

AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS (EM) DISCRIMINATES AND TORTURES

A former ANC member gives an account of his painful experience with
ANC in Angola

Sitting down at this desk, narrating this story in following, this story does not necessarily mean to discredit, disprove or blackmail the persons or a people in question; the theme of it only being a sequence derived from my bitter pasts and simultaneously, moreover, the practical and physical experiences, which I endured as a member of the African National Congress, during my stay in the People's Republic of Angola, under the banner of the *Movimento Popular da Libertacao de Angola Partido do Trabalho*, in the western hemisphere of the continent of Africa. Those were the hardest days of them all in the history of my life within, thirty-three years since I was born.

According to the International Law, I happen to understand that, it is only the internationally authorized foreign diplomatic representatives, embassies, for free governments, to the countries where they represent one to another, who are immune from civil and criminal liability; but can only be meted punishment for crime by their local governments. For the liberation movements within a particular host country, I am fully convinced that the liberation movements do not hold the same capacity of status as embassies do, but do speculate that they are being affected by the law within the statute of that particular host country as locals. But in Angola, I totally failed, to distinguish the difference, the distinction that existed if still not existing continuously, between the African National Congress as a liberation movement and that which I happen to understand at the embassies.

Seven days or more, I was incarcerated, being indiscriminately incarcerated by the African National Congress of Mr Oliver Tambo in the People's Republic of Angola. The leadership had been threatening me there. I have been persecuted and tortured physically and spiritually in Luanda, the capital of the People's Republic of Angola, by the African National Congress, for no reason at all.

It seems as if my persecutors' intention was to induce me to give my Zulu nationhood in favour of becoming just an "African" something which under no circumstances can I do. It must be born in mind that the Zulu nation was brought into being by King SHAKA the Great, the Emperor of all times, out of many Nguni speaking clans and tribes, more than 150 years ago, now numbering not less than 10,000,000, within Southern Africa and abroad. I believe that I have gone through all these experiences, as a result of my birth and what I am. I am very conscious about perpetuity of atrocities, perpetuated upon us the oppressed people, all black people, equally, by the Pretoria regime, that I joined the African National Congress, in order to join hands within this liberation movement, to liberate ourselves from the yoke of oppression practiced upon us, by the very ruthless, diabolical, unjust, unruly, fascist, and too daring a white minority manoeuvring regime composed of the clique of racists. In South Africa, in most cases, when an oppressed being has been pounded upon by the regime, they usually publicise it through the mass media in order to inform the world about it, but the African National Congress had never done likewise, for so many people who are in their military prisons.

Now, I would like to seize this hour, to inform the world about my personal and practical experiences, since the day I arrived in Angola from the People's Republic of Mocambique in the year 1978 A.D. My dignity, my honour and that of my people, has been and still is hurt, by the numerous insults and derogative statements, hurled at my uncle Dr Chief Gatsha Mangosuthu Buthelezi, through A.N.C. radio programmes and propaganda Bulletins published and distributed here in Africa and abroad.

Two days after my arrival, I was pounded upon by the "Security" boys of Mr Henry Masondo, to testify before them, why I did not join INKATHA YENKULULEKO YESIZWE led by my uncle Dr. Chief G.M. Buthelezi, somewhere in June 1978. I was told that I was a rich bastard and was sent by my uncle to undergo a research, investigate what the A.N.C. was planning against him. Secondly, it was incorrectly alleged that I had been sent by the boers; to do what? I do not know. Two days later, I was whisked away in a white fiat motor car, to an unknown destination. It is an hotel situated next to the President Hotel. On the fourth floor of that hotel, there we found another boy who has long been waiting, according to their conversation, then began the interrogation. The first posed question

