



EPISCOPAL CHURCHPEOPLE for a FREE SOUTHERN AFRICA
 339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012-2725
 (212) 477-0066

FAX: (212) 979-1013

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THE OBSERVER

SUNDAY 13 NOVEMBER 1994



Prison life is about routine; each day like the one before; each week like the one before it, so that the months and years blend into each other. Watches and timepieces of any kind were barred on Robben Island, so we never knew precisely what time it was. We were dependent on bells and warders' whistles and shouts.

We were awakened at 5.30 each morning by the night warder who clanged a brass bell at the head of our corridor and yelled: 'Word wakker! Staan Op! [Wake up! Get up!]' Although we were roused at 5.30, we were not let out of our cells until 6.45, by which time we were meant to have cleaned our cells, and rolled up our mats and blankets. We had no running water in our cells and instead of toilets had iron buckets known as 'ballies'. The ballies had a diameter of 10 inches with a porcelain lid on the top that could contain water. The water in this lid was meant to be for shaving, and to clean our hands and faces. At 6.45, when we were let out of our cells, the first thing we did was to empty our ballies.

Breakfast consisted of mealie pap porridge, cereal made from maize or corn. We each received a mug of what was described as coffee, but which was ground-up maize, baked until it was black, and then brewed with hot water. Indians and Coloured prisoners received a spoonful of sugar while Africans received half a spoonful. The logic behind this, and there was almost always some perverse logic behind apartheid, was that diets conformed to the tastes of each ethnic group. Refined sugar was supposedly not to the African's taste.

We would work in the courtyard hammering stone until noon. There were no breaks; if we slowed down, the warders would yell at us to speed up. At noon, the bell would clang for lunch and another metal drum of food would be wheeled into the courtyard. For Africans, lunch consisted of boiled mealies, that is, coarse kernels of corn. The Indians and Coloured prisoners received samp which consisted of ground mealies in a soup-like mixture. The samp was sometimes served with vegetables, whereas our mealies were served straight.

After lunch we worked until 4, when the guards blew shrill whistles and we again lined up to be counted and inspected. We were then permitted half an hour to clean up. The bathroom at the end of the corridor had two sea-water showers, a saltwater tap, and three large galvanised metal buckets, which were used as bathtubs. There was no hot water. We would stand or squat in these buckets, soaping ourselves with the brackish water, rinsing off the dust from the day. We would sometimes sing while washing, which made the water seem less cold. In those early days, this was one of the only times that we could converse.

Precisely at 4.30 there would be a knock on the wooden door at the end of our corridor, which meant that supper had been delivered. The non-political prisoners used to dish out the food to us and we would return to our cells to eat it. We again received mealie pap porridge, sometimes with the odd carrot or piece of cabbage or beetroot thrown in but one usually had to search for it. If we did get a vegetable, we would usually have the same one for weeks on end, until the carrots or cabbages were old and mouldy, and we were sick of them. Every other day we received a small piece of meat with our porridge. The meat was usually so meagre that in a restaurant one would leave it.

AFTER I HAD been on the island less than three months, I was informed by the authorities that I would have a visitor the following day. They would not tell me who it was. Walter Sisulu and I were called to the visitor's office late the next morning and took seats at the far end of the room. I waited with some anxiety and suddenly, filling the glass on the other side of the window was Winnie's lovely face. Winnie always dressed up for prison visits and tried to wear something new and elegant. It was frustrating not to be able to touch my wife, to speak tenderly to her, to have a private moment together. We had to conduct our relationship at a distance under the eyes of people we despised. I could see immediately that Winnie was under tremendous strain. Seeing me in such circumstances must have been trying. Just getting to the island itself was difficult, and added to that were the harsh rituals of the prison, and the impersonality of the contact.

Winnie, I later discovered, had recently received a second banning order and had been dismissed from her job at the Child Welfare office as a result. Her office was searched by the police shortly before she was sacked. The authorities were convinced that she was in secret communication with me. Winnie loved her job as a social worker. The banning and harassment of my wife greatly troubled me: I could not look after her and the children, and the state was making it difficult for her to look after herself. My powerlessness gnawed at me.

Our conversation was awkward at first, and not made easier by the two warders standing directly behind her and three behind me. Their role was not only to monitor but to intimidate. Regulations dictated that conversation had to be in English or Afrikaans and could involve family matters only. Any line of talk that verged on the political might mean the abrupt termination of the visit. If one mentioned a name unfamiliar to the warders, they would interrupt the conversation, and ask who the person was and the nature of the relationship.

This happened often, as the warders were generally unfamiliar with the variety and nature of African names. It was frustrating to spend precious minutes of one's visit explaining to a warder the different branches of one's family tree. But their ignorance also worked in our favour: it allowed us to invent code names for people we wanted to talk about.

Suddenly, I heard the warder behind me say: 'Time up!' I turned and looked at him with incredulity. It was impossible that half an hour had passed. As I walked back to the cell, I reviewed in my head what we had talked about. Over the next days, weeks and months, I would return to that one visit again and again. I knew I would not be able to see my wife again for at least six months. As it turned out, Winnie was not able to visit me for another two years.

Robben Island was without question the harshest, most iron-fisted outpost in the South African penal system. It was a hardship station not only for the prisoners but also for the prison staff

Nelson Mandela my story

from previous page

LONG WALK TO FREEDOM, the memoirs of Nelson Mandela, published in the USA by Little, Brown, will be in bookstores on 28 November 1994. The preceding page and the text below are bits of excerpts of LONG WALK TO FREEDOM in the London OBSERVER of 13 November.

Written in secret during his 27 years imprisonment on Robben Island and later at Pollsmoor prison, the pages were smuggled out of South Africa to London.

This calm recounting of the agonies of almost three decades - from 1964 to 1990 - gives hideous details of the sadistic apartheid regime and its workings. LONG WALK TO FREEDOM reveals the constancy and the greatness of the President of South Africa we know so well today.

In September 1976, the isolation section was filled with young men who had been arrested in the aftermath of the uprising in Soweto the previous month. Through whispered conversations in an adjacent corridor we learned first hand what had taken place. My comrades and I were enormously cheered; the spirit of mass protest that had seemed dormant through the 1960s was erupting in the 1970s. Many of these young people had left the country to join our military movement, and then smuggled themselves back. Thousands of them were trained in our camps in Tanzania, Angola and Mozambique. There is nothing so encouraging in prison as learning that the people outside are supporting the cause for which you are inside.

