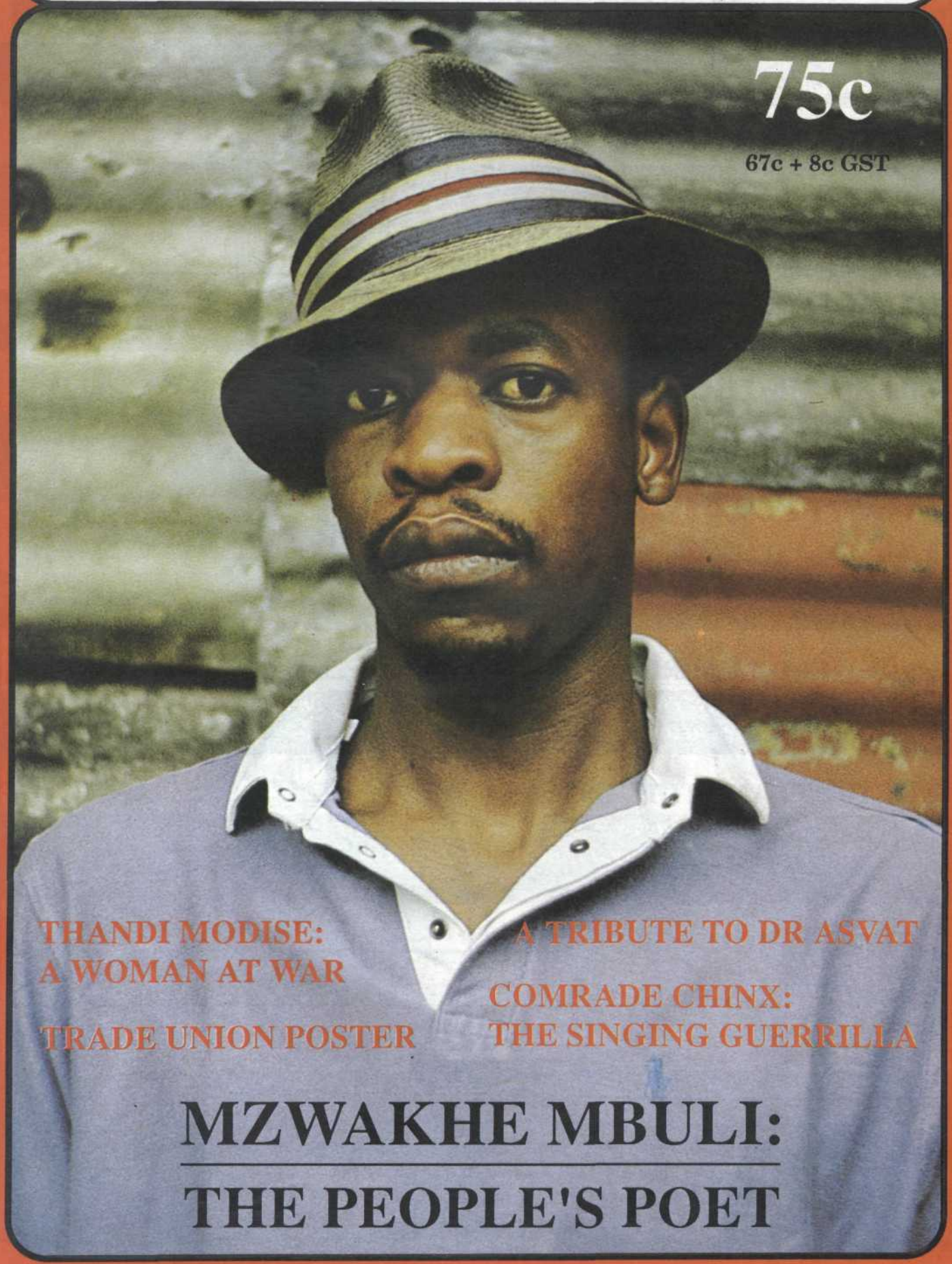
Learn and Teach

February/March 1989



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THANDI MODISE:
A WOMAN AT WAR

A TRIBUTE TO DR ASVAT

TRADE UNION POSTER

COMRADE CHINX:
THE SINGING GUERRILLA

MZWAKHE MBULI:
THE PEOPLE'S POET

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upfront...


HUNGER STRIKERS
FREEDOM OR DEATH!
I won't be intimidated, no sir!
A FEW DAYS LATER...
Release them for the good of our country!
Some of them have been in jail for more than three years without trial!
Gulp! They may be right! What will the world think if one of them dies in detention.
CHURCH LEADERS
LAWYERS
A. VLOK
Okay, you are free to go!
It's a great victory!!! We salute your courage, Comrades!
So what's the difference? Inside jail or outside, I can still handle them!
The strike may be over, but our hunger for freedom remains!
EMERGENCY REGULATIONS
RESTRICTIONS
M. Methuni/'85

AFRAPIX

Mzwakhe Mbuli performing at the UDF's 4th birthday in August, 1987

THE PEOPLE'S POET

A tall thin man comes onto the stage. Shy. He moves his big eyes from one corner to the other. He raises his hands and begins to speak. His voice is like the sound of thunder and lightning. His long hands fly like birds in the storm. His words are power and beauty.

Maybe you have heard him performing his poetry at a funeral. Or maybe at a worker's cultural day. Or at a union meeting. When the people's poet stands up to speak, everybody gets up with him. And they sing: "Re tsamaya le Mzwakhe! Re tsamaya le Mzwakhe! -We are marching with Mzwakhe!"

With each poem, Mzwakhe Mbuli calls the people to travel with him through his world. When Mzwakhe talks of anger, the audience is angry too. When he speaks of happiness, the whole audience smiles. At the end of each poem, the people are hungry for more.

Mzwakhe's poems come from the street and from the dust. "My poetry is a gift of God. No-one taught me to be a poet. I became a poet by chance."

But it was no accident that this poet of the people was elected to serve on the cultural desk of the UDF as Media Officer.

And it is not by chance that he is the National Vice-President of COSAW (Congress of South African Writers).

He is a man of true commitment — a poet whose words speak for a people and their struggle.

DREAMS OF YOUTH

Mzwakhe was born in Sophiatown, 30 years ago. His family was moved to Soweto when he was a baby. "We had hard times when we were young. We had no money. My mother was a domestic worker. Her wages were very low.

"My father was a driver. He was also a traditional singer who loved music. He used to take me to the hostels where he sang. I loved to watch him sing with the other groups and traditional dancers. At home, he sang the songs we heard on the radio. Sometimes, he asked me to sing along with him."

Mzwakhe's father knew his son was special. "My father said I must become great. He always said that he wanted me to end up in England. His wish told of the future. My albums are going all over the world. And I may perform in Europe and Canada soon," says the tall poet.

Ever since he can remember, Mzwakhe dreamed of being a musician like his father. He liked meeting other youngsters who shared his love for music and song.

In 1977, while still at school, he joined forces with two friends, Sipho Nkosi and Menzi Ndhlovu. "We formed a group called the New World Quartet. But we weren't really a quartet — there were 10 of us!"

But Mzwakhe and his young friends were not only interested in music. They also had a love for acting on the stage. He remembers the first show they did — it was a traditional play called 'The Wizard'.

A THIRST FOR CULTURE

The young Mzwakhe was thirsty for culture. He enjoyed playing different

Mzwakhe perfoming with his band at the launch of the Workers' Library at Wits University in November last year

people on the stage. Everybody loved his deep voice and clever acting.
In 1979, Mzwakhe joined a cultural group called Khuvhangano. This group put on plays and performed poetry. "Before a performance, the poets used to go on stage first to warm the audience," says Mzwakhe.

There were two poets in the group. One of them was Themba Dlamini. He was a comrade. The police were always after him. In the end, he could not stand it any more, and he left the country.

The other poet, Reggie Nikiwe, also left the group around this time. Mzwakhe says: "After the poets left, there was a hole in the group.

"We suffered from that loss. We decided that everyone in the group must try and write poetry. We wanted to experiment. In any language — it didn't matter. Then it really started!"

THE POET IS BORN

Mzwakhe began to write poems. He wrote two poems called 'I am Ignorant' and 'What a Mess', a protest against the homelands. Soon afterwards, a respected community leader in Soweto died. His name was Reverend Castro Mayathula.

At the night vigil, Mzwakhe was there. The night was long. The young comrades sitting around the coffin sang to keep up their spirits. But they were tired. Then Mzwakhe stood up. He stretched out his long arms. And he delivered his poems in his deep, musical voice.

The 'young lions' listened in silence. When Mzwakhe was finished, they shouted and clapped. They loved their tall comrade's verses. Mzwakhe was surprised. He did not know his poems were so powerful. He says: "For me, I was just trying it out, just to keep the ball rolling."

The next day there was a big funeral service for Rev Castro at Regina Mundi. "They were all there," Mzwakhe remembers. "Chikane, Tutu and many others. I walked into the hall. People who were at the night vigil saw me. They asked me: 'Mzwakhe, give us those poems you gave us last night.'

"I didn't have stage fright, but I was not sure of myself. I had done plays before — but this was poetry!"

Mzwakhe took a deep breath and went for it. When he was finished, the people shouted and clapped more loudly than the night before.

It was a day that changed Mzwakhe's life. "From then on, people would come to listen to me, just for the sake of those two poems," he says. "It was a challenge for me to write more, to create further."

BULLETS AND TEARGAS

Mzwakhe carried on with his poetry, moving from one part of the country to another. He took his poems to the people, wherever they wanted him.

He tells his story: "A funeral starts, people are teargassed, shot. And I am there when these things happen. And at the next funeral, the next week, more people are killed. I was there, so I had to go again, as the invitation was already there, in the bullets and the teargas."

He is a man who has never been afraid to speak out against injustice.

All the hunger, detentions and teargas have not made Mzwakhe weak and bitter. Like his people, the more he suffers, the stronger he becomes. He will never be defeated.

"I am more committed than ever, ever before...
I am more courageous than ever, ever before...
Yes, I am more creative than ever, ever before..." ●

AFRAPIX

"My poems come from the street and the dust"

NEW WORDS

deliver a poem — say a poem

experiment — try out new things

stage fright — when you are afraid of standing up and acting or singing in front of lots of people

activist — someone who works for a political organisation

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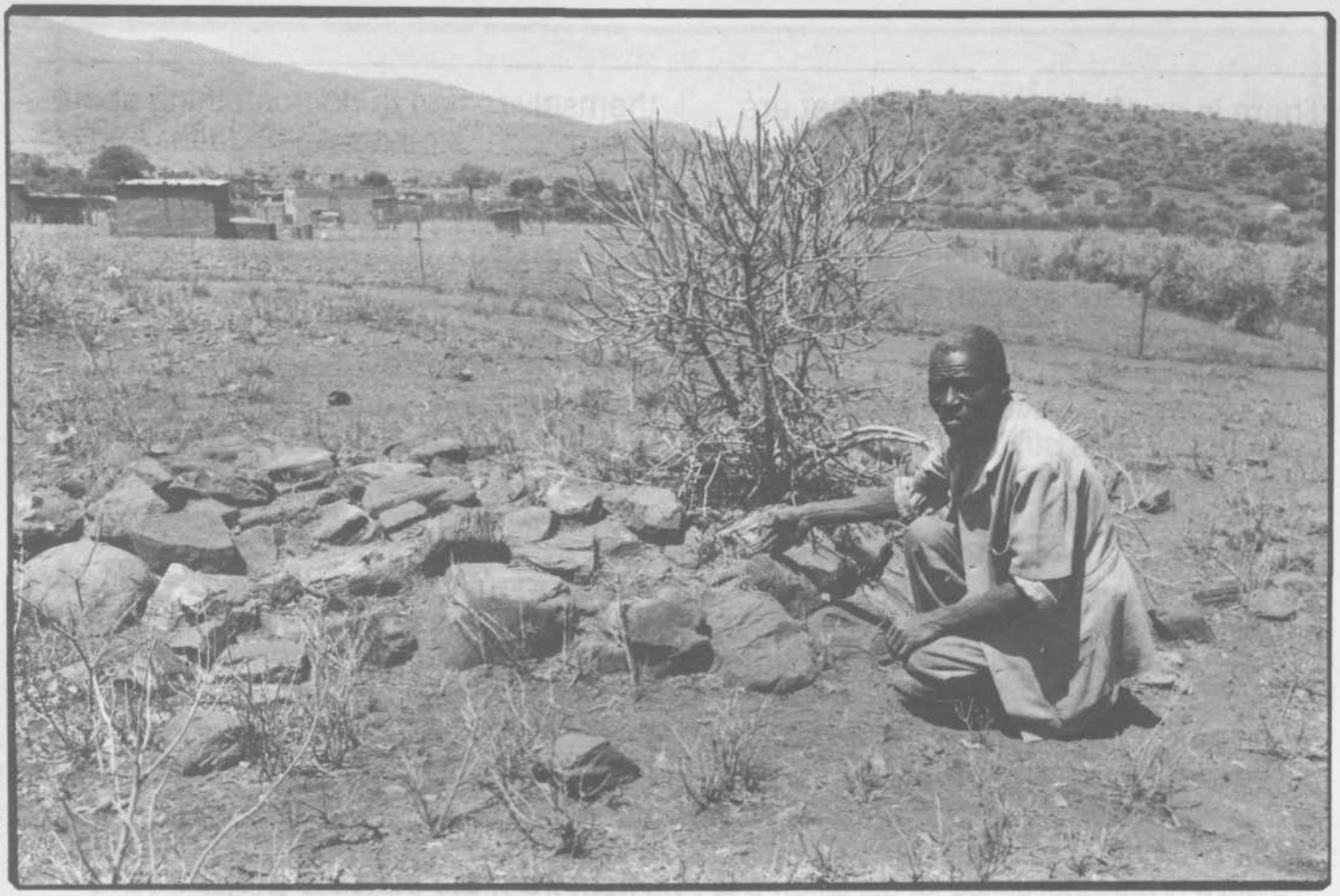


An old asbestos miner, Ntate Frank Mochabe, at the grave of an old friend who died from a disease caused by asbestos

AN EXAMPLE TO US ALL!