was the latter. My reaction to their question, I told them that the life (life) of everyman, recognises it as an organisation, of which one is the President of himself. They insisted that I should have joined INKATA YENKULULEKO YESI-ZWE. I told them that I shall under no circumstances whatsoever, delegate any person to do for me any brain digestion, hence I am the principal architect of my own cabinet, the contention my character, and of the capacity of my own mentality. They alleged that my uncle testified against Dorothy Nyembe in Pietermaritzburg trial. I asked them how old were they then. The leadership of the ANC, I do not recall of a single incident whereby it ever officially announced this I told them and I would have known about it, so this was a downright lie, I echoed, from the sham self-protrayed leadership unknown to the people. Even though there might be some mistakes which my uncle unconsciously may had done politically, I took them back to the books of philosophy and quoted the Great Shakespeare when he says: "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water". I told them not to expect my uncle to express his feelings in the same fashion of speech as their leadership's. The leadership of the African National Congress points a finger at the enemy, the principal officers of Apartheid, 10,000 miles away from home. Why did we all exiles flee South Africa? Why do we want to see all our leadership in the name of the Liberation of our soil, languishing in the fascist dungeons? Out of that shall then the Pretoria rascist clique change their policy? I was told that I was a son of one of Royal-like aristocrats and they did not expect petit bourgeois to join their organisation. For four days in succession I was being recalled upon to four different hotels. I was being told by these boys that President Dr. Antonio Agostinho Neto, then he was still alive, had empowered them with the jurisdiction and decisive jurisdiction to deal with political suspects. Somewhere in December the year 1978 AD., a congregation of this place was ordered to rally in order

to enable everybody, all residents to voice out their opinions about me. Then you are being suspected to be an enemy, people are being ordered to isolate you indefinitely. But most fortunately, some people could not just breach this stupid order, came to me to discuss; though some had been sent to me as decoys, some but I was convinced that they are very genuine. Secretly some had been coming to me and told me that, it was alleged that I was mobilizing against the revolution by forming some Zulu "cliques"; and that I was highly — minded and wanted everybody to bow his head before me, hence I come from the home of the royal family. During the procession of this meeting I was being analysed and one boy from Durban who is my uncle's principal adversary and at one time Ongoye student, is the one who did almost all the talking and ordered all as political commissars, that no longer should people eat whatever food I cooked. I was expelled from participating in all works of the movement, was banned from political discussions, everybody was barred from holding any type of audience with me, owing to the then current circumstances.

On a certain sunny Sunday, in the morning at about 10.00 a.m., I was called upon by a man whom I last saw at Maputo Airport on my departure for Zambia, and later to Angola. I learned that he was "Chief of Security". He then ordered his boys to drive me in a Volkswagen Kombi. So did they until we reached their secret point of destination, the Angolan National cemetery. Having been pushed out of this Kombi, I was stood beside an already dug grave. He took out an MAKAROV pistol, placed it on my forehead and claimed that he had enough information from South Africa, that, he reclaimed, I had been sent by the boers. But to do what? he had never mentioned. Harshly he ordered me to choose between the two; whether to tell him the truth and his boys or else . . . I asked him why did he not kill once and for all. Why Hesitated? Our fore-fathers died the same way being assassinated by the enemies of the

people. From there and then I was taken to the Central Prison of Angola. Thanks to these "Revolutionaries". I was later released by President Neto; and was sent to the residence. Another meeting was reconvened. I here, was made to stand before the crowd, but had refused because of a banning order which had been imposed upon me. This meeting was called upon because I had gone to the cinema alone without having been spotted for escort "security" reasons. One Xhosa boy told them he had analysed me and he was fully convinced that I was a spy, he concluded.

Responding to the nature whenever it called upon, three or more masqueted agents secretly noted the number of minutes which I had spent in lavatory. On a certain day, one boy said that my uncle Dr. Chief Gatsha Mangosuthu Buthelezi would be stood before a martial court and accounts for all these happenings which are occurring in South Africa. Now here are frank questions:

- (i) Who is responsible for the perpetuity of atrocities perpetuated upon our people, oppressed majority, black people in South Africa?
- (ii) Has ever my uncle ployed any plot to facilitate the killings of our people at home?
- (iii) Is it my uncle who made the ANC a defunct movement in South Africa?
- (iv) Is it my uncle been said to be that irresponsible who intends to make cannon-fodders of our our people in South Africa?
- (v) Is it my uncle who works towards the facilitation of the implementation of communism in South Africa?
- (vi) Is there any form of discrimination practiced within Inkatha membership on ethnic basis?