These young men were a different breed of prisoner from those we had seen before. They were brave and aggressive; they would not take orders, and shouted 'Amandla' at every opportunity. Their instinct was to confront rather than co-operate. The authorities did not know how to handle them and they turned the island upside down. In these young men we saw the angry revolutionary spirit of the times. I had had some warning. On a visit from Winnie a few months before, she had managed to tell me through our coded conversation that there was a rising class of discontented youth who were militant and Africanist in orientation. She said they were changing the nature of the struggle and that I should be aware of them.

They were appalled by what they considered the barbaric conditions of the island and said they could not understand how we could live in such a way. We told them that they should have seen the island in 1964. But they were almost as sceptical of us as they were of the authorities. They chose to ignore our calls for discipline and thought our advice feeble and unassertive. It was obvious that they regarded us, the Rivonia Trialists, as moderates. After so many years of being branded a radical revolutionary, to be perceived as a moderate was a not altogether pleasant feeling. I knew I could react two ways: I could scold them for their impertinence or I could listen to what they were saying. I chose the latter.

When some of these men came into our section, I ►

◄ asked them to give us papers on their movement and philosophy. I wanted to know what had brought them to the struggle, what motivated them, what their ideas were. Shortly after their arrival, the commanding officer came to me and asked me as a favour to address the young men. He wanted me to tell them to restrain themselves, to recognise the fact that they were in prison and to accept the discipline. I told him that I was not prepared to do that. In the circumstances, they would have regarded me as a collaborator.

These fellows refused to conform to even basic regulations. One day I was at the head office conferring with the commanding officer. As I was walking out with the major, we came upon a young prisoner being interviewed by an official. The young man, who was no more than 18, was wearing his prison cap in the presence of senior officers, a violation of regulations. Neither did he stand up when the major entered the room, another violation. The major looked at him and said: 'Please, take off your cap.' The prisoner ignored him. Then in an irritated tone, the major said: 'Take off your cap.' The prisoner turned and looked at the major, and said: 'What for?'

I could hardly believe what I had heard. It was a revolutionary question: 'What for?' This was our first exposure to the Black Consciousness Movement. With the banning of the ANC, PAC, and Communist Party, the Black Consciousness Movement filled a vacuum among young people. Black Consciousness was less a movement than a philosophy and grew out of the idea that blacks must first liberate themselves from the sense of psychological inferiority bred by three centuries of white rule. Only then could the people rise in confidence and truly liberate themselves from repression. While the Black Consciousness Movement advocated a non-racial society, they excluded whites from playing a role in achieving that society.

While I was encouraged by their militancy, I thought that their philosophy, in its concentration on blackness, was sectarian, and represented an intermediate view that was not fully mature. I saw my role as an elder statesman who might help them on to more inclusive ideas of the Congress Movement. I knew also that these young men would eventually become frustrated because Black Consciousness offered no programme of action, no outlet for their protest.

has had a fall outside his London flat and has a broken hip,

The 82-year-old prelate is recuperating at the mother house of his religious order, the Community of the Resurrection. The archbishop is one of the outstanding and persistent fighters against apartheid, dating back to 1943 when he was sent to South Africa as prior of his order's work. His book, NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT, is a seminal account of the devastation wrought by the racist system.

We urge you to send messages to:

Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, CR
House of the Resurrection
Mirfield
West Yorkshire WF14 0BN
ENGLAND

THE INDEPENDENT • FRIDAY 18 NOVEMBER 1994

Unita withdraws from peace talks

FROM KARL MAIER
in Luanda

Angola's on-off search for an end to its 19-year civil war appeared to be off again yesterday when Jonas Savimbi's Unita movement announced it was pulling out of ceasefire negotiations with the government just four days before the scheduled signing of a peace agreement.

Unita alleged that the Angolan government forces had violated a nationwide truce by recapturing the northern provincial capital of Uige and the nearby strategic airbase at Negage.

"We suspended our participation in the meeting late this morning because ... the truce has been violated," said Unita Secretary-General, Eugenio Manuvakola. He could not say whether the peace settlement would be signed in Lusaka, Zambia as scheduled on 20 November. "Let us wait and see," he said. "I am consulting with the leadership. We have to analyse the situation."

Uige was the third Unita-controlled provincial capital, after Huambo and Mbanza Congo, to fall in the past two weeks. The airstrip at Negage had been used by planes from Zaire to supply Unita for the past 18 months. The fall of Uige was confirmed yesterday by Unita's representative to the United Nations, Marcos Samondo, who called the city "our pearl in the north".

Angolan state radio yesterday accused Unita too of violating the truce, which was designed to improve the atmosphere at military negotiations in Lusaka in the run-up to the signing of a peace settlement. Unita fighters attacked government positions in the provinces of Cuando Cubango, Bie and Huambo, the radio said.

The Unita withdrawal came as military delegations from

the two sides were negotiating a 10-point agenda on how to implement a ceasefire, identify numbers and location of troops, designate assembly areas for Unita troops, and agree the composition of a new unified army.

The pull-out appeared to leave little time for the military negotiators to complete the agenda before the signature of the peace accord by President Jose Eduardo dos Santos and Mr Savimbi on Sunday.

The UN Special Represent-

tative, Alioune Blondin Beye, has described the issues before the negotiators as technical matters that could be wrapped up in a few days. But a Western military analyst said: "Anyone who says these are mere technical issues either does not

know what they are talking about or is more interested in a signature than in a lasting peace."

The peace accord, which had been approved in principle by the two sides on 31 October, was to set up an effective gov-

ernment of national unity, providing Unita with four ministries and administrative control of dozens of municipalities. Agreement on the role of Mr Savimbi himself was supposed to be reached during the current round of military talks.

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SA blacks' redress over property loss

Cape Town (Reuter) — President Nelson Mandela signed a law yesterday to compensate blacks for the loss of property under apartheid and declared the opening session of South Africa's new parliament a success.

Mr Mandela signed the Restitution of Land Rights Bill to begin the process of compensating millions of blacks driven from their homes, often at gunpoint, during 45 years of apartheid.

"Its purpose is real restitution, to ensure that those who were deprived of their land ... are given back their property," he said.

The Land Affairs Minister,

Derek Hanekom, an Afrikaner in Mr Mandela's African National Congress (ANC), called the signing "an act of enormous historical significance".

Mr Mandela has enacted scores of laws since blacks took their seats in parliament for the first time in May.

This latest Act was the first that will begin to redress the effects of white rule. But Mr Mandela said he was happy with the progress made in the first sitting of the first democratic parliament, which ended on Wednesday. "We have laid the framework for addressing the basic needs of our people and I think this parliament has done very well," he said.

South Africa Cabinet tries to shed gravy train image

By Alec Russell in Johannesburg

SOUTH Africa's Cabinet has unveiled plans for a radical shake-up of the whole system and style of government in the first major policy shift since President Nelson Mandela's opening address to the new parliament in May.