The hills around the villages of Mafefe in the northern Transvaal look like lions, sleeping under the hot African sun. Their backs are long and brown, with long 'manes' of small trees and bushes running down the sides.

But the hills are like animals in another way too — if you look closely at some of the rocks, you will see hair on them! The people of the village have a name for this 'hair'. They call it Lentsweboya.

Lentsweboya is shiny and tightly packed — and it is buried deep in the hills of Mafefe. Lentsweboya has been used by people for at least 100 years. We know it as asbestos.

It is used to make many things — like heaters, car brakes and ceilings.

Asbestos changed the lives of the people in Mafefe. For many years companies mined asbestos in the area. At first, the people of Mafefe thought it was a good thing. The mines gave many of them work. At that time, the people did not know that they were paying a terrible price for their jobs.

GASPING FOR BREATH

Asbestos dust causes diseases of the lungs — like scarring and cancer. This dust does not harm you immediately. It can take as long as 20 years, sometimes even 30.

There is no cure for diseases that are caused from asbestos dust.

In Mafefe, the problem was worse for the people who worked in the asbestos mines. They breathed in the deadly dust every day.

The companies have now gone — but asbestos dust is still in the air and the water of Mafefe. The people breathe it in every day of their lives.

Asbestos has killed hundreds of people in the area. Nobody really knows how many — but the graveyard is full of people who had to gasp for their every breath before dying a slow, painful death.

THE DUST OF HISTORY

Bauba Thobejane is one of the community leaders. He is an old man now, and he remembers the days when the mining companies were there. Bauba lifts his hand to his grey beard, and tells the story.

"The asbestos waste that the companies could not sell was dumped in the valleys. This is where the people live. These asbestos dumps were left open and uncovered. The companies also dropped the asbestos dust on the roads to make the surface smooth. The people used it to plaster and to make bricks for their houses."

Bauba does not smile as he remembers how the companies came, made money and then left — without worrying too much about what they had done to the health and well-being of a poor, rural community. For a long time, the government did nothing about it.

The people of Mafefe were left only with the knowledge that they themselves had to do something about improving their lives and health. And that's exactly what they did!

EDUCATING THE PEOPLE

It all began when a young, fresh-faced medical student by the name of Marianne Felix visited Mafefe five years ago. At that time she was interested in the diseases caused by asbestos.

It turned out to be a long visit — the community took her by the hand and didn't let her go. Together they started a project to educate the people about the dangers of asbestos — and to learn about the damage that has been done.

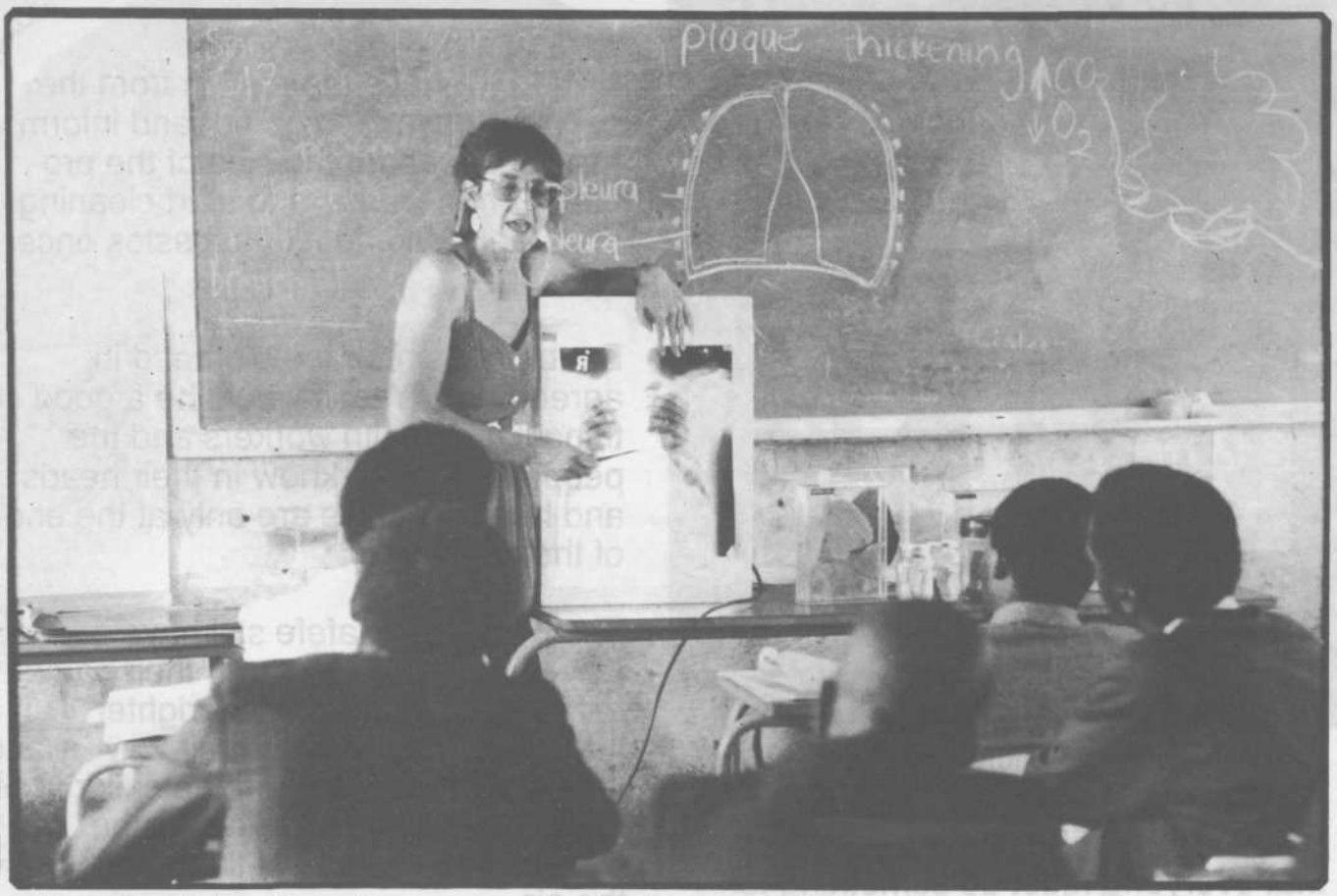
Right from the start the project was run in a democratic way. It is controlled by the community and has the support of all the people in the village. Perhaps that is why all the hard work is already beginning to bear fruit.

The first goal — educating the community — has almost been reached. There are not many people in Mafefe who do not know about the dangers of asbestos and the harm it can do.

THE SECOND GOAL

"All the people who work on the project come from the community," says Dr Felix. "We think they are the best people to do the job because they can explain to the other people in the community what we are doing. They can explain in a way the people will understand."

The people of Mafefe have now pushed ahead with the second goal. This means action. Matime Mabiletja, who has



Dr Felix talking about the dangers of asbestos at a workshop for schoolteachers in Mafefe

worked on the project from the start, has been measuring how much asbestos is in the air.

In July last year, a team of 25 'people's educators' from Mafefe went to Johannesburg. They made the long trip south to learn how to test people for lung diseases — and how to help their community understand what the tests mean.

The team has done a survey to find out how many people have got an asbestos disease. The survey will help the project workers to plan how to help those people who will suffer in the future.

HEALTH WORKERS AT WORK

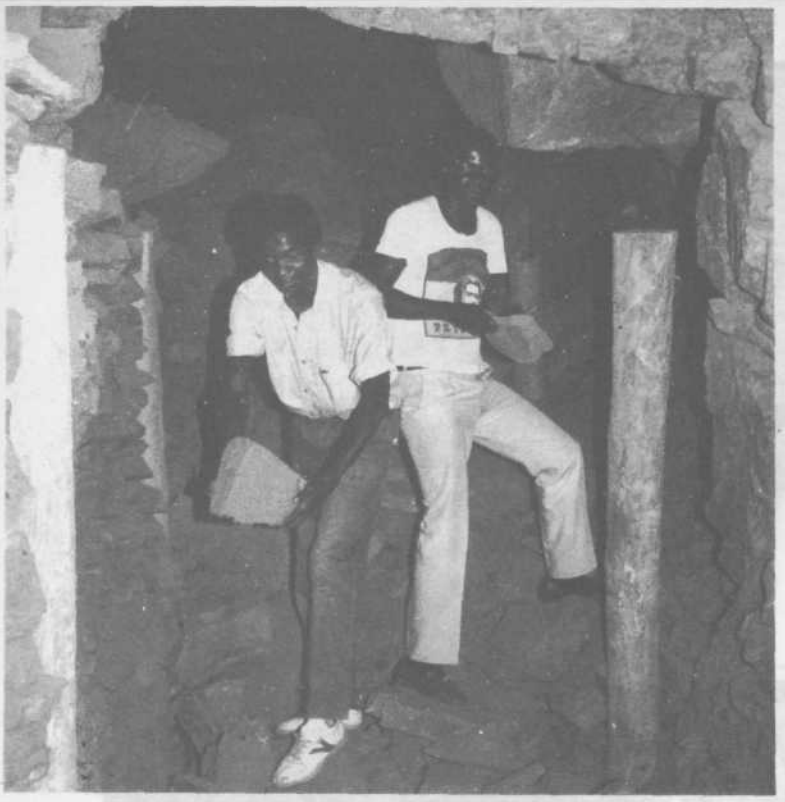
In Mafefe, Learn and Teach saw the health workers at work. Some of them were interviewing people, while others were taking X-rays and testing blood in a big caravan.

Nearby, in a cool, dark room, there was the sound of people having their lungs tested — ka ntle..ka gare..ka ntle..ka gare (breathe in..breathe out..breathe in..breathe out).

Thomas Nkoabela and Erasmus Rathaga worked together helping people to breathe into one of the machines. This machine is called a Vitalograph. It tests if people's lungs are working properly.

"This project is important to our community," says Thomas. "Since we were born we never thought there would be a thing like this in our village. It will be good if it continues — if it grows into something that can help our community and others too."

Samuel Maatshehla is another health worker. His job is to explain the project to the Mafefe residents, and to bring them for tests. "I feel very confident and happy, because to be trained for the project means a lot to me. I learned



Health workers, Clifford Mokone and Silas Matjokotja, showing Learn and Teach the inside of an old asbestos mine

that everyone must do something for their own people."

Samuel's friend, Johannes Thobejane, is also proud of the work that they are doing in Mafefe: "My aim is to stay with the project till it ends — till I go out on pension. We can carry on by helping everyone who is suffering. We as a team can search out other diseases. There are still more people suffering in Mafefe."

Johannes and the other health workers would like to see a hospital built in Mafefe one day. "Many of Mafefe's people die on the way to hospital, because it is so far away."

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Dr Felix is happy with the progress of the project — and she is deeply thankful for the way the community has taken her in and made her part of the 'family'. But she knows her 'visit' to Mafefe is still not over. There is still much to do.

"When we have the results from the survey, we have to go out and inform the people about the size of the problem. Then we have to start cleaning up Mafefe and rid it of asbestos once and for all."

Bauba nods his wise old head in agreement. "Yes, it would be a good thing if the health workers and the people of Mafefe know in their heads and hearts that we are only at the end of the beginning."

