

CRP012/0017/11

SAHDHAN NAIDOO



1961 - 1989

15th May 1989.

Today at about 9.30pm, a month ago, my son SAHDHAN and Moss Mthunzi were shot by TEX, a co-worker, and a self-confessed agent, in the process of being rehabilitated, obviously far from complete. It was suggested that the motive was robbery. Ample time and opportunity presented itself to TEX to do this, but he waited for Sahdhan's return home after 9pm and then ordered the two most senior workers on the farm to take off their shirts and stand against the wall. My son's last words, "You're joking." So saying he bent over to turn off the lights, but TEX shot him in the forehead and then shot Moss.

Their deaths must be placed squarely on apartheid's shoulders. On that score there is no doubt.

Moss' fiancée, watching TV with him and TEX, escaped and raised the alarm. She was due to marry Moss on the Saturday following, but instead placed a bouquet of white blossoms on his coffin.

I spent a day on the farm in June, 1987 and together they showed me the tractor they had assembled. I was speechless with disbelief. The wheels looked bigger than both by far. (Sahdhan was 6' and Moss not far behind). Sahdhan corrected me saying, "What worth are we, Mum, if we are unable to put together the tools of our trade?"

Both served the ANC with distinction and honour. But also served Zambians, who told with tear-filled eyes what had been done for them. Even Anglo-America, whose farm adjoins Tshongella, had access to their skills. Yes, they made all who met them proud of them.

As a mother in the struggle, you ask again and again whether you have the right to impose on your children, consequences of your decisions that they have not been party to. Oh yes, you justify to yourself that it is in their interests that you trod this awful path. However when you look at their wide-opened eyes as you say good-bye going to jail, or when you see them confined with you under your house arrest, or watch you 13 year old daughter screaming when you are bombed, "Don't die Mum!"

DO YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO INFLICT THEM WITH YOUR HURT?

They answer eventually. They join the struggle - yes, accepting all the rigours of that path. Yes, strangely you are proud. I am proud. And while the assassination of my son tears at my womb, my forehead is shot at daily, and you suffer such awful violation, I am reminded of so many mothers whose sons and daughters have had their children's lives so violently terminated, in the Frontline states, on Death Row at home, and in police custody. I am one of many.

I want to thank the African National Congress for giving these young men a political home in which they flourished, but as a mother I want to thank especially Ray and Jack Simons (Lusaka) who loved Sahdhan and afforded him a caring and challenging home. Thank you.

We can honour and defend our children only in the struggle to rid our country of the apartheid monster. We must destroy this killing machine and give our children the peace that is their birthright.

Hamba Kahle my children. "Vittoria e' Certa!"

Amandla, PHYLLIS NAIDOO

The following is transcribed from a poor quality recording of the funeral service for Sahdhan Naidoo and Moss Mthunzi, 22nd April 1989.

Cde Sindiso: M.C.

... At the untimely death of two of our young up-and-coming cadres ... of the struggle of our people. The full story of how they met their deaths is yet to be unravelled. The usual - that they died at the hands of obviously an assassin where they work, at the farm in Tshongella on Saturday night, or early Sunday morning. We have speakers who will attempt to give us a picture of their contribution during their short span of life in the struggle and the work for our people.

We have guests who come from as far as Natal, inside South Africa, Zimbabwe and other parts of the world. The funeral arrangements originally in keeping and in respect of culture and traditions for the family of Cde Sahdhan, he will be cremated. Unfortunately, it was beyond our powers to ensure that this would happen today. What we are going to have, although we are having a service here, for both of them, everything will be completed here, and then we shall proceed to the cemetery with the body of Cde Mtunzi. The coffin of Cde Sahdhan will be returned to the mortuary in readiness for the cremation which will be on Monday. So the family and friends of Cde Sahdhan will be informed, most probably at two o'clock on Monday, when his cremation will take place. We shall now proceed with the service for both comrades. There are also a number of messages which have been received. We shall attempt to read some of them, but there are too many to read them all out. I will call upon first, the speaker from the NEC.

Chris Hani: Chief of Staff

Comrade President of the African National Congress, Cde Oliver Tambo, Cde Secretary General of the ANC, Cde Nzo, members of the National Executive of the ANC and SACTU representatives, comrades and fellow countrymen- the task which has been assigned to me is not an easy one for a number of reasons. I have been very, very close to the Naidoo family for a number of years, especially Phyllis. I knew of Mtunzi very very well. I remember him the last time I met him in Lobatsi when there was a conference.

The death of Sahdhan and Mtunzi came as a very big shock to all of us. We never expected it. The circumstances were even more shocking because they met their death not in the battle field, but they died as a result of a terrible assassination. Both of them were very outstanding young people.

I'd like to start with Moses Munyama as we all knew him. When Moses passed through Maseru in 1977, he was a very young man. This was the time of the birth of the serious challenge after several years of a political lull; a challenge from our young people. Moses was amongst those who answered the call for our people to take up arms against the South African regime. At that time Lesotho had no access to the outside world. Comrades who were there, were literally stuck.

We did not know what to do with them. We did not know how to take them to the ANC in Lusaka and Tanzania. But so determined were our comrades to get out and join the ANC that they kept on pressurizing us to

find a way out. These comrades had fled persecution and harassment by the regime, but when we discussed with them they were ready to go through South Africa to look for the ANC. So they were ready for a second trip to South Africa. They were ready for all those hazards. Moses Mtunzi was amongst those who showed this readiness, and comrades, it does in a way epitomise the basic character of Moses - that he was ready to undertake this task. Since he left, comrades, he never looked back. To just give you an example of discipline and commitment - an ideal soldier of Umkhonto We Sizwe, ready to undertake any task, to carry out any instruction that the movement assigned to him. Whether it was a task of training in the camps, or the task of going abroad to study.