At the heart of the initiative is an austerity drive aimed at tackling the country's administrative culture of profligacy and redressing the public perception that officials are more concerned with lining their pockets than changing society.

The bloated civil service is to be restructured and ultimately reduced in size. State assets, including property and some of the larger state-owned enterprises, could be sold to reduce the crippling debt left by the National Party.

Mr Thabo Mbeki, the First Deputy President standing in for Mr Mandela, who is on holiday in Saudi Arabia, said the Cabinet would lead by example, with ministerial salary cuts of up to 20 per cent.

From this week, Mr Mandela's basic annual pay package is to be reduced from £115,000 to £92,000. The salaries of Mr Mbeki and his co-Vice President, Mr F W de Klerk, are to drop from £100,000 to £80,000.

While no decision has been taken about MPs' pay, they will be under pressure to follow the Cabinet's example.

Discussions are also under way into limiting ministers' future salary increases to five per cent and restricting MPs' travel and living allowances. Disclosing the changes, Mr Mbeki said the Cabinet had unanimously agreed to the cuts to help transform the public sector into a "leaner and more effective catalyst of reconstruction, development and sustainable growth".

This was seen yesterday as a response to accusations by many of the African National Congress's own supporters, including trade unions and Archbishop Desmond Tutu, that the government is "riding the gravy train".

But Mr Mbeki made clear that the salary cuts were merely part of a general process of slashing government expenditure and streamlining the administration.

The new vision was hailed by business leaders, opposition parties and the ANC party machine as a welcome first sign of the government's commitment to take hold of the country's flagging economy and inefficient administration.

The government has been lamentably slow to come to grips with the culture of militancy and indifference which plagues the workplace.

The Cabinet's six-point plan should lay to rest Right wingers' fears that the ANC has a closet communist agenda. Far from the old rhetoric of nationalisation, the emphasis is on privatisation, which could begin early next year.

The only question mark concerns the plan to prune the million-plus Afrikaner-dominated bureaucracy, which has been one of the main brakes on the implementation of reform and is a major drain on the public purse.

Ministers envisaged yesterday up to 200,000 redundancies, but this may prove a pipe-dream, as a clause in the interim constitution explicitly protects the tenure of civil servants until their retirement.

The ANC agreed to this as a last-minute sop to the Nationalists in last year's constitutional talks.

Mr Mbeki conceded that the attack on the bureaucrats might require a subtle approach, with "attrition and redeployment" the principal tactics. Any attempt to amend the constitution would meet fierce opposition from the Right wing and could undermine the country's spirit of consensus.

No more Mr Nice Guy, says Mandela

FROM JOHN CARLIN in Johannesburg

President Nelson Mandela has been conveying a short, sharp message to friend and foe alike in the five days since his return from Saudi Arabia: No More Mr Nice Guy.

South Africa's police chiefs, the far right and the ex-combatants of the African National Congress (ANC) guerrilla army have all felt the Mandela lash. In an address on Saturday night he accused the police of "declaring war" on the ANC and announced that tomorrow he would be holding a meeting with the police top brass at his office in Pretoria.

"We cannot allow a police force to develop in opposition to government," Mr Mandela said. "We are not declaring war on them, we are simply going to correct them and discipline them." According to government sources, high-level changes are likely to follow.

On Sunday, the President reminded his former comrades in the disbanded *Umkhonto weSizwe* (Spear of the Nation) liberation army that he was tired of hearing their complaints about the harsh lives they were being forced to lead now that they had joined the South African National Defence Force (SANDF).

Repeating a warning he had made 10 days earlier, he sent a message to thousands of mutineers that if they did not return to duty they would be discharged. "My patience has been exhausted," he declared. "The strongest military discipline will be taken against those who fail to report back." On Monday more than 2,000 former *Umkhonto* soldiers were sacked from the SANDF and hundreds more are awaiting punishment for going absent without leave.

As for the far right, widely suspected of having assassinated the former head of the Dutch Reformed Church, Johan Heyns, on Saturday, Mr Mandela warned on Monday that he was contemplating a "crackdown". The previous government, he said, had not done enough to defuse the right-wing threat.

Mr Mandela's tough talk has been in contrast to the deliberately conciliatory approach he adopted towards all parties when he began his presidency. Unlike the army, the police force has remained virtually unchanged since the April elections, meaning that many of the generals in charge are the same people who were at the cutting edge of the apartheid state's dirty war against the ANC and their allies. Eager, above all else, to shore up South Africa's new-found stability, Mr Mandela initially decided to take the police generals' promises of co-operation with his government at face value.

Confident that the legitimacy of his government is such now that the police no longer pose a political threat, Mr Mandela is poised, according to government sources, to wield the axe. The Commissioner of Police, General Johan van der Merwe, is unlikely to remain in his post, the sources said, and his replacement is likely to be not another general but a less senior officer more loyal to the new order.

On Saturday, Mr Mandela singled out General van der Merwe, the security police chief in the late Eighties, as one of the main offenders. "He promised to support a democratic government. He must now be accountable to us."

Another symptom of what Mr Mandela perceives to be the police's refusal to change has been provided in Port Shepstone, KwaZulu-Natal, where in a replay of the political violence besetting the province in recent years, Inkatha supporters allegedly massacred 14 people last month. Mr Mandela complained that no one had been arrested in what appeared to be another instance of the police siding with the enemies of the ANC.

Demonstrating what the loss of Mr Mandela's authoritative presence might mean, the Johannesburg Stock Exchange shuttered last week when a rumour spread that he was ill. This was founded on reports that while in Saudi Arabia the 76-year-old Mr Mandela had a prostate cancer test.

Unita, not Yemen, was the target

A new thread is emerging from the web of lies surrounding Armscor's 'Yemen' shipload of arms: that it was intended to go to Unita. **Stefaans Brümmer and Eddie Koch report**

THERE is mounting evidence that the Armscor shipload of arms and ammunition, turned back from Yemen and now in a ship off Port Elizabeth, was intended for Angolan rebel movement Unita, in contravention of a United Nations arms embargo.

This may explain Armscor's less-than-frank reaction to recent disclosures on the shipment. Senior Armscor officials lied to Defence Minister Joe Modise when they briefed him.

At a media conference last Friday, Armscor for the first time admitted publicly that the weapons were never intended for Lebanon, and that an attempt had been made to offload the consignment in Yemen, a country recently emerged from civil war and barred by the South African government from receiving weapons.

But Armscor managing director Tielman de Waal shifted the blame to mid-Eastern arms dealer "Eli Wazan", whom he said had "misled" Armscor with a fake end-user certificate specifying Lebanon as the destina-

tion.

