



# Interview with Thandi Madlala

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TM: Today is the 11<sup>th</sup> of June 2013. I'm Tshepo Moloi, with *ugogo* (grandma) Madlala in Driefontein. I'm here to conduct an interview with her about the history of Driefontein under the auspices of the 1913 Land Legacy Project. Gogo, let me take this time to thank you for agreeing to meet with me today. And thank you for the information that you're going to give me. As I was explaining, gogo, that the aim of this project is to look at the impact the 1913 Land Act had on the community of Driefontein, but with a particular focus on the forced removals and how the community of Driefontein resisted them for it to remain living here. We're also interested in finding out how is the land used today, 20 years after achieving our democracy in South Africa. But before that I'd like to take you back to find out who gogo Madlala is for us to understand how you became involved in the struggle against the removals? Maybe, gogo, you can start by introducing yourself and tell us where were you born?

Gogo: Thank you, Moloi. You see, the name that was given to me by *unaShabalala*, my grandmother ... My grandmother was the daughter of the King. She was from the Royal family. Her father's name was uMadlangepisi. His mountain is around here, called Intabakanyikhonjwa (the mountain that's not supposed to be pointed with a finger). My grandmother was married in Daggakraal at the Madlalas. She named me uNozizwe. Yes, but that name is not in my passbook. I instead used the name my mother gave me, Thandi. I was born in Daggakraal. My grandfather owned three farms in Daggakraal, at Number 2. Well, after my grandfather had passed away - I don't know how this happened - my grandmother was forced out of Daggakraal. She was given 72 hours to vacate and leave. Life became tough. We were forced out of our home and we lived in other people's homes. This happened she found a place here in Driefontein in 1950. You see, I was harassed when I was very young. And my two sisters - we were three sisters - were people who had accepted what was happening. I, on the other hand, grew not wanting to accept what had happened to my family, because of the kind of life we were living. We arrived in Driefontein in 1953 and we stayed here. I know the community of Moloi from Daggakraal - they are many. My sister has a child with one of the Molois.

TM: My great-grandfather's name was Sima Moloi. He was a church minister.

Gogo: uSima was the one who assisted my grandmother. He was the minister *eshashi* (Anglican Church). Do you know Thebejani Moloi?

TM: Thebajani? No.

Gogo: I must say that I grew up knowing the history of Daggakraal. But then we came to live here in Driefontein in 1953.

TM: Gogo, you said you were born in Daggakraal. When was that?

Gogo: In 1945, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of August. So, when those things were happening I was very young, but it affected me because as I was growing up I seemed to develop hatred. We lived under difficult conditions after we were forced out of our home. My family wasn't aware how our family stands ended under the control of the community of Moloi. Even today I still don't understand how that happened. Then my family bought land here in Driefontein, and in 1953 we came to live here.

TM: Who bought the land?

Gogo: It was our uncle who bought the land. But in reality I think it was our grandmother, because she owned many cows. Remember she was the daughter of a King. She sold some of her cows. ...[Inaudible] said the cows had been impounded, but that was not true. Then Barry, the lawyer at Wakkerstroom, was the one who informed us about Driefontein; and that's how we came to purchase land here. And we arrived here in 1953. In Daggakraal, we built our school using bones, at eThembeni. The principal was Mabuya – Bheki Mabuya. I wouldn't go to school if I didn't have a bone. My grandmother would have to go and look for a bone for me, so that when I get to school I'd also contribute. In hindsight I think that helped me over the years to learn to want to contribute all the time. When we arrived here in Driefontein I'd ask my grandmother: 'Why here we're not expected to contribute bones to build a school like we did in Daggakraal?' But my grandmother couldn't give me a response. Now the matter relating to the removals began in 1979, because then I was in eGoli (Johannesburg) and I met some of the men from Driefontein. They asked me *uyaphi eDriefontein* (Why are you going in Driefontein?). I said I was tired of this place. Remember we had witnessed 1976.

TM: Who were these men, gogo?

Gogo: The very men who sold Driefontein.

TM: Okay. Gogo, can we go back just a bit, so that I don't lose you? In 1953 you arrived in Driefontein...

Gogo: Yes.

TM: Together with your grandmother and uncle

Gogo: Yes.

TM: From Daggakraal

Gogo: Yes, we were from Daggakraal.

TM: How did you travel from Daggakraal to Driefontein after Barry, the lawyer informed your family about this place?

Gogo: We came on a horse cart (laughs). Then vehicles were scarce. We had donkeys and horses. That horse cart was hired from Mshololo who lived here in Driefontein to come and fetch us from Daggakraal and bring us in Driefontein.

TM: Both children and the goods?

Gogo: Then we were three children and our grandmother. So they transported us and some of our goods. I remember our grandmother left some of her goods there, because there was no other means to transport them. We arrived here. The first house we stayed in was *uguqa sithandaze*, a rondavel. We were scared to go into that house. But then, because my grandmother was from the Royal family, some of the men in the community identified a suitable place for her to live. Really we were scared to go into that house.

TM: Why were you scared, gogo?

Gogo: We were not used to such a house. Such houses were not there in Daggakraal.

TM: Oh, in Daggakraal you didn't rondavels.

Gogo? No, we didn't. I'd ask my grandmother 'What are we going to do?' And she'd say 'Go inside'. And I'd say 'But I'm scared'. And she'd respond 'I'm also scared' (laughs). This house was built with grass. Unfortunately we didn't even take a photo of that house. But it was in the old days.

TM: Did everyone here live in such houses then?

Gogo: No. Some of the people had built proper houses. But because our grandmother was a new arrival they bought her that house at KaNgema to live in it temporarily. That's when some of the men in the community went out and identified a place for her and build us a house using soya. It's a pity that house burnt down, so you can't see it. And it was built in 1953. We lived a very tough life. I mean, people who had it easy in life wouldn't join the ANC. People who joined were those who were from struggling homes. Because of that tough life, then you could deduce that we were struggling like this because we were oppressed.

TM: Mmm... Gogo, you also mentioned that your family bought land here in Driefontein.

Gogo: Yes, we bought land here.

TM: Who did you buy it from?

Gogo: I think it was bought from Barry, the lawyer, because that's where we used to make our payment. I think I made a mistake. I have other information but it's with Gama. I asked him to photocopy it, but he hasn't done it. But his was in Jozi (Johannesburg). That's where those in Johannesburg used to pay. And we this side we paid at Barry's office, which was in Wakkerstroom. I don't know Barry's surname. I only know him as Barry.

TM: Oh, Barry's law firm had another office in Jozi.

Gogo: Yes. So, those who lived in Jozi paid in that office. Then a cow was cheap. I mean, you could sell all your cattle in your kraal but still be unable to amass 100 pounds from that sale. How much is that?

TM: It's R200.

Gogo: Yes, R200. I'm trying to show you how difficult it was. I mean, some people were earning *ingogo*, 25 cents, a month.

TM: So, your grandmother sold her cattle.

Gogo: Yes, she sold all her cattle.

TM: Who did she sell them to, can you still remember gogo?