As we all know, he did go abroad, he did study, and study very well, and achieve the outstanding results in his field of study. When he came back he threw himself into the task of ensuring that the projects of the ANC were viable - Mazimbu and in the Tshongella farm in Lusaka.

Speakers last night remarked that the combination of Sahdhan and Mtunzi did a lot to transform that farm - from a farm that looked at the beginning like a subsistence farm, they turned it into a viable project. For them it was not just an isolated farm, it was South Africa of the future. They saw the need to build and revamp agriculture which would certainly be one of the mainstays of our economy. They pushed aside all frustrations, looked forward and never looked back.

We are bound then to ask a number of questions - why did these assassins choose these best, fine members of our revolution? It could not have been an accident. As far as I'm concerned, it was an act of deliberation, cold planning, cold viciousness, in order to deprive this movement of those who are

going to contribute, not only today but to a South Africa of the future - where its people will live in peace and prosperity, a South Africa which would belong to its people, a South Africa which will ensure that its bounty provides the good things of life for everybody. This was the foundation of that South Africa, and their assassin had to destroy that foundation. We would not be far wrong in our speculation that the assassination of these two comrades was intended to stab our movement in the back.

Let me go back to Sahdhan. We all know Sahdhan's parents, they are part and parcel of this movement. They have seen the ups and downs of the struggle; they have made and continue to make an important contribution to our struggle - very fine comrades, M.D. and Phyllis. Comrades who have seen the prisons of that evil regime, comrades who have gone out of their way to rally and uplift the morale of those comrades who at times became victims of frustrations. I want to speak especially about Phyllis, because I know Phyllis very well. I've worked with Phyllis. Phyllis in her own life has seen a number of tragedies, Phyllis has always given support to each and every one of us, a very warm, very kind person, very kind - somebody who forgets about her own personal problems, who most of the time pays attention to the problems of other people.

We have seen Phyllis, comrades, after the raid into Maseru by the South African defence forces. The very fact that our people were able to live with that tragedy is due to the powers and the resourcefulness of Cde Phyllis. Whenever we had problems, Cde Phyllis was able to provide a home for all of us, able to provide comfort for everybody. Comrades who went to Lesotho, members of this army, went through that very difficult period - period of

harassment, period of raids, period of assassination. Phyllis was there to give support to everybody.

It is not surprising, then, that these two fine people produced a fine son, Cde Sahdhan. Very humble, very unassuming, a fine product of our struggle, a future leader of our people. He was an example, comrades, to the young generation - dedicated to hard work, an efficient and competent comrade, able to fulfil all instructions, push aside the beautiful life of the city, put himself into the demands of that farm. If he came into town, it was not just an idle trip into town, but to organise for that farm. His death, comrades, is a blow, a very, very serious blow, especially, comrades, his death at the hands of somebody whom we thought was a comrade. But comrades, an important message has to be learnt by this act: comrades, at this crucial hour we must ensure that we don't lose our comrades cheaply.

I think we must use this occasion to do a lot of introspection, to do some soul searching and ask ourselves, could we have prevented this type of death? If there was ever a time to speak about vigilance, this is the time. Comrades, when that regime stumbles from one crisis to another, it is going to commit a lot of crimes against our struggle. It is going to use some of us to cripple our struggle. It's going to exploit all our problems to recruit people into its ranks so that those people carry out the designs of that regime. But comrades, what is important on this sad occasion, on this tragic occasion, is to look at the lives of these two fine comrades and ask ourselves, "Are we like them? Are we going to emulate the way they lived? Are we going to serve this revolution? Are we going to make sure comrades, that we take their places? Are we going to work hard to root out those elements who are

responsible for the death of these comrades? because comrades, they must be rooted out.

We have no right to rest until we find those who are in our ranks, because in our midst, I am sure, there are those who are not with our struggle, those who are ready at the right time to deprive our struggle of the birth of our cadres. It is indeed the duty of the members of this organisation to defend this movement, to make sure, comrades, that we don't lose cadres in this way. We need those cadres, comrades, to confront the enemy. That enemy must be confronted, that enemy must be destroyed, because when all is said and done, comrades, we are here because of that evil regime in Pretoria. It is the enemy of our people; objectively, it is responsible for the type of lives that we lead. It is responsible, comrades, for the fact that many of our people are either in exile, in prison or in hiding. It is a regime, comrades, that deserves no mercy.

This is a time comrades, as I said earlier, to do a lot of soul-searching, re-dedicating ourselves to the cause of the movement. Comrades, this is the period to organise ourselves, to be of one mind, to spare neither energy nor anything, comrades, to move forward to serve our people. This is the period, comrades, of the intensification of our struggle, the period for building the unity of our people, because all these attempts to kill people drives wedges, to confuse, to fragment so that regime is not faced with the united wrath of our people. The regime, comrades, must not be made to succeed. The enemy's efforts to divide our people must be frustrated because comrades we are going through a time where the regime sees as one of its important objectives to destroy the ANC, so that it can impose its own solution on our people. It is a regime which has run out of political options, it's a regime ruling

without any political legitimacy, it's a regime, comrades, that relies solely on terror and violence, it's a regime that rules through a State of Emergency, through martial law.

Comrades, we have got to shorten the period of the rule of that regime. And it will be shortened, comrades, through our own efforts, through our own intensification of the armed struggle and political offensive. All the talks the regime, comrades, makes about reform are not genuine. While it speaks of reforms, it kills our people, it imprisons them, detains our people, kills our leaders in prison, it occupies our townships. It must not be allowed to bluff the world.

A few words, comrades to the two families. We are proud, comrades, of the Mtunzis and the Naidos - you brought forth in this world two fine sons. We know, comrades, for them the tragedy is very personal. Mrs Sithole has not seen her son for more than ten years, thirteen years to be exact. He left home young and healthy, full of optimism. He came into the ranks of the ANC, and reached the ranks of Umkhonto We Sizwe, through his exemplary work.