As late as September 21, Armscor had still insisted that the ship had arrived in Lebanon; an assertion repeated to the WM&G the next day.

At last Friday's media conference Armscor officials gave their new version of the sequence of events: that "Wednesday or Thursday", September 21 or 22, Wazan had called Armscor admitting the deal was fraudulent. Wazan again called the next day.

They also said the shipping agents had called Armscor that Thursday to say Yemen had always been the destination.

It is understood that senior Armscor men gave Modise preliminary briefings that Thursday and Friday — when, by their own admission, they must have known Lebanon was not the destination.

Significantly, Modise issued a statement that Friday, after the briefings, in which he said "senior Armscor officials during this week gave me some information concerning the destination and cargo of the ship, which they say was Beirut in Lebanon".

Indicating he was not satisfied with their apparently continued insistence that Lebanon was the destination, he said he had instructed Armscor chairman Johan Moolman earlier that day to "submit a full report as soon as possible". That report was submitted to Modise the next Monday or Tuesday. Sources say Modise was still not satisfied, suggesting he believed he was

being misled. That he then asked Minister of Justice Dullah Omar to launch an independent investigation seems to confirm this.

Informed speculation has it that "heads are going to roll" in Armscor.

Meanwhile, an arms broker in London this week corroborated claims by Executive Outcomes — the Pretoria company that provides military support services to the Angolan government defence force — that the shipment had initially been put together for Unita, but fell through when Unita could not pay.

Executive Outcomes' Eben Barlow last week said he had Angolan intelligence information that Unita had been negotiating the deal in April or May. He surmised that the deal fell through when Unita lost control over Cafunfo, the centre of its diamond trade, to the Angolan Defence Force in July.

Barlow said that between September 15 and 22 — around the time it became clear Yemen would not accept the arms — three independent arms brokers had offered him the consignment.

He gave the WM&G a fax, purporting to be from one of the brokers, detailing an offer of 9 212 AK47 rifles, 15 665 R2-HK-G3 rifles and more than 13-million rounds of ammunition. (Armscor says its consignment consisted of 8 596 AKs, 15 665 G3s and 14-million rounds.)

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Barlow said two of the three brokers told him the consignment they were offering had originally been intended for Unita. This week the London arms broker said he tended to believe the veracity of the report as two sources had confirmed it to him and as it was "not the first" clandestine consignment for Unita since official South African support for the rebels ended.

The London arms broker admitted having offered the list to Barlow, saying a mid-Eastern arms dealer had asked him to find a buyer. He denied

Wazan had instructed him, but said he had heard of Wazan, though he was not sure it was his real name.

Observers point out other statements by Armscor at last Friday's media conference could also have been less than frank. These include:

●Armscor said it had been duped by the false end-user certificate Wazan had produced to show the Lebanese government was the recipient. But sources familiar with Armscor methods say the corporation ran intelligence checks on agents like Wazan, and that the corporation's foreign trade department had close liaison

with South African diplomatic missions, through which a stated destination could easily be verified.

Observers also asked how Armscor could have been duped by an end-user certificate which the Lebanese mission head to South Africa, Charbel Stephan, had immediately recognised as fake. Stephan said: "The documents had no reference number, they were undated and they had a signature with no name beneath it."

●Armscor denied during the initial stages of the media conference that the consignment could ever have been intended for Unita, yet it said it had

not been able to establish who the true intended recipient had been. An official later acknowledged: "We cannot deny that Wazan ... could possibly have intended that, but it is a hell of a long way from here to Yemen, and from there to Unita."

●Armscor said that in 1992 Wazan had been a go-between in a consignment of Armscor arms to the Christian Militia in Lebanon. But Stephan yesterday said the Christian Militia had disbanded before then, and that deal had thus also been fraudulent.

●Armscor said it believed Wazan was a Lebanese citizen. By Armscor's

own admission, it has dealt with Wazan over a period of five years.

Stephan said the Lebanese government had been unable to trace Wazan's office or family — information Armscor must possess — and that there was no surname "Wazan" in Lebanon; only "Wazzan", a Muslim surname. Eli is a Christian name.

●Armscor said South Africa had never manufactured AKs or G3s. But sources familiar with the arms industry said Denel subsidiary Lyttleton Engineering had manufactured the G3, locally known as the R2.

Armscor spokesman Don Henning refused to answer WM&G questions, saying last Friday's media conference had been the last communication until Omar's investigation was over.

Afrikaner anti-apartheid theologian shot dead



Heyns: declared that apartheid was a sin

FROM RAY KENNEDY IN JOHANNESBURG

THE former moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa was shot dead at his Pretoria home in a possible assassination by white right-wingers, police said yesterday.

Professor Johan Heyns, 66, was known among his peers as "the clerical de Klerk". He was murdered on Saturday night as he sat playing cards with his wife, René, and two young grandchildren, at his home in Waterkloof, Pretoria. He was struck in the back of the head by a single round from a heavy-calibre rifle fired through the window from six yards away and was killed

instantly. His wife and one child were in hospital yesterday being treated for shock.

Major Ray Herrold, a police spokesman, said the inquiry could take months. Police offered a reward of 100,000 rands (£21,000) for information leading to the capture and conviction of the murderer.

As head of the establishment church of Afrikanerdom, Professor Heyns's reformist leadership led to the declaration that apartheid was a sin, causing a schism.

Amid widespread tributes to Professor Heyns as an advocate of peace and reconcilia-

tion, fears were expressed that the murder might signal a fresh outbreak of extremist violence. General Constand Viljoen, leader of the right-wing Afrikaner Freedom Front, declared: "Bear in mind that the emotions of the masses have still not been resolved." He said all indications pointed to the murder being politically motivated.

Professor Heyns's murder came barely three weeks after a general synod of the white Dutch Reformed Church, at which a critical decision was made to co-operate with its separate African, Coloured

and Indian "sister" churches to form a single church.

President Mandela yesterday paid tribute to Professor Heyns's "insight, integrity and honesty". He said that he was shocked and outraged, adding that he had spoken to the police and was confident that the killer would be caught.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu said: "I still can't believe it. He was the first national moderator of the NGK to call into question the church's support of apartheid. He played an important role in preparing the church and the Afrikaans community for change."

THE INDEPENDENT 2 • SATURDAY 5 NOVEMBER 1994

Pepping up the cola conflict

FROM JOHN CARLIN in Johannesburg

It was not Whitney Houston's stated intention to spark off black-on-black conflict. But while the American singer gushed peace yesterday at a press conference called to launch her first South African concert tour, her real objective was to fire the first salvo in the local cola war.

