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ICWA LETTERS

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Sharon F. Griffin is an ICWA
Fellow studying the language, culture
and politics of KwaZulu-Natal.

Four Indian Views of KwaZulu-Natal

DURBAN, South Africa

February 1996

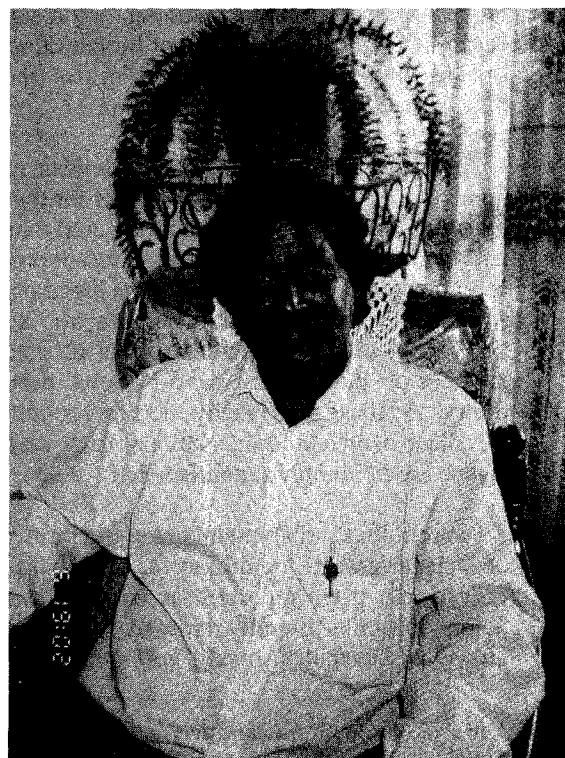
By Sharon F. Griffin

Ramchandra "Glen" Pillay earns a living selling his own special blend of *masala* spices. He crushes and mixes fresh chilies, turmeric, *dhunia* (fresh coriander leaves), *elachi* (whole cardamom pods), *tuj* (stick cinnamon), and *jeera* (whole cumin seeds) the old-fashioned way, by using a *kundi* (mortar stone) to pound them into both fine and coarse powders. "Look. Feel," he says, holding out calloused hands that look like the stumps of thick vines.

Glen hawks his spices in a predominantly Indian community in a Durban metropolitan area known as Merebank. Practically every shopper in the community knows him, "the masala man," and rightfully so. He's sold "Glen's Homemade Spices" for 26 years. Right now, however, Glen's time and energy is pepped up with more than *masala*. He is running for public office. Local government elections are scheduled to take place on June 26 in KwaZulu-Natal, and Glen is the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) candidate in Merebank.

Merebank boasts 35,000 to 40,000 eligible voters. However, only 9,000 are registered. Glen is one of eight candidates vying for one local government seat. I know Glen through my "uncle," Nundha Mundhree. Nundha is not *really* my uncle, but uncle is a term of respect in the Indian community, in the same way that "auntie" is. So I call him Nundhana ("na" on the end of his name denotes uncle) and I call his wife Rosie, Auntie. Nundhana calls me "mommy," a term of endearment.

Glen is one of four people profiled in this month's newsletter. The others are Dr. K. Goonam, one of three doctors who led the 1946 Indian Passive Resistance Campaign against the anti-Indian Land Act; Paul Lutchman, an evangelist whose practical ministry fuels the rapid spread of fundamentalist Christianity among working-class Indians; and Amichand Rajbansi, KwaZulu-Natal minister of parliament and leader of the Minority Front — a political



Ramchandra "Glen" Pillay

party that "unashamedly" fights for the rights of South African Indians.

I sat talking to Glen, Nundhana and S. M. "Sonny" Naicker, another of Glen's longtime friends, over tea and biscuits at Nundhana's home one morning. Before we got down to the business of politics, however, Glen talked about a subject even nearer and dearer to his heart — land.

He is battling to regain land once held by his family. According to Glen, his grandfather, who sailed to this country in the late 1890s, owned a chunk of land in a village south of Durban. Today the land is occupied by all sorts of interests, including a community hall, residential homes, small farms and a Hindu temple that Glen says his grandfather helped build. Glen wants the land back and twice now he's talked to me about this passion. Issues of land and property rights are never far from the minds of people here.

Nundhana and Mr. Naicker are Glen's campaign managers, so to speak. Usually my uncle knocks on neighborhood doors and paves the way for Glen to make a pitch. That's because Nundhana is well respected in Merebank, even more so than the "masala man." Nundhana is so well-respected, in fact, that people let him into the house during the 5:30 to 6 p.m. re-runs of the U.S. soap opera, "Loving [now retitled "The City" in the U.S.]," and, take my word for it, that's no small feat. Glen conceded that he can't get into homes during that time. "Rather go somewhere and sit under a tree," he reckoned.

Glen's reason for running on the Inkatha Freedom Party ticket takes some explaining, and it starts with Kisten Rajoo, former Minister of Indian Education in the old apartheid-era House of Delegates (the parliamentary chamber representing Indians).¹

Today, Mr. Rajoo is a National Member of Parliament and Central Committee Member for the Inkatha Freedom Party. Glen, Mr. Naicker and Nundhana support Mr. Rajoo, who in his most recent political incarnation is a member of the Inkatha Freedom Party. I say most recent incarnation because Mr. Rajoo has held office as an independent, plus he has been a member of the Solidarity and National parties. (Although my uncle says I really shouldn't count the time Mr. Rajoo switched to the National Party because the switch lasted for only a month or so.)

I'm told that Indian members of the former House of Delegates were notorious for switching parties. Indeed, old press reports bear witness to this fact. Some delegates literally crossed the floor of the House of Delegates during voting to join another

party that best suited their needs.

Aside from their loyalty to Dr. Rajoo, pragmatism rather than ideology seems to be the driving force behind Glen, Mr. Naicker and Nundhana's involvement in the Inkatha Freedom Party. "I studied for myself that KwaZulu-Natal is Zulu territory," Glen said, "and since we're living in the territory of the Zulus we should support the Zulus." Mr. Naicker added: "I feel we should support a winning team. It's high time Indians joined the side of the winners."

The Inkatha Freedom Party is a proponent of federalist principles. The federal system envisioned by party leaders allows for this province to have its own political identity, with its own funding and tax base, along with exclusive powers in areas such as education, culture and policing. This vision contrasts sharply with South Africa's constitutional model, which places power in the hands of the central government, which is led by the IFP's arch rival, the African National Congress.

The particulars of federalism are beyond the everyday language of Glen, Nundhana and Mr. Naicker. However, they verbalize their support for a federalist system in this way: "If the country becomes a one-party state, people don't have a choice, like a communist state," Mr. Naicker said. "With a one-party state, there's no place to move." In other words, absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Indians make up 35 percent of the electorate in the Durban metropolitan area. A Marketing and Media Research survey conducted before local elections elsewhere in the country last November showed that 55 percent of Indians trusted the National Party and 61 percent respected it. The African National Congress scored 29 percent trust and 54 percent respect. The Inkatha Freedom Party got just 7 percent trust and 25 percent respect against the Democratic Party's 18 percent trust and 43 percent respect.

Despite the survey results, the Inkatha Freedom Party is making a strong push in Indian communities, both in terms of the number of candidates it's fielding and in terms of its get-out-the-vote campaign. Dr. Mangosuthu Buthelezi, president of the Inkatha Freedom Party, is giving talks throughout Indian neighborhoods. I happened to catch one of his speeches at the Islamic Cultural Centre in the small South Coast town of Umzinto. About 350 people, 99 percent of whom were men, turned out for the Thursday-night rally.

White people clustered in two rows directly in front of the podium. Indians and Zulus filled the rest of the

1. In 1983, the South African government allowed for the creation of three legislative houses: the House of Assembly (178 seats) for whites; the House of Representatives (85 seats) for coloured people; and the House of Delegates (45 seats) for Indians.



An editorial cartoon which appeared in the Natal Witness newspaper on Sept. 27, 1995. It depicts Dr. Buthelezi courting the Indian vote.

hall. Buthelezi got loud claps whenever he talked about free enterprise, and understandably so. Muslims, who own a big chunk of the businesses and land in the town, are strong supporters of a free-market economy.

I almost crossed paths with Dr. Mangosuthu Buthelezi at the Hare Krishna temple in the vote-rich Indian community of Chatsworth. I was there with a journalist friend visiting from Italy. Having read about the temple in a tourist magazine, she wanted to see the temple for herself. So we went and, as we made our way around, we nudged up against Hare Krishna followers filing out of a small room where Dr. Buthelezi had just given a speech.

