

DRUM

1976-1980

An exhibition from the
pages of Drum magazine

All proceeds from the booklet and the exhibition, which are sponsored by Total SA, will support bursaries for black photographers.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE REVOLUTION

DRUM MAGAZINE is perhaps unique among South African publications in that it alone chronicled the apartheid years from a black perspective.

This booklet is published to coincide with a Drum Exhibition at the National Festival of the Arts in Grahamstown, 30 years after the June 16, 1976 student uprising that changed the face of South Africa forever.

More South Africans are alive today who had no direct experience of these turbulent times than those who did. It is appropriate therefore to record those times through the pages of Drum magazine. The pages featured in this booklet (all produced before computers reached the newsroom) are taken from the Drum 1976-1980 Exhibition and provide a glimpse of those challenging times.

The text is written by Tony Sutton who was executive editor at Drum during the latter part of the seventies. It is written as a memoir of his association with the magazine and its late owner/publisher, Jim Bailey.

Drum remains a controversial topic. Much of the controversy revolves around Jim Bailey, multimillionaire publisher and son of mining magnate, Sir Abe Bailey. Bailey financed and actively

participated in the publication from the time he bought the magazine from Bob Crisp in 1952 to the time he sold his South African publishing interests to the corporate publishing house, Nasionale Pers in 1984. Drum is as much his legacy as those of us who worked on the magazine.

There are two schools of thought on Jim Bailey. Some, myself included, believe he provided a vital outlet for emerging black writers, journalists and photographers and in so doing created the beginnings of a mass black reading audience across English-speaking Africa. Others believe he was less interested in his audience than in his bank balance and posterity.

As with all such controversies, the truth probably lies somewhere in the middle and the jury will remain out on Bailey's contribution to African journalism until other Drum writers and photographers around the continent write their memoirs and until the media academics and biographers pick over the bones of Drum and its late publisher.

There can be no disagreement, however, that Drum looms large in the story of black journalism in South Africa and elsewhere in Anglophone Africa. Whatever the motives of its publisher, the magazine left its mark on those who worked there and more

pertinently on its millions of loyal readers.

That Drum holds a special place in South African journalism is incontrovertible. The number of books, academic papers, articles and movies that turn on Drum suggests that it fills an important space in African journalism.

Twenty five years after Tony Sutton and I left Drum, we realise that our time on the publication coincided with one of the most important periods in South Africa's history, but also with an important chapter in the annals of South African journalism for it was a time when the apartheid government was intent on perverting the independent Press. Our battles with John Vorster's Department of Information and its sinister machinations need to be recorded.

Of course, one can never recapture the spirit or the threat of the times in which we lived and worked. South Africa is a totally different place in 2006 from what it was when we worked at Drum in the seventies. It has shed the snakeskin of totalitarianism for democracy and in so doing has created a free citizenry and constitutionally entrenched a free Press.

Perhaps Drum played some part in all of this. I like to think it did.

Kerry Swift
Johannesburg
June 16, 2006

DRUM

1976-1980

By Tony Sutton

THE CHARADE took place twice a week. Jim Bailey, Drum magazine's owner and publisher, would slouch into my office and, in his distinctive, clipped English public school accent, demand, "Tony (always pronounced Tinny), if you have a moment; let's take a look at the content of our next issue."

I'd shift the rubbish off the guest chair, give him time to sit down, call in co-editor Stan Motjuwadi, and we'd focus on the acetate chart occupying the top half of an adjacent wall, discussing and adjusting the scribbles that represented the 120 or more pages of the next issue of Drum.

An hour or so later, the scrawl on the wall adjusted to include his story ideas and a pile of tearsheets from our East and West African editions lying expectantly on my desk, Bailey would leave to interrogate the general manager about the causes of the company's ever-parlous finances or to hand his long-suffering advertising manager a list of clients his staff would be chasing "if they weren't such idle boneheads". As soon as the door closed, I'd reach across the desk, grab the tearsheets and drop them into a filing cabinet. Then I'd slide open the top drawer of my desk, pull out the roughly-stapled proofs of the *real* pages of Drum and leaf through them, confident that by the time the magazine came back from the printer a few weeks later, Bailey would have forgotten the stories he'd left with us or – even better – he'd have jetted north to cause chaos, consternation and confusion in the offices of sister publications in London or Nairobi.

Most of the time Stan and I would get away with the deception but occasionally Bailey would notice something was missing. Then, a day or so after publication, he'd suggest I join him "for a spot of lunch. And bring a couple of copies of the magazine with you ..."

two-hour session – always over prawns in a cheap Portuguese diner in downtown Johannesburg – would invariably begin with a tirade about my general failings ("Tinny, how many times do I have to tell you..."), followed by a litany of recent infractions of Drum's long-standing – and mainly irrelevant – golden rules regarding white space, column rules, rules around photographs, no green covers, the need to remember the ratio of stories about people of other races, headline size, picture size, blah, blah, blah ...). A bollocking for omitting his favourite East or West African yarn of the month would follow and, for dessert, I'd be treated to a repetition of one or – if I was lucky – more of Jim's greatest African exploits (How I Got Rid of Idi Amin was his favourite, if you really want to know). Plus, always, more stories from other parts of Africa that "should be placed in our next issue".

To be fair, some of the stories Bailey offered were first rate; indeed, a glance through the files of Drum in the '70s reveals a truckload of insights into Idi Amin's evil regime in Uganda, together with photo essays of the executions of unfortunate plotters against various African despots. But many of the other yarns were of dubious quality, such as one from Kenya that languished in my filing cabinet for many months. This article dealt with a peasant farmer who had been hauled into court after being caught in a sexual tryst with a chicken, a coupling that resulted in the bird's death. The story, accompanied by photographs of the guilty gent and the dead chicken's 'bereaved husband' (trust me, you don't need any more information), escaped from our editorial graveyard to become the last spread produced by news editor Kerry Swift and I after we'd resigned to run our own business in mid-1981. The headline was, of course, 'Murder Most Fowl'.

The eccentric – that word is an understatement: one of the richest

men in South Africa he was also the worst-dressed and often mistaken for a hobo – Bailey’s often-strange views of what constituted Drum journalism were matched by the bizarre names he bestowed on his various magazines, titles that embarrassed their cringing (always male) editors and, I’m sure, confused the hell out of readers: Trust (subtitled the mid-month Drum), Love and True Love (all of which I edited during my first year in South Africa) and their Nigerian counterparts, Sadness and Joy, come immediately to mind. Fortunately, Bailey didn’t launch Drum – he bought it from its founder, former Springbok cricketer Bob Crisp in 1952 – or it would probably have been called Faith (or Hope or perhaps even Charity). On reflection, however, even the title Drum is confusing: when I first saw the name while scanning a jobs board days after been made redundant when the British national Daily Express closed its Scottish operation in Glasgow in 1974, I thought the magazine was probably devoted to, well, playing drums ...

MY SIX YEARS with Bailey began when, having been put right about the nature of the magazine, I joined Drum as assistant London editor for its Kenyan and Nigerian editions, the pages of which were produced in Fleet Street before being air freighted as film to Nairobi and Lagos for publication. One morning, after 10 months in the job, I received a phone call from Johannesburg asking, “Tinny, would you like to come to Johannesburg for a year to fix two of my women’s magazines?”

“When?” I replied.

“Next week,” was the reply.

Disbelieving, and with a hand over the phone’s mouthpiece, I called

the rest of the staff into my office to make sure it was the real Jim on the line and not one of them doing a Bailey impersonation. Then I asked the caller to repeat the message. Six weeks later I was in Jo’burg, with wife Julia, two infant kids, a one-year contract and return tickets to Heathrow (know your enemy, my London colleagues had warned me), but minus a work permit (“Don’t worry about that, Tinny; we’ll get you one when you get here”).

Sitting in a squalid office on the third-floor of a dilapidated warehouse – grandly named Drum House – in Eloff Street Extension, I pondered my sanity, wondering how I’d allowed Bailey to persuade me to travel 6 000 miles to edit a couple of newsprint women’s magazines titled Love and True Love. (I was the third editor of True Love, now one of SA’s biggest women’s magazines. The first scooted off to China, while his successor decided he had made a bad career move and quit on his first day in the office). My staff consisted of two reporters, both male, one of whom left Drum House in the company of a large policeman three hours into my first day and didn’t return for six months, while the second only bothered to show up on pay day before disappearing back into the township shebeens for another month. Alerted to the lack of staff, Bailey suggested using the telephone operator as a part-time reporter ... I did.

After nine months with True Love (Love had been released from its publishing misery several months earlier), I said farewell to the magazine and moved two offices down the corridor where, with veteran writer Obed Musi, I took on the editing of Trust, for what turned out to be the final two months of its short and unmemorable 13-month existence. The day after the closure of that magazine, launched to fill the gap should Drum get a permanent banning, I was

pondering my imminent journey back to Fleet Street when Bailey told Obed and I that we should make no plans for the immediate future as we'd be running Drum, which was then produced from offices in Pritchard Street, as soon as he'd "fixed up a few things."

Those "few things" included relocating Drum to Eloff Street Extension and axing every member of the magazine's editorial staff with the exception of editor Stan Motjuwadi. My immediate task, as executive editor, Bailey informed me, would be to tell Motjuwadi of that decision. Not on your life, I thought, as I declined the dirty work, leaving him to deliver the bad news. Stan responded as I'd expected, by threatening to walk out and take the story to the daily newspapers. So Bailey – ever a coward when it came to inter-personal decisions – backed down, the editorial team moved with the magazine and Obed Musi came to work the next morning to discover he was now the assistant editor.