As an investor in Pepsi-Cola, back in the South African market now that sanctions are over, she has trained her sights on Coca-Cola, which consolidated its position during the apartheid years as the dominant soft-drink company. Yesterday's event, at Johannesburg's new Children's Museum, turned out to be not so much a press conference as a carefully staged promotional exercise, a Pepsi extravaganza masquerading as a celebration of the dawn of democracy.

Capitalising on the biggest gathering of journalists since the inauguration of President Nelson Mandela, the objective was to create feel-good associations in the public mind between Pepsi and the new South Africa, Pepsi and youth, Pepsi and superstardom.

Against the background of several large Pepsi posters, children from Soweto sang, teenagers danced and Houston, overcome by emotion, wept. "I've come back to my spiritual home," she declared. "South Africa was a place on the map, now it is a place in my heart ... the place of my dreams."

Kehla Mthembu, chairman of Pepsi in South Africa, led the applause before announcing that this was "a very special day for the entire country". Pepsi and Whitney, he pronounced, had formed a union. Pepsi was a black-run company funded by African-Americans. Pepsi depicted "the hopes and aspirations of our people".

The third speaker was Ivan May, assistant general manager of Perm, Pepsi's South African bankers and co-sponsors of Houston's tour. He quoted from a speech by Mr Mandela before volunteering the extravagant thought — sub-text: "Drink Pepsi" — that "the role-model Miss Houston provides is critical to the success of the new South Africa".

Such sentiments might not have gone down too well at Pepsi's brand-new South African plant, where 3,000 workers who had been refused jobs were occupying the premises. The protesters had barred employees and were reported by a Pepsi spokesman to be tampering with company vehicles. The government, eager to promote Johannesburg as investor-friendly, sent in the police.

For all Ms Houston's histrionics, it looked like first round to Coca-Cola.

Names remain in new South Africa

FROM JOHN CARLIN in Johannesburg

What's in a name? South Africa's freshly liberated black majority would seem to agree with Shakespeare: not a lot. Six months have passed since the elections, but no one has suggested naming a road after Nelson Mandela. No airports have been renamed, no towns.

Rhodesia was christened Zimbabwe within seconds of liberation, but the only party to have proposed South Africa change its name is the radical Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC). The populace made known their feelings on "Azania" through the ballot box; PAC barely polled 1 per cent of the national vote.

Undaunted, the PAC secretary-general has set a precedent which no one appears to have followed, when he changed his name two months ago from Benny Alexander to !Khoisan X. ("What we're all wondering is how the hell you're supposed to pronounce that exclamation mark," remarked a friend.)

Mr X is the PAC's sole MP in the legislature of Pretoria-Witwatersrand-Vaal (PWV) province. The PWV premier, Tokyo Sexwale, of the ANC, appointed Mr X chairman of a committee charged with coming up with a less unwieldy, more resonant name for the province. Tokyo, who bears his Japanese name with pride, has made it plain that political correctness is not the object of the exercise.

Among the shortlist of names put forward by the committee, one stands out: "Mandeland", earnestly described by Mr X as an acronym for "Malicious Apartheid Now Dead, Everyone Lauding a New Democracy". Probably not appropriate for a province promoting itself as Africa's financial gateway.

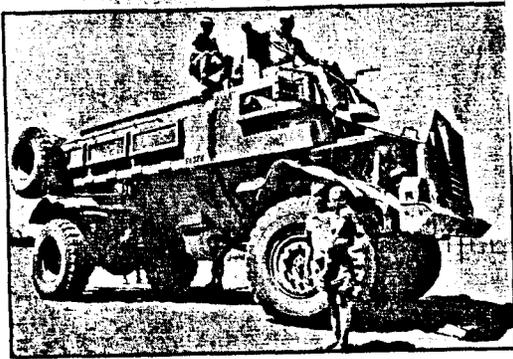
Mandeland is expected to lose out to "Egoli", which means "Place of Gold" in Xhosa, but, no less important, it is also the name of a popular television soap opera.

President Mandela's government, eager not to cause gratuitous offence to Afrikaners, has shied away from destroying the icons of the old regime.

The one exception — and a partial one at that — was the decision to change the name of the HF Verwoerd Building, where government ministers have their Cape Town offices, to the politically neutral "120 Plein Street".

Verwoerd, South Africa's prime minister from 1958 to 1966, was to apartheid what Lenin was to Communism. The fate that befell Leningrad, however, appears to have rung few bells in South Africa. To date, there has been no popular clamour to change the name of a town just south of Pretoria that glories in the name of Verwoerdburg.

THE INDEPENDENT • THURSDAY 3 NOVEMBER 1994



Annemarie Heywood, THE CASSINGA EVENT (Windhoek, Archeia 18, Archives of Namibia, 1994) pp 124, incl, maps, photos and appendices (R16 + R 16 postage) \$4.60 + 4.60 = \$9.20

Although Namibia has been independent less than half a decade, its National Archives have already become a national treasure, publishing studies, treatises, maps, and prints based on archival sources.

The earlier studies, some published shortly before independence, deal with significant, but politically "safe," subjects, such as the letters and diaries of the great political leader, Hendrik Witbooi; the early exploitation of Namibian copper; and a three century history of Ovambo kingdoms. With the Heywood book, however, the Archeia series deals with painful, almost current, events that form the basis for a developing national consciousness.

This slim volume was proposed by its author to lay the ghost of Cassinga by determining what actually happened and its historical context, using available archival materials, "fragments of personal memories and the too coherent existing narratives...."

This apparently straightforward task proved to be more difficult than originally assumed. The author was forced repeatedly to choose among contradictory documents, as well as memories, and to try to account for gross differences among the accounts of equally credible witnesses. In many cases her suggested explanations of differing reports are both intriguing and highly plausible.

She concludes that South Africa's murderous attack on the Cassinga refugee transit camp in Angola indeed left some 600 Namibians-- almost all women, children, and elderly folk-- dead, with 1,000 or so injured. Of the 200-plus refugees abducted (mostly from the nearby small Chetequera camp) to Namibia for interrogation and torture 118 were subsequently transferred to a hellish camp near Marienthal in southern Namibia and left to rot there incommunicado for six years while their families mourned them as dead.

The author's discussion of the historical context is necessarily more speculative. However, this writer and UN staffers of that era certainly accept her basic premise that Cassinga was an integral part of Pretoria's grand scheme to ensure its control of the transition process in Namibia. To buttress this conclusion she analyzes a multi-faceted South African PR campaign directed primarily at the Western Powers on the Security Council, who, as contemporary observers knew, were ambivalent about Namibian independence lest it bring anti-western radicals to absolute power.