Are the oppressed masses of our people at home, so incapable as to distinct between a friend and foe as being thought of them to be, by the "revolutionaries".

XHOSAS ARE ON TOP

It was claimed that Sipho Buthelezi, my brother was a CIA agent.

He was always seen carrying with him a lot of money and that was one time encouraging the elimination of his father! our uncle. But nobody who is real Buthelezi, can ever be attracted by such stupid utterances. This was just a built up story, all news, even to the very boy who was relating to his keen nonsensical listeners. It usually happened that when these boys were drunk, happened to bursted out even the top secrets, divulged some nichodemous plots being played for us Zulus; even went up to stating this that the primary enemy of the ANC is the Zulu Nation. Why? if they were asked, because we are in majority in South Africa they would answer. Then, if that is the case, we shall see was our response. Generally speaking, we Zulus suffer from double oppression. Firstly, we suffer as a Zulu nation before the eyes of the "revolutionaries". Secondly, we suffer as part of the oppressed majority of our people in South Africa, black people. We are suffering within the Liberation movements as a Zulu Nation. These brothers of ours, abhor us for the simple reason that we refuse, we say, "No" to seceding from our Zulu nationhood. These "revolutionaries" want us to commit suicide, succumb to such a paradoxical political belief, hence they say that in South Africa, still there's no nation and they are still striving to build one. I demand from the world to inform me and the nation, as to when did the Zulu nation seize the capacity of our status and that of the degree of our nobility of nationhood. Greatly astonishing, are the current possibilities within the African National, Congress with its membership from Natal. They are almost all brandished as spics (sellout). You'll hear the Xhosa boys say that they, we Zulus, sold Mr Mdluli to the boers. It should be borne in mind that we Zulus in South Africa and any else where, are being oppressed at home not as a nation, but as part of the majority of our oppressed people, black people. Even the regime at home has never denied this fact. So anyone who reckons that there is no Zulu nation, is laying challenge against history, is

abuding history and cursing the image of the Greatest Emperor of all times, King Shaka, uDlungwane kaNdaba, odlungemanxulumeni kwaze kwas'amanuluma esibikelana; Inyoni edlezinye! ibinda Nkosil ukuthi abazilutho bayakhuluma nje abaningi. Xhozas are the ones who determine a mandate within the administration; they are commanders, commisars, deputies, logistics etc., being aassisted by their Sotho friends. They are the ones who even receive advanced military training overseas and abroad. Almost all Zulu cadres have been disarmed and are still unarmed for it was claimed once that they might dominate the administration. So there's an ANC gigantic military prison, which resumed its construction, after the late President Antonio Agostinho Neto, genuine comrade of the oppressed people the world over, had declared to the ANC, SWAPO, ZAPU (PF), that Angolan prisons were no longer used as concentration camps since after her independence but were now for REHABILITATION PURPOSES. He then released a lot of ANC prisoners of whom $\frac{3}{4}$ were Zulus. All this time, I did not know who it was to voice my grievance to. It so happened that one day, a young man from Natal, a person, came to my rescue, by putting me in the know as to who to talk to. He told me that it was Mr Henry Masondo, the National Commisar of ANC, who was in charge of that department. This Mr Henry Masondo is a one time Robben Island political prisoner, who served a 10 year term of inprisonment, having been sentenced by the Pretoria regime, so, then, did I. He called upon me to rewrite 1978. After perusing it, he then posed a few questions for which i all accounted. He asked me if I would be agreed with him to write my uncle; and asked him if ever knows a person like myself. I asked him how would he feel like to receive a letter from an acquaintance, questioning him if he was aware that he happens to father a son by the name of so and so. No response. In my autobiographic memo, I had my resignation letter attached to it. He then said that he would send my letter to the

President's Office, Mr Tambo, in Lusaka, Zambia.