We hit the jackpot with the first issue of Drum produced in its new home, largely the result of a superb photo-essay by freelance photographer and former Drum staffer Alf Kumalo, of a fracas in central Johannesburg where three soldiers and a number of plain-clothes policemen had attacked peaceful protesters at the inner-city's Park Station. Bailey insisted that the story accompanying the photographs should be handled with kid gloves so we wouldn't fall foul of the ban-happy censors of the apartheid government's Publications Control Board. The pictures, he reasoned, would generate enough outrage from readers – and the government – without embellishing them with provocative text. So the four-page display was accompanied by a low-key story beneath the headline, 'The Affair At Park Station'. Prophetically, however, the caption on

the final photograph warned, "Surely this display of violence was unnecessary and shouldn't happen again."

That no one was listening became apparent a couple of months later when the state's violent overreaction to a march by Soweto school kids heralded the beginning of a revolution.

Glancing through my bound copies of Drum almost 30 years after the events of June 16, 1976, I was surprised at how little space we had devoted to the riots in the issues (July and August '76) that followed, even checking that pages hadn't been torn out. Then I remembered that the uprising had occurred soon after the magazine had switched from fortnightly to monthly publication and we were still trapped by brutal print deadlines (six weeks from delivery of pages to the printer in Durban to printed magazines) geared for timeless features, not breaking news. So the coverage of one of the most momentous events in South Africa's history is limited to just four pages, with a cover teaser – 'THE RIOTS: Why They happened' – hastily pasted across the corner of a front-page photograph of an anonymous local beauty.

Inside that July '76 issue are reports by Stan Motjuwadi, headlined 'The Telegraphed Punch' and Joe Thloloe, who wrote about 'The Day Our Kids Lost Faith', each story accompanied by photographs by Mike Mzileni, who was soon detained without charge as part of a state crackdown on publications and journalists. An un-bylined piece, also penned by Motjuwadi, made the point that "For 25 years Drum has been saying that if South Africa were to have a revolution of social conscience and recognize the brotherhood of Man under the fatherhood of God, there could be no violence and no threat from foreign powers. For our variety of races and colours is perhaps our greatest asset."

The state reaction to the following issue amazed us all: It was judged so inflammatory that the government didn't just follow its normal practice and ban the issue from sale, but made possession of it a criminal offence, an action that was usually reserved for the loudest of the hard-core political journals. Yes, the rhetoric was angrier, but it hardly called for bloody insurrection. Motjuwadi demanded, "*Every adult South African, black and white should hang their heads in shame. The whole blood curdling affair of Hector Peterson, only 13, riddled with bullets, stinks to high heaven. Every white South African finger drips with the blood of Hector for ramming Afrikaans down his throat*" etc, etc), while captions to Mike Mzileni's chilling photographs were emotion-charged ("*One of the victims of the riots, his fist still clenched in the black power sign, lies dead ...*"). However, both of those italicized quotes were given in the ensuing banning order, among a wide-ranging and nit-picking list of other infractions, as reasons why mere possession of the August issue of the magazine had become an offence. No mention was made in the banning order, however of another equally-inflammable quote in the same issue, from a speech by Afrikaner Chief Justice Rumpff at a graduation of white students 56 days before the first shot had been fired in Soweto on June 16, "... social equality will have to be accepted and mechanisms for self-expression will have to be created. If there are whites who don't like this, they had better go and find what they want elsewhere. In the long run South Africa has a great future for all of us provided whites are willing to educate, qualify and recognize the non-whites ... so that they may walk side by side into the dawn that has broken over Africa, a dawn which in South Africa will not turn again to darkness."

That harsh banning order had an immediate impact on the next

issue, for Kumalo had supplied another provocative photograph that no other publication would print in the fragile days after June 16 when the townships were ablaze. We had already placed the picture – showing the bodies of two dead Africans lying in front of a 'hippo', an armoured combat vehicle of the security forces – as a double-page spread in the completed early pages, but we killed the spread and held on to the picture for another four months, blowing it up to fill the opening two pages in Drum's January 1977 photographic round-up of the previous year's events, under the heading, 'Year of The Hippo'.

Mike Mzileni's continuing detention – he was released without charge the following year after 14 months in prison – was to become a major source of friction between journalists and management. When it became apparent that he wouldn't be returning to the office quickly, Chester Maharaj – who had recently worked for us as Trust's staff photographer – was brought in from Durban to fill the gap. But Bailey continually threatened to axe the jailed Mzileni from the company payroll, claiming that by being involved in politics, the photographer was in breach of Drum's contract of employment (a contract none of us had seen or signed). Each time Bailey decided to fire Mzileni, Stan Motjuwadi dissuaded him by pointing out that there was no evidence that Mzileni had been involved in political action, and that the sacking of a journalist who had been detained while carrying out his job would hardly give comfort to the rest of our staff when they went to work in the townships. We thought common sense had prevailed until Motjuwadi came into my office one morning and furiously hurled a copy of the daily tabloid Post newspaper onto my desk. The paper's lead story told how Bailey had, without telling us, chopped Mike from the payroll ...

Our proprietor also showed his ambivalence towards his employees in his dealings with Casey “Kid” Motsisi, the sole link with Drum from its earlier golden years. Casey, by now a booze-sodden alcoholic, wrote a freelance monthly column that was usually ghosted by Motjuwadi and paid for by me. For months, whenever I claimed the freelance payment on my expense account, Bailey would question why we allowed Casey into the office and why we paid him for a column the magazine didn’t need. Yet, when his least-tolerated columnist died in mid 1977, Bailey did a quick u-turn, proclaiming the Kid’s genius at his Soweto graveside. As Motjuwadi pointed out afterwards, if Bailey had cared half as much for Casey alive as he did when he was dead, the graveside valediction might have been deferred a few more years.

I don’t believe that Bailey was responsible for Casey’s early death, but he certainly propagated and encouraged a culture of drunkenness that had affected the magazine’s editorial staff for many years. Most days when he was in town – he arrived at lunchtime and stayed late – he would call the editorial team into his office late in the afternoon, often herding in our driver and office cleaner as well – “Let’s ask our readers what THEY think” – to gauge reactions to his latest favourite story. After he’d described the tale, the cleaner would figure out the answer he wanted, mumble a few words of agreement and flee from the room. Then he’d send the bemused driver down the road for a couple of bottles of Government House port, his preferred hooch, and whatever the rest of us felt like drinking. Hours later, the bottles drained, he’d drag whoever was still sober down to the nearest shebeen ... the result was an office full of hangovers and an editorial staff, me included, with varying booze-induced problems.

That November 1977 issue of Drum, in which Motjuwadi wrote

his final tribute to Casey Motsisi, was also one of the few issues of the magazine that hit the streets without a pin-up on the cover. The pretty girl had been replaced by a striking photo-illustration of black consciousness leader Steve Biko, mortally injured by policemen in a cell at Port Elizabeth before being driven through the night to Pretoria where he’d been pronounced dead. We had no photographs of the banned Biko in our shambolic filing system and couldn’t get any from the Jo’burg papers, so I persuaded Donald Woods, editor of the Daily Dispatch in East London to send us a couple of black and white pictures. The best went to freelance artist Alex Groen, who created a striking coloured photo-illustration for what has become one of the most reproduced covers in Drum’s history – just check the T-shirts on Soweto streets next time you’re there. Our Cape Town writer Jackie Heyns persuaded poet Adam Small to write a 1 000-word tribute – “Steve Biko is dead. I will not share in the heroics of praise that suddenly resounded all around him as his corpse lay there. I have no wish to be part of the excesses of white liberal people in response to his death: the accolades that suddenly discovered the ‘towering’ stature of Steve Biko.” – while a freelance photo-journalist (I think it was Willie Nkosi but, as Drum rarely carried photo bylines, I can’t be certain) brought in a memorable set of pictures of the funeral, including the striking image that we chose for our opening spread, showing Biko lying in an open coffin with mourners gathered around.

(Operating on the sound, but possibly lazy, journalistic principle that a good idea was worth repeating, Drum’s cover early the following year for the issue commemorating the death of banned PAC leader Robert Sobukwe – described in a tribute by Stan Motjuwadi as “the REAL father of black consciousness in this

country” – featured similar artwork by Groen.)

The Biko issue of Drum enjoyed record sales, but a couple of months later in January 1988, we fouled up the production of an interview by Stan Motjuwadi with Ntsiki, Steve Biko’s widow. A full-page photograph of a tearful woman clutching a handkerchief to her mouth accompanied the single page of text. Unfortunately, and embarrassingly, the photograph was not of Ntsiki Biko – her picture had been transposed with that of the mother of an innocent man hanged for murder that should have accompanied a story on an earlier spread. This mistake resulted in a grovelling apology to both women, followed by another two-hour interrogative lunch with Jim Bailey, who had decided I was entirely to blame for the error, even though the pictures had been correctly placed when I had sent them to the printer – and I was thousands of miles away on a four-week vacation in Britain when the botched press check was made by our Durban office manager. Ah, well ...

Fortunately, though, that incident cost us nothing but an apology and a few angry words. But a story we published soon afterwards had Bailey digging into his pockets – and it was all due to Alf Kumalo, who had supplied a set of pictures for Stan Motjuwadi’s story about a cop-turned-bank-robber-turned-killer called Edian Ntulu, who had just been sentenced to death. Among the photographs, which included a marvelous shot of an off-duty Ntuli boozing with his pals in a shebeen that became our opening spread, was one of a white guy sitting astride a large motorcycle. According to Kumalo, this was a certain Mr Poulakis, whom we described in our caption as “The group’s explosive expert ... he turned state evidence ...” Unfortunately Kumalo’s explosive expert turned out to be an innocent

motorcyclist from Benoni ... so we were forced to apologise in print again and this time our groveling was accompanied by a large chunk of Bailey’s petty cash.

