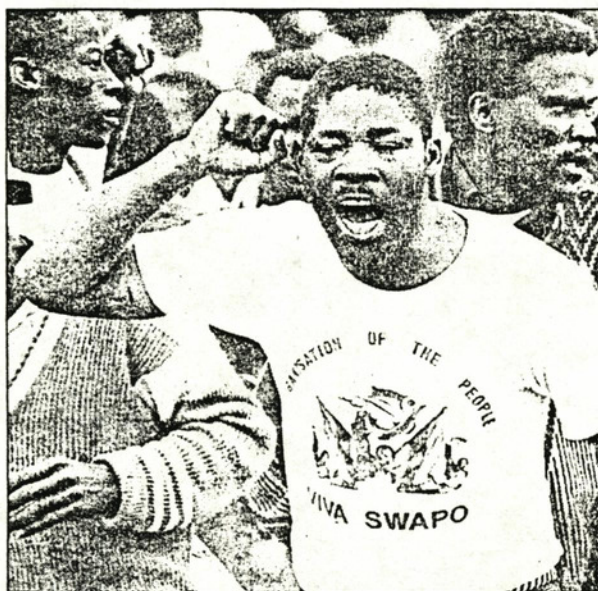
An exception has been the Witwatersrand, the gold-reef area of Johannesburg, where rural Zulus by the thousands have been housed in self-contained, single-sex hostels. These Zulus are isolated from the larger township communities, a captive audience for political recruiting and propaganda as Inkatha makes its play for clout in the coming constitutional talks.

Since July, the hostels have been the focus for attacks and counter-attacks, as Inkatha fighters go forth in battle against the street-wise "comrades" of the African National Congress, armed with knobbed clubs called knobkerries, long broad knives called pangas and sharpened pieces of metal.



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

A girl trying to hold back her tears for a relative killed in violence in Kagiso, a township north of Soweto, South Africa.



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

A young man chanting during a mass funeral in Kagiso, a township north of Soweto, South Africa. His T-shirt honors the South-West African People's Organization of Namibia.

ic evidence of police misconduct. Then he contended that the real value of Goldstone's report was his finding that "the people also were at fault," because they had marched without a legal permit.

An 'Incident

The effect of such high-level defensiveness was apparent at a mass funeral two weeks ago in Kagiso, a township in an industrial area north of Soweto where 35 people have been killed since early August in fights that began in a hostel full of Zulu workers.

The funeral took place in the local soccer stadium, with top African National Congress officials in attendance and a lineup of family members in African National Congress colors standing guard before 19 coffins. Frank Chikane, director of the South African Council of Churches, spoke of "holy anger."

"We are angry," he said, "because the government of this country failed to stop the massacre of our people."

"We say to President de Klerk, 'Don't believe your police force. They are lying all the time.' There are some police of integrity, yes, but the majority have been trained to murder us, to kill us and to protect the white minority."

As Chikane spoke, a yellow police surveillance helicopter circled overhead. Outside the stadium, less than 500 yards away, soldiers surrounded the Zulu hostel with a dozen armored personnel carriers.

This was the situation, fraught with tension, that two plainclothes mem-

bers of a South African police video crew encountered when they entered the stadium to take pictures of those attending. The men had pistols in holsters on their hips.

A section of the stadium crowd, recognizing the police, began to stir, shouting at them to leave. Edwin Mohlalehi, a lawyer who heads the local crisis committee, ran over to the two policemen and asked what was going on.

One of them pulled out his revolver, pointed it first at Mohlalehi and then at the crowd, and said he would shoot if anyone shouted again. The two policemen made their way to a back entrance, and a waiting police van.

From somewhere in the crowd came a single large rock, bouncing off the van's roof. The second policeman reached at once into the van, pulled out a rifle, cocked it, pointed it toward the crowd and crouched in firing position.

Mohlalehi put himself between the police and his people.

"What you're doing is exposing us to a serious danger," he told the crowd. "Anyone throwing a rock is provoking just what these police want."

Stadler, the police spokesman, interviewed in Pretoria two days later, said he had seen the video of Kagiso and did not dispute a reporter's account of what had happened. "I agree," he said. "That action was totally unacceptable."

But he added that no action had been taken against the policeman who had pulled the gun on the crowd. "That matter is being investigated."

The Cost: Sisulus Finally Free

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

SOWETO, South Africa — On the night in April 1963 that Walter Sisulu left his home to go underground, his oldest son, Max, stood guard at the church next door, watching for police.

It was just past midnight. As he walked past, Walter Sisulu heard his son whisper: "There goes the money of the people" — a brave joke, referring to the \$2,400 bail bond that would be forfeited because Walter Sisulu was breaking his house arrest.



There were no last farewells, no overt acknowledgment of what everyone in the family knew — that they might never see one another again.

But they did, 26 years later. Walter Sisulu, internal leader of the African National Congress, was finally freed from his life-imprisonment sentence last October in South Africa's test run for the release four months later of his long-time cellmate, Nelson Mandela.

Max Sisulu was 17 and just out of jail himself when his father left in 1963. Within months, Max Sisulu would flee the country, beginning an exile that would continue 27 years. That ended in June, when Max Sisulu returned to South Africa as chief economist for the African National Congress, the country's oldest black liberation movement.

For Max's younger brother, Zwelakhe, June marked the end of four years of imprisonment. See SISULU, Page 19



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Walter Sisulu, leader of the African National Conference.

Sisulu

From page one

house arrest and restrictions on the New Nation, the newspaper he edits. The paper is the principal voice of the African National Congress.

Their mother, Albertina, is director of the African National Congress' women's federation and the woman who many South African blacks call "mother of the nation."

For her, these last three months have been the first in more than three decades that neither she, nor her husband, nor any of their five children has been jailed, banned or restricted from the political work that is the family's lifeblood.

To understand the passions that course through the top leadership of the African National Congress — its zeal for change and its distrust of South Africa's white National Party rulers — consider the Sisulus.

"You give yourself to politics because you are convinced that, unless you take up these issues, no one will do it," Albertina Sisulu said at the family's five-room house in Soweto township east of Johannesburg.

"So you sacrifice to release the nation from repression. That conviction, that determination, kept us going: to know that unless we stood up for our rights, no one would do it.

"We knew it would mean death for some of us."

She was a nurse just out of training in 1944 when she married Walter Sisulu, who was already active in the African National Congress' Youth Congress. He had recruited Mandela to the cause three years earlier and was helping him through law school. The arrests began within six months of the Sisulus' marriage. From then on, "there's never been a time when the family was really together," Albertina Sisulu said.

She was first arrested in 1958, when she served three months for protesting the extension to women of the pass-law system that restricted the movement of blacks. Her attorney was Mandela. In July 1963, she was in jail

again — as was Max — when the police caught up with Walter Sisulu and most of the rest of the African National Congress' top leaders hiding at a farm just outside Johannesburg.

Walter Sisulu recalls having had no illusions when he began his life as a fugitive.

"I knew what it meant: that unless the movement grew and became powerful and capable of overthrowing the government, there would be no way of emerging . . ." he said. "And I knew that, ultimately, reading the history of all the people going underground, that I would be arrested."

Then why did he take the risk? "Because it was necessary to carry on the struggle. It was necessary to do something inside the country, and we felt the main force must be inside.

"I still think that was the right decision."

So does his wife. "Of course, there was that fear, that going underground might lead to his capture or death," she said. "But we felt it was better for him to go into hiding and do something, rather than just to sit at home under house arrest. The struggle needed him; we urged him to leave."

Their three sons knew what was happening but not their younger sisters. "We were confronted with that question of 'Where's Daddy?'" said Albertina Sisulu. "And we said that Daddy has gone to the Transkei, that there's an urgent matter he has to settle at home, and we don't know when he's coming back."

"'Could we ring Daddy?' they asked, and I said there was no phone in Transkei. 'Could we write?' they asked, and I said there's no post box there."

"If we told lies, we figured that at least then they wouldn't know. Eventually, of course, they understood, too."

With her husband in jail awaiting trial — and facing what many feared would be a death sentence — Albertina Sisulu set about securing the safety of her children. She made arrangements for the four younger children to attend an Anglican boarding school in Swaziland, an independent country on South Africa's border with Mozambique.

→ (MORE)



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Albertina Sisulu, director of the women's federation of the African National Congress. She is the wife of Walter Sisulu.

For Max — out of detention but in hiding from the police — the only option was exile. His mother made the arrangements, spiriting him by bus to neighboring Botswana with a false passport. He was just 17. He and his mother wouldn't see each other for 26 years, until 1989.

"I felt better when they left," she says. "They would have killed him had he stayed."

But the government's campaign against the Sisulus was just beginning. In 1964 — the year Walter was sentenced to life in prison — Albertina Sisulu received her first five-year banning order. That restricted her to her home in the evenings and denied

her the right to meet with more than one other person at a time.

The ban was extended repeatedly through 1983, except for a few months in 1981. In late 1983, she was convicted of "furthering the aims of a banned organization" and sentenced to two years in prison. The evidence presented in court was that, at a church appearance, she had allowed someone to introduce her as "the wife of the people's general secretary, Walter Sisulu."

She was later charged with treason but was acquitted after a celebrated trial. But that victory was short-lived. When the government imposed a national state of emergency in June

1976, Zwiakhe, were the first two people banned.

The restrictions from the ban were lifted last October, one day before Walter Sisulu's release from prison. "I think they were afraid of the scandal if they hadn't released me first," Albertina Sisulu said.

So Walter Sisulu came home, a grey-haired statesman of the movement now, back to the house his parents had built and where Albertina had waited for him.

He says he was struck by the improvements she had made — an extra room, better furnishings. But what really astounded him was the transformed mood of Soweto itself, "the amazing spirit of the people and the higher standard of political consciousness," Sisulu said.

When African National Congress leaders went underground in the early 1960s, they were driven in part by frustration, by the movement's failure to evoke a mass public response. That failure prompted the shift to new tactics: to the creation of *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), the African National Congress' military wing, and to the adoption of armed struggle.

The now-aged leaders emerging from prison find the political landscape utterly changed, with the streets of Soweto and other townships controlled by "comrades." These are young men, hardened and radicalized by years of encounters with police officers and only fleeting experience with school.

Max Sisulu acknowledges this double-edged sword. "The effect of apartheid on children has been terrible," he said. "You've got a whole generation that was unable to go to school.

been roaming the streets.

"Apartheid has politicized people. You've got children — young kids as little as 9 or 10 — who have been arrested and jailed; that doesn't happen anywhere else in the world. When you subject a 9-year-old kid to jail, what does it do to him? It will take a long time before he lives a normal life again, before he removes that bitterness."

But beyond the political mobilization of the townships, Max Sisulu said he had found little real change in Soweto. "This is the same Soweto I knew 27 years ago. The streets are still unpaved, still unfit and the people are still living in poverty."

"In some ways the situation has gone from bad to worse. The squatter settlements and the shacks that have been built behind houses — that's worse than when I grew up."

For her part, Albertina Sisulu remains a believer in South Africa's future.

The past year has seen her in constant motion: representing the African National Congress at meetings last fall with U.S. President George Bush in Washington, leading talks last month that resolved a 5-year-long rent boycott by Soweto residents, working to end the exploitation of women that many consider South Africa's next great challenge.

And — last, but not least — attending funerals. As rage consumes Johannesburg's townships, this is a grim constant in the schedules of all top African National Congress officials.

"But I'm an optimist still," she said. "Even at the darkest times, I've always been an optimist. My feeling is that there's nothing without an end."

18A

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

• FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1990

APARTHEID'S LEGACY

S. African Economist Urges Redistribution Of Country's Wealth

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa — Don't look for American-style capitalism in the future South Africa — at least not in the future envisioned by Max Sisulu, chief economist for the African National Congress.

At a time when communism's collapse has given centralized socialism a bad name the world over, Sisulu says the African National Congress has "no dispute whatsoever" with the South African Communist Party and is prepared, if necessary, to press ahead with nationalization.

Cleaning up the wreckage of apartheid, he insists, may require nothing less.

"The ANC's policy is to redress the costs of apartheid," Sisulu said in an interview in his temporary office on the 26th floor of the Southern Life Insurance building in downtown Johannesburg.

"We must address the issue of acute poverty among black people, side by side with obscene opulence among the whites; a situation where four-fifths of the arable land is in white hands; a country where hundreds of thousands of black people have no piped water, and tens of thousands of whites have big swimming pools.

"South Africa has the highest ratio of inequality in the world, and it falls along racial lines. Four companies



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Max Sisulu
In exile for 27 years

own 86 percent of the companies listed on the Johannesburg stock exchange. Just one of them, the Anglo-American Corp., owns 56 percent of them. Blacks, meanwhile, own less than 1 percent of the entire product capacity of the country.

"This didn't come about as the result of some historical accident," Sisulu says. "It was deliberate state ac-

tion. And we have to have deliberate state action to change it."

White South Africans who count on a mellowed African National Congress — who believe the liberation movement will moderate its economics platform as it closes in on real political power — haven't listened closely to people like Max Sisulu.

Those who have, among them a senior economist at South Africa's Reserve Bank, shudder at the implications. He called Sisulu's philosophy "the politics of plunder," and said that "to fend off the threat," South Africa's white-minority government ought to "privatize" state-owned enterprises as fast as it can.

Bearer of one of the African National Congress' most famous names, Sisulu is setting up a headquarters economics department for the country's oldest and still dominant liberation movement.

Educated in Moscow, the Netherlands and England, Sisulu also completed military training in the Soviet Union as a cadre in the African National Congress' military wing, *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation). He brings a soldier's disdain to pleas by white business leaders for a free-market approach.

He also speaks warmly of the African National Congress' "long-standing relationship" with the South African Communist Party. "What the ANC is saying today is not different from what the Communist Party is saying; there's no contradiction between us."

Sisulu has little patience with those white South African businessmen calling for "evolutionary" (read: slow) incorporation of blacks into the economy.

"There's a realization among the business community that apartheid is a dying cause," Sisulu said, "yet they are dead opposed to any redistribution of wealth or income, except

through ripple effect. They say that growth, this trickle-down approach, will do it.

"Yet a body dying of starvation can't wait 20 years for trickle-down."

What the African National Congress seeks, he said, is an equitable redistribution of South Africa's wealth. Nationalization is but one means to that end. There are others, among them "taxation and the break-up of big monopolies through antitrust legislation. Sisulu said the African National Congress was not locked in to any particular route — only to the ultimate destination.

"What we're debating has nothing to do with Eastern Europe, with the models other African states have followed, or anything else beyond us," Sisulu said. "We need to address the issues and problems that we face here."

Business puts its money on structural reforms and changing the statutes — repealing the Land Act restrictions on black ownership, opening up schools to all races, eliminating discrimination on the job.

But Sisulu asks what a leveled playing field means for blacks in South Africa. "We have a situation where the majority of our people are poor. You might open up land, but people don't have the money to buy the land. The small businessman now in Soweto might even be squeezed out.

"There's no magic wand, unfortunately. That's why we're looking at all these options. And we have learned from the lessons of Eastern Europe; we don't want a big bureaucratic state that has to subsidize everything. That's not in the interest of the working class itself."

"But I do know this," Sisulu sums up. "I don't think a small, inactive state can restructure apartheid."

Afrikaners Apart On Apartheid

Conservatives Differ On Continued White Rule In All Of South Africa

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

PRETORIA, South Africa — The driveway at Carel Boshoff's comfortable house in the suburbs is ringed with voortrekker wagons, BMWs and Mercedes-Benz sedans, all testament to the rich old Afrikaners who fancy one last trek into the African unknown.

Boshoff, a retired theologian, is the son-in-law of the late Hendrik Verwoerd, the South African prime minister who invented grand apartheid in the late 1950s. Within the community of white Afrikaners, the nearly 3 million descendants of the Dutch, German and French settlers who came here in the 17th century, his credentials are impeccable.

But Boshoff stands apart from other Afrikaner conservatives in one respect: He makes no claim for continued white rule in the vast areas of South Africa where blacks are the majority population.

"I have made clear," he says, "that the status quo, with a white minority in control, is not tenable; it's not morally defensible. I've put forward the case for something radically different: the right of nations to self-determination."

Achieving that, Boshoff said, will require the creation of a new white "homeland." He plans the undertaking, which he proposes to begin in a

"The government's view is that this is impractical. . . We should acknowledge that we are interdependent and should share power."

J.A. "SANDY" SHAW, government official

remote, undeveloped section of the northern Cape province near the Orange River.

Experts scoff at Boshoff's group, the Society of Orange River Settlers. Few Afrikaners would give up their swimming pools and servants to start from scratch, they say. Setting up a separate white homeland would merely inflame the racial tension that already threatens to engulf the country.

Yet others, including some senior government planners and negotiators for the African National Congress, see promise in Boshoff's plan. At the least, they say, provision for a white homeland might defuse opposition to a new constitution from the radical right.

"The government's view is that this is impractical," said J.A. "Sandy" Shaw, director of the Department of Constitutional Development. "And

further, it's an admission of failure. We should acknowledge that we are interdependent and should share power."

Shaw conceded the possibility that setting up a white homeland in unused land "could defuse that emotional demand that Afrikaners have."

Some analysts at the African National Congress, the dominant black liberation movement here, make the same point: A white homeland could prove a safety valve for pressure that might otherwise erupt through right-wing terrorist attacks.

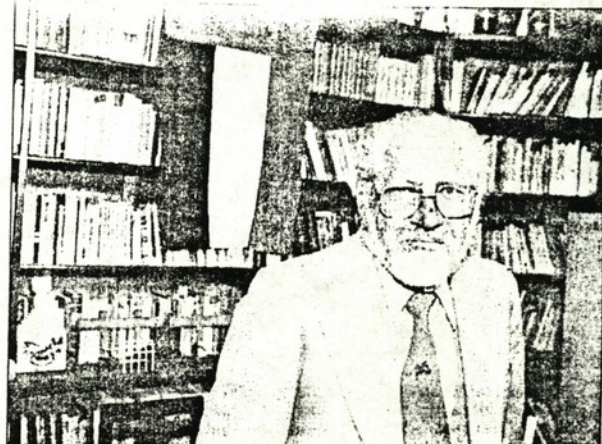
Boshoff said he doesn't trust President F.W. de Klerk's pledge that the new constitution negotiated with black leaders will include ironclad guarantees protecting the rights of whites.

"De Klerk is trying to maintain the impossible," Boshoff said. "He promises almost everyone group guarantees: that one group won't dominate the others, that the new dispensation won't become a sellout of whites. . .

"I don't think it's possible to promise a thing like that. If you're a minority, you're a minority. The majority will decide what rights will be given to the minority."

Boshoff predicted that the constitutional guarantees touted by the government would last no longer than the transition to majority rule.

Whites might be permitted after that to speak their own Afrikaans language at home, he predicted. They might be allowed to display the old



Odell Mitchell/Post-Dispatch

Carel Boshoff, who advocates the creation of a new homeland for whites.

South African flag. But he said that Afrikanerdom, as the community's dominant culture, would be dead.

To save that culture, he said, Afrikaners must repeat today the Great Trek of the 1820s and 1830s, when to escape British rule in the Cape province they moved inland to settle what became the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

Shaw said Boshoff overstates the threat.

