South Africa

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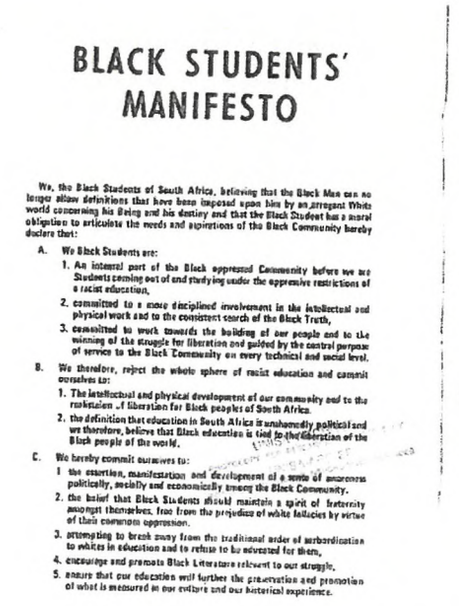


BLACK STUDENTS' MANIFESTO

We, the Black Students of South Africa, believing that the Black Man can no longer allow definitions that have been imposed upon him by an arrogant White world concerning his Being and his destiny and that the Black Student has a moral obligation to articulate the needs and aspirations of the Black Community hereby declare that:

A. We Black Students are:
1. An integral part of the Black oppressed Community before we are Students coming out of and studying under the oppressive restrictions of a racist education,
2. committed to a more disciplined involvement in the intellectual and physical work and to the consistent search of the Black Truth,
3. committed to work towards the building of our people and to the winning of the struggle for liberation and guided by the central purpose of service to the Black Community on every technical and social level.

B. We therefore, reject the whole sphere of racist education and commit ourselves to:
1. The intellectual and physical development of our community and to the realisation of liberation for Black peoples of South Africa.
2. the definition that education in South Africa is unashamedly political and we therefore, believe that Black education is tied to the liberation of the Black people of the world.

C. We hereby commit ourselves to:
1. the assertion, manifestation and development of a sense of awareness politically, socially and economically among the Black Community.
2. the belief that Black Students should maintain a spirit of fraternity amongst themselves, free from the prejudice of white follicies by virtue of their common oppression.
3. attempting to break away from the traditional order of subordination to whites in education and to refuse to be educated for them,
4. encourage and promote Black Literature relevant to our struggle,
5. ensure that our education will further the preservation and promotion of what is measured in our culture and our historical experience.

Black Students Manifesto, 1975, Original Source: SASO

Apartheid in South Africa

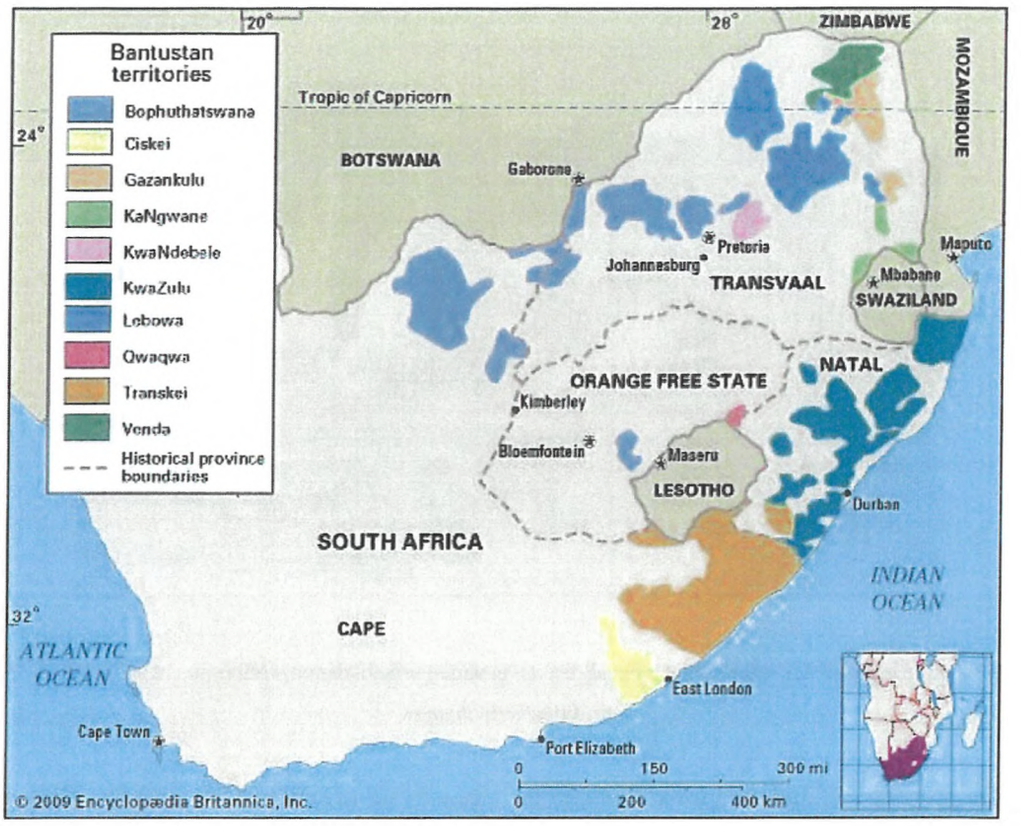
"apartheid". *Encyclopædia Britannica. Encyclopædia Britannica Online.* Encyclopædia Britannica Inc., 2017. Web. 22 June 2017 <https://www.britannica.com/topic/apartheid>.

A South African beach during the apartheid era. *Guinnog (cc-by-sa-3.0)*

Apartheid, (Afrikaans: "apartness") policy that governed relations between South Africa's white minority and nonwhite majority and sanctioned racial segregation and political and economic discrimination against nonwhites. The implementation of apartheid, often called "separate development" since the 1960s, was made possible through the Population Registration Act of 1950, which classified all South Africans as either Bantu (all black Africans), Coloured (those of mixed race), or white. A fourth category—Asian (Indian and Pakistani)—was later added.

A group of black children and men standing behind a barbed-wire fence, the boundary of their ...*Margaret Bourke-White/Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images*

Racial segregation, sanctioned by law, was widely practiced in South Africa before 1948, but the National Party, which gained office that year, extended the policy and gave it the name *apartheid*. The Group Areas Act of 1950 established residential and business sections in urban areas for each race, and members of other races were barred from living, operating businesses, or owning land in them. In practice this act and two others (1954, 1955), which became known collectively as the Land Acts, completed a process that had begun with similar Land Acts adopted in 1913 and 1936; the end result was to set aside more than 80 percent of South Africa's land for the white minority. To help enforce the segregation of the races and prevent blacks from encroaching on white areas, the government strengthened the existing "pass" laws, which required nonwhites to carry documents authorizing their presence in restricted areas. Other laws forbade most social contacts between the races, authorized segregated public facilities, established separate educational standards, restricted each race to certain types of jobs, curtailed nonwhite labour unions, and denied nonwhite participation (through white representatives) in the national government.



Bantustan territories (also known as black homelands or black states) in South Africa during the

...Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.

Under the Bantu Authorities Act of 1951 the government reestablished tribal organizations for black Africans, and the Promotion of Bantu Self-Government Act of 1959 created 10 African homelands, or Bantustans. The Bantu Homelands Citizenship Act of 1970 made every black South African, irrespective of actual residence, a citizen of one of the Bantustans, thereby excluding blacks from the South African body politic. Four of the Bantustans were granted independence as republics, and the remaining had varying degrees of self-government; but all remained dependent, both politically and economically, on South Africa. The dependence of the South African economy on nonwhite labour, though, made it difficult for the government to carry out this policy of separate development.

The wounded being tended to after police opened fire on an antiapartheid demonstration in ...*Central Press/Hulton Archive/Getty Images*

Although the government had the power to suppress virtually all criticism of its policies, there was always some opposition to apartheid within South Africa. Black African groups, with the support of some whites, held demonstrations and strikes, and there were many instances of violent protest and of sabotage. One of the first—and most violent—demonstrations against apartheid took place in Sharpeville on March 21, 1960; the police response to the protesters' actions was to open fire, killing about 69 black Africans and wounding many more. An attempt to enforce Afrikaans language requirements for black African students led to the Soweto riots in 1976. Some white politicians called for the relaxation of minor restrictions, referred to as "petty apartheid," or for the establishment of racial equality.

A restroom reserved for whites only under apartheid-era policies, *c.* 1989, Cape Town, South ...*Dave G. Houser/Corbis*

Apartheid also received international censure. South Africa was forced to withdraw from the Commonwealth in 1961 when it became apparent that other member countries would not accept its racial policies. In 1985 both the United Kingdom and the United States imposed selective economic sanctions on South Africa. In response to these and other pressures, the South African government abolished the "pass" laws in 1986, although blacks were still prohibited from living in designated white areas and the police were granted broad emergency powers.

Viewing an exhibit at the Apartheid Museum, Johannesburg, South Africa.*Matt Stabile*

In a more fundamental shift of policy, however, the government of South African president F.W. de Klerk in 1990–91 repealed most of the social legislation that provided the legal basis for apartheid, including the Population Registration Act. Systematic racial segregation remained deeply entrenched in South African society, though, and continued on a de facto basis. A new constitution that enfranchised blacks and other racial groups was adopted in 1993 and took effect in 1994. All-race national elections, also in 1994, produced a coalition government with a black majority led by antiapartheid activist Nelson Mandela, the country's first black president. These developments marked the end of legislated apartheid, though not of its entrenched social and economic effects.

~~The two following short stories are taken from:~~
"Writing from South Africa" by Adams and Durham
Cambridge, 1994

The Park

JAMES MATTHEWS 1974

Matthews was born in Cape Town in 1929. One of the problems of growing up as a young coloured boy in Cape Town must have been an inability to understand why you were not allowed to share in the most ordinary of things which most of us would take for granted, like playing in a park or swimming on a beach. This story evokes through a small boy's eyes the puzzlement, frustration and anger that this causes, and it makes us vividly aware of the pettiness as well as the larger injustices of the system of apartheid.

He looked longingly at the children on the other side of the railings: the children sliding down the chute, landing with feet astride on the bouncy lawn; screaming as they almost touched the sky with each upward curve of their swings; shrieking their demented joy at each dip of the merry-go-round. He looked at them and his body trembled and ached to share their joy. Next to him, on the ground, was a bundle of clothing, washed and ironed, wrapped in a sheet.

Five small boys, pursued by two bigger ones, ran past, ignoring him. One of the bigger boys stopped. 'What are you looking at, you brown ape?' the boy said, stooping to pick up a lump of clay. He recognised him. The boy had been present the day he was put out of the park. The boy pitched the lump, shattering it on the rail above his head, and the fragments fell on his face.

He spat out the particles of clay clinging to the lining of his lips, eyes searching for an object to throw at the boys separated from him by the railings. More boys joined the one in front of him and he was frightened by their number.