It was only in March 1979, that Mr Moses Mkhize, from the President office came to me for an inquiry about my difficulties. He then told me to give him a verbal autobiographic memo, it's analogue being a story derived from the previous written one. I did it and there and then he promised me to call upon the "security" boys, to have a joint meeting with us after 3 or so days. But the meeting did not take place, however, I am glad that writing this memorandum already I was in Tanzania.

In the United Republic of Tanzania, this is where one can laugh, sleep freely without any embarrassment of Russian guns aimed at oneself. One can resign freely from the ANC without any fears of re-inprisonment. In Tanzania, one is able even turn around his head and scratch one's itching back. Already one has liberty for the first time to association, freely mix with locals and the people in general, since the earliest days of exile, to hold any type of audience without being frustrated. No more don't talk to Angolan locals' because the enemy might infiltrate them through them'. Today in this country I can freely swim together with Tanzanians and who else ever that wants to be in the warm waters of our Indian Ocean. i am even able to secure medications because of my poor and jeopardized and ruined health caused by my forcible stay with the ANC in Angola, Angola being a country pursuing after the philosophy of Marxism and Leninism to fascilitate there implementation of semi-Soviet Socialism. It was as good as being a folorn in Angola under ANC. In the very same year 1978, I discovered that I was suffering from a strange indescribable disease with a very duli pain, in the region of my abdomen. When my state of health deteriorated, I correctly thought it was necessary to inform the movement, of a strange pain which I was experiencing. Fore more than 18 to 19 times in succession I had been complaining about this illness, submitting,

(I had been complaining about this) a report. Then Mr Mzwai Piliso at last referred me to Mfelang an ANC doctor. Mfelang told me that, after relating my story to him, I should try and organize better lies, my statement had many blunders. I reported this to Mr Mzwai Piliso. Once more, he referred me this time to another ANC doctor who was still fresh from school; and without having done anything to me, he claimed in fact that it was because of better food which I was consuming already, which I could not afford to buy at home, bread, rice and some beans, so it was a reaction once more he reclaimed from my system. On a certain day, I was called upon by ANC "nurse" to get ready to go to the hospital. Having arrived at the hospital, she instructed me to wait outside. She came out after 45 minutes or so and ordered me in. There inside I found a Cuban man, whom I reckoned he was a doctor. Still astounded of what these two were taking us for such long deliberate delayance, this doctor requested her in a cool manner to ask me what the 'macanco' was suffering from. To her response this "nurse" so did. I told the nurse that I was no macanco. The Cuban frowned his face and demanded to know what the query was all about. He then told me to wake up and 'vai mbora' go home, since I was as he claimed suffering from nothing. Surprisingly, I heard him tell his subordinates at the dispensary to supply me with some tablets and medicine; and I refused them. I asked him what those tablets and medicines were for, as I was told not suffering from anything? Yes, thanks to the "Revolution" the cubans in the military hospital had been told that, it was claimed, I was a CIA agent. We are all very conscious of Cula's attitude towards and against the United States of America. This was revealed to me by an army officer whom I cannot reveal his name, for genuine security reasons. This officer, was my acquaintance. Although I was restricted within premises of that residence, I could force my way and say some what may come, so as to also help them broaden their

intelligensia. The ANC kept me under surveillance, as if I were a criminal.