That made us cautious about some of our other investigations, including the final in a series of exposes by reporter Ernest – now Morakile – Shuenyane, our entertainment specialist. We’d already run stories in which he’d highlighted the shenanigans of a number of black record producers and showbiz promoters (the assistant of one of Shuenyane’s victims caused momentary panic when he ran into our office screaming that he had a gun and was going to shoot our reporter. We calmed him down and sent him back to his boss after telling him Shuenyane was out of town).

Then Morakile wrote a story about a white record producer who had been handing out wads of cash to persuade DJs to promote songs recorded by his black artists. Because we could get no conclusive evidence or photographs of money changing hands, we took the advice of lawyer Keith Lister and killed the article, much to the disgust of Shuenyane, who soon left – to become a radio station DJ. His anger was validated several years later after I’d left Drum when I met the producer at a record industry party, where he admitted the payola. It was, he claimed, the only way to get airplay for local black artists; everyone was doing it.

PHOTOJOURNALISM was, as it always had been, one of the great strengths of the magazine, despite high advertising ratios that greatly limited the space available for photo display. Along with Chester Maharaj and Austrian freelancer Gottfried Chmelar, both of whom

specialized in sport and entertainment, Cliff Ranaka was one of Drum's most featured young photo stars in the latter part of the '70s, many of his best works being photographs of spontaneous violence in the dangerous Johannesburg streets. Knife attacks, shootings and vicious assaults were his forte, earning accolades from readers including a letter from a fan in Alexandra, who made this comment after a string of such stories, "So, Cliff Ranaka does it again. First, he gives us pictures of a knife attack in the middle of Jo'burg . Then that magnificent set of pictures of the tsotsi gang being arrested which, I felt, could not be bettered. What happens? Last month he comes up with an even better set, Battle of the Sexes." In the office, we wondered when Ranaka would take more peaceful pictures . . .

The authors of other photo essays are harder to determine as Drum had not yet got round to crediting freelance photographers. There was a reason: Bailey insisted that once a photograph appeared in the magazine it belonged to him, no matter how much the photographer, and the law, might disagree. That partly explains why there was such an acrimonious dispute years later over who owned the copyright to Drum's massive archive of photographs.

Most of our writers – staffers such as Motjuwadi, Manu Padayachee and Pat Cohen excepted – were equally anonymous, either to shield the identity of contributors who worked for daily newspapers or because the writers just happened to be white. BBC staffer Justin Nyoka was Drum's man in Rhodesia in the days before independence, but many of the contributions from that country in the final years of Ian Smith's rule came from Gordon Farquharson, whose day job was reporting for an international news agency, while a number of exclusives were written by freelancers Chris van der Merwe and

Belgian Hugo Merxxx, both of whom were jailed by the heavy-handed Mozambican authorities.

Another by-lined writer was Emelda Sekgalakane, recruited from the Northern Transvaal by Stan Motjuwadi. She specialised in rooting out bizarre tales of sorcery and murder that still plague an area where 'witches' are burned to death whenever lightning strikes, and where children are slaughtered so that their bodies may be used for magic spells. News editor Kerry Swift spent hours coaxing the mind-boggling stories from her.

Swift, after Stan Motjuwadi, was my main associate during my years at Drum, joining as editor of True Love in mid-1977 – the fourth editor in the year since I'd left the post, the others unable or unwilling to deal with either the eccentricities of Jim Bailey or the squalor of the office – before leaving on a journalism scholarship to study for a master's degree at York University in England a year later. He returned from the ivory towers of academe to become Drum's news editor in the summer of 1979, when we were in the middle of a vicious battle for survival with Pace, a rival magazine that had been funded by the government's Info department and launched six months earlier.

In a nutshell the Pace story was this: Bailey had been approached several years earlier by London businessman Christopher Dolley, who wanted to buy Drum and Bailey's other African publishing interests. When Bailey nixed the deal, he was told a new magazine would be started in South Africa to put him out of business. Simple enough, but the whole affair became dirtier and dirtier as enterprising journalists at the Rand Daily Mail and Sunday Express exposed the political intentions of Dolley and his South African cohorts . . .

Rumours about the funding of Pace, the soon-to-be-launched

magazine, had been brewing for the whole of 1978 and Drum's newly appointed general manager Ted Sceales (his capacity for quaffing gallons of lunchtime champagne was legendary) had even launched our own spoiler, *Black Ace*, a sports monthly – although quite how that was going to confuse prospective readers of the new magazine evades me as much now as it did at the time. Then the *Sunday Times* confirmed in a front page splash at the end of 1978 what Jim Bailey had been saying for months – that the project, fronted by Hortors, a major SA printer-publisher – was a secret project of Eschel Rhoodie's disgraced Department of Information. I recall my excitement when I bought that issue of the *Sunday Times* (it's still lurking somewhere in my haphazard filing system), late one Saturday night from a street seller near my home in Jo'burg's Highlands North suburb, and rushed back to tell my wife that the magazine that was about to be launched against us was doomed before it began.

I was wrong. *Pace*, edited by writer Lucas Molete, with Jack Shepherd-Smith, the country's best-known magazine editor as managing editor, hit the streets with an interview with June 16 student leader Tsietsi Mashinini and we found ourselves in the thick of much public mud-slinging. *Pace* had already tried, unsuccessfully, to recruit most of our top journalists before its launch. In fact, I was probably the only staff member – with the possible exception of my driver and the cleaning staff – not to be approached, because (well, I hoped this was the reason) Jack Shepherd-Smith and I had not been good buddies since the evening, a year or so earlier when a large *Reuter's* correspondent had been forced to restore the peace in a Swazi bar where we'd almost come to blows after I'd made a few unappreciated comments about *Scope*, the tit-and-bum magazine he was editing at the time.

Drum had carried a full-page piece about the owners of *Pace* in the final issue of 1978, but it was in January 1979 – the month *Pace* was launched – that we got into our stride with an article that linked the magazine to General Hendrik van den Bergh, the former boss of the state's security police, while also pointing out that the *Pace* editorial staff had resigned en masse when the scandal broke, but had quickly been persuaded by their bosses to change their minds.

A month later, Shepherd-Smith was singled out for special treatment, after three of his senior black journalists had again quit (or, in the words of editor Lucas Molete, 'dis-involved' themselves), Drum's Phil Selwyn-Smith commenting, in an unsigned piece, "When quiet-spoken Joe Thloloe, a *Post* reporter, asked him to comment on the latest staff upheavals, Joe was told to f... off. Not the language Mr Shepherd-Smith usually uses. He is normally well mannered, and rude only to the censors. So if his nerves are frayed to the extent that he can't control himself when asked a legitimate question by a reputable reporter from a reputable newspaper, there is only one tonic we can suggest. *Salusa 45* may help, but the cure will only be complete if he makes a clean break."

(At least one black *Drum* journalist saw the irony in two middle-aged double-barreled whitey colonials being the champions in a war of words about the future of competing black magazines.)

Then it was the turn of Alf Kumalo, one of the *Pace* staffers who had actually quit, to speak out. This time it wasn't his photographs that we were interested in, but the reasons why he had left his job as chief photographer at the new magazine. In a double page spread, Kumalo – the only man to have worked full time for both

magazines – explained his departure from Pace, “I could not sleep well at night. I thought of all the crusading stories I had covered, stories spotlighting the sad plight of the banned, banished, harassed tax defaulters. What business did I now have to have any kind of dealings with a magazine financed by Info?”

Taking a break from the mud-slinging and character assassination, the March, 1978, issue of Drum took a lighter look at the affair, printing letters from readers, who’d been offered the chance to win R13 each for telling what they’d do if they could spend the R13 million (later revised to R30 million) that the government had squandered in trying to subvert the Press. Free education was the hands-down winner, followed by the electrification of the townships and more jobs. Surprisingly, perhaps, no one opted for a one-way ticket out of the country ...

Then it was time for Bailey to break his long silence. He did it reluctantly because he hadn’t wanted to be drawn into the fight, preferring to orchestrate events from the sidelines. However, when he asked Stan Motjuwadi to write a full background to the story, Stan refused, pointing out that readers would rather the story came straight from the owner’s mouth. Bailey’s two-page essay, ‘I Accuse’, in the May 1979 issue, told how the Info Department had tried, three years earlier, to buy the liberal Rand Daily Mail newspaper, of which his family trust was the main shareholder, through front man and former South African rugby boss Louis Luyt. Luyt’s offer had been rejected so, using government money, he had launched The Citizen newspaper in an unsuccessful attempt to force the Mail out of business.

Bailey recounted how, after he had turned down the first offer

to buy Drum, he was told that a new magazine would be started to put Drum out of business. He ended his essay, which also detailed other areas in which the Info department men had been trying to buy control of the media, with these words, “So, readers must be totally aware that the magazine Pace is operated by its Editor, Lucas Molete and its Managing Editor, Jack Shepherd-Smith on behalf of the South African Information Service as part of a world-wide scheme planned by General van den Bergh. There is no way these men can possibly say they were in ignorance of this. Their eyes are open.”

Pace collapsed a couple of months later and Shepherd-Smith was again under fire after the magazine was given free of charge to another publisher. Stan Motjuwadi wrote, “As far as we are concerned, Shepherd-Smith has dug his own journalistic grave. He went into Pace with his eyes open to the sinister implications of what he was doing and then as the truth of Pace’s propaganda role slowly emerged, he fought a rearguard action. We are not surprised his propaganda sheet Pace has collapsed under the burdens of his own deceit. Nor will we be surprised if Pace re-emerges in a blaze of publicity, attempting to launder its sinister connections.”

Prophetic words. Pace was relaunched by Caxtons, its new owners, and continued publishing until, losing circulation and cash, it was closed in 1993, a year before Nelson Mandela became the first black South African president. Drum had also had a change of ownership in 1984, when Bailey surprised everyone, not least the editorial staffers who’d fought the battle against Pace on his behalf, by selling to the Cape Afrikaans publishing giant, Nasionale Pers.

