

religious leaders of Iran as led by Ayatolla Khomeini were the main obstacles towards improving relations with the US.

It was also revealed that in February, 1980 he had visited Paris and had been informed by Carter's emissary and CIA agent that there were armed preparations by US for Tebes region. After the failure of this desperate act by the US, he immediately visited around the Persian Gulf with an aim of informing CIA about the Iranian leadership's reaction to the US armed aggression and about their next move.

The Americans have used Ghotbzadeh against the Afghanistan revolution. During a second session of Islamic Conference he included counter-revolutionary elements of Afghanistan in his delegation. As a result of this act, he put other Foreign Ministers in Islamabad Conference in great difficulties. Due to his outright pro-US position in the conference, the Libyan Foreign Minister reminded him that they were dealing with Islam - of Mohammed and not of Brzezinski.

This adventurer continued his activities. He consciously worked for CIA money and persistently trying to isolate Iran on the international field. It becomes clear that Sadegh Ghotbzadeh was serving US in Iran and he was such a good riddance.

In fact everyone will agree with one of Iran's leaders, a brother of Ayatolla, Chalchaly that this adventurer deserves the same punishment as that given to counter-revolutionaries.

The Racist Court

- Joe Congo

"If justice is thy plea, consider that in the course of justice none of us shall gain salvation".

- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE -

The Merchant of Venice.

The Goddess of Justice is always depicted as a blind woman weighing the scales. Hers is to hear and weight the arguments advanced by both parties involved in a case.

The judge therefore, reigns supreme. He is supposed to be sober and above and beyond prejudice when it comes to the defence and protection of the law. The upholding of Justice.

There should be no premeditation. His Lordship should

never at all costs allow himself to be influenced by anything that is sub-judice. No matter from which quarter it might come. Not even from Hammurabi or Julius Caesar. Justice must be upheld.

The Goddess of Justice is an Angel. Whether you have tons of gold like the rich or a few shillings of Greek mythology or you are poor like a church mouse or in rags like a beggar or a tramp. All are equal before the law - and Justice remains impartial. In short, social status and integrity vanish. All are equal before the law.



The scene is a supreme Court in South Africa - which falls under the jurisdiction of Roman Dutch Law, where the Law of Evidence must be subscribed to.

"Silence in the Court!" The gavel is sounded: "Silence!"

There is a ring of silence around the Court and you can hear a pin drop and heart beats. The judge accompanied by two assessors enter and His Lordship is the first to sit, flanked by his assessors.

On scanning the Court I reflect and soliloquize quietly: "He may as well have ordered us Non-Whites and Whites. The White Court". For this is how we are seated and made to feel. But I do not say anything because of the present environment. All our ears are just eager for impartiality. As the charge sheet is read I know that this is a murder case but could not make out whether there are any extenuating circumstances or not. I am not well-vested in legal gymnastics. I just look and listen until the verdict...

There is nothing political though. The complainant is an

Afrikaner farmer who is neatly dressed like a dandy. He is an immaculately elegant gentleman, spotlessly clean from bald to toe. Pink and freckled, a pure Paul Kruger descendant. Except for some signs depicting inbuilt anger, he seems relaxed. For all the tension that grips our part of the courtroom he could well be listening to a Beethoven symphony.

It transpires that the charge sheet reads as follows: The accused, an African is a tractor driver on this Afrikaaner's farm situated in Hoopstad. On some day he had failed to report for duty and as a result a consignment of maize destined for the railway station had failed to be delivered. The farm owner's eldest son in a fit of anger had rained blow after blow on the poor soul. In self-defence (or the court shall decide) the accused had seized the nearest spanner - a screwdriver and drove it home between the upper ribs resulting in instant death. Stiff-necked judges and everybody follow the proceedings.

Looking at the accused, I read him as a middle aged family man. In greasy overalls, all honour and dignity fading he stands facing the coming crossroad of justice. The ventilating air cooling system seems non-functional as torrents of sweat pour down his black shining face.

At this juncture I try to turn this simple murder case over in my mind. I argue that judicial wordspinning notwithstanding the accused is guilty. Guilty? Yes, of murder of course. I take a second look at this mutton-nourished Afrikaaner. He wouldn't steal, would he? He has everything. The other lacks everything. There is an absence of an equal point of departure. I would make a bad judge... this is murder pure and simple. But ...

"... and therefore this court, by the powers constitutionally vested upon it sentences the accused to death".

"But... Oh! God! ... my children ..." Choked by anguish, words failing him, he resigns himself to silence. The fate of a man who at death's door strains to understand why he had been given life.

My disturbed train of thought. As the saying goes "Justice should not only be done but seen to be done". But for whom? True, the lion and lamb cannot and never will agree on the meaning of justice. The lamb shall be dogged down as prey until it realises that for justice to prevail the lion must die.

"The Court shall rise". Everybody stands except for a middle aged sobbing mother clasping a newly born that has yet to know of the father's fate. In some days our country shall be scarred with yet a widow and fatherless children.

In single file the panel moves out. Justice has been

meted out. We remain standing, standing to honour the spectre of widowhood.

"My Lord", "Your Lordship" you really are blind.

There is the verdict glaring at me right in the face and there is nothing I can do about it. Perhaps, did that great English propagandist have this type of situation in mind when he wrote: "If justice is thy plea, consider that in the course of justice, none of us shall gain salvation?"

In The History of Sir Henry Esmond, William Makepeace Thackeray tell us of a judge who, after a sumptuous break, goes to the British High Court and sentence a poor man to death Just like that. That is the situation in this South African Supreme Court.

NELSON MANDELA

Let us all praise Mandela
leader of the oppressed and exploited
a true nationalist and democrat
like father in the family
the masses demand your leadership

It is out of your capabilities
that history commissions you
to lead the down-trodden
of our motherland
To you racist monsters
we say a loud
"hands off Rolihlahla"

Asia, Europe, America and Africa
are not quiet
on top voices they cry
"Release the leaders of the people"
while time allows

Those quiet are not dumb
their actions are a fighting talk
talk of MK and ANC
surely you mention Mandela
with the first rays
of the rising sun
your name will be mentioned.

A Thema