Gogo: No. I think they were taken to ... I can still remember I was young but I saw when they were driven to Vlakpoort. Then they gave my grandmother some money, but I don't know how much.

TM: So, that's the money she used to purchase this land.

Gogo: Yes.

TM: So, when you arrived here where did you live?

Gogo: Okay, we first lived with my uncle, at the Old Stands. Our grandmother left us there. She came back this side to build this house. Well, they initially gave her that rondavel.

TM: Which side of Driefontein did she finally build her house?

Gogo: She built it at the New Stands. I'm still living in that place.

TM: Okay. When you arrived there was only the Old Stands and New Stand.

Gogo: Yes. That's where we grew up. Life was tough, though.

TM: How?

Gogo: You know, when you arrive in a new place, and worse if you were not from your own home but from other people's place, and have literally nothing ... It would have been better if we had moved from our own place, we would've been able to bring some of our stuff. I was particularly harassed, because where we lived when we arrived here at the Msibis they didn't want my grandmother's cattle to graze there. At that young at I had to span them and take to them to ... [inaudible] bush to graze there. So, I couldn't go to school when other children were able to attend. I'd stay there on my own and sometimes it was cold. Then in the afternoon I'd have to drive back home. Again, they would refuse them to enter the yard before evening and demand that I should look after them in the street. That really troubled me.

TM: The distance from where you were supposed to take the cattle to ... what's the name of that place. You said it's Sp...

Gogo: Spanplek

TM: Yes, to Spanplek. How far was far was that place from where you staying?

Gogo: The Spanplek in Daggakraal was a bit distant from where we were staying. My grandmother would leave me there and go and work on the farms. But where she was working she could see me looking after the cattle. The situation changed after we had arrived in Driefontein. Although at the time we didn't own anything. But we happy that we now had a home.

TM: Oh, when you arrived here your grandmother no longer had cows.

Gogo: She was left with only two. She had sold the rest.

TM: So, where did the two cows graze here?

Gogo: Here we had a huge stand. It's still is. After some time we were left with none.

TM: How did you use the huge stand that your grandmother had bought? You lived there and?

Gogo: We used to farm. But today you can't do that anymore.

TM: What were you farming then, gogo?

Gogo: Sorghum, beans, maize, *izindlub* ...

TM: You said *izindlubu*? What is that?

Gogo: You peel it like this...

TM: Oh, peanuts?

Gogo: No. But they look like peanuts. You won't know them because you're a Mosotho (laughs). Yes, those are the things that my grandmother was farming. That's when our life changed. We used to watch the birds not to eat our sorghum. So we had to wake up very early in the morning. Then people respected each other. You know, they wouldn't steal your fence which you had put around your stand. *Haai*, today is worse. You know, we're struggling even though we own farms.

TM: So, were you farming for subsistence or were you also selling the produce?

Gogo: No, we were not selling. We were farming to eat. We were able to produce six bags of sorghum – big bags. And we'd finish those bags, I don't know how. But we didn't sell.

TM: So, 1953 you arrive here. Were you able to go to school?

Gogo: Yes. And that's when I experienced the problem of the dam.

TM: Where did you start your schooling?

Gogo: When we arrived here I was already in Standard One. Remember I was contributing to the building of the school at eThembeni, where I was placing my bones. When I arrived here I observed that in our section there was no place where a school could be built. So, we had to walk across the dam to school. We left without having eaten and we'd stay there until we get back home after school.

TM: You were walking from New Stand to...

Gogo: Going to Old Stand, where the school was.

TM: How far was Old Stand?

Gogo: I don't know how many hectares it would cover, but it was far. But because there were a number of us we wouldn't even feel the distance.

TM: What time did you have to wake up?

Gogo: We'd wake up very early. Around 6 we'd be bathing. The school started at 8. We'd run to school. (Laughs) You know, then people didn't walk; they used to run all the time. It was fun. We'd leave our homes at 6:30 but at 8 we'd be at school.

TM: What was the name of the school?

Gogo: Well, it has changed its name a number of times. When we were attending there it was called Driefontein Bantu School (laughs). It was later changed to Qabangani, and then Qedela. But when I was there it was called Driefontein Bantu School. At the time we did not have teachers who specialised in certain subjects. One teacher would teach all the subjects. You'd find that he/she was teaching five or six subjects. How could he/she excel in all these subjects? That really disadvantaged us. But they had to do it. We learnt Arithmetic. In 1958 Bantu Education was introduced and we stopped doing Arithmetic. We then started doing Mathematics, History. I can still remember that History was my favourite subject and I used to excel in it. Many of the students used to complain about it. But it was my favourite subject. If I had parents I could've gone far with my education. Remember then everything related to education had to be paid for by the parents: books ... [silent] Everything. Well, in my case I didn't have anyone to help me.

TM: What made you live with your grandmother - where was your father and mother?

Gogo: My father passed away when I very young. We were taken to live with our uncle. So, he brought us up. But then, you know, uncles lived their own kind of lives. And my mother was married elsewhere. So, that's how we ended up living with our grandmother. She brought us up. We couldn't get everything. Our uncles were also concentrating in their own lives; they didn't care much for us. Our hope was our grandmother. She was like our father and mother.

TM: After school you went back home. What did you do at home as children?

Gogo: You see, when we started living here in Driefontein we were now responsible for many of the things at home, because our grandmother was aging. My grandmother died in 1969 and she was 103 years old.

TM: Wow!

Gogo: When we were young she was already old. So, we were responsible for all the house chores at home.

TM: How long did you attend at Driefontein Bantu School?

Gogo: You see, Driefontein Bantu School went up to Standard Six. If you wanted to continue with your studies you then had to move elsewhere. So, I left and went back to Daggakraal to study at eSeme. I studied just for one year and my grandmother couldn't afford to continue funding my studies. She didn't have the money. She had nothing. So she couldn't help me, especially to pay the people I was staying with.

TM: Oh, you were renting.

Gogo: Yes. Actually, I wasn't renting but staying with her relatives, the Tshabalala family. It became strenuous for her, because she had to send money every time and the people back here Driefontein were also depending on her. So I was forced to come back home. In 1962 I went to eGoli. My grandmother thought by sending me to eGoli to my mother the latter would reconsider and look after me. But I observed that she was struggling more.

TM: Where did you go to Johannesburg?

Gogo: In Alexandra Township. Yes, that was in 1963. I thought my mother would take me back to school, because I left when I was doing Standard Seven. I was just sitting, not doing anything. By then I didn't even have a child.

TM: When you arrived in Alexandra how was it?

Gogo: It was really tough there. You see, when I left from here my grandmother had warned about *tsotsis* (thugs). She said there were *tsotsis* in eGoli. I listened to her. The very same night I arrived ...(laughs) *tsotsis* came and kicked the door of the house I was in. I saw my mother tip-toeing to where I was and whispered to me that I should keep quiet. I thought how can she say that when these people were continuing to kick the door. It turned out these were not *tsotsis* but the municipal police (laughs). But they were *abogqoka sihambe* (wear your clothes and let's go). They came in and took my mother with them. Her husband told me that my aunt would go and pay her fine tomorrow, and they'd release her.