Chatsworth voters, by the way, supported the National Party in the 1994 all-race democratic election. More than 100,000 Indians voted there. The National Party picked up 64 percent of the National Assembly vote and 45 percent of the Provincial Assembly vote. The ANC received 25.3 percent of the national vote and 22.3 percent of the Provincial Assembly.

Merebank, Glen's home since 1954, is considered an ANC stronghold. But that might soon change — at least Glen is hoping that's the case. He has a simple and straightforward campaign philosophy: Make no promises. Tell no lies. "I sell curry powder to people," he said, "so I won't talk lies to the people because they might not buy *masala* from me. I have a lot of dedicated clients."

Glen sees himself as more of a "confidence builder."

When he visits people in their homes, he said he doesn't promise "mutton curry and rice," nor does he promise to build homes, as other politicians do. Instead, he listens to their problems and tries to act as a resource, directing them to appropriate offices and people. Most people complain that they are paying fantastic rents, he said. "Others got no food." Still others ask, "can you fix me a disability grant?" They also gripe about "attorneys doing me down" or somebody swindling somebody. "Tons of problems people got," Glen said. "Let me get in office to see what it is these politicians can't get from the other side of the mountain."

Mr. Naicker sees his role as different from both Nundhana's and Glen's. He describes it this way: "Glen is the *masala* and salt...for marinating. I go in with the fry pan and oil." Put another way, Mr. Naicker goes behind Glen to seal the deal — or the flavor, as it were.

Mr. Naicker said Zulu chauvinism — my terminology, not his — has proved a campaign problem. For instance, he said Indians complain that the Inkatha Freedom Party is racist toward them. They cite an ethnic slur made by IFP Minister of Correctional Services Siphon Mzimela against Mohammed Valli Moosa, whom he reportedly told to "go back to Bombay."

Mr. Naicker said they also dredge up a remark made by Buthelezi. Two years ago, Buthelezi was invited to speak to Indian students at the University of Durban, Westville. Once there, however, hecklers attacked. Buthelezi fired back. "Do you remember the

1949 riots?," he allegedly said. Needless to say, the 1949 Durban race riot is a sore point with Indians; they talk about the incident as if it happened yesterday. In fact, a play titled, *1949*, is scheduled to open in May at Asoka Theatre at UDW.²

"We want to clear this up," Mr. Naicker said, referring to Buthelezi's remark. "In 1949, Buthelezi was a student. He had nothing to do with that." Furthermore, Mr. Naicker said he blamed students for heckling the minister; the hecklers obviously caused Buthelezi to "lose his nuts."

The cause of the January 1949 riot, which began with an assault on an African youth by an Indian shopkeeper, remains disputed. Mr. Naicker, for example, believes that whites were behind the uprising. "The white man tried everything to get Indians back to India, but he failed. So the 1949 riots were put up by the white man through the black man." Mr. Naicker claims, as do many other Indians with whom I've spoken, that white people with faces painted black instigated the rioting.

"What about the political violence in KwaZulu-Natal?" I asked Glen, Nundhana and Mr. Naicker. "Do people worry that the Inkatha Freedom Party is implicated?" Mr. Naicker answered: "Yes, people bring that up. But Dr. Rajoo says Buthelezi is a Christian, a deacon of the church." Mr. Naicker added that it's the African National Congress that's the aggressor, not the Inkatha Freedom Party. "Look at the symbol for the ANC," Mr. Naicker said. "There's a shield and a clenched fist. The IFP [logo] shows a family holding hands. So who's aggressive, then?" he added. "The IFP is peace loving."

Nundhana couldn't let the question go by without making a remark, too. He said he recently visited a chief whose territory spans a portion of the North Coast near the Tugela River. "Mommy, the Africans were real nice," he said. "They always raise their hands [to say hello] when we go there. The trouble is in Durban, a lot of riff-raff and hooligans." (Just as an aside, during a prior visit to Nundhana's home, another guest teased that I might vote for the Democratic Party. Nundhana, who usually speaks only when spoken to, sat up in his chair and announced that since I was a member of his family I would vote IFP. No more discussion! I mention this because family loyalty, even when it comes to voting, seems en-

trenched in Indian households.)

That Glen, Nundhana and Mr. Naicker seem relatively unfazed by the political violence that has claimed more than 23,000 lives in KwaZulu-Natal since 1985 is understandable. For one, it is ordinary criminal violence that concerns most Indians.³ Secondly, the violent struggle for power between the African National Congress and the Inkatha Freedom Party is "a black thing," if I may borrow the vernacular of inner-city black America. Politically-motivated killings seldom, if ever, touch the lives of whites, coloureds and Indians, at least not directly.

Political violence pits black against black, brother against brother, family against family, neighbor against neighbor, Zulu against Zulu. Moreover, the bloodshed is mostly in hostels in black townships and in rural areas, which are home to half the province's people and are largely administered by chiefs aligned with the Inkatha Freedom Party.

Indirectly, political violence is slowly but surely destroying the province's huge business potential, which in turn affects all races' ability to put food on the table. As one newspaper editorial maintained, "...the death and destruction...gnaws at the confidence of the people, it saps investment, it drives tourists away and entraps the citizens of this fair province in an ever-tightening circle of poverty and desperation that drives up the crime rate and reduces the perception of law and order to the level of a circus."⁴

Aside from ordinary crime, Glen is concerned about affirmative action, as is the case with most Indians here. The subject is even the topic of a play that opens in Durban on May 8. "Alternative Action," as the play is titled, pivots on the life of a bra salesman, Rajen, who is the victim of this policy.

Not surprisingly, Glen frowns upon the practice of affirmative action. Where his party stands on the practice, however, he has no idea. In explaining his reasons for opposing the policy, Glen leads me down a road which, for want of a better description, I'll call "Indian chauvinism." I've been down this road before with Indian acquaintances, and the point at which we typically start is, "But we are not like them."

Glen, for example, said: "You get an Indian and black to do gardening. Give each R20. The Indian buys two

2. *1949* is the story of a "bowzer boy," Dumisane, who attempts to save the lives of an Indian family from an enraged mob during the Cato Manor riots of 1949.

3. Property crimes such as burglary, theft, fraud and arson are the most prevalent offenses in South Africa, increasing by over 22 percent between 1988 and 1993, according to Indicator SA, a Natal-based project. A motor vehicle is stolen every 5.4 minutes, but this crime is highest around Johannesburg, where more than 70 percent of hijackings occur. Most hijack victims, 67 percent, are black. South Africa's murder rate ranks second only to Colombia in the world. Between 1988 and 1993 the murder rate increased by 50 percent. Political violence fatalities comprise a small portion of all murders. In KwaZulu-Natal, political murders constituted only 27.5 percent of the total in 1993. By 1995, this proportion had dropped to 15.6 percent.

4. "Violence is cynical politics at its worst." Sunday Tribune. 24 March 1996: 22.

loaves of bread, takes the rest of the money to his wife...for the children's schooling, whatever. The African drinks up the R20 by the time he gets home."

"The Indian slogged for what he got," Glen said. "Whatever he earned, he budgeted himself to get where he is today. Now the government says we must share the wealth." Mr. Naicker backed up Glen with another point. "If I'm an Indian and own a metal factory, the employees are my relatives. How am I going to sack them and give a job to the African?"

"My grandfather sweated in the cane fields," Glen added. "Indians got nothing from the white man. This is the saddest story for the Indians. During the struggle, the Indians, Africans and coloureds, we were all black. We fought together. Now we're not black. We're Indian." Said Mr. Naicker: "It's apartheid in reverse. Apartheid is not gone."

Glen said his three adult children are so disillusioned with politics and the state of the nation that none are registered to vote. "They didn't know [their] Daddy was going to stand [for election]," he said. "So they missed the registration [deadline]."

Apathy seems rather widespread among all voters, Indian and otherwise. Glen said people tell him, "What's this? An election again! Don't bother us! We're fed up now."