XHOSA:

Mama ndingathi ngokuputshane, nisizalele indoda ethe yazihonakaliso ukuba isika kumzi onjanina. Tkhuliswe nguwe, incance kuwe incance ibele lakho yaba ngulo mntu ithe yaba nguye. Thina kuMbutho we sizwe, thina bokhosi wo Mbutho we sizwe obizwa Umkhonto we Sizwe siyazidla kakhulu ngaye, siyangqu kuleka sonke namhlanje ngoba azsazi ukuba ngomso Xa Kunje sakuthi sibize banina ngoba uMthunzi akakho. Ukusweleka kuka Mthunzi ke Mamam yilahleko enzima kakhulu kuwe kodwa silahlekelwe nathi sizwe sase South Africa. Thina asoze simlibale ngoba ebe

ngumzekelo.

Ongcwelikileyo kuthi sonke umfane ongamaziyo unxa nakubanina. Ingaba ndiyaxoka ukuba ndingathi ndaka ndam-bona uThunzi exabene nomuntu ndiyazibuza nangoku ukuba ingaba ngumfo onjanina othe wakwazi ukuphakamisa umpu awukhombwe kuMthunzi. Besingamazi ukuba uMthunzi ebenentshaba, kodwa intshaba Zombutho zizindidi ngendidi ezinye ziyabonakala ezinye azibonakali.

Uthaba oluthe lwenza ukuba uhlale iminyaka engaka ungamboni umfana wakho luhla lunyuka luhle lunyaka lusenza into yokuba kubekho unyamo wakho engekho kuthi zonke yihtoba ngeye imini sakubuye ekhaya sikwazi ukuba sithi kuni naba abafana benu inkululeho ifikile nje kungenxa yenzane nomsebenzi wabo.

Egameni lo Mbutho we Sizwe ke mamam ndifun 'ukuthi nina bakwe Tole thuthuzelekani. Kubuhlungu uVuyisile engekho apha ngoba u Vuyisile elishumi elinesibhazo kwutilongo zamaBhubu. Umnqweno wakhe ibiyento yokuba ngenye imini ambone unyana wakhe othe wehamba ekhondweni lakhe.

Ngama futshane ke sithi bophani amanxeba. Ukulunga kwento, le nto ilisabi idebi lenkululeko lithatha abanye boninzi kuthi abona kanye kanye abangumqoko welo doli.

TRANSLATION:

Mother, in short I would like to say to you, you gave birth to a young man who has distinguished himself and shown us what kind of a family he comes from. You brought up your son for us, he sucked from your breast, to the man he is today. We, the people's organisation, we the people's army of the organisation known as the Spear of the

Nation (Umkhonto we Sizwe) we are very proud of him.

We are all grieved today because we do not know who we will call upon tomorrow when difficult situations arise, because Mthunzi is no more. The death of Mthunzi, mother, is a great loss to you and more to us, the South African nation. The organisation will not forget him because he was an example to us all, a young man who never got cross with anybody. I would be telling lies if I would say I have seen or heard that Mthunzi is angry with somebody. I still ask myself even now, what kind of a man is this who had the guts to lift his gun and point it at Mthunzi? We did not know that Mthunzi has an enemy, but the enemies of our organisation are vast and of different calibre, some we can see and some are invisible.

The enemy that has caused your separation from your son all these years, is up and down sowing seeds of disunity. We are sorry and grieved deeply that we shower praises about your son today in his absence because our great desire is for all to return home and be able to say to you, "Here are your sons, we have achieved liberation because of their struggle and energies which they put in their work".

In the name of the people's organisation, mother, I am saying the Tole family must be consoled. It is heart breaking that Vuyisile is not here today, because Vuyisile stayed in prison for 18 years in the hands of the Boers. It was his desire that one day he sees his son who had taken in his footsteps. In short, we say cover your wounds when things are ripening in a struggle, it destroys a lot of people amongst us. The very people who are the backbone of the struggle.

To the Naidoo family, M.D. and Phyllis, I want to say you have always been strong, you have always supported others in their hours of crisis. Phyllis, some of your best comrades, Zola Nqini, Guinea Gugushe, Reggie Sexwale, Khanyile, Lankomo, men who are no longer with us, died in this struggle, killed by the enemy of our people. Sahdhan joins, that illustrious group - a group, comrades, which has clearly laid down the foundations for the inevitable victory of our struggle. That victory is not far and cannot be far. That victory is in sight. But that victory comrades, that struggle, as it moves towards its end, as we move towards our inevitable victory, more and more of our people are going to die, because we are dealing comrades, with a ruthless, an anti-people enemy. An enemy comrades, which is prepared to kill the young, to kill women in order to perpetuate its rule.

But comrades, we are proud that Sahdhan exemplified the spirit of the revolution. His colleagues, young comrades, have spoken warmly about his contribution when he was a student, about his powers of organisation. They've told us how he transformed the students when they were studying in Hungary. They related to us his discipline. We have seen it here in Lusaka. Comrade Jack last night was relating, telling us about Sahdhan's dreams. Dreams of a future socialist South Africa. He spoke about socialist Africa. For him, that farm was a laboratory studying daily the problems of modern agriculture. How to solve the feeding of a South African population. How to make sure, comrades, that we ourselves are supplied with food, milk and meat.

You know we take some of these things for granted, but the flow of milk, of eggs of everything from Tshongella farm to Lusaka was because we had people like Sahdhan,

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BEDRAG BETAA

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA.

A COPY FROM REGISTER OF BIRTHS OF INDIAN IMMIGRANTS IN THE
PROVINCE OF NATAL-SCHEDULE F. LAW No. 25 OF 1891.

(This certificate is in the form of the entry as finally amended.)