The people of Mafefe still have a long way to go before they win their battle for a healthier life and a brighter future. But they are on their way — and the time will come when the children of the village will be able to breathe without worrying about the poison in the air.

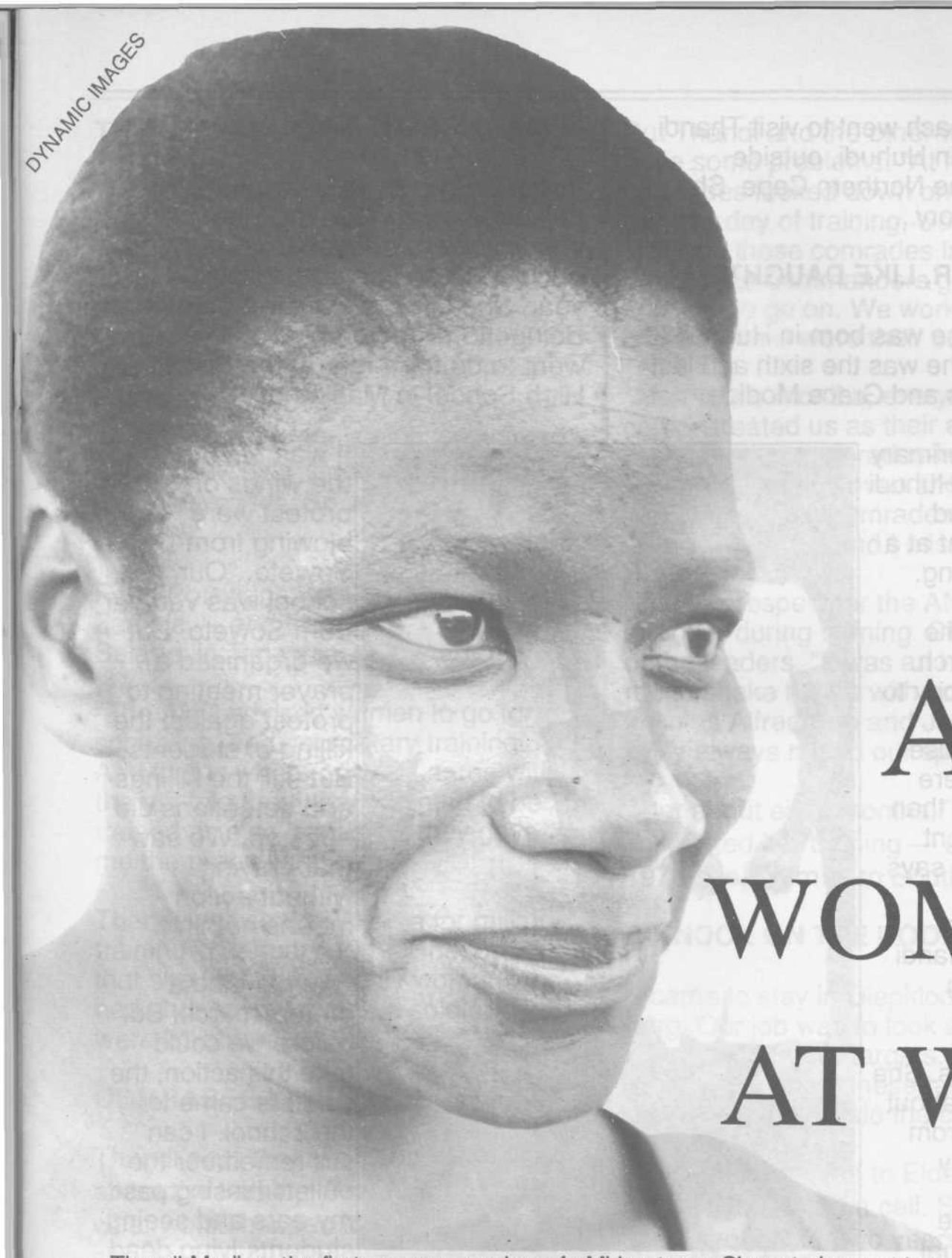
We at Learn and Teach salute you all. You have shown what can be done when a community comes together and works together. You found yourself in a bad situation — and you did not despair. You came out fighting, with courage and hope. You are an example to us all! ●

The villagers of Mafefe have taken the porcupine as their symbol. Like this animal, the people are soft on the inside, but beware if you threaten them!

NEW WORDS

a project — when a person or a group of people work on something

a survey — when you do a survey, you ask many people for information about something



A WOMAN AT WAR

Thandi Modise, the first woman member of uMkhonto we Sizwe to be sent to prison. She was released in November last year, after serving an eight year sentence

Special people are born on Christmas Day — like Thandi Modise. She has carried the cross for her people. She has suffered so that they may be free.

In 1980 Thandi was jailed for eight years for being a soldier in the ANC's army, uMkhonto we Sizwe. She was the first woman member of MK to be caught and sent to prison.

She was released in November last year. And she has come back as strong as ever. All the troubles and hardships she has been through have put steel in her bones.

Learn and Teach went to visit Thandi at her home in Huhudi, outside Vryburg, in the Northern Cape. She told us her story...

LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

Thandi Modise was born in Huhudi 30 years ago. She was the sixth and last child of Frans and Grace Modise.

She got her primary education in Huhudi and completed standard eight at a school in Taung. Both schools belonged to the Catholic Church. "We were happy to attend these schools because our results were always better than the government schools," she says.

Thandi's daughters, Boingotlo and Mandisa

Right from the beginning, Thandi had a burning hatred for the government's apartheid laws. She learned a lot about the struggle from her father. "My father was a member of the African National Congress. This cost him his job as a train driver. He now earns his living from shoemaking."

Thandi proudly points to the shoes she is wearing and tells us that her father made them. He gave the shoes to her as a homecoming present when she came out of prison.

LIVING LIKE AN OWL

In 1975 Thandi got pregnant and had to leave school. But knowing the importance of education, she decided to go back the following year. She left her young daughter, Boingotlo, with her mother — and went to do form four at the Barolong High School in Mafikeng.

It was 1976 and the winds of protest were blowing from Soweto. "Our school was very far from Soweto. But we organised a prayer meeting to protest against the killing of students. But still the killings and detentions did not stop. We saw that praying without action means nothing.

"We planned a protest march. But before we could take this action, the soldiers came to the school. I can still remember the bullets hissing past my ears and seeing students lying dead and wounded on the ground."

Then they started looking for the 'ringleaders'. And Thandi's name was on the list. "I lived like an owl. I slept during the day, and went out in the evening. We heard stories of students skipping the country. People advised me to do the same."

THE GREEN LIGHT

"It was late in the evening when we walked over the border to Botswana. There were ten of us — four girls and six boys.

"In Botswana, members of the ANC and PAC came to speak to us. They explained their policies and told us to choose which organisation we wanted to join. The ANC's policy met almost all of our demands. So we all went to the ANC."

From Botswana, she made her way to Zambia — and from there to Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania.

"The ANC advised women to go for schooling, and not military training. And that is where I did not agree with them. I told them that I wanted to be trained as a soldier. Later they gave me the green light."

Thandi was sent to Angola for military training in January 1977. She found that she was not the only woman who had chosen to become a soldier. There were 21 others.

COMRADES-IN-ARMS

Thandi says that she was a bit fearful about the training. She worried about what would happen to her body. Would she get big muscles and large shoulders?

Just by looking at Thandi today, we can see that this did not happen. "Training did not change our bodies. We did not get funny muscles and we could still be women. We carried on doing womanly things, like braiding our hair and caring for ourselves."

But Thandi and the other women did have some problems. "At first our male comrades looked down on us. After our first day of training, we were very sick and these comrades laughed at us. But our commanders gave us courage to go on. We worked hard to prove that we were their equals.

"After a few months, everyone in the camps treated us as their equals. They called us their comrades-in-arms. Some of us could even shoot better than some male comrades. I loved my life as a guerrilla and I miss it."

Thandi's respect for the ANC grew stronger during training. She met some of the leaders. "It was an honour for me to shake hands with comrades such as Alfred Nzo and Joe Modise. They always raised our spirits."

After about eight months, Thandi completed her training — and early in 1978 she returned to South Africa.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

"I came to stay in Diepkloof, Johannesburg. Our job was to look around Johannesburg for targets. We sent information about these targets to our commanders outside the country."

Thandi then moved to Eldorado Park where she formed a cell. She worked 'underground' for two years. Then, on the afternoon of 31 October 1979, she heard the knock on the door. It was the security police. They took her to John Vorster Square. She was five months pregnant.

"The police knew much about me. Yet only two people in Maputo knew about my activities. So I was sold out by one of them.

"My labour pains started during questioning. When they saw what was happening, they took me back to my cell. The uniformed police drove me to the hospital and I gave birth two hours later. I named my second daughter Mandisa."

Thandi and her baby were separated after six days. They did not allow her to breastfeed. "Even if they had allowed me to breastfeed her for two days, it would have meant a lot to me."

The prison authorities and social workers wanted Thandi to give her baby up for adoption. But she refused. Mandisa was sent to Thandi's mother in Huhudi.

Thandi was charged in court with her two comrades, Slim Mogale and Moses Nkosi. In November 1980, Thandi was sentenced to eight years. Mogale was given a five year suspended sentence. Nkosi was sentenced to five years imprisonment. But he skipped the country while he was out on bail waiting to appeal.

THE STRUGGLE...IN PRISON

Thandi's fight did not stop after she was sentenced. "Our first struggle was to make the prison authorities see us as people — and not as things. We were not happy with the food and clothing — and so we went on a number of hunger strikes."

Thandi believes that, in many ways, women political prisoners have a harder time than male prisoners. "For example, on Robben Island there is a television for comrades, but we had nothing."

She says that sometimes it is not easy for women to get permission to study.

Ma Grace Modise, Thandi's loving mother

"I had to wait for 18 months. I only got permission after I wrote a letter to my lawyer, Priscilla Jana, asking her to challenge these people."

But getting permission did not mean the end of Thandi's problems. "I sometimes got letters from Unisa telling me that I did not send library books back. When I asked the authorities why they did not send the books, they said they had forgotten."

But all these problems did not stop Thandi from completing her studies. She got her Bachelor of Commerce (B. Com.) degree from Unisa.

ONLY ONE STOP SIGN!

But for Thandi, the hardest thing about prison was being away from her children. "I thought about my poor kids who did not know their mother. But with the help of comrades such as Dorothy Nyembe and Ntombi Shope, I fought against thinking about my family."

But it was not easy — especially when her mother and daughters came to visit her in prison. "Once Mandisa came to see me with stones in her pocket. She took them out when she saw me through the glass. She wanted to break the window to set me free."

But even the pain of seeing her children through the glass did not weaken Thandi. She was offered the chance to go home if she signed a form saying she no longer supported violence. She refused. "We told them we were not violent, but it was Botha's government that was violent."

But that was not the only offer that Thandi got. "One day some people asked me to join the National Party. I asked them how could I join the NP because I was black, and also a 'terrorist' in their eyes. They promised to free me if I agreed. I told them they were mad."

There was still more to come: "Six months before I was released, the SB's came. They wanted to know what I was planning to do outside. They asked me if I was still going to fight the government. My answer was simple. I told them the people's freedom is the only stop sign in the road that I can respect." ●

NEW WORDS

policies —rules and guidelines that an organisation follows

targets — places or people to attack

activities —actions

prison authorities — the people in charge of the jail

Thandi is welcomed home from prison by her two sisters, Naledi and Agatha

DYNAMIC IMAGES

SOWETAN

A tribute to DR ABU-BAKER ASVAT

A great man is dead. Murdered. Shot dead in cold blood.

His name was Dr Abu-Baker Asvat — and his death has left a great pain and sadness in the hearts of all who knew him.

It is not often that you find somebody who believes that his people come first, above everything. Above politics. Above money. Above himself, even. Dr Asvat was one such person. He gave his whole life to the care of his people — the sick, the disabled, the homeless, the squatters, and the poor.

Dr Asvat — known as Abu to his friends — was a true doctor. Often, he gave medical treatment to his patients for free. Sometimes, he dug deep into his own pockets to help poor people with food and accommodation. Always, he gave his time — at all hours of the night and day.

"A TRAGIC LOSS"

Dr Asvat was murdered by an unknown gunman on 27 January this year. He was killed while working at his surgery in Rockville, Soweto.

Immediately, messages of grief started to pour in.

The National Medical and Dental Association (Namda) wrote: "His assassination is a tragic loss to all the people of South Africa."

The Health Workers' Association (HWA) said: "South Africa has lost a true son of the soil. But through his death, a new commitment will be born among all health workers."