"The white community here has enough stake in this community and this economy that they will continue exerting a sizeable influence, a crucial influence," he says.

Boshoff counters that Shaw's view ignores the sheer force of numbers, whereby 32 million black South Africans outnumber 5 million whites by more than six to one. He said Verwoerd had foreseen the implications three decades ago.

"He put it clearly, early in his regime, that there should be land for the whites just as there would be land for blacks," Boshoff said. "He said he'd choose a far smaller South Africa, to maintain something for whites, rather than to keep the whole land and be overwhelmed by the numbers."

"It's numbers that rule, he said, white or black."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1990

'Racialists' Expect Civil War

'We Want To Fight,' Says South African White Extremist

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

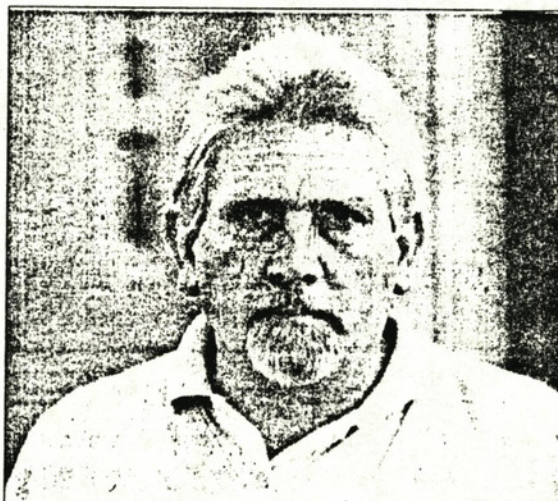
BETHLEHEM, South Africa — The military commander of one of South Africa's most avowedly racist

white extremist groups says "it will be a miracle" if the country survives the year without plunging into civil war.

"We want to fight," says Andrew Ford, leader of the Boer Resistance Movement. "We want to wage war. Our war has started already."

Empty threats? Perhaps. But Piet Rudolph, Ford's top associate, was arrested 12 days ago after a five-month manhunt. During that time, as Rudolph boasts, he stole weapons and ammunition from an air force base and set off bombs at newspaper offices, government buildings and the local offices of two prominent members of the ruling Nationalist Party.

Rudolph's exploits are proof, Ford insists, of his group's intentions. They will not simply stand by, he warns, as President F. W. de Klerk — "the traitor" — hands over power to "the black Communists" of



Odell Mitchell/Post-Dispatch

Andrew Ford, leader of the Boer Resistance Movement. He claims to be busy most weekends training commandos.

■ A DIFFERENT white conservative view.....Page 6A

the African National Congress.

Ford makes an incongruous sight — a small-town electrician, armed bodyguard in tow, spewing out his hatred of blacks on the main street of Bethlehem, a bucolic farm community 150 miles south of Johannesburg. He had promised to take two journalists to his home; he refuses when he sees that one of them is

black.

"Bugger off," he says. "I'm not talking with the bloody kaffir here," using the South African racial slur — a term that is equivalent to an American racial slur.

Ford claims to be busy most weekends training commandos, most of them seasoned veterans of the South African Defense Force and South African police.

Government officials tend to dis-

See S. AFRICA, Page 6

S. Africa

From page one

miss the radical right as a fringe element with limited following — spoilers, they say, who will change. Most officials at the African National Congress, the major organization representing blacks in South Africa, hold that view as well.

Yet 180 miles to the north in Pretoria, South Africa's capital, one finds disturbing echoes of Andrew Ford at the bustling headquarters of the Conservative Party.

The party is South Africa's mainstream conservative movement. The Conservatives won 31 percent of the vote in last September's national election and have gained substantial new support since. An interview with Andries Treurnicht, party chairman, reveals how close he is to extra-legal, armed solutions, as well.

Treurnicht, a polished ex-minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, abandoned the Nationalist Party in 1983 after it agreed to a limited franchise for Indians and so-called "colored" people, those of mixed white and African ancestry.

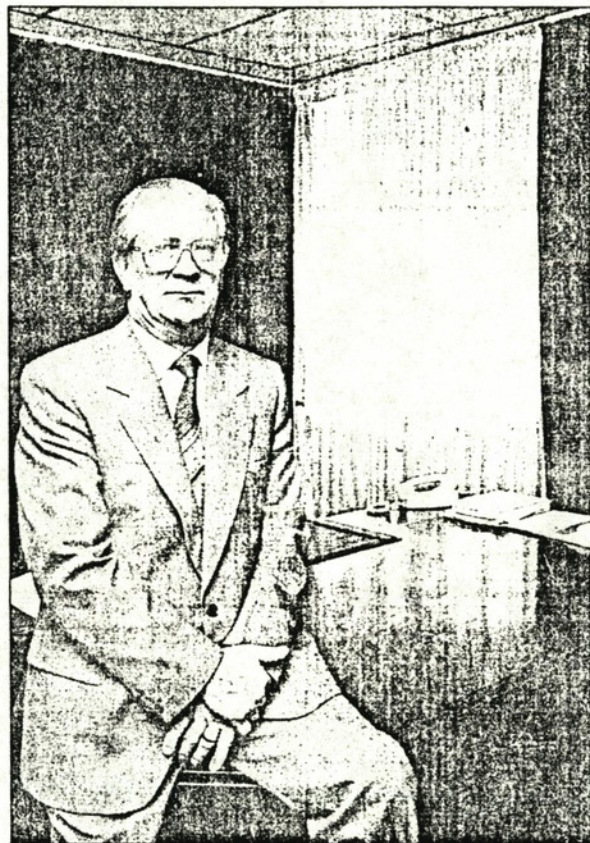
He says that for the moment he assumes the Nationalists will make good on their promise to hold a referendum before any constitutional changes take place — and that, if they do, Conservatives will win a clear majority.

What will happen if, as many predict, de Klerk turns the promised referendum into a non-binding "consultation?"

That would mean "serious, serious trouble," Treurnicht says. "You cannot expect our people to accept that peacefully. If it comes to that, it will mean an entirely new game, with new rules, and we will then decide what our options would be."

Treurnicht said he was "not necessarily" referring to armed revolt, but he refused to rule it out. He cited the country's violent past, specifically the two Boer wars against the British that began in 1880 and again in 1899.

"I have told my people to be pa-



Odell Mitchell/Post-Dispatch

Andries Treurnicht, chairman of South Africa's Conservative Party, the nation's mainstream conservative movement.

tient," he says, "that there is more than one way of resistance. I've said our only program now is pushing either for an election or a referendum [among whites]. I've said the ballot is our bullet."

"But in the extreme event, we've warned the government: Take care. Take care to remember your own history."

In Pretoria, government officials preparing for talks on a new constitution insist that de Klerk will make good on holding a referendum. The approach they describe, however, falls short of what the Conservatives demand.

"The government has made a commitment to the white electorate that it will hold a referendum," said J.A.

"Sandy" Shaw, director of the Department of Constitutional Development. "We would like also to have a national referendum, and I suspect it will come to that — with a provision for gauging separately the support of whites."

"Of course the results will have no legal standing, only moral force. There's no provision for this kind of referendum in the laws of the land."

What do whites on the right want? The Conservative Party still officially favors the "separate development" ideal that former Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd began in the 1950s.

"We know you can't turn the clock back in every respect," Treurnicht conceded, "but certain measures are needed to insure the survival of community life."

"We don't envision removing people by the millions. There's no sense in moving the 2 million-plus people of Soweto ... We feel that our first responsibility is toward our own people but there is no watertight separation. There is an interdependence that cannot be denied."

"Where we do feel strongly is on political power, on who's in charge. That's where we say we offer something different from the ANC. The ANC view is that there is one South Africa and that it should be non-racial, that the majority should decide for the whole body politic. We say that's impractical, that it's contrary to the realities of our society."

The Conservative Party sticks by the old "homelands" approach. The South African government has established 10 semi-autonomous territories on the basis of tribe.

Four of them — Transkei, Ciskei, Venda and Bophuthatswana — have declared independence, although they are recognized by no government in the world outside South Africa. Nearly all of the homeland leaders are now pushing for reincorporation into South Africa.

Some breakaway members of the Conservative Party contend the old ideal is no longer sustainable, politically or economically, and that whites will have to settle for a smaller "homeland" of their own, either within current population concentrations or in some new, as yet unsettled, part

South Africa



of the country.

The Boer State Party, led by Robert van Tonder, is the political arm of Ford's Boer Resistance Movement. It favors the re-establishment of the Boer Republics that existed during the 19th century in Transvaal, the Orange Free State and parts of Natal provinces. The areas had all been settled by Boers, or Afrikaners, the descendants of the Dutch, French and German settlers who first came to South Africa in the 17th century.

Among the more paramilitary groups, the Afrikaner Resistance Movement led by Eugene Terre-Blanche is the best known and is generally considered the largest, although it has lost support in recent months to organizations, like Ford's, that press for immediate attacks on the government or on the ANC.

Ford himself was drummed out of Terre-Blanche's group last year. "They say they won't fight until the ANC takes over," Ford said. "But how can you just stand by and let them take over our land?"

On the streets of peaceful Bethlehem, Ford's torrent of abuse and rac-

ist invective goes on.

"We made one mistake," he says. "We should have wiped out the bloody blacks. We Boers are too good a people; we're still too good! You give him a finger, and the bloody black takes the whole hand."

On the roots of his movement: "I wouldn't say we were Nazis. But the Nazis were racists, and I am a racist. And if the Germans had wiped out the Jews, then we wouldn't have had this today."

On threats by black militants to take "the struggle" into white areas: "I challenge that kaffir to come and try it. We'll start the shooting, and we won't stop until there's not one kaffir left."

On the Dutch Reformed Church's historic turnabout, declaring that apartheid was a heresy: "All the churches here have betrayed their people ... That's why we say we aren't church people. We're God's people."

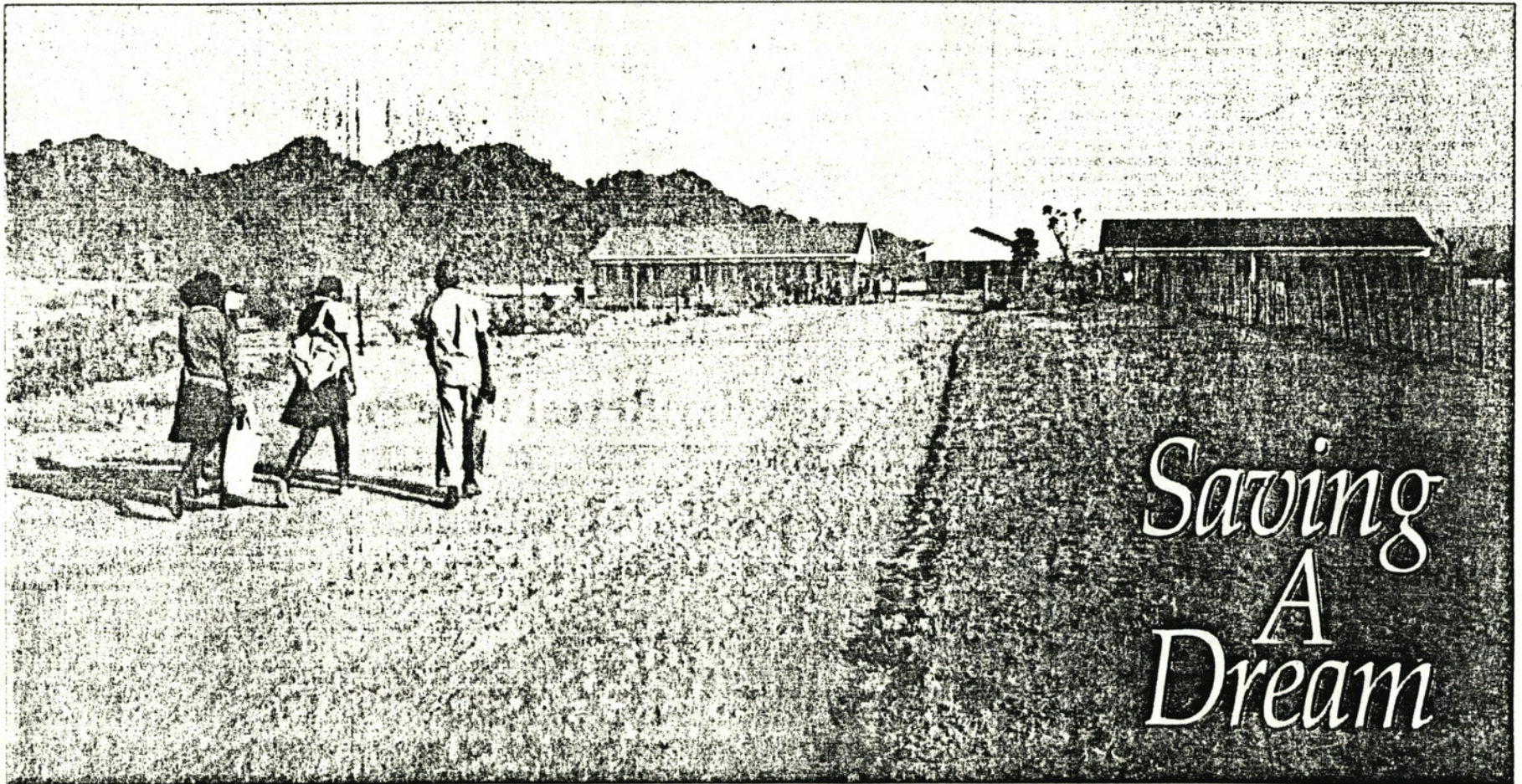
Thus the wisdom of Andrew Ford — a specimen, no doubt, of old South Africa. The question for the rest of the country, black and white, is what threat he poses the new.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

EVERYDAY

SECTION D

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1990

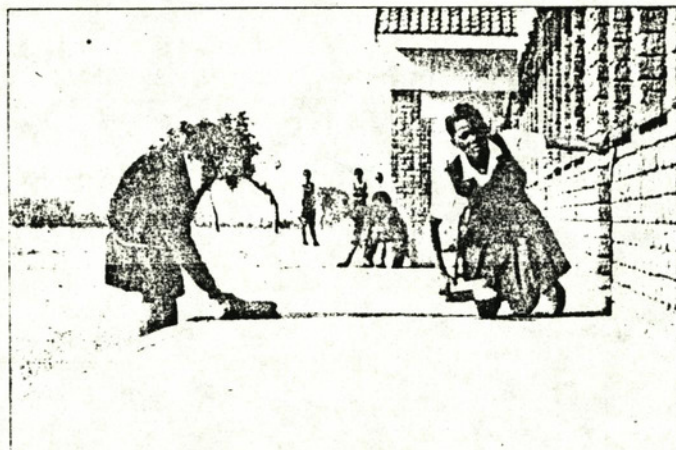


ABOVE: Students walking to the Lehlaga Secondary School in northern Transvaal in South Africa.

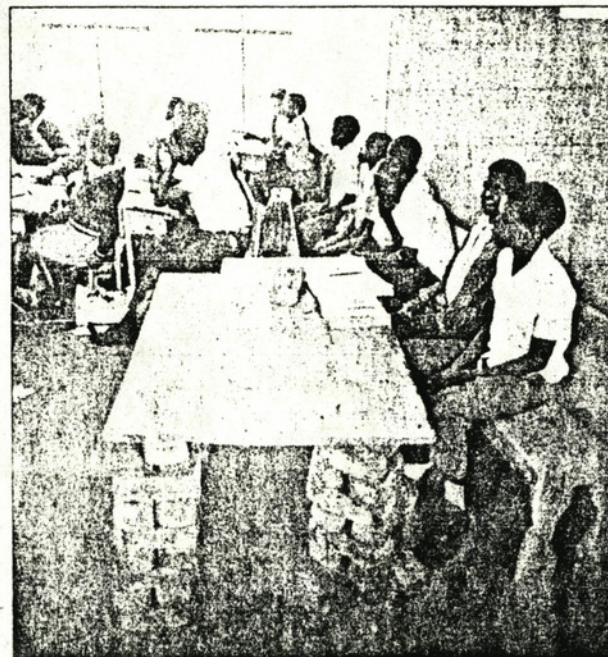
RIGHT: Two of the students attending class at Lehlaga.



Some of the students in their uniforms appearing to be self-conscious while being observed by visitors from the United States. Many of the students come from great distances to attend school.



ABOVE: Early-morning duties at school include keeping the sidewalk clean. RIGHT: Despite backing from Monsanto, many other improvements are needed. Here, students sit at desks that are propped up by bricks.



A tough decision by Monsanto helps a rural South African school survive

Story by Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.

Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

BOGALENG, South Africa

THREE years ago, the Lehlaga Secondary School in this dry and dusty hamlet in the remote high veld of the northern Transvaal was a half-finished community dream.

There were three classrooms then, roofless and unused, abandoned when local money for construction ran out. The school's principal and two other teachers taught classes down the unpaved road, usually under

a tree, outside the old elementary school.

Today, there are six classrooms, 200 students and a teaching faculty of seven. Last year marked the first graduating class: 13 of the 20 passed the national matriculation examination, a pass rate that was one-third better than the average

for black students in South Africa.

Four of those graduating seniors are off studying at college. For Bogaleng, a community that has no electricity and is seven miles from the nearest paved road, the achievement is remarkable.

It would not have happened, everyone here agrees, without the help of Monsanto Co., based in St. Louis.

The South Africa subsidiary of the chemical giant put up the money to finish the school. It bought books for the senior class. It paid the salaries of temporary teachers. It even built a water reservoir and helped supply the students with water. And when local bureaucrats refused to appoint more teachers despite an increase in enrollment, it was Monsanto's threat to leave that brought a reversal.

"We went up to see the minister of education here, and we told him it wasn't good enough," said Dave Pigot, a consultant to Monsanto who runs the company's social responsibility program.

"We said that if they didn't change, we'd have to pull out, that we couldn't pour money into a failing project."

Last week, anti-apartheid groups protested the visit by South African President F.W. de Klerk to Washington. They demanded not only that the world's censure of South Africa be continued but also that economic sanctions be intensified. The argument — pressed across America this past decade, from local governments to the halls of Congress — is that to do business in South Africa is to prop up apartheid.

The children of Bogaleng make the counter

See SCHOOL, Page 6

School

From page one

case: that engagement matters, that it can change communities and lives, that those who serve South Africa's struggle best are those who struggle in South Africa.

Catherine Mphahlele, 17, a 10th-grader, came to this school at the start of the school year from Vereeniging, nearly 250 miles away on the far side of Johannesburg. She's staying with her grandmother, having left her parents and six brothers and sisters back home. And why did she leave?

"Because there was no work done there in school. There was too much fighting, and they didn't respect each other."

Mphahlele has her sights set on becoming a nurse. Her fellow student Susan Mashilone, 19, believes she has the tools to become a lawyer.

"I'm interested in being in the court and helping people to solve their problems," Mashilone said.

She moved here from another village, solely to attend this school. So did Lidad Kgokolo, 15, who gets a ride each morning with the teachers to make it on time from her house in a township, 15 miles away.

"There are schools in the townships, but I don't like them," Kgokolo said. "The children in the townships don't respect teachers, but here they do."