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No. Nr.	When Born and Where. Wanneer en waar gebore.	Name. Naam.	Sex. Geslag.	Parents' Name. Name van ouer.
	McCord Hospital. DURBAN.	SAHDHAN NAIDOO	M.	SHANABATHY VASENDRA PHILLIS. RUTH DAVO. 10176

4458/
1961.
(DBN)4th APRIL, 1961.

SUID-AFRIKA.

OORTES VAN INDIËRIMMIG-
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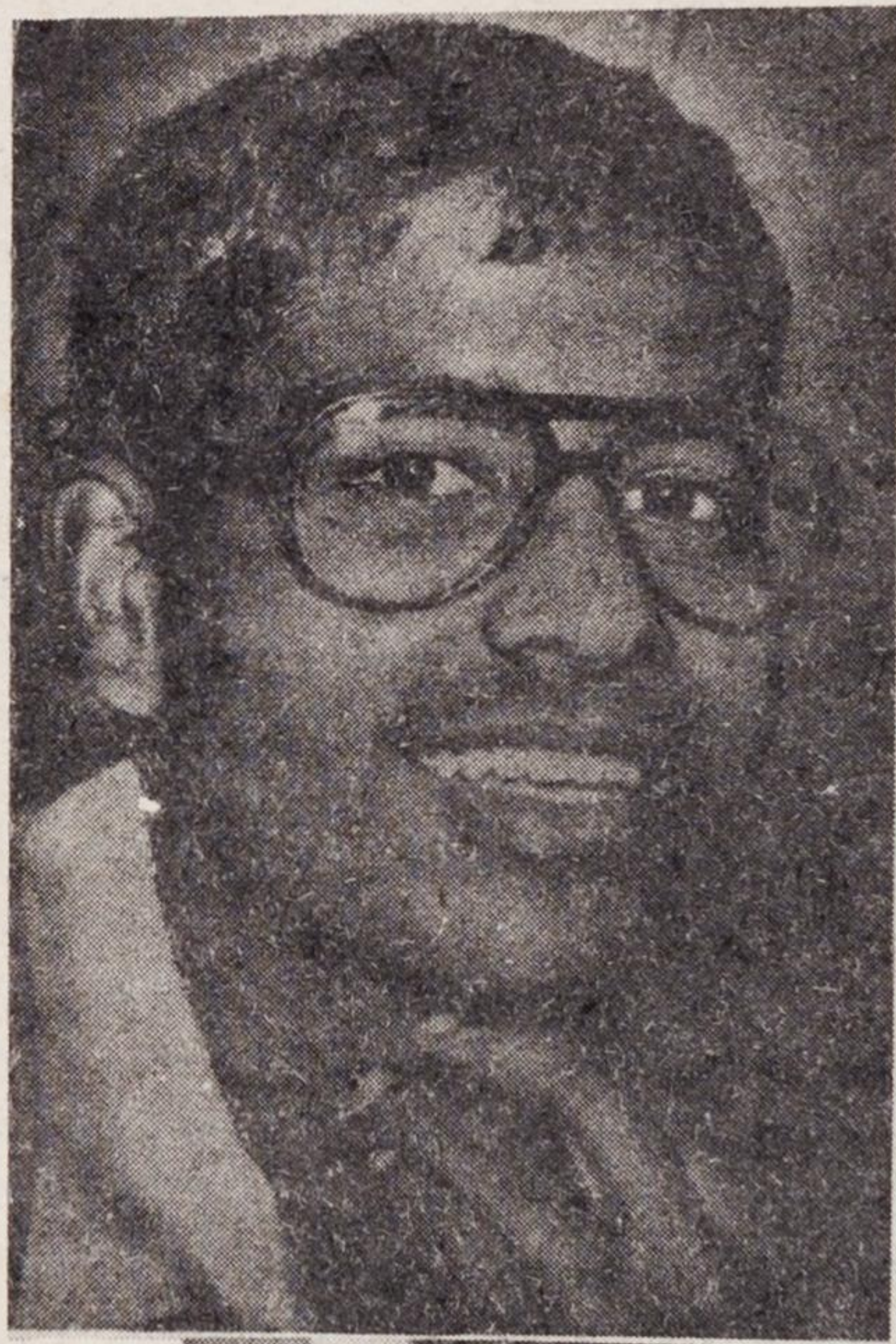
Child's letter to LET MY MUM

AN open letter was this week written to the Minister of Justice, Mr. Pistor, by a year-old Sahdhan, whose mother, Mrs. Phyllis Naidoo, has been placed under house arrest.

Mrs. Naidoo has three children and has to work during the day to support her family. Her husband, Mr. M. Naidoo, is serving a term of imprisonment at Robben Island.

Since Mrs. Naidoo has received numerous offers of overseas employment and encouragement from her house-arrested husband, she has been carrying on her papers and receiving letters from her family.

Mrs. Naidoo's kidney complaint described as a severe one in terms of order she has to leave her at any time, holiday, day, or night, and her family.



mer van Indiërimmi-

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF
AFRICAN NATIONAL
(SOUTH AFRICA)

14 OCT

P.O. BOX 17
LUSAKA, ZAMBIA

No. 5326/88.

Name. SAHDHAN. NAIDOO

We request that the Comrade be given the necessary assistance he may require within the Republic of Zambia.



