

**KWAZULU POLICE PASSING OUT PARADE**

**LUNCHEON PRESENTATION OF RESEARCH DONE  
BY MR LP MQADI AND  
MR VI KHOZA INTO CAUSES OF VIOLENCE IN ESIKHAWINI**

**AN APPRECIATION BY  
THE CHIEF MINISTER AND MINISTER OF POLICE  
MANGOSUTHU BUTHELEZI**

**ULUNDI : JULY 8, 1993**

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Mr Master of Ceremonies; the Commissioner of KwaZulu Police: senior officers present: members of the Royal household present: members of the Cabinet present; the Secretary-General and Mrs Armstrong and other senior officials; distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen.

South Africa is so plagued by violence, and it constitutes such a threat to the very future of this country, that every now and again I pause in whatever I am doing to stand aghast at the wild speculation about the causes of violence and what we have to do to remedy the situation.

I say I stand aghast because surely, the greatest possible attention should be focused on what really is the most astounding national scourge ever to have smitten our country. Surely by now something of such great danger to everything we believe in, and can hope for, should have been scrutinised, analysed, dissected and stripped of all mystery. Yet it is not so.!


Instead of the hard results of investigation telling us what the score is, we have had wild speculations about "third force" causes of violence, and about some undisclosed hand producing violence whenever there are prospects of breakthroughs in the negotiation process or political developments.

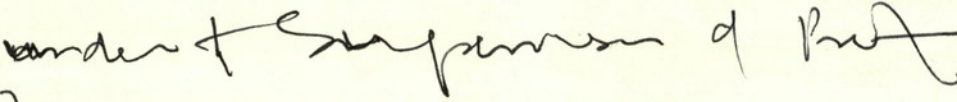
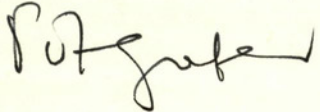
I find it totally astonishing that we have to read whatever journalists write as though they are drawing from some kind of strange witches brew, that is only a mixture of scandal, and deceit, and rumour.

Despite the fact that violence is the greatest curse ever to have emerged in our midst, there is no authoritative work which points to the real causes of violence.

I am reminded of a stage in the development of science in ancient times when it was considered sacrilege to point to causal factors in the explanation of what the elders and the sages explained away in the mystique of mythology. There

was a gentleman who was actually burnt at the stake because he dared prove the elders wrong on the matter of how many teeth a horse<sup>^</sup> had. His proof was to bring a horse into the company of the elders, and to begin counting its teeth before them. o

 It is with great appreciation that I received today the presentations of our two learned colleagues from the University of Zululand, Mr VI Khoza and Mr LP Mqadi.

~~/~~ You two gentlemen have actually gone out to count the teeth of violence. We are proud of you. We appreciate your pragmatism and the determination with which you pursued truth by standing back from the mystique of violence and looking at it as something that is explicable. *we thank you*

*for your work*

~~/~~ I thank you for your dedication to the cause of justice, and I hope that the reports you produce will be seeds that bear much fruit. Quite apart from the theological value of much of that which is written in the New Testament there is a great value in it which spells out common and homely truths. Something does not have to be great, and grand, and significant to produce a mighty

consequence. The Bible says how small a seed is that produces the mighty mustard tree.

Gentlemen, I am not saying that your contribution to criminology and the understanding of violence is minute when I make this analogy. All I am saying is that small beginnings can have great ends. The counterside to my analogy is that just as the mustard tree itself produces the minutest seed, so even truth can come out of the mouths of babes and fools. Yours is the product of wisdom, and I am likening it to the beginnings that must be made in what will

yet be proved to be a long journey towards the understanding of social psychosis which produces violence in our strive-torn townships.

I thank you two academics for your daring to tread where hitherto only fools have gone. Thank you for your research projects and I wish you well in your way forward, wherever that may be, climbing the stairs of academia or whatever else the honesty of your convictions and your enquiring minds may lead you to.

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