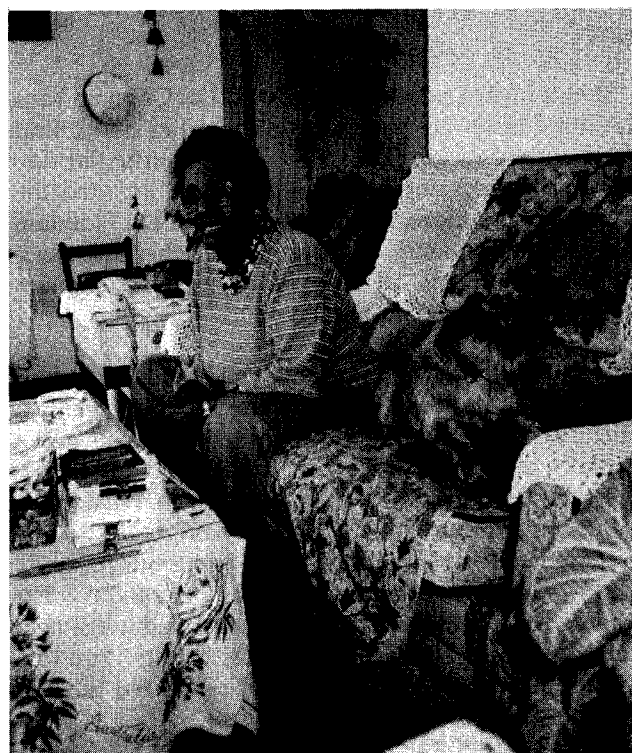
Mr. Naicker, too, has run into this kind of reaction. He made the mistake of knocking on a door during "Days of Our Lives," another U.S. soap that is broadcast twice a day, from 8 to 8:50 a.m. and 4:40 to 5:30 p.m. He said he tried to convince the "auntie" that "these are the days of our lives." But she didn't buy it. She slammed the door, and escaped to the high drama of televised fiction, which, depending on your point-of-view, is less strange and certainly less risky than the truth outside her door.

Dr. K. Goonam "Coolie Doctor"

I stand outside a gated community in a Durban suburb wondering what to do. The electronic button that visitors push to ring residents does not work. I look behind me, hoping to see someone with a gate-pass motoring down the *cul-de-sac*. No such luck. My car idles at the gate entrance, while I strain to remember the location of the closest gas station with a public telephone.

As I turn to face the gate and look down the hill that leads to rows of neat houses, I spot the old lady I've come to visit. She and Shanti, her faithful four-legged companion, walk with sprightly step up the hill that leads to the gate entrance.

She stops half-way and motions for me to climb back into the car. Once I'm inside, she activates a device held in the palm of her hand. The gate opens, and I stretch my neck to see beyond the hood of my car as



Dr. K. Goonam

it takes a dive down a steep incline.

The old lady waves me on, preferring to walk rather than ride to her house. I think to myself, "Gee, I hope I move like her when I'm 90." A minute or two after I've parked in the driveway, the two walkers scurry up and along the walkway snaking to the front door of the house. "Come, come, my dear," my hostess says, ushering me into the house. "So good to see you again."

It's a Tuesday morning, shortly after 10 a.m., and I'm spending the day with Dr. K. Goonam. Dr. Goonam is one of three doctors who 50 years ago led the "1946 Passive Resistance Campaign" against the Asiatic Land Tenure Act, which restricted where Indians could live and trade. Her autobiography, "Coolie Doctor," was published in 1991. Coolie is a term that whites used derogatorily to describe Indians.

Dr. Goonam celebrated her 90th birthday on February 24, but don't imagine that she is frail, either in mind or body. She still practices medicine. Mondays and Fridays she works half a day at a local Indian clinic, earning R350 (U.S.\$90) a month, an amount she describes as "more charity than anything else." What's more, she drives — a blue Nissan Datsun that still shows a Zimbabwe license plate, the last country in which she lived in exile before returning to South Africa in 1990.

I hesitate to say that Dr. Goonam lives alone. Saying so implies that Shanti is, well, a dog, which it is, though not in Dr. Goonam's eyes or heart. "What is Shanti?" I asked Dr. Goonam, expecting to hear that the dog is either a Jack Russell or some other breed.

Instead, she said: "Shanti is South African. She's my baby."

Shanti means peace in Tamil and Dr. Goonam says the dog brings her peace. I, on the other hand, find Shanti nerve-racking. For one, on this particular day the dog is snapping at gnats that have invaded the house. Furthermore, Shanti is jealous. If Dr. Goonam reaches out her hand to touch me, the otherwise easy-going animal yelps. "OK, my baby. OK," Dr. Goonam says to console her companion.

I met Dr. Goonam through my neighbors, Micky and Ethel. The three of us visited her one Saturday evening. Micky and Ethel took along a bottle of red wine and a chicken- and-pineapple pizza. I took a box of chocolates; I'd heard the doctor has a sweet tooth. We needn't have brought anything. Dr. Goonam cooked. She prepared savory pies filled with mince meat, apple turnovers and other bite-size snacks. Shanti eats what Goonam eats, and the dog seemed addicted to the peanuts the doctor roasted in a special batter. "You're a damn nuisance," Dr. Goonam said as she fed the dog nuts from her hand. "Everyone says so."

Dr. Goonam couldn't stop talking, mostly about how bitter she is about the direction in which she believes the ANC-led government is leading the country. Indeed, she complained so bitterly that on the drive home, Micky and Ethel tried their best to temper her comments. Ethel, in particular, seemed at a loss to explain why the doctor spoke so harshly about affirmative action ("First we had apartheid. Now we have apartheid in reverse," Dr. Goonam said. "Affirmative action is apartheid."); the African National Congress ("I'm so fed up with the ANC. Already, there's corruption, nepotism, favoritism."), and President Nelson Mandela. When we reached our apartment complex, Ethel shrugged and said: "Sorry, my darling."

Dr. Goonam was/is an ANC member. I waffle about whether to use "is" or "was" to describe her status because Dr. Goonam has yet to give a clear answer to the question. Instead of a simple "yes" or "no," she has said "well, there's not been a formal split but I'll have nothing to do with them."

On another occasion, when asked for whom she voted in the 1994 elections, she said: "Nelson, of course! The ANC. I'm an ANC person." However, in the same breath she declared that she won't vote for the party again. In fact, she said she has decided not to vote in the local government elections scheduled for

June 26. "My heart is not there, dear," she said.

One reason for her wrath is that she said she asked both the national minister of health, Dr. Nkosazana Zuma, and the provincial minister of health, Dr. Zweli Mkhize, for a part-time position at a medical clinic that she, Dr. Goonam, opened in Durban in 1937. Instead, she said she received a letter saying a position awaited her in a rural area.

Unlike the Indians that came to South Africa as indentured servants, Dr. Goonam's father paid his way here. He was a businessman from South India; his wife, Dr. Goonam's mother, immigrated to South Africa from Mauritius. One of seven children, Dr. Goonam lived a privileged life, even by today's standards.

Among the visitors to her childhood home on Victoria Street in Durban was Mohandas "Mahatma" Gandhi. "He used to come to our home," Dr. Goonam said, as she showed a photograph of Gandhi and her father, "because Field Street was not very far from Victoria Street. He used to walk up." She added that "Mr. Gandhi had three children with whom he played, and I was one of them."

Dr. Goonam is a talker, and recalled her lengthy past with extreme clarity. Her voice is deep and rattles, and she laughs big, with her mouth wide open. Jet black is the color of her short, stylish hair; her fingernails and lips are painted wine red. Her eyebrows are big and dramatic, drawn long and wide with a black pencil. She wears big rings on her thick fingers and three-to-four inch pumps on her small feet.

Over coffee, I asked Dr. Goonam for her thoughts on the recruitment of Cuban doctors to work in remote rural areas in South Africa.⁵ More than 100 Cuban doctors arrived in the country this month to fulfill an inter-government agreement between Cuba and South Africa. Paid the same as government doctors, most of the Cuban doctors will be sent to needy rural areas as part of a three-year work contract. The doctors have been promised housing and adequate clinical support facilities. They can also bring their families.

"There's no need for Cuban doctors," snapped Dr. Goonam, who set up her practice in 1936 after graduating from medical school in Scotland. "Our doctors are not paid well and they're leaving the country. My granddaughter left the country on the 13th of January. She's a doctor, two years in practice. They wanted her

5. There is a critical need for doctors in rural areas. Ngwelezana Hospital at Empangeni on the North Coast of KwaZulu-Natal serves more than 2.5 million people with a staff of 44 doctors, 31 of whom are foreigners, and that excludes any Cubans who may be assigned to the facility.

There are approximately 2,500 health-care centers in South Africa, including primary health, maternity, psychiatric and general health-care clinics, of which more than 600 are state hospitals and 75 are mine hospitals. Private hospitals are concentrated in urban areas, servicing mainly the white population.

South Africa spent approximately R30-billion on health care in 1992/93, or 8.5 percent of the GDP, of which 60.8 percent was accounted for by the private health sector, which provides care for only 23 percent of the population on a regular basis.

to go to a rural area. They even wanted me to go to a rural area! If I were young I wouldn't be here at all."

Dr. Goonam believes that family planning deserves a top spot on the long list of health needs in this country. "Family planning, definitely, all over, and no plural marriages," she said. "That's where the trouble starts."

As for herself, Dr. Goonam never married. However, she raised the children of a "wayward, neglectful" brother who abandoned his wife and children. Not long after the brother left, so did his wife. Dr. Goonam was left to raise three children, ranging in age from one to 10. "They're my children," Dr. Goonam said. "I delivered them and I raised them. I gave them the best I could. I even sent them out of the

country to England when the Group Areas Act was imposed."