Without a word he shook his bundle free of clay, raised it to his head and walked away.

As he walked he recalled his last visit to the park. Without hesitation he had gone through the gates and got on to the nearest swing. Even now he could feel that pleasurable thrill that travelled the length of his body as he rocketed himself higher, higher, until he felt that the swing would up-end him when it reached its peak. Almost leisurely he had allowed it to come to a halt

like a pendulum shortening its stroke, and then he had run towards the see-saw. A white boy, about his own age, was seated opposite him. Accordion-like their legs folded and unfolded in turn to send the see-saw jerking from the indentations it pounded in the grass. A hand pressed on his shoulder. He turned around to look into the face of the attendant.

'Get off!'

The skin tightened between his eyes. Why must I get off? What have I done? He held on, hands clamped on to the iron bar attached to the wooden see-saw. The white boy jumped off from the other end and stood there, a detached spectator.

'You must get off!' The attendant spoke in a low voice so that it would not carry to the people who were gathering. 'The council say,' he continued, 'that us blacks don't use the same swings as the whites. You must use the swings where you stay.' His voice apologised for the uniform he wore, which gave him the right to watch over little white boys and girls and ensure they were not hurt while playing.

'There no park where I stay.' He waved a hand in the direction of a block of flats. 'Park on the other side of town but I don't know where.' He walked past them. The mothers with their babies, pink and belching, cradled in their arms, the children lolling on the grass, his companion from the see-saw, the nurse girls – their uniforms their badge of indemnity – pushing prams. Beside him walked the attendant.

The attendant pointed an accusing finger at a notice-board near the entrance. 'There. You can read for yourself.' Absolving himself from all blame.

He struggled with the red letters on the white background. 'Blankes Alleen. Whites Only.' He walked through the gates and behind him the swings screeched, the see-saw rattled, and the merry-go-round rumbled.

He walked past the park each time he delivered the washing, eyes wistfully taking in the scene.

He shifted the bundle to a more comfortable position, easing the pain biting into his shoulder muscles. What harm would I be doing if I were to use the swings? Would it stop the swings from swinging? Would the chute collapse? The bundle pressed deeper and the pain became an even line across his shoulders, and he had no answer to his reasoning.

The park itself, with its wide lawns and flower beds and rockeries and dwarf trees, meant nothing to him. It was the gaily painted red-and-green

tubing, the silver chains and brown boards, his transport to never-never land, which gripped him.

Only once, long ago, and then almost as if by mistake, had he played on something to beat it. He had been taken by his father, one of the rare times he was taken anywhere, to a fairground. He had stood captivated by the wooden horses with their gilded reins and scarlet saddles dipping in time to the music as they whirled by.

For a brief moment he was astride one. He prayed it would last for ever, but the moment lasted only the time it took him to whisper the prayer. Then he was standing clutching his father's trousers, watching the others astride the dipping horses.

Another shift of the bundle and he was at the house where he delivered the clothing his mother had washed in a round tub filled with boiling water, the steam covering her face with a film of sweat. Her voice, when she spoke, was as soft and clinging as the steam enveloping her.

He pushed the gate open and walked around the back, watching for the aged lap-dog which at his entry would rush out to wheeze asthmatically around his feet and nip with blunt teeth at his ankles.

A round-faced African girl, her blackness heightened by the white starched uniform she wore, opened the kitchen door to let him in. She cleared the table and he placed the bundle on it.

'I call madam,' she said, the words spaced and highly-pitched as if she had some difficulty in uttering the syllables in English. Her buttocks bounced beneath the tight uniform and the backs of her calves shone with fat.

'Are you sure you've brought everything?' was the greeting he received each time he brought the bundle, and each time she checked every item and as usual nothing was missing. He looked at her and lowered his eyes as he said, 'Everything there, merrum.'

What followed had become a routine between the three of them.

'Have you had anything to eat?' she asked him.

He shook his head.

'Well, we can't let you go off like that.' Turning to the African woman in the white, starched uniform. 'What have we got?'

The maid swung open the refrigerator door and took out a plate of food. She placed it on the table and set a glass of milk next to it.

The white woman left the kitchen when he was seated and he was alone with the maid. His nervousness left him and he could concentrate on what

was on the plate. A handful of peas, a dab of mashed potatoes, a tomato sliced into bleeding circles, a sprinkling of grated carrot, and no rice. White people are funny, he told himself. How can anyone fill himself with this? It doesn't form a lump like the food my mama makes. He washed it down with milk.

'Thank you, Annie,' he said as he pushed the glass aside. He sat fidgeting, impatient to be outside, away from the kitchen with its glossy, tiled floor and steel cupboards ducoed a clinical white to match the food-stacked refrigerator.

'I see you've finished.' The voice startled him. She held out an envelope containing the rand note – payment for his mother's weekly struggle over the wash-tub. 'This is for you.' A five-cent piece was dropped into his hand, a long fingernail raking his palm.

'Thank you, merrum.' His voice hardly audible.

'Tell your mother I'm going away on holiday for about a month and I'll let her know when I'm back.'

Then he was dismissed and her heels tapped out of the kitchen.

He nodded his head at the African maid who took an apple from a bowl bursting with fruit and handed it to him. He grinned his thanks and her responding smile bathed her face in light. He walked down the path finishing the apple with big bites.

The dog was after him before he reached the gate, its hot breath warming his heels. He turned and poked his toes into its face. It barked hoarsely in protest, a look of outrage on its face. He laughed delightedly at the expression which changed the dog's features into those of an old man.

'Let's see you do that again.' He waved his feet in front of the pug's nose. The nose retreated and made an about-turn, waddling away with its dignity deflated by his affront.

As he walked, he mentally spent his five cents. I'll buy a penny drops, the sour ones that taste like limes, penny bull's-eyes, a packet of sherbet with the licorice tube at the end of the packet, and a penny star toffees, red ones that turn your spit into blood.

His glands were titillated and his mouth filled with saliva. He stopped at the first shop and walked in.

Trays were filled with expensive chocolates and sweets of a type never seen in the jars on the shelves of the Indian shop on the corner where he stayed. He walked out without buying a thing.

His footsteps lagged as he reached the park. The nurse girls with their

babies and prams were gone, their places occupied by old men who, with their hands holding up their stomachs, cast disapproving eyes over the confusion and clatter confronting them.

A ball was kicked perilously close to an old man, and the boy who ran after it stopped short as the old man raised his stick, daring him to come closer.

The rest of them called to the boy to get the ball. He edged closer and made a grab at it as the old man swung his cane. The cane missed the boy by more than a foot and he swaggered back, the ball held under his arm. Their game was resumed.

He watched them from the other side of the railings – the boys kicking the ball, the children cavorting on the grass, even the old men, senile on the seats; but most of all, he watched the children enjoying themselves with what was denied him, and his whole body yearned again to be part of them.

'Shit it!' He looked over his shoulder to see if anyone had heard him. 'Shit it!' he said louder. 'Shit it! Shit it!'

His small hands impotently shook the tall railings towering above his head. It struck him that he would not be seeing the park for a whole month, that there would be no reason for him to pass it. Despair filled him. He had to do something to ease his anger. A bag filled with fruit peels was on top of the rubbish stacked in a waste basket fitted to a pole. He reached for it, threw it over the railings, and ran without waiting to see the result.

Out of breath three streets further, he slowed down, pain stabbing beneath his heart. The act had brought no relief, only intensified the longing. He was oblivious of the people passing, the hoots of the vehicles whose paths he crossed without thinking. And once, when he was roughly pushed aside, he did not even bother to look and see who had done it.

The familiar shrieks and smells told him that he was home. Even the Indian shop could not draw him out of his melancholy mood and he walked past it, his five-cent piece unspent in his pocket.

A group of boys were playing with tyres on the pavement. They called him but he ignored them and turned into a short side-street. He mounted the flat stoep of a two-storey house with a façade that must once have been painted but had now turned a nondescript grey with the red brick underneath showing.

Beyond the threshold the room was dim. He walked past the scattered furniture with a familiarity that would have guided him blindfolded.

His mother was in the kitchen hovering over a pot perched on a pressure

stove. He placed the envelope on the table. She put aside the spoon and stuck a finger under the flap of the envelope, tearing it in half. She placed the rand note in a spoutless teapot on the shelf.

'You hungry?'

He nodded his head. She poured him a cup of soup and added a thick slice of brown bread. Between bites of bread and sips of soup which scalded his throat, he told his mother that there would not be any washing coming during the week.

'Why? What the matter? What I do?'

'Nothing. Merrum say she go away for month. She let mama know she back.'

'What I do now?' Her voice took on a whine and her eyes strayed to the teapot containing the money. The whine hardened to reproach as she continued. 'Why don't she let me know she going away then I can look for another merrum?' She paused. 'I slave away and the pain never leave my back but it too much for her to let me know she go away. The money I get from her keep us nice and steady. How I go cover the hole?'

He wondered how the rand note he had brought helped to keep them nicely steady. There was no change in their meals. It was, as usual, not enough, and the only time they received new clothes was at Christmas.

'I must pay the burial, and I was going to tell Mr Lemonsky to bring lino for the front room. I'm sick looking at the lino full of holes but I can forget now. With no money you got as much hope as getting wine on Sunday.'

He hurried his eating to get away from her words before they could soak into him, trapping him in the chair as the witness to his mother's miseries.

Outside, they were still playing with their tyres. He joined them half-heartedly. As he rolled the tyre his spirit was still in the park, on the swings. There was no barrier to his coming and he could do as he pleased. He was away from narrow streets and squawking children and speeding cars. He was in a place of green grass and red tubing and silver steel. The tyre rolled past him. He made no effort to grab it.

'Get the tyre!' 'You sleep?' 'Don't you want to play any more?'

He walked away, ignoring their cries.

Rage boiled up inside him. Rage against the houses with streaked walls and smashed panes, filled by too many people; against the overflowing garbage pails outside doors; the alleys and streets; and against a law he could not understand – a law that shut him out of the park.

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He burst into tears. He swept his arms across his cheeks to check his weeping, then lowered his hands to peer at the boy confronting him.

'I think you cry!'

'Who say I cry? Something in my eye and I rub it.'

He pushed past and continued towards the shop. 'Cry baby!' the boy's taunt rang after him.

The shop's sole iron-barred window was crowded. Oranges were mixed with writing paper and dried figs were strewn on school slates. Clothing and crockery gathered dust. Across the window a cockroach made its leisurely way, antennae on the alert.

Inside, the shop was as crowded as the window. Bags covered the floor, leaving a narrow path to the till. The shopkeeper, an ancient Indian with a face tanned like cracked leather, leaned across the counter. 'Yes, boy?' He showed teeth scarlet with betel-nut. 'Come'n, boy. What you want? No stand here all day.' His jaws worked at the nut held captive by his stained teeth.