At a memorial service in Soweto, the President of COSATU, Elijah Barayi said: "Dr Asvat's memory will live on in the minds of the people. Dr Asvat cared for our families and our children. Acts of violence like his murder will not destroy our wish to be free."

But even sadder were the words of the doctor's patients. One patient said: "Dr Asvat could not hurt a fly. He was like a father to the hundreds of people he served."

Another old pensioner added: "The killers thought they were killing the doctor, but they did not know that they were really killing a people that is already down on its knees. His death has left us dead too."

WITH LOVE AND CARE

Dr Asvat's long-time friend and nurse, Ma Albertina Sisulu, also wept. But she could not talk about her grief — she is a banned person and newspapers cannot report her words.

For many years, Ma Sisulu and Dr Asvat worked together nursing the sick and the needy and giving comfort to the poor. Some people thought this was a strange friendship because Dr Asvat and Ma Sisulu belonged to different political organisations.

Dr Asvat was a member of the Azanian People's Organisation (AZAPO). Albertina Sisulu is one of the presidents of the United Democratic Front (UDF). But their different political beliefs did not matter to them. For them, the most important thing was to serve the community in the way they knew best — with generous love and care.

Ma Sisulu was at the clinic when the doctor was murdered. She was the first person to rush to his side after the shooting.

It was not the first attack on the doctor's life. Two years ago, two knifemen tried to kill him. The doctor fought off his attackers and he was cut on the mouth.

A few months later, he was attacked again, this time by a right-wing gunman. Luckily, the doctor was able to stop him.

Afterwards, Dr Asvat said: "It was the closest I have come to looking at death in the face. But it will not stop me from serving the community."

A FAMILY MAN

Serving the community is something that Dr Asvat had been doing for a long time. After he got his degree in medicine in Pakistan, he came back home to Vrededorp where he worked as a doctor. When the government destroyed Vrededorp fifteen years ago, he moved his clinic to Rockville.

In 1979, he joined AZAPO. He became the Secretary of Health for this organisation. He was also a

SOWETAN

Dr Asvat giving comfort to a woman after the police demolished her house in Vlakfontein

founder member of the Health Workers Association (HWA).

But Dr Asvat was not only interested in health matters. He was the chairperson of the People's Education Committee in Lenasia. He was also president of the Crescents Cricket Club and vice-president of the Cricket Association of the Transvaal.

With so much to do, Dr Asvat still found time to be a family man. He was married and had three children. As Namda wrote: "Abu was a family man committed to his community and people, a man who gave his life for the poor and the have-nots of this land."

Dr Asvat's good work was rewarded when the Indicator newspaper chose him as the winner of their Human Rights Award in 1988. The Star newspaper nominated him for 'The Star of the Community' award in 1988.

UNITED IN GRIEF

Dr Abu-Baker Asvat was laid to rest at Avalon cemetery, under a bridge between Lenasia and Soweto.

Six thousand people from all corners of the country and all walks of life came to pay their respects.

Together, Muslims and non-Muslims, nuns and priests, nurses and doctors, blacks and whites, AZAPO and UDF members, COSATU and NACTU officials, bowed their heads in tribute to this great man. They were united in grief and sorrow.

Even in death, Dr Asvat brought people together. He was a bridge-builder — and the finest tribute we can pay him would be to build on the foundations that he so bravely and lovingly laid. ●

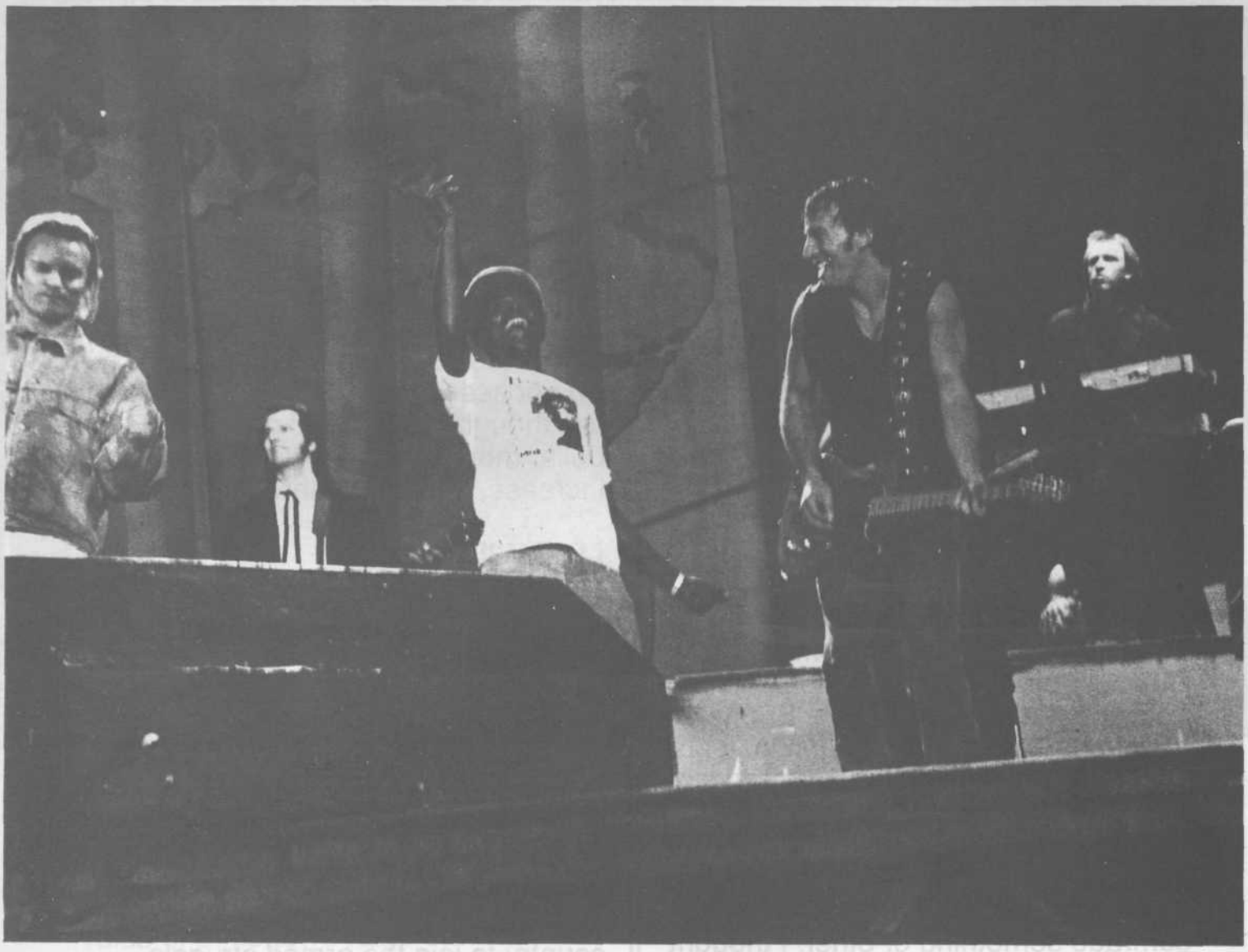
NEW WORDS

grief— sadness or sorrow

commitment — a person with commitment believes strongly in something and works hard for it

generous — a generous person is somebody who gives a lot

a founder member — one of the first members to start an organisation



AFRAPIX

Comrade Chinx on stage with Sting and Bruce Springsteen at the 'Human Rights Now' concert in Harare in October last year

THE SINGING GUERRILLA

Tracy Chapman, Sting, Bruce Springsteen....These are big names in the music world. Those lucky people who saw them at the 'Human Rights Now' concert in Harare last year are still clicking their fingers and tapping their feet.

But it was not only the 'big names' that thrilled the music lovers. The people of Zimbabwe were proud to have one of their own stars on the stage. His name is Comrade Chinx.

Together with his group Ilanga, Comrade Chinx sang about his people's long, hard struggle for freedom — and about his dream for peace and unity in Zimbabwe.

SONGS OF LIBERATION

It is a struggle that Comrade Chinx knows well. For five years, from 1975 to 1979, Comrade Chinx was a freedom fighter in Robert Mugabe's liberation army, ZANLA. Together with comrades in Joshua Nkomo's

Comrade Chinx has put his gun aside — now he is blasting out a message of peace and unity

"In my free time, I used to sing for the other guerrillas in the camps. I used to listen to Chimurenga music — (liberation music) —played on the Voice of Zimbabwe radio station. This gave me the strength to write my own songs of freedom."

BARRELS OF PEACE

When Comrade Chinx wasn't singing, he was sent back into Zimbabwe to meet with the people. It was dangerous work. "My job was to organise meetings with the people and the guerrillas. These meetings were called 'pungwes' — meetings held at night."

Later, when he was back in Mozambique, he formed a choir in the camps. "We called ourselves the Barrels of Peace. I also began to write my own Shona songs. Soon my music was played on the Voice of Zimbabwe."

In 1980, the struggle for freedom was no longer a dream — Zimbabwe got its freedom and black majority rule. Comrade Chinx and his comrades went home to celebrate.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP

But after independence, there were still problems. One of the biggest problems was that many white people left the country.

The new president of Zimbabwe, Robert Mugabe, wanted the people of his country to be united. He wanted white people to stay in the country and not to fear majority rule.

Comrade Chinx joined Mugabe in putting out the hand of friendship. "Those who were our enemies before independence were now our friends," says Comrade Chinx. "I put that message in a song and it was played all over the country."

ZIPRA army, they fought against Ian Smith's Rhodesian government.

It was in the ZANLA camps that Comrade Chinx started to sing. He warmed the hearts of his comrades with his songs of liberation.

After the people's victory in April 1979, Comrade Chinx put down his gun — but not his guitar. Since then, the sweet sounds of Comrade Chinx and his band Ilanga have spread to the far corners of this big country. So it was no surprise to people in Zimbabwe that he was invited to sing at the concert.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Learn and Teach asked Comrade Chinx to tell us how a freedom fighter became a famous musician. But before he told us, we had one question. Is Comrade Chinx his real name?

"No," he says with a smile. "My real name is Richard Chingaira. But in the war everyone called themselves comrade something or other. I thought about my surname — Chingaira. I decided to make it short and called myself Chinx.

"And anyway, I like being called comrade — it is better than 'Sir' or 'Mister'. So that is how I became Comrade Chinx."

DREAMS OF YOUTH

Comrade Chinx was born 34 years ago in a town called Rusape in eastern Zimbabwe. When he was a boy, his dream was to become a doctor and he studied hard. In Form Three, he won a scholarship to study overseas. His dream was going to come true!

But when Comrade Chinx applied for a passport, Smith's government refused to give him one.

It was hard to find a job in Rusape, so, in 1973, Comrade Chinx went to look for work in Harare. "I found work as a machine operator," he says.

"The work was very hard and I was paid seven dollars a week. We asked the bosses to give us more money. The bosses promised us an increase. We thought they would give us one dollar more but when we got our increase, it was only three cents!"

LIKE WILD FIRE

By 1975, the struggle for freedom was spreading like wild fire all over Zimbabwe. Many people left the country to train as guerrillas.

Comrade Chinx decided it was time to leave Harare and his stinking job and go back to his family in Rusape. When he got home, he learnt that his brother and two cousins had already left the country to join the armed struggle.

"There were hundreds of guerrillas from our area," he says. "In early 1976, I crossed the border into Mozambique to join the other comrades."

"GIVE ME ANY GUN..."

"In Mozambique we were given military and political training. We were trained in everything. We were good fighters. You can give me any gun and I'll show you how to use it."

In the training camps, Comrade Chinx found that he was good at more than just fighting. He found that he could sing and that his singing made people happy.

Soon Comrade Chinx and the Barrels of Peace were known all over the country.

'ILANGA' IS BORN

After the war, Comrade Chinx worked for the Zimbabwe Broadcasting Corporation. But music was still in his blood. He still wanted to sing. So, when he was not at work, he used to sing with his group.

In 1983, some people from a recording company heard Comrade Chinx and his friends. They liked their music. "But they also told me that they wanted something with musical instruments," he says.

Three years later, in 1986, a new group — Ilanga — was born. With Ilanga's funky music, Comrade Chinx and his messages of peace became very popular.

THE BEST MOMENT

But the best moment was still to come for Comrade Chinx — that was playing with Ilanga at the 'Human Rights Now' concert last year. His message of peace and unity was heard all over the world.

A victory salute to the people of Zimbabwe

"When I stood in front of that huge crowd and sang my songs, I knew that anything is possible if you aim for it," he says.

Learn and Teach asked Comrade Chinx if he wanted to give a special message to the people. "Sure," he says, "if you discover a talent, please water it!"