Her son is a pilot with the Royal Air Force, one daughter is a prominent criminologist lecturing at the University of Durban, Westville, and the second daughter lives in Cape Town. She is a Shakespearean scholar but today raises show dogs.

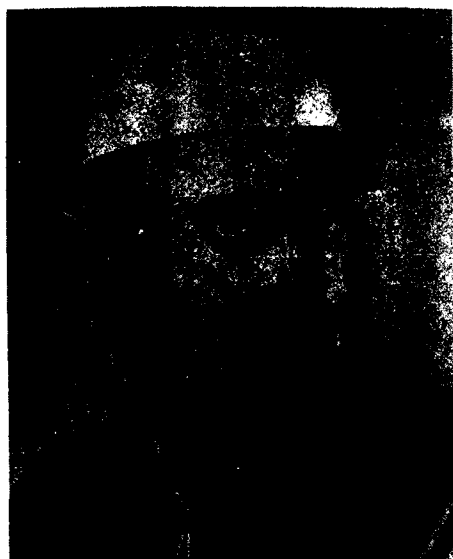
A few weeks after we spent the day together, I treated Dr. Goonam, Micky and Ethel to dinner at a beachfront restaurant. We chewed on delicious food, steamy politics and lots of Dr. Goonam's bitter-sweet memories.

She reminisced about her life in India, Britain,

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FLASH

SPECIAL



Issued by the PASSIVE
RESISTANCE COUNCIL of the
Natal Indian Congress

WE SHALL RESIST!

*A page from Dr. Goonam's
book, which shows her in a
poster issued by the Passive
Resistance Campaign*

Australia, Zimbabwe and, of course, South Africa. In 1956, for example, she worked as an assistant director of family planning in India. Jawaharlal Nehru, independent India's first prime minister and father of Indira Gandhi, interviewed her for the job.

"He hired me," Dr. Goonam said, looking as thrilled as she must have been that day back in 1956. "He was a man. Oh, and he had a sense of humor. Oxford-trained."

She recalled some of her famous patients. "I was a doctor — you'll be surprised to know — for Rev. (Albert) Luthuli [head of the African National Congress, restricted to a square mile of what is now KwaZulu Natal in the 1950s]. Rev. Luthuli brought me Albertina (his daughter). Albertina was a naughty girl. She wouldn't go to school. He said, 'doctor you must tell her she must go to school.' "

She also treated members of the Zulu royal family, including the late Cyprian ka Dinuzulu. "They didn't give me their correct names. But I saw them," Dr. Goonam said. "They said my nurse must not be there, in case she put some poison. [Her late nurse was Zulu.] They couldn't trust each other."

She recalled her years as an activist, a commitment that landed her in jail cells no less than 18 times. "I've been in jails all over Durban," she said. "You name it, I've been there. One worse than the other."

"What would you say has been the highlight of your life, Dr. Goonam?"

Without pause, the doctor recalled a patient, a pregnant woman who experienced a particularly difficult labor. Dr. Goonam admitted the woman to a local hospital, where she eventually delivered a healthy baby. But the woman's problems did not end there. The new mother and her husband had no money to pay the hospital bill. So Dr. Goonam relieved that burden, too. She "fixed it" so that the couple did not have to pay.

To Dr. Goonam's surprise, the husband of the woman visited her at her home sometime later. But instead of coming to thank her, he came to arrest her. The husband was a policeman, sent with orders to take her to jail.

Dr. Goonam's answer caught me off guard. I assumed that she would tell us a story about a joyful moment in her life, such as the day she voted in the all-race democratic elections in 1994. I looked across the table at her, hoping to hear something more, different, with a happy ending. But it was not forthcoming; and I regretted that I expected more. After all, struggle is Dr. Goonam's life.

She broke with strict Indian tradition and became a doctor. She wore Western clothes when most South African Indian women still dressed in saris. She smoked

cigarettes when no self-respecting Indian woman dared do so. She never married. She raised three children alone. She went to jail over and over again for her activism, and today is distanced from the very people she fought with in the struggle for liberation.

The best years of her life she gave to this country. Yet, today at 90, she struggles. She works not because she wants to but because she must. It's not exactly the stuff that happy endings are made of. "I know many people," she told us, "but I have no friends."

As soon as we pulled into the driveway at Dr. Goonam's home, Shanti rushed to the car. She shook her tail, twirled around and jumped at the sight of her beloved "mother." Dr. Goonam said "hello, my baby," hugging and kissing the dog. Then she turned to wave good-bye to us. That's when I noticed something that I had not seen during all the talk and laughter at dinner. It was joy.

Amichand Rajbansi, The Bengal Tiger

A few years back, I took a fiction-writing course. As an opening exercise, the lecturer asked us to think of a lie to tell the class. I hadn't thought of a lie by the time she stood in front of my desk.

"You're a journalist, aren't you?," she said.

"Yes," I said, shifting uneasily at her discovery.

"I always have a problem with journalists," she said, turning to face the class. "It's so difficult for y'all to make up characters, places, situations. That's because you know from your work that truth *really* is stranger than fiction."

The university lecturer popped into my mind after interviewing Minority Front leader Amichand Rajbansi, a character rich with possibility.

Sifting through thousands of old as well as recent press reports on Mr. Rajbansi, I often found the word "controversial" preceding his name. Indeed, it's used so often that it appears as if "controversial" is his first name; Amichand, his middle; and Rajbansi, his surname.

He is tall, maybe 6 feet 4; solid and wears an oily toupee, which makes it easy to identify him in a crowd. His entire demeanor is enshrouded in histrionics. He rolls his lips and sucks the last few words of his sentences back into his mouth, making it difficult to understand what he's saying. He also has a habit of wagging his finger for emphasis; he's sort of a cross between President Richard Nixon and the late variety-show host Ed Sullivan.

Mr. Rajbansi and I met for an afternoon chat in a coffee shop at the historic Royal Hotel in central Durban. I drank coffee, and he ordered a tall glass of diet

Coke with special instructions to put only one ice cube in the drink. (Since having triple-bypass surgery five years ago, Mr. Rajbansi watches his diet.)

Two weeks before our talk Mr. Rajbansi played a key role in securing KwaZulu-Natal's Constitution. His one vote forced the Inkatha Freedom Party to give substantial ground to the African National Congress. "I could write a very good book about my one vote," Mr. Rajbansi said, clearly pleased with himself. "What do you think?"

What I think doesn't matter. However, what he thinks does, at least that seems to be true for growing numbers of Indian voters, including ones who previously swore that they'd never vote for Mr. Rajbansi. His party has fielded 101 candidates in former Indian areas and hopes to capture 40 percent of the Indian vote in the local government elections set for June 26.

In open conversation, Indian radicals, most of whom are young, educated and middle-class, say they detest him. They consider him a "sell-out" and "system politician" for taking part in the House of Delegates. Moreover, they quote *verbatim* the findings of a justice commission report, which declared Mr. Rajbansi "arrogant," "unscrupulous," and "a mean-minded bully," who should not hold "...any official or semi-official post which calls for integrity."⁶

In private, it's another story. Talk to the same radicals at a *braai* (cookout) when they're relaxed. That's when their anxieties spill out. You'll hear their fears of being marginalized under black rule. You'll also hear, albeit in muted tones, that Mr. Rajbansi is, well, not so bad after all.

Like or dislike him, no one can accuse Mr. Rajbansi of being out of touch with his constituency. Indeed, it's his attention to detail that no doubt accounts for his staying power. Just as an example, he's fighting a local government ban on fireworks for the Hindu festival of lights, Diwali or Deepavali.⁷ He's also fighting local government officials to lift a ban on shad fishing, which is a big deal to Indian fisherman, many of whom cast their lines to catch food for the table.

"I don't owe any apologies for fighting for the In-



Amichand Rajbansi

dian community," Mr. Rajbansi said, leaning back in his chair at the coffee shop. "I think a good lesson is the Americans. You have the Black Caucus in the Congress. They're not ashamed about the fact that there is a [Congressional Black] Caucus. I think the blacks in America are 12 percent; we [Indians] are 12 percent of Kwazulu-Natal. If the Indian community sticks together we'll get 10 seats [in the provincial government]. I think for a very long time our votes will hold the balance of power in KwaZulu-Natal."

Another big fight into which Mr. Rajbansi has jumped involves teachers from the former House of Delegates. As many as 3,600 House of Delegates teachers face either retrenchment or relocation to northern rural areas in the province, where mostly Zulus live. The old, apartheid-era Department of Indian Education is set to close on April 1. By provincial enactment, it will be integrated with other racial education departments.