It is hard to realize that there is a whole new generation, even in Namibia, to whom "Cassinga" is not a living memory, but only "ancient" history. This eighteenth publication of the Namibian Archives will help keep this symbol of the Namibian independence struggle alive both at home and abroad.

-Elizabeth S. Landis

Dogs of war lie down with old Angolan enemy

Phillip van Niekirk
Cabo Leda, Angola

Hawks put peace treaty in jeopardy

THE Angolan special force trainees tread nervously through the bush in a V-formation, guns cocked, alert for an 'ambush'. Suddenly 400 grammes of TNT explodes, throwing sand, turf, trees and a strong smell of cordite across the veld. The recruits fire wildly, mostly at the ground, and two RPG rockets veer far wide of their target, a clump of palm trees.

Their South African trainer, Wynand du Toit, shakes his head, grateful that this is a mock-up. Otherwise his squad would be in trouble.

Du Toit's job is to make sure the squad improves. He is employed by Executive Outcomes, a controversial South African company that now has a key role in the Angolan government's long war with the country's Unita rebels. Last month Executive Outcomes signed a second £12 million contract with the MPLA government to train and assist its armed forces.

'Without this company, the situation would be very different. They are teaching us very good tactics,' says Brigadier Antonio Baleriano, commander of the Angolan army's 16th Brigade. 'This is dangerous for Unita.'

There is an extraordinary irony here. Executive Outcomes employs about 500 men in Angola, mostly South African veterans, to assist the MPLA. For most of the 20-year war these men were training and fighting with Unita against the Cuban-backed MPLA.

It is a remarkable case of enemy turned friend set against the backdrop of a southern Africa turned upside down by the new South Africa.

Take the case of Du Toit himself. In 1985, on a Unita mission in the enclave of Cabinda, he was captured by the MPLA and shot four times, once through the neck. He spent more than two years in prison.

He returned to South Africa as a hero, and when former President F. W. de Klerk lifted the ban on the African National Congress and the South African Communist Party on 2 February 1990, Du Toit felt betrayed. 'I sacrificed my life and lost a lot of friends in action. At the end it wasn't worth it,' he says with quiet resignation.

HOPES that a peace treaty, due to be initialled this week and in place by mid-November, will finally end the Angolan war could be undermined by a decisive turn in the fighting.

Assisted by South African advisers, and with £1.2 billion of arms purchases, hawks in the Angolan army believe they can win the war, or at least drive Unita leader Jonas Savimbi and his rebel forces into the bush. Fighting is reported to be intensifying, and sources in Angola believe the MPLA is about to mount an all-out offensive.

After losing the 1992 elections, Savimbi seized the initiative and moved to control about three-quarters of the country. However, since January, Unita has been rapidly losing ground. Leadership squabbling has reportedly led to an assassination attempt on Savimbi's life.

The turnabout is even more remarkable for the MPLA. Since South Africa invaded Angola in 1975 and converted a group of bandits under Jonas Savimbi into one of Africa's most effective guerrilla armies, more than a million people have died, 87 per cent of them civilians.

Angola's motive in employing Executive Outcomes is simple: to turn the war against Savimbi. Executive Outcomes's general manager, Eeben Barlow, says his men played a major role in the recapture in July of Cafunfo, Savimbi's lucrative diamond centre and a critical supply line to Zaire.

At its tented camp on the Longa River south of Luanda, the company has trained more than 5,000 recruits for the army and more than 500 counter-insurgency troops.

Executive Outcomes's role in battle is less clear. 'It's not part of our contract to be involved in combat,' claims Barlow. 'We

want to train the Angolans so that they can fight for themselves.'

The men at Cabo Leda, Executive Outcomes's headquarters 60 miles south of Luanda, are adamant that they were involved in the offensive on Cafunfo. They point out that it would have been folly to turn over half-trained recruits to their old commands and hope for the best.

Barlow admits that 100 of his 'employees' were scattered through the armoured column as 'advisers', and that they were engaged in at least one major battle. 'If we're attacked, we don't sit back and play putt-putt,' he says, 'but we weren't part of the sharp edge that captured Cafunfo.'

The distinction is a fine one, but important, because Barlow denies that his men are mercenaries. They have even commissioned their own country music video, *And They Call Us the Dogs of War*, to refute what they say is

vicious slander. It shows Executive Outcomes handing out Bibles and setting up water purification plants for the Angolan people.

But the boys are mainly here for the money — Executive Outcomes pays up to 40,000 rand (£7,000) a month.

A motley crew gathers in the evening at the bar at the Cabo Leda camp, where a cow skull grins out from the wall. Among them are veterans of the Belgian Congo, the Mau Mau uprising and the bush wars in Rhodesia, Namibia and, of course, Angola. There are even guerrillas from the ANC's armed wing, Mkhonto we Sizwe.

The most experienced is Oom Boet Swart, a grandfatherly figure, who has been soldiering for 43 years and used to be second in command of the Selous Scouts, the Rhodesian dirty-tricks regiment.

Barlow is the new-style African entrepreneur, rushing in where the squeamish fear to tread, on the prowl for business opportunities. Executive Outcomes is already planning a holiday resort on the coast and helping with a cellular phone network in Luanda.

'We have good contacts in the Ministries and our track record here has given us enormous credibility,' he says.

Barlow says Executive Outcomes has been promised a contract to train the Angolan army after the war. Until then, the fighting grinds on, forced on by MPLA hawks.

But the country is emptying of young men. The recruits mustered at Longa are barefoot country boys. Some are as young as eight, most are riddled with disease. The very young, the old and the very sick are weeded out, says Barlow.

Executive Outcomes has its work cut out. As Du Toit says: 'The Angolan people are very, very tired of war.'

But it is not they who will decide the matter. 'I doubt if the politicians are as tired of war,' says Du Toit, sure that there will be work for professional soldiers for a long time yet.

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Buthelezi in battle for soul of the Zulus

BY JOHN CARLIN
in Durban

The King of the Zulus, like the Prince of Wales before him, broke a long silence at the weekend, in an attempt to put to an end a campaign of rumours and disinformation concerning the goings on at the royal house. King Goodwill Zwelithini spoke not about his marital affairs — he has five wives and does not care who knows it — but about his uncle, the Inkatha leader, Magosuthu Buthelezi.

A statement read out by the king at the appropriately regal

Edward Hotel in Durban, left no doubt that nephew and uncle are engaged in a battle for the soul of the Zulu people.

Mr Buthelezi, Minister of Home Affairs in Nelson Mandela's government of National Unity, has always sought to identify Inkatha with the totality of "the Zulu nation". This is a palpable untruth, as demonstrated by the body count of 10,000, that has resulted from eight years of conflict between Inkatha and African National Congress Zulus. But Mr Buthelezi's message has carried sufficient weight to persuade a number of foreign right-wing-

ers and the majority of rural Zulus that Inkatha is the Zulus' natural political home.