Was the battle worth the effort and the ruined reputations? With 25 years’ hindsight, there are two answers. Politically, yes,

it was absolutely the right thing to do; it's our duty as journalists – and citizens – to do all in our power to prevent government from subverting the independent media, unless we enjoy the idea of living under an authoritarian dictatorship. But, it's probably fair to say that once Pace had been launched, all our shouting had little significant effect on the magazine's circulation – we certainly damaged its credibility and destroyed the reputations of the magazine's senior staff, but that didn't stop many thousands of readers from buying the magazine month after month. Conversely, despite all its cash, Pace didn't kill Drum as its founders had threatened – in fact, Drum thrived, our issues during the early '80s regularly hitting 160 pages with the circulation peaking at around 140 000 copies a month, almost triple those of its fortnightly issues five years earlier. And, of course, Drum is still alive today ...

AFTER THE HECTIC and exciting year of helping to expose the Info Scandal, I found the magic of Drum was beginning to fade. My dissatisfaction was fueled by an increasing involvement with the radical alternative media – I had helped produce the much-banned Voice newspaper each week, was advising trade union editors, and had begun a 10-year association with Frontline, Denis Beckett's political monthly magazine which, despite its slender circulation, was running some of the most incisive and relevant journalism in South Africa at the time. And my relationship with Jim Bailey was also becoming strained. I resented having to listen to his increasingly-inane story ideas, and the post-publication lunches were becoming repetitive and angry. At the same time, I was unhappy with the

incessant feuding with management over our tightly-rationed newshole, especially as we were still fighting an opponent with plenty of pages for editorial content, and the increasing number of worthless advertising sections that were being added. The inter-departmental battle came close to bloodshed when advertising manager Ronnie Jordan pushed me through an inter-office window after a particularly nasty disagreement when I discovered he was giving away our precious and limited editorial space in exchange for Wool Board advertising.

The final straw for me – and I think for Bailey – came in the middle of 1981 when the proprietor came into my office, now expanded and shared with news editor Kerry Swift, demanding, "Tinny, let's take a look at the next issue." Instead of playing the usual charade of tolerance and subterfuge, I responded, "Fuck off, Jim, I'm too busy." His response was immediate and impressive. Turning on his heel, he stormed out of the room, slamming the door so violently we thought the walls would fall down. The parting of our ways came a few months later when Swift and I were presented with new contracts that restricted our ability to take on outside work. As we were already running a freelance operation and had been approached by a number of other companies to publish magazines and newsletters, we resigned immediately. Our last day as employees of Drum came two weeks later when, after a monumentally boozed-up party, Stan Motjuwadi gave us a shattering send-off by breaking as many office windows in Drum House as he could reach, applauded by his cheering, inebriated colleagues.

That, however, was not the end of our relationship with Bailey. A couple of months after Swift and I left, we received a letter from

Drum's lawyer Keith Lister threatening to sue us over a handful of photographs we'd used in a new magazine we were producing for a Soweto publisher. Although the pictures did not belong to Bailey and the photographers had given us permission to use them, he claimed copyright because they had been used in Drum. The case didn't get to court; we trekked down to Eloff Street Extension and resolved the conflict over – what else – a bottle of Government House port.

Thereafter, after a year or so out of touch, Bailey began to invite me for occasional lunches, usually when he wanted me to work for him again (“Tinny, I need you back; you're much more mature than when you used to worked for me.”). The meetings were always amiable, no matter how often I turned down his attempts to persuade me to run Drum's operations in Nairobi (“Come for a year; you can leave your wife and kids in Jo'burg”), become managing editor of City Press newspaper, revive his London office (closed since a fall-out with his Nigerian operation, which had set up its own office in London), or help him launch a new publishing venture in Zimbabwe (also sans wife and kids). Only once was I tempted – too many sweet words, too much wine just before Christmas – but I sobered enough before lunch ended to turn acceptance of a job running his Nairobi operation (“Tinny, you'll love the editor; he's just been released from a death sentence”) into a qualified, “Send me a couple of copies of the magazine and give me a week to think about it,” before fleeing from the restaurant. When he rang for my acceptance, I turned him down the honourable way – blaming my wife, saying she'd threatened to divorce me if I took the job.

The most delicious irony came, however, in 1988, a few years after

Bailey sold his magazines and City Press newspaper to Nasionale Pers. Now running my own firm, I became, for 20 hours a week, consulting managing editor for Nasionale's black publications. And one of my duties was – echoes of all those hated lunchtime sessions years earlier – to meet with the editors and designers to critique each edition of Drum and True Love on the day after publication.

Bailey howled with laughter when, over lunch, I told him I had become Junior Jim!

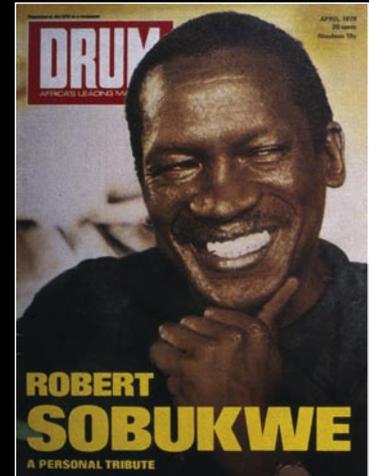
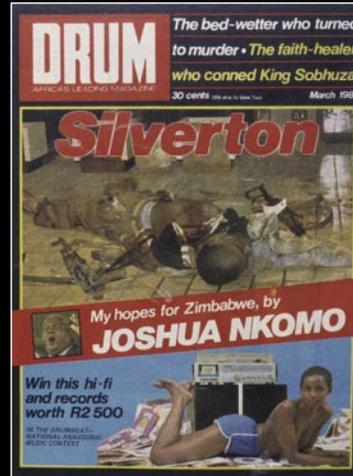
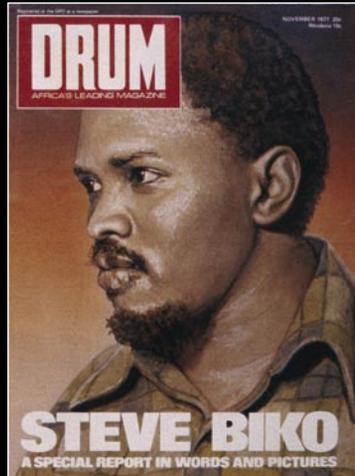
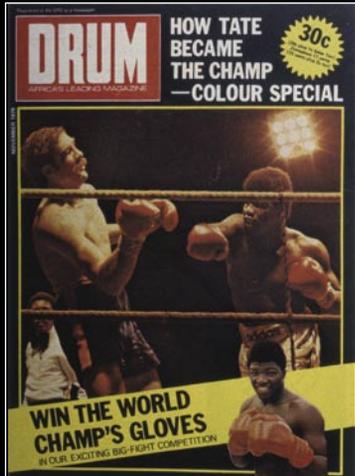
IT'S NOW 25 years since I worked for Jim Bailey. He and Motjuwadi, and Molete of Pace, are dead. Shepherd-Smith has long retired. Drum is now an entertainment-oriented weekly without political content, Pace an empty memory. Those exciting days when we were fighting a government are a distant slideshow in my mind – but there are still times when I swear I can hear that distinctive voice, usually when I'm about to allow something to slip into my work that's not quite the way I know it ought to be, “Tinny, how many times do I have to tell you ...?”

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Tony Sutton was executive editor of Drum from 1976 until 1981. He is now president of News Design Associates, an international publishing consultancy based in Toronto, Canada, and editor and publisher of the internet magazine, ColdType.net

THE EXHIBITION

The pages that follow are all from Drum magazine and were part of an exhibition at the National Festival of the Arts in Grahamstown in 2006.



THURSDAY MARCH 11, 1976

THE AFFAIR AT PARK STATION

PICTURES BY ALF KUMALO



ACTION at the entrance to Park Station. Armed with automatic rifle a soldier lunges at another man, while the crowd looks on anxiously.

On Thursday, March 11, there was an affair at Park Station, Johannesburg. OK, the law must be maintained. OK, there is a case for strict government. But surely if South Africans do not stand together we will hang together. Was it necessary for the trio of servicemen to appear on the scene? And was the violence perhaps not a bit on the excessive side?



THE end of a long day for a Soweto mum as she is hustled by a cop into a waiting kweta kweta. Later people were fined for public disturbance.



'Black Power' salute from the crowd at the height of the trouble.



BETWEEN the baton and law and order is a man from the crowd — on the ground — behind him a plain-clothes policeman and holding the baton is another cop.

THE YEAR OF THE HIPPO

Two men lie dead in the dusty Soweto road. Towering above them is a police hippo. These ugly machines of death were intended for fighting in the bush against guerillas threatening our borders. They became part of the township scene after the events of June 16 last year. But, although the year was marred by the deaths, destruction and detentions of the riots, some of the events pointed towards a brighter future, as our look at the past year shows.



A NATION weeps. Mourners gather to pay their last respects as Steve Biko's body lies in state in his home before the funeral, attended by 20,000 mourners at King William's Town.

STEVE BIKO

Much has been written about the death of Bantu Steve Biko. We add our tribute to this son of South Africa by putting his tragic death into the perspective of our times. We feel the most lucid voice on the subject of Biko's death is that of poet Adam Small, who writes this special report exclusively for us.

STEVE Biko is dead. We who dream of freedom felt outraged by his death. And we were angered. He was a man haunted under this regime. Haunted because his pride was indestructible, because as a black man he walked tall. And many white men in this country do not like a black man walking tall. (This is not a racist statement, but a statement of fact. One also of personal experience.)

STEVE Biko is dead. I will not share in the heroics of praise that suddenly resounded all around him as his corpse lay there. I have no wish to be part of the excesses of white liberal people in response to his death: the accolades that suddenly discovered the "towering" stature of Steve Biko.