He ordered penny portions of his selections, transferred the sweets to his pockets, threw the torn wrappings on the floor, and walked out. Behind him the Indian murmured grimly, jaws working faster.

One side of the street was in shadow. He sat with his back against the wall, savouring the last of the sun. Bull's-eye, peppermint, a piece of licorice – all lumped together in his cheek. For a moment the park was forgotten. He watched without interest the girl advancing.

'Mama say you must come'n eat.' She stared at his bulging cheek, one hand rubbing the side of her nose. 'Gimme.' He gave her a bull's-eye which she dropped into her mouth between dabs at her nose.

'Wipe your snot!' he ordered her, showing his superiority. He walked past. She followed, sucking and sniffing. Their father was already seated at the table when they entered the kitchen.

'Must I always send somebody after you?' his mother asked.

He slipped into his seat and then hurriedly got up to wash his hands before his mother could find fault on another point. Supper was a silent affair except for the scraping of spoons across plates and an occasional sniff from his sister.

A thought came to his mind almost at the end of the meal. He sat, spoon poised in the air, shaken by its magnitude. Why not go to the park after dark? After it had closed its gates on the old men, the children, and the nurses with their prams! There would be no one to stop him.

He could think no further. He was light-headed with the thought of it. His

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mother's voice, as she related her day to his father, was not the steam that stung, but a soft breeze wafting past him, leaving him undisturbed. Then qualms troubled him. He had never been in that part of town at night. A band of fear tightened across his chest, contracting his insides, making it hard for him to swallow his food. He gripped his spoon tightly, stretching his skin across his knuckles.

I'll do it! I'll go to the park as soon as we're finished eating. He controlled himself with difficulty. He swallowed what was left on his plate and furtively watched to see how the others were faring. Hurry up! Hurry up!

He hastily cleared the table when his father pushed the last plate aside, and began washing up. Each piece of crockery was passed for drying to his sister whose sniffing kept pace with their combined operation.

The dishes done, he swept the kitchen and carried out the garbage bin.

'Can I go play, mama?'

'Don't let me have to send for you again.'

His father remained silent, buried behind the newspaper.

'Before you go,' – his mother stopped him – 'light the lamp and hang it in the passage.'

He filled the lamp with paraffin, turned up the wick and lit it. The light glimmered weakly through the streaked glass.

The moon, to him, was a fluorescent ball – light without warmth – and the stars were fragments chipped off it. Beneath street lights card games were in session. He sniffed the nostril-prickling smell of dagga as he walked past. Dim doorways could not conceal couples clutching at each other.

Once clear of the district, he broke into a trot. He did not slacken his pace as he passed through the downtown area with its wonderland shop windows. His elation seeped out as he neared the park and his footsteps dragged.

In front of him was the park with its gate and iron railings. Behind the railings, impaled, was the notice-board. He could see the swings beyond. The sight strengthened him. He walked over, his breath coming faster. There was no one in sight. A car turned a corner and came towards him, and he started at the sound of its engine. The car swept past, the tyres softly licking the asphalt.

The railings were icy-cold to his touch and the shock sent him into action. He extended his arms and with monkey-like movements pulled himself up to perch on top of the railings, then dropped onto the newly turned earth.

The grass was damp with dew and he swept his feet across it. Then he ran, the wet grass bowing beneath his bare feet. He ran towards the swings, the

merry-go-round, the see-saw, the chute, his hands covering the metal.

Up the steps to the top of the chute. He stood outlined against the sky. He was a bird; an eagle. He flung himself down on his stomach, sliding swiftly. Wheeeeeee! He rolled over when he slammed onto the grass. He looked at the moon for an instant then propelled himself to his feet and ran for the steps of the chute to recapture that feeling of flight. Each time he swept down the chute, he wanted the trip never to end. He wanted to go on sliding, sliding, sliding.

He walked reluctantly past the see-saw, consoling himself with a push at one end to send it whacking down on the grass.

'Shit it!' he grunted as he strained to set the merry-go-round into action. Thigh tensed, leg stretched, he pushed. The merry-go-round moved. He increased his exertions and jumped on, one leg trailing at the ready to shove if it should slow down. The merry-go-round dipped and swayed. To keep it moving, he had to push more than he rode. Not wanting to spoil his pleasure, he jumped off and raced for the swings.

Feet astride, hands clutching silver chains, he jerked his body to gain momentum. He crouched like a runner then violently straightened. The swing widened its arc. It swept higher, higher, higher. It reached the sky. He could touch the moon. He plucked a star to pin to his breast. The earth was far below. No bird could fly as he. Upwards and onwards he went.

A light switched on in the hut at the far side of the park. It was a small patch of yellow on a dark square. The door opened and he saw a figure in the doorway. Then the door was shut and the figure strode towards him. He knew it was the attendant. A torch glinted brightly as it swung at his side.

He continued swinging.

The attendant came to a halt in front of him, out of reach of the swing's arc, and flashed his torch. The light caught him in mid-air.

'God dammit!' the attendant swore. 'I told you before you can't get on the swings.'

The rattle of the chains when the boy shifted his feet was the only answer he received.

'Why you come back?'

'The swings. I come back for the swings.'

The attendant catalogued the things denied them because of their colour. Even his job depended on their goodwill.

'Blerry whites! They get everything!'

All his feelings urged him to leave the boy alone, to let him continue to enjoy himself, but the fear that someone might see them hardened him.

'Get off! Go home!' he screamed, his voice harsh, his anger directed at the system that drove him against his own. 'If you don't get off, I go for the police. You know what they do to you.'

The swing raced back and forth.

The attendant turned and hurried towards the gate.

'Mama, Mama!' His lips trembled, wishing himself safe in his mother's kitchen, sitting next to the still-burning stove with a comic spread across his knees. 'Mama. Mama!' His voice mounted, wrenched from his throat, keeping pace with the soaring swing as it climbed the sky. Voice and swing. Swing and voice. Higher. Higher. Higher. Until they were one.

At the entrance of the park the notice-board stood tall, its shadow elongated, pointing towards him.

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Broadbridge, Finding Our Strength - South Africa Today, Gyldendal : 1990

Steve Biko

What is Black Consciousness?

In 1958 Dr. Verwoerd became Prime Minister, with apartheid as his main policy; as with Malan the Broederbond and the National Party called him *Volksleier*, people's leader. He systematically brought order to the practice of apartheid and founded 8 national homelands (which he called Bantustans), segregated all the universities, and appealed to the English-speaking whites to support his party. In 1960 police shot 69 people, most of them in the back, at Sharpeville, where a crowd of 5,000 blacks was protesting at the Pass Laws which controlled their employment and movement in the country. Luthuli publicly burned his pass book and

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was sentenced to a year's imprisonment or a £ 100 ·fine — friends paid the fine. A month later a ·deranged white farmer shot Verwoerd twice in the head, but by a miracle he recovered. The following year he took South Africa out of the Commonwealth, breaking the final constitutional link with Britain. At this point Nelson Mandela started a youth movement of the ANC, Umkonto we Siswe, the Spear of the Nation.

For the first time blacks turned to violence in a sabotage campaign of firebombs all over the country. Mandela was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment. Meanwhile Verwoerd pressed ahead with his plan for self-governing black "homelands" and set up the first, the Transkei, in 1963. In 1966 he was murdered in Parliament by a madman.

John Vorster, the new Prime Minister, ·forcibly moved more and more blacks out to the ·arid bantustans, because "the Bantu are only temporarily ·resident in the European areas of the Republic for as long as they offer their labour there." (1967 Government Circular no. 25.)

Resistance came from the black universities in the form of a Black ·Consciousness Movement led by Steve Biko (1946-77). Biko was a medical student at Natal University when he became politically active, forming the South African Students Organisation in 1968. He was banned in 1973 and restricted to his home in King William's Town.

In 1976 the Minister of Bantu Education instructed teachers to use Afrikaans instead of English as the medium to teach ·arithmetic and social studies. Children and young people rebelled. In Soweto alone *575* were killed and over 2,000 wounded. After the Soweto riots Biko was ·detained for 101 days but was released ·uncharged. A year later he was arrested, beaten and allowed to die in police ·custody. A biography *Biko* was later published by his white friend, Donald Woods, whose story was filmed as *Cry, Freedom*. Biko's own speeches and writings were collected in *I Write What I Like* from which the following extract is taken. Biko was giving evidence on behalf of 9 black South Africans charged with "·subversion with ·intent". The defendants' lawyer was David Soggot.

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Biko: I think basically Black Consciousness •refers itself to the black man and to his situation, and I think the black man is •subjected to two forces in this country. He is first of all •oppressed by an •external world through institutionalised machinery, through laws that restrict him from doing certain things, through heavy work conditions, through poor pay, through very difficult living conditions, through poor education, these are all external to him, and secondly, and this we regard as the most important, the black man in himself has developed a certain state of •alienation, he rejects himself, precisely because he attaches the meaning white to all that is good, in other words he •associates good and he •equates good with white. This arises out of his living and it arises out of his development from childhood.

When you go to school for instance, your school is not the same as the white school, and •*ipso facto* the conclusion you reach is that the education you get there cannot be the same as what the white kids get at school. The black kids normally have got •shabby uniforms if any, or no uniform at school, the white kids always have uniforms. You find for instance even the organisation of sport (these are things you notice as a kid) at white schools to be absolutely so •thorough and •indicative of good training, good upbringing. You could get in a school 15 •rugby teams. We could get from our school three rugby teams. Each of these 15 white teams has got uniforms for each particular kid who plays. We have got to share the uniforms amongst our three teams. Now this is part of the roots of •self-negation which our kids get even as they grow up. The homes are different, the streets are different, the lighting is different, so you tend to begin to feel that there is something •incomplete in your humanity, and that completeness goes with whiteness. This is carried through to adulthood when the black man has got to live and work.

Steve Biko.

Soggot: How do you see it carried through to adulthood, can you give us examples there?

Biko: From adulthood?

Soggot: Yes.