Until the April elections, Mr Buthelezi had managed to reinforce his message by successfully selling the idea that King Goodwill backed Inkatha. The strategy worked well and, assisted by electoral fraud, Inkatha won control of the province of KwaZulu-Natal.

Since the election things have changed. The king told Mr Mandela at a meeting in Pretoria two days after the presidential inauguration that he too had been a long-term prisoner — of his uncle, since

his inauguration in December 1971. President Mandela told the king that he would provide state funds to set up a Royal Council: a body headed by the king, which would act independently of any political party and would dedicate itself to the management of traditional Zulu affairs.

Statements, in recent months by Zulu princes, identifying themselves as allies of the king and affirming the need for the political independence of the royal house, have provoked tension in the Inkatha camp. These came to a head when Mr Buthelezi

stormed into a television studio during a live interview with Prince Sifiso Zulu, who described himself as a spokesman of the king. Undaunted by the public apology which President Mandela subsequently forced him to make, Mr Buthelezi then conspired with his Inkatha MPs in the KwaZulu-Natal legislature to pass a Traditional Leaders bill, the purpose of which was to undermine plans for a Royal Council and reduce the king practically to the status of an ordinary chief.

It was against this background that King Goodwill,

with Prince Sifiso pointedly standing beside him, delivered his statement on Saturday. Without mentioning either Inkatha or his uncle by name, he left no doubt where he stood when he declared that Inkatha's Traditional Leaders bill represented "a denigration of the Monarch".

"I reject it... I am dismayed at the hurried and discourteous manner in which such a sensitive matter has been handled, as I believe that I should have been properly consulted and I should have been given due respect, as the Monarch and Head of the Nation."

The broader problem identified by King Goodwill concerned the institution of the Zulu chiefs, the majority of whom had been prevailed upon to support Inkatha. "Most chiefs of my province are deeply involved in party politics. I find this situation unacceptable. The partisanship of the chiefs has led to serious political conflict and violence in communities where chiefs have powers over my people... The institution of Ubukhosi [chiefship] should not be manipulated for party political ends... and I therefore need to protect the dignity of

the chiefs and of the Royal House by maintaining a political neutrality."

As to the question why King Goodwill had waited 23 years to express his resentment of his uncle, one of the new royal advisers, a Zulu prince, explained. "All these years Buthelezi has controlled the king's funds. More important, Buthelezi controlled his bodyguards and the king lived in constant fear of his life. He felt he had no choice but to read out those political speeches against the ANC, because they were always written by Buthelezi and his people."

THE WEEKLY MAIL & GUARDIAN
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Buthelezi opposes local elections

Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi has threatened IFP non-participation in local government elections unless the status of traditional leaders is ensured. **Farouk Chothia** reports

HOME Affairs Minister Mangosuthu Buthelezi has come out in strong opposition to local government elections in areas controlled by kwaZulu/Natal chiefs and has urged traditional leaders to boycott transitional local government structures.

He has also warned of IFP non-participation in local government elections next October unless the status of the Zulu kingdom is satisfactorily hammered out in constitutional negotiations held under foreign mediation.

"The stakes are frighteningly high. Inadequate legislation with respect to

local government could wipe out the role and power of the *amakhosi* (chiefs) and destroy the kingdom forever," said Buthelezi.

The Home Affairs minister outlined his position at a meeting of IFP-aligned chiefs in Ulundi last week which was held under the banner of the newly-formed Iso leSizwe (Eye of the Nation).

Professor George Devenish, a public law lecturer at the University of Natal, slammed Buthelezi's proposals as "incompatible" with the interim constitution.

Devenish believes Buthelezi has

fired his "opening gambit" for constitutional talks and compromises will be found.

The ANC head of local government in kwaZulu/Natal, Mike Sutcliffe, said Buthelezi's comments were "tantamount to a declaration of war" and it was a "pity that he does not leave us in this province alone".

Even within the IFP, there are problems with Buthelezi's stance. Two senior IFP leaders told the *Weekly Mail & Guardian* that traditional leaders must allow local government elections to take place in their fiefdoms, with one adding that *izinduna* (headmen) should contest the poll to "maximise their legitimacy".

The litmus test could come tomorrow when the Pietermaritzburg Local Government Negotiations Forum

(LGNF) reconvenes.

After much cajoling, IFP-supporting traditional leaders from Taylors Halt and Vulindlela agreed to participate in the LGNF negotiations and gave their blessing for the inclusion of their territory into a metro forum. It remains to be seen whether they will stick to this in the wake of the Iso leSizwe indaba.

Buthelezi said the IFP plans to pass a Rural Local Government Act through the kwaZulu/Natal provincial legislature which will "preserve" the powers exercised by chiefs and headmen "in administering the community". Traditional councils will be "the primary local government structure in the traditional community". The Local Government Transitional Act "should apply to metropolitan areas only".

Responding, Devenish said: "In effect Buthelezi is saying there must be no elections and chiefs must rule. Power will be vested in an autocratic elite." He said the envisaged rural Act is in conflict with the interim constitution which provides for chiefs to serve only in an ex-officio capacity in local government structures.

Buthelezi envisages elections only for regional councils, the "over-arching local government structure", and sees traditional communities participating in these, but wants to see regional councils devolving maximum powers to the lower unelected structures.

Sutcliffe accused Buthelezi of once more engaging in "brinkmanship". "Unfortunately, Buthelezi has still not woken up to the fact that we now have a national democracy where the IFP is a minor player."

● The Zulu Royal House has rejected the IFP's draft Bill on the House of Traditional Leaders which will come before the provincial legislature next month. Zwelithini's new legal adviser, S'dumo Mathe, said: "No adequate or new powers are given to him. In terms of the Bill, the king enjoys the same status as a chief."

It is understood Zwelithini wants to be the head of the House of Traditional Leaders but the Bill makes provision for him merely to send a "representative".

The Suburbs of Johannesburg Stay Cold to Blacks

By ISABEL WILKERSON

Special to The New York Times

JOHANNESBURG — After the cage of apartheid began to open up and the borders of his existence were no longer the pocked roads of Soweto, Vusi Makhubela found a peach-colored house in a white promised land with rose bushes and a two-car garage.

It was there that he knelt with his family in a corner of his bedroom to thank the ancestors for the family's good fortune. He sprinkled tobacco on the carpet, because the ancestors must have their snuff, and marked the sacred spot with his deceased father's wooden walking stick. Outside he planted a tiny sapling, which he named Watch Us Grow.