TM: Did the police say what they wanted?

Gogo: No. I asked what kind of life are you living here? I was told that this is how they live here, and what I saw was nothing. Then someone said they were looking for a permit. I asked what was that? I didn't know what a permit was, because we didn't have them back at home. That's another story. I became exposed to all those things because of living a tough life. My aunt's children were killed by the *boers* (white police). One was killed in 1967 in Diepkloof. Actually he was the one who introduced me to politics (laughs). The other one was killed in 1958 when I was in Driefontein. I just saw my grandmother crying but I didn't know why.

TM: Were these also members of the Madlala family?

Gogo: No. They were from the Zwane family. They were my aunt's children. They once lived in Alexandra. The one who was killed in 1958 he was involved in the big bus boycott in Alexandra.

TM: Oh! What was his name, gogo?

Gogo: Makula Zwane. I also had a chance to see the person who killed him. He was a bus driver working for PUTCO (Public Utility Transport Corporation). When I arrived in eGoli they showed this man. I hated him. He was never arrested. That caused my aunt's family to suffer a lot. Then the younger one also joined. They shot a young girl while sleeping. Actually they meant to shoot Carry. When Carry entered the house and this man tried to shoot him but it missed and hit the young girl sleeping in my other grandmother's house. That girl was 16 years old. She died. Carry was killed later in 1967 in Diepkloof.

TM: Who killed him?

Gogo: By the *boers* from Protea (Police Station). He came past my place. Then I had a child who I conceived in 1966. She came past my house and asked me to go and make fire for him at home. Their house was in the street opposite ours, in Zone 6. He was holding a copperhead (balaclava) and spectacles. By then the police were already looking for him. I asked him why he was carrying those things. He said I'm going to use them to disguise. I warned him that he would be arrested. But he was playing and he said 'No, *sisi* I won't wear them'. But he would wear them and take off again in a



playful way. We laughed about it. He said I was going to Zone 1 but he'd return later. He told me he was going to meet with his comrades. I regretted later, thinking maybe I should've taken that balaclava and spectacles. Maybe he'd still be alive. I think he was attacked where he said he was going. But whether on the way there or actually there, I wouldn't know. I heard later that the police had surrounded my aunt's house. When I went there I found the police searching the house. What happened was that when one of the children in the house when he took off his school uniform he left it on the table. And it turned out that he had left all the papers he was writing his things on. That child's school uniform hid them. When the police searched the house they only focussed on the bags and other things on top of the wardrobes. They placed them on top of that table, thus hiding all the information they were looking for. Everyone in the house could've been arrested. When I arrived there the police ordered me to stand in a corner. I was carrying my child. The police finally left. But they came back again to search. But still they couldn't find anything. The following morning the police informed us that Carry had died. Now when we wanted to pursue this case, my surviving aunt's child, Mto, refused and said he's not interested in matters involving the ANC. We tried but in vain. I'm still interested in finding out how Carry died.

TM: Oh, he had joined the ANC.

Gogo: Yes, he was a member of the ANC. I was told that Makula used to visit him at oNgoye (University of Zululand). I think that's where he was introduced to politics. He then encouraged people to boycott the buses. PUTCO asked who came up with this idea. And the people said it was Makula. PUTCO sent one of its drivers to stab him in the morning. He was then employed at the clinic. He died. And Carry was killed by the police.

TM: How long did you stay in Alexandra, gogo?

Gogo: I stayed there from 1962, '63, '64, and in '65 we moved to Diepkloof. So, I stayed there for two years.

TM: While there were you working?

Gogo: I was working.

TM: Where were you working?

Gogo: I worked for an undertaker. Then I didn't even have a pass.

TM: Where?

Gogo: In Alexandra. After that I found work with the police. Actually, I was infiltrated to do some research. I didn't even last three months there. I found all the information they were looking for.

TM: Who helped to find work there?

Gogo: (laughs) It was Carry and his comrades. Remember they were already involved in these things. They send me there to look for work in order to find information for them.

TM: Which police – Peri-Urban?

Gogo: Yes, Peri-Urban police. That's where I observed that many of the police who worked there were not local but were from outside. And they were illiterate.

TM: What do you mean they were from outside?

Gogo: Some were Shangaans, and others were BaPedi. The latter were very stubborn. They were from outside Transvaal. Then Johannesburg was called the Transvaal. I gathered lots of information there. I also observed that the very same police were oppressed by the white police. You know, a black policeman wouldn't sit in the white policeman's chair. They were not allowed to use the same toilets as their white counterparts. I also learned that the black policeman their promotion was dependent on the number of people they had arrested. That's why they'd arrested anyone even if you didn't break the law. That guaranteed them a promotion. That's why many of them cannot find work today because today one's employment is dependent on education. But before they didn't have to have been educated. As long as they could arrest people. I know the history of a certain man from Bethal. He was associated with the Msomi gang in Alexandra in 1958. This man went to Alexandra to look for a job with the Msomi gang. Msomi gang's office had a basement. You wouldn't tell when you went to their office, but there was a hole underground. Mr Sibeko couldn't write. When he said he was going to work for the Msomi gang the *boers* laughed at him, because they thought he was going to be killed. They employed. And Sibeko started working there. He observed everything that was happening in that office. He used clean coffins. You know, members of Msomi would come to your place and when they found a beautiful young girl they would abduct her to make her their wife. Some of these girls were killed. Most of the members of this gang were from Rhodesia (Today's Zimbabwe). Yes, people like Alec [Dube]. He was one leading members of the gang. Before they became a gang they were a civil guard. They killed many people. Although the Spoilers gang emerged but the most feared gang was Msomi. Well, Sibeko got a job there and observed their every move. You see, when the *boers* were chasing them they couldn't find them because they couldn't tell where they ended. They were not aware that they had an underground office.

TM: You said in 1965 you were in Diepkloof. When did you return to Driefontein?

Gogo: I visited quite often. In 1979 I decided to come back permanently.

TM: When you visited did you see any changes?

Gogo: No, there was no change. Then the threat of removals hadn't surfaced. I first heard about the news that Driefontein was to be removed in 1979. I was in a train coming home. I found four men in a train couch. They said they were from Pretoria. They asked me for my surname and I told them. They quickly recognised me because my grandmother was well known in Driefontein.

TM: Did they introduce themselves to you?

Gogo: Well, I knew some of them.

TM: Who were they?

Gogo: The only one I didn't know it was Ngwenya. But I knew Jwaga, Gilbert and Msibi ... [silent] and who else? I think there were three and Ngwenya. Oh, and Chief - Solomon Yende. Yes, they were travelling together. Okay, Solomon Yende was my brother-law. He had married my sister. They asked

where I was going. I said I'm going back home. I'm tired of living in Johannesburg. Remember we were from 1976 and there was war still going on. They said 'Why bother going home. You should've stayed here. Driefontein is going to be removed'. I asked 'Removed? Removed to where?' They said 'hey, we don't know. All we know is that the *boers* want to remove us'. I learned later that this was the group that went to Pretoria to start the discussion about the removals'. When I arrived here I asked around about what I was told in the train, but the people at home said they hadn't heard anything. It was in 1980 that the news began to make rounds. We heard that the *boers* wanted to remove us and we must leave Driefontein. The IsiZulu-speaking were to go to Natal and the IsiSwati-speakers to Swaziland.