For Monsanto, a company for which South Africa represents less than 1 percent of worldwide sales and assets, the decision to stay here resulted in protest resolutions by shareholders at every annual meeting and actions by universities and government agencies throughout the United States to dump its stock.

Stephen E. Littlejohn, a Monsanto public affairs director in St. Louis who is responsible for the South African programs, said, "Our decision to stay has not been taken lightly. What's important in staying — and staying explicitly, as opposed to continuing to sell products but not having our nameplate there — is that we have shouldered the responsibility of assisting the black community in any way that we can."

Pigot says he can't imagine the company suffering in the long term for its decision to stay.

"At the local level, I think people really appreciate us," said Pigot, who came to South Africa as a young electrical engineer 36 years ago. "If we said we were pulling out, there would be all hell to break loose, because they depend on us."

Monsanto's project in Bogaleng costs about \$40,000 annually, nearly a third of the \$150,000 the company commits each year to social responsibility programs. There are many others.

Through its support of the Legal Aid Society in Alexandria, a black township adjacent to Johannesburg, for example, Monsanto took part three years ago in a successful fight to prevent the forced removal of 300 families at a squatter camp in Sandton, the well-to-do suburb where Monsanto has its South African headquarters.

The company supports nine legal-aid programs, among them "street law" projects aimed at alerting black South Africans to their political rights. Through G.D. Searle, its pharmaceutical subsidiary, the company built the gastrointestinal unit at Baragwanath Hospital, the only full-scale medical facility serving the black townships of Soweto.

In Ciskei, one of the self-governing black "homelands" declared independent by South Africa, Monsanto has financed the construction of irrigation pumps and a community center, using local black residents for the work.

Monsanto has only 36 employees here, working in sales and marketing. G.D. Searle, which operates a small production facility, employs 105 people.

Among the staff at Monsanto South Africa, two of six senior managers and five of the seven supervisors are black. Last October the company hired a black as financial manager; another black is responsible for all overseas and local purchasing.

The Investor Responsibility Research Center (IRRC), an independent research organization based in Washington, monitors the activities of U.S. corporations in South Africa and their programs of social responsibility.

A report by the research center that was completed this summer called

Monsanto's program "remarkable," noting that its proportion of black managers was the highest of any company surveyed.

In Bogaleng, population 3,000, Monsanto has followed up the school construction with money for a small community center that provides space for a preschool day-care center and for a weekly health clinic. The company also contributed to the purchase of a tractor, fencing and irrigation equipment for a 15-acre vegetable plot adjacent to the school.

Nganki Mphahlele, the village headman and chief instigator of Bogaleng's development, said this year's crop had already brought in \$2,800 for cotton and \$800 for tomatoes; chili peppers, garlic and cauliflower are looking good.

A former nurse, Mphahlele dreams of making Lehlagu an agricultural college, of laying down pipelines to the Olifants River 15 miles away and turning this arid valley green.

"We're trying to show that our peo-

ple can make a living here," he said, "that we can pay ourselves out of these projects."

Eunice Malaga, who founded Lehlagu and who remains its principal, believes the future can work. If those first four graduates now in college do well and then come home, she says, they will contribute themselves — and show the people of Bogaleng what the possibilities are.

In the meantime, thinking perhaps of her friends at Monsanto, Malaga makes sure a visitor leaves with her wish list in mind. More books for the library. Space for a science laboratory. Flush toilets. Electricity.

And, not least, more involvement.

"Come address these children," Malaga says, drafting a visitor into an impromptu Scriptures reading at the morning assembly. "Encourage them, please, to work."

To the children, lined up in their uniforms in the early morning sun, Malaga has a simple message. "These people have come all the way from America," she says, "because America cares about this school. It cares about you."

Monsanto's project in Bogaleng costs about \$40,000 annually.



A young Zulu refugee standing among the tents of Edendale, a black township outside Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. The Zulus are refugees of fighting in Natal Province. Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Civil War Imperils S. African Future

4,000 Dead, Thousands Flee To Refugee Camps

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.

Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

EDENDALE, South Africa — The side aisles in the sanctuary of the African Congregational Church in Edendale are stacked high with bedrolls. On the bare linoleum at the rear of the nave, some women wash clothes in plastic basins; others cook dinner over gas burners.

Henrietta Mahlaba, who lives here with her mother, grandmother, three sisters and four of their small children, says that on Sundays the 143 people struggling to keep house in this crowded building clear out their belongings and make way for religious services.

But for the rest of the week, these past six months, this place belongs to them — refugees from the bizarre civil war that threatens to destroy the new South Africa before it is born.

A couple of miles down the road, more refugees — 550 of them, jammed into 41 tents, each about 9-by-12 feet. They've been in the tents since July. Most of the people here see no chance of returning to their homes soon.

Some 2,500 refugees are housed in Edendale, a black township outside Pietermaritzburg, a gracious tree-lined city founded by Afrikaner pioneers in 1839. Between here and the Indian Ocean port of Durban, 50 miles to the southeast, the lush hills and valleys of the Zulu people are littered with burnt-out homes, broken lives and constant fear.

This is Natal province, where nearly 4,000 people have died in the past four years. The total of lost lives is larger than in Beirut, Lebanon, for the same period, larger than Northern Ireland in the past 20 years.

See ZULUS, Page 12

■ INKATHA'S HEART is the city of Ulundi, home of Mangosuthu Buthelezi.....Page 13A



Refugees crowding into one of the tents set up in Edendale. More than 2,500 people have moved to the tent city to avoid fighting in the area. Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Zulus

From page one

What began in Natal's verdant hills spread last July to South Africa's urban heartland, to the black townships outside Johannesburg. About 800 people there died in the last three months.

It is a battle that pits Zulu against Zulu, members of South Africa's most populous tribe with about 7 million members. They divide their loyalty between the two groups that have commanded the largest following among blacks in the struggle against apartheid: the African National Congress and the Inkatha Freedom Party.

The politicians appear oblivious to the stakes.

Talks Refused

Mangosuthu Buthelezi, Inkatha's leader, last week rejected overtures from the African National Congress for peace talks — on the ground that he was being invited not as Inkatha's president but as one of 10 black "homeland" leaders. ANC leader Nelson Mandela had previously rejected Buthelezi's requests for a meeting, citing fierce opposition from the ANC's rank-and-file.

The homeland Buthelezi controls is KwaZulu, 44 pieces of disconnected real estate spread throughout Natal. That is where Buthelezi, the self-appointed "moderate" challenger to South Africa's white minority government, has made his stand, refusing "independence" on the government's terms but using Pretoria's resources to build a power base for himself and for Inkatha.

In the 1970s, Buthelezi packed stadiums throughout the country and was perhaps South Africa's most popular black leader. But beginning in 1983 the mass movement of black opposition came, first in the umbrella grouping of the United Democratic Front and now under the unbanned ANC.

These new leaders sought to challenge apartheid in all its forms — not least the power structures set up in the homelands, and not least among them Buthelezi's fiefdom in KwaZulu. Rival organizers from the two groups began butting heads in Natal in 1986.

Both sides have relied on traditional tribal chiefs, drawing them into factional fights over land and power that have little to do with national politics and everything to do with revenge.

Buthelezi has had two major advantages. First is his control of the KwaZulu police force, which is responsible for maintaining security in the homeland and which, in many townships, has worked with Inkatha gangs.

Second is the alliance he has forged with the security forces of South African President F.W. de Klerk.

The failures of security forces in Natal — to prevent advertised attacks, to arrest known perpetrators, to prosecute those arrested and to respond to allegations of misconduct — threaten the attempt to make South Africa a democracy.

South Africa



Refugees Flee

Most of the refugees in Natal have fled from attacks by Inkatha — about 90 percent for the province as a whole and virtually all of the refugees at Edendale, an ANC stronghold that is not part of the KwaZulu homeland. But the ANC is far from blameless in this war; Inkatha victims are everywhere, too.

Mpumalanga, 15 miles southeast of Pietermaritzburg, is a once-prosperous black community that four years of skirmishing has reduced to a burnt-out ghost town. Row on row of cinder-block housing, charred and empty, terrace the hills. The shopping centers and beer hall stand vacant, deserted and closed.

Along the main road of Ward 10, heart of Inkatha territory, a hand-lettered sign says: "Day and night, we need police protection."

Gano Simanane, Inkatha's ward chairman, used to run the local taxicab service. That ended two years ago, when the local ANC "comrades" burned his cab. He's been reduced to selling clothes, door to door.

Robert Cele, 21, is chairman of Inkatha's local youth brigade. Cele was a student at the secondary school until last January, when, he says, an ANC gang started a gunfight that killed two female students, part of the Inkatha group.

"They told our Inkatha youth that they were not wanted in that particular school," Cele recalled, "and then they started shooting."

The Inkatha students haven't been back. Most of the black schools in greater Pietermaritzburg are closed, the consequence either of student boycotts or walk-outs by teachers who say that security threats make education

impossible.

Ward 10's only schooling now takes place in a private home. Evidence Mgbane, 19, runs a volunteer program for 22 students who range in age from eight to 15. She has no books, no paper and no salary from the KwaZulu government. She herself has yet to finish the 11th grade. Teaching, she hopes, is a way to continue the education she can no longer get at school.

Themba Gumede is just back from the hospital, visiting his parents. He says they were dragged out of their vegetable truck last month by ANC comrades from their own neighborhood. The comrades burned the truck and beat the senior Gumedes, leaving them for dead.

"They were boys I grew up with," Gumede said, shaking his head. "I knew nothing bad about them."

Then why did they do it? "While they were attacking my parents, they asked them where they were taking the property in that vehicle — because that property, they said, belonged to the people. And then they beat them."

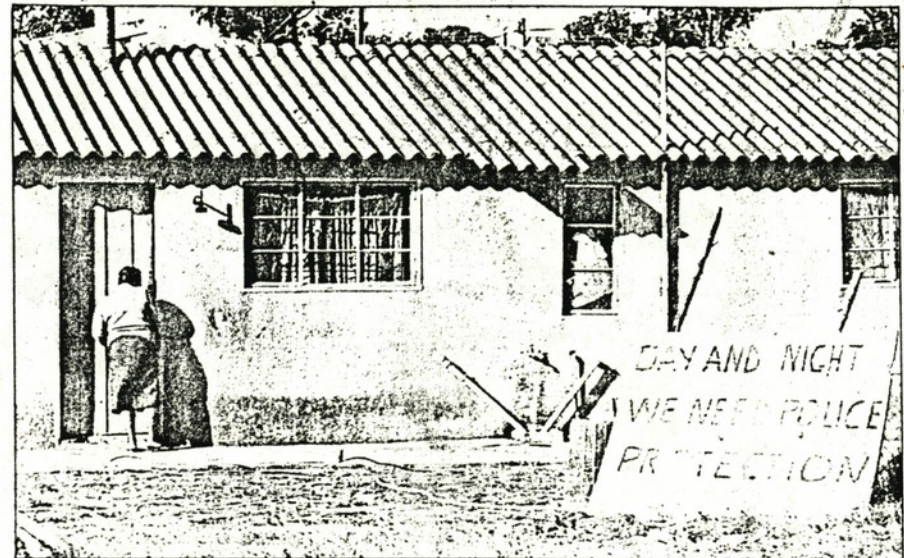
Peace Talks In 1989

Mpumalanga was the first place in Natal where regional leaders attempted local peace negotiations. Beginning in June 1989, leaders met repeatedly, under the chairmanship of an executive from a textile plant.

Leaders from both factions said in interviews that the meetings began in good faith. They said they believed both sides genuinely wanted peace. They also agreed, however, that the talks had failed.

Each side tried and failed to control the young people who were mounting the attacks.

"Could we just fold our arms and do nothing?" said Gano Simanane, the Inkatha leader in Ward 10, explaining



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

A sign in Ward 10 of Mpumalanga, South Africa, shows the community's concern about violence. The area is in Natal Province, 15 miles from Pietermaritzburg.

the leaders' failure to block gang attacks on ANC houses that took place in October, January and April. "Inkatha was almost reduced to nothing. We had to let them fight."

On the ANC and United Democratic Front side, leaders admit that they failed to stop their own young people from stoning the buses and cars of Inkatha members. This was a constant problem, they conceded, as Inkatha members had to pass through the ANC area on their way to the main highway.

"We agreed with Inkatha," said Noel Ntsele, the lead ANC negotiator, "that we should go back to our communities and tell them to stop this fighting, that it was not beneficial to anyone. But it was a tough thing, going back to the community — because these people had lost their houses, lost their belongings, lost their fathers. They were furious."

Ntsele, the personnel manager at a Durban company, says he was not a political activist, not even a member of the ANC or United Democratic Front, when he was asked to head the local negotiating committee. He agreed to do so, he said, in hope of restoring peace to the community where he had lived for nearly two decades.

Disillusionment came last October, after witnesses watched South African Police troops lead an Inkatha attack on ANC and UDF houses. The negotiating committee protested, Ntsele said, requesting the withdrawal of both the regular police and poorly trained "instant constables."

"We never got a reply," Ntsele said. Through the first of this year, the ANC side believed it was getting generally objective police patrols from the South African Defense Force. Inkatha did not and demanded that the

existing force be replaced by other troops more sympathetic to Inkatha.

The replacements arrived in late January. A day later, local Inkatha forces marched into the ANC neighborhoods, setting dozens more houses afire. Again, witnesses said police and defense forces were present; again, neither KwaZulu nor the South African government responded to requests for an outside inquiry.

Negotiations continued fitfully until April 5, and the biggest Inkatha attack to date. This time, Ntsele said, about 2,000 Inkatha men marched on an ANC-UDF area where he lived.

"The people there said that they threw petrol [gasoline] bombs on my house," said Ntsele. "I figured they must have spread some petrol there because it burned so quickly — and everything was burned, even the spoons."

Eighty houses were burned and nine people were killed, along the main road through the ANC section. Witnesses said the Inkatha forces were heavily armed and that at their front, leading the way, were three white members, in uniform, of the South African Police.

Ntsele said he decided on that day, seeing the ruins of his house and hearing what the police had done, that the peace talks might as well stop.

Few Prosecutions

Of the estimated 3,300 political killings in Natal over the past four years, less than a dozen have been successfully prosecuted. Some of the cases left untouched, local lawyers contend,

have been egregious.

In Umlazi, for example, the large township just south of Durban, a KwaZulu police sergeant has been implicated in at least 11 killings, some of them unprovoked. Despite inquest reports recommending prosecution, nothing has been done; he is still on the beat.

Henrietta Mahlaba and the other refugees at Edendale's African Congregational Church arrived last March from Vullindela, in the hills overlooking the Pietermaritzburg valley. They were fleeing an Inkatha army said to number 2,000 men. Outside monitors said that on March 28 alone the force killed 35 people and destroyed 140 homes. Some 3,100 terrified residents fled to Edendale for refuge.

Those present said a South African Police helicopter circled overhead throughout. South African Defense Force vehicles patrolled the main road just beneath the settlements. Neither authority did anything to stop the attack.

The Mahlabas' plot — three mud-brick houses with thatched roofs and dirt floors — was left in ruins. What wasn't burned was stolen.

Last March 31, at the end of a week of brutality — almost all of which was attributable to people who identified themselves with Inkatha — the government's minister of law and order, Adriaan Vlok, went to Natal. He met with only one man: Buthelezi.

Vlok's aversion to the ANC is well known. He told Parliament in the spring of 1989, for example, that the ANC, UDF and the Confederation of

See ZULUS, Page 13

APARTHEID'S LEGACY

Zulus

From page twelve

South African Trade Unions were "all puppets of the South African Communist Party."

In an interview that same week, Vlok said that "the underground structures in the Pietermaritzburg and Durban areas, backed by the ANC-SACP (South African Communist Party) alliance, are clearly responsible for the violence."

Bias At Local Level

The same bias shows up at the local level, particularly within the KwaZulu police force. The commander is Brig. Jack Buchner, a white who once specialized for the South African Police in counter-terrorism and the ANC.

"We support the lawful authority which is the KwaZulu government," Buchner explained to a local newspaper last May. "To the extent that Inkatha is part of that lawful government, I suppose you could say we support Inkatha."

John Aitchison, a researcher at the University of Natal who has collected extensive data on the Natal violence, said no one should be surprised by the ambivalent role of security forces.

"The average white male of the SAP [the South African Police]," Aitchison said, "has been subjected to 40 years of propaganda. It's a particular mindset that sees the ANC, the UDF, COSATU, urban blacks, educated blacks and protesting blacks as all bad people, against whom action must be taken."

"And he believes the converse, too: that the good black people are tribal, unsophisticated. Given that socializa-

tion, it doesn't require a conspiracy for police to act in a fairly partisan way."

On top of that, are the habits learned during the mid-1980s, when former President P.W. Botha devised a counter to what was viewed as a massive Communist strategy to take over the country, Aitchison said. The government's attack, as subsequent official inquiries have confirmed, ranged from hit squads to the military destabilization of Mozambique.

"Any means could be used against the opposition," Aitchison said. "It led to a pretty insidious corruption of the whole notion of law and order. A lot of key people in the security forces today ran that program. A lot of them still believe in that approach."

"People's Courts"

Area residents aligned with the ANC have increasingly turned away from normal legal channels. "People's courts" are proliferating, and with them summary justice — punishments that range from lashes by whip to "necklacing," burning an accused person to death by igniting a gasoline-soaked tire that has been placed around his or her neck.

A researcher at Durban's Legal Resource Center, Peter Rutsch, warns that misuse of security forces threatens a broader breakdown in society.

"Unless and until the ordinary people of South Africa can regain confidence in the security establishment as impartial protectors of the community, we will not climb out of the abyss," Rutsch told a conference on the Natal violence this summer.

"It is simply not possible for a legal system to function effectively without an impartial security establishment which enforces the law without fear or favor."

Inkatha Leader Keeps Aloof Stance

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

ULUNDI, South Africa — No one who has seen Mangosuthu Buthelezi's council chambers in Ulundi would be surprised at his refusal to meet Friday with African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela.

Buthelezi is chief executive of KwaZulu, one of 10 semi-independent black "homelands" in South Africa. Mandela's long-delayed offer included Buthelezi as one of the 10 homeland leaders — not as the paramount leader of the Inkatha Freedom Party that Buthelezi considers the equal of the ANC.

The round, paneled council chamber in Ulundi, capital of KwaZulu, is dominated by photographs of Buthelezi's career.

Around the edges of the chamber runs a counter, holding dozens of photographs and memorabilia, testimonials from around the world to the gravitas of Buthelezi the statesman and apostle for the non-violent overthrow of apartheid.

There's Buthelezi with Ronald Reagan, in the Oval Office; with George Bush; with Helmut Kohl; with Margaret Thatcher; with Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, D-Mass.; and with Jesse Jackson.

And there's a photograph three feet tall from the wedding of Prince Charles and Princess Diana; a ceramic drink coaster, marked "in friendship and peace," from Michael D. Antonovich of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors; and a coat-of-arms plaque from Pennsylvania's 13th



"We have no relationship with the Defense Force."

MANGOSUTHU BUTHELEZI,
KwaZulu leader

District state senator.