It is not my fancy to take part in this postmortem exer-

cise. I recall that Steve Biko had a sense of humour. He might well have laughed to hear that he was all these magnificent things they are now saying. It is my feeling that he would certainly have scoffed at much of it.

Shall we be bitter? Let us not be. Still, these were some of the people who tried to shoot Steve Biko's thinking down with shouts of "human consciousness" whenever, in life, he said "black consciousness".

These are some of the people to whom "black consciousness" was — and is — just another turn of racism. I do not mind their phyllophony. Indeed God help us all should liberalism disappear from men's minds.

One's objection is their happy riding along on the

PLEASE TURN OVER

ANOTHER DRUM EXCLUSIVE

A storm broke over the recent death of detainee, Mr Joseph Mdluli. His wife wanted to know how and why he died. She engaged a private doctor — who was later silenced from revealing what he saw. She engaged two attorneys. One was an advocate who has acted as an assessor for the Natal Supreme Court, but he was unable to give a report. The other attorney was detained under the Terrorism Act. An inquest is now pending. Pictures published overseas of Mdluli in his coffin upset the South African government. DRUM publishes the first pictures of Mdluli before he died and his wife, Lydia



DEAD and alive: The only picture in existence of the live Joseph Mdluli (far right). Mdluli's face is exposed as mourners pay their last respects (right)

THE STRANGE TALE OF JOSEPH MDLULI

AMONTVILLE hawker Joseph Mdluli was a quietly spoken man, whom the children in Mlango Road affectionately called "Mkhuthuzi". A medium-size man he used to repair watches and fog soft goods and sewing machines.

Those who knew him in his days as a staunch African National Congress organiser remember him as a fiery speaker at meetings in the Beatrice Street YMCA hall.

His wife, Lydia, remembers the night of March 17, 1976, when two members of the South African Security Police came to their house and arrested him. They said he would be held under the Terrorism Act. Next day she was told by the SB that he had died.

"He was in good health, there was nothing wrong with him and when he was arrested he did not

even get a chance to wear his clothes. All he wore was a raincoat and shoes," she said later.

Then began the saga of the 18th man known to have died in detention.

● Brigadier Arnold O'Hanrahan, Durban CID Chief, launched an investigation into Mdluli's death.

● Then Mrs. Lydia Mdluli instructed attorney Mlungisi Mseenge to ask the authorities how her husband died. He in turn instructed Advocate T. L. Skweytha to find out.

● Skweytha could not. His passport was withdrawn. Attorney Mseenge was detained.

Mrs. Mdluli had asked chunky Dr. M. P. Chetty to attend the police post mortem on her husband. Dr. Chetty, 11

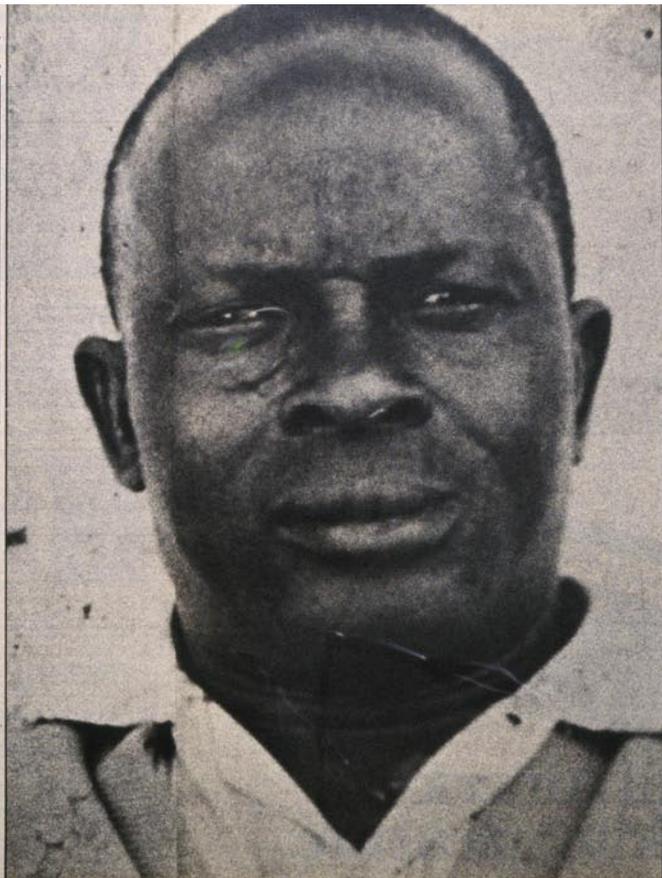
transpired, did not. Later State Pathologist Dr. B. J. van Straaten and Professor I. "Ookkie" Gordon said they had attended, but were all bound to silence.

Senator Brian Bamford asked questions in Parliament but the Minister of Justice, Mr. Jimmy Kruger reassured the country that Mdluli had not killed himself: that the police were investigating; that the Attorney General of Natal would later decide whom to prosecute.

Mrs. Helen Suzman, MP was not satisfied. She asked further questions.

Nor was Mrs. Mdluli. She also asked further questions. The Minister of Justice was also not satisfied for he also asked questions from his underlings.

Afterwards the British House of Commons saw the alleged pictures of Mdluli taken after his death. South African



THIS IS THE ONLY PICTURE OF THE LIVE JOSEPH MDLULI



LYDIA Mdluli, distraught widow of the dead man, has sued the government for R25 000

government authorities quickly assured the world that these pictures were taken at his graveside.

Later a Durban undertaker Mr. Harris Peters admitted taking the pictures. Since then Mrs. Mdluli has sued the government for R25 000.

Said at the funeral of Mdluli attended by over 1 000 people, mourners who wore ANC colours, many wanted to know how he died.

His wife later said she saw his corpse. "It was," she said, "injured. There was a severe swelling across his forehead, his lower lip was bruised and cut, his stomach was dilated to twice its size."

"I lifted his head and saw two crisscross cuts at the base of his skull and some near the back of his left ear."



GOODBYE DARK CITY

LIFE in Alexandra, as all ghettos, was tough. If you had a squeamish belly Alex swallowed you up its sleazy gutters. That is why it produced some of the toughest politicians, sportsmen, gangsters and cops. Now The Dark City or Little Chicago, as it was known, is in its death throes. This is our requiem for the unforgettable township.



TOP: This huddle of ramshackles huts in Alex used to throb with life, but now even the buildings seem to sense their impending doom as the bulldozers move in — and the people move out.

ABOVE: A police picture of the identification parade after the Mzansi had been rounded up. The man in the hat, 11th from the left, is the gang leader Shadrack Matthews, who was hanged.

BELOW: The historic meeting at a square just outside the township in Alex that decided on a boycott of buses in 1967. This was the scene of many ANC rallies before it was banned.

NOW TURN OVER for more historic photographs of some of the people and events which made the Dark City — and Stan Motswagole's fond tribute to the slum we all loved.





END of another demo (above) in Auntie Gladys is carefully removed from the scene of another of her one-woman demonstrations, this time outside the House of Parliament in Cape Town. Right: Same again. This time Auntie demonstrates in front of the grandstand at Newlands cricket ground.

AUNTIE GLADYS: DEMONSTRATOR EXTRAORDINARY

GLADYS Emma Lee is the most rare of political protesters in the Republic today. She is the most active, most arrested, most scorned — and most loved demonstrator in the present and past history of the South African scene.

Although based in Cape Town, this frail and grumpy old lady has managed to appear at the most far-flung outposts across the land to confront political issues at the right time and the right place. She has seen the inside of police stations in all the major cities, faced scores of magistrates and has her name constantly mentioned in the House of Parliament.

As you read these words, the remarkable Miss Lee is probably standing on the corner of some street somewhere in South Africa protesting.

No personality and no subject matter escapes or is immune from Gladys' attention. Her loud and biting message, scrawled on placards, changes daily with current topical issues, always with remorseless insistence.

And, her victims of the day defend her tenaciously.

As can be expected Miss Lee's efforts are mainly directed against the present government. She alleges

a fascist state exists, that Hitler walks in South Africa and that democracy here is dead.

The Prime Minister, John Vorster, is the pet darling for no serial barbs but all the Opposition MPs get their fair share whenever their actions or statements makes them vulnerable. Her posters describe the entire membership in the house as a useless bunch, and each and every foreign political visitor gets a seven-course piece of advice or an eight-course menu of vitriol from our Gladys Emma Lee.

Miss Lee is white and, therefore, her street demonstrations are an embarrassment to the local public. On the other hand her continual fight against racial issues has made her a hero in the eyes of the blacks.

At the demonstrations, white onlookers show scant attention. If any, they shrug their shoulders with the remark of, "She's crazy, they should put her away."

Blacks owe full attention to her statements and often shake her hand in appreciation of her stand-point.

Although she is looked at as a crank by cynical observers, her political deductions are clear and to the point. She is an inveterate writer of letters to editors of newspapers, and her bemused thinking

receives respected priority publication.

Although she is 80, her logical thinking is never questioned. However, her existence as a tireless political protester has been questioned time and again in the highest debating chamber in the land.

In May 1973, in the House of Parliament, a new Demonstrations and Gatherings Bill, planned to prevent one or more persons to demonstrate at the open air in Cape Town, obviously aimed at Miss Lee's activities, was not presented. The Minister of Police, Mr Jimmy Kruger, who was to have presented the bill, changed his mind.

When asked to explain Mr Kruger said: "If Miss Lee wants to demonstrate, I will ask the Commissioner of Police NOT to see what the old Auntie is doing."

As the Minister was making this remarkable statement Miss Lee was standing outside the House with placards decrying the proposed bill. When she was told of Mr Kruger's decision she was unconcerned, saying: "He had no alternative. I will, of course, make use of this offer."