Biko: I would remember specifically one example that touched me, talking to an Indian worker in Durban who was driving a van for a dry-cleaner firm. He was describing to me his average day, how he lives, and the way he put it to me was that: I no more work in order to live, I live in order to work. And when he went on to •elaborate I could see the truth of the statement. He describes how he has to wake up at 4 o'clock, half past four in order to walk a long distance to be in time for a bus to town. He works there for a whole day, so many •calls are thrown his way by his boss, at the end of the day he has to travel the same route, arrive at home half past eight 9 o'clock, too tired to do anything but

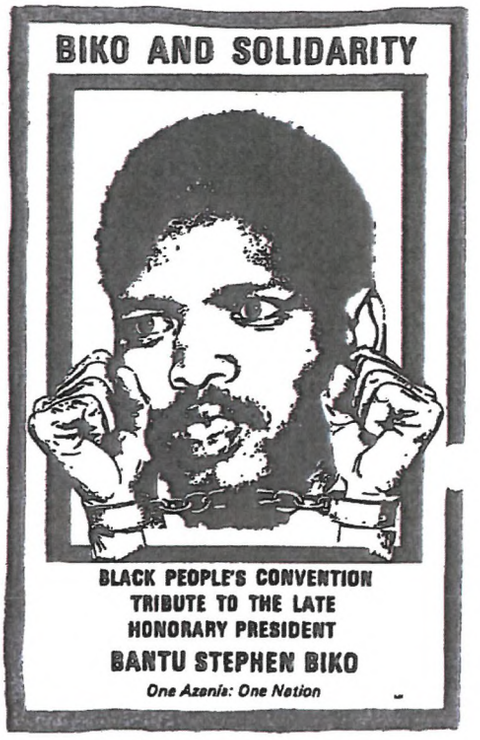
to sleep in order to be in time for work again the next day.

Soggot: To what extent would you say that this example is typical or atypical of a black worker living in an •urban area?

Biko: With I think some •variance in terms of the times and so on and the work situation, this is a pretty typical example, precisely because townships are placed long distances away from the working areas where black people work, and the transport conditions are •appalling, trains are overcrowded all the time, taxis that they use are overcrowded, the whole travelling situation is dangerous, and by the time a guy gets to work he has really been through a mill; he gets to work, there is no peace either at work, his boss sits on him to •eke out of him even the last effort in order to •boost up production. This is the common experience of the black man. When he gets back from work through the same process of travelling conditions, he can only take out his anger on his family which is the last defence that he has.

Soggot: Are there any other factors which you would name in order to suggest that – to explain why there is this sense of inferiority, as •perceived by you people?

Biko: I would speak – I think I have spoken a bit on education, but I think I must elaborate a little bit on that. As a black student again, you are •exposed to •competition with white students in fields in which you are completely •inadequate. We come from a background which is essentially •peasant and worker, we do not have any form of daily contact with a highly technological society, we are foreigners in that field. When you have got to write an essay as a black child under for instance •JMB the topics that are given there •tally very well with white experience, but you as a black student writing the same essay have got to •grapple with something which is foreign to you – not only foreign but •superior in a sense; because of the ability of



Black People's Convention Poster, paying tribute to Steve Biko.

the white culture to solve so many problems in the •sphere of medicine, various spheres, you tend to look at it as a superior culture than yours, you tend to •despise the worker cultu' and this •inculcates in the black man a sense o' self-hatred which I think is an important •determining factor in his dealings with himself and his life.

And of course to •accommodate the existing problems, the black man develops a •two-faced attitude; I can quote a typical example; I had a man working in one of our projects in the Eastern Cape on electricity, he was installing electricity, a white man with a black assistant. He

22 27
19

had to be above the ceiling and the black man was under the ceiling and they were working together pushing up wires and sending the rods in which the wires are and so on, and all the time there was ·insult, insult, insult, from the white man: push this you fool – that sort of talk, and of course this touched me; I know the white man very well, he speaks very well to me, so at tea time we invite them to tea; I ask him: why do you speak like this to this man? and he says to me in front of the guy: this is the only language he understands, he is a lazy bugger. And the black man smiled. I asked him if it was true and he says: no, I am used to him. Then I was ·sick. I thought for a moment I do not understand black society. After some two hours I came back to this guy, I said to him: do you really mean it? The man changed, he became very bitter, he was telling me how he wants to leave any moment, but what can he do? He does not have any skills he has got no ·assurance of another job, his job is to him some form of security, he has got no reserves, if he does not work today he cannot live tomorrow, he has got to work, he has got to take it. And if he has got to take it, he dare not show any form of what is called ·cheek to his boss. Now this I think ·epitomises the two-faced attitude of the black man to this whole question of existence in this country.

28 20

Steve Biko
segregate: dele op i racer
p. 36
fine: bøde
de'ranged: afsindig
forcibly: med magt
arid: gold, udtørret
resident: bosiddende
consciousness: bevidsthed
a'rithmetic: regning
de'tain: tilbageholde
uncharged: uden at blive anklaget
custody: varetægtsarrest
subversion: undergravende virksomhed
in'tent: hensigt
p. 37
re'fer: vise hen til
sub'ject to: underkaste
op'press: undertrykke
ex'ternal: ydre
alie'nation: fremmedgørelse
as'sociate: forbinde
e'quate: sætte lighedstegn mellem
ipso facto: (Latin) ifølge sagens natur

shabby: ussel
thorough: gennemtænkt og omfattende
in'dicative: betegnende
rugby: en slags fodbold
self-ne'gation: selvfornægtelse
incom'plete: ufuldstændig
e'laborate: uddybe
call: bud, besked

p. 38

urban: by-
'variance: forskel
ap'palling: skrækkelig
eke: klemme
boost: fremme
per'ceive: bemærke, se
ex'pose: udsætte
compe'tition: konkurrence
in'adequate: utilstrækkelig
peasant: bonde
JMB: joint matriculation board: folkeskolens afgangseksamen,
tally: stemme overens
grapple: tumle med
superior: højere oppe, på et andet plan
sphere: verden
de'spise: foragte
'inculcate: indarbejde
de'termining: afgørende
ac'comodate: tilpasse sig
two-faced: ambivalent, dobbelt

p. 39

'insult: fornærmelse
be sick: få kvalme, kaste op
as'surance: forsikring
cheek: frækhed
e'pitomise: sammenfatte

WRITERS' GALLERY

NADINE GORDIMER (1923)

LIFE

Early years Nadine Gordimer was born in 1923 in a small mining town in South Africa where she lived in a racially segregated society.

Writing career By her twenties her short stories regularly appeared in magazines, and a collection was published as a book in 1949. In 1951 the prestigious *New Yorker* magazine published one of her stories. However, it was not until the publication of her collection of short stories *The Soft Voice of the Serpent and Other Stories* in 1952 and the novel *The Lying Days* in 1953 that her literary reputation became established.

Anti-apartheid activist Gordimer was an ardent opponent of apartheid, the rigid racial segregation system that in South Africa favoured white people over people of other races, especially the black majority. Her militant support for change and justice is mirrored in her books, some of which were banned in South Africa for a long time.

International recognition In the 1960s and 1970s, Gordimer was visiting professor and lecturer at a number of American universities. However, she never left South Africa for very long as she wished to stay where she felt she belonged and where she believed she could help realise her vision of a more just society. Gordimer's work has received prestigious awards, most notably the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1991. She has also received honorary degrees from many universities including Yale, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge.

WORKS

Gordimer's literary output includes thirteen novels, some two hundred short stories, several volumes of essays and a large number of articles on a wide variety of subjects.

Themes In her works Gordimer focuses on the complex personal and social relationships that result from racism and segregation. She writes about ordinary people living ordinary lives in an extraordinarily brutal context. She does not work on a broad canvas. Her characters' moral choices are individual and private and have effects only on their personal lives (▷ Visual Link H12).

Three powerful novels In the middle of the 1970s Gordimer made more complex analyses of her society. This phase produced three powerful novels: *The Conservationist* (1974), *Burger's Daughter* (1979) and *July's People* (1981). *July's People* tells the story a white family that tries to escape from a future, possibly armed, revolt of blacks. They find refuge with their black servant July in his village, where the master-servant relationship is reversed by the family's growing dependence on their former employee.

None to Accompany Me Gordimer's novels of the 1990s reflect the evolution of post-apartheid South Africa. In *None to Accompany Me* (1994) the main character, the human rights lawyer Vera Stark, is a white woman seeking self-realisation. She finds it in her work but pays a high price for it, loneliness. As she becomes estranged from everyone around her, there is 'no one left to accompany her'.

Short stories The same themes that are dealt with in the novels appear in Gordimer's short stories. Her major collections include *Six Feet of the Country* (1956), *Friday's Footprint* (1960), *Not for Publication* (1965) and the more recent *Jump and Other Stories* (1991).

TASK

Prepare a brief report on Gordimer's life which includes references to her major works and her literary achievements.

26 31 23

Former South African president and civil rights advocate Nelson Mandela dedicated his life to fighting for equality—and ultimately helped topple South Africa's racist system of apartheid. His accomplishments are now celebrated each year on July 18, Nelson Mandela International Day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY POOL-THEANA CALITZ-BILT, AP

EXPLAINER

How Nelson Mandela fought apartheid—and why his work is not complete

This activist dedicated his life to dismantling racism—and went from being the world's most famous political prisoner to South Africa's first Black president.

BY ERIN BLAKEMORE

PUBLISHED JULY 17, 2020 • 8 MIN READ

Nelson Mandela was born on July 18, 1918, in what was then known as the Union of South Africa, a dominion of the British Empire. Though the majority of its inhabitants were Black, they were dominated by a white minority that controlled the land, the wealth, and the government—a discriminatory social structure that would later be codified in the country's legal system and called apartheid.

Over the next 95 years, Mandela would help topple South Africa's brutal social order. During a lifetime of resistance, imprisonment, and leadership, Nelson Mandela led South Africa out of apartheid and into an era of reconciliation and majority rule.

Early life

Mandela began his life under another name: Rolihlahla Dalibhunga Mandela. His father was a chief of the Thembu people, a subgroup of the Xhosa people, who make up South Africa's second-largest cultural group. After defying a British magistrate, Mandela's father had been stripped of his chieftainship, title, and land. On his first day in a segregated elementary school, Rolihlahla,

too, was stripped of his identity when his schoolteacher gave every child an English name—a common practice in a society in which whites "were either unable or unwilling to pronounce an African name, and considered it uncivilized to have one," he wrote in his autobiography, *Long Walk to Freedom.*

While Mandela's skin relegated him to the lowest social order in segregated South Africa, his royal blood—and connections—gave him access to the country's only university for Black people, the University of Fort Hare. There, he became an activist, and was expelled for protesting the student government's lack of power. He returned home to his small village on the eastern Cape only to find that his family wanted him to enter an arranged marriage to punish him for leaving school. So he fled north to Soweto, South Africa's largest Black city, in 1941.

Apartheid and activism

In Soweto, Mandela became a part-time law student at Wits University and began to practice law, starting the nation's first Black law firm. He joined the African National Congress, a group that agitated for the civil rights of Black South Africans. In 1948, the segregation that was already rampant in South Africa became state law when its ruling party formally adopted apartheid, or apartness. This policy required Black South Africans to carry identification with them at all times, which they needed to enter areas designated for whites. They were forced to live in all-Black zones and forbidden from entering into interracial relationships. Black people were even removed from the voter rolls and eventually fully disenfranchised.