However, this day in Tanzania, my fellow country men, I owe to them a word of gratitude. These fellow countrymen who are still members of the ANC. Dr Fikile Hadebe-Reed, tried her utmost best to get me cured. This Dr Hadebe-Reed is the daughter to Mr James J. Hadehe, the grandson of Chief Langalibalele of the Hlubis. Mr Hadebe was the first Chief Rep. of ANC in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania. He is the one who also allocated me with a place of abode, this he did it on voluntary basis for my own safety. Dr Hadebe-Reed referred me to President Obote younger brother's wife Mrs Dr Obote who is a skilled radiographer at Nihimbili Medical Center. I will not forget to express my sincere gratitude for her having defended me against the Buthelezi advesaries. Because when HomaYa the wife of Vusi Shanga tried to discourage her from assisting me she forcibly continued to give a hand until I was through. This Vusi Shangase is an ANC radio freedom programme announcer, who daily hurls disgusting insults and some derogative statements at my uncle, trying to mobilize the people of South Africa against their leader, my father my leader, too. Having resigned from ANC, I was also served with a restrictive banning "order" that prohibits me entry within the premises "owned" by ANC in Dar-es-Salaam, was only allowed to call at their office. This was divulged to me by Kingsly deputy to Reddy Mazimba in his presence and Mandy Msimango was also there to confirm it. During the funeral ceremony of Mr D.D. Xabanisa, I just had to apply for permission since the night vigil was going to take place at Kurasini, their residence. I was told that I should stay there not more than six hours. It was revealed to me that houses occupied by ANC were not for South Africa but for "revolutionaries". At Kurasini, there were so many ANC members who flocked to me chanting joyous greetings. Some later even divulged their

difficulties to me. Some, I am convinced had been sent to me as decoys though others had come genuinely. I am very negated to suppression and oppression, so I felt I'd be committing a crime against humanity to silence them up. So, also my eardrum still so sharp as they are, I would had cursed them to had suppressed listerned at them. But I could say, "go to your top-most leadership and table your grievances. In Tanzania, RACISM, is a punishable crime. At home in South Africa, RACISM is the philosophical fundamental and basic foundation of disastrous Apartheid. People die in prisons, die on the streets, die in their houses, being murdered by the officers of this diabolical policy, for their rejection of it. Some of us even lost resistance and took to our heels.

In Angola, it seems the importance of imperium is not recognised by the Authorities as such; hence liberty of some liberation movements seem not to be limited. I do not understand the sound reason as to why are they being justified to be lawless, even for legal causes where some people may even lose their lives. Where is the authority's jurisdiction? I am convinced that they are as good as ordinary citizens affected by the law of the Local Statutory, since my ambiquity of the definition of the position of the capacity of distinction between them, and embassies. In April, year no. 1970 A.D., when I was three weeks old already in Tanzania, from Angola, I decided as was my old fervent wish to talk to Mr Oliver Tambo, President of ANC. I wrote him a letter, which it's contents are part of the grievances and appeals have already mentioned before in this script. I requested him to take an impartial and immediate action to solve my difficulties and were settled as follows:

- (a) The relations between the African National Congress and Inkatha yeNkululeko ye-Sizwe should be clearly defined.
- (b) The abusive and inhuman gossips about my uncle Gatsha Buthelezi should be terminated.

- (c) Those who are in ANC prison in Angola should be charged or released be they Zulu or otherwise.
- (d) An assurance of security should be declared and guaranteed, among those who have suffered and are still suffering unduly in Angola.
- (e) I urge an appointment of an impartial commission of inquiry to investigate the perpetuity of inhuman practices upon some cadres, principally, because they are Zulus.
- (f) It has been divulged to us, by Bernard who is a driver in Luanda, that the movement is now tired of our complaints and grievances; and that the solution left to settle our matter, is to have us all shot dead or imprisoned in the ANC military prison in Angola indefinitely, now this prison under construction and near completion. I do not know what is happening to them now.
- (g) On behalf of the majority of the oppressed people of our motherland, black people, struggling for freedom from the chains of the current system, in South Africa, I appeal to you Mr Tambo as the President General of the ANC and in your sizeable capacity of status as the commander-in-chief of Umkhonto wesizwe, in the meantime, that the majority of Zulu comrades who are trained, both male and females be repatriated from Angola and please give them jobs to do.
- (h) It is advisable that whenever the President visits Angola as both the President General of the ANC, and the commander-in-chief of Umkhonto wesizwe, he endeavour to meet all comrades together and individually if possible to hear from them directly.