Ulundi appears an unlikely locus for the violence that has swept Natal and South Africa. The town, at least 100 miles from any population center, has but two streets. Aside from one large government building, a grandiose edifice housing Buthelezi's offices and the legislative assembly, the town boasts one 10-store shopping mall, one gas station and a Holiday Inn.

Most of the streets lack sidewalks. Cattle cross at will.

A similar incongruity marks the rhetoric of Buthelezi and his top lieutenants in the Inkatha political movement.

Buthelezi brushes aside his links to South Africa's security forces, for example.

"We have no relationship with the South African Defense Force," he asserts, and then he reverses himself at once, conceding that he had personally requested the replacement of defense force units that Inkatha leaders considered antagonistic.

Buthelezi also insisted in an interview in September that as the leader of the KwaZulu homeland he has no authority over the KwaZulu police, despite his title as minister of law and order. He acknowledged, however, that police commissioners are chosen on his recommendation and that "there hasn't been a problem," so far as he is concerned, with law enforcement.

Musa Keith Zondi, national chairman of Inkatha's Youth Brigade, said the bloody dispute between Inkatha and the forces now led by the ANC could be traced to missed signals and poor communication. The trouble began in 1985, he said, when pro-ANC unions failed to inform Inkatha members about a consumer boycott in Pietermaritzburg.

"When our people went to the shops, they didn't know about the boycott," Zondi said. "They had their shopping parcels torn away from them; they were forced to drink the cooking oil and to eat the powdered soap they had bought; they were beaten up. Then they retaliated, and it went on and on."

The trouble among South Africa's leading black political organizations, Zondi said, comes down to one stark failure: "We need massive education on both sides, about democratic practice."

"ANC activists need to understand that it is not a virtue of democracy that everyone must belong to only one organization. And Inkatha people must not feel threatened when ANC people are organizing alongside them."

The national chairman of Inkatha, Dr. Frank Mdlalose, said that trying to understand the dispute between the two organizations reminded him of the blind man feeling the different parts of an elephant and struggling to describe what the parts comprised.

"One eye could see this as a complete and thorough tribal conflict," he said. "Another might see it as a complicated political conflict. I wouldn't deny either. Another might see it as a conflict between settled communities and migrant labor."

"That's another component, certainly. And yet another might see this as the result of the heightening of expectations, with the new South Africa emerging, and the volatility that's come from that."

The only thing certain, Mdlalose insisted, is that the civil war hurts Inkatha the most.

"It's killing us, destroying us," he said. "We've never believed in violence; our philosophy has been non-violence."

"When non-violence is put aside, our whole philosophy is trampled."

Hard Life In The Homelands



The women of Xolobe wash their clothes in the trickle of water that remains in a dried-out river bed. Most women are left to tend their homes, while their husbands work far away.

Powerless Women In Poverty

Families Separated As South African Villagers Struggle To Survive

By Jon Sawyer
Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau
Photos By Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

XOLOBE, South Africa — For Nonesi Mafenuka, the struggle for liberation is as close — and as far — as the brightly colored T-shirt hanging on the fence outside her mud and brick thatched-roof hut.

The colors of the T-shirt are yellow, green and black, the trademark colors of the African National Congress: yellow for South Africa's gold, green for the land, black for the people. Across the front is the text of "Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika" ("God Bless Africa"), a haunting hymn that has been the ANC's anthem since its founding in 1912.

Mafenuka, who is illiterate, cannot read the words. Asked about the African National Congress, she stares blankly. She claims to have heard about Nelson Mandela, the congress' best-known leader, but she does not

know that he had been in prison — let alone that he was released in February after nearly 27 years.

Mafenuka's husband works 1,000 miles away at a gold mine in the Orange Free State. He sends her \$40 a month and comes home once a year. She cares for their three children and tends their two cows, pig, five sheep and two geese. She has meat to eat twice a week and a wood fire in the center of the hut's dirt floor for heat. The Presbyterian church that she attends on Sundays is three hours' walk each way.

The stream where Mafenuka gets her water is a 10-minute walk down a steep hill and then back up, balancing a four-gallon bucket on her head. To get the family's staple foods and other supplies, Mafenuka has no alternative to the overpriced trading post two miles away.

The nearest community of any size and the nearest paved road are 14 miles and two mountains away.

When her husband last came back, in June, Mafenuka said she slaughtered a sheep and asked her neighbors to join in welcoming him home. "It was a different day, a very good day," she recalled.

See WOMEN, Page 14

Women

From page one

And yet this year — like each of the seven he's been gone — when he walked up that last stretch of dirt road, "it was just like seeing a stranger," she said.

'Old Men And Old Women'

To find the true measure of what it will take to transform South Africa, and to discover the impoverished rural women who have perhaps suffered most from apartheid, come to Xolobe, in a remote valley of the Transkei "homeland," where the mountains stretch — ridge after sun-drenched ridge — to the Indian Ocean.

Like 42 percent of the people in this region, Nonesi Mafenuka owns no land. She has access only to common grazing fields for her cattle and sheep.

A study by the Carnegie Inquiry into Poverty and Development found that the average Transkei farm family is, in fact, a net consumer of agricultural products: It does not produce enough even to meet its own subsistence needs.

Collecting firewood here takes 2½ to 6 hours a day, depending on proximity to the nearest stand of trees, says another Carnegie study. The average household here spends 197 minutes a day fetching and carrying water.

In the Transkei — the poorest of the four black homelands that accepted "independence" under South Africa's grand apartheid scheme of racial separation — per capita income is \$470 a year. That compares with \$1,890 for the non-homeland part of South Africa



Vina Fongoqa, 79, is one of the oldest residents of Xolobe. Fongoqa, a widow, says she has no complaints about the village. "Everything is free; we pay no tax," she says.

and \$18,430 for the United States. And two-thirds of the income in the Transkei comes from migrant-worker remittances, a 1982 survey found.

The women here have been doubly penalized by apartheid, scholars say — crowded onto marginal land that cannot support them and wholly dependent on financial support from husbands who are expected to remember them while living separate lives in the mines and factories of South Africa's industrial heartland.

Places like Xolobe (pronounced KuhLOWbay) are thus abandoned to a shadowy half-life — hand-to-mouth backwaters where government fiat has ripped through all the norms of family and community life.

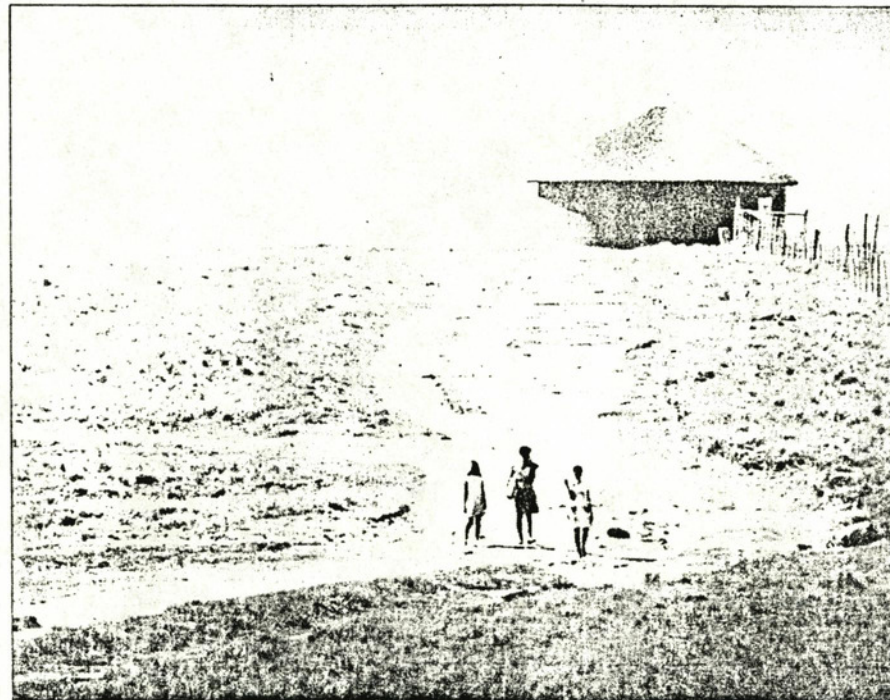
Seventy percent of Transkei's men between 20 and 49 have left for work outside the homeland. Those who stay behind find themselves outnumbered

by women, 5-1.

Alan Paton, writing a half-century ago in "Cry, the Beloved Country," caught the impact of these forces at work on the land. He was describing the hills of the province of Natal, a couple of hundred miles north, but his description captures the gorgeous, fallow heart of Xolobe as well:

"The great green hills stand desolate, and the earth has torn away like flesh..." he wrote. "Down in the valleys, the women scratch the soil that is left, and the maize barely reaches the height of a man. They are valleys of old men and old women, of mothers and children. The men are away, the young men and girls are away. The soil cannot keep them anymore."

Two Women, Two Views



Children returning from school in the impoverished, remote village of Xolobe in the homeland of Transkei. Children, women and old people make up most of the village's population. Most men in the village work elsewhere in the country and come home only rarely.

Xolobe is the home village of Albertina Sisulu, leader of the African National Congress women's federation and the wife of Walter Sisulu, the

ANC's internal leader. Weeks ago in her home in Soweto, she agreed that Xolobe was as good a place as any to explore the themes of women's em-

powerment, which she hopes to pursue within the federation.

See WOMEN, Page 15

Women

From page fourteen

The road in Xolobe crosses a nearly dry river bed, where two dozen women and girls wash clothes in the stream that remains. The houses in this mostly treeless range country tend to brightly painted rondavals, round mud-and-brick structures with dirt floors and thatched roofs. In this region of too-frequent droughts, the tell-tale detail is the 120-gallon metal rainbarrel — empty — attached to the side of each home.

One of the more substantial homes here belongs to teacher Magdalene Mahlasela, 30, and her parents. Mahlasela was Albertina Sisulu's maiden name. Just three Mahlasela families are left in this area.

Yet when Magdalene Mahlasela is asked about Sisulu, her kinswoman and Xolobe's most famous native daughter, she comes up blank.

Mahlasela takes a visitor to the hillside home of Vina Fongoqa, 79, one of Xolobe's senior citizens and a signal village booster. The widow of a policeman, Fongoqa lives in a solid two-room house. She has six cattle, a dozen

The tell-tale detail is the 120-gallon metal rainbarrel — empty — attached to the side of each home.

chickens, two oxen.

"I have no complaints about Xolobe," she asserts. "The grazing land is here. I have nice clear water just behind the house, and it never goes dry. Everything is free; we pay no tax."

Once a month, Fongoqa marvels, she zips into East London so that the doctor can check on her arthritis and high blood pressure. All it takes is one taxi ride to Tsomo (\$1.20), a second to Butterworth (\$2.00), a third into the city (\$3.60) and a final 50 cents for the local bus to the clinic.

Does Fongoqa think women here are treated inequitably?

"What does the Bible say?" she retorts. "The man is the head of the family. The woman is the tail."

Magdalene Mahlasela, who is unmarried, rebuts Fongoqa on all points.

"The men are heads, but we are the necks," Mahlasela says. "so we control their movement. We should be

treated equally. Every day we go to work, just like the men are working, so we should be heads of the family together."

Mahlasela finds the older woman's praise of Xolobe's virtues off the mark as well.

"Look around," she says. "The roads are bad. There's not enough businesses. There are no cafes here, no shops. The school is poorly built. We don't have enough teachers or enough equipment."

"And there are no water taps here; we all get our water from the river. I myself go three times a day, 15 or 20 minutes each way."

"And wouldn't it be better," she asks Fongoqa, "if there were work for our men here?"

Fongoqa's daughter-in-law Funyanwa, who has stopped in to visit and caught the last of this exchange, joins in. She moved here two years ago from Cape Town and would like to go back, even though it would mean joining her husband in a one-room shack in someone's else's yard.

"There's no fish here. There's no meat here," Funyanwa says. "My husband doesn't want me to go there. He wants me to keep house here, to look after his chickens and goats."

"But I want to be in Cape Town with my husband."



Ndimiso Mafenuka, 1, standing in front of his home in Xolobe. Behind him is the wash that his mother has hung out. Ndimiso, the youngest of three children, sees his father only once a year — when he makes the 1,000-mile trip home from his job.

14A

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

APARTHEID's LEGACY

Rebellious Homeland Leader Fears Apartheid 'Taint'

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

UMTATA, South Africa — The homeland leader who has most distanced himself from South Africa's white-minority government fears that his ties to apartheid may nevertheless taint him forever in the new South Africa.

It's a surprising concern, coming from Maj. Gen. Bantu-bonke Holomisa, a boyish 35-year-old who led a coup here in the Transkei three years ago and since has made this quasi-independent homeland a hotbed of anti-government agitation.

Holomisa moved in mid-1989 to legalize the African National Congress and the South African Communist Party, when the central government in Pretoria was insisting it would never do so. He is preparing a referendum that will give the Transkei's 4 million residents the option of rescinding their 1976 independence (unrecognized by any other country) and rejoining South Africa.

And when President F.W. de Klerk earlier this year allowed prosecution of Chris Hani, chief of staff of the ANC's military wing, Holomisa didn't just offer Hani political refuge. He put him up — along with a bevy of AK-47-wielding lieutenants — at a posh mansion that South Africa had built as a government guest quarters for the Transkei's prime minister.

Waving the ultimate red flag, Holomisa even says he



Maj. Gen. Bantu Holomisa, who led a coup, is under fire from both sides over apartheid.

would welcome military training from the Communist government of Cuba. He stresses that no such training is now occurring.

"But if Cuba said tomorrow: 'Gen. Holomisa, the doors are open; training is available,' I would send my men," Holomisa said. "I would not ask permission of anyone."

And yet Holomisa gives the distinct impression of a man looking constantly over his shoulder.

At a Holiday Inn restaurant, he chooses the inside seat: "Always sit with your back to the wall," he quips.

In his 11th-floor office in the Transkei's shabby government building, Holomisa interrupts an interview at each half-hour, catching the news bulletins on his miniature Sony short-wave radio.

"I was perceived as a product of apartheid," Holomisa said. "I'm still perceived that way. Because at the end of the day, whether we like it or not, we get our stipend from Pretoria — the Buthelezis and the Holomisas and all the others."

Mangosuthu Buthelezi is chief administrative officer of KwaZulu, another of South Africa's 10 homelands. He prefers his title as leader of the Inkatha Freedom Party, a political movement that depends heavily on support from members of the Zulu tribe. Buthelezi hopes to transform the Zulu movement into a truly national movement.

The new South Africa may bring all the homeland leaders tumbling down — those who profited from apartheid

and those who sought to bring it down. Holomisa said. But whoever takes over should study the homelands' experience and learn from the best, he added.

"We also need, from those coming back from exile now, a little bit of tolerance," he said. Nothing is so important as the concept of a professional civil service, un beholden to one political party, he said.

"We know that the government in power would prefer key positions to be with people they trust," Holomisa said. "I accept that. But for the civil service, the goal should be to serve everybody — not just the ANC or Inkatha or some particular homeland leader. We need to drill that in, right from the start."

Holomisa cuts a modest figure. He eschews the presidential palace, which he has turned into a conference center. He, his wife and three children live in a house they bought when he was made a lieutenant colonel in 1981.

Looking ahead, Holomisa said he hoped to further his military training — if not in Cuba, then somewhere else — or perhaps to seek some sports ministry position in a post-apartheid South African government.

"If they don't want me in the government," he said, smiling, "then I guess with my experience and expertise I'd make a good mercenary soldier somewhere."

Threatened

Singer's Big Break Bringing Danger For Herself, Family

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

UMLAZI, South Africa — In the political crossfire from which no South African fully escapes, singer Khululwe Sithole's big artistic break may jeopardize her family at home.

Sithole leaves next month from Umlazi, a black township in the coastal hills outside Durban, for New York. She's a featured singer in "Township Fever," the new musical by South Africa's premier black composer, Mbongeni Ngema.

And yet her excitement at this first trip outside the country and an unequalled chance to further her career is tempered by fear. Blacks aligned with the Inkatha political

movement have attacked "Township Fever," calling it too close to the African National Congress. They've threatened participants.

"We were supposed to perform in the Durban Playhouse for two or three weeks but had to cancel," Sithole said, "because people here said they would burn down our houses. Now I'm afraid, going to America. I don't know if, when we come back, will we meet our families or will we see our houses burned down? We are going — but it's painful..."

The risks are real. Earlier this summer, three doors down from the four-room house where Sithole lives with her mother and eight relatives, a policeman shot to death his own



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Khululwe Sithole (foreground) and Batho Mhlongo in front of Sithole's home in Umlazi, South Africa. Umlazi is a black township outside of Durban.

brother. The policeman was a member of Inkatha; his brother belonged to the African National Congress.

"The policeman said, 'Someday you will kill me, or send your friends to kill me, if I don't kill you first,'" Sithole recalled. "That happened in

July. Then he killed another neighbor, who was also part of the ANC, for the same reason. And now the neighbor boys have run away because they're afraid this policeman will kill them, too."

See FEAR, Page 8

Fear

From page one

For Sithole, 22, these threats bewilder and frighten her. "I can't even say I'm supporting the ANC, because I don't know what is the ANC."

Across the country in Johannesburg, not far from the Maserati dealership in the wealthy white enclave of Sandton, Mbongeni Ngema, the man behind "Township Fever," sits at a massive Yamaha control board, perfecting the recording cuts that he hopes will equal the success of his first hit, "Sarafina!"

Ngema grew up in the Durban townships. He recruited most of his company from there. "Sarafina!" was a musical homage to the Soweto schoolchildren who in 1976 defied government orders that they be instructed in the Afrikaans language.

The subject matter of "Township" is more grim: the transport strike in 1987 that led to police killings of strikers and then to the murder by union members of four scab workers, all black.

Ngema says the point of the play is that "apartheid dehumanizes the oppressors, but it also dehumanizes the oppressed." The play is especially timely, he says, in this season of rampant black-on-black violence.

"Oppression can push a human being to do things he would not ordinarily do," Ngema says. "Any of us put in that same position would react the same way. These people you hear about fighting today — they are loving people. They have families. But in these hostels, in the conditions they live in, they actually lose themselves; they become other human beings."

When "Township" opened in March at Johannesburg's Market Theater, the play set off a firestorm of criticism — from the very people Ngema's Inkatha critics say he supports. Union officials and the head of the African National Congress' Cultural Beksaid Ngema had betrayed the struggle for black liberation.

"We fought back," Ngema said. "All these years we've been fighting the apartheid regime for denying freedom of speech. We can't replace that with another system that does the same thing."

Hours of discussion brought the union around. The African National Congress' cultural officer was dis-



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

Mbongeni Ngema, composer of "Township Fever," working at his studio in Sandton, South Africa.

missed. And Ngema revised his play, making more explicit the pressures arrayed against the South African Railways and Harbour Workers Union, which represented the 20,000 workers dismissed in the 1987 strike.

"They finally understood what I was trying to do," Ngema said. "The changes? I always make changes. I would say the union helped me to highlight the other issues that were involved."

Ngema also visited the four union officials convicted of murdering the scab workers. They remain on death row. Before the 1987 strike, none of the four had a criminal record.