The new KwaZulu-Natal Education Department has appealed not only to Indian but also coloured and

6. A Supreme Court Judge, Neville James, in 1989 concluded an investigation into allegations of irregularities involving members of the Minister's Council of the House of Delegates and members of the House of Delegates. The commission started hearing oral evidence on the 27th of July 1988 in Durban, and Judge James signed the report on the 25th of January 1989.

Seventy-nine persons appeared before the commission. Mr. Rajbansi was accused of more wrongdoing than I have space to adequately deal with in this newsletter. However, charges leveled against him include bullying witnesses; shameful and disgraceful conduct; the deliberate misuse of political power; file tampering, and corruption in the allocation of certain commercial sites and trading license.

Just as an aside, Mr. Rajbansi's character was immortalized on stage in a play called *The James Commission*. The production played to packed audiences nationwide. "More than 25,000 people saw the play," Mr. Rajbansi boasted, curiously.

7. Diwali or Deepavali is a three-day festival held in November. The celebration is based at devotees homes, and includes the lighting of fireworks and the placing of camphor flames around the house. Whole neighborhoods sparkle in the candlelight. Indians living in predominantly white neighborhoods have run into big trouble with neighbors who neither understand nor appreciate the Hindu festival. Last November, the police had their hands full responding to complaints from whites seeking to stop their Hindu neighbors from lighting the fireworks.

white teachers to transfer to rural areas, where the educational needs are greatest. However, the appeal has so far failed. Because of commitments and family in urban areas, none are prepared or willing to move. Furthermore, political violence in rural areas is a deterrent. "These people have to work in an environment where they feel safe and accepted," Mr. Rajbansi scoffed.

The state of education in KwaZulu-Natal is a major concern of Indians, whose advancement in a broad range of jobs and careers has depended to a significant extent on their own contributions to Indian education. They now worry that education standards are dropping.

"The whites never gave us education," Mr. Rajbansi said. "Everything was community run and I think the African people who want to get a message about progress through hard work should take the example of the Indian community. Our forefathers invested in education. As a result, we have a broad middle-class of professional people. Now sometimes that's misunderstood, but it's a result of hard work. So after the (1994) election you have a scenario where the Indian feels that affirmative action doesn't benefit him. They feel discriminated against."

As for his own view on affirmative action, Mr. Rajbansi supports the policy as long as it extends to Indians. "I have no problem with affirmative action, but we need a clear policy," he said. "Durban is 50 percent Indian, so obviously in a local environment affirmative action must be built around the character of the area."

In other words, when police promotions are handed out, Indians must get their fair share. And when the premier of the province hosts a luncheon, he must invite members of the Indian community. Otherwise, as Mr. Rajbansi put it, he'll "make a noise," which is exactly what he did when KwaZulu-Natal premier Frank Mdlalose recently hosted a lunch. "Fifty percent of the population here is Indians, [yet] from the community no Indian was invited," Mr. Rajbansi said. "He invited 70 percent whites and 30 percent African."

"The manner in which affirmative action has been applied has hurt the Indians very badly," he added. "And the allocation of funds for development where Indians are has been very poor in the past two years."

Despite the fact that South Africa's Bill of Rights has enabling provisions to protect minority rights, Mr. Rajbansi believes there is a clear need for a party such as his. "Non-racialism," an ideology that the ANC-led Government of National Unity has pushed to persuade people to redefine their identity in terms other than racial, does not sell with Mr. Rajbansi.

"The problem with the two major movements is that the Indians in the ANC and IFP don't speak out

for Indians. I think that's a big problem," Mr. Rajbansi said. "I don't sense the minority protection. After the (1994) elections quite a lot of Indians were feeling very helpless until I stepped onto the scene."

He clearly sees himself as a protector of minority rights, specifically Indian rights, but there are some who see Mr. Rajbansi as a front for the African National Congress. During the debate over the drafting of the provincial constitution in KwaZulu-Natal, Mr. Rajbansi withheld his single vote long after other parties agreed to vote for the IFP's hard-line Constitution. What's more, he supported a number of positions that strengthened the ANC against the IFP.

Not one for modesty, Mr. Rajbansi said: "Now let me tell you what that vote meant. That vote [had he gone along with the IFP] would have completely destroyed forever the ANC's idea for a truly democratic local government. The ANC believes that once you remove the chiefs and bring democracy, it's going to make a big difference to the history of this province. But the IFP was entrenching the rights of traditional leaders in the local government."

"I could have voted for the IFP but it would have created big problems. So I made up my mind to use my vote for unity," said Mr. Rajbansi, who credits himself for ending the "staggered conflagration" between the two parties. "The greatness of the action was that it unified the province. So we achieved a miracle, and I was pressurizing people. The ANC was helpless, hopeless. I gave them the lifeline they needed."

If indeed Mr. Rajbansi was the lifeline the ANC needed, that prompts a question: Does the Minority Front leader plan to switch to the ANC? "No," said Mr. Rajbansi. Although, he added: "I think that the ANC has decided that in 1999 they want me on their side. I think the big parties are beginning to realize you have to look at the Indian."

"I've always been labeled a system politician, but the system didn't make me," he said, continuing. "A lot of tricameral politicians are in parliament today because they rode on the back of the ANC and IFP. When it was announced that the Minority Front had won a seat, that was the greatest moment of my life. I can walk the streets tall that I went to parliament on my own steam."

"I think a minority movement should remain," he added. "We started out as Indians, but give us time. We want to broaden the base of the movement. You know, the minorities are 35 percent of this province. If they get together they can decide the government of this province for the next 500 years."

Ambitious, yes. Modest, no. (The Minority Front logo is his face.) Slippery. Well, that depends. Mr. Rajbansi was "ready to lie boldly and without hesitation," the James Commission found. And during the

Why should you vote for M.F.

Rajbansi returns a hero

Amichand Rajbansi, the much-pilloried leader of the Minority Front, is back in the political limelight and being hailed as a saviour.

'Bengal Tiger' Amichand Rajbansi played the key role in securing KwaZulu-Natal's Constitution last week. Walking out of the parliamentary chamber in Pietermaritzburg last Friday morning, bleary eyed after the 24-hour negotiations which secured a unanimous vote, one African National Congress MP remarked, astoundingly that the Minority Front leader had "saved democracy".

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KwaZulu-Natal constitutional negotiations, Mr. Rajbansi was heard to say more than once, "I'll double-cross that bridge when I come to it," according to national news reports.

Time passed, and our conversation wound to an end. Behind me, a cappuccino maker churned noisily. Near the coffee shop entrance, a man on piano played the theme song from the musical "Cats."

"So you're a red Indian," the Minority Front leader said.

"No, sir. I'm not."

Silence.

"How did you come by the title 'Bengal Tiger'?" I asked.

"The press gave me the name," Mr. Rajbansi said. "Another journalist called me a tight rope walker par excellence."

Silence.

"I'd like to write a book called, 'My One Vote.' Imagine! That one vote would have destroyed ANC aspirations for a long time," the politician said, obviously pleased with himself. "The key to an ANC victory in this province is the rural vote. The main key is the Indian vote, but I think the rural vote is equally important."

"So what do you think?," he persisted. "You

think I should write a book?"

Silence for a while.

"Absolutely," I said, shifting in my seat. "Absolutely."

Dr. Paul Lutchman: Evangelist

Paul Lutchman, 43, likes telling the story of his conversion to Christianity. It happened when he was 16, on the way home from a soccer game at school. He took a short cut through the yard of a Christian neighbor when the neighbor invited him inside to a Pentacostal service.

Being the smart alec that he was, Dr. Lutchman told the neighbor, "If you want me to go into the house of the Lord, I'll go as I am," meaning dressed in his sweaty shorts, shirt and soccer shoes. The young Dr. Lutchman assumed that his appearance made him unacceptable. To his surprise, however, the neighbor escorted him inside, saying "the Almighty doesn't look at outward appearances. It is what's inside that counts."

"He took me into the house meeting and that night I gave my life to God," said Dr. Lutchman. "And I had not heard a gospel message in my life."

The same night he arrived home about 8:30 p.m. He said he walked through the back door of his family's house to the kitchen. There his feet were stilled. He said he could not move backward or forward. Then he felt his spirit leave his body and he ascended

to a high mountain where the Lord told him: "Go and set my people free."

Later in his bedroom, he contemplated the "supernatural experience," especially the command. "I couldn't sleep," Dr. Lutchman said. "I kept thinking, 'what do I do?' I had a stammering tongue. How was I suppose to set God's people free?"

The next day, knowing virtually nothing about Christianity, he arrived at a busy street corner to preach what he'd learned the night before, *that is*, provided God had healed his stuttering tongue. "Let's see if God will keep his side of the bargain," Dr. Lutchman recalled thinking to himself.

When he opened his mouth, words flowed. The experience "changed my whole life," Dr. Lutchman said. From that day forward, there's been no turning back. For more than 10 years, Dr. Lutchman continued preaching on street corners and at outdoor markets. He also became a successful businessman, the owner of a fabric factory that employed 300 people.