TM: How was the community informed about this news in 1980?

Gogo: it was that group of men I met in the train. Msibi was the chairperson.

TM: Chairman of what?

Gogo: Of Driefontein. You see, here in Driefontein there was a Board ... Okay, in reality we don't have a chief here. We had a Board since 1912. It was elected after five years – just like it is happening currently. It was responsible for the needs of the community. The government didn't assist us. Parents used to contribute money to build schools. To fix the roads, parents would contribute money. Men would go out and fix the roads, using something which was pulled by cows. They'd place stones on top of the cart and use them to close holes in the roads. Women would remain at home and cook soft porridge for the men. I can say we used to do things for our self here. Yes, every year parents would contribute R20 for the building of schools.

TM: So, was it only parents who...

Gogo: No, the whole community contributed.

TM: Do you mean, the standowners only or...?

Gogo: Yes. Then there weren't many tenants. For the latter to end up living here it was because they were chased away by the *boers* in the neighbouring farms. Remember then there was what was called *trekpass*. When you leave with your *trekpass* you didn't know what your *boer* had written in it. Then you go to another *boer* and after reading your *trekpass* that *boer* would start beating you up, shouting that you were undermining your *baas* (boss) by running away from him and coming to him. So, they preferred to come to us here in Driefontein, because they knew that we wouldn't demand to see that *trekpass*. I'd accommodate them. Take them to the Board, which would inform them about the rules guiding this community. People didn't rent here. I mean, if you pay rent you'd also receive a receipt proving that you've paid. Here they didn't pay rent, but they gave their standowners a token of appreciation. But today people have change it and call it rent. When I was growing up here tenants gave their standowners just to say thank you. And this happened only once a year. Rent is paid every month. People used to pay R20 a year. As time went it increased and became R100. But still this was paid once a year. As a tenant you were allocated a space to farm. Depending on your ability, you could build 20 houses. So you cannot say what you're paying once a year equals rent.

TM: So, in 1980 the chairman of the Board, Mr Msibi, announces the news about the imminent removals.

Gogo: Yes. When I returned to Driefontein in 1979 he was the chairman. The community had elected him and his committee.

TM: If you can explain this to me, gogo, who elected that Board?

Gogo: It was elected by the community since 1912.

TM: Who within the community? I'm trying to understand whether women were also participating in the elections.

Gogo: Yes...

TM: Wow!

Gogo: No. It was like this, only the men were elected to the Board, and these men should be standowners. As went on women were also elected to the Board. But that became stronger after Mr [Saul] Mkhize had taken over the Board. That Board... Mr Mkhize... I don't know if my narration still follows. You see, the Board under the chairmanship of Mr Msibi served for five years.

TM: Was it elected in 1979?

Gogo: It had already been elected then. And by 1981 it was still in charge and involved in the discussions about the removal of Driefontein. Actually it was that Board that informed the community that Driefontein was going to be removed. We were dumbfounded. I consider myself an intelligent person but I was also dumbfounded. I didn't know what steps to take. So Mr Mkhize arrived in Driefontein. I can't remember whether it was December or not. This was in 1981. When he arrived he found the news about the removals making rounds. The members of the Board were carrying a letter claiming that it came from Pretoria. They said this letter had an address and they had travelled to Pretoria to look for this office, but couldn't find it. I think they were telling this to the community to confuse it. Then uVusimuzi – Saul Mkhize – stood up in the meeting and said 'As the youth, could you please give us that address so that we could also try and search for the office (i.e. Department) that you claim you can't find'. Then members of the Board turned and asked the community whether it agreed with this request. The community said it agreed. Then Mkhize suggested that another Board which would be based in Johannesburg should be established. Those old men didn't realise Mkhize's strategy. I quickly picked it up (laughs), and I thought I'm going to support this man. The Board agreed, and also gave Mkhize the address. A question was raised about the number of people who lived in Johannesburg who could make up the Board? Many people raised their hands. A new Board was elected, which was going to work with Mkhize in eGoli. I think at that stage Mkhize had contacts with the Black Sash. Then later we heard on the radio Mhize announcing that there was going to be a big meeting in Driefontein.

TM: Oh, you heard on radio?

Gogo: Yes. I want to tell you another story. But before that he announced the meeting on radio that there was going to be big meeting in Driefontein. We all went to that meeting. When we arrived there ...

TM: Where did you meet, gogo?

Gogo: In my old school, at Old Stand. In our section (New Stand) it was quiet. Everything happened at Old Stand.

TM: What was the school called then, Qedela?

Gogo: No, not Qedela. It was called Qalani. In fact, that's where he was shot and killed. There's a tree there – I think they've showed it to you.

TM: Yes, I've seen that tree.

Gogo: Yes, we met at that school. There were many people there. I think almost the whole community had attended that meeting. Some of the people were still on their way. The members of the Board led by Msibi took Mkhize and walked with him into a classroom. They were in there for some time. We were wondering what was happening. After a while they came out of the classroom. They were shaking their heads. We were watching Mkhize not the others, because we knew that they had sold us out. He called the community to come inside the school yard because he wanted to say something. He said 'You can walk the whole of Pretoria but you won't find this address'. We were all surprised. And that was the end of the Board under Msibi (clapping hands). Its members walked out of the meeting, swearing.

TM: Swearing at who?

Gogo: At Mkhize. They were angry at Mkhize. They pushed the view that this address was genuine. Mkhize insisted that there was no street in Pretoria with this address. He dared anyone to go to Pretoria to look for this address. He said you'd walk the whole of Pretoria but you won't find this address. For this area to remain here, it was because of Mkhize – and we supported him. The old Board left with all the books. We had to start afresh, now working with Mkhize.

TM: Did you form a new Board?

Gogo: There was a new Board. I was not in that Board, because it was made up of men only. As women we would attend the meetings, but we wouldn't be elected to the board.

TM: But were you allowed to raise issues in the meeting?

Gogo: Yes. I used to do that. Remember when I returned home I was already exposed to politics. I mean, when Khize took over I was already involved in many community developments like in schools. I worked closely with the youth. I realised that youth couldn't do things by themselves without the assistance from adults. When some of them had been chased away from their homes, I used to look after them; cook for them. So, Mkhize started to work and we supported him. The old board was gone. We were left with Mkhize, and the men in Johannesburg supported with funding.

TM: In Johannesburg who was working with *ubaba* Mkhize?

Gogo: There were many of them. I remember two of them left the Board. Those that I can remember included Phungwayo, Simelane – there were two Simelanes, and there were two Mabasos, Vilakazi, and ... [silent] I can't remember others.

TM: Now when *ubaba* Mkhize and others were in Johannesburg who remained in charge here?