I also put it clear to him that I was conscious of some dangers which may crop up being a sequence to my genuine report, but if I am not there for the truth then I am no match for life at all. I told him that I was also astonished by the report which was his word of message

conveying it to our oppressed majority of people at home, on January 8, 1979, commemorating the anniversary of the founding of ANC founded by Zulus, Dr P. Ka Isaih Seme and Dr John L. Dube, when he claimed that there was great unity within all ranks of the ANC; whereas Mr Tambo hardly knows of the practical happenings, daily. So anxiously, I awaited to his reply to my above pleas. I promised that I would not take up a scholarship as offered, I until I heard from him directly, for my conscience appealed to me as it still does, that this scholarship has been portrayed as bribery to subject me to condone the yesterdays and concentrate only on the morrows. I also promised that I was not going to do anything positive within the time until I heard from him directly.

Mr Oliver Tambo then one day sent me Mr Mavimbela, to come and pick me up in a car at Kinondoni ANC residence where then I was residing in Tanzania already. I then accompanied Mr Mavimbela to Kilimanjaro Hotel where Mr Tambo was said to be holding an audience with the Zimbabwean Minister of Foreign Affairs. Having arrived at the Hotel, we had to wait for some time until he came to me in the car. Having exchanged the words of greetings, he then asked me if I was the (comrade) who had recently written him a letter. I responded to Mr Oliver Tambo by situating an introduction that I am Vusumuzi Buthelezi; and that is my name. Our discussions lasted for almost 8½ hours but sadly to announce that they were fruitless. My aim to write Mr Oliver Tambo, as the head of the African National Congress, should be observed under no false categorical prejudice; it was still as it is impartial an attempt to try to bridge the gap which already has created the demoralisation of mistrust and disunity among the leadership of our people, oppressed black people of our motherland, for ANC since it says it wants to seize power in South Africa, I demand the ANC as it claims to be solely and the only authentic spokesman of the oppressed people to recognise

also the activities of its sister organisations in South Africa. Since we in South Africa, all discriminated against by the white minority regime do not believe in racism, I strongly feel that the discrimination of a movement by another movement is nothing else lesser than racism. We in South Africa, do not strive for the return and perpetuity of both British and boer stupid racist caricatures, but to build a new society where all men shall be equal before the law, law of the people and by the people. By the law of the people, I mean the law that protects the weak, irrespective of colour, race or creed but based on equality, since equality is the sacred law of humanity, in the epoch whereby the black men shall no longer be judged by the colour of his skin but through the content of his character. Though so in the movement small as I was, a member of the rank and file and both a nonentity and a fool, I found it hard for me to have my lips zipped, when our captain deliberately were sinking the ship. I could not help endure this horrible situation, in as much as the Great Shakespeare's phrasologies, state this that; for there was never yet a philosopher, that could endure toothache, patiently. I was still as I am trying to prevent the conflict which may explode between the oppressed masses of our people themselves at home and abroad. What annoys so much is to listen at ANC radio freedom programmes transmitting over Radio Nacional de Angola, Radio Zambia, Radio Madagascar, Radio Tanzania and Dar es Salaam, trying very hard some efforts to build the ANC name on ruins of Dr Chief Gatsha Mangosuthu Buthelezi leadership, firstly as the Chief of the Shenge tribe, Chief Minister of the Zulu Kingdom, the President of Inkatha YeNkululeko yeSizwe, and as the Chancellor of the university of KwaZulu. The ANC is trying to portray, Dr Chief Buthelezi as a sham leader who promises people mountains and shall perform molehills instead.

It must be borne in mind that the act in climbing a powpaw tree is a committal of suicide by oneself.

The world must also know that it is not in accordance of hypersensitivity that I so strongly protest against these evils, since one expects that some people will overhear and simultaneously thus misconceive my true and correct report, my correct condemnation of fallacious doctrine which is daily being impregnated in the minds of the youth.