He started the Christian Revival Centre in 1984 and juggled the dual roles of business owner and evangelist until 1990, when he sold the business to work full-time in the church. Today, the Christian Revival Centre is the largest church in Chatsworth. Chatsworth is home to more than 300,000 Indians.

Dr. Lutchman recalled the day of his conversion in the company of his wife, Isabel, and fellow Christians, Dr. and Mrs. T.J. Bronkhorst. In 1990, Dr. Lutchman merged with the Christian Evangelistic Assemblies, which was founded by Dr. Bronkhorst and is based in Long Beach, Calif. As president of the Christian Evangelistic Assemblies, Dr. Lutchman oversees 80 assemblies in South Africa and Lesotho with a combined congregation of 40,000 people.

The main church, the Christian Revival Centre, attracts 3,000 congregants to two services held on Sundays. The church also has 24 acres of land, on which a Medical Clinic has been built and is in operation. By July, the church plans to open a vocational training center, and long-term plans call for the construction of a home for senior citizens, an orphanage, a multi-purpose hall and a 10,000-seat church.

The Lutchmans, Bronkhorsts and I gathered at the Bronkhorsts beachfront flat. Mrs. Bronkhorst baked a traditional Afrikaner dessert, a milk tart pie, to serve with the tea we sipped while chatting in their living room.

Isabel Lutchman said she was born into a Christian family. Dr. Lutchman, on the other hand, was born to staunch Hindu parents. His father died when he was three, but his stepfather was a Hindu priest, slaughtering at least 10 goats a year to deities. Nevertheless, Dr. Lutchman converted his stepfather, mother and

sister, who today is also an evangelist.

Bill Freund, author of *Insiders and Outsiders: The Indian Working Class of Durban 1910-1990*, described the rapid spread of fundamentalist Christianity among working-class Indians in Durban as "a cultural phenomenon."

"Evangelical Christianity...harmonizes with and shows an appreciation of some aspects of Indian culture, such as the prestige of family structures...," Freund, a professor of economic history at the University of Natal, wrote. "At the same time it incorporates members into a universal organization that encourages thrift, education, social mobility and communicates in English." (P. 87)

Retired professor G.C. "Pippin" Oosthuizen, the bulk of whose religious studies focus on African independent churches, has suggested that evangelical Christianity among working-class Indians is a substitute for the family-based community that psychologist Devi Rajab maintains is disintegrating as Indians adopt certain aspects of Western materialism and individualism.

"The Indian community is in a state of transition," said Dr. Rajab, who holds dual posts at the University of Natal: deputy director of student services and director of the student counseling center. She said dutifulness, obedience, community spirit and family loyalty are disintegrating, while the incidence of divorce, suicide, child prostitution, child abuse and family murders is escalating.

"All of a sudden, in less than a decade the divorce rate shot up and single parenting became an issue that never existed before," she said. "In the average Indian home now, women are going out to work and the traditional role that Indian women played has drastically changed. And they're not getting support from the husbands, who haven't really adjusted to working women. So a lot of battered women are bringing their stories (forward)."

Like professors Freund and Oosthuizen, Dr. Rajab has also witnessed Christianity's profound affect in Indian communities, particularly in large communities such as Phoenix and Chatsworth.

"In Phoenix and Chatsworth, you will see the inroads of Christianity. Those who have adopted Christianity have done so in the context of their Indian culture," Dr. Rajab said. "Some of the churches actually preach the sermon in Tamil and sing songs in Tamil. They (congregants) still eat curry and wear saris."

I attended an 8 a.m. Sunday service at the Christian Revival Centre. The church seats 2,000 people and

nearly all of its first-, second- and third-floor seats were occupied. There's a stage at the front of the church, large enough to hold a band, a choir and furniture arranged in such a way that it looks as if you're looking into someone's living room. The setup reminded me of what American viewers see when they tune into televangelists such as Jimmy Swaggart.

A 50-ish Indian woman, dressed in a colorful sari, danced in an aisle in front of me. With both of her hands raised high in the air, she skipped and twirled around, seemingly oblivious to those around her. A second Indian woman, plump with large hips and a long braid dangling down her back, shuffled back and forth in the same aisle. She, too, appeared blind and deaf to everything except the voices of the choir and the sounds emanating from the band's drum, electric guitars and keyboard.

It was easy to get lost in the celebration that characterized the service. Seated in five pews near the front of the church were black youth from Ulundi, which is located in the heart of Zululand. The youth were members of a guest choir, brought to the city by one of Dr. Lutchman's converts, a young man he called Bheki. Bheki and his flock dipped and swayed while standing in the pews. They were like a human wave.

Dr. Lutchman entered the stage through a side door. Lean, meticulously dressed and his eyes hidden by dark glasses, he clapped his hands and bounced on his feet. The congregation then sang with even more spirit. The voices expanded like a balloon and, suddenly, every space in the church was filled with the words, "*Jabulani, Jabulani Afrika. The Lord your God has Risen Upon You.*" □



POVERTY & POPULATION

Dr. K. Goonam's belief that family planning deserves top priority as a health concern is not without merit.

In South Africa, 330 out of every 1,000 pregnant women are under age 19. What's more, three-quarters of the births are unwanted and unplanned. Dr. Margaret Moss, vice-chairman of the Planned Parenthood Association of South Africa, has called the situation a "population time bomb." She added that the country's family planning programs have not been successful, largely because they are identified with the apartheid regime and viewed with suspicion.

In KwaZulu-Natal, 35 percent of the girls dropping out of school do so because of pregnancy. Moreover, 25 percent of families in this province admit to having more children than they can adequately feed and clothe.

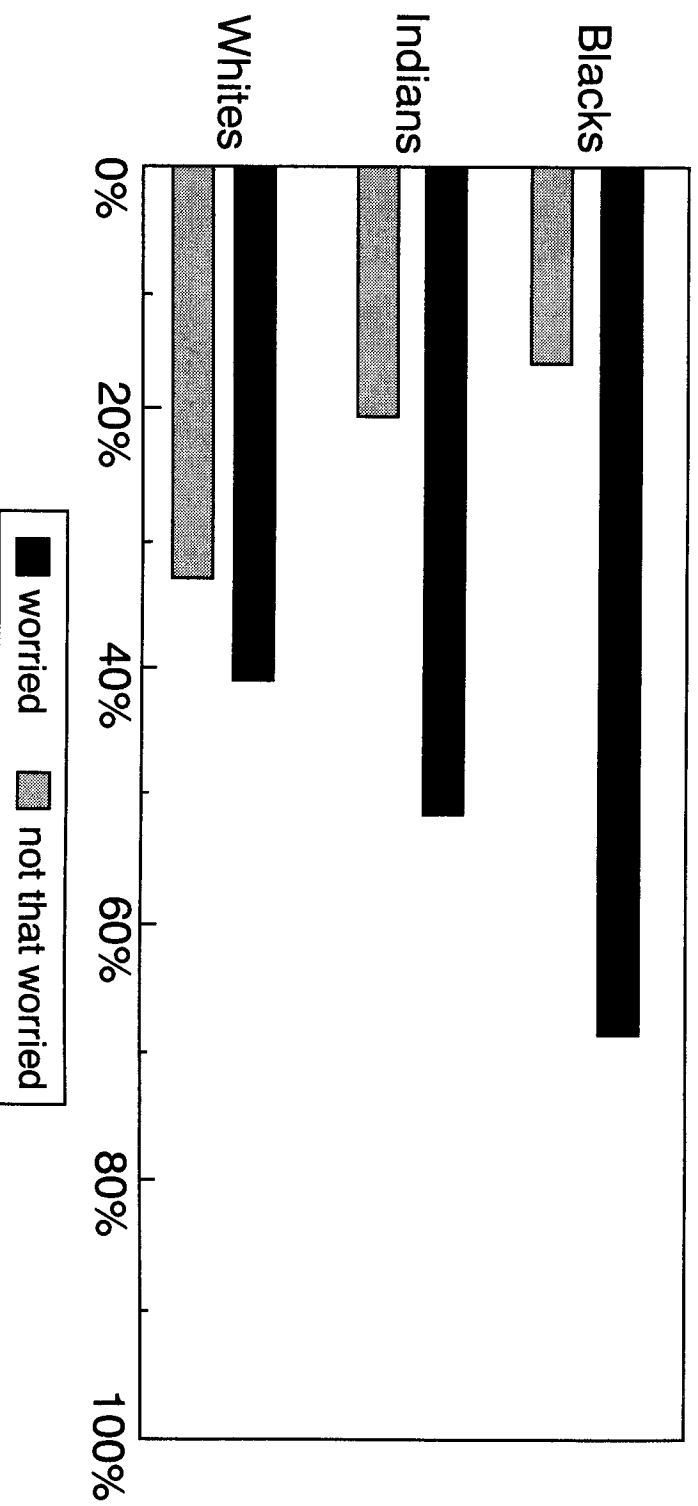
The first post-apartheid census is set to take place from October 10 to 31 1996. The country's current estimated population is around 44 million. However, census officials estimate that the figure might hit 50 million when the final count is done. As it stands, more than 9 million South African children live in poverty-stricken households, a Human Sciences Research Council study has found.