Gogo: This side it were only men. Women were still not part of the board. Women were elected to the board after Mkhize had been killed. And this was because of Mrs [Beauty] Mkhize. She felt that she couldn't be the only women among men. She suggested that other women had to be elected to the board. That's how we were included in that board. But we were not elected by the community but those old men. They had identified our different strengths and commitment. They also ensured that they nominated someone who's running a small business like selling tomatoes. The reason for this was that we needed people who could raise some money in case there was a need for a trip you'd have to rely on yourself. These old men didn't want someone who'd tell them I still want to go and borrow money when they were supposed to leave. I mean, they'd inform us at 5 the previous day that tomorrow morning at 4 we're leaving where would you borrow money then. So, you should have some small business to raise money. So, that's how we were nominated to the board. It was Mrs Mkhize, Jane [Vilakazi] and myself. We were three – and we're all still alive.

TM: Mmm... Now before your board in 1984, Mr Mkhize was able to force out the board which was led by Mr Msibi...

Gogo: No, he didn't force it out. The members walked away. They didn't believe that Mkhize would succeed. They used to say he was a *tsotsi* from eGoli. They said he even wore dry-cleaned clothes (laughs). They'd mock the community and say 'You're entrusting your stands to this *tsotsi*, he'd sell them'. Some of the members of the community would clap hands in approval, but others argued that they supported him (laughs).

TM: They really confused the community.

Gogo: Yes.

TM: Those who were in favour of the removals did they give reasons?

Gogo: Those were the ones who were going to benefit. I will show you our title deed. You see, the title deed states that if you have bought the upper part of the land, that is the stand, you as a community own the lower part of the land. No individual owned the lower part of the land. The community had to come together ... That's why this place was called eNkampani. Even Daggakraal is called eNkampani. We grew up knowing that this place is called eNkampani, Daggakraal Number 1 was eNkampani. What that meant was that the men who bought this land also shared everything that was under the surface of the upper land. On the surface each standowner had his own title deed, but they shared everything under the surface. For example, if a mineral resource like coal was found under my land I cannot allow people to dig my land for that coal and sell it. The standowners have to come together and agree to the sharing of the wealth that would accrue from the sale of this mineral resource. That's how it was supposed to be. But now the old board did things to only benefit them, and the rest of the community would loose out. That's why they were adamant that Driefontein should be removed. They knew that they were going to benefit a lot. The rest of the community would be moved and that meant people would loose their title deeds and only be given new title deeds wherever they'd be settled. In fact, we would not have even received new title deeds because we'd be under a chief. That meant the end of the title deeds.

TM: You earlier mentioned that when the news about the removals started making rounds the community was split into three. The IsiZulu-speakers were to be settled...

Gogo: At Babanango. Amaswati were to be settled at Lochiel. Then we raised the question about the Basotho who were living here. And about AmaXhosa. I remember there was *ubaba* Gamede, who was a IsiXhosa-speaking person who had bought land here. We asked where were these people going to be settled? You must know what Gatsha (Prince Mangosuthu Buthelezi) did. He collaborated with the *boers* (i.e. white government) that all the IsiZulu-speaking people should possess a certificate of *ubuzwe* (citizenship). They were aware that [Nelson] Mandela was about to be released from prison. They started planning that after Mandela was released he must go and settle in the Transkei and not live here (i.e. in the Transvaal), because he does not belong here. He's from the Transkei. The Swazis ... You see, if you were a Swazi-speaking person it was advisable that when applying for a pass you shouldn't divulge that you were *umSwati*, because you were going to be deported. Notwithstanding that you were South African Swazi. The government would deport you back to Swaziland. So you were supposed to claim that you were *umZulu*. That's why we all claimed that we were AmaZulu when we applied for passbooks. So, when Gatsha demanded that he wanted the certificate of citizenship for his people, many people realised that he was selfish and selling black people out. This was first realised by the youth. So, that's what was supposed to happen here. All AmaZulu, led by Yende, were supposed to go to Natal. And AmaSwazi were to go and settle with Enos Mabuza. But Mabuza refused this and said 'In my area I don't anyone. Why were the people of Driefontein being removed? I don't have a place for them'. On the other hand, Gatsha welcomed the move and said people should come and live in his place. But AmaZulu over there were outraged and demanded to know from those people who had gone there where they were going to piss. They argued that they pissed on top of their forefathers' graves.

TM: Oh, some people actually left Driefontein.

Gogo: They went to view the area.

TM: How did they travel there?

Gogo: They were transported. Buses came here to fetch people. Some went to Lochiel. It's unfortunate that our house burned down I would've shown everything. He stood on top of a big rock and said 'This is the place where we're told we'd have settle in' (laughs). *Haa!*, that man...

TM: Was that Mr Mkhize?

Gogo: Yes. We were robbed of a leader.

TM: So, coming back did say how the places looked like?

Gogo: After seeing the places, the people said they didn't want to move to those places. But then the tenants were happy because they argued that they were going to be allocated their own houses. They were in favour of moving. I refused to move. I mean, my parents had this place for me. I would've rather gone back to Johannesburg and rented a shack to live in.

TM: But then the government had resolved that Driefontein should move and the community...

Gogo: We refused to go. We were harassed – a lot.

TM: How, gogo?

Gogo: You see, when others within the community are being used by other people that split the community into two. Others pull this and some the other way. That's why ... [disturbed] That's what diverts your objectives. You should all pull together. In our case, others supported Yende, the chief. He was convinced by people like Mr Msibi, who told him that 'this boy (i.e. Mkhize) was going mess your forefather's land'. That's how he joined them. He believed that where the people of Driefontein would be settled he'd receive his land and become the chief. He couldn't be a chief in people's stands. That's how the community was divided into two. We supported Mkhize and others followed *ubaba* Yende and Msibi. But the people who were strong in terms of being in favour of the removals were those who lived in New Stand – where I'm living. People in Old Stands worked closely with *ubaba* Mkhize. There were only a few of us who supported Mkhize. Many of the people who lived in Old Stands followed chief Yende. After all, the chairman of the old board stayed in New Stand. His house is still there. Those of us who supported Mkhize were in real danger that side. They knew all the people who supported Mkhize. I can still remember when I returned from eGoli I heard that *ubaba* Mkhize had gone to Wakkerstroom to hand over his family's title deeds. What that meant was that he wasn't against the removals. People were surprised. People were encouraged to follow Mkhize's example. Fortunately my family's title deed was in Johannesburg. (Laughs) Maybe I could've handed it in as well. I mean, we were informed that Mkhize had done it.

TM: But who told you that Mkhize had handed over his family title deed?

Gogo: Seemingly this rumour was spread by a certain person. When you meet people they'd say have you heard the news? So and so said this. In the end we could not even detect who had started that rumour. Some people did go to Wakkerstroom to hand in their title deeds because they had been told that Mkhize had already done it. When Mkhize returned from Johannesburg (laughs), he found this mess. He called a meeting and asked the people whether they wanted to go. The people said no. They said 'but what did you expect us to do when we were told that you had gone to Wakkerstroom to hand in your title deed?' Mkhize responded and said 'I could never do that and not inform you. I'm fighting the removals and you on the other side are handing in your title deeds'.