Once more I must echo, I must repeat to state this that this is on humanitarian basis, as a victim of apartheid subjected to its humiliation; and as a black child who was affected by this vicious and diabolical apartheid policy even before I was there in the womb in my mother. I am but very glad that we are the children who were born some three decades ago and born for this time, to observe some of these awkward happenings and for clarification sake, question some of our good and loyal parents if this was what they understood about humanism. If the ANC ever recognized the banishment of my great grandfather, King Dinizulu to St Helena Island by the British, and then elected him as the vice President of the ANC, now that today when his own grandson Dr Chief Gatsha Mongasuthu Buthelezi who is still walking along one and the same trend, fighting against white domination, white supremacy, trying his utmost best to sway the minds of the Pretoria fascists from the myth of their forebearers which they are still holding too fast to it's clutches, uniting the already deliberate segregated masses of the oppressed people of our motherland for them to threaten his life that they want to assassinate him, so if not kidnap him if he ever went to London, but he was there nothing had happened. Even if they can assassinate him, the ANC shall never achieve any goal out of it. The nation shall still exist. The nation shall continue to struggle until victory is achieved. So they just play a marble game with blood which we don't fear, but never knew that blood could at times be taken for pranky purposes. There is a dark cloud hanging over South Africa, my home country, where some of the oppressed people,

black people recognize their black brothers, the Zulu nation as the primary enemy and Pretoria racists as secondary. But if the mountains could talk, they could educate some of them about the people's historical background. I have hope that one day in South Africa, the people shall be free to choose whether they want to become communists or just human beings. The people shall decide their fate.

I once more would like to seize this moment, bring to the attention of the international community, this very serious and delicate matter. We have long lost confidence from the illegal government in South Africa, the knave government which deprives, suppresses, pressurize and simultaneously subjugates every black man and indigenous of his or her rights to citizenship before even existing in the womb of her mother as in the form of a cell, the government composed of villains, these villains who give to our white fellow countrymen who only number 4,000,000 to occupy 87% of the fertile soil of our motherland and make the indigenous people, 22 million black people, stay on the 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ % semi desert areas; these colonists who robbed, and raped our land; these capitalists who exploit our people, black people, by underpaying us, these capitalists who police the wealth of our country for their imperialist masters, these misfits who should be voted out of parliament because they destroy the families of the black people by the employment of migratory labour shamming acts, these oppressors who suppress us the right to broader education, National Education and harness us not only to worse Bantu education but worsen diet; the racist regime which daily murders people, our people, black people in prisons, the fascists who continues to languish the leadership of the people's struggle on Robben Island Maximum "Security" prison, Mandela Sisulu, Mbeki, Mhlaba etc; the sinful perpetrators of evil acts of genocide who mowed down to death our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers in Sharp-

ville, Soweto and Gugulethu, the evil elements of Pretoria racist clique which forced some of our parents to perpetual homeless stay in exile; so if it were not because of all and more other acts of genocide exercised upon us at home having in government which was based on the will of all the people, we would have been there striving for our countries reconstruction and its stability. Since the same struggling people of our motherland have begun to isolate one another, I therefore appeal for the intervention of the international community, I must repeat, to join hands with struggling people of our country, procure recognition to our liberation cause. Inkatha is not as always being claimed about by its political rivals that it was formed on ethnic basis. It is a National Cultural Liberation Movement and embraces all the people of South Africa irrespective of colour, race or creed. So all those who claim that Inkatha is like that, it is because of them being full of nepotism since they're tribalists, trying to create some barricades within the peoples' political organs. Inkatha is neither east or west politically orientated. It only strives for what shall necessitate the satisfaction of the human conscience of the black man in South Africa, hence the black man is the most oppressed being. This is the level of my basic comprehension in as far as Inkatha is concerned. We appeal to all peace loving forces to preach peace and unity to our liberatory forces internally and externally. Let us be one. Unity is strength!

Distinguish leadership, whose plight and primary plight is to unify those that have been divided, please do know all those who are ignorant (not well versed) about the political situation at home and those who are well versed about it, that the ANC was banned in South Africa in the year 1960. So it believed still then in round table talks with the regime. The ANC in exile today fled South Africa, our motherland because it's leadership had decided to speak in the different language altogether varied to the latter. It is not the

whole sizeable leadership of the movement that agreed on this new different language. They decided to embark on the armed struggle. As a banned organisation, they were doing their things underground.