Batho Mhlongo, 21, a dancer in the company, who, like Sithole, comes from Umlazi, said many people had gone to see "Township" expecting that "we'd be insulting white people, or insulting the white government. But Mbongeni is always telling the truth. Even if you're a black man, if you're wrong you're wrong."

Mhlongo and Sithole are seasoned veterans of the unique Ngema approach to theater. They started work on "Township" in March 1989, at the residential warehouse studio Ngema set up for his Committed Artists company in Johannesburg. The cast num-

bered 40, with 14 more in the band.

Three months into the daily regimen of singing, dancing and acting, Ngema told them the "Township" story. Then he sent his performers out to discover their characters.

"He said we must go everywhere," Sithole said, "to Soweto, on the trains — to find out what characters he should give us. When we came back to report what we had found, he listened and then said, 'Oh, this one is going to be a wife; this one a child; this one an old person.'"

Mhlongo said, "We'd start every morning at 9 o'clock with breakfast and physical training. Then we'd rehearse, break, rehearse, break, 'til 4 o'clock in the morning. And then Mbongeni would say, 'Let's meet tomorrow' — but it was already tomorrow. Mbongeni has unlimited time."

Most cast members came directly from the townships. Some had worked on previous Ngema productions, "Sarafina!" "Sheila's Day" or "Asinamali," his 1984 play about the Durban-area rent strikes.

"Township Fever" follows the others to New York City, where it is scheduled to open Nov. 23 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Those familiar with "Sarafina!"

may be in for a surprise. Some of the music is similar, drawing on the *mbaqanda* — literally, "vegetable stew" — township music that many Americans first heard in Paul Simon's "Graceland" album. But "Township" draws much more on jazz, gospel and traditional Zulu music.

And the theme, Mbongeni concedes, is profoundly different.

"Sarafina!" shows its buoyant heart in the closing moments, when the assembled schoolchildren imagine the day when African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela is freed from prison.

"Bring back Nelson Mandela," they sing.

"Bring him back home to Soweto. I want to see him walking down the streets

"Of South Africa... Bring him back home to Soweto. I want to see him walking hand in hand

"With Winnie Mandela."

The schoolgirl Sarafina, playing the part of Nelson Mandela, says she is free "because you never forgot us... We are here today not to revenge or destroy but to build the future... where all of us, black and white, can come together and forget the past and work to liberate our land."

And then the play closes, magically, with the insistent, not-to-be-denied strains of "Freedom is coming... Tomorrow!"

Companies performing "Sarafina!" were touring in the United States, Europe and Japan in February when Mandela came out of jail — and unleashed a flood of hope that South Africa's changemight be as quick and as joyous as in "Sarafina!"

But those hopes have dimmed. Mandela couldn't stop the fighting that ripped through South Africa's townships. Winnie Mandela stands charged as an accessory to the murder of a 14-year-old boy. The country is awash in recriminations and gloom.

"Township Fever" closes with Nelson Mandela, too — not with a celebration but with a prayer for help.

"Freedom is in your hands," the chorus sings.

"Show us the way to Freedom in this land of Africa."

The words are addressed, Ngema says, both to Mandela and to the world.

"It's the people saying that we are with you, we understand you, we came out of this troubled South Africa together. And that you are the only one who can finally get us to this path of freedom."

EVERYDAY

SECTION C

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1990

South Africa's WHITE DINOSAURS

Racial attitude changes
slowly for two rural
Conservative Party leaders

Story by Jon Sawyer
Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

WARM BATHS, South Africa

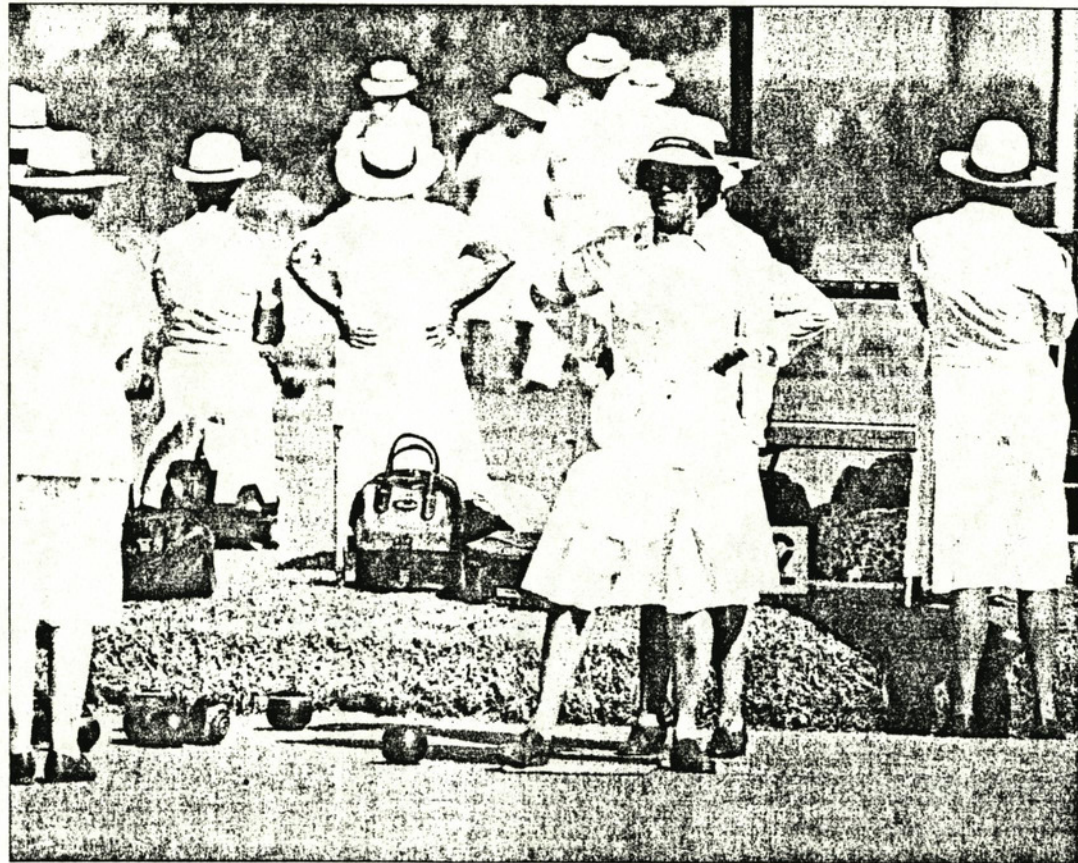


THE Warm Baths Bowling Club, a hoary old gathering place for Afrikaner sportsmen, has the look most weekends of a place that is frozen in time.

There's the ordered regimen of the white-dressed, white-skinned

contestants. The immaculate rolled lawn. The elaborate set of rules. The club secretary, fussing with his calipers and string, recording the precise location of each rolled ball.

And, not least, the eerie — and complete — absence of blacks, even as servants, in this white pastoral pastiche of South Africa as it might have been.



LEFT: Helen Grobler (facing camera) standing among other bowlers at a tournament in Warm Baths.

→ (p. 25)

This resort town, an hour and a half north of Pretoria, barred blacks from the local mineral baths until *last week*. They are still expected, by local custom, to stop at the door and ask permission before entering any store.

Amid all the tumult of the new South Africa, they are dinosaurs, these white denizens of the bowling club. They look leaden in their tournament togs, weighted down with their pot bellies, their misbegotten history, their racism.

And so, yes, easy to caricature. But easy too to get wrong, to misconstrue and dismiss.

This is the story of two such dinosaurs — Lourens and Helen Grobler. How they got where they are, how they view the world and how a changing world might change their views.

You can find them on the bowling green — that's Lourens, with wide-brimmed hat and the hefty paunch. Home is just 20 miles up the road, in a spacious brick rambler in the village of Nylstroom.

"We're not rich," Helen Grobler stresses as she serves tea, "just average." She passes over the two Mercedes sedans in the garage, the beautifully landscaped terrace and yard, the 1,000-acre tobacco farm and the new grape vineyard where they've just invested \$160,000 on irrigation, protective hail nets and wiring.

Blacks could do just as well, apparently, if only they saved. "They complain that they're poor, and that they don't have good housing," she sniffs. "But you go into any dress shop and the most expensive dresses are always bought by blacks."

The Groblers are local leaders in the Conservative Party, locus of white opposition to President F.W. de Klerk's policy of negotiated settlement. They pay their migrant farm workers just \$40 a month. They deny or ignore evidence of South Africa's injustice toward blacks.

Yet at Vaal Water Farm — their tobacco holdings an hour's drive west of Nylstroom — Lourens Grobler casually lets drop what not so long ago would have been unthinkable: that he's replacing his white foreman with a black and giving the latter a percentage of next year's profit.

The black man's not about to be rich. Grobler says he might make \$4,000 for the year, up from \$1,200 now. What's startling, and promising, is Grobler's easy explanation for the shift: "He does a better job," he says, "than this white guy we've had."



"The laborers on my farm live better than I did, growing up."

LOURENS GROBLER



Lourens Grobler at the bowling tournament, enjoying a sport that is popular with many older Afrikaners.

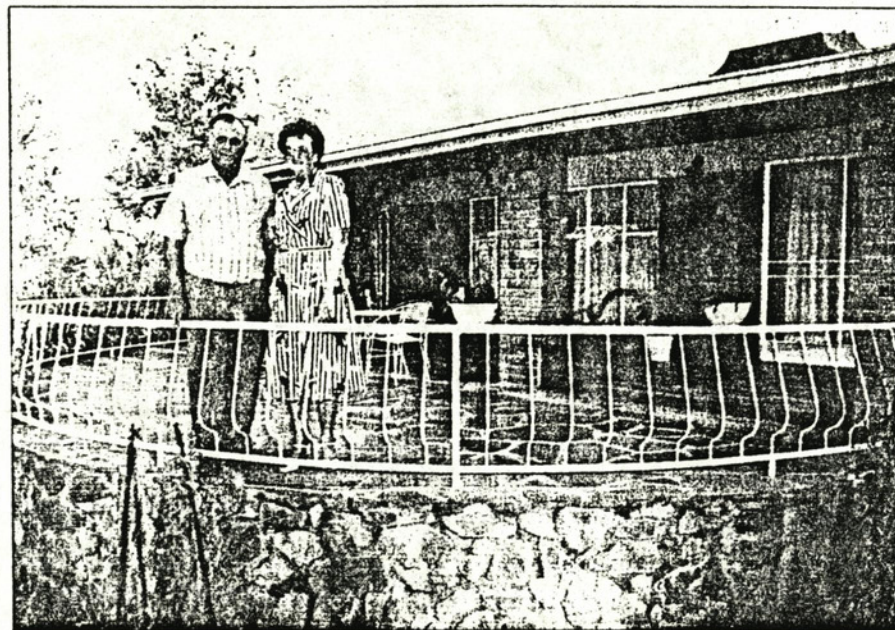
Nylstroom is a place steeped in Boer lore, from quixotic to tragic. Afrikaner fundamentalists first arrived in the 1840s, part of the Great Trek away from British rule. They first came across a north-flowing river, and then a mountain that looked like a pyramid; they thought they had discovered the source of the Nile.

At the cemetery just up the road from the Groblers' home, a memorial pays tribute to the 544 Nylstroom women and children who died in British concentration camps in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902. The graves themselves are marked only with bits of rock and cement. The people of Nylstroom could afford no more, the British having burned all their farms.

The honor roll of the dead lists five Groblers, along with Smuts and Bezuidenhout, Boshoff and Van der Merwe — all the ancient Afrikaner names. The concentration camps claimed 26,370 lives in all, among them four of Lourens Grobler's uncles and three of Helen's.

"If you took those 26,000 women and

See S. AFRICA, Page 12



ABOVE: Lourens and Helen Grobler on the patio of their home in Nylstroom.



Lourens Grobler checking tobacco while workers prepare it for shipping.

S. Africa

From page one

children and the offspring they would have had," Lourie Grobler said, "then by today we'd have been 15 million whites instead of the 6 million we have."

"My mother lived through the camps," Helen Grobler adds. "She had 10 children, 34 grandchildren and 90 great-grandchildren. She was one of the survivors, and she herself accounted for 90 people."

The Groblers grew up in the 1930s depression, and both of them were dirt poor: Lourie, the son of a school-teacher, on a farm in the eastern Transvaal; Helen, on a tobacco farm in the Orange Free State.

"The laborers on my farm live better than I did, growing up," Lourie Grobler asserts. "We had no electricity, no water in the house, no bathroom, all the time we were growing up. We were very, very poor."

On his Vaal Water tobacco spread, it's true: The migrant workers whom Grobler employs 50 years after his own youth still live in roughly built houses with no electricity, no running water and no indoor plumbing. They also lack the opportunities that helped Grobler escape his own poverty.

First was World War II. It began as Grobler finished high school. He signed up despite local antagonism against the British and wound up as a wireless operator on flights shuttling troops between South Africa and Cairo.

The British colonial authorities in what was then Northern Rhodesia, and today Zambia, offered free land and cheap loans to attract farmers after the war. Grobler was among those who responded, building what became a profitable tobacco farm near Livingston Falls. Helen joined him after their marriage in 1955.

They came back to South Africa, to Vaal Water, in 1966, two years after Zambia's independence. Lourie Grobler said the situation had become "ridiculous" — the new black government was enforcing minimum-wage and minimum-hour laws that made his farm "impossible" to operate.

"The government labor officer came out to the farm, asked if there were any complaints, and everyone complained," he recalled. "I couldn't do anything about it."

Grobler says now that he has no regrets. He got his money out of Zambia — "by hook and by crook," he brags — and ended up making even more at home, where the government was also busy promoting agricultural development with low-interest loans. He turned daily control of the tobacco farm over to his son-in-law four years ago, at the same time purchasing the grape vineyard with his son as a retirement venture.

Having lived the life they lived, it was perhaps inevitable that the Groblers were among the first enthusiastic recruits in 1982 for the Conservative Party. That was the break-away faction formed by hard-line Nationalist Party members — the ones who could not stomach that party's endorsement of limited political rights for Asian and "colored" South Africans.

Polls today give the Conservatives the support of some 40 percent of white voters. Their platform favors partition of South Africa, with most of the old Boer republics in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State reserved for white control.

"We don't want to be ruled," Lourie Grobler explains. "We're a nation of our own, the same as America. You don't want to be ruled by the Germans, just like the Germans don't want to be ruled by the English, or the Russians by the Germans."

"We say: Divide this country. Because it's a very big country. I believe in partition. I believe these black people can have farms, land, everything I have — but in their own areas. And they mustn't come and take what's mine."

Helen Grobler, devout Christian and otherwise sweet-tempered, is as quick as Lourie to threaten violent rebellion if de Klerk proceeds toward a negotiated settlement with blacks.

"Nobody wants to fight," she says. "But they say the Afrikaner is like a cork. You can't push it down. It will always come up again. We'll go by constitutional means — as far as we can go."

Helen Grobler says their experi-

"The laborers on my farm live better than I did, growing up. We had no electricity, no water in the house. . . . We were very, very poor."

LOURIE GROBLER, South African farm owner

ence in Zambia has exposed them directly to the "real" Africa, "black" Africa, and so they appreciate better than most what majority rule in South Africa would mean.

"When you live in a black country as a white man," she says, speaking slowly for effect, "you have absolutely no rights."

A visitor suggests that blacks in South Africa, under "white" rule, haven't done so well either in the area of rights. Not so, she retorts. Blacks might not have had the vote "but they had rights; they could go to court."

But what about the tens of thousands of blacks who have been detained, in the past decade alone, with no stated reason for arrest and no notification to relatives even of their whereabouts? What about the more than 100 blacks, according to a just-released official government inquiry, who were *shot in the back* by police during a non-violent demonstration last March?

"We don't know too much about that," Helen Grobler says — and both she and her husband, sipping tea on this glorious late afternoon, seem genuinely, astonishingly, ignorant of the controversy that has been the stuff of newspaper headlines here for weeks.

On many subjects, of course, the Groblers have got their blinders securely in place.

Take the government's decision, last year, to end segregation on public beaches. To hear Lourie Grobler talk, it's the end of the ocean.

"With these black people, you can't share things with them. If you share something, they take it all. When they opened the beaches for all races, it was just blacks. You can't go there anymore. They filch your towels! You can't even leave anything on the beach and take a swim."

"So we've lost the beaches. We can't go there anymore."

Or the churches — specifically, the current pressure on the white Dutch Reformed Church to merge with its black and "colored" sister institutions.

Helen Grobler defines the problem away: "You know, to me," she says, "the unity of the church is a unity not of structure but a unity in Christ." Lourie Grobler is more direct. Why on Earth, he muses, did his mother and grandmother spend their lives on mission work? "Mission, mission, mission! Why? What was the point?"

The one big constant at both their farms, for years, has been the search for labor. The 30 migrant workers at Vaal Water include a dozen from Lebowa and almost that many from Venda, two black "homelands" that are each a half day's drive away. The government only last month forced them to repatriate 20 Mozambicans they had hired illegally at the border.

"The good ones all go to Johannesburg," Lourie Grobler complains. "All the black people want to go to the cities. Some will go with their whole family and only one will find work, and there he is, trying to support seven or eight people. Why they don't come to the farm, I don't know. There, everyone can work."

At Vaal Water, in the tobacco curing barn, work starts at 5:30 in the morning. At 8 a.m. it is already stifling, full of the pungent odor of tobacco and hot and hazy from the steamers used to condition the leaves. A dozen women stand at a conveyor belt, sorting by grade an endless stream of bright yellow tobacco.

They take breaks at 9 and 1 o'clock. They do not work on Saturdays and Sundays. Once every three months they get a weekend home with their families. They make \$40 a month.

Why more blacks don't jump at the opportunity, the Groblers cannot say.

And yet for all they fail to see, or comprehend, the Groblers come through as survivors — as people likely to make whatever accommodations that life in South Africa will require.

There's that black foreman they're cutting in at Vaal Water Farm. There's the easy tolerance they show for a son-in-law who remains a Nationalist Party member. And there's the sense, most of all, that Lourie Grobler is too shrewd a businessman, in the end, to let racism blind his course.

Perhaps that's too cynical a summing up — but perhaps, too, it's precisely in the cynicism of that self-interested perspective that South Africans may find a way to live with themselves.

Back at the bowling club in Warm Baths, the Groblers' friend Hannes Bosch, club secretary and house radical, says freely what most of his peers can scarce yet whisper to themselves:

"I'm not really a liberal, you know," Bosch confides. "I'm conservative in many respects. I was a staunch supporter of apartheid, in fact, in the early days."

"But we tried it, and it didn't work. You can see now: It wasn't fair."

Shamed Whites Set To Return

Washington correspondent Jon Sawyer and photographer Odell Mitchell Jr. have been traveling to report on efforts to end apartheid in South Africa.

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.

Of the Post-Dispatch Staff



LONDON — For those who believe that apartheid began to die when white South Africans lost the stomach to defend it, a shabby office in London's working-class suburb of Brixton has an almost historic significance.

This is the headquarters of the Committee on South African War Resistance, which — since 1978 — has represented the thousands of South African draft dodgers who fled from their country to escape compulsory military service.