Anything else?

Comrade Chinx gave a big smile, shrugged his shoulders and said: "Nix!" ●

NEW WORDS

unity — when everyone joins together

aim for something — when you aim for something, you decide what you want and you work hard to get it

a talent — something you are good at

Spare a thought for.....

THE LOVED ONES WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND

Ma Caroline Motsoaledi, wife of Rivonia trialist Elias Motsoaledi

Everybody remembers the leaders of the people who have been behind bars for many years now - like Mandela, Sisulu, Kathrada, Mlangeni, Motsoaledi, Mhlaba, Mkwayi and Masemola.... The government doesn't let us publish their photographs. We can't tell you what they have to say. But their names live on in our memories: we know how they have suffered, and we will never forget the price they have paid.

But how many of us have spared a thought for their families? The wives, lovers and children of the men who have spent so long in the prisons of apartheid? When the police vans came for our leaders, what happened to the loved ones they left behind?

"WHO WILL LOOK AFTER THIS CHILD?"

Koikoi Motsoaledi lives with his mother Caroline in Mzimhlope, Soweto. He is 25 years old now, but he was only five months old and living on his mother's milk when the police came to the house to arrest his father, Elias.

Soon after the arrest of Elias, the police also came to detain his mother. "Who will look after this child?" cried Caroline. The police looked at the tiny

baby, and saw that they had a problem. But in the South Africa of apartheid all problems have a solution - whether you like it or not. The police drove to the home of Koikoi's grandmother, and made her come to Soweto to look after him.

Mme Caroline Motsoaledi spent 162 days in detention in a prison cell with black walls. She had no books, and she couldn't exercise. She marked the days on the walls by scraping off the black paint. The police wanted her to give evidence at the Rivonia trial against her husband, Elias. She refused. When the trial ended, she heard the magic words: "You can go now."

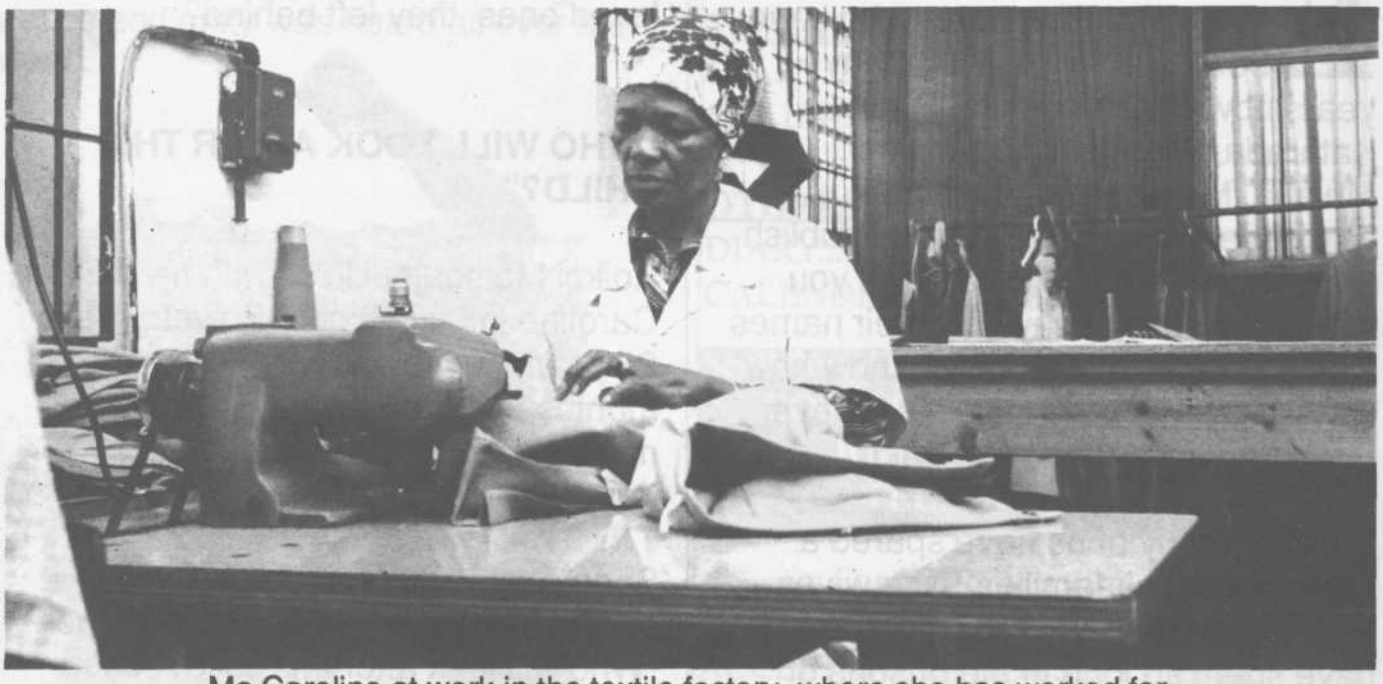
"How?" she asked. "I can't walk, and I don't know where I am." She made the police take her home in a van. "You have to be tough with these people," says Mme Caroline. "Otherwise they think they can play games with you."

JAILED FOR LIFE

When his mother arrived home, Koikoi, now ten months old, was crawling about in the small garden. He recognised her straight away. It was as if she had never been away.

But her problems were only just beginning. She had seven children. Elias had been jailed for life. His wages had supported the entire family. All Mme Caroline's strength was needed to keep the family together, and to find food and clothes.

"It was difficult to find work, but a friend found me a job in a textile factory," Mme Caroline told Learn and Teach. Then the police started coming to the factory. They would take her to John Vorster Square and ask her about her eldest son. "Find him yourself," Caroline told them. "And stop bothering me at work." They stopped, but after that they would go to the house at all hours of the day and night.



LEARN and TEACH

Ma Caroline at work in the textile factory, where she has worked for the last 25 years

Mme Caroline has worked at the textile factory for 25 years. The owner has been kind to her, and she is grateful for that. But it was difficult to bring up seven children on her wages. They were always short of food, clothes and shoes. And there were always too many visits from the police.

"A CRIMINAL? MY FATHER?"

Until Koikoi was eleven years old, he had no idea that he had a father. "When I found out that he was alive, I felt anger towards him. I couldn't understand how he could have left us. Sometimes there were whole days without food, and we had to go to school without shoes on cold winter days. I thought he was to blame for this."

Koikoi Motsoaledi - he saw his father for the first time when he was 16 years old

Koikoi found out his father's address. He didn't know it was a prison. He wrote a letter to his father. "When are you going to come and work here for us?" he said in the letter. "All the other fathers buy shoes and clothes for their children."

When friends told him that Robben Island was a prison, Koikoi felt ashamed. "A criminal? My father?" Koikoi couldn't believe it.

Elias was very upset when he received Koikoi's letter. He wrote to Mme Caroline and asked her to explain to the children why he was in prison. One of Koikoi's teachers also helped to open his eyes. "Do you know what a great man your father is?" the teacher asked.

And so Koikoi began to understand. He discovered that his father is a man who is deeply loved and respected by his people. A man who defended his rights, and the rights of others.

"Then I was proud to have as a father a man who was braver than other children's fathers," says Koikoi. "But I had no-one to share it with. Everyone knew Mandela's name, but they knew very little about the other Rivonia trialists."

A LOT IN COMMON

Koikoi remembers the 1976 uprising as a moment of liberation. "I and other children became enlightened in 1976.

We all learnt who the Rivonia trialists were, and what they had done for the people."

Koikoi wrote another letter to his father. His father wrote back. They wrote many more letters to each other, because children were not allowed to visit prisons.

In 1979 the long awaited day came. Koikoi travelled to Cape Town by train, with the help of the Red Cross. Even the accommodation was paid for - not like the times when Mme Caroline had to sleep in public toilets when she got off the train.

The next day Koikoi got onto the boat to Robben Island. He was worried about meeting his father for the first time since he was a baby. He sat in the waiting room of the prison, wondering if they would be able to talk to each other.

Suddenly, on the other side of the thick glass window, he saw his father's face. Koikoi need not have worried. Father and son had a lot in common. And, after all the letters, they had a lot to talk about.

The next time Elias saw Caroline, he asked her: "How come Koikoi's so short?" Koikoi says: "It's his fault - he's just as short as I am!" But they are like each other in other ways: a teacher who knew Elias says that Koikoi even writes the same way as his father.

LIVING IN HOPE

At the age of sixteen Koikoi finally found his father. He also found out a lot about the history of the struggle against apartheid. Now Koikoi and Caroline, together with the rest of the family, are looking forward to Elias' release. They don't pay attention to rumours, but they hope he will come home soon.

The council has threatened to evict Caroline and Koikoi from their house because they refuse to pay their rent. "I'm not moving," says Caroline. "I want Elias to come back to this very house."

The same house where, twenty-five years ago, a police van took a father away from his wife and baby son.

This is the story of Caroline and Koikoi Motsoaledi. But there are many other families divided by apartheid: families who also have to fight for survival without the breadwinners. Children who have to grow up without fathers or mothers, husbands and wives who have to comfort themselves with a photograph of their loved one. When the prisoners come home, a wound in these families will be healed. And a wound in the hearts of the people will be healed too! ●

NEW WORDS

a solution - an answer to a problem

in common - when you have something in common, you share it with someone else

accomodation - a place to stay

Farewell, my friend

SOWETAN Tony 'The Preacher' Saoli who passed away in January this year

After a rough day at the office, and knowing that you will be in deep trouble back home because you left your dirty socks on the kitchen table, there was always a comforting thought at the end of the working day. That was to go to what, for many, has become a 'home away from home' — Jameson's in Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

Stepping into this underground bar and restaurant, you could feel the spirit of love and friendship come over you. People of all shapes, sizes and colour would be tapping their feet to the cool music of the resident band. The band-leader and pianist, Dave Lithins, would grab the microphone and announce, "The Preacher on bass!". And Anthony Saoli would hold the attention of his 'congregation' with the 'sermon' from his bass guitar. For that magic moment, all the troubles in the world were forgotten.

THE GENTLE GIANT

Now Tony Saoli is no more! He has gone on to join the heavenly band of fellow musicians like Bunny Luthuli and Henry Sithole. He died on the 9th of January.

For two weeks afterwards, Jameson's was not the same. People walked about in a daze and kept repeating the same question, "Tony! Dead! Are you sure?" Others looked as if they expected to see the man come in pushing his amplifier and lighting up the whole place with a big grin on his friendly face.

For those two weeks there was no live music. Maybe as one musician put it, "The bassists are spooked. No one wants to step into Tony's boots so soon."

Or perhaps it was the artists' show of respect for a gentle, bearded giant with a smile as wide as the ocean, a being who laughed more than he talked.

MUSIC IN THE BLOOD

Tony was born some 37 years ago in the Eastern Transvaal town of Bushbuckridge. He was the sixth child of Jacob Russell and Esther Saoli.

Music was very much in Tony's blood. His father was a school principal, church elder and organist. Sundays were spent at the church where Tony and his brother Winston would pump the organ pedals at their father's feet while he played. They pumped until their muscles ached.

A couple of years later, Tony got a little tired of all the pedal pumping. He wanted to sing in the church choir as well. He kept telling his father, "I want to sing in the church choir." When asked what part he wanted, he replied, "I want to sing bass," trying to make his voice sound deeper. He got the part.

Old man Saoli also had something of a jazz collection. The boys used to listen to American big names like Paul Chambers and John Coltrane. "But," Tony once said in an interview, "I didn't understand what jazz was all about, but we just listened anyway. My favourite then was the mbaqanga group, Makhonatsohle Band."

THE FIRST TIME

Tony always liked to tell the story of the time he first picked up a guitar. One hot afternoon a rather big fellow in the village stood in the 'ring centre', a patch of sandy ground, and challenged anyone to a boxing match. To his horror, the boys pushed Tony into the ring. It was an unwritten agreement that once you were picked to fight, you could not back out.

And so Tony did his best — and went home with a fat lip and swollen ears, not to mention the church bells ringing in his ears.

Still aching from the beating of that afternoon, Tony found big brother Winston playing a guitar. The guitar was made out of a gallon tin flattened out at one end. Strips of car tubes were tied around it for strings. Tony picked up the guitar...and gently stroked a tune.

Soon the pain was forgotten. And there and then Tony decided he was going to become a musician. After all, music healed, boxing hurt.

But if Tony had dreams of becoming a musician, his parents had other ideas. His grandfather Anthony, after whom the young man was named, used to be a policeman. And it was into his boots that his parents wanted Tony to step. For once he went against their wishes. As he laughingly recalled, "Ayi! I decided it was not my line."