At first, Mandela and his fellow members of the ANC used nonviolent tactics like strikes and demonstrations to protest apartheid. In 1952, Mandela helped escalate the struggle as a leader of the Defiance Campaign, which encouraged Black participants to actively violate laws. More than 8,000 people—including Mandela—were jailed for violating curfews, refusing to carry identification passes, and other offenses.

Protesters gather in front of a courthouse in Johannesburg, South Africa, during the 1956 treason trial of anti-apartheid activists, among them Nelson Mandela. The defendants were found not guilty, but some—including Mandela—were later convicted on a separate charge in 1964.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AFP VIA GETTY

The Defiance Campaign catapulted the ANC's agenda, and Mandela, into the public eye as they continued to agitate for Black rights. After serving his sentence, Mandela continued to lead protests against the government and, in 1956, he, along with 155 others, was tried for treason. He was acquitted in 1961 and lived in hiding for 17 months after the trial.

Over time, Mandela came to believe that armed resistance was the only way to end apartheid. In 1962, he briefly left the country to receive military training and gain support for the cause but was arrested and convicted soon after his return for leaving the country without a permit. Then, while he was in prison, police discovered documents related to Mandela's plan for guerrilla warfare. They charged him and his allies with sabotage.

Mandela and the other defendants in the ensuing Rivonia Trial knew they were sure to be convicted and executed. So they turned their show trial into a statement, publicizing their anti-apartheid struggle and challenging the legal system that oppressed Black South Africans. When it was Mandela's turn to speak for the defense, he delivered a four-hour-long speech.

"The lack of human dignity experienced by Africans is the direct result of the policy of white supremacy," he said. "Our struggle is a truly national one. It is a struggle of the African people, inspired by our own suffering and our own experience. It is a struggle for the right to live." Mandela was committed to the ideal of a free society, he said, and "if it needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

Prison years

Mandela wasn't put to death—but, in 1964, he was sentenced to life in prison. He was allowed only one 30-minute visit with a single person every year, and could send and receive two letters a year. Confined in austere conditions, he worked in a limestone quarry and over time, earned the respect of his captors and fellow prisoners. He was given chances to leave prison in exchange for ensuring the ANC would give up violence but refused.

Over his 27 years of imprisonment, Mandela became the world's best-known political prisoner. His words were banned in South Africa, but he was already the country's most famous man. His supporters agitated for his release and news of his imprisonment galvanized anti-apartheid activists all over the world.

In the 1960s, some members of the United Nations began to call for sanctions against South Africa—calls that grew louder in the decades that followed. Eventually, South Africa became an international pariah. In 1990, in response to international pressure and the threat of civil war, South Africa's new president, F.W. de Klerk, pledged to end apartheid and released Mandela from prison.

Nelson Mandela and wife, Winnie, raise their fists upon his release from Victor Verster prison in South Africa. Mandela was imprisoned for 27 years for his fight against apartheid. Upon his release, he negotiated an end to the racist policy and was elected president of South Africa.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLAN TANNENBAUM, THE LIFE IMAGES COLLECTION/GETTY

Apartheid did not immediately end with Mandela's release. Now 71, Mandela negotiated with de Klerk for a new constitution that would allow majority rule. Apartheid was repealed in 1991, and in 1994, the ANC, now a political party, won more than 62 percent of the popular vote in a peaceful, democratic election. Mandela—who now shares a Nobel Peace Prize with de Klerk—became the president of a new nation, South Africa.

Post-apartheid leadership

Mandela served as president for five years. Among his accomplishments was South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, designed to document human rights violations and help victims and violators come to term with their past. Though its results are contested, the commission offered the beginnings of restorative justice—a process that focuses on repair rather than retribution— to a nation still smarting from centuries of scars.

Mandela's legacy wasn't unassailable: He was considered by some analysts a largely ineffective president and was criticized for his handling of violence and the economy while in office.

After leaving office in 1999, Mandela spent the remainder of his life working to end poverty and raise awareness of HIV/AIDS. He died in 2013 at age 95.

Every year on June 18, he is remembered on Nelson Mandela International Day, a United Nations holiday that commemorates his service and sacrifice. It's a reminder that Mandela's work is not yet done—an opinion shared by Mandela himself.

"To be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others," he wrote in his autobiography. "The true test of our devotion to freedom is just beginning."

Source: How Nelson Mandela fought apartheid—ahttps://www.nationalgeographic.com/history/article/nelson-mandela-fought-apartheid-work-not-completend why his work is not complete (nationalgeographic.com)

Nelson Mandela's Inaugural Speech, Pretoria - 5/10/94

Subject: Nelson Mandela's inaugural speech - Pretoria May 10 From: ancdip@WN.APC.ORG (tim jenkin) Date: Wed, 11 May 1994 13:37:00 -0400

STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS,NELSON MANDELA, AT HIS INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA, UNION BUILDINGS, PRETORIA, MAY 10 1994

Your Majesties, Your Highnesses, Distinguished Guests, Comrades and Friends:

Today, all of us do, by our presence here, and by our celebrations in other parts of our country and the world,confer glory and hope to newborn liberty.

Out of the experience of an extraordinary human disaster that lasted too long, must be born a society of which all humanity will be proud.

Our daily deeds as ordinary South Africans must produce an actual South African reality that will reinforce humanity's belief in justice, strengthen its confidence in the nobility of the human soul and sustain all our hopes for a glorious life for all.

All this we owe both to ourselves and to the peoples of the world who are so well represented here today.

To my compatriots, I have no hesitation in saying that each one of us is as intimately attached to the soil of this beautiful country as are the famous jacaranda trees of Pretoria and the mimosa trees of the bushveld.

Each time one of us touches the soil of this land, we feel a sense of personal renewal. The national mood changes as the seasons change.

We are moved by a sense of joy and exhilaration when the grass turns green and the flowers bloom.

That spiritual and physical oneness we all share with this common homeland explains the depth of the pain we all carried in our hearts as we saw our country tear itself apart in a terrible conflict, and as we saw it spurned, outlawed and isolated by the peoples of the world, precisely because it has become the universal base of the pernicious ideology and practice of racism and racial oppression.

We, the people of South Africa, feel fulfilled that humanity has taken us back into its bosom, that we, who were outlaws not so long ago, have today been given the rare privilege to be host to the nations of the world on our own soil.

We thank all our distinguished international guests for having come to take possession with the people of our country of what is, after all, a common victory for justice, for peace, for human dignity.

We trust that you will continue to stand by us as we tackle the challenges of building peace, prosperity, non-sexism,non-racialism and democracy.

We deeply appreciate the role that the masses of our people and their political mass democratic, religious, women, youth,business, traditional and other leaders have played to bring about this conclusion. Not least among them is my Second Deputy President, the Honourable F.W. de Klerk.

We would also like to pay tribute to our security forces, in all their ranks, for the distinguished role they have played in securing our first democratic elections and the transition to democracy, from blood-thirsty forces which still refuse to see the light.

The time for the healing of the wounds has come.

The moment to bridge the chasms that divide us has come.

The time to build is upon us.

We have, at last, achieved our political emancipation. We pledge ourselves to liberate all our people from the continuing bondage of poverty, deprivation, suffering, gender and other discrimination.

We succeeded to take our last steps to freedom in conditions of relative peace. We commit ourselves to the construction of a complete, just and lasting peace.

We have triumphed in the effort to implant hope in the breasts of the millions of our people. We enter into a covenant that we shall build the society in which all South Africans, both black and

white, will be able to walk tall, without any fear in their hearts, assured of their inalienable right to human dignity - a rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world.

As a token of its commitment to the renewal of our country,the new Interim Government of National Unity will, as a matter of urgency, address the issue of amnesty for various categories of our people who are currently serving terms of imprisonment.

We dedicate this day to all the heroes and heroines in this country and the rest of the world who sacrificed in many ways and surrendered their lives so that we could be free.

Their dreams have become reality. Freedom is their reward.

We are both humbled and elevated by the honour and privilege that you, the people of South Africa, have bestowed on us, as the first President of a united, democratic, non-racial and non-sexist South Africa, to lead our country out of the valley of darkness.

We understand it still that there is no easy road to freedom.

We know it well that none of us acting alone can achieve success.

We must therefore act together as a united people, for national reconciliation, for nation building, for the birth of a new world.

Let there be justice for all.

Let there be peace for all.

Let there be work, bread, water and salt for all.

Let each know that for each the body, the mind and the soul have been freed to fulfill themselves.

Never, never and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another and suffer the indignity of being the skunk of the world.

Let freedom reign.

The sun shall never set on so glorious a human achievement!

God bless Africa!

Thank you.

The Guilt

Rayda Jacobs

PRE-READING

1 Currencies: Match the following currencies with the countries to which they belong.
NB! Some countries may have the same type of currency
Pound sterling – Rand – Rupee – Dollar – Euro – Franc – Taka
- *United States* • *Canada* • *Ireland* • *Switzerland* • *India* • *France*
- *The United Kingdom* • *Bangladesh* • *New Zealand* • *Pakistan*
- *Australia* • *South Africa*

2 Check your knowledge of the geography of South Africa.
Pair work. Maps on the CD.

3 a First match these historical episodes with the appropriate year for each episode: Task also on the CD.
1652, 1886, 1899–1902, 1912, 1950, 1960, 1990, 1994, 1995, 1999.
- The African National Congress is founded
- Enormous finds of gold are discovered in the Transvaal
- Thabo Mbeki is elected President
- Dr. H.F. Verwoerd is appointed Minister of Native Affairs, all citizens and land to be classified by race
- Nelson Mandela is released from prison on Robben Island
- 70 men from the Dutch East India Company set up staging posts near the Cape
- In Sharpeville '69 Africans are shot dead by police
- The Truth and Reconciliation Commission, chaired by Bishop Desmond Tutu, is appointed
- Britain conquers the Transvaal in the Boer War
- Nelson Mandela is elected President

3 b Now read the information on the CD and check your answers. If the text does not solve all your problems, check some of the internet addresses.

4 Listen to some quiet (South African) music for 2 or 3 minutes. Then write down as much as you can remember about South Africa. You may think of history, geography, language, skin-colour or other physical similarities, traditions or customs.
Compare your notes with those of your partner and add/delete.

38 31

Lilian Thurgood was busy picking guavas at the side of the house when she heard the growling of the Alsatians on the stoep. Just a low growl telling her that someone had stopped at the gate. Perhaps it was the postman, she thought, dropping something into her box. She looked about her for a moment. They were at the end of winter, the morning fresh with the footprints of rain. She marvelled at the brightly coloured new tips of trees, the pots of purple and pink geraniums with cellophane drops glistening on the leaves, the cluster of basil and oregano sprouting near the lemon tree. She liked the mornings, when God's breath was hot on the earth and steam rose from it in easy surrender. Then she heard the growling again. Still low, but more intense. Someone had stopped at the gate and wasn't going away. She put down the basket with the guavas, and reached for her cane.