Many believe this lonely band was crucial in turning the tide of thinking within South Africa, particularly among the ruling white elite.

It was the defection of its sons — their refusal to fight in the wars South Africa mounted in Namibia, Angola and in the black townships at home — that finally wore down the government's resolve, this argument goes.

Late next month, a group of them are heading home: still defiant, still suspicious and — not least — apprehensive about whether they return to jail, vilification or a nation's respect.

Ten resisters in London have bought tickets for a flight

See SAWYER, Page 10



Gerald O'Sullivan of the Committee on South African War Resistance in front of a poster at the group's headquarters in London, urging the safe return of draft opponents. The group represents draft dodgers who fled from their country.

Sawyer

From page one

to Johannesburg on Nov. 30. Most traffic by young South African whites is the other way, with about 4,500 new university graduates — one quarter of the total — departing South Africa each year.

The irony isn't lost on the returnees. "That's a thread that runs through all South African whites," said Gerald O'Sullivan, one of the leaders in London. "They can't see a way out of the dilemma. Leaving the country becomes the way out — at least for those with academic training and the financial ability to leave."

The resistance committee began at the peak of white militarization in South Africa: one year after the government moved in 1977 to double compulsory service to two years for all white males, plus 30 days a year for eight years in the reserves. By 1982, reserve service requirements were increased to 720 days over 12 years.

In 1983, the government increased the penalty for draft resistance to a prison sentence of up to six years. The average sentence served by those convicted in recent years has been 22 months. No one is in jail now, although several convicted resisters remain at

large on bail, pending appeals.

A trickle of exiles to London and Holland surged to the hundreds in 1984 and 1985, after the government in Pretoria dispatched conscripts to quell protests in the black townships. Even larger numbers left in 1987 and 1988, at the height of South Africa's military adventures in southern Angola and Namibia.

As part of the political changes initiated over the past year, the government has reduced to one year the period of initial compulsory service. The government also moved to slash the numbers of conscripts on patrol in the townships, but it stopped short of offering amnesty to the exiles.

For the moment, every white male must register for service at age 16; that amounts to about 35,000 a year. Two years ago, the government quit publishing figures on non-registrants — a response, many believe, to the embarrassingly high number.

Matthew Temple, director of the resistance committee's London office, said he was not surprised at the absence of an amnesty offer — given the implications for the South African Defense Force.

"The problem for the government is that, if we get indemnity, in a sense that will mean the end of conscription," he said. "I think it will take this group going back and refusing another call-up to force action by the

government."

Temple, 27, graduated from the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg in 1985 with a teaching diploma. He left the country in April 1986, three months before his call-up for the draft.

"I wouldn't go into the Defense Force, because of the nature of the wars it was fighting," Temple said. "Had I wanted to fight, I would have joined the ANC's army." He was referring to the African National Congress, the oldest black liberation organization in South Africa.

Going home will be "a voyage of discovery," Temple said. "What I'm scared of is that it's going to hit me like a ton of bricks — that I'll say, 'What the heck did I come back here for?' I'm hoping that I'll feel good to be back."

Theo Chaplin, a chemical engineer who left South Africa in 1980, is another resister with a ticket on next month's flight home. The government's limited relaxation of the conscription rules reflects a decade's worth of public protest and the trauma of rising casualties among conscripts, he said. Sixty were killed in Angola and Namibia during 1987 and 1988.

"People started getting bodies back in bags," said Chaplin, 32.

Asked why he wanted to go home, given the risk of jail, Chaplin said: "I'm going back because every day

The government's limited relaxation of the conscription rules reflects a decade's worth of public protest and the trauma of rising casualties among conscripts.

here I was thinking I've got to go back."

Chaplin didn't grow up "liberal." His parents were descendants of British settlers of the 1850s. The family lived a comfortable, servant-filled life in Durban. He never went to the homes of his parents' gardeners, cooks and maids; he never visited a black township.

His initial opposition to conscription "had nothing to do with apartheid," he said. "I just wasn't prepared to spend 12 to 18 months running around the bush."

It was only after attending the University of Cape Town — and even more, through contacts that he made with black South Africans in London — that his own political consciousness developed.

At the opposite extreme is Francois Krige, 22, of Cape Town. His father, an Afrikaner engineer, died when Krige was 14. He was more influenced by his mother, a woman of English descent, who was active in church social programs. She exposed her son early to

the black townships that ring the faded splendor of Cape Town.

Krige says that he remembers the hunger, the shacks and the sickness — but also "that these communities seemed so much more alive than the average white community." He also remembers soldiers — he recalls his first encounter with riot troops — and signs that forbade entry by whites to the townships.

"That side was horrific," he said. "You were forced to lie. You couldn't say you were going to see a friend. You had to say you were picking up a maid, something like that."

"You had to say, 'I've come to find my mother's garden boy; he didn't fetch up today.' You had to demean yourself. They had signs then — that entry was prohibited without a permit."

Krige said he entered a university in 1987 to avoid the draft. But "after six months, I stopped the farce and left," hitchhiking across central Africa and then landing for 18 months with a family of Turkish guest work-

ers in West Germany.

Early this year, he arrived in London, where he found work as a tree surgeon. He says his decision to go back home was driven by a sense of unfinished business.

"I don't think I could settle here without going back, without resolving this issue first," he said. "I think that perhaps there's psychologically an element of traumatization — a need to resolve that trauma."

Clearing up his own legal status is not a priority. In fact, he says, "I would feel uncomfortable if I had amnesty, and school kids were still being called up."

He worries more about finding a life at home that cuts him loose from the old presumptions of white privilege.

"I'll find a job," he said. "I'm not worried about that."

But he adds: "I am very worried about the nature of the job I get. I have a friend in Cape Town, a landscaper, who was immediately put in charge of 10 black people. Some of them were older than his father. I'm not into that. I wouldn't do that. I wouldn't enjoy that in the least."

"Rejecting the system in your mind is one thing," Krige said. "But to live in a way you consider morally acceptable is a long uphill battle."

APARTHEID'S LEGACY



Dr. Ivan Tom examining a patient at the house of Anna Genu in a township near Cape Town. Tom, a well-known draft resister, helped set up the makeshift clinic, which has scant resources.

Village Health Care Is Constant Struggle

Former Draft Resister's Makeshift Clinic Battles Local Disease, Poverty, Ignorance

By Jon Sawyer
Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

CAPE TOWN, South Africa — The patient — a stout woman of 42 with a brightly colored headband — tells the doctor shyly that she doesn't know what's going on. Her breasts are tender, and most mornings she wakes up feeling weak.

A quick examination, and she's grinning ear to ear. Pregnant, the doctor says, five months along!

Welcome to morning rounds for Dr. Ivan Tom.

But instead of going room to room in some big hospital, Tom has the patients come to him — to his perch on the edge of Anna Genu's double bed, in a three-room cinder-block house that doubles as community health clinic in the sandy flats beneath Cape Town's majestic Table Mountain.

Tom is one of South Africa's best-known draft resisters. He served nine months in prison two years ago for refusing his annual call-up to military reserve duty.

But the prison time was no more than an interruption in a 10-year labor of love.

Working through a church-financed group called South African Christian Leadership Association, Tom helped set up a health-care program in Crossroads township; the program serves

The country also has suffered from what he calls an elite white medical establishment that stresses sophisticated care over basic primary care.

130,000 residents today. At its heart are 37 residents, trained as "community health workers," who dispense medical advice and screen patients for visits by Tom and the other doctors in the program.

Tom was born in Durban, and he looks like a bleached-blond surfer. He wears an earring in one ear, a checked shirt, khaki pants and an Irish sweater with an African National Congress pin.

The clinic opens with a prayer in Anna Genu's tiny living room, with 15 people crammed into the makeshift waiting room. In the bedroom next door, Genu and three health workers take turns presenting their patients to Tom, who takes down histories, performs examinations and hands out medicine.

"I'm the backup," Tom said. "No patient sees me without seeing the primary worker first. Often she or he knows what's wrong, but legally they can't hand out antibiotics. So they bring them to me."

The other patients at the house this morning report a variety of complaints: tuberculosis, eczema, high blood pressure, cellulitis, diabetes.

"We see quite a lot of urinary tract infections, especially with people from the squatter camps," Tom said.

"It's because people have to carry water. They don't want to carry it, so they don't use it as much. There's less hygiene, and that means more urinary tract infections, more pelvic inflammations, more ringworm and more scabies — especially among the kids."

The clinic program began during a period of fierce fighting in Crossroads — originally a squatter settlement of Xhosa tribesmen who have continually fought police attempts to root them out. The state health services pulled out, leaving people with "nowhere to go for health care at a time when many of them were getting beaten up," Tom said.

Accessibility has been a key element of the program ever since. The clinic's community workers must be

available 24 hours a day, in their own homes. Each worker is responsible for 250 to 400 neighborhood houses.

One factor driving Tom's draft resistance was seeing the disparity between government resources for military spending and those that went for health care, he said.

The country also has suffered from what he called an elite white medical establishment that has stressed sophisticated care — Cape Town was the site of the world's first heart transplant — over basic primary care, he said. Half the region's health budget goes to medical schools, he noted.

Nor has the government responded effectively to the looming danger of AIDS, which experts say is bearing down like a locomotive on South Africa, Tom says. One recent insurance study projects that by the year 2000 more than 45 percent of South Africa's adult population will be infected with the virus that causes AIDS (acquired immune deficiency syndrome).

Cape Town is relatively unscathed as yet, compared to the Johannesburg and Durban areas. Tom believes this is a place where preventive education can make a difference.

"The only difficulty is that, because at the moment the incidence is still low, a lot of people don't believe this disease exists," he said.



Students at the University of the Western Cape marching in a demonstration to the local police station last month to demand better housing and the release of political prisoners. Odell Mitchell Jr./Post-Dispatch

University Is Friend To Blacks

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

CAPE TOWN, South Africa — At a time when South Africa's political leaders tout their commitment to equal opportunity for all, the university that has done the most to empower black South Africans remains under government siege.

The University of the Western Cape is striving to maintain its place in the vanguard of South Africa's liberation struggle despite relentless government pressure.

State subsidies that cover four-fifths of its operating costs have been cut 52 percent. No other university has suffered cuts even half that size.

The government provides no money for compensatory education, which, because



of South Africa's woefully inadequate system of primary and secondary schools for blacks, is the single biggest challenge for educators at the university.

South Africa's 10 traditionally white universities, with government support, have capped their growth. That action has held down the number of black students who would be attending these richer schools — and kept the pressure on the University of the Western Cape to take them in.

Yet the university seems to thrive on

adversity. This jerry built campus has the look of a place fairly bristling with action.

In the past year, UWC, as it is known, has awarded honorary doctorates to top officials of the African National Congress. New think tanks are sprouting up like mushrooms, pushing revisionist lines on everything from constitutional law to the teaching of South African history. Protest marches remain a regular feature of campus life. For the school's chancellor, Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu, these forays still lead to the occasional arrest, the blast of tear gas.

Jakes Gerwel, UWC's charismatic vice chancellor and rector, said he was not surprised — not by the government's pres-

See S. AFRICA, Page 17

sure, not by the lackluster performance of the white universities and not by the emergence of UWC in a leadership role.

"It's understandable, in this period of possible reordering of our society, that the white universities would be, wittingly or unwittingly, mindful of the stakeholders that they represent." The same truth, he said, applies to President F.W. de Klerk.

"De Klerk does have integrity," Gerwel said. "But precisely because of his integrity, it's impossible for him not to try and secure the best future possible for white South Africans. You can't expect anything different."

Gerwel represents the black and "colored" majority of South Africans who see in the University of the Western Cape a potential model for how their country can reach the goal of a non-racial democracy.

For activists across South Africa, this unlikely campus in the scrub-bush flats beyond Cape Town has become the University of the Working Class, what Gerwel calls "the intellectual home of the left."

It was never intended as such. A creation of apartheid, UWC was set up 30 years ago as an academic ghetto for so-called colored students, those of mixed white and black parentage. It was scorned for years, dismissed as a dumping ground for incompetent academics and bureaucratic apologists for apartheid.

In the early 1970s, with the spread of the black consciousness movement, students began to see the possibility of a transformed UWC. The appointment of two aggressively innovative black rectors — first Richard van der Ross and then Gerwel — turned possibility to reality.

Gerwel, who took over in 1987 after serving as UWC's dean, said the key issue driving his tenure was access to higher education.

Among South African whites, 29.2 of every 1,000 people attends college — a figure second only to the United States, where the comparable figure is 32 out of each 1,000. For colored students in South Africa, the figure is 4.7 for each 1,000 people; for blacks, it is 2.2 for each 1,000.

Van der Ross and Gerwel moved to rectify the imbalance. Total enrollment doubled, then redoubled, going to 13,000 from 6,772 in the last four years. The proportion of black students also soared, from virtually none a decade ago to 30 percent today.

Only 7 percent of current students come from families where either parent finished college.

Throughout this decade of growth, the government has been a conspicuous critic of the University of the Western Cape.

The pressures intensified in 1986, when UWC students staged some of the biggest anti-apartheid protests in the country. The man who led the government's counterattack was the minister of education and future president: de Klerk.

He first moved to make the university liable for any student protest within a 10-mile radius of its campus. The courts struck that down.

De Klerk's response, mathematics professor Jan Persens recalled, "was to say that if we can't get you to police your students, we'll hit back where it

(MORE)

From page one

hurts most, through cuts in your subsidy." The laws covering South Africa's higher education system call for the government to supply 81 percent of university operating costs through subsidies; the balance is covered by tuition and outside gifts. The subsidies historically have been based on two main criteria: growth in student popu-

lation and the academic success of students.

The government announced in 1988 that it would no longer consider growth in determining the subsidy.

For UWC, an institution committed to open admissions and rapid growth, the decision meant a 52 percent cut in the government subsidy for last year. No other university took a cut of even 25 percent.

Compounding the adverse impact, the government announced that for this year it would dispense entirely with the old formula and give all universities a straight 6 percent increase. But the increase would be calculated on the 1989 subsidy, locking UWC into the disproportionate cuts it received that year.

South Africa's 10 predominantly white universities have responded to these government disincentives by instituting no-growth policies. They implemented higher admissions standards, which warded off potential

increases in the proportion of non-white students.

The consequence: Black enrollment at the predominantly white universities is still only 17 percent. That's a gain over the low of 5 percent the strictest enforcement of the apartheid laws brought in the 1960s, but it is not markedly better than the pre-apartheid figure of 11 percent.

Moreover, the no-growth policy means no improvement in sight.

The universities, and the government, blame adverse economic conditions. With the country hovering in and out of recession through much of the 1980s and beyond, officials say, South Africa cannot afford continued expansion of the universities.

At the University of the Western Cape, where admissions officers deal daily with the crushing demand from the 330,000 blacks who complete high school each year, such explanations appear disingenuous at best.

Black students face a "double injustice," said Robert Mopp, a prelaw student who is president of UWC's Student Representative Council. They struggle first to overcome standard schools and the political turmoil of their home communities, he said, only to find that their high school diplomas will not get them into college.

Persens, the mathematics professor, said the subsidy cuts and no-growth policies were just new ways of perpetuating the old goal of apartheid — to keep black university students as

few as possible.

"Historically, it was easy to justify," Persens said. White administrators could point to the 1959 law that barred blacks from attending a "white" university unless the program they sought was unavailable at the institution designated for their racial or ethnic group.

In 1983 the government replaced that system with quotas, limiting the number of blacks at white institutions. The quotas later were abandoned, leaving no legal restraints on the admission of blacks.

UWC moved aggressively to open its campus to large numbers of black students. But so rapid a change has not come without tension, Gerwel conceded.

Participation in political activities by colored students has dropped significantly, especially in the Student Representative Council. Anonymous pamphlets have circulated on campus, attacking one group or the other, and newspapers have been quick to publicize reports of harassment or discrimination.

The tension was significant enough, Gerwel said, that he chose to make "non-racialism" the theme that he stressed last year as rector. Reports of tension between black and colored students have been far fewer so far this year, as the entire campus has responded to the more open political climate, Gerwel said.

"But what we've learned here, South Africa will learn," Gerwel said. "Like democracy, non-racialism is something that's not simply declared. It's worked through. It's struggled through."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1990

University of Missouri Involved In Project With South Africans

The supplemental instruction program used at the University of the Western Cape in Cape Town, South Africa, to guide poorly qualified students through college-level courses bears a "Made in Missouri" stamp.

So do some of the techniques used there at the conflict resolution center. And oral literature projects in the Xhosa and Afrikaans languages. Not to mention women's studies and computer literacy outreach programs.

These programs have benefited from a unique affiliation that began four years ago between UWC, as it is known, and the University of Missouri, a partnership that has made possible more than 100 faculty visits between the two institutions.

The 100th visitor, appropriately, was Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu, UWC's chancellor and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984. He received an honorary doctorate last month from the University of Missouri at Kansas City.

Robert Gosende, director of the Office of African Affairs at the United States Information Agency, called the Missouri-Cape Town axis "one of the best affiliation programs we've ever been involved in." The agency has provided \$110,000 in partial funding for the faculty exchange.

The program originated in the heated debate in 1985 over whether the University of Missouri should divest the stock it owned in companies with operations in South Africa. The university's Board of Curators decided it should but that the university also should undertake some positive initia-

"We wanted to do something that was more than just symbolic."

DR. EVA FRAZER of MU

tive in South Africa.

"We wanted to do something that was substantial, tangible and important in an educational sense," said Dr. Eva Frazer of St. Louis, the board's president. "We wanted to do something that was more than just symbolic."

Ron Turner, an assistant to Peter McGrath, the university's president, has had day-to-day responsibility for the exchange program almost since its inception. From the beginning, he recalled, the idea of establishing a link with a black South African university arose from a simple assumption — "that if the University of Missouri cares about South Africa, we should do what we do best, which is education."

The linkage sparked suspicion at both ends, said Larry De Buhr, who went to UWC's campus in Cape Town in 1987 and again last year. His role was to introduce the supplemental instruction program he had helped to establish at the University of Missouri at Kansas City's Center for Academic Development.

De Buhr, now director of education for the Missouri Botanical Garden,

said some professors at the University of the Western Cape feared that Missouri was using the exchange program as a way to skirt divestiture. And in Missouri, he said, some colleagues warned that linking up with a public, government-funded university in South Africa was tantamount to embracing apartheid.

In practice, he said, the program's merits overcame most skeptics there. And the Missourians who went over quickly discovered that UWC, far from being a stooge of South Africa's white government, was "sort of the Berkeley of the 1960s of South Africa."

Anita McDonald, dean of the evening college at the University of Missouri at St. Louis, went there last year and also worked in the academic development program. She was impressed by the level of political commitment among students, she said, and by the way teachers made full use of every computer, every piece of scant equipment at the University of the Western Cape.

But as a black female academic, the most lasting impression for McDonald was the firsthand encounter with South Africa's acute consciousness of race classification.

"You certainly get a better understanding of that," McDonald said. "To read about it is one thing. But to see a policy of discrimination, of segregation based on color, that was something to behold."

— Jon Sawyer

A South African EVERYMAN



Roberts with his grandmother, Evelyn Bokkie Roberts (left), and his aunt Edith Roberts, great granddaughter of an English missionary.