TM: Did many people hand in their title deeds?

Gogo: Yes, there were many. But then we saw cars driving toward Wakkerstroom. People were going there to demand their title deeds (laughs). Fortunately, they were given back to them. Yes, that's what happened in Driefontein. I don't know what they said when they demanded their title deeds back. Mkhize invited Black Sash to come and check them if they had not been tempered with. Mkhize then warned the people: 'From today you must never ever take your title deed out of the house. It doesn't matter who wants it.' He then helped the elderly to receive their pension. Here the elderly received pittance for pension compared to that side.

TM: Which side?

Gogo: Like in Johannesburg. I don't know the reason for that. But Mkhize fixed that. The elderly began to receive pension comparable to their counterparts in other places. We were following him along this route. The members of the old board, which was led by Msibi and Yende, were no longer around. Now days before Mkhize was killed a certain development emerged. We were searched under the pretence that they were looking for guns. They searched our bodies and fondled our buttocks. Probably they thought we had hid them in our bodies.



TM: Who – the police?

Gogo: Yes. Some of the women were arrested. There was another elderly lady but she has since died, she was arrested for not wearing a bra. They search her and fondled her breast. Then they arrested because they said she wasn't wearing a bra.

TM: Wow!

Gogo: They arrested women for not wearing a bra and a panty. Mkhize said 'if they do that to you please beat them (laughs)'. They said they were looking for guns. They'd come into your house and confiscate your axe, hoeing instruments and everything that they felt like confiscating.

TM: Did they go house to house?

Gogo: Yes. They were doing that so that when they attack we wouldn't retaliate, because we would not have anything to defend ourselves with.

TM: Was it a large contingent of police?

Gogo: Yes. They went into our houses and confiscated our goods.

TM: What time of the day did they come?

Gogo: During the day. They didn't wait for night. I thought to myself that they were collecting the things we were likely to defend ourselves with when we were being attacked. I concluded that a war was coming. I was lucky they didn't come to my house. But they raided many people's houses. Some times when they raided your house and found a bag belonging to a traditional healer, or hare's skin ... You see, people here used to hunt hares. So many people had their skin in their homes. And some used to burn them when it was raining with lightning to defend the home against the lightning. Some people were arrested for being in possession of such a skin. They demanded to know where you had found that skin. Probably someone advised them that Africans used *muthi* (traditional medicine) to strengthen themselves. During that time I was a sangoma. I was an expert when it came to traditional medicine. But now I'm a member of Shembe. I knew how to use traditional medicine. I used to protect many people here. I went to train to become a sangoma. The police wouldn't dare enter my home. I used to heal even the police themselves. And they were the ones who informed me about their plans. I even recruited some of their children to join the ANC. I remember Masongo's child joined the ANC. Masongo came to complain and I said I didn't say he must join. He did it himself voluntarily. He laughed. He probably thought that this old woman was crazy. I didn't push the police away. Instead I welcomed them to my home, because I knew they would provide us with necessary information. Mr Mkhize was involved in many initiatives to develop this area. I can't even begin to count them. And in a very short space of time.

TM: Didn't the police raids and confiscation of their wares intimidate members of the community to the point of agreeing to move?

Gogo: Remember the community was then divided into two. You know, there's a big difference between an educated person and an uneducated person. An uneducated person is very stubborn. When he/she doesn't want to do anything he/she would not do it (laughs). They stood by the

decision that they were not going anywhere because they had bought this land. Well, some fell into the trap and were ready to move.

TM: Were those in favour of moving the standowners?

Gogo? Yes, standowners. You see, New Stand was very weak. But Old Stand was strong. At News Stand you could count the houses where people said they were not going anywhere. I remember they came and photographed our houses. I told them they go ahead and photograph myself I didn't care. I even intimidated others, telling them that I was going to call my friends from Alexandra Township to come and sort them out.

TM: Now, gogo, the sad day arrived. Were you there, gogo?

Gogo: Yes, I was there. You see, I met people from eNtombe. They were also threatened with the removals.

TM: Where's Ntombe, gogo?

Gogo: It's where Natal starts. But I don't know it was linked to the Transvaal. It was more to Natal. I know that our Mayor – the Mayor of Piet Retief - is from there. Probably it felt this side. They were to be removed as well. But they had a chief. There was a certain man, who had a slightly bigger body. In fact, he was the chief. This man said to me 'I heard that in Driefontein you've found someone who can help you'. I said yes, he's the son of Mkhize. He then said 'Hey, we're also in trouble. Can you talk to on our behalf'? He then briefed me thoroughly. When I arrived here I told Mkhize what that man had told me. Mkhize suggested that I should go and ask them to come to Driefontein. He gave me the date when he'd be in Driefontein. I went to those people. I brought them Driefontein. That day it was buys because the elderly were receiving their pension. Mkhize then suggested that I should take these people to myself to write the whole history of the Shogwe at eNtombe. He said when we had finished I should bring that history to him and he'd take it with him when he returns to Johannesburg. The day he was supposed to give these people an answer that was the day when he was killed. I should've gone to his place early in the morning. I took it for granted that after our meeting I'd go to him to get the response for those people. Well, it didn't happen like that. He was killed that day. He was killed in front of us. You know, I had dreamt about this incident. I remember I told a certain woman who lives here. I told her I wasn't going to that meeting, because I had a terrible dream. I dreamt about guns and teargas. I said I heard Mkhize announcing that there would be a meeting, but I don't want to attend it. They mocked me saying I was a coward and I should get inside the car and come with them to the meeting. I said I was scared. Well, I finally relented and went to the meeting. It wasn't long after we had arrived there we saw two policemen: one white and the other one was African. I stood up and said 'What did I say?' My body was shaking. Now this one came charging saying this was an illegal meeting.

TM: Who was charging?

Gogo: This *boer*. And then said 'Go away'. This meeting is not going to take place'. Mkhize was saying the meeting is going ahead. Now we didn't know who to listen to. I stood up and thought that I should leave. I could see that a fight was going to erupt there. As he was saying we're going to hold our meeting there he threw a teargas canister. And the people tried to rush out of the yard, he threw

another one. The people ran back into the yard. I ran away from the teargas smoke. I hid myself behind the school. He then hit Mkhize with a fist. But Mkhize didn't fall. Now the people wanted to hit this policeman. Some had already grabbed him. They had also confiscated his gun. But I don't know who had taken it. This person raised his hands and shouted 'You must not contaminate my books with blood. You must hit him'.

TM: Which person?

Gogo: Mkhize.

TM: Oh, he was saving his life.

Gogo: He repeated 'Don't contaminate my books with blood'. People stopped in their tracks. My brother-in-law had hit this policeman with his walking stick (laughs). I tried to stop him. My fear was that if they killed this white policeman, we'd all be punished and even killed. Mkhize reprimanded the people not to hit him. The people let him loose. He then pulled out another gun from the car. Remember someone within the community had taken his gun. He threw this gun to his colleague, the black policeman Khumalo. But the gun fell down and sand went inside the hole in front. I was there observing all this. When Khumalo knelt down to pick up the gun and took out the sand from the gun, [laughing- inaudible], the one I said I had borrowed money from to build a school, picked up a plank from the tomato box. He was coloured-like looking, so he couldn't use the fighting sticks. Instead of asking the sticks from some of the old men there he picked this plank and approached the policeman which was kneeling down. I don't think that policeman realised that it was just a plank. He thought he was carrying a machete (laughs). When he came closer to him he started beating him with this plank. That policeman ran away.