SOWETAN

Tony, (second from left) when he was still playing with 'Drive'

A 'UNIVERSITY' EDUCATION

1963 saw a change in Tony's life. His father was transferred to a new job in Johannesburg. The family followed.

After finishing high school in Rockville, Soweto, Tony furthered his studies by correspondence with Damelin. But still he wanted to be a professional musician. So it came as a pleasant surprise when one day his other brother, Chamberlain, bought Tony a guitar.

With the guitar under his arm, Tony went straight to Dorkay House in Eloff Street in downtown Jo'burg. For those of you who don't know, Dorkay House in its day was one of our greatest 'universities' of music and culture.

There he learnt classical guitar under music teacher and trumpeter, Cyril Khumalo. And it was there where two other future giants of South African music found him practising.

Bunny Luthuli and guitarist Sol Malapane had been trying to form a band. All they needed was a bassist. But a good one was hard to find. And so their search led them to Dorkay House where they found Tony. After the "hoezits", they sat down to listen to him playing. What they heard told them that their search was over. 'Drive' was formed that year. It was 1969.

Only two years later, 'Drive' won the first prize in a competition that bands all over the land took part in — and they walked away with the R500 prize money. Tony never forgot how a chap called Gilbert Strauss, who provided the group with transport and instruments, refused to touch a cent of the money. He told the men to divide it among themselves. It was something that was not very common, then or now.

Tony, who even in his saddest moments managed a smile, once said, "The big guns are in this business for the

money they can get out of it. Recording studios, radios, managers...you try to play something from inside of you, something meaningful, and they tell you, 'the public doesn't like jazz. They won't buy it.' And that's the end of the story."

THE FULL-TOOTHED SMILE

After Henry and Bunny died in a car accident, the band was no longer the same. Tony did not get along with some members of the group. He left after a show in Cape Town and went to Lesotho where he played with a piano player called Sam.

Tony also made friends with two other 'muso's — Tete Mbambisa and Dave Lithins. He spent a lot of time jamming with them too.

Two and a half years later, Tony came back to Johannesburg where he practised with a group in Hillbrow. But not for long. Dave came looking for him. He told Tony he was forming a trio — and was Tony interested in joining? That was in 1984 — and that's how it stayed until the very end.

When not sitting with the Dave Lithins Trio, Tony played with the soft spoken and respected guitarist, George Mathiba. The two were good friends — and were into their second week of playing at Jameson's when the news of Tony's illness came.

George had his guitar ready and waiting when Mike, the bartender, received a call, "Tony is sick and has gone to see a doctor."

There was nothing to do but wait for the next evening. The following day a neighbour of Tony's rushed into the Learn and Teach offices. "Heh mfowethu, Tony collapsed yesterday and has been admitted to Baragwanath," he said.

A phone call was made to Bara. The news came like a bolt of lightning, "I'm sorry, but Tony Saoli is dead." Shock, disbelief, and even downright anger. It was the same for everybody who heard it. But it was a fact.

'The Preacher' is gone. Everyone who knew that warm handshake, the gentle backslap and that full-toothed smile will know what we have lost. And they would gladly share our heartfelt message of condolence to his loving wife, Kebogile, and their two lovely children.

And so the time has come to let 'The Preacher' rest in peace. Your sermon will be forever in the hearts of those who listened to it. Farewell, my friend! ●

THE GOOD AND THE JUST

LEARN and TEACH

Beulah Rollnick, long-serving member of the Black Sash and loved by all who know her

Most people go home in the evening and try to forget their work. The women who work at the Black Sash Advice Office would like to forget their work too, but they can't. They cannot forget the stories of suffering they have heard during the day.

People come to the Black Sash looking for help and advice. Some have lost their jobs. Others have been injured at work and have got no compensation. Some cannot get identity documents. Others are hungry. The women of the Black Sash try to help these victims of apartheid. Sometimes they can help, but they can never forget.

"When you get home, your mind goes round and round," says Beulah Rollnick. Beulah is 62 now. She has worked for the Black Sash in Johannesburg for ten years. Beulah told Learn and Teach her story. The story of how she discovered the Black Sash, and of how she discovered herself.

AFRAPIX

Black Sash members protesting against the state of emergency last year

NEVER TOO LATE!

For most of her early adult life, Beulah Rollnick says she was like most other housewives in the northern suburbs of Johannesburg.

"I wasn't an aware person - I did not think of women's rights, or about what women can do. I did some work for the Progressive Federal Party, but it was only really a side interest. I spent most of my time looking after my family, especially my daughter who suffered from polio."

In 1976, Beulah's husband wanted to leave South Africa. Beulah agreed. They went to live in London. For Beulah it was a difficult time. She found work as a dentist's receptionist. It was her first real job, and she thought she was a bad receptionist. Every day she thought she was going to get fired.

Then she met other women in London. These women told her she was wrong. "You're not a bad receptionist," they said. "You only think you're a bad worker because you're a woman."

Beulah began to read books and magazines in London. These books and magazines told her the same things: she was only afraid because she was a woman. "It was like being born again," says Beulah. "At the age of fifty."

The women Beulah met in London were feminists - women who fight for women's rights. When Beulah came back to South Africa in 1978, she wanted to change her life. She wanted to be responsible for her own life. When Beulah found the Black Sash, she knew that she had found herself.

A HUGE BOMB

The Black Sash is a women's organisation. But the women of the Black Sash do not fight only for women's rights: they fight for all the victims of apartheid.

The organisation was started by a group of six women in 1955. They came together to protest the government's plans to take the vote away from "coloured" people. The women called themselves "The Women's Defence of the Constitution League".

When the women protested, they always wore a black sash.The newspapers wrote stories about the "black sash" women. The name stuck - and the women soon changed the name of their organisation to the Black Sash.

Today the Black Sash has over two thousand members and eight branches around the country. Nearly all the members are voluntary workers.

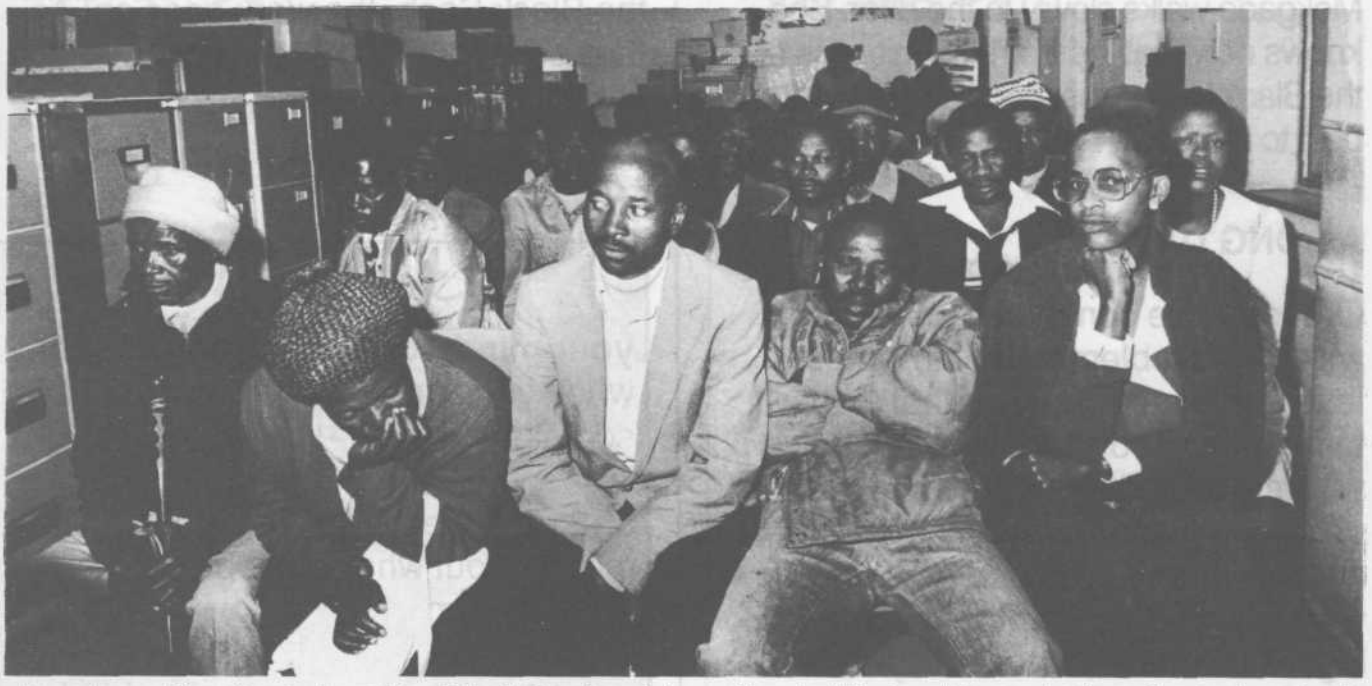
At the Black Sash, nobody is turned away. We saw this when we spent the afternoon with Beulah. There were always six or seven people waiting to speak to her.

"This is nothing," said Beulah. "Since the bomb, many people do not know where we are."

On the 31st August of last year, a huge bomb destroyed Khotso House, where the Black Sash and other organisations, like the South African Council of Churches, had their offices. After the bomb, many people who came to Khotso House for help found an empty, broken building.

ONE WORKER'S STORY

The first person to speak to Beulah was Mokgade Elizabeth Rapetsoa. She is 34 years old, and seven months pregnant.



AFRAPIX

People waiting for help at the Black Sash advice office in Khotso House before it was bombed last year

She looks very ill, and very tired. She was a domestic worker for five years. Her boss gave her R95 a month at first, and after five years R150 a month. Her boss also gave her food: three slices of bread a day, and a small piece of meat in the evening. No vegetables.

Mokgade went to a doctor. The doctor said she was very ill. He gave her a certificate: she was suffering from malnutrition - she was not getting enough healthy food. The doctor said she had to stop work.

When Mokgade went to her boss and told her she had to stop work, her boss gave her R150 - her last month's wages - and told her to leave.

The laws of apartheid do not protect people like Mokgade. Beulah cannot help her. She tells Mokgade to join SADWU - the South African Domestic Workers Union. She makes sure that Mokgade has relatives who can help her, and tells her which hospital to go to.

Mokgade walks slowly to the door. She knows now that there are no miracles at the Black Sash - just people who do their best to help.

A LONG DAY

Other people come to Beulah's desk with their problems. Beulah writes letters to bosses, saying that they will take them to court if they do not give workers their rights. She sends some people to unions, where they can get help for themselves and for their fellow workers. She sends other people to legal aid centres, where lawyers will help them with their problems. She tells them to come back to the Black Sash if they need more help.

At the end of a long day, Beulah is very tired. She locks up the office and waits for the lift. Learn and Teach asked her why there was so little security in the building.

"At Khotso House we talked about the need for security," said Beulah. "But we decided that we wanted a place where people can come and go in freedom. And so we paid the price. Khotso House was destroyed."

Now the Black Sash has moved to a new office in Braamfontein: the Queensbridge Building, corner Juta and Bertha. Beulah looks at the people waiting: twenty, thirty people, each with a different problem. Just like the old times in Khotso House, she thinks. The enemies of the Black Sash have not got what they wanted.