**ser
GO!**

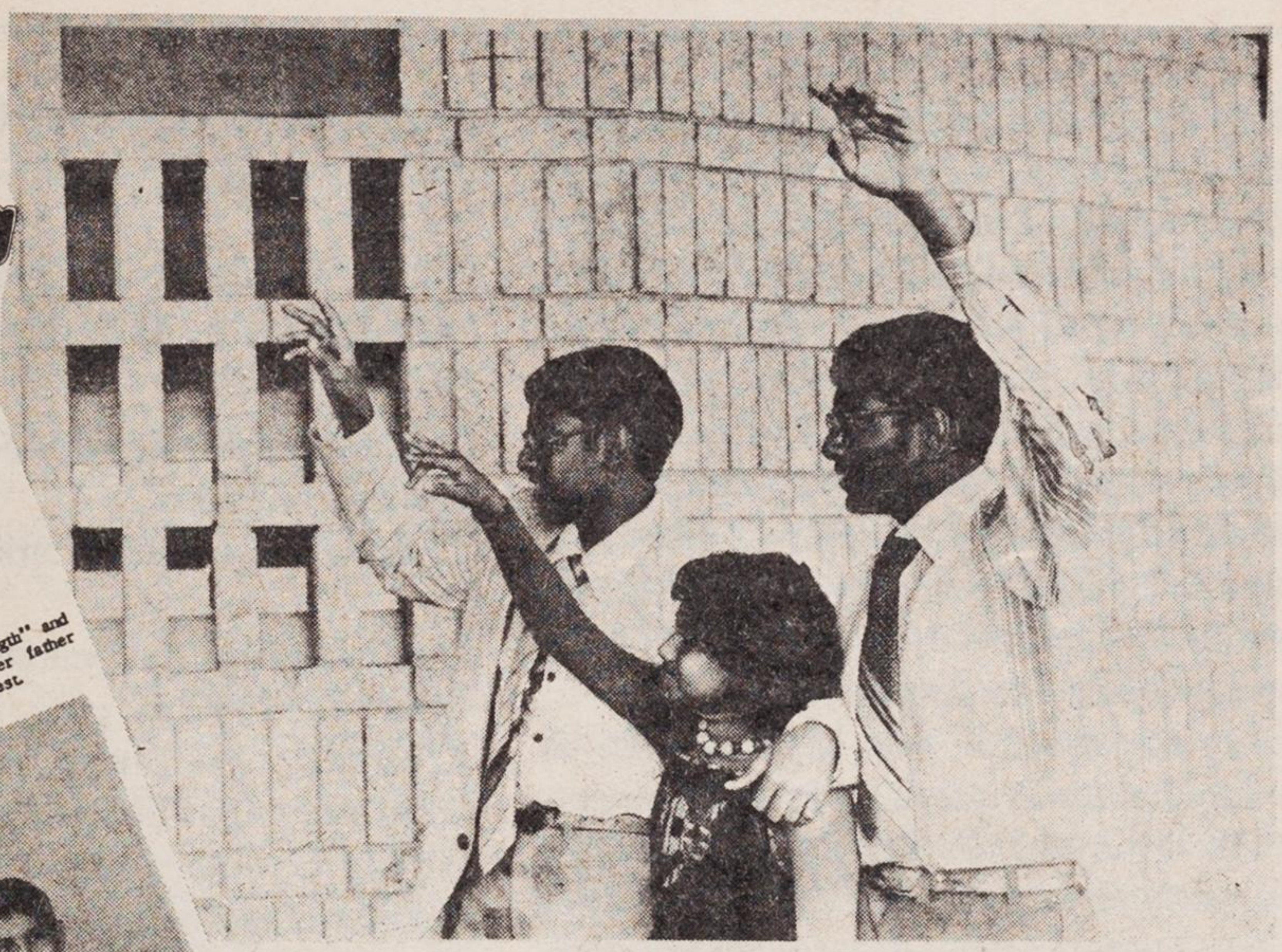
has three children, her father since birth. Sahdhan (10) whose Sukthi means "strength" and appears on this page, she was named by her father who has not seen while he was under arrest.



All dressed up, but nowhere to go because their mother, Mrs. Phyllis Naidoo has been placed under house arrest. Seen above (from left) Sharadh (8), Sukthi (5) and Sahdhan (10), who wrote the letter to Mr. Pelsier.

rest to leave Saturday which is a public holiday, except on 7 a.m. ed to leave Saturday which is a public holiday, except on 7 a.m. he has been protesting the magistrates in Durban and is attending any gathering. He also has to report to the police station, Durban, on Monday between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m.

14-04-1961
14-10-1988
lder. *S. Naidoo*
Secretary General's Office
14-10-1989



Számviteli Képesítő Bizottság

MÉRLEGKÉPES
KÖNYVELŐI IGAZOLÁS

3923

Számviteli Képesítő Bizottság

SAHDAN NAIDOO

1961. évben április hó 4. napján
Dél-Afrikában született,

14/1977. PM számú utasítás 4. §-a értelmében

mezőgazdasági
szakon

legképes könyvelőnek nyilvánítja

85. január hó 11.-n.



Jacobs D. van der Merwe
a Számviteli Képesítő Bizottság
elnöke

Moss and others. I think, comrades, here we face a challenge, a very serious challenge. All comrades casting aside some of our parasitic inclinations, because comrades, there is a lot of parasitism. We want to get things, but we don't want to work. Sahdhan's cradle was hard work, so was Moss's. And I don't think, comrades, we should take lightly the way they lived. We shouldn't forget how they were after this funeral. I think we'd be doing a lot of disservice to two fine people.

But comrades, I want to conclude by saying that the leadership of this movement and the entire membership must go out of the way to remove, comrades, the tumor which is beginning to eat into our organisation. This is the worst example of what is happening in the movement. There are others. And comrades, our people should not rest until ANC, comrades, becomes what we know it to be, a revolutionary movement, a fine organisation, an organisation which values life. We are fighting because we value life.

I want to say to the people from home that we are inspired by their presence, they make us strong. We are proud comrades, that they have rallied to our movement, to our organisation at this hour of loss. Together, comrades, because we are one community, we shall build a strong movement which must destroy that regime. This is the time, comrades for us to more united, to be more resolute.