TM: Carrying his gun (laughs)?

Gogo: And this person was carrying a plank (laughs). We can laugh about this today because these things happened a lot of time ago. That policeman ran away. The white policeman went to his car and reversed it. There was a certain man who was saying *Badubule baas. Benithi nanihlopha abalungu kuzobanjani?* (Shoot boss. What did you think would happen when you mess around with whites?). That's Nzimande. He was in *ubaba* Yende's group.

TM: What did he say?

Gogo: He said *badubule baas* (shoot them boss). Someone had locked the gate. The white policeman reversed his car onto the gate and the lock broke. As he was reversing, stones flew and some hit the car. It was said we had hit that car with stones. You know, school children had decorated with those stones in the yard. He parked his car next to the tree which you saw. I walked from behind the school and ... Well, the gate was now open. I walked out. I wasn't going to jump the fence. As I was walking out I saw Saul [Mkhize] picking up his books from the ground. Members of his board were approaching him, including Phungwayo. Now this policeman started to shoot. Solly Phungwayo ran to hide behind this tree. It was a big tree. This policeman aimed at Solly Phungwayo, but missed him and hit the tree. The bullet lodged inside the tree. Remember the first he shot up and people scattered. So there was no one in the yard. Mkhize was busy picking up his books. The second shot he tried to shoot Phungwayo but he managed to hide behind the tree. After he had

released the third shot I heard a certain woman crying and saying *bona* (look-out). You know, sometimes you cannot run away from death. By the time this woman said look-out, Mkhize stood up and the bullet hit him. If only he had lain down. In any case, I think he was going to kill him, because he had been bought to do so. At that moment I couldn't see anything. I just went black.

TM: *Eish!* And what happened after that? Did the government continue with its plan to remove Driefontein?

Gogo: No, this thing didn't end there. It's still continuing even today. We're still experiencing the same problem. It's a pity that Gama has all my information with him.

TM: What do you mean when you say you're still experiencing the same problem?

Gogo: We're still fighting against the removals. We fought then and Mkhize was murdered. We buried him. We continued where he had left off. That's when a new committee was elected. We started to work again. That's when I made moves to establish a school. I became a leader but in a subtle way. I led everyone but my board couldn't see that.

TM: Who were you leading?

Gogo: Even the IFP

TM: Oh, Inkatha was already there then.

Gogo: Yes, it had a presence here. Even before Mkhize's death.

TM: Who was leading it?

Gogo: I really don't know who was leading it.

TM: But what was its position on the whole of the removals?

Gogo: It didn't make any pronouncements, I don't want to lie. The people of eNtombe also won their fight against the removals. Mkhize and I helped them. But this was after Mkhize had passed away. I informed Mrs Mkhize about the issue of eNtombe and that I was supposed to receive a response from Mkhize, but then he was killed and couldn't get it. Mrs Mkhize also became involved and the people of Ntombe won. Actually they won before us. I think she'll be in a better position what steps did she take.

TM: Gogo, you mentioned that even after the death of Mkhize the government still wanted to remove Driefontein. But then you came up with the initiative of building a school...

Gogo: I started this initiative in 1984, but found a site in 1985. In that year we erected *amazozo* (shacks). Then there were disturbances. And the school was finally built in 1990. All along we were using *amazozo*.

TM: What is the name of the school?

Gogo: Isibanesezwe. We debated various names and the principal, Nqotheni, said he liked this name. That school has a history.

TM: But, gogo, why did you build a school when the government was still planning to remove Driefontein?

Gogo: (laughs) I told you that if you're a politician you must be stubborn, even when it comes to things which seem impossible. I did that because *ubaba* Mkhize had promised the community that he was going to build schools, clinic, crèches. Well, he was gone. So, who was supposed to take over? We were supposed to carry out his promises. So, I took the fist initiative. I looked for a site and found it. I borrowed money and built the school. Today we have the school. I must say it was tough though. I was nearly killed for that school.

TM: Killed by who?

Gogo: The group that opposed *ubaba* Mkhize. But in the end I was able to build it and it's still running even today. It's a beautiful school. I'm proud that I was able to fulfil some of our promises. It's a beautiful school, but it doesn't grounds. It has a huge open space.

TM: Before we conclude, gogo, let me ask you this question: what was the main reason for the government to want to remove Driefontein?

Gogo: I think in reality it were the mining companies in cahoots with that discriminatory government that wanted to remove us from here. But the mining companies were at the forefront of this, I think. This is because after we had been to resist the removals, they came to drill. They didn't inform anyone. And we didn't understand what was happening. Then we had taps, which were installed during the tenure of the Council Board. People used to be arrested when they went to draw water in the *boer's* farms. So, we were forced to share water with cows, because we were drawing water where they were drinking. The Board fought to have the taps installed in this area. That Council Board really worked for this community. Today we have Qedela [High School], it is because of that Board. ... [disturbed: talking to someone] Like I was explaining that *ubaba* Mkhize had promised to do certain things for the community but he was then killed. I delivered some of those things. I had faith that if we developed the community we would not be removed. I believed that we were not going to be removed. They said to me: 'Driefontein was moving and yet you tell people to build a school'. I said 'No, my thinking was that when we're removed from here the children should at least have gained some education' (laughs).

TM: Who were you talking to?

TM: The members of the IFP who were supporting chief (Yende). I used to talk to them. I did not dismiss them. So, I embarked on the mission to build a school and I succeeded. The Board build Qedela, Qabangani [Higher Primary]. The clinic over there we built with mud. There was no clinic here. We bought fences and built it. Gama went to eGoli to look for a nursing sister, who had already pensioned. They brought here to be a nursing sister in charge here. She trained some of the nurses too. Our hall as the Board was a tree. We used to hold our meetings under that tree. It didn't matter whether it was cold or not, we'd be there under the tree.

TM: Where's that tree, gogo?

Gogo: On the other side of the township (pointing north).

TM: Wow!

Gogo: Next to the clinic.

TM: Is it still there?

Gogo: I don't know. I'm not observant anymore. But that was our hall. Then we built a long shack, and later the Advice Office. We started holding our meetings there. But can you see where we started? Under the tree, then we moved into a shack and, finally, into a house. That's the Council Board of Directors.

TM: Are you still a members of the board?

Gogo: No. There's a newly elected board. It has a problem. It's fighting against the mining company. We're in big trouble here.

TM: What sort of trouble?