The people are coming back - and for the caring and hardworking women of the Black Sash, the work goes on! As they say, you can't keep a good organisation down! ●

NEW WORDS

your mind goes round and round - when you can't stop thinking about something

an aware person - somebody who thinks about what is happening around them

voluntary workers - people who do work for free

BLACK SASH ADDRESSES 1989

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corner Juta & Bertha Streets
Braamfontein
2001
TEL: (011) 403-2914/8

PRETORIA
c/o St Andrews Church
294 Schoeman Street
Pretoria
0002
TEL: (012) 3223969

EAST LONDON
Room 32 - 3rd Floor
Cuthberts Buidings
Oxford Street
5201
TEL: (0431) 439206

PIETERMARITZBURG
Ubunye House
165 Pietermaritz Street
Pietermaritzburg
3200
TEL: (0331) 426368

DURBAN
27 Ecumenical Centre
20 St Andrews Street
Durban
4001
TEL: (031) 3019215

GRAHAMSTOWN
135a High Street
Grahamstown
6140

TEL: (0461) 28091

PORT ELIZABETH
Room 23, Co-operative Centre
50 Pearl Road
Korsten
6020
TEL: (041) 563336

WESTERN CAPE
5 Long Street
Mowbray
7700

TEL: (021) 6853513

Letters from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach
I am a reader of your magazine. I even sell it. My problem is that I am at school in Oukasie and I have no money. My mother works on a farm. She cannot help me as she gets too little money. My brother helped last year. He was working at the Zenex filling station in Rand Park. But he was fired for no reason and now he is sick with a brain problem. I am living alone in a boarding house in Oukasie. But I have not even paid my landlady rent. I need help to get a proper house for my family. But it is difficult as the government wants to move Oukasie. At the moment I sell paper bags and your magazine to get money for food and school fees. Please tell me where I can get help.
Thomas Chabalala
BRITS

Thank you for your letter, Thomas. We are sorry to hear about your problems. We spoke to the Education Information Centre to find out if they could help you with a bursary for your school fees. They say that it is too late for this year. If you want a bursary for 1990 you must write to them before the end of April 1989. They will send you a list of people who give bursaries. You must then choose from the list who to write to. Their address is:-
Education Information Centre,
601 Dunwell House,
35 Jorrissen Street,
BRAAMFONTEIN
2001
Tel: (011) 339 2476

Dear Learn and Teach
I am sitting with a problem. I bought a Telefunken 1310 colour TV set from Russells Furniture Store in Rustenburg in June 1987. In September 1988 the television went off while I was watching it. I took it to Tel View to be checked. They repaired it for R175.00. Two months later the television broke down again. When I took it back to Tel View they wanted to charge me again. I tried to explain to them that the problem was the same as before. They did not want to listen. So I took it to Ziniaville where I paid R260. I think that Tel View should have repaired my TV set properly so that it did not cost me so much money. What do you think?
A. M. Segopa
RUSTENBURG

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to hear about the problems which you had with your television. We spoke to a lawyer. The lawyer agrees that Tel View treated you unfairly. He says that if a shop repairs something and it breaks again soon afterwards, then they must repair it again. And they must not charge you. This is common law. But the problem is that it is difficult to force a shop to fix something for free. So there is not much you can do — except stay away from Tel View in future.

Dear Learn and Teach
I would like to share a joke with you. One day a man by the name of David Crime went to a restaurant where you eat first and pay after. When David finished his meal, he licked his lips and got up to go. As he reached the door, the owner of the restaurant called him over and asked: "Why don't you pay for the food that you have eaten?" The man looked at him, licked his lips again, and said: "Don't you know that Crime doesn't pay?"
Mtswala
KWA-THEMA

Dear Learn and Teach
I greet you in the name of our struggle in the fight for a non-racial and democratic South Africa. Can you please send me the address of the South African Council of Churches? I want to talk to them about helping me fix some of my problems. K.M.
RUSLOO

The headquarters of the SACC have moved to a new building since the bombing of Khotso House last year. The new address is: ***4th Floor, Queensbridge Building, 60 Juta Street, Braamfontein 2017. Tel: (011) 403 7000***

Dear Learn and Teach
I greet you in the name of the Freedom Charter. I want to thank you for your magazine which teaches us a lot. I sell your magazine. There is something I want to ask you. The last batch of magazines which you sent was open when I collected them from the Post Office on 3rd January. The paper was torn and there were only 49 magazines inside - one was missing. I asked the man at the Post Office if anyone at the Post Office or on the goods train has the right to open parcels. He said he did not know. What can I do?
A seller
UMLAZI

Thank you very much for your letter. You aren't the first person to complain about such a problem. We spoke to Parcel Enquiries at the Post Office. They said that the Post Office does not open parcels. But, if you see that your parcel has been opened or tampered with when you collect it from the Post Office, you have the right to ask the Post Office to start an enquiry. You must fill out an Enquiry Form (B/154). It is better to fill it out immediately. The invoice slip Learn and Teach sends you gives the number of magazines in the parcel. Show this to the Post Office. Each Post Office keeps a record of all parcels that were open when they received them. So, they will then trace the station where the parcel was received open. The enquiry takes about a month and if the Post Office was responsible for the missing magazines, you will receive compensation (up to half the total value of the parcel).

Dear Learn and Teach
I want to do something to work for a democratic, non-racial, socialist South Africa. I think the way I can do this is by doing journalism and photography. Please tell me where I can go for professional training and where I can get a bursary. And can you tell me what kind of camera I must get - my grandfather promised to buy me one. I shall not take pictures of beautiful ladies and smartly dressed people. I want to show the bad and unhealthy way our people live. I want to tell people about our struggle in Botshabelo against incorporation into Qwaqwa. No newspapers write about it, not even Learn and Teach. But I really enjoy reading Learn and Teach. Will you put some of my stories in your magazine? I want to thank you for the information which you give so cheaply.
Samuel Motlohi
RAMAHUTSI

Thank you very much for your letter. It is good to hear from young people who want to help the people. There are many places where you can study journalism. Here are some addresses:
School of Journalism,
Rhodes University,
Private bag 1029,
Grahamstown
6140.
Tel: (0461) 22023 or their Johannesburg office: (011) 788 5543

Natal Technikon,
P.O. Box 953,
Durban ,
4000
Tel: (031) 210237

Argus Cadet,
Peter Mann,
P.O. Box 1014,
Johannesburg
2000
Tel: (011) 633 9111

When you buy a camera, buy one that uses 35 millimetre film and has a reflex lens. These cameras are expensive so try to buy a second-hand one to start with. Try to find a photographer where you live who can teach you how to take good pictures. We hope that you succeed. We would be very

happy if you write a story for Learn and Teach about Botshabelo — and even happier if you sent pictures with it!

Dear Learn and Teach
I want to thank the staff of Learn and Teach for their wonderful work. The thing that is worrying me is lack of money. I am a sixteen year old boy and I am in Standard Six. Every Saturday I wake up early and look for garden work. I usually find work but the money is too little. I get R10.00 a day for 10 hours work. This is no good. I want to sell your magazines.
Johannes Mashile
SOSHANGUVE

Thank you for your letter, Johannes. It sounds like you are having a difficult time. We know that garden work is heavy and that people do not like to pay for it. We will be happy if you sell our magazines. We will give you a 33% discount on every magazine you sell - that means you sell the magazine for 75 cents, and keep 25 cents for yourself. We will send you 25 magazines to start with. Write to the Education Information Centre and ask them about bursaries. You can find the address in the answer to the first letter in the magazine.

Dear Learn and Teach
I am very worried. Learn and Teach was my most favourite and dearest magazine. But then things turned bad after I moved from Standerton to Volkrust. In Volksrust I could not even find one page of Learn and Teach blowing in the wind. I will be very happy if you tell me how I can get Learn and Teach delivered to my home.
David Dlamini
VOLKSRUST

Thank you for your letter and kind words, David. We have sent you an order form. It costs R7.00 for the next six issues.

Dear Learn and Teach
I want to complain about the D.E.T. Every year the matric results of the whites come out smoothly. But with our results there are always quarrels. Last year the D.E.T. promised us that our results would appear in the daily newspapers. On the day the results were due to come out, I rushed to the shop to buy a paper. But there were no results in it. My mother phoned the Herald offices and asked them about the results. The Herald said they were told that the results were going straight to the schools. The D.E.T. never think that some principals are out of town. In the end we only got our results at the end of December. So, dear Learn and Teach, please ask the D.E.T. to stop playing hide and seek with our results. We want to know them early in December so that we can make arrangements for the next year. We cannot even enjoy Christmas when our results are late.
Worried student
PORT ELIZABETH

We hope the powers that be at the D.E. T. see this letter - and do something about it!

Dear Learn and Teach
I have a problem and I need your advice. I worked for a dry cleaner. Clothes often got lost because the place was so busy. But if we lost clothes accidentally, we had to pay for them. I paid more than R500 in two months. I decided to leave because I was suffering more than anybody else. There were many other problems at that dry cleaner. We were not paid when we worked overtime. Or if you forgot to collect something, the boss would deduct R10 or R20 from your pay. The boss never hired enough staff. And he only paid some workers R25 a week. He also gave workers porridge to eat with dog bones. But the workers were too frightened to join a union in case they lost their job. What can the workers at the dry cleaners do?
P Mabena
TEMBISA

Thank you for your letter. It is against the law for a boss to deduct money from a worker's wage without their permission. The workers at the dry cleaners should go to the Industrial Aid Society. Their address is:-
The Industrial Aid Society,

202 Metro Centre,
266 Bree St.,
JOHANNESBURG,
2001
Tel: (011) 29-9315/6/7

Dear Learn and Teach
I read in the paper that in Boksburg if you walk on green grass, you get whipped. And if you sit on a bench or pass water in the toilet, you will go to jail. I was also shocked to see that Patrick Lekota, Moss Chikane and Tom Manthata got long prison sentences. They are going to jail for nothing. They did not once raise weapons as did de Wet and Kemp. The law in South Africa is one-sided!
Simon van Wyk
LENGAN

Dear Learn and Teach
I am a reader of Learn and Teach, the most democratic magazine in South Africa and the world as a whole. I hope you will help me to overcome my problem. I was arrested last year, on 31 January on a charge of assault. I was taken to the Lebowakgomo Police Station, together with another person who was also charged. We paid bail of R50 and our case was heard on the 3rd October. The Lebowakgomo interpreter asked for what he called "dissy" bribe money so my friend and I would not be found guilty. He asked for R100. When I refused he said that we were going to be convicted that day. And we were found guilty. We had to pay a fine of R150. I want you to help me pursue the case. I believe I was found guilty unjustly. I think people are judged according to how much they have in their pockets. Is that justice?
Worried South African
JOHANNESBURG

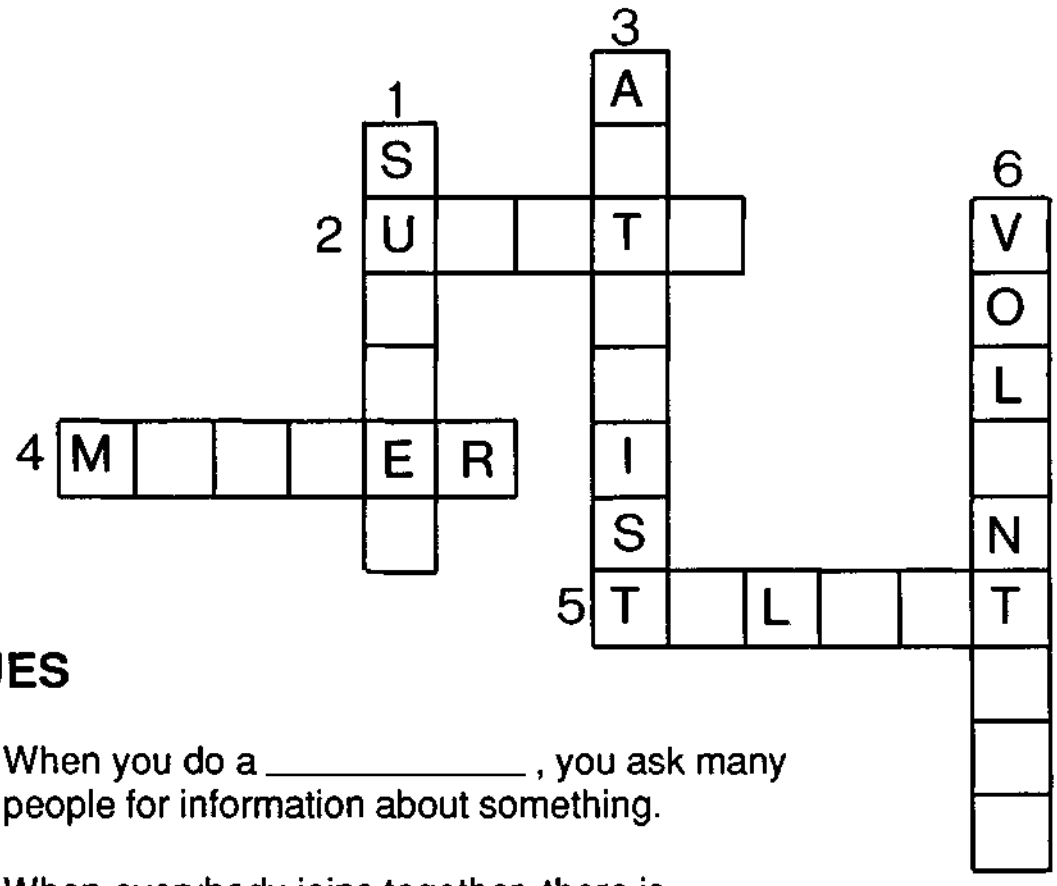
Thank you very much for your letter. We are sorry to hear about your court case. We spoke to someone at the Wits Law Clinic. They wanted to know if you had a lawyer when you went to court. If you did not have a lawyer, they think they can help you. You must go and see them. When you go, you must take your case number, the date of your conviction and the date of the sentence. You will find the law clinic at:
The Law Clinic,
Oliver Schreiner School of Law Building,
West Campus,
University of the Witwatersrand,
1 Jan Smuts Ave,
BRAAMFONTEIN
Tel: (011) 716 5644/5

Dear Learn and Teach
Comrades, please help me to help my comrades who are badly treated by their bosses. I am twenty years old and I am living in Katlehong. But my home is in Witsieshoek in Qwaqwa. I am sick in my heart when I think about my brothers and sisters who work at Qwaqwa. They are working for nothing. When you visit Witsieshoek, you will see many factories there. Most of the people who work there are women. They do all kinds of work - they even work with steel. They only get between R55 and R61 but the cost of living is so high. The person to blame for these low wages is our chief, Mr Mopeli. I know this from my brother. He worked as a driver for Grinaker Construction when they were building the dam in Qwaqwa. His pay was R70.90. When he asked for more, his boss said no. He said our chief said he mustn't pay more money because we don't pay rent. It is the first time I hear that money is just for rent! I ask the comrades in the unions to please try and help the workers of Qwaqwa.
M.P.M.
KATLEHONG

HAVE YOU ANYTHING THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH US, OR A PROBLEM THAT YOU WOULD LIKE US TO HELP YOU WITH? THEN WRITE TO US. OUR NEW ADDRESS IS:
LEARN AND TEACH PUBLICATIONS
P.O.BOX 556 JOHANNESBURG 2000

crossword puzzle

Have you read all the stories in the magazine? If you have, try this crossword! All the answers are **NEW WORDS** from the stories.