To these fine comrades, Sahdhan and Moss, we of Umkhonto We Sizwe pledge the army of our people to step up our armed struggle, because they were very committed to this armed struggle. We must take, comrades, their work and use that weapon, comrades, to bring us nearer to our victory.

Amandla [Ngawethu], Maatla [ke a rona], All power [to the people].

Cde Sindiso: A Zimbabwe representative ..., Cde Ngoako.

Cde Ngoako Ramahlodi: Could we have a song, comrades.

Amandla, amandla, amandla, comrades.

Members of the bereaved families, comrade President, comrades Secretary-General, members of the National Executive, Excellencies, allow me on behalf of my comrades from Harare to dip our revolutionary banner in salute to our fallen heroes. Comrades, we are meeting here at one of the darkest hours in the history of our struggle. We are at the same time meeting at one of the brightest hours in the history of the struggle of our people. I want, comrades, at this stage, to put it to all of us, that the comrades that we are honouring today, merit a very special place in the annals of our history. They must be singled out, comrades, for special merit, because these are the children who have destroyed the apartheid myth. They had started to build the new world, because these are the comrades who had dedicated themselves to doing work that apartheid has taught us is dirty, hard work. We do not respect this because of the hardship imposed upon us by apartheid labour. And the ones we are burying here today comrades, are finest sons of our people, Cdes Sahdhan and Moss.

So I want, comrades, on behalf of all of us, to thank these comrades and thank them once more. I would want at this stage, comrades, to extend the same thanks to the families that have sacrificed so much for this revolution, to the point of giving us their own sons. We thank you. I want to say just a few

words about Cde Phyl. We have been with her the same as Chief of Staff - we were together in Lesotho and I've seen her mothering lots of us. Sometimes at the expense of her own children, and I think we should thank her. I do not know much about Mtunzi's mummy, but I'm sure, looking at what Mtunzi did for us, I would want to believe that she is of the same calibre as Aunt Phyl. I thank you ma.

I think, comrades, we are under attack precisely because we are successful. Because we are advancing, we are under attack. If we are under attack, comrades, we cannot afford to be raising the olive branch all the time. Let us bring down the hammer and let it fall, and fall hard. This must include the eradication of the enemy, must include the enemy within us, because people's patience is not endless, and our patience is not endless. We declared this in 1961. Let us live true to that slogan, comrades. Thank you very much.

[song]

Cde Sindiso: All messages are taken as read, except the message which came from Robert McBride, Mncube, Nondula and Masuku. These comrades are on Death Row in Pretoria. At this hour they are able to remember their own comrades and send their message.

Now I shall call upon the sister of Cde Sahdhan to say a few words, and then we shall call upon .. and thereafter we shall call upon our President

Sukhthi Naidoo: Sahdhan was my brother, my eldest brother. I don't really want to say too much about him. We all know him and will remember what we know of him. For us Sahdhan dedicated his life to the struggle. He wanted to live to see a free

and prosperous South Africa, in fact, that is how we were brought up. We were brought up being taught about equality.

I want to share with you an experience, an incident which caused me great anger and frustration with Sahdhan at the time. We had a lady looking after us, when my father was in prison and my mother was working, and I didn't really like her very much, as she always used to tease me, like Sahdhan. One day I had had enough of her, and said to her, "Oh, just shut up and leave me alone." And Sahdhan rushed from the other end of the flat, and gave me a tight slap across the face, and I was so angry and so hurt. And he said to me, "Don't ever speak to anybody like that, no matter how angry you are." It took me years to understand that he was trying to tell me, that you must never speak to anybody like that.

Sahdhan was my big brother who loved to tease me. But then our family was separated, our family disintegrated. And this year, of all years, I had hoped so much that we would build a firm friendship together. And I wanted him to be proud of me the way we were proud of him. He was our shining star, the pride of our family. But we have to remember him for his drive and commitment, and we have to be inspired by his brilliance and motivated by his death. Thank you.

[song]

President Oliver Tambo:
Amandla [Ngawethu] All power
[to the people] Maatla [Ke a rona]

Members of the Naidoo family, Mtunzi's mother, Cde Secretary General, members of the National Executive, members of the People's Army, members of our youth, members of Sactu, comrades. Yesterday I attended a meeting, a general members meeting of Lusaka region, and as I sat there looking at the ANC membership assembled in great numbers sitting very attentively, in a very disciplined manner, I thought to myself, here is represented a people destined to succeed in their struggle. For a moment, I forgot that there might be amongst them one or two comrades that was in fact not a comrade, but a representative of the forces of evil.

When I first received news of Tshongella farm, and heard the name of Sahdhan mentioned, it made no sense. My thoughts wondered back to the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi. I thought of the 1949 killings in Natal. And I came around to thinking that there's nothing ethnic about this. The ANC has long passed that period, except that the enemy knows how to plant seeds of division, that this might be a calculated act. And then there was more, without any explanation in terms of ethnicity, I remembered Joe Gqabi, I remember Cass, I remember the butchery of Matola, the massacre of Maseru.

I thought it was the enemy again. The problem to me was who is this enemy, and why is he here? We have only vague notions of who he is, he is under investigation, so the full story is not out. What is out, is that a whole people have been dealt a most severe blow. The assassination of Sahdhan and Moss goes beyond the borders of Zambia, let

alone Lusaka. It is something that must shake all our people outside here and it was grievous news for all our people. Some will not know who Sahdhan was, they are very few. Some might not know who Moss was, Mtunzi. We know them because they have been in our ranks, we know them because they have rendered outstanding service. We know them because we know they are part of our struggle, have suffered in the struggle, that made sacrifices in the struggle. We know them from their own calibre, their own competence, their own efficiency. We know them above all for their achievements. They transformed the Tshongella farm into something we can show off to the world, something we are proud of. Our pride in that farm is our pride in what they have done.