The attitude of police personnel to Gladys' going-on is almost unchanging to extremes.



HERE she goes again. This time Gladys Lee's defiance is made up of commuters at a city bus stop. Although the city's whites try to ignore her, the other races admire her rebellious attitude towards authority.

Gladys Emma Lee is South Africa's most active, most arrested demonstrator. She's also the oldest. At 80, Auntie Gladys has been arrested in almost every city in the land for her one-woman protests. And she has proved such a pain-in-the-neck to the Government that a bill was presented in Parliament just to prevent her solitary protests in the middle of Cape Town. The bill was withdrawn, so Auntie Gladys continues her good work. Jackie Heyns reports

Miss Lee's annual day of glory is the opening of Parliament. As the crowd gathers in the centre of Cape Town to stare at the pomp and ceremony, to see the President of the Republic escorted with all the finery and elegance of this major state showcase — there, too, is Gladys Emma Lee and her posters to claim: "This is a fascist demonstration. This is the opening of a Police State Parliament" etc. etc.

As can be expected with such a parade, the entire route of the procession is heavily attended by the police in uniform and private clothes. Part of the annual instruction to these guardians of the law on the morning of the event is to watch out for possible action by political extremists. The other part of the instruction is that they frustrate Gladys Emma Lee.

Miss Lee is aware of the special attention and such new opening is met as a challenge to her ingenuity. As she is well known to all the police, her arrival on the scene brings a cordon of armed men around her. They find no posters in her hands so, in her scathed bag, and they move away "to leave the old Auntie alone."

They hardly turn their backs when, with maclean-like movement, she displays her posters.

From beneath her garments, where the police would never attempt to search in a public street, tightly-folded plastic sheets are unfurled with their damning message.

Within seconds the police close in and after taking the posters away she is gently guided to a nearby van and removed from the scene. The words from the police are the most unpolite-like heard anywhere in the world.

"Oh, no. Not again, Gladys. You promised us last year that you would behave yourself. Why don't you stay at home with your knitting like my grandmother? One of these days this government you don't like will stop your pension and then where will you get the money to buy paper and black ink for your posters, hey?"

And Gladys replies: "I am not guilty of doing anything wrong. It is my duty to tell the people the truth. This is a fascist government and you are the storm-troopers. Go ahead and arrest me, you big bullies."

At one of the presidential parades she had the crowd roaring with laughter.

I was walking up Darling Street toward Adderley Street when I met

PLEASE TURN OVER

CHEEKY SHOWS US THE SOUTH AFRICA OF THE FUTURE (WE HOPE)



EASTERN Province player Valence Watson, Cheeky's brother, gets a taste of hero-worship at the end of the historic game.



Dan "Cheeky" Watson strides through the field, beating Sedru defenders to score the best try of the match during the friendly game. The white player trying to stop him is Al Maseley of Rhodes University. 10 000 people saw the historic match at Port Elizabeth's African township.



SPRINGBOK triallist Cheeky Watson is carried shoulder high off the field by jubilee black fans after the historic racially mixed rugby match played at Port Elizabeth's African township, two months ago.

He loved rugby but he was a bit on the small side for the game. But he was determined so he adopted an aggressive approach to the game to make up for his physical shortcomings. This was why his friends named the boy Cheeky. The name has stuck.

It is the same approach to do what he wants, the way he wants to, against whatever odds that has earned 22-year-old Cheeky Watson Drum's Trendsetter of the Year Award.

Cheeky and his brother Valence who play for the white Port Elizabeth rugby team Crescent, coached the local African side Kwaru. The team won the league this season.

When the team played a friendly match with another team to celebrate its victory Cheeky, Valence and six other white players volunteered to play in the game.

The eight players thought there would be no hassles since there had already been word from Pretoria giving the green light to mixed rugby.

When the authorities got wind of this they put their foot down. Matches between teams of different races okay. But definitely no mixed

teams, was the order.

The president of Cheeky's team warned him against playing and so did rugby boss Dr Claven. Dr Piet Koorhof, Minister of Sport also sounded a last minute warning that the eight would be playing at their own peril if they did so.

But running true to form Cheeky and his brigade defied. 10 000 black spectators cheered their voices hoarse at the historic game.

Cheeky scored three tries for his side. But what matters more is that each goal was a good link in the teeth for segregated sports. He scored something more than ordinary goals in the match.

After the match all players were threatened with suspension by their union.

"They can keep their rugby. We'll do it again because we play for the love of the game." Acting as spokesman of the threatened players Watson gave the authorities his bit of cheek.

"All we are trying to prove is that rugby can be enjoyed by both races playing harmoniously," Cheeky said.

And how Cheeky and his buddies have proved this, and 10 000 people can't be wrong, can they?



CHEEKY Watson is congratulated by the jubilee township's black fans after scoring his third try of the game (top left).

Silverton

FRIDAY, January 25, right on the outskirts of Pretoria, three gunmen stormed the Silverton branch of Volkskas Bank.

There were about 50 people inside the bank when the gunmen entered. Some managed to escape, but 25 were not so lucky. They were held as hostages in a drama that reverberated around the world.

For seven hours the three men held the hostages at gunpoint while members of a special police anti-terror unit tried to negotiate with the gunmen, who were later identified as an ANC death squad. The three men were Wilfred Madela, Humphrey and Fanie Stephen Malako, all of Diepkloof, Soweto.

According to press reports, the trio demanded the release of Nelson Mandela. They also demanded that James Mange, a political prisoner sentenced to death last year, be released and an aircraft be made available to fly them to Maputo, where Mange would be executed for revealing compromising information about terror groups in South Africa during his trial.

As the hours dragged by, the gunmen also demanded the presence of the Prime Minister, Mr P.W. Botha, former State President, Mr John Vorster and Chief of the South African Defence Force, General Magnus Malan. They also demanded R100 000.

But while the protracted negotiations were continuing, the security forces were positioning themselves for an onslaught on the bank. When the cops went in, it was all over. Within seconds, all three of the gunmen lay dead. One of the hostages, Miss Cynthia Anderson also lay dead and nine others were critically injured. One other hostage subsequently died.

PICTURES:
REX/ED

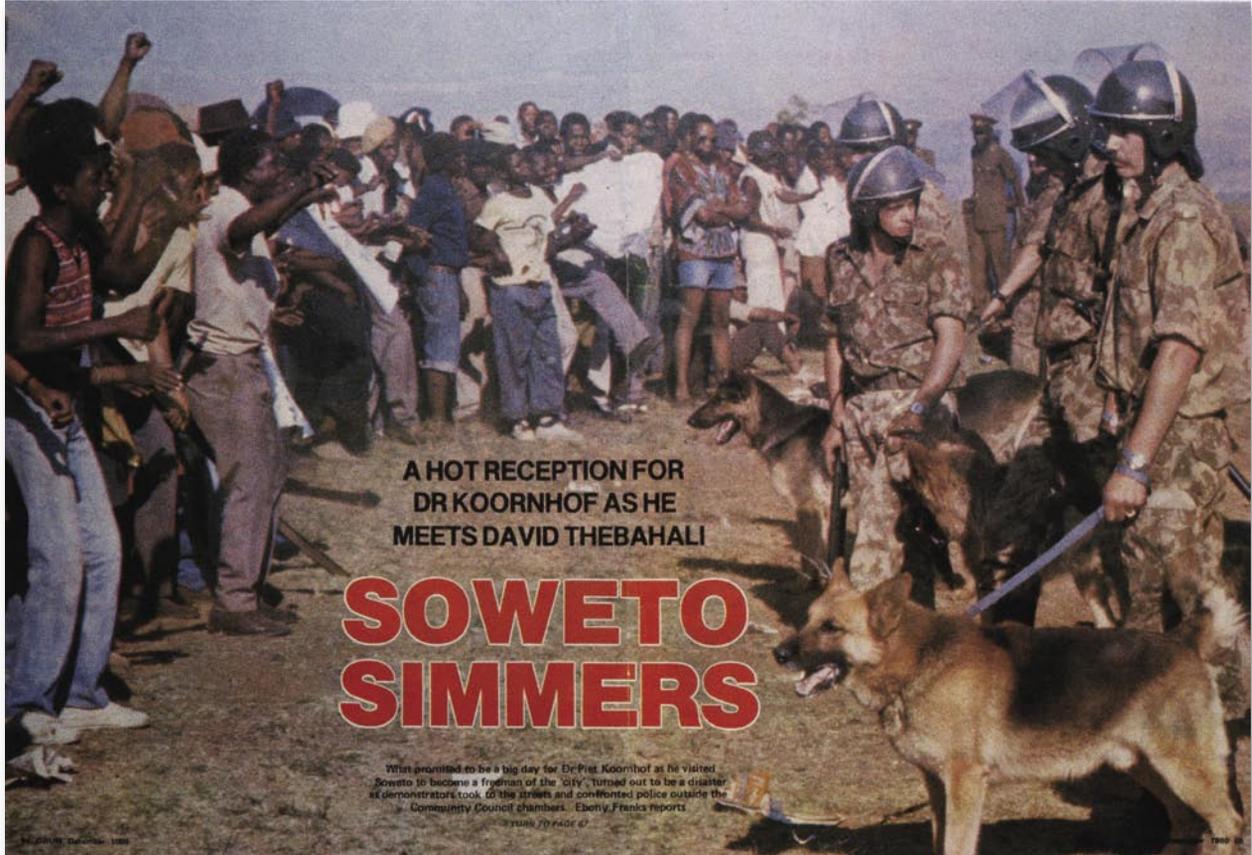
24 DRUM March 1986



Three ANC gunmen, 25 hostages and a special police anti-terror squad were at the centre of a seven-hour drama that shocked the country. It took place at Volkskas Bank in Silverton (left) and it ended in death.