In the past nine years, South Africa's population has increased by 7.2 million — nearly a million a year. To accommodate the two-percent-a-year population growth, it is estimated that the country needs an annual economic growth rate of six percent, which is a far cry from the 3.5 percent achieved last year, the 2.5 percent in 1994, and the annual average of 0.7 percent in the last decade.

Meanwhile, poverty in South Africa has increased at a rate of 2 percent a year over the past 15 years, according to the latest annual report of the National Productivity Institute. The report further states that the formal sector of the economy now employs the same number of people as in 1980, and the number of black people employed in factories is the same as it was in 1975.

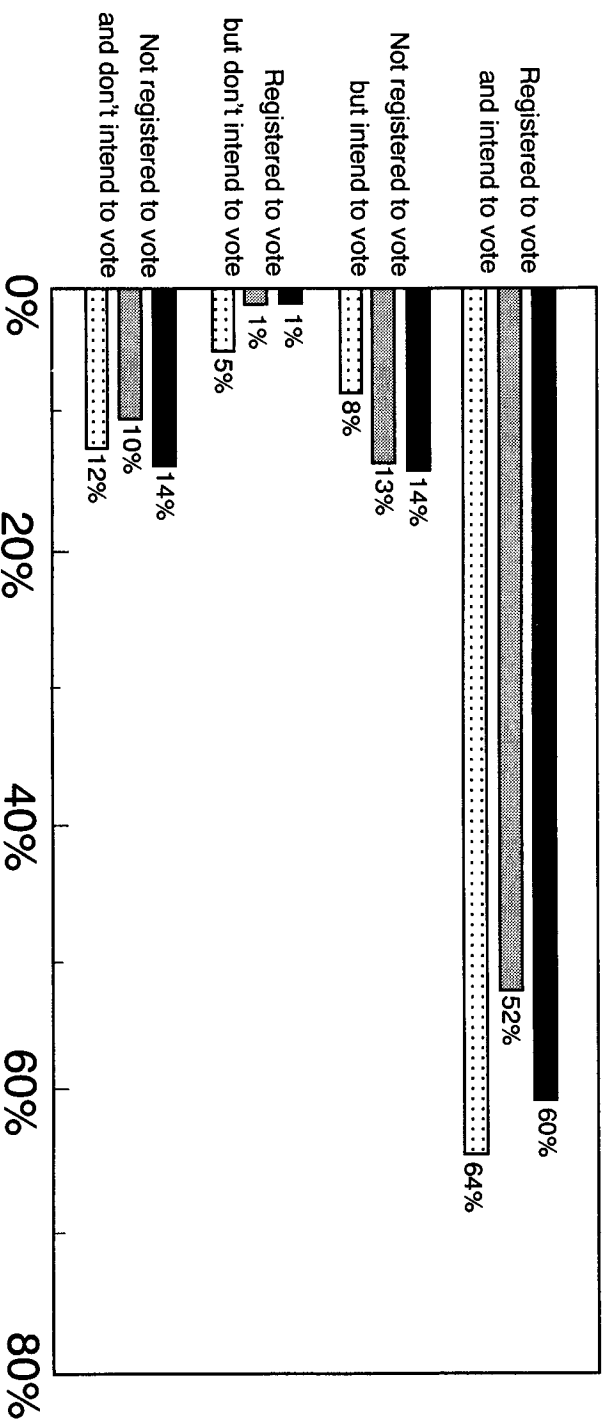
All Races Worry About Election Violence; Blacks are Even More Worried Than Indians and Whites

How worried are you about election violence?



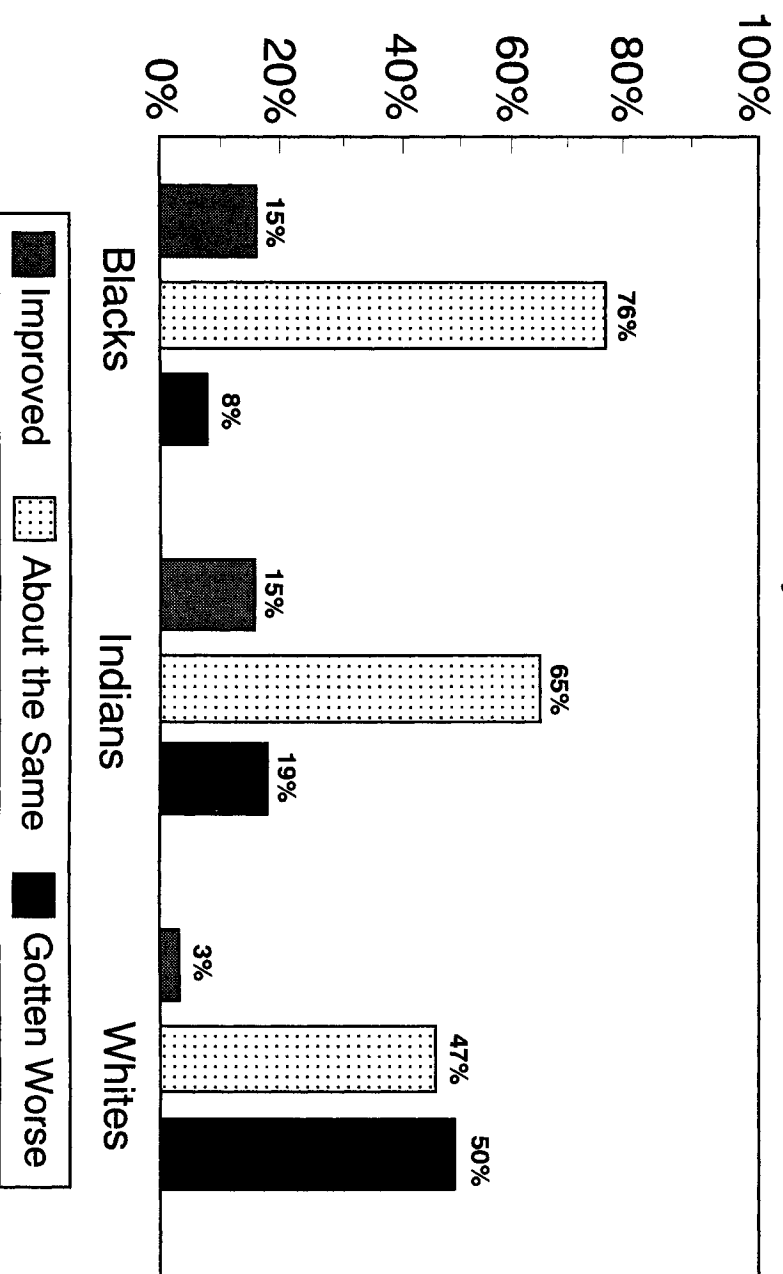
Overall, One in Eight Black and Indian Voters Plans to Vote But is Not Registered

Do you plan to vote in local election?
Are you registered to vote in local elections?