She reached the front of the house and saw Tembi and Tor like sentinels at the gate. Fierce and powerful dogs, they had been trained by her late husband to follow specific commands. It was the man's calmness that held them back.

'Can I help you?' Lilian asked.

'I am looking for work, madam.'

'I don't have any work.'

He reached into a brown envelope and lifted out a plastic-wrapped sheet of paper. 'I am from the Transkei, madam. I have here a letter.'

Lilian Thurgood looked at him. He was young, persistent, wore dark pants and a jacket that had seen darning and letting out, but was clean. She'd seen these letters before, but took it from him anyway. As she suspected, a letter on a home-made letterhead – the paper dirty, water-stained, dog-ceared – saying William Sidlayi was collecting donations on behalf of some organization. The man was doubly prepared. If he couldn't find work, he would ask for a handout. The letter made it easier to beg.

She handed the letter back through the grille of the gate. The gate was locked, the wall round the property ten feet high.

'Wait here,' she said.

'Thank you, madam.'

Lilian left him at the gate and started to walk to the house, listening for the renewed growls of the dogs.

In the house, she looked for change in her purse. She knew it was a mistake. She should've been hardened by now. Every day people

guava navn på frugt
growl knurre, brumme
Al'satian schæferhund
stoep (*afrikaans, en udgave af hollandsk, som tales i Sydafrika*) trin
'marvel forundres
tip top
purple lilla
ge'ranium pelargonie
cluster klynge
'basil basilikum
sprout spire, vokse
su'rrender overgivelse
cane stok
'sentinel skildvagt
fierce vild, glubsk
late (husband) afdøde
spe'cific bestemt
Transkei del af Sydafrika
per'sistent vedholdende
had seen darning and letting out var blevet stoppet/ repareret og lagt ud
water-stained fugtplettet
dog-eared med»æselører«
do'nation gave, tildeling
on behalf på vegne
handout gave, almisse
beg tigge
grille gitter
foot 30,48 cm
re'new genoptage, forny
change småpenge

39 32

knocked on her door for food, old clothes, money, and work. Most days she didn't answer. They took merciless advantage, especially since the new government. There was a boldness not seen before.

She remembered the African woman who'd knocked at her door one night at nine. Lilian didn't want to go out. It was raining, a long walk to the gate, but there was the woman, with a child on her back and one at her side. Did the madam have garbage bags, she called. An unusual request, especially at that time of night. And Lilian couldn't see well in the dark. What if there was a second person waiting behind the wall with a knife or a gun? The papers were full of stories of people getting killed in their own gardens and houses, and she'd heard of husband-and-wife crime waves.

She went to the gate. There was no one but the woman and her children, but it irked her that she should be afraid in her own home, that they thought it all right to knock on your door any time of the day or night. Was it racist if you were afraid and didn't want to open your door to strangers? But, of course, she knew what it was. It was making good on the guilt, the guilt they were accused of having. As benefactors of the old regime, whites were shot through with guilt. And where there was guilt there was opportunity. Like the woman who saw her sit on the stoep the other day and begged Lilian to buy four geranium plants for two rand. Her garden was overcrowded with flowers, but the woman insisted. If the madam would buy eight plants for four rand, she would even plant them. Lilian had felt sorry for the woman and opened the gate. The woman threw herself to the ground with her grocery bags in which she kept the plants individually wrapped in wet newspaper, and asked for water so she could wet the ground. Lilian went round the side of the house for the hose and when she returned, there was the woman with thirty plants in the soil. How she'd managed to plant so many in a few minutes, Lilian didn't know. 'Please madam,' the woman begged, 'it's almost five o'clock. I karn go home with these last few plants. Madam won' regret it, madam will see. I'll even give madam a special price, twelve rand.' Lilian gave the woman the twelve rand.

Then there was the man who'd rung persistently at her gate, and when Lilian came out, he asked for money for the bus as he didn't know how he was going to get home. When Lilian told him she had no money, he asked for clothes, and when she said she had none, he asked for food. But not brown bread, he added. Could he please have a tin of fish.

Lilian's thoughts returned to the young man waiting at the gate, and she fished around in her purse for loose change. There was

merciless nådesløs
boldness dristighed, frækhed, frimodighed
re'quest anmodning
irk irritere
make good drage fordel af
accuse anklage
'benefactors velgører, *her:* dem der har nydt godt af
opportunity mulighed
rand sydafrikansk møntfod
'grocery bag indkøbspose
hose haveslange
karn = can't
per'sistently vedholdende

40 33

only a five-rand coin and twenty-three cents. Five rand was a lot of money for a pensioner to give away, but she couldn't give him twenty-three cents. What could a grown man do with twenty-three cents? He couldn't even buy a cigarette. She was suddenly angry. Angry that she should be standing there examining her conscience. That she should feel guilt for his circumstances, and shame for the forged letter in his hand, for having to beg, for raising these emotions in her. She was a pensioner. What money did she have? If her husband had been alive, he would've ordered the man off the grounds.

Lilian went outside and found him still at the gate trying to be friendly to the dogs. She gave him the five-rand coin. He took the money, then vigorously nodded his head.

'I can't take this five rand.'

'What do you mean?' Lilian asked, not understanding him.

'I can't just take madam's five rand. Let me do some work for it. I see madam has many leaves from the trees on the grass. I can clean it up for madam. I want to work for it.'

'It's all right. Take it. It's a donation, isn't it?'

'Yes, madam, but it's five rand. I can clean madam's garden.'

'It's quite all right. Please.'

'No, madam, I insist. Look over there, look at all those leaves.'

Lilian looked at the carpet of leaves covering half of the garden. She didn't have the stamina to argue. 'All right,' she said, knowing herself to be foolish to open the gate.

William stepped in, and the dogs moved forward, pink tongues idling in readiness. Lilian made a signal and they relaxed.

'Your name is William?' She remembered the name on the letter.

'Yes, madam.'

'William, just those leaves over there.'

'Does madam think I'm a *skelm*? That I want money for nothing? Those leaves are not even two rand.'

'Well, just do five rand's worth, then. Really, you don't have to do anything. I gave you the money. Just those leaves over there. I've got to go out in a few minutes.'

'Don't worry, madam. I'll be finished now, now.'

Lilian remained at the gate and watched him remove his coat as if he was going to tackle the whole garden. She knew he knew that she wasn't going anywhere, that opening the gate was more a show of trust than a display of fearlessness.

The rake was under the guava tree and she watched him fetch it and sweep up the fruit, sorting the good ones from the pile. He would take them, he said, if she had no use for them. She said it

'pensioner pensionist
e'xamine efterprøve, undersøge
'conscience samvittighed
'circumstance forhold
forge forfalske
raise *her:* fremkalde
emotion følelse
'vigorous energisk
'stamina udholdenhed
'argue diskutere
tongues idling in readiness tunger, som hang slappe klar til angreb
skelm *(afrikaans)* snyder, skælm
tackle tage fat på
show of trust bevis på tillid
dis'play of fearlessness eksempel på frygtløshed
rake rive
pile stabel

was all right and watched him collect curled fig leaves and other debris, and stuff them into the bin.

'That's enough, William. Thank you. I really appreciate it.'

'No, madam.'

'Really, it's all right. You've done enough.'

curl krølle
fig figen
'debris affald
a'ppreciate værdsætte
frantic afsindig
e'ffrontery frækhed
chill kulde

Prediction: What is going to happen?
• *he completes his task conscientiously* • *he rapes her* • *he robs her* • *she phones the police* • *she kills him* • *she steals the donation* • *or?*

The telephone rang and Lilian excused herself. The dogs followed her into the house. She wouldn't lock the door behind her, she told herself. She trusted him. She would show him that she did. She wouldn't make him feel like a criminal. Black people knew that white people were afraid of them. She would show by her actions that she wasn't one of them. But what if she was wrong? What if he came in after her into the house? The old revolver was in a box at the back of the wardrobe, she wouldn't even know what to do with it.

Lilian reached the phone, but the caller had hung up. She became aware of her pulse. Racing. Frantic. She stood for a minute to calm down. The dogs growled. She turned. William was at the door.

'Madam?' he said nervously.

'Yes?'

'I've worked one hour, madam. That's ten rand.'

The effrontery shocked her, but lasted only seconds. Lilian did something with her hand, and the dogs rose. 'I'll ask my husband for the money,' she said.

'There's no husband, madam,' he said in a calm voice. 'Madam lives alone. Why's madam so afraid? I'm not a thief. Madam will give me the money?'

Lilian's purse was on the mantelpiece and she reached for it. In front of him she took out a ten-rand note. The tone of his voice had changed, and somewhere deep inside her, she felt a terrible chill. She was painfully aware that the only thing between her safety and his will, was the dogs.

'I only have this ten-rand note. You can give me back the five rand I gave you.'

'Madam wants change? I thought the five rand was a donation. Madam owes me ten rand for the work I did.'

Lillian looked at him. The smile on his face told her that he thought her a stupid old woman. That she had no choice. Still, she

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could not get herself to give him the money. 'Leave my house, please,' she said.

'The ten rand, madam.'

'Now, or I'll call the police.'

He came forward.

'Sa!' Lilian commanded the dogs.

The bitches leapt – Tembi at William's wrist, Tor at his collar – and knocked him to the floor. William screamed at the top of his lungs as the dogs ripped at his clothes and nipped with their sharp teeth at his hands and arms.

Lilian looked at him squirming under the canines. The Alsatians had their snapping mouths dangerously close to his face, slopping saliva all over him. They would terrorize, but not draw blood, not until the other command. Lilian had never had to try that out on them yet. She didn't know what the dogs might do if she gave the last signal.

'Please, madam, please!' William shouted. 'I'll leave!'

Lilian left him struggling under the dogs and went to her bedroom. In the wardrobe, she found the little brown box behind Jock's army paraphernalia, and drew out the revolver wrapped in a piece of green felt. It was heavy, smooth, and she stroked it with her fingers, strangely calmed, aware of the screams in the front room. She couldn't remember whether Jock had said it was the revolver or a pistol that had a safety, and couldn't remember how to check if the chamber was loaded, there were no bullets in the box. Gripping her hand tightly about the weapon, she limped out. There was a tremendous surge of something pumping through her veins. She wasn't Lilian Thurgood. She was a woman possessed of only one thought: to come out of the situation alive. In that moment she understood that it took very little to pull a trigger, and that the distance between rational thought and insanity was no distance at all.

'The law says I can shoot if you trespass on my property,' she pointed the gun down at him.

William's eyes danced around in his head like cherries in a slot machine. His jacket was in shreds, the front of his shirt and face wet with snot and dog spit.

'Please, Madam,' he begged, 'don't shoot!'

She tightened her finger on the trigger.

'It would be good for some old woman who's afraid to sleep with her windows open, to read what I've done.'