DRUM March 1986 25



A HOT RECEPTION FOR
DR KOORNHOF AS HE
MEETS DAVID THEBAHALI

SOWETO SIMMERS

What promised to be a big day for Dr Piet Koornhof as he visited Soweto to become a freeman of the 'city', turned out to be a disaster as demonstrators took to the streets and confronted police outside the Community Council chambers. Ebony Franks reports

3 JULY 1984 PAGE 67

OUR EDUCATION DILEMMA | DRUM COVERS THE RIOTS

The Cape licks its wounds



A car burns as spectators mill about in festive mood. But the riots that erupted in the Cape were no carnival. There was blood letting, arson, looting and ultimately death. Then came the recriminations as the Cape took stock of the damage resulting from the worst rioting since June 1976. The cost in human and material terms was enormous and DRUM'S Jackie Meyns was on hand to record the Cape's worst spate of violence in years.

As Transkei celebrates its third anniversary of independence, all is not well. Ever since Chief Kaiser Matanzima (right) signed for independence, Transkei has spent many thousands of rands trying to convince the world that it is not a bogus state. And while millions have been poured down the drain, many Transkeians are still living below the bread line. Stan Motjuwadi reports

THE LOCAL
PEOPLE
LIVE IN
POVERTY
WHILE
FOREIGNERS
ARE LINING
THEIR
POCKETS
WITH
TRANSKEI'S
CASH



ABOVE: Liston Ntshongwane, the former chief of Protocol who skipped the country. LEFT: Kaiser Matanzima in shirt sleeves signs the Port St. Johns harbour contract with Edmond Penigal on a car boot.



DIGBY Koyana, a former Transkei ambassador whooping it up with Senor Maldonado, one of the many who promised to clinch recognition for Transkei and failed.



DIGBY Koyana with members of Transkei's 'goat milkers' union' — left-to-right Georges Kassouf, Salim El-Hajj and the president of the Lebanese press syndicate. All the meetings, parties and get-togethers led to nothing. Transkei remains unrecognised and is still footing the bill.

AN editor of a government mouthpiece and a manager of Radio Transkei is in hiding. The deputy head of the Security Intelligence charged. A former cabinet minister and roving ambassador and the son of a former State President in detention. A former Head of Protocol skipped the country.

This is the disarray in Transkei after it was discovered that a fortune has been wasted in fruitless attempts to gain the country recognition.

A few months ago, DRUM published a story that the Matanzima brothers were leading Transkei to bankruptcy. This was hotly denied by Prime Minister, Chief George Matanzima, in Parliament.

DRUM, however, can reveal that Transkei is deep in the red. Yes, the Auditor General's report for 1977/78 reveals that there was a deficit of R1 429 370 in that year, the first deficit the Transkei has had.

Money has been used on a scale and manner that matches relatively speaking, South Africa's info scandal.

The long-overdue Auditor General's report also reveals that R476 507 was spent on security intelligence, but only R188 696 is accounted for.

DRUM tried to speak to the Auditor General, but he was always out. He is on record as saying, however, that the R287 600 shortfall has been accounted for.

But whether this is so or not, is a matter for speculation.

DRUM spoke to disenchanted government officials who are doing a lot of not-so-ideal speculating.

A day before he skipped the country, Liston Ntshongwane, former Chief of Protocol and former Consul-General in Johannesburg, told me that money has been wasted.

"It is an open secret that funds have been misused. Everywhere you go, you hear government officials talking about 'Kaizergate'. It all started with the independence of Transkei," Ntshongwane said.

"Richard Blom, an Australian, who had been in South Africa since 1973, was roped in to help give Transkei an acceptable image.

KAIZERGATE!



BISHOP Desmond Tutu, general secretary of the SACC and the Rev Joseph Living, secretary of the United Congregational Church, with Brigadier Theuns "Rooi Rus" Swanepeel, shortly before their arrest.

PICTURES BY RAYMOND PRESTON

THE DAY THE BISH OPS WENT TO JAIL

Fifty top clergymen and two women were locked up at John Vorster Square on May 26. They were arrested while marching in protest against the detention of the Rev. John Thorne, former secretary of the South African Council of Churches, shortly after the tough-talking at the SACC annual conference in Hammanskraal. The mood of the Church can best be summed up by the hymn the crowds sang when the clergymen appeared

Vorster Square on May 26. They were arrested while marching in protest against the detention of the Rev. John Thorne, former secretary of the South African Council of Churches, shortly after the tough-talking at the SACC annual conference in Hammanskraal. The mood of the Church can best be summed up by the hymn the crowds sang when the clergymen appeared

TURN TO PAGE 8

Why I met the Prime Minister

By Bishop Desmond Tutu

Once the authorities claimed that Bishop Tutu's SACC aided subversive organisations. To some whites he is a rabble-rouser. His detractors charge that, instead of sticking to the pulpit, he dabbling in politics for personal glory. Some black radicals insisted that he should not have any truck with P.W. Botha. Here Bishop Tutu bares his soul and tells why he met the Prime Minister

TURN TO PAGE 52



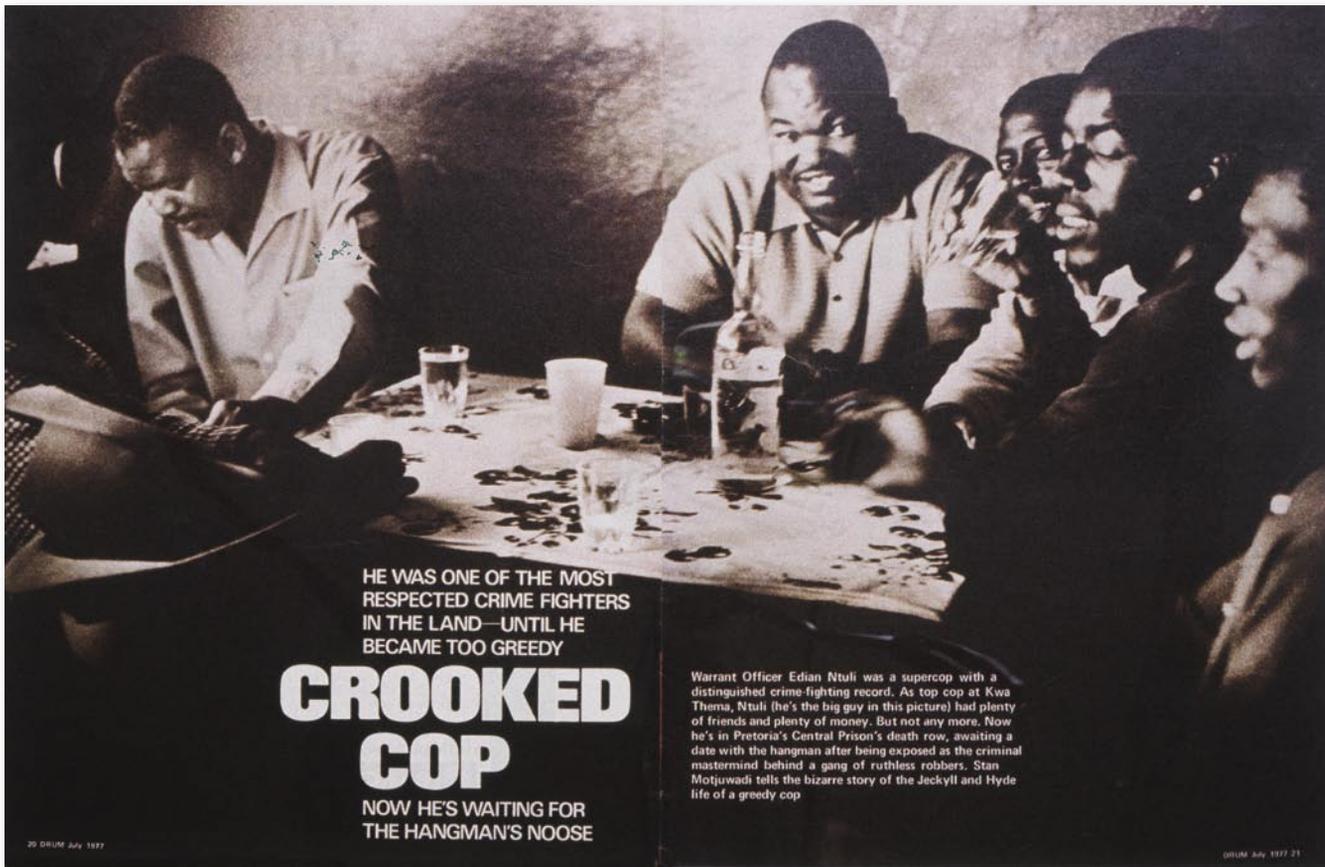
ABOVE: Sally Motlana, wife of Dr Nkomo Motlana, Bishop Desmond Tutu and the Rev Sid Smith at the meeting. LEFT: Rev Sam Botha, President of South African Council of Churches.



MAIN PICTURE: The Prime Minister, Mr P.W. Botha in earnest conversation with the church leaders at their historic meeting at the Union Buildings, Pretoria.

LEFT: Church leaders arriving for the meeting, scale the steps of the Union Buildings.