It helps us, this bleeding us, to reflect on ourselves. When it happens to our bright stars, it helps us to remember that in darkest moments of great doubts, there are stars in our movement, there are stars among our people. Let us all rejoice that we have young men of this calibre, here and elsewhere. In a way that has sustained us. That the struggle has given us maturity, made of us a special type of person, of human being. Look at Phyllis, a very special type of human being, her greatest joy, and where she derives her greatest satisfaction and fulfillment is in working, especially among those in the most desperate of situations.

If they're on Robben Island, if they're in jail, Phyllis' name always comes up. She once sent us a sordid book of grizzling pictures of the Maseru massacre worked out in great detail. The pictures were unlookable, she was moved to make us see what has happened there in Maseru. And now she is the midst of a widening campaign to save our people from the enemy's gallows. By her efforts she has saved our people, some of

them from the gallows. Her work is calculated to save more. How ironic that we should have been unable to save her own son.

But I would like to say to the families that there is a brighter side to the misery of this moment. These two young men are honoured, they are heroes, they are martyrs who will be always remembered. They have done their part, they have not completed their mission. Their mission will not be completed until they had repeated what they were doing in Tshongella, inside South Africa. And these are thoughts that rallied their minds as when both of them were showing me around the farm.

They have not died from natural causes, they were killed. And so we are assembled here in a way, not so much to mourn, in spite of our grief, but now that they have had to move out of this world, to give them a great send off they deserve, a send-off that is reserved only for those that died as heroes. We shall not meet them again in this world. We shall not talk to them again, but their spirit will always be with us, and availing us, inspiring us. These two young men have been given a great send-off. So let us not weep, let us not cry, but rather let us say, how can we perpetuate the work that we have done? How can we ensure that what they have planted, grows, how can we ensure that the seeds that they have been nursing grows?

They were extraordinary people for the number of friends that they had, but I say let us accept that the moment came, but not before they had distinguished themselves in service. And so as we pick up the spear that has dropped from their hands, and as we pick up the banner that has dropped from their hands, let us tell ourselves that those abundant spears, which must be carried by all of us because on their farm there was

planning, there was efficiency, there was competence, there was success. The kind of success that we want to make of our own struggle.

What can we do here? Are we going to have another incident of this kind, a ghastly incident? Are we mixing and mingling with assassins, actual and potential? Are we not protective of our friends, because we say they are our friends and can't be spies, agents? But if we become sympathetic and supportive of those who we are trying to weed out-these elements from our midst-when we jump in defence, are we supportive of them? If our security had picked up this Tex, would there not have been protests? Friend or foe, I know ... I know ...

One day an assassin walks, in finds two comrades who have been living there together, working together for years. He knows that they know him, he knows even the house. He knows where he can find a gun in the place, or outside the place. He walks in, he suddenly kills him. Is any of us safe? My people The enemy is in our midst and he will stay there as long as we protect him. This might have been prevented if this man had been arrested. Let us learn the bitter lesson. There's no other explanation. This person must not - there can be no quarrel, and what quarrel can this be when it has to be settled by death, exterminating a whole life, a young life - forever? What quarrel is this which could not be repaired tomorrow, next week, talked over? A determinant act of the enemy and we must blame ourselves, we must blame ourselves that we do have these enemies in our midst and Zambians will also be killed.

It is most serious. We took our people from our country, we taught them how to use a gun against the enemy, they are using it against the people. Anyone who takes a gun

to attack another is committing a maximum offence, is using military skills given to him by the movement against us. This is a serious challenge to our army, soldiers who have taken these measures must be dealt with as enemy agents. We are involved in a struggle that embraces military force, as well as being a political one. We have been deliberately taught how to use the gun, deliberately. For centuries, well, for decades we were not allowed to handle the gun, now the ANC has equipped our people - using that skill against our own people, against Zambians.

So I would like to call for swift action. I don't know where this character is, but we must show intolerance of this kind of thing whoever is affected. There are too many deaths by shooting, too many, so many as to call into question our right to be in this country. There is a limit, comrades, the authorities can endure this only up to a certain point. For those who indulge in this behaviour are acting deliberately so that we will be forced out. We are entitled to defend our struggle. In the meantime, all honour and glory to Sakhathini and Moss.

Amandla [Ngawetu]

Hamba Kahle Umkhonto [song]

From "Mezogazdasagi Mernok"
newspaper (Hungary), 26th June 1985.

"FAREWELL TO HUNGARY

"Sandy" Naidoo arrived in our country from South Africa seven years ago as a delegated member of the African National Congress (ANC). After completing his studies at the University he is leaving Hungary and many, many friends.

We used to meet him in a whole range of University activities. He was President of the Friendship Council of Foreign Students, President of the Students' Association of Southern Africa, a key member of the foreign students' soccer team, a winner of the Marxism-Leninism Section of the Hungarian Students' Research Club, etc.

"The University gave me the opportunity to put my ideas into practice," he said. "Besides University lectures and tutorials, I was able to deal with those issues in which I had the greatest interest and which had the greatest practical relevance for me. My greatest thanks go to my lecturer, Dr J. Lehoté and the whole Department of Agricultural Economics. The lecturers of this Department were open to all students, who had the freedom to ask any questions they wished. They answered our questions or suggested relevant scientific literature for us to read."

"What were the most important to you of the many interesting experiences you must have had during your seven year stay here?"

"I learned about the results and contradictions of putting socialism into practice in a country. Everyone who comes from a part of the world where there is a near-revolutionary situation is full of the desire to act, to change everything. Here, I had to admit that change does not come quickly, that socialist development is a long process and that it is the result of compromise, debate and agreement. In Hungary, my knowledge of people has deepened. My grandmother used to tell me all the time that honesty did not undermine friendship, and here I've found that to be true. I was honest all the time and, in addition, my temperament is fairly hot-headed, but the debates I've become involved in didn't create any rancour,

probably because my adversaries understood my intention to be constructive."