'No, Madam!!'

bitch tæve, (hunhund)
nip nappe
squirm vride sig
'canine hund
slop spilde
sa'liva spyt
parapher'nalia udstyr, tilbehør
stroke stryge, kærtegne
safety sikring
chamber kammer
limp humpe
surge bølge, brus
po'ssessed besat
rational fornuftsmæssig
in'sanity vanvid
'trespass trænge ind på
'property ejendom
in shreds i laser
trigger aftrækker

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Lilian Thurgood loomed over him. She couldn't separate fear from insanity, her trigger finger acting independently of her thoughts. For a few seconds she felt trapped in a vacuum and couldn't move. The moment passed and she stared down at the gun trembling in her hand. She snapped a command, and the dogs took their paws off his chest.

'Get up, and put the five rand I gave you on the table,' she said.

William struggled up on his feet. He felt his jacket, but there was no pocket left.

'It's in your pants,' Lilian said.

He slipped his hand into his trousers and took out a handful of silver.

'Just what is mine. Put it on the table.'

William did as he was told.

'Now walk backwards out the door so I don't have to shoot you in the back.'

With the dogs nipping at his knees, William reversed gingerly out the door, tiptoeing backwards down the stone path to the gate. Lilian had the gun pointed at him the whole time, her eyes never leaving his face.

'I'm going to report you to the police, William. I'm going to give them your description and tell them about the scar under your left ear, about the letter you walk around with, about your evil little scheme to get yourself on someone's premises. I'm going to report you not because I think they're going to catch you, but because I'm going to shoot you if you come here again.'

Lilian unlocked the gate and watched him edge nervously out. William was wide-eyed, still expecting her to pull the trigger. Without a backward glance, he ran down to the main road where he turned the corner and vanished from sight.

Lilian Thurgood stood very still. Her heart was racing, but the pain in her leg had disappeared. She was stunned. She couldn't believe what had just happened. A flash of madness. That was the only way she could describe it. She couldn't believe that it had happened to her, an old woman minding her own business. In sixty-six years, she and Jock had experienced nothing like this. Her hand shook and she put her left hand over her right to still the trembling. She wouldn't think about it. She couldn't. It would finish her to dwell on what might've happened without the dogs or the gun. What might've happened if she'd been forced to pull the trigger.

She took a deep breath, then went inside, forgetting all about the basket of guavas sitting under the tree. She didn't immediately put

loom tårne sig op, stå/rejse sig truende
inde'pendently uafhængigt, afskåret fra
trap fange (i fælde)
'vacuum tomrum
tremble ryste, sitre
snap smælde ud
re'verse gå baglæns
gingerly forsigtigt
scar ar
evil ond
scheme (lumsk) plan
'premise område, ejendom
vanish forsvinde
stunned som lammet
flash glimt
dwell tænke længe over

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away the gun, and didn't rush to the medicine chest for one of her pills. She made a cup of okra tea and sat down at the kitchen table listening to the laughter and shouting of the children in the schoolyard across the road. The voices were reassuring. It told her that there was life outside the ten-foot walls, that there was hope.

At three that afternoon, Margaret and Ruth and Ethel May came over to play bridge and commented on the high colour in her cheeks. Lilian said she'd been raking up the leaves. That night in bed, the gun in its new place under the pillow where Jock's head used to be, she cried softly into her hands.

2001

chest kasse
okra plante af katost-familien, anvendes bl.a. medicinsk

WHILE-READING

1 When does the story take place?
Substantiate your answers by referring to the text pp.125–127.

2 Take turns to ask and answer the following questions:

a How would you characterize the atmosphere in the first paragraph?
Substantiate your choice of word(s) by referring to the text.

b Which specific commands do you think the dogs have been trained to follow?

c What do the locked gate and the 10 feet high wall tell you about the situation in the country?

d What is Lilian Thurgood's reaction to William Sidlayi when she first sees him?

e What do the three episodes Lilian Thurgood remembers tell us about:
• *herself* • *the people who come to her gate?*

f Which episode do you think made the greatest impression on Mrs Thurgood and why?

g Why does she feel angry when she is looking for change for William Sidlayi?

h Why does she let William Sidlayi into the garden?

i Why does she lie to him?

j Why doesn't she lock the door behind her?

k How would you describe William Sidlayi's behaviour once he has entered the house?

l How does Mrs Thurgood react?

m "She wasn't Lilian Thurgood." (p.129 l.28) Explain.

n How does he react to her behaviour?
Refer to specific words in the text.

o Why is she going to report him?

p How would she explain her own behaviour?

q How does she feel once he has left?

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3 a Look at the following quotations from the text to get an impression of how the main character feels:

- They [the blacks] took merciless advantage, especially since the new government. There was a boldness not seen before.
- It irked her that she should be afraid in her own home.
- Was it racist if you were afraid and didn't want to open your door to strangers?
- It was making good of the guilt, the guilt they [the whites] were accused of having.
- Angry … that she should feel guilt for his circumstances.
- Black people knew that white people were afraid of them. She would show by her actions that she wasn't one of them.

b Try to sum up what the main character feels and how she feels about having these emotions.

c Is she alone with these feelings or does she represent a wider group?

4 Emotions. Vocabulary. Task on the CD.

5 Write a character description of Mrs Thurgood based on the information you get on pp.125–127 including relevant adjectives from the two previous tasks. You may also consider:

a whether she, as a white person, is in any way responsible for the development in South Africa

b whether she feels: • *guilty* • *responsible* • *blameworthy*

6 AT HOME: Consider the following and look up any unfamiliar words in a dictionary.

She/he is guilty/not guilty/ of:

• *manslaughter* • *attempted rape* • *theft* • *trespassing* • *prejudice* • *apartheid* • *racism* • *blackmail* • *terrorism* • *vandalism*

You may find some of the following words and phrases useful:

• *I agree/disagree* • *I find/don't find* • *serious* • *illegal* • *commit a crime* • *violence* • *offence* • *against the law* • *break the law* • *suspect* • *question* • *charge* • *plead not guilty* • *defend* • *freedom* • *rights* • *rehabilitate* • *justice*

IN CLASS: Reach agreement in your groups on the guilt of the two characters.

7 Has Lillian Thurgod developed through the story?

8 Is the name Lilian Thurgood in any way symbolic? Explain!

9 What is the theme of the story?

Rayda Jacobs

was born in the late 40s. She returned to South Africa in 1995 after an absence of twenty-seven years. Her first book, *The Middle Children* (1994), is a collection of short stories about South Africans of mixed race. She is also the author of the novels *Eyes of the Sky* and *The Slave Book*. Rayda Jacobs is a full-time writer and lives in Cape Town.

POST-READING tasks 1–3 on the CD

Presentation, summary and vocabulary.

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Trevor Noah's Lesson To Young Readers: It's Freeing To Define Yourself On Your Own Terms

10:56 June 04, 2019

Jeremy Hobson

Comedian and "Daily Show" host Trevor Noah has adapted his 2016 memoir "Born A Crime" for young readers. "I didn't try to talk down to younger readers because I didn't like being talked down to when I was young," he tells Here & Now's Jeremy Hobson. (Dia Dipasupil/Getty Images)

Trevor Noah thinks we should all be young readers.

The comedian and "Daily Show" host's new book "It's Trevor Noah: Born a Crime: Stories from a South African Childhood" — a young adult adaptation of his 2016 autobiography — isn't watered down for younger bookworms.

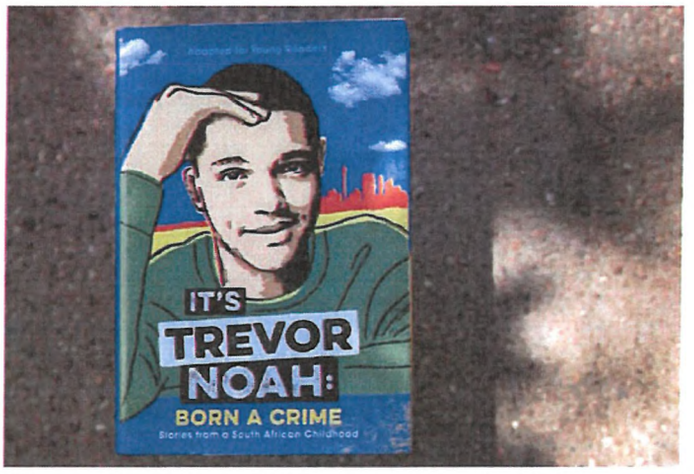
Noah says besides tweaking some of the language and simplifying some of the stories told in the original, his memoir for young adults is largely the same.

"All I changed in the book was just how I described certain concepts, but I didn't try to talk down to younger readers because I didn't like being talked down to when I was young," he tells *Here & Now*'s Jeremy Hobson.

Noah's young adult book aims to provide American kids with an intimate view of what it was like growing up in apartheid South Africa — and to present a deeply personal perspective of how racism shaped the way he saw himself.

He says he hopes American kids reading the book will understand that racism is "an all-too-common idea or a common theme that happens all around the world."

"I think sometimes it's nice to have perspective on these issues, just so that you understand that it's not a unique problem that one country deals with, but rather an idea that society as a whole deals with across borders," Noah says.



"It's Trevor Noah: Born a Crime: Stories from a South African Childhood," by Trevor Noah. (Robin Lubbock/WBUR)

His childhood during and after apartheid South Africa shows how as a kid, Noah was grappling with coming to terms with who he was and who he wanted to become. Born to a black South African mother and a white European father, Noah says he felt defined by the government — "it was interesting being in a country where the law defined me as one race" — and by how others labeled him.

Noah says his book serves as a lesson to young readers: There's liberation in defining who you are on your own terms.

"For so long people wanted to define me as whatever they wanted to define me as. I think that clarity for me came from understanding my existence and then looking at the world around me," he says.

Interview Highlights

On why he thinks American kids should know about apartheid

"One thing I enjoyed when I was growing up in South Africa was in our schools, we learned about world history, so we learned about American history. We learned about French history. We learned about what happened in Russia. We learned about Europe. We learned about Africa. We learned about South Africa. And so for me, I think learning about history gives you some context. It gives you an idea of what the world was like. It also gives you an idea of where the world has gone to in comparison to the past. And so for me, if you read stories from South Africa, if you read about apartheid, you come to realize that racism or oppression aren't unique ideas to America."

On racism in America today

"I think it's unfortunately part of the fabric of the country. South Africa and America have very similar histories in that fundamentally, the beginnings of the countries as we know them, came from a place and a time when people had certain views about people of a different skin color. And so that has traveled through time and that has translated into laws and policies that have affected black people in America [and] black people in South Africa. So for me, what's always interesting is seeing what similarities there are, but then also noticing what differences there are.