Roberts and his mother, Farieda (left), with a buyer in their store.

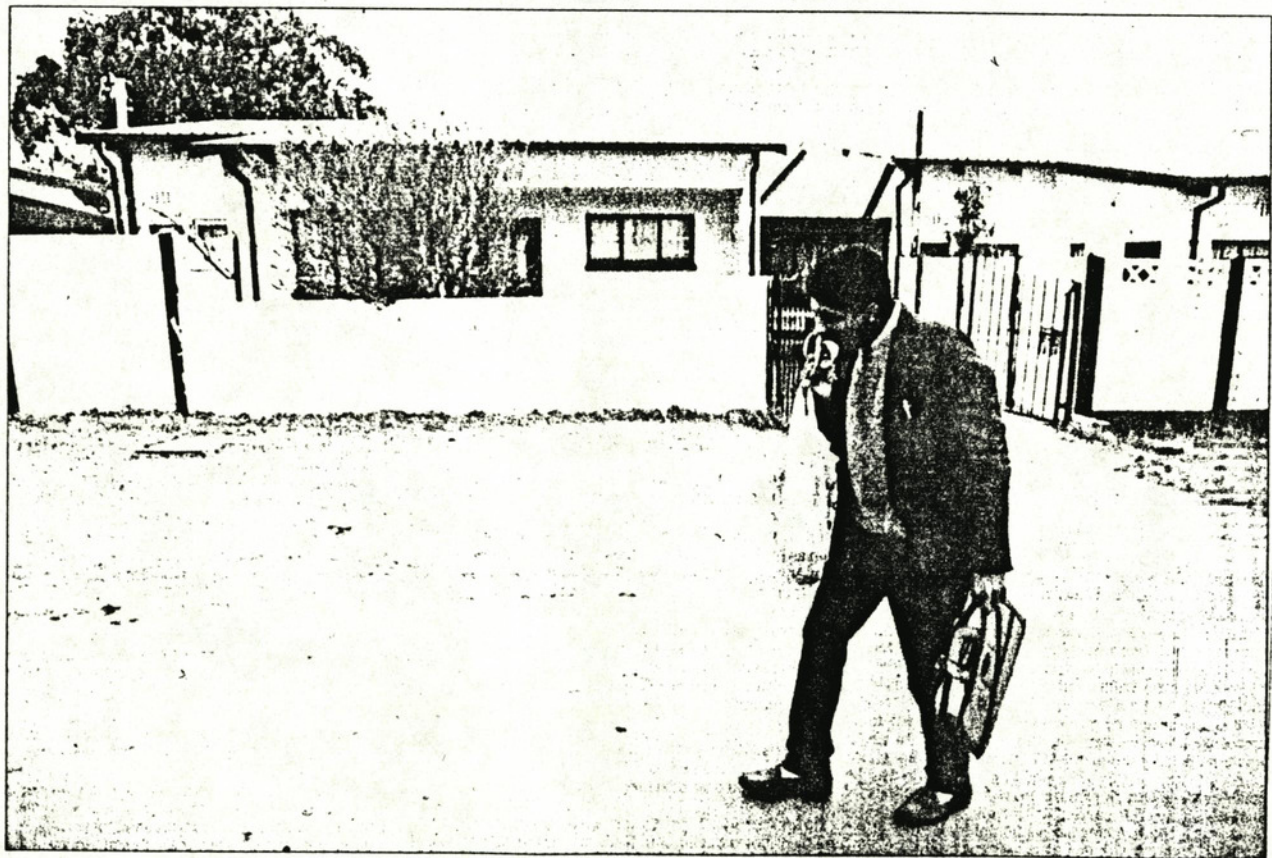
Ridwaan Roberts hopes for normal life in abnormal country

Story by Jon Sawyer
Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

EL DORADO PARK, South Africa

IF YOU want to know the history of 20th-century South Africa, its rich mix of different peoples and the maddening attempts to keep them apart, trace Ridwaan Roberts' family tree.

Don't look for Roberts on the front lines of the liberation struggle. With a full-time job teaching high school math and some 60 additional hours each week manning the family grocery, he's lucky to catch the news on television as he bolts from store to school.



Ridwaan Roberts eating breakfast on the way to teach school. After he returns home, he works until 8:30 p.m. at his family's store.

→ (MORE)

EVERYDAY

For Roberts, 27, life itself is a battle — to make ends meet and keep his family together in this "colored" neighborhood on the edge of Soweto, Johannesburg's huge black township.

Like many in his generation, as a student he took part in demonstrations that got him detained. He is active today in the movement for a single, multiracial teachers union.

But the warp and woof of Roberts' life are domestic responsibilities: preparing for his classes, helping his widowed mother tend the store, watching out for his younger brother and sister, despairing over the social life he doesn't have and the books he doesn't have the time to read.

A South African Everyman, in short, standing in for all those millions here whose dearest hope, in an abnormal country with an abnormal past, is to live a normal life.

Consider that family tree:

One of Roberts' maternal great-grandfathers was a van Zyl, a member of one of the very early white Afrikaner families. Another came from India, part of the great wave of sugarcane plantation workers whom Mahatma Gandhi struggled to organize at the turn of the century.

His father's father was the first "colored" man in Johannesburg to obtain a legal license to open a retail grocery business. His father's mother, matriarch of the clan today, belongs to the Tswana African tribe.

Roberts' Aunt Edie is the great granddaughter of the first English missionary in Zululand, with some Hottentot and Zulu and additional British blood mixed in along the way. She herself is the daughter of a rich Jewish factory owner who abandoned her mother shortly after her birth.

Her "white" appearance, she says, has meant a world of grief, from police harassment to the gibes of average whites and blacks "who always make me feel like an alien. Either you're black or white. You can't be in between, like me."

Edith Roberts lived in Zululand until she was 9, attending the mission school her great-grandfather had founded. "Everything that was nice," she recalls, asked to describe her memories of the place. It came to an end in the late 1950s, with the arrival in that remote spot of government apartheid laws decreeing that no "coloreds" could attend a "black" school.

For Ridwaan Roberts, being classified as "colored" has had its problems, too. He lost a scholarship to America just last year, he says,

because the businesses sponsoring the program favor "African" blacks.

He was born in a house that had no electricity, a coal stove and an outdoor toilet. That was in Western Township, the close-in suburb of Johannesburg that during the 1950s and early 1960s contained a lively mix of black and "colored" communities.

Apartheid moved to break it up, shifting blacks out to Soweto and rebuilding much of Western Township. Parts of it were redefined as white or Asian, under the Group Areas Act that prescribed which racial groups could live where. The Roberts family got new lodgings, first an apartment and then a small rowhouse.

His parents struggled, Roberts recalls, to shield the children from the system. His two older brothers were sent off to Cape Town, to a Seventh Day Adventist boarding school. He attended high school in Bosmont, a newly developed middle-class area just south of the old Western Township.

In 1981, the Roberts family made it to a middle-class perch themselves, buying a three-bedroom tract house in a newly developed section of El Dorado Park. They still live there today, although much more precariously since the death in 1985 of Roberts' father.

Is it any wonder that Roberts, reflecting on what apartheid has meant for South Africans of color, speaks first of the way it has confused, and distorted, people's image of themselves?

He looks at the question through the eyes of the schoolteacher he is, in terms of what this system has done to the students he teaches just around the corner, at Brandvlei Crescent Secondary School.

"I feel these children are going to be the leaders of tomorrow," he says. "But they'll take over for a very awkward society — awkward in the sense that there has always been this division."

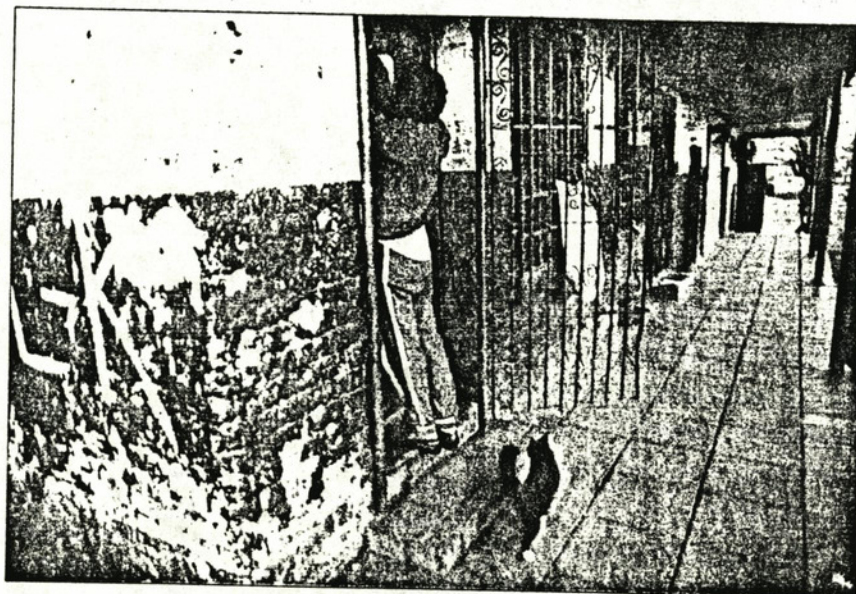
"I would like the world to have a different perception of South Africa. And I would like South Africa to become a place where people are proud of themselves, proud to be citizens of South Africa."

"The people don't feel proud of themselves now. It's a 'bent' self-image. So it will take time and patience to feel human again, to feel that they belong to this world."

Roberts frets that his students have little confidence in themselves and scant ambitions — a reflection, in part, of their near exclusion for decades from participation in professions and other prestige careers.

The confusion shows up in his own life as well.

See S. AFRICA, Page 8



ABOVE: Roberts opening the door of the store.
LEFT: Roberts and some of his students before entering class.

S. Africa

From page one

however, in what being "colored" means to him and in his horizons and prejudices and fears.

He agreed last month, for example, to take two American visitors to see his aunt Lezzie Mshasithela. She lives some three miles away in Soweto, just across the highway that separates the black township from El Dorado Park.

Driving through the unmarked maze of Soweto streets, Roberts is clearly nervous. It isn't just that Soweto had been wracked by violence the past two months. Roberts, it turns out, is a stranger here — the last time he crossed the line was 1985.

"I'm not afraid to go," he protested.

"But you haven't been there for five years!"

"I've been busy," he said.

His younger sister Nazli, a 21-year-old who is full of irrepressible good cheer despite progressive diabetes, has never been in Soweto. Neither has Shiraan, Ridwaan's 16-year-old brother, who goes by the nickname GT (for "Good Times"). Township life, and the "black" community, are totally foreign to them.

For a time this fall, you might have mistaken the Roberts' modest bungalow for some Afrikaner suburban redoubt, complete with live-in African maid. "Joyce" came from Bophuthatswana, the black homeland north of Johannesburg. The Roberts were paying her \$68 a month to launder and clean and cook.

In late September she left, abruptly, leaving the Roberts to iron their own clothes again — and putting an end to their imperious commands to the maid that had their American visitors reflecting, uncomfortably, on the easy paths to exploitation.

At the Roberts Cafe, where Ridwaan and his mother, Farieda, dish out an endless stream of cigarettes and milk and fish and chips, these subtle racial tensions simmer

away, just beneath the surface.

This section now known as Westbury is a rough neighborhood, a haven for drugs. It's also classified as "colored," a fact of fierce importance to the ne'er do wells who hang out on the sidewalk outside the store.

A quartet of "African" blacks, passing by the store on their way home from church, get a torrent of abuse, in Afrikaans, from the sidewalk chorus. A couple of black children playing up the street get the same treatment — plus a hefty rock tossed their way that misses, just barely.

"Get the hell out of here," one of the rock-tossers shouts. "This is our neighborhood."

Ridwaan Roberts tells them to stop, that he's not going to tolerate that kind of talk in front of his store. He tells his students at Brandvlei Crescent the same thing — when they talk, as many of them do, about how things are better for the "coloreds" under apartheid. But he knows it's an uphill fight.

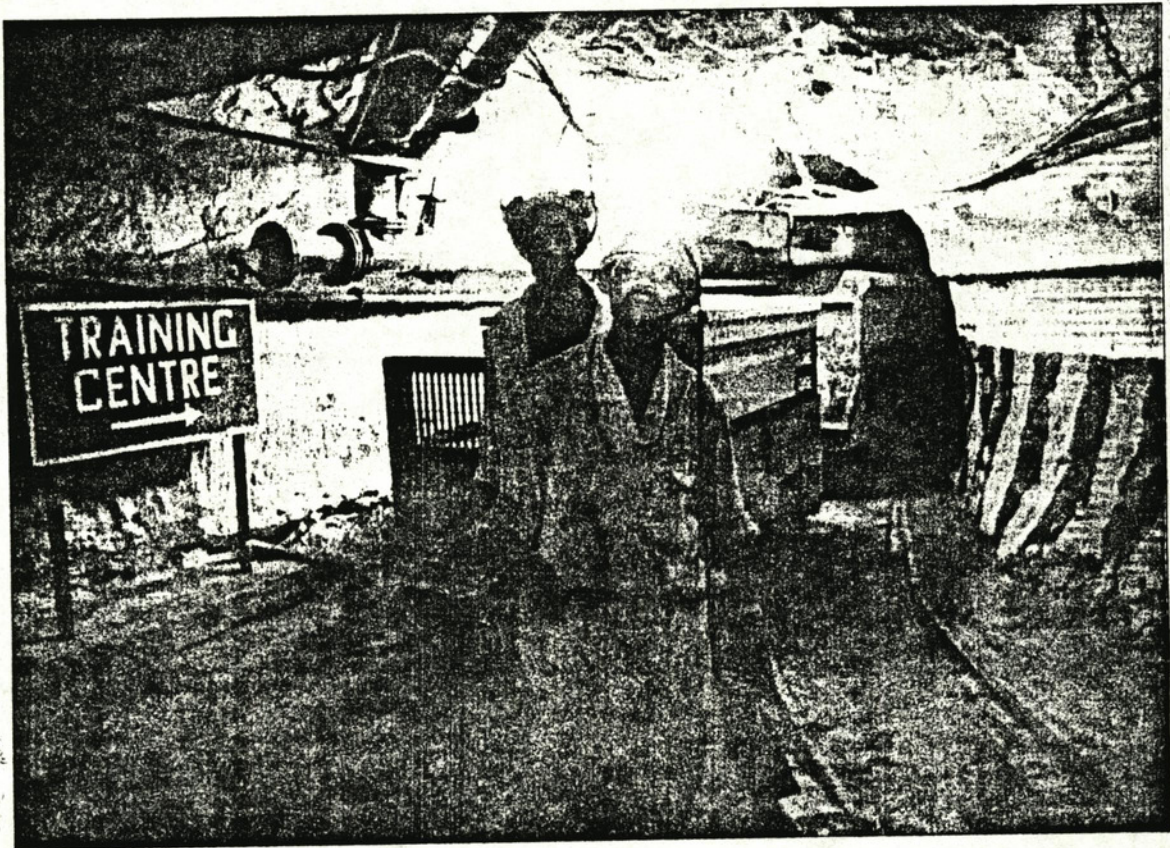
So does Edie Roberts, whose fair skin makes her a walking barometer of racial attitudes in the "colored" and black precincts of South Africa.

When apartheid brought her back to Johannesburg, at the age of 9, she finished school and went on to train as a teacher. It was at college that she met her husband, Johnny, who was hawking sweets on the campus streets. The two have been married since 1970 and have four sons.

The fact that she passes for white does not cause problems with her immediate neighbors in El Dorado Park, where they have lived for nine years. But whenever she ventures into Soweto, the insults begin — often in African dialects the speakers don't realize she understands.

"They'll call me an intruder, or a bastard, or a white pig," Edie Roberts said. "They'll say I'm unwanted there, that I've got no place there. I would say that all blacks are very much against whites."

"It will only change if the people change. Even if the government changes, if the people don't change this place won't change. Everybody has a pattern, the way they were brought up. It will take a few generations, I'm afraid, before that will change."



Gold miners in Anglo-American Corp.'s Free State Geduld mine in South Africa. They are working 4,300 feet below the surface. Employment in South Africa's gold mines has dropped 10 percent in four years.

In The Mines: Little Has Changed For Blacks



A worker pouring molten gold into ingot forms. The white-hot smelter, heated to 1,200 degrees, removes the last impurities. This pour yielded 2½ bars.

By Jon Sawyer
Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

WELKOM, South Africa — At the Anglo-American Corp.'s Free State Geduld gold mine, a model of enlightened South African business practice, the vestiges of apartheid die out slowly, if at all.

The single-sex barracks where 98 percent of black miners live remain off limits to wives and children. Armed guards check each visitor. Six senior management officials tag along for a journalist's tour.

The company controls when and where the blacks' union may meet, who may speak, what songs may be sung, even the types of slogan that may be worn on a T-shirt.

"Yes, indeed, it's foreign to what you would perceive as normal democracy; we'd go along with that," said Viv du Plessis, manager of man-

power resources. "But we must be realistic..."

"We're concerned about both security and the work-place consequences. Our dilemma is trying to find the middle road, one that allows some kind of freedom, and yet prevents it from escalating to where it would be counter-productive."

Because of what du Plessis terms "the crisis" in South African gold mining — falling prices, rising costs, marginal mines — the prospect is for glacial change, at best.

At the bottom of the main shaft, 4,300 feet into the earth, black men in passageways two and three feet wide brace themselves against the sides of gold seams, drilling holes with jackhammers for the placement of explosive charges.

This is where Anglo-American op-

See APARTHEID, Page 19

Apartheid

From page one

erates its training program. In the last 18 months, for the first time, black trainees have sat beside whites — in red-brick underground classrooms where they learn the skills needed to become certificated miners and to qualify for higher-paying supervisory jobs.

But with South Africa's gold mines in decline, there are precious few jobs to qualify for.

Repeal of the old jobs-reservation law, which barred blacks from supervisory positions, did not change the economic laws that govern gold mining.

At Free State Geduld, the 2,000 certificated miners include two blacks. The company has 16 blacks in training, in a process that might get them to middle-management positions within 10 or 15 years.

Anglo-American sits astride the South African economy like a colossus, controlling more than half the companies listed on the Johannesburg stock exchange and dominating industries as diverse as insurance and banking, diamonds and beer.

The corporation has long viewed itself, and been viewed by outsiders, as the locus of "progressive" business opposition to apartheid. Yet at a time when black expectations have been raised as never before, the company is fending off union demands and asserting tough management control.

Twenty-nine members of the National Union of Mineworkers, meeting with a reporter at the end of their shift at Anglo's Western Holdings mine, said they had not been told that Anglo had ended the practice of reserving jobs for whites.

"Racism is still rife in the mines," said Justice Mandlana, a 16-year veteran. "A black worker can't even file a complaint against a white; no one will preside over that. If you're accused, even if you have as many witnesses as possible on your side, if one white testifies against you, you're found guilty."

Christopher Moeketsi, a shop steward who has worked at the mine for 12 years, says he performs his union duties under constant harassment.

Security forces broke up a meeting in March with live ammunition, he said, sending 12 union members to the hospital with gunshot wounds. The workers staged a sit-down strike; managers responded by shutting down the shaft, he said, and kept it shut until they extracted from the workers a promise of no further work stoppages over issues of pay.