CLUES

1. When you do a _____, you ask many people for information about something.
2. When everybody joins together, there is _____.
3. Someone who works for a political organisation.
4. When you belong to an organisation, you are a _____.
5. When you are very good at something, you have a _____.
6. A _____ worker works for free.

ANSWERS

1. survey 2. unity 3. activist 4. member 5. talent 6. volunteer **or** voluntary

ENGLISH LESSON

PART 1

Do you come from Zimbabwe? Or have you ever visited Zimbabwe? Or do you know anyone who has visited Zimbabwe?

Tell a friend or somebody in your group everything you know about Zimbabwe.

Read the story about Comrade Chinx below. (You can also read a longer story about Comrade Chinx in the magazine on page 20.)

THE SINGING GUERRILLA

Comrade Chinx is a famous singer. He was born in a small town called Rusape in Zimbabwe. Later, Comrade Chinx went to Harare to look for work. He worked as a machine operator.

In 1975, he left his job. He went back to Rusape. In Rusape, he joined Robert Mugabe's ZANLA army. He was a guerrilla. He was fighting for freedom in Zimbabwe.

Comrade Chinx went for training in Mozambique. In the training camps, Comrade Chinx started to sing. He sang songs of liberation for his comrades.

In 1979 Zimbabwe got independence. Comrade Chinx went back to Harare to celebrate the people's victory.

Today, Comrade Chinx is still singing. Now, his message is about peace and love for all the people of Zimbabwe.

Answer these questions about Comrade Chinx.

1. Where was Comrade Chinx born?

_____

2. Where did Comrade Chinx work as a machine operator?

_____

3. Where did he get training as a guerrilla?

_____

4. What does Comrade Chinx love doing?

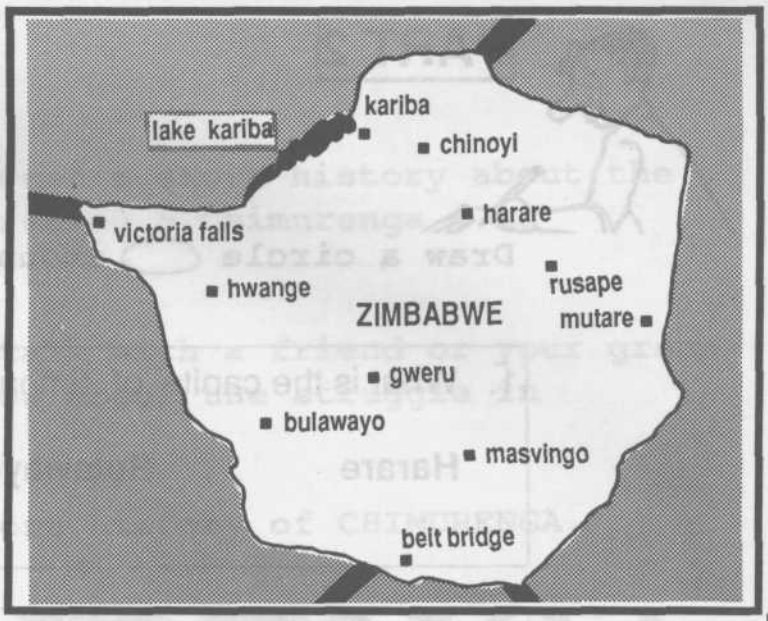
_____

check your answers

1. He was born in Rusape, in Zimbabwe.
2. He worked in Harare.
3. He trained in Mozambique.
4. He loves singing.

Look at the map of Zimbabwe.

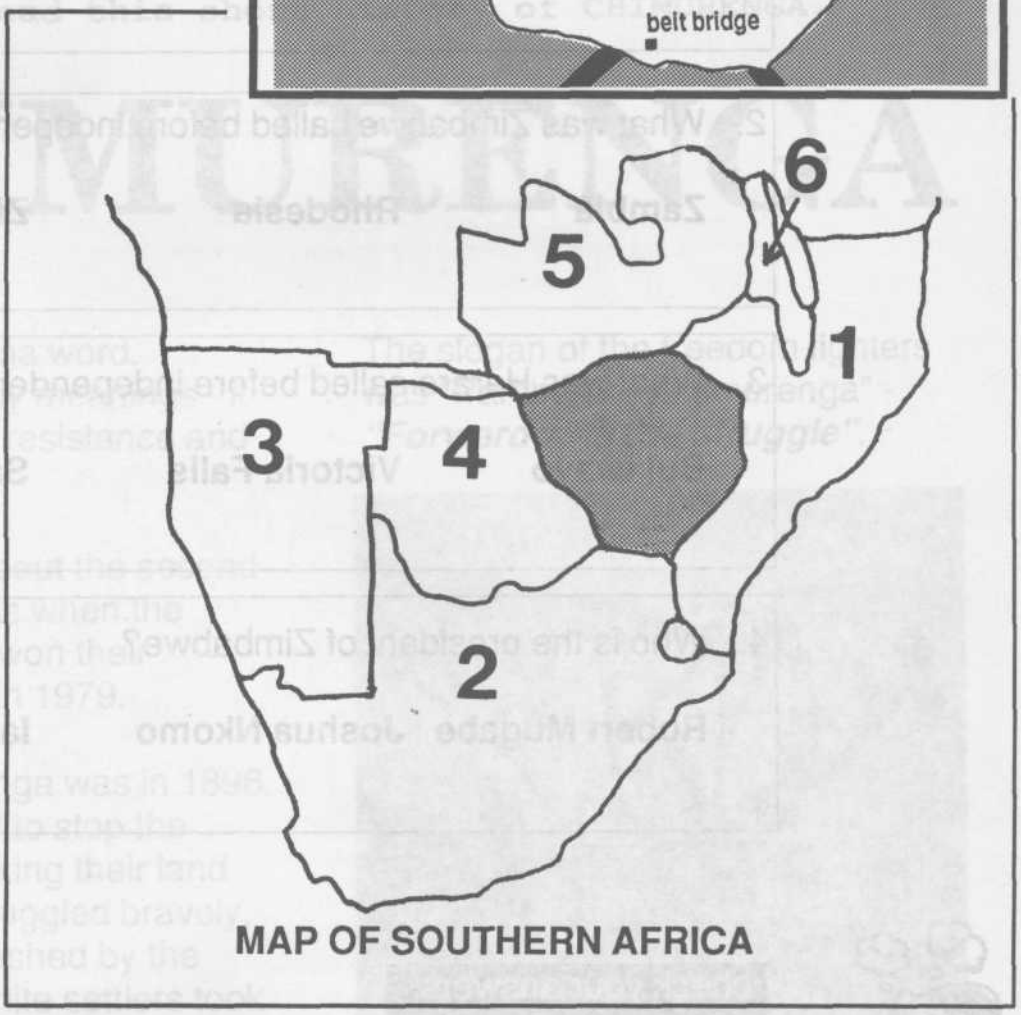
1. Where is Rusape?
2. Where is Harare?
3. Where is Bulawayo?
4. Where are the Victoria Falls?



Where are these countries?

MOZAMBIQUE
BOTSWANA
SOUTH AFRICA
ZAMBIA
MALAWI
NAMIBIA

Write the names of the countries on the map.



MAP OF SOUTHERN AFRICA

check your answers

1. Mozambique 2. South Africa
3. Namibia 4. Botswana
5. Zambia 6. Malawi

PART 2

Draw a circle ⬭ around the correct answer.

1. What is the capital of Zimbabwe?

   Harare **Bulawayo** **Rusape**

2. What was Zimbabwe called before independence?

   Zambia **Rhodesia** **Zimbabwe**

3. What was Harare called before independence?

   Bulawayo **Victoria Falls** **Salisbury**

4. Who is the president of Zimbabwe?

   Robert Mugabe **Joshua Nkomo** **Ian Smith**

check your answers

1. Harare 2. Rhodesia 3. Salisbury
4. Robert Mugabe

PART 3

You are going to read a short history about the struggle for liberation - Chimurenga - in Zimbabwe.

BEFORE YOU READ, talk with a friend or your group about what you know about the struggle in Zimbabwe.

Now, read this short history of CHIMURENGA.

CHIMURENGA

Chimurenga is a Shona word. Chimurenga has many meanings - it means war, struggle, resistance and revolution.

Many people know about the second Chimurenga. This was when the people of Zimbabwe won their struggle for freedom in 1979.

But the first Chimurenga was in 1896. The people struggled to stop the white settlers from taking their land away. The people struggled bravely, but their fight was crushed by the white settlers. The white settlers took more and more land away from the people.

The people did not forget Chimurenga. The struggle started again in 1966 and went on until 1979. The armies of ZANLA and ZIPRA fought together - and won the war.

The slogan of the freedom fighters was "Pamberi ne Chimurenga" - ***"Forward with the struggle"***.

Can you finish the sentences in your own words? Tell a friend or somebody in your learning group the answer. Do not write.

Chimurenga means.....

The first Chimurenga started because.....

The second Chimurenga started .....

ZANLA and ZIPRA .....

Write what you have learnt about Zimbabwe.


SLOPPY
WHO SAVES THE LIFESAVER'S LIFE?
HEYTA DAAR
© Mogorosi Motshumi/'89
Whoa! What's the big rush, guys?
Oh, hi Gladys! We are taking first aid lessons at Thusanong Hall!
Urk!
SKREE
You can come along with us.
Can I?
Gulp-
NO!
No?!
Yes, no! Because you must register first. And our class is already full, see! Heh heh heh!
Come on now, ol' Slop! You don't want us to be late, do you?
Ulp!
A LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY---
Beste chommie, huh? Djy notch Gladys is always after me and you invite her!
What are you playing at— stupid cupid?
Who? Me? Lord help me from lovers' tiffs!


TWO WEEKS LATER...
Great news! Dumpy got the highest marks in our first aid class! He'll also be the new lifesaver at the pool every weekend!
Ahem!
And we're going to celebrate with a braai by the pool! Come one, come all!
Eep! He said come one come all!
?
AT THE POOL ---
Ahh! Will you just dig that rich smell!
Like I always say, just one of my many talents.
Just look at those legs!
I'm looking I'm looking!
BONK
I'm talking about the chicken legs, you idiot!
Ulk!
LATER...
Urp! It's my shift now guys! Be with you in two hours when the other lifesaver takes over.
Sure Dumpy!
Heyta Dumps!


THEN . . .
STATION 1
HELP
Hold on! I'm coming!
DUMPY GETS THE WOMAN OUT OF THE POOL...
There! You should be safe now!
HE APPLIES MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION . . .
Well, look at that! He never does that to me!
My! He's only saving a life, Gladys!
Pufffft
Well, how I wish he could save me and do that to me!
Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!
Non-believer! Watch this dream come true!
?
WEEHA
Hawu!
HELP
LIFESAVER STATION 2


Hold on! I'm coming!
Hurry! °Glub Glub! I can't hold on any longer!
There! You should be safe now!
Quick, Dumpy! Give me that kiss of life!
I thought Gladys was the best swimmer around here!
Shhh!
Ooh! Dreams do come true!
?
Take that you loverboy, you!
SMERP
?
Wow! I've saved many lives before! But I've never had such a sweet "thank you", ever!
Skree!
B-but you're not Dumpy! Where's Dumpy?
Sulp
LEAP
Puff! Gasp!
THE END