"For me, the big difference in the past, you know, we have the Truth and Reconciliation Commission and that's, in many ways, quelled any ideas that [apartheid] never happened or it wasn't as bad as it was laid out to be or was presented as. I think that does something for a nation. It puts you in a place where you can't be gaslighted at anymore, whereas in America, it does feel like this conversation about is there racism, as opposed to how do you begin moving forward as a nation to get rid of the racism that has in many ways defined how people react with one another across racial barriers in the U.S."

On whether racism in the U.S. has gotten worse over time

"I think some people will think it's gotten worse and I'm careful to jump to that assumption. I think we've gotten more access to information and so, you know, sometimes the curves of facts versus information can go against each other. I definitely think America has gotten better over time. For anybody to say that 2019's racism is as bad as 1960's racism, I think it is being a little disingenuous.

"I do think however, social media, camera phones, etc., have given us so much more access to these stories. Now you can watch a video of someone being berated by their boss and their bosses using the N-word in the office. You'd see an unarmed person being shot by a police officer. You would never see that before. It was a story where the police could present the facts however they wished and that would probably be the end of the conversation. So I think we live in a world where now we're getting information on a different scale and processing that information can often mean that even though the world may have gotten better gradually over time, we're now inundated with information that tells us otherwise."

On finding clarity on who he is

"I think as human beings we're always trying to find out who we are. I think sometimes the simplest distinctions to make of those that run along color lines because they fundamentally set you with the group and then you can go from there.

"It was just me understanding where I belonged and who I was, because in South Africa many people were faced with a choice. They could choose to aspire to a racial group that we were told was better than maybe the one we were. I think it was liberating for myself to realize that although the government had tried to define me as one race, I comfortably identified with and was a black person. It seems like an obvious thing maybe, but when you grow up in South Africa, you realize how complicated it could actually be."

On where he is now, personally and professionally, given his upbringing

"I like to think that I am the product of a world of impossibilities. You know, my mother is where she should have never been. I think my mother made greater leaps than I have ever made. It's just that her leaps were made within her world and so maybe don't seem as grand. But I think my family, myself, my country, we come from a place where we have achieved the impossible — a bloodless revolution, a shifting of power from a minority to a majority without there being a mass bloodletting — I think is a really impossible story to tell [and] one that hasn't really been replicated anywhere else. I've come from a world where anything is possible and so for myself, I never ever thought I'd be here because I didn't even know what here is. But I was lucky enough to grow up in a space where I was always told about what was possible. There's a beautiful quote that I read the other day which was, 'Would you rather know what is real or would you rather know what is possible?' And I think for me the latter informed how I lived my life."

On his responsibility to inform people through his Comedy Central late-night talk show, "The Daily Show"

"I think I have a responsibility to my audience as much as I have a responsibility to myself. And that's really how I try and create 'The Daily Show' is I try and be as informed as possible as a human being. And then the show would hopefully be a manifestation of that information.

"Also I live in a world where I'm lucky that I'm surrounded by so many individuals who are smarter than myself and so many individuals who push me to think beyond just what I know. When creating 'The Daily Show,' it's that. We're creating, what do we enjoy? We're creating a show that we want to talk about. It's not like in the office we're having conversations that aren't about what's on the air. We talk about politics. We talk about Trump. We talk about what's in the news. We talk about Brexit. We also talk about pop culture. We're talking about Nicki Minaj and then we'll talk about, you know, boxing fights and the NBA Finals. And for me, 'The Daily Show' should represent that. It should represent a conversation that people are having and hopefully we find an audience that shares all or some of those interests with us.

"And so for me, the obligation I have to my audience is to provide a show to them that I think is interesting, and for me, the news is interesting. Politics is interesting and it also has a lot of fodder to make comedy from. So it's the perfect space for us to be in."

Book Excerpt: 'Born A Crime' (Adapted For Young Readers)

by Trevor Noah

I grew up in South Africa during apartheid, which was awkward because I was raised in a mixed family, with me being the mixed one in the family. My mother, Patricia Nombuyiselo Noah, is black. My father, Robert, is white. Swiss German, to be precise. During apartheid, one of the worst crimes you could commit was having sexual relations with a person of another race. Needless to say, my parents committed that crime.

In any society built on institutionalized racism, race mixing doesn't merely challenge the system as unjust, it reveals the system as unsustainable and incoherent. Race mixing proves that races can mix— and in a lot of cases, *want* to mix. Because a mixed person embodies that rebuke to the logic of the system, race mixing becomes a crime worse than treason.

There were mixed kids in South Africa nine months after the first Dutch boats hit the beach in Table Bay. Just like in America, the colonists here had their way with the native women, as colonists so often do. Unlike in America, where anyone with one drop of black blood automatically became black, in South Africa mixed people came to be classified as their own separate group, neither black nor white but what we call "colored." Colored people, black people, white people, and Indian people were forced to register their race with the government. Based on those classifications, millions of people were uprooted and relocated. Indian areas were segregated from colored areas, which were segregated from black areas—all of them segregated from white areas and separated from one another by buffer zones of empty land. Laws were passed prohibiting sex between Europeans and natives, laws that were later amended to prohibit sex between whites and all nonwhites.

The government went to insane lengths to try to enforce these new laws. The penalty for breaking them was five years in prison. If an interracial couple got caught, God help them. The police would kick down the door, drag the couple out, beat them, and arrest them. At least, that's what they did to the black person.

If you ask my mother whether she ever considered the ramifications of having a mixed child under apartheid, she will say no. She had a level of fearlessness that you have to possess to take on

something like she did. If you stop to consider the ramifications, you'll never do anything. Still, it was a crazy, reckless thing to do. A million things had to go right for us to slip through the cracks the way we did for as long as we did.

Under apartheid, if you were a black man you worked on a farm or in a factory or in a mine. If you were a black woman, you worked in a factory or as a maid. Those were pretty much your only options. My mother didn't want to work in a factory. She was a horrible cook and never would have stood for some white lady telling her what to do all day. So, true to her nature, she found an option that was not among the ones presented to her: she took a secretarial course, a typing class. At the time, a black woman learning how to type was like a blind person learning how to drive. It's an admirable effort, but you're unlikely to ever be called upon to execute the task. By law, white-collar jobs and skilled-labor jobs were reserved for whites. Black people didn't work in offices. My mom, however, was a rebel, and, fortunately for her, her rebellion came along at the right moment.

In the early 1980s, the South African government began making minor reforms in an attempt to quell international protest over the atrocities and human rights abuses of apartheid. Among those reforms was the token hiring of black workers in low-level white-collar jobs. Like typists. Through an employment agency my mom got a job as a secretary at ICI, a multinational pharmaceutical company in Braamfontein, a suburb of Johannesburg.

When my mom started working, she still lived with my grandmother in Soweto, the township where the government had relocated my family decades before. But my mother was unhappy at home, and when she was twenty-two she ran away to live in downtown Johannesburg. There was only one problem: it was illegal for black people to live there.

The ultimate goal of apartheid was to make South Africa a white country, with every black person stripped of his or her citizenship and relocated to live in the homelands, the Bantustans, semisovereign black territories that were in reality puppet states of the government in Pretoria. But this so-called white country could not function without black labor to produce its wealth, which meant black people had to be allowed to live near white areas in townships, government-planned ghettos built to house black workers, like Soweto. The township was where you lived, but your status as a laborer was the only thing that permitted you to stay there. If your papers were revoked for any reason, you could be deported back to the homelands.

To leave the township for work in the city, or for any other reason, you had to carry a pass with your ID number; otherwise you could be arrested. There was also a curfew: after a certain hour, blacks had to be back home in the township or risk arrest. My mother didn't care. She was determined to never go home again. So she stayed in town, hiding and sleeping in public restrooms

until she learned the rules of navigating the city from the other black women who had contrived to live there.

Many of these women were Xhosa. They spoke my mother's language and showed her how to survive. They taught her how to dress up in a pair of maid's overalls to move around the city without being questioned. They also introduced her to white men who were willing to rent out flats in town. A lot of these men were foreigners, Germans and Portuguese who didn't care about the law. Thanks to her job my mom had money to pay rent. She met a German fellow through one of her friends, and he agreed to let her a flat in his name. She moved in and bought a bunch of maid's overalls to wear. She was caught and arrested many times, for not having her ID on the way home from work, for being in a white area after hours. The penalty for violating the pass laws was thirty days in jail or a fine of fifty rand, nearly half her monthly salary. She would scrape together the money, pay the fine, and go right back about her business.

My mom's secret flat was in a neighborhood called Hillbrow. She lived in number 203. Down the corridor was a tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed Swiss German expat named Robert. He lived in 206. As a former trading colony, South Africa has always had a large expatriate community. People find their way here. Tons of Germans. Lots of Dutch. Hillbrow at the time was the Greenwich Village of South Africa. It was a thriving scene, cosmopolitan and liberal. There were galleries and underground theaters where artists and performers dared to speak up and criticize the government in front of integrated crowds. There were restaurants and nightclubs, a lot of them foreign-owned, that served a mixed clientele, black people who hated the status quo and white people who simply thought it ridiculous. These people would have secret get-togethers, too, usually in someone's flat or in empty basements that had been converted into clubs. Integration by its nature was a political act, but the get-togethers themselves weren't political at all. People would meet up and hang out, have parties.

My mom threw herself into that scene. She was always out at some club, some party, dancing, meeting people. She was a regular at the Hillbrow Tower, one of the tallest buildings in Africa at that time. It had a nightclub with a rotating dance floor on the top floor. It was an exhilarating time but still dangerous. Sometimes the restaurants and clubs would get shut down, sometimes not. Sometimes the performers and patrons would get arrested, sometimes not. It was a roll of the dice. My mother never knew whom to trust, who might turn her in to the police. Neighbors would report on one another.

Living alone in the city, not being trusted and not being able to trust, my mother started spending more and more time in the company of someone with whom she felt safe: the tall Swiss man down the corridor in 206. He was forty-six. She was twenty-four. He was quiet and reserved; she was wild

and free. She would stop by his flat to chat; they'd go to underground get-togethers, go dancing at the nightclub with the rotating dance floor. Something clicked.

The fact that this man was prevented by law from having a family with my mother was part of the attraction. She wanted a child, not a man stepping in to run her life. For my father's part, I know that for a long time he kept saying no to fathering a child. Eventually he said yes.

Nine months after that yes, on February 20, 1984, my mother checked into Hillbrow Hospital for a scheduled C-section delivery. Estranged from her family, pregnant by a man she could not be seen with in public, she was alone. The doctors took her up to the delivery room, cut open her belly, and reached in and pulled out a half-white, half-black child who violated any number of laws, statutes, and regulations—I was born a crime.

Julia Corcoran produced this interview and edited it for broadcast with Kathleen McKenna. Serena McMahon adapted it for the web.

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Source, visited 16.12.2019: https://www.wbur.org/hereandnow/2019/06/04/trevor-noah-young-adult-born-a-crime