The next day a "For Sale" sign went up at the house next door. The people on the other side left a few months later. He never caught their names. Soon more and more middle-class Sowetans replaced the departing whites. Now, two years later, his suburban town of Naturena in the red rock hills two miles east of Soweto has begun to feel like Soweto without the poverty.

In the three years since the iron restrictions on black housing were repealed, a stream of black professionals has packed up and fled the fourth-class citizenship of township life, with the clouds of dust from red dirt roads, break-ins, carjackings and Government-issue matchbox houses. Though housing in Soweto ranges from squatters' shacks to relatively spacious brick homes in the more prosperous sections, the basic dwelling remains the bleak four-room cinder-block house.

Few statistics are available on the number of blacks moving from Soweto or other townships into formerly all-white areas; it is commonly said that the Government does not know exactly how many people live in the townships, much less how many are leaving.

Though millions of people are still crammed into these South African ghettos — it is estimated that as many as four million people live in the 40 square miles of Soweto alone — even a tiny percentage of middle-class migrants is significant.

As blacks venture into new territory in search of the South African dream of a many-bedroomed house with a swimming pool, gardener and round-the-clock armed security response, they are leaving behind extended families and testing the possibility of integration in a country where racism was the national policy until this year.

In some places, like the modest suburbs closest to Soweto, the arrival of blacks has set off white flight to so-called gated communities farther out.

"They seem to be disappearing," Mr. Makhubela said of the white neighbors he briefly had. "I don't know where they are going. But there are more of us than of them. Wherever they disappear, we will be there, too."

In the wealthier suburbs, the few black pioneers often live in cold isolation, some turning to each other for comfort and an extra cup of cornmeal, some trying to carry out their cultural rituals without interruption and returning to the townships every weekend out of homesickness.

Dr. Benjamin Mgulwa, a family practitioner who like all urban blacks had no choice but to live in a township, moved his family from Soweto to a white suburb of broad lawns and big houses four years ago.

At the time, apartheid prohibited blacks from buying property in white areas. So he persuaded a white sponsor to sign for him so his family

could live in their chic white house with a swimming pool in front.

Dr. Mgulwa tried to keep a low profile. But the family's dog, nervous in new surroundings, barked throughout the first night. The next morning, a sign was posted on their gate from the next-door neighbors who had yet to greet them. It said, "Please make sure your dogs do not disturb us."

The next day, Dr. Mgulwa went to a veterinarian to get his dog some sedatives. "I didn't want to irritate anybody," Dr. Mgulwa said. "It was not legal to stay in a white area, and

Free of the ghetto at last, they still live with racism.

I thought they would put us out. You don't want to cause trouble."

A few months later, the neighbors moved.

Others say they, too, feel as if they are walking on pins and are constantly being monitored.

"With some white people, your child mustn't cry, your dog mustn't bark," said Onica Mabiletsa, a Soweto school administrator who moved from Soweto to a white suburb with her two children.

Mrs. Mabiletsa said that whenever her children got into the swimming pool in her housing complex, the white parents immediately pulled their children out of the pool.

"So I told my children to go in and swim first," she said. "When the whites went and found my children there, they complained to the management, which came and cleaned the swimming pool with chemicals. That is when I moved."

The reception in a mostly white apartment building in Johannesburg was not much better. If litter is found or excessive noise is reported, the management comes to her first with a pointed finger, she said.

"One day, a piece of tissue paper was in the hall," she said. "It was not even in front of my door, but the caretaker asked me about it. I said,

'Maybe it was thrown at my children's school and it somehow flew and placed itself where it was.' They look at black people as dirty. They forget that their houses are clean because of black hands."

The hostility has led her to meet coldness with coldness. "You greet them, they frown," Mrs. Mabiletsa said. "They frown, I frown back. Whatever they give, I give it back."

Many black suburbanites tell of the times their neighbors tried to hire them as gardeners or maids. Gladness Ncobo, a real estate agent, was out in her yard planting perennials with her grown son when a neighbor came and asked if her son was available on Saturdays.

"I live here," Mrs. Ncobo said, thinking that would show the neighbor that neither she nor her son was a servant.

Then the neighbor turned to her and asked if she was available on Saturdays, she said.

"I happen to own the place," Mrs. Ncobo said she told the neighbor. "If you ask if I come on Saturdays, I don't know what you mean."

One of the biggest sources of friction is an old tradition of animal killing, considered sacred by some African families but frightening to their white neighbors.

On the day he and his family moved into their new white house, Dr. Mgulwa bought a sheep and slashed its throat in the driveway near the garage where his two Mercedes-Benzes were parked. As he did so, he called out to his dead father and grandparents and the ancestors of his wife, Pamela, telling them that the family had moved, to welcome them to the new home and to ask their blessings.

"It's a tradition," Dr. Mgulwa said. "I have to do it. I could not move without telling the ancestors."

The sheep was skinned, and its meat was boiled for the homecoming feast. There were few repercussions, though a white neighbor stared from her second-story window during the ritual.

In some cases, particularly when loud or larger animals like goats or cows are slaughtered, the neighbors call the police and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to

stop either the slaughter or the noise. S.P.C.A. officials said with some frustration that blacks were within their rights because of laws protecting religious freedom.

"It's been going on for years," said Marcelle Meredith, director of the society's office here. "Only now it's being brought out of the townships and into the white community. It never worried whites until it was in their sight. Now they worry that their children have to see this."

When the police arrived to stop a prominent black musician from killing a cow on his property, the musician told the police they should arrest his white neighbor, too. "Look in her refrigerator and you will find a ham," the musician said, operating on the logic that there was a dead animal in each house.

Though blacks say they move into white neighborhoods because they want the paved streets, the open spaces, and the quiet nights without gunfire that white people have, some say they miss waking up to the sound of their mother tongues and the camaraderie of the townships.

"In Soweto, you share the good and bad," Mrs. Ncobo said. "Here, you don't know if your neighbor is alive or dead. Then you see the car drive up, and you know that he's alive. That's not life."

The blacks they leave behind in the townships have mixed feelings about the loss of some of their most stable citizens. Some are resentful and say black suburbanites should have expected hostility.

"These people want to stay in the suburbs next to the white man they defied," said Godfrey Moloi, a businessman known as the godfather of Soweto. "They look for the white people. They want to follow them from here to the Sahara. They want to sleep in his kitchen. It makes me sick."

But Isaac Mogase, president of the Soweto Civic Association, points out that many people died or endured captivity during the apartheid era so that blacks could eventually live and work where they wanted. "I think they're entitled," Mr. Mogase said, "to enjoy the fruits of the struggle."