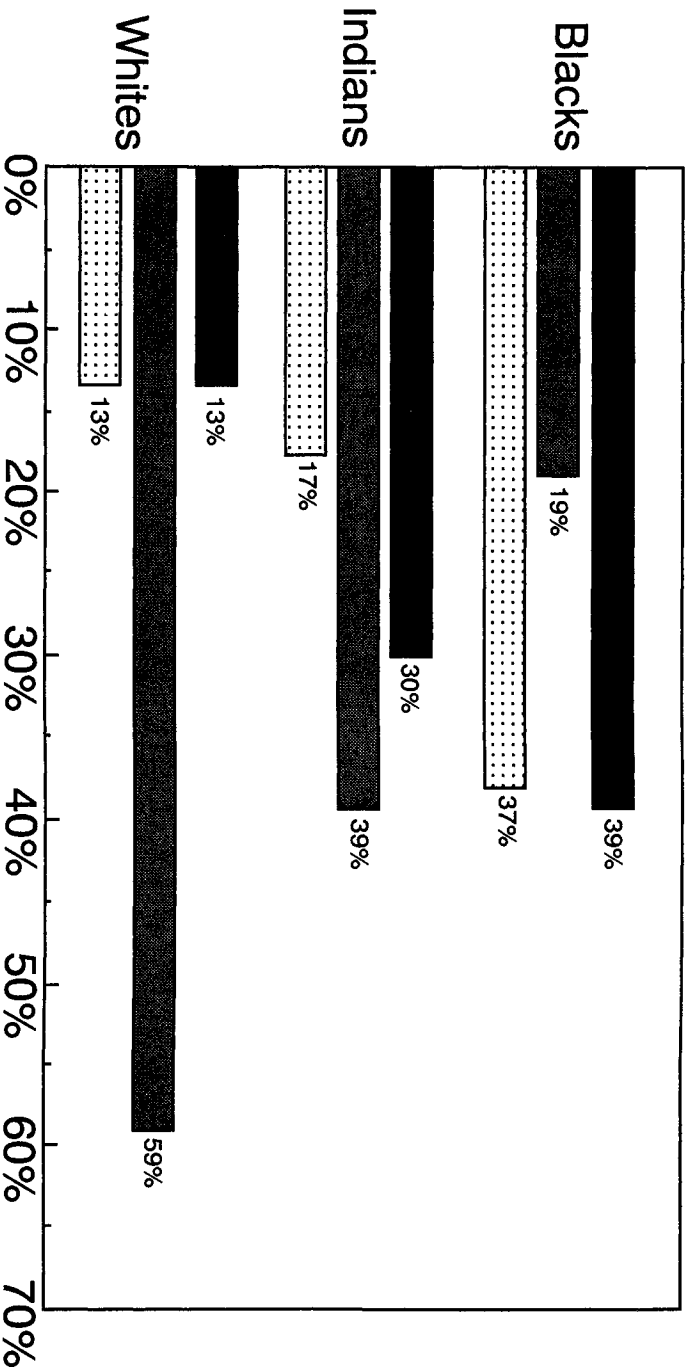
Blacks and Indians See No Change in Their Lives Since the 1994 National Elections; Half of Whites Feel Worse off

Personal/Family Life Since 1994 Election



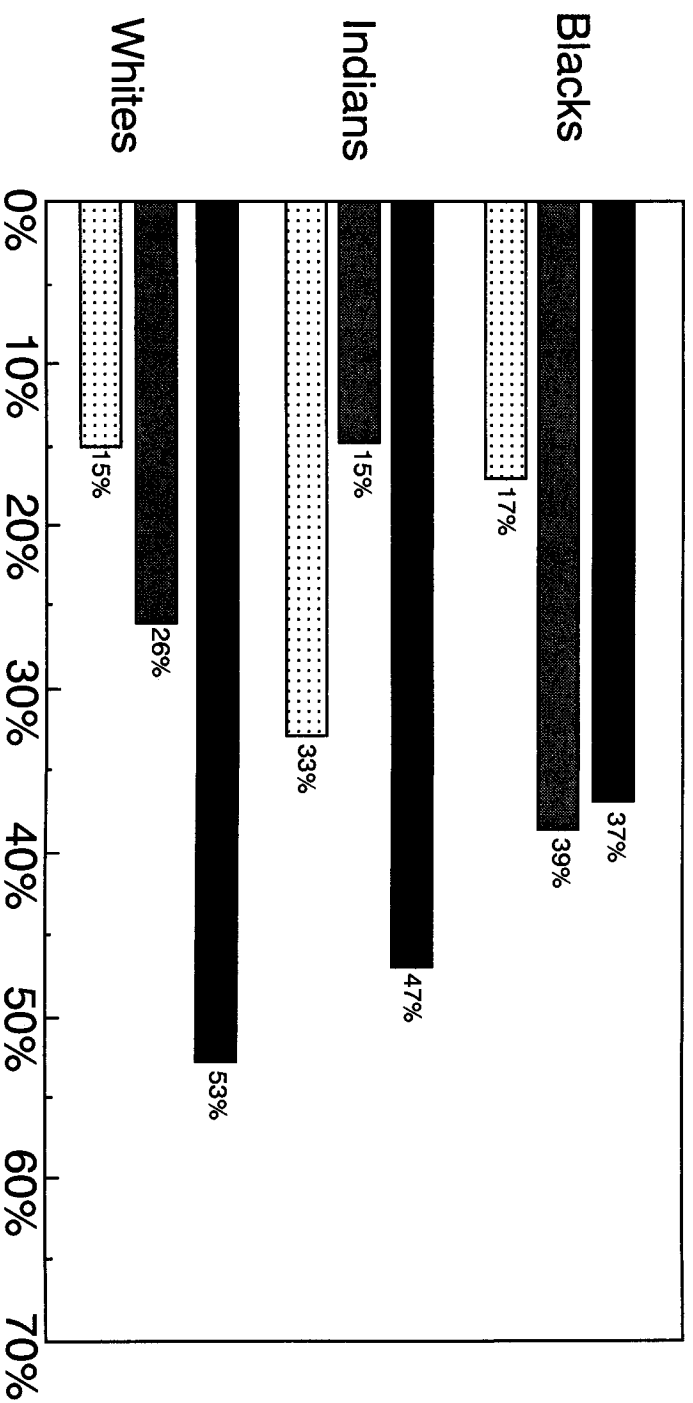
The Economy Dominates for Blacks; Violence Dominates for Whites and Indians

Biggest Problem People in KwaZulu/Natal Are Facing



Indians are Least Hopeful and Most Uncertain About KwaZulu/Natal

Emotion about KwaZulu/Natal



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Institute Fellows and their Activities

Adam Smith Albion. A former research associate at the Institute for EastWest Studies at Prague in the Czech Republic, Adam is spending two years studying and writing about Turkey and Central Asia, and their importance as actors the Middle East and the former Soviet bloc. A Harvard graduate (1988; History), Adam has completed the first year of a two-year M. Litt. degree in Russian/East European history and languages at Oxford University. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Christopher P. Ball. An economist, Chris Ball holds a B.A. from the University of Alabama in Huntsville and attended the 1992 International Summer School at the London School of Economics. He studied Hungarian for two years in Budapest while serving as Project Director for the Hungarian Atlantic Council. As an Institute Fellow, he is studying and writing about Hungarian minorities in the former Soviet-bloc nations of East and Central Europe. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

William F. Foote. Formerly a financial analyst with Lehman Brothers' Emerging Markets Group, Willy Foote is examining the economic substructure of Mexico and the impact of free-market reforms on Mexico's people, society and politics. Willy holds a Bachelor's degree from Yale University (history), a Master's from the London School of Economics (Development Economics; Latin America) and studied Basque history in San Sebastian, Spain. He carried out intensive Spanish-language studies in Guatemala in 1990 and then worked as a copy editor and

Reporter for the *Buenos Aires Herald* from 1990 to 1992. [THE AMERICAS]

Sharon Griffin. A feature writer and contributing columnist on African affairs at the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, Sharon is spending two years in southern Africa studying Zulu and the KwaZulu kingdom and writing about the role of nongovernmental organizations as fulfillment centers for national needs in developing countries where governments are still feeling their way toward effective administration. [sub-SAHARA]

John Harris. A would-be lawyer with an undergraduate degree in History from the University of Chicago, John reverted to international studies after a year of internship in the product-liability department of a Chicago law firm and took two years of post-graduate Russian at the University of Washington in Seattle. Based in Moscow during his fellowship, John is studying and writing about Russia's nascent political parties as they begin the difficult transition from identities based on the personalities of their leaders to positions based on national and international issues. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Pramila Jayapal. Born in India, Pramila left when she was four and went through primary and secondary education in Indonesia. She graduated from Georgetown University in 1986 and won an M.B.A. from the Kellogg School of Management in Evanston, Illinois in 1990. She has worked as a corporate analyst for PaineWebber and an accounts man

ager for the world's leading producer of cardiac defibrillators, but most recently managed a \$7 million developing-country revolving-loan fund for the Program for Appropriate Technology in Health (PATH) in Seattle. Pramila is spending two years in India tracing her roots and studying social issues involving religion, the status of women, population and AIDS. [SOUTH ASIA]

John B. Robinson. A 1991 Harvard graduate with a certificate of proficiency from the Institute of Kiswahili in Zanzibar and a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from Brown University, he and his wife Delphine, a French oceanographer, are spending two years in Madagascar with their two young sons, Nicolas and Rowland. He will be writing about varied aspects of the island-nation's struggle to survive industrial and natural-resource exploitation and the effects of a rapidly swelling population. [sub-SAHARA]

Teresa C. Yates. A former member of the American Civil Liberties Union's national task force on the workplace, Teresa is spending two years in South Africa observing and reporting on the efforts of the Mandela government to reform the national land-tenure system. A Vassar graduate with a *juris doctor* from the University of Cincinnati College of Law, Teresa had an internship at the Centre for Applied Legal Studies in Johannesburg in 1991 and 1992, studying the feasibility of including social and economic rights in the new South African constitution. [sub-SAHARA]

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