Gogo: They've included me in that board. We're together with *umama* Mkhize. You know, even this police station was established the initiatives of the board. And the 24 hour clinic. But it doesn't have any thing: no pills, no medication. Then I established that school on my own. But all the other schools it's thanks to the Board of Directors. The ANC built only this side, the library. And this was after we had disbanded. But many things here were done by the Board of Directors. We installed electricity. I can't remember whether it was in 1987 or 1989. I have the documents attesting to this. In New Stand I and a certain teacher were the ones who were taking down people's details for the installation of electricity and Jane was doing it this side (Old Stand). We bought the electricity boxes for R35.00 but this side they charged them R200. I remember uGama and others went to Dumbe where they were informed that people there bought these boxes for R35.00. They returned and approached Eskom to find out why it charged us R200 for the boxes. Eskom said we should pay R35.00. That's how we got those boxes.

TM: You said even today you're still facing the possibility of being removed.

Gogo: Yes.

TM: Can you explain, gogo?

Gogo: I can say Kandra has damaged this area.

TM: What's Kandra?

Gogo: The mining company. You see the houses next to it; they're cracking. You see, when they drill the coal, they disturb the surface. Some of the houses have fallen down. It has caused immeasurable damage. Now we're still dealing with it. It was agreed that a temporary board should be established which will fight this company. Now we're still waiting for certain whites, who promised to come this month. They'll conduct some research. You are also in research, aren't you?

TM: Yes, I am.

Gogo: We want them to tell how far this mine has drilled our ground. This mine has damaged our ground. When it arrived it said it was going to drill coal, but now it has damaged the ground under our surface. In addition, it's not benefitting us. We're not getting anything from this mine.

TM: What about jobs?

Gogo: Well, it depends who you are. I have a child in my house who started 'marketing' (i.e. searching for a job) in 1999 until today he hasn't found it. It's the one I said built the library. And I'm not the only who's going through this.

TM: Where does the majority of workers at mine come from?

Gogo: From outside areas. You can count local people employed there. I don't think they even reach 10. You can even observe this when the staff buses deliver the workers. Those going to Piet Retief they're always full. Some of them are even renting the RDP houses.

TM: Are people still interested in farming?

Gogo: No, we're not farming anymore. All the farming instruments were given to chief. When uMsholozzi (President Jacob Zuma) arrived here he appointed him to identify all the areas which need to be farmed. But he did not consult the community. So, you'll hear the he goes to certain houses and request to farm for them. Because I don't believe in rumours I approached him. First, they sent an official who informed that he had been sent by the council to identify places which needs to be farmed. I gave him my details. I asked him what I should do if I wanted to farm my whole stand. He said I should go to his chief. I went to the chief and said 'Yende, can you please plough for me'. He said the money they had offered has ran out. I asked him what differentiated us from that he had ploughed for? He made an excuse saying he ran out of the instruments before he could reach all of us. He then said 'because you're here I'll do it for you on Monday'. It was on Friday. He promised to send people on Monday to plough for me. I asked him whether I had to put down my details. He said no, there was no need for that. Up to this day I'm still waiting for them to come and plough for me. Not long after we heard that those of us who were on the list of gardens ... You see, the council sent officials to take down details of all those who had gardens. I gave them my details. But when we went to council we were informed that it won't plough for us anymore; we would receive manure and seeds. When I looked for my name in the list of those who gardens but my name wasn't there. It had instead been written under those who ploughed big stands. I asked how come this case was when I put down my name for assistance with garden. They said it was a mistake. What this means is that there are many people who are said to be receiving assistance with their big lands and this wasn't happening. I thought this was pure corruption. Okay, they did give me manure and seeds – five litres. I still have them at home. The mielies that come out are too small.

TM: Oh, the money comes from government.

Gogo: Yes. The government instructed him to farm for the poor. You see, say example I have produced 10 bags of maize, he'd take four and I'd remain with six. The four bags would have to be used to help orphaned children. That did not happen. I went to Nelspruit to complain.

TM: I realised as we were driving into Driefontein that this area is big now. It has spread. Where do all the people living here come from?

Gogo: (laughs) they're from all over. Well, people are conceiving babies (laughs). You are correct Driefontein was small. I remember that people who now live in Lindelani and Tshabalala were all staying inside Driefontein. That created congestion inside. So, there was a need to establish new areas to accommodate all those people. So, slowly there was space again in Driefontein. But as young people grow old and marry they need their own space. So they search for accommodation and we accommodate them.

TM: In the new sections did people also purchase land?

Gogo: No. It was the government which bought the land that side. For example, there's a section here called KaMkhize (Mkhize's place) we identified that area – that is the Board. We said we're identifying that place for the tenants so that they too can have their own properties. But I don't know what happened, because I then went to eGoli. Had I stayed maybe I could also be having a house there. Because where I'm staying is Madlala's home and not Thwala's.

TM: Now, say I want to go and stay that side, do I have to first get permission from the Board?

Gogo: No, it's not like that anymore. It was like that before. Then if you came to me looking for accommodation I, the standowner, would have to take to the Board. The Board would then inform you about the rules and regulations governing this area. For example, we didn't want the police in our area. So, if it happens that you child was thief, you'd be asked to leave the area. I mean, you were allowed to do your laundry but at 1 o'clock you had to remove it from where you had hanged it. You were not allowed to carry a bucket of water on your head, especially in summer. They argued you'd spoil their ... [inaudible]. The board would also advice you that you had to 'thank' your tenant every year. They didn't say you pay rent. But tenants were also told that they were not supposed to build their houses with bricks, because should it happen that the standowner no longer wanted you in his yard you wouldn't be able to take that house with you. The board wanted to avoid tensions between the tenants and the standowners, especially when the original owner has long passed on and his children felt that they no longer the tenants in their yard. You see, sometimes what would happen was that you, Moloi, you'd come from Johannesburg and negotiated with the children of the standowner to sell you the place and if they do, then you might say you didn't want the current tenants. Now it'll be a problem because you might have almost all your money building that house. Yes, that's how came to live in Driefontein, and now they're many. Well, some when they find an open space they just built a shack and stay there. Just like it's happening in eGoli. And it becomes a challenge for the government to remove them later on.

TM: Gogo, I'd like to thank you. I don't know if there are other things that you might have wanted to speak about but I didn't ask you about them? But I think we've...

Gogo: No. Because I even told you about my life in Alexandra Township. I also told you about Driefontein, and about where we originated from. I also told you about the troubles we're experiencing because of the mining company. We want to know about what is happening under the surface. ... [Inaudible] uNxumalo alerted us to the danger that this mine was causing.

TM: Who is Nxumalo, gogo?



Gogo: I thought I had his card with me but it's not here. I think I left it at home. Kandra is arguing that it's located in New Stand. Now I don't know if this doesn't include Old Stand. These are some of the things that we'd like you to help us investigate. There's a problem with Kandra. I mean, we can't even get a coal from Kandra. Actually there's nothing we're getting from it. Kandra has damaged this place. Instead it only benefits town. It argues that it has eight holes in Driefontein that it has to drill. We asked them when they start drilling these holes where are supposed to go? Now we've deadlocked. So, we're waiting for... [inaudible] We're in trouble. That's why we need people who can do research, to search for us what this has done underground.

TM: Alright. Thank you very much, gogo. I think we can end here.

[END]