In South Africa today the situation needs determined and responsible politicals who must be very accurate in what they are discussing about with the regime and shall never make cannon-fodder of our people. We do not have to expect the leadership within the enemy territory to speak in one and same fashion of language as we do here in exile.

Again I would like to request the international community through their official political bodies, to undergo not only a psychological research but a practical and physical one, to visit some of these places where we have some of our people being incarcerated. Mocambique, Zambia etc. and I promise that I will write their heads of states and try to speak my little but sound mind to them. Looking forward to see our people FREE, at last to determine our own destiny!

From oppression, suppression, exploitation and subjugation, shall the opposed to birthright to land

our land, we poor people, black people, proceed from poverty to prosperity, toiling and humiliated people, black people, provided we are prepared to pay the real prize.

THE WAR SHALL CONTINUE
UNTIL VICTORY.

THE REVOLUTION SHALL
CONTINUE.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE
OPPRESSED PEOPLE SHALL
TRIUMPH.

ALUTA VAI CONTINUAR ATE
AVITORIA!

A REVOLUCAO VAI CONTINUAR!
A REVOLUCAO DOS POVOS
OPRIMIDO VAI TRIMFAR!

CHIEF OWEN SITHOLE'S SON INSTALLED

By Bongani Majola

Chief Nsikayezwe Winston Sithole of the Sithole tribe at KwaNtabamhlophe in Ladysmith has been installed on the 18th of February this year. He is the son of the late Chief Sithole, the Former Minister of Agriculture and Forestry in KwaZulu.

Chief N.W. Sithole has been working in the KwaZulu Government for many years. He holds a Diploma in state Finance and Auditing and was clerk in the Commissioner's Court Pietermaritzburg.

SITHOLE TRIBE

The Sithole tribe originally lived in the area of Qhudeni under Chief Ntshiba Sithole. Ntshiba was succeeded by his brother Jobe. On agreement with King Shaka, Jobe resettled with the Sithole tribe across the Mzinyathi river. Jobe lived for a long time such that his eldest son Mondise, who was to take over chieftainship from him, predeceased him. However, Mondise left behind his eldest son, Matshane who was still very young to assume chieftainship

from Jobe, hence Vela, one of Jobe's sons acted as chief until Matshane became of age.

As a result of a clash between Matshane and a group of whites, Matshane fled from across the Mzinyathi river and returned to Qhudeni where he resettled and changed the name of his kraal from that of Ondini to Ensingabantu.

The eldest son of Matshane was Manzekhofi.

When Matshane crossed the Mzinyathi river back to Qhudeni, Mugabo, son of Siwula, remained behind with a group of Sithole people. Later Mugabo became the Chief of the Sithole tribe in this area where the Sithole tribe is settled today.

Mugabo was succeeded by Sibankwa, then Bhande. The eldest son of Bhande was the late Chief Sigidisabathembu Owen Sithole who assumed Chieftainship in 1956 until 1983 when he died. His successor is his eldest living son Nsikayezwe Winston Sithole who is being installed.

CHIEF BUTHELEZI'S COMMENTS

This official installation of Chief N.W. Sithole was officially performed by Dr M.G. Buthelezi, Chief Minister of KwaZulu. Chief Buthelezi commented that the installation of a Chief is always a very important occasion. It is an occasion which fills many people with mixed feelings. There is a feeling of joy and happiness at the prospect of having a new chief. On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress the reality that a new chief is installed because death has taken away their Chief, who on such an occasion is being replaced.

INSTITUTION OF CHIEFTAINSHIP

The institution of chieftainship is a people's institution. It is an instrument which has served Black people for several generations. It has always been an instrument in the hands of the people. It has always been a democratic institution. It is only when it is used to serve only the interests of the chief without the concurrence of the people that it can turn sour.