"Have you been homesick?"

"I was homesick often during the first few months of my stay here, but I had so much to do that I did not have time to dwell on it. And I knew that my parents, my family, were alive. My mother received medical treatment here in 1979 after she was seriously injured in an explosion. During that period we were able to be together a great deal. Luckily, she recovered."

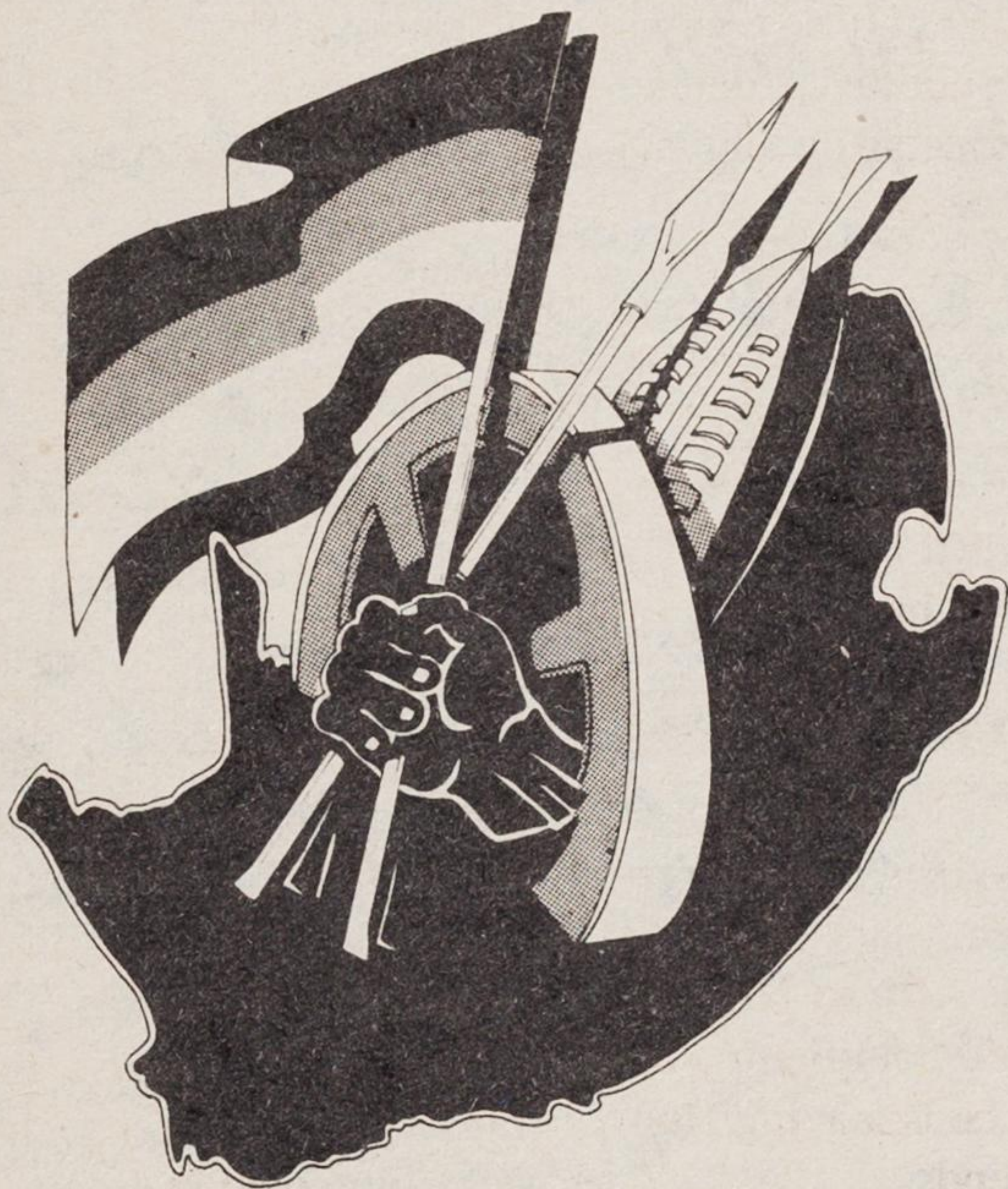
"Tell us something about your fellow-students."

"People are different here too. In the first few months I was surprised by the lack of initiative among many young people. The main reason for this, I think, is that young people have not been asked to take responsibility; they have been accustomed to wait

for the solutions, to problems from their elders. So they didn't think they could contribute to their own welfare, their own future. That's a problem for which the blame doesn't lie with them alone. But now I think it is good that young people are becoming the initiators, increasingly so with every year that passes. I've observed many students doing a great deal for their colleagues and for student organisations."

"What will you miss most about your time in Hungary?"

"I'll miss the University community, and the lifestyle. I'll also miss those discussions when we all learned so much from one another. I don't know what my job will be when I arrive back home, but I hope that in a few years time I will be able to come back here again, to the country which has become my second home, to see the results of the work I did in my student days."



Dear Mr Peler

I have one favour to ask you Mr. Peler, please let my mummy take us to the beach on Sunday every Sunday before you stopped my mummy from taking us out we used to go to the beach and ~~play~~ play in the sand and swim and play games.

You know mister Peler we used to leave fire in the morning, mummy used to make sandwiches and we used to take a basket of fruit and we used to go My daddy used to ~~make~~ make the best ~~sandwich~~ castles ~~with~~ My daddy is at Robben Island

There is another favour I want to ask you I shanadh likes to swim but I told him not to do so because he has asthma. Please tell him.

Can you let me know by Sunday if mummy can take us to the beach. We have not ~~yet~~ gone to the beach for a long ~~to~~ time. Please reply soon.

I will wait every day for the postman.

Your loving friend,

Jahdhan
If you come to Duran you can show me how to build sandcastles