Does Anglo differ, in its treatment of black workers, from other mining companies? "There's no difference," Moeketsi asserts.

Racial tension in Welkom, a conservative backwater in the Orange Free State, 120 miles south of Johan-



Christopher Moeketsi
Mine union shop steward

nesburg, makes the situation even more complex.

Two whites were clubbed and stabbed to death in May in Welkom by an enraged mob of blacks. Four days later, Welkom police opened fire on a mass meeting of blacks called to calm the community. Four blacks were killed; scores were wounded. Before and after these events, vigilantes with a group called White Security patrolled the city streets, harassing blacks.

Anglo officials have nothing but praise for local law enforcement. At the National Union of Mineworkers, which represents black workers, organizer Dan Makhubu is unimpressed.

When a black miner was killed in April, he said, police arrested two white men after they were identified by a white woman who had witnessed the clubbing. "But they were later released, and nothing has been done since," Makhubu said. "The woman who identified the white men was threatened to such an extent that she has left the area."

In contrast, Makhubu described the handling of the case of the two whites slain in May: All 45 persons arrested have been charged with murder and are being held, so far without bond, in a different town.

Mine manager John McCallum said that Anglo's suppression of union and political activities at the mine site must be viewed against that backdrop. He defended his actions, including his order that the agendas and speakers for union meetings be cleared with management and that they include no political topics, no political chants and no political songs.

"What is politics and what is union business?" he asked. "Really, it's very difficult to sort out."

At Anglo's massive marble headquarters on Main Street in downtown Johannesburg, Bobby Godsell puzzles over the same conundrum. As Anglo's director of industrial relations and a

former leader of the opposition Progressive Party, he's a South African liberal making the case for illiberal rules.

Godsell cites the case of a show trial at one of Anglo's mines years ago, where five miners were accused before 2,000 fellow workers of being company spies. They were tried, found guilty and slowly stabbed to death, he said, with the sharpened poles miners use for the placement of explosives underground.

"That's a particularly dramatic example," he conceded, "but there have been a whole series of meetings at which statements have been made of a racially inflammatory kind... The rules we've established are meant to minimize the danger of violence."

To black workers, the rules restricting union activity appear merely an extension of an apartheid structure that remains largely intact.

When they finish their shift, for example, black miners wait as long as an hour and a half for the oversize elevators that carry them to the surface. They receive no pay for the time they wait. Whites, occupying the more senior positions, are permitted to break in line.

Ninety-eight percent of the black workers return to the on-site hostels where they live, eight or 16 to a barracks room.

Anglo takes justifiable pride in the precision of the landscaping, the spacious playing fields, the spic-and-span

APARTHEID'S LEGACY



An off-duty Free State Geduld miner relaxing in the mine company's hostel where he lives with up to 15 other miners. A visitor might compare the hostels to a minimum-security American jail. Company officials say they are trying to reduce the number of miners living in such barracks.

kitchens.

Yet what the complex seems most to resemble is a minimum-security American jail: The control points for visitors, the identity checks for "in-mates" at the cafeteria, the wives waiting outside the gates for their husbands.

Bobby Godsell concedes the situation is "abnormal." But he is quick to proffer all the reasons that change won't come soon, even at Anglo, the biggest, most profitable enterprise in Africa.

"We're trying to rapidly diminish the number of people living in hostels," Godsell said. "Our goal is to have accommodation available for young single men, white or black, who desire it. . . . For everyone else, we want to give them a choice."

He said Anglo had set up two programs: subsidized housing financing,

with loans at 5 percent, and an option that gives extra pay to workers who choose to live outside the hostels.

But with the average black miner earning less than \$300 a month — about one fifth the average white wage — few have signed up for either program. Officials at Free State Geduld put the total at less than 4 percent over the past decade.

Anglo can't do more, or move faster, Godsell said, because local infrastructure doesn't exist, because it would antagonize the white unions and because the company's bottom line can't sustain a bigger effort. Anglo's black workers, he suggested, will have to settle for gradualism.

"It's not a perfect scheme," Godsell acknowledged. "It's not a complete scheme."

South Africa Doesn't Yield Gold Easily

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

WELKOM, South Africa — In a publicity release years ago, the Chamber of Mines said mining for gold in South Africa was anything but simple.

"Imagine a solid mass of rock," the chamber said, "tilted like a fat, 7,200-page dictionary lying at an angle. The gold-bearing reef would be thinner than a single page, and the amount of gold contained therein would hardly cover a couple of commas in the centime book."

"It is the miner's job to bring out that single page — but his job is made harder because the 'page' has been twisted and torn by nature's forces, and pieces of it may have been thrust between other leaves of the book."

At the Free State Geduld mine, getting at those golden commas requires the extraction each month of 300,000 tons of rock and earth. It is crushed and milled to the consistency of fine talcum powder, then treated with zinc or mercury to precipitate out the gold. The last impurities are removed in a white-hot smelter, at 1,200 degrees centigrade, where the gold oozes into block molds like so much liquid fire.

Free State Geduld produces 17 gold bars a week, each the size of a bread loaf and weighing about 60 pounds. With gold selling around \$370 an ounce on the world market, that's worth \$355,000.

But that's not enough, mine officials say, to make this mine break even.

When world prices fell to \$360 an ounce this summer, half of all the country's gold — including the production at Free State Geduld — was mined at a loss.

According to the Chamber of Mines, the trade association for the industry, mining employment has dropped 10 percent in the last four years, from 534,255 to 479,874. A further drop of 20,000 is projected for this year. The National Union of Mineworkers, which represents black miners, anticipates the loss of 100,000 more jobs over the next decade.

Many mines, including Free State Geduld, have propped up their earnings only by skimming their own gold reserves, extracting the easiest, densest seams and leaving the more difficult behind. The price of gold will have to go much higher, and stay there, to justify the costs of reopening seams later to retrieve the more marginal gold.

"Nowhere else in the world," says Bob Freeman, metallurgical supervisor at Free State Geduld, "is gold so difficult to get."

Long Struggle: Small Bits Of Hope



An African National Congress marshal urging the crowd not to attack a plainclothes policeman during a mass funeral in Kagiso, South Africa. The crowd had begun to stir when the officer was spotted, and he drew his handgun.

Beacons Shine Through Depths Of Apartheid's Destructive Effects

Washington Correspondent Jon Sawyer and Photographer Odell Mitchell Jr. traveled through South Africa reporting on efforts to end apartheid. This is their final report.

By Jon Sawyer
Photos by Odell Mitchell Jr.
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

MAMELODI, South Africa — Another day of organizing in Pretoria's main black township ends with a weary Daniel Ramokgadi sitting at his kitchen table, reflecting on South Africa's long struggle yet to come.

Ramokgadi works for Kolnoma, an inter-racial Christian organization that has established community houses in townships across South Africa. The group also sponsors "encounters," where as many as 200 blacks and whites at a time cross this country's racial divide to live for a weekend in homes on the other side.



By all accounts, Kolnoma is a success, a beacon of hope and a harbinger of what South Africa might become. And yet at Kolnoma's cinder-block house in the dusty heart of Mamelodi, Ramokgadi talks like a man worn down.

Perhaps he is a victim of too much talk: with whites, trying to persuade them that justice may require more of them than just treating blacks as equals for a day or two at home; and with blacks, many of whom appear to believe that "come the revolution," this "white" house or that will be theirs for the taking.

"People think that you just get rid of the apartheid laws and apartheid will go away," Ramokgadi said. "But the damage it's done among people is very deep. It will take a long, long time to remove."

Ramokgadi's capsule judgment sums up the findings of a six-week reporting tour through South Africa, covering all four provinces and every major population center. The 5,000-mile jour-

See APARTHEID, Page 8

Apartheid

From page one

ney by car left impressions of lightning change, of deep-seated barriers and — most poignant — of all the opportunities for peaceful transformation that South Africa has squandered for a generation and more.

Whether this latest opportunity has a different outcome depends on two extraordinary men, President F.W. de Klerk and African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela. Together they have startled a world long resigned to South Africa's permanent pariah status.

And yet — as interviews in South Africa suggest — for all their leadership, de Klerk and Mandela remain prisoners of their respective constituencies in ways that will complicate, and perhaps derail, the attempt at forging a new constitutional order.

The African National Congress side retains a rigid commitment to Marxist doctrine, a product of the political indoctrination in the hothouse environs of prison and exile that infects the liberation movement from the lowest cadres to the highest leaders.

Raymond Mhlaba, chairman of the South African Communist Party and a member of the African National Congress' national executive committee, debated politics and economics with Mandela for the 26 years they spent together in prison. Today, as Mhlaba signs up members both for the African National Congress and the Communists, he says he sees no difference between the two groups' goals.

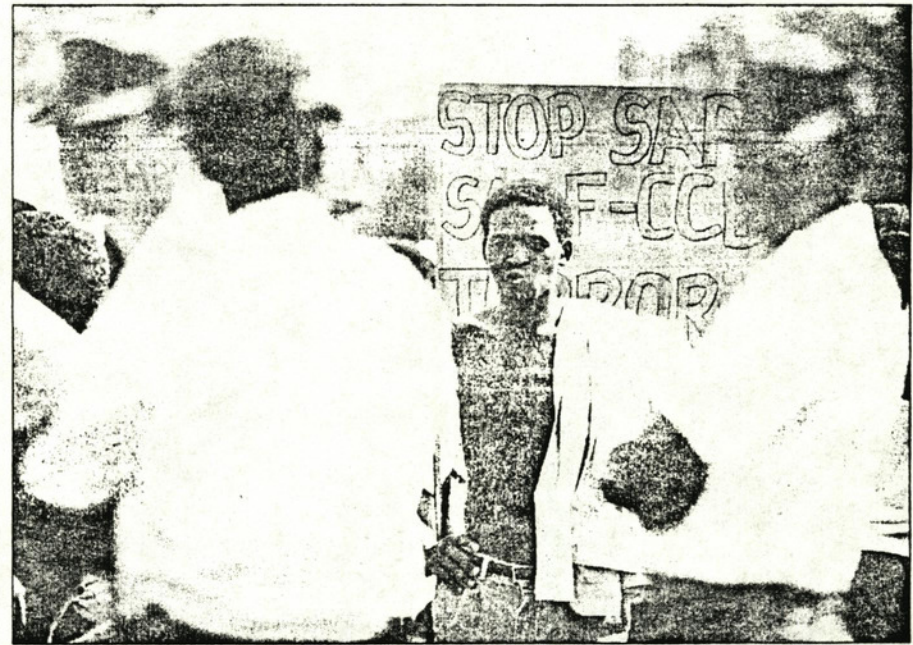
"The immediate aim is to liberate the black man," he said in an interview at the African National Congress' offices in Port Elizabeth. "We work together to achieve that."

Another troubling sign: The African National Congress' announcement last week that it would postpone for six months the national congress that had been scheduled for next month, the first such meeting in the 30 years since the African National Congress was banned. Leaders blame delays in processing the return of 20,000 exiled members. Others say the bigger problem is the organization's surprisingly sluggish start in signing up new members.

From de Klerk's Nationalist Party, flush with its historic opening last month to non-white members and with the unaccustomed praise heaped on de Klerk during his state visit to Washington, a cold splash of reality came with publication of the constitutional recommendations of the President's Council.

The council, an advisory group dominated by Nationalists close to de Klerk, said they favored a bicameral parliament in which only the lower house would be chosen on the basis of one person, one vote. Members of the upper house would be chosen on the basis of racial, language or ethnic groupings, and the upper house would have veto power.

"We have no qualms with a black government, with black faces in the government," says J.A. "Sandy" Shaw,



Odell Mitchell Jr./Post Dispatch

Police officers and a student from the University of Western Cape sizing up each other during a protest march in Bellville, South Africa. Students and police have clashed often over apartheid.

director of the government's department of constitutional development. "We want to see a society where color is of no consequence."

'Western Norms'

"There's just this fear that Western norms won't be maintained," he adds, "that South Africa would sink to the level of so many black African governments."

To most black South Africans, the term "Western norms" is merely the latest euphemism for continued white control.

Consider de Klerk's achievements. He has released Mandela, legalized the African National Congress and the Communist Party and proclaimed his commitment to majority rule. But the old security establishment remains largely intact, including officials responsible for "hit squads" and trigger-happy riot police. Real desegregation of the schools, the hospitals, the courts and every other significant institution, remains but a hope.

Is de Klerk's policy really that much different from the tactical retreats whites have made over the past generation? Does it represent any real shift in the grand strategy, to give up what they must to retain what they can?

It was P.W. Botha, de Klerk's much-maligned predecessor, who repealed the pass-law system that restricted the movements of blacks. Botha legalized black unions, permitted inter-racial marriage, desegregated public transit and enacted a new constitution that gave parliamentary representation to Indian and mixed-race citizens.

Botha's reforms didn't stop black resistance. Most analysts would argue that the political space he created actually fueled that resistance, setting off the mass-defiance movement that began in the mid-1980s and continued through the national elections in September of last year.

De Klerk has pushed the boundaries of reform still farther, with the promise of one-man, one vote; repeal of the separate amenities law; and the promise to throw out laws that restrict where blacks live, work and own property.

Rage And Violence

Blacks have responded with an outpouring of rage and violence, beginning in the spring in Natal province and rolling on through the Transvaal, the eastern Cape, the Orange Free State and the townships of Cape Town. More than 800 people have been killed in the Johannesburg region alone, with hundreds more dead in riots and factional fights across the country.

Their deaths could be viewed as testament to an apartheid system that for half a century consumed itself in schemes of artificial racial separation: forced relocations; the development of non-economic homelands; the inflammation of tribal animosities; and the squandering of vast mineral wealth on white consumer goods at the expense of education and health care for blacks.

But the squaring of accounts would debit the African National Congress side of the ledger as well, for all the years the group preached armed struggle and school shut-downs and making the townships of South Africa

ungovernable. The slogans have succeeded only too well, leaving a generation of uneducated young comrades who fight turf wars in the dubious name of revolution.

"It's not surprising what is happening now," a mixed-race businessman in Johannesburg said. "There's going to be a lot more violence than people expect."

"It's like a dog," he said. "If you keep him tied to a tree all the time, for years, and then let him loose, he will run wild. Human beings are no different."

Some may not appreciate just what a transformation this past year has been — or why suspicions persist that the new opening can't last.

Consider Khusta Jack, a former leader of the South African Youth Congress in Port Elizabeth, who led a series of successful consumer boycotts against white businesses before his arrest and imprisonment in 1986. Jack was not released until May 1989. He continued under modified house arrest until Feb. 2, the day de Klerk announced that he was lifting most political restrictions.

Six weeks ago this prominent black radical married the daughter of Port Elizabeth's white Anglican bishop, in an event that drew lavish local press coverage but no protests or threats of violence. Jack says that in Port Elizabeth, at least, and much to his own surprise, he sees no evidence of government harassment, clandestine or otherwise.

The confrontations of the 1980s left the government and opposition groups "seriously bruised," he said. "The state machinery was dented by the intensity of the conflict here. Both

sides suffered heavy casualties, I would say. Both sides today are licking their wounds."

Grounds For Hope

At the University of the Western Cape, the one-time mixed-race institution that has become the academic voice of all black South Africans, rector Jakes Gerwel ticks off all the grounds for hope that a democratic South Africa is coming:

"We have the oldest liberation movement [the African National Congress] in the continent. We have the experience of the entire continent. We have a liberation movement that enjoys international standing — the ANC has more diplomats, and overseas missions, than the South African government . . .

"Add to that, the second oldest Communist Party in the world — one that has seen the developments in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe and can learn from them . . . And we have possibly the most developed, most politicized working class in the world."

Given all that, Gerwel said, and given the commitment now of whites to negotiation, "for anyone to be pessimistic is not to understand the history-making capacity of human beings. The fact that we've come to where we are is a testament to that capacity."

"It's not going to go without hitches — there are hitches already. But human affairs never do."

Back in the lush close-in suburbs of Pretoria, a few miles west of Koinonla's Mamelodi house, Johan Heyns sits in the comfort of his glass-walled, book-lined study and finds himself struggling with much the same issues that concern Daniel Ramokgadi, the Koinonia worker — and coming to much the same conclusions.

Heyns is moderator of South Africa's Dutch Reformed Church, the theological soul of white Afrikanerdom. Critics on the left say Heyns is too cautious, too politic. Those on the right will never forgive his taking the lead, four years ago, when the church reversed its historic course and declared apartheid a sin.

This week Heyns is meeting with the leaders of other South African churches, pushing for consensus on a set of "ethical principles" that he believes should guide the negotiations over a new constitution. Heyns would like these principles to include commitments to religious freedom, the freedom of association, non-discriminatory justice and human rights.

Yet the real battle for South Africa's future, he concedes, won't turn on debating points at the constitutional convention. The country's history, 300 years of total white domination followed by 40 years of legally entrenched apartheid, requires a fundamental transformation, he believes.

"We have more of a religious and ethical challenge here than a political one," Heyns said. "We must come to see each other as human beings — not whites seeing blacks as labor units, and not blacks seeing whites as the subjects of oppression."

"That's why I say we need new attitudes, a new people."

Whites Try To Retain Protection

By Jon Sawyer

Post-Dispatch Washington Bureau

PRETORIA, South Africa — The modern downtown building that South Africa's white-minority government acquired this year for its constitutional planners is five stories high and occupies a full city block.

With only 40 professional staff members and 30 secretaries and clerks, most of the offices are vacant. But not for long. If whites succeed in carving out for themselves a constitutionally protected role, it will be thanks to the planners, lawyers and tacticians who will fill these rooms.

J.A. "Sandy" Shaw, South Africa's director of constitutional development, previewed the government's strategy in an interview that stressed the necessity of incorporating U.S.-style checks and balances in the future South Africa.

"In a nutshell," Shaw said, "we're aiming at achieving a liberal Western democracy, as best we can do it in a Third World setting. The goal is one person, one vote, but with no domination."

"We've got to create a balance between the concept of majority rule and that of minority protection."

What that is likely to mean, in practical terms, is a model that veers sharply away from the British parliamentary system of winner-take-all.

Shaw explained, "We want to move away from the Westminster system, where [Britain's] Parliament is sovereign, to your system, where the Constitution is sovereign."

That would entail a Supreme Court with the power to overrule Parliament and to enforce a bill of rights that would incorporate "ironclad" guarantees of individual freedoms and the right to group association, Shaw said.

That would also suggest a weak president, far weaker than under the present South African system.

Shaw conceded that the presidency would be a sticking point with the African National Congress, which sees a strong central government as crucial to overseeing a more equitable distribution of South Africa's wealth.

Within the Parliament, Shaw said, planners are searching for means to ensure those minority rights without explicit race-based vetoes. One possibility under discussion is an upper chamber based on voluntary groupings on grounds other than race — language, religion, cultural or ethnic distinctions might serve instead, although critics say these could easily be used as covers for race.

"We should bear in mind that we're children of Africa, which can be a violent place," Shaw said. "We don't have second chances. So yes, we have to look to control of the security forces. No ethnic group is going to allow another ethnic group 100 percent control of the security forces."

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