PICTURES BY CHASTEL TAHARA

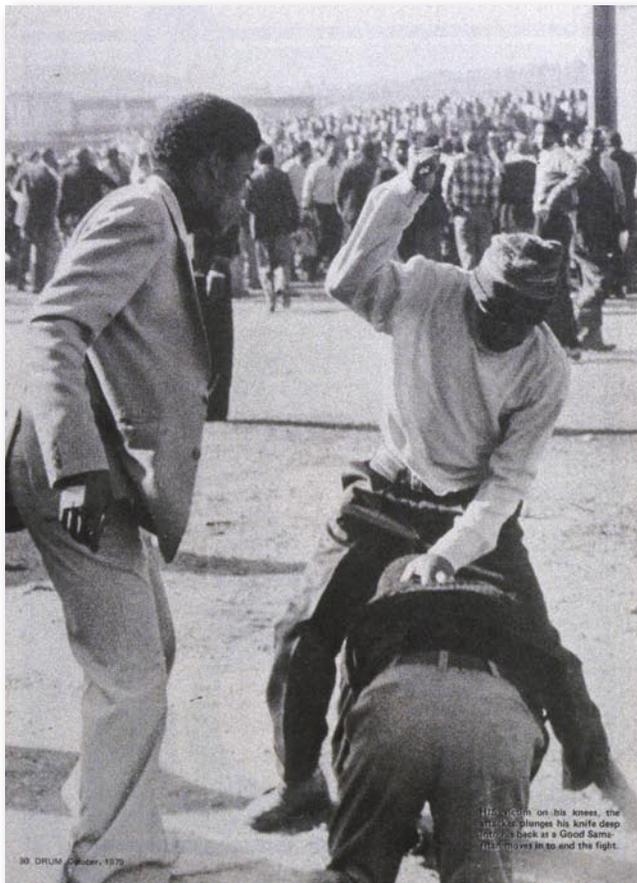


HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST
RESPECTED CRIME FIGHTERS
IN THE LAND—UNTIL HE
BECAME TOO GREEDY

CROOKED COP

NOW HE'S WAITING FOR
THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE

Warrant Officer Edian Ntuli was a supercop with a distinguished crime-fighting record. As top cop at Kwa Thema, Ntuli (he's the big guy in this picture) had plenty of friends and plenty of money. But not any more. Now he's in Pretoria's Central Prison's death row, awaiting a date with the hangman after being exposed as the criminal mastermind behind a gang of ruthless robbers. Stan Motjuwadi tells the bizarre story of the Jekyll and Hyde life of a greedy cop.



80 DRUM October 1979

SHIBURI on his knees, the attacker plunges his knife deep into his back as a Good Samaritan moves in to end the fight.



SCREAMING in agony, the stabbed man struggles to his feet clutching his assailant's jacket, desperately trying to escape.



BUT his efforts are to no avail as the knife is thrust into his chest again and again. And still no one has had the nerve to help him.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA OF FANYANI SHIBURI -
A SOCCER FAN'S MOMENT OF PAIN AND TERROR
**FACE-TO-FACE WITH
THE KNIFEMAN**

MOB violence reared its ugly head once again at the George Gooch Stadium in Johannesburg before the soccer match between Kaizer Chiefs and Moroka Swallows.

Ages before the start of the game, the gates were closed and thousands of supporters locked out. But this didn't deter the soccer-mad fans who broke down the gates to gain entry.

And as the frenzied supporters stormed the gates there was the inevitable violence. This time it almost resulted in death for one young man.

His attacker whipped out a knife and stabbed him 16 times in the back and chest before being dragged away by other spectators.

Then cameraman Shiburi had to run for dear life as the soccer "fans" turned on him for their amusement.

This is the ugly face of soccer in 1979.



SEVERAL brave men rush forward to end the massacre, too late to prevent another thrust of the knife. In the one-sided fight the victim has been stabbed 16 times in the space of less than a minute.

THE TICKET INSPECTOR WHO LOST HIS COOL



TICKETS PLEASE!

PASSENGERS on the East Rand train to Jo'burg were disturbed recently when a nervous ticket inspector pulled a 'jungle' knife on a youth who couldn't produce his ticket. Not satisfied that the dagger was sufficient encouragement, he returned with a 'twu', pointed the shooter at the youth like Jesse James during a stagecoach robbery. Evans Mboweni, who took these action-packed pictures, says some passengers got such a fright, they tried to jump off the moving train.

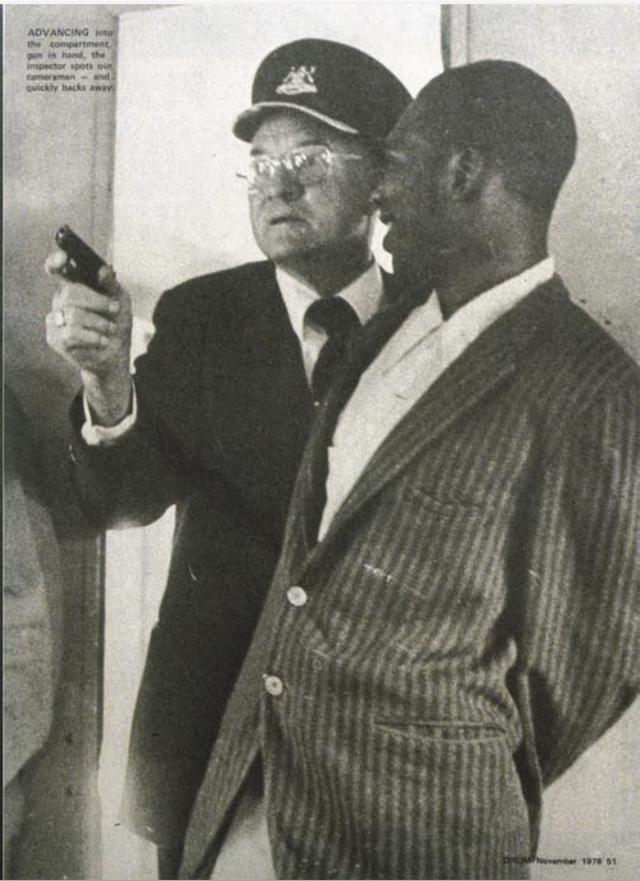


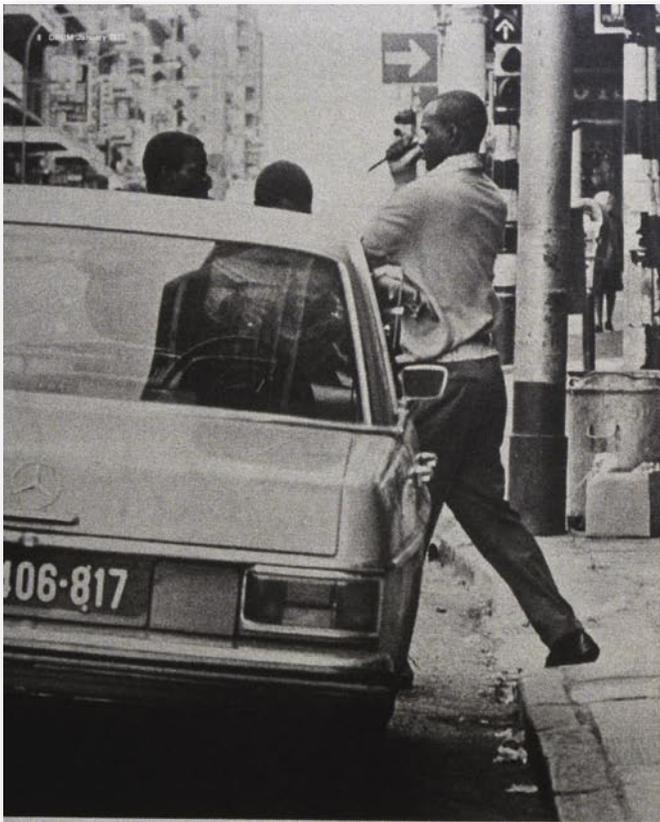
A YOUNG passenger cannot find his ticket and the inspector decides it's a case for some 'gentle persuasion'. So he left and returned with a 'jungle' knife and threatened him with its evil blade.

AFTER mocking the inspector and taunting him to stall, the inspector left to return (BELOW) with a shooter. The threat was real, but the passenger on the left found it all quite amusing.



ADVANCING into the compartment, gun in hand, the inspector spots our cameraman — and quickly backs away.





BRES STREET, Johannesburg. Linda Twala has rushed out of the shop to avoid the pickpocket. His mistake! He is busted over the front of a car. A knife flashes. It plunges deep into his body. Linda is fighting for his life. And the odds are against him. This is no time to die. And Linda knows that, whatever happens, no one will stop to help him. This is Johannesburg where people mind their own business.

IT WAS JUST A QUIET SATURDAY AFTERNOON. THEN...A KNIFE FLASHED AND A YOUNG MAN WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE

KNIFE ATTACK



"LEAVE me. Please leave me alone," Linda pleads. He aims a blow. But the pickpocket gang pounces on him as he tries to run away.



ONE of the attackers flees. The other stands his ground. Unsure, Linda advances, unaware that he has been stabbed. Passers-by stare.



BLOOD flows freely down Linda's back. His assailant loses his nerve. One against one is the wrong odds. So he runs away.

ALL Linda Twala wanted was a packet of fags. Just 30 cents worth of pleasure. But the price Linda paid was much higher — it almost cost him his life. It was 2.30 on a Saturday afternoon. Bres Street, Johannesburg. Linda walked into a shop to buy his fags. Paid with a R10 note. He put the change into his pocket. Then he felt a bump and a light finger dipped into his pocket.

"Get the hell out of here..." Linda protested as he rushed out of the shop. The pickpocket gang ignored his anger. They followed him into the street and cornered him, a knife flashed, Linda staggered. Now he was fighting for more than money. His life was at stake.

Desperately he lashed out at his attackers. They realised that this robbing business was becoming too complicated. So they fled. What did the passers-by do to help? Nothing. The first thing you learn in Jo'burg is to mind your own business.

Luckily for Linda, one man did care. That man was DRUM photographer Cliff Ranaka who took these pictures. He rushed the injured man to hospital where an emergency operation saved his life.



NOW Linda feels the pain. He has another battle to face. One of the knife thrusts hit his back. The other just missed his heart.



BRAVELY Linda tries to staunch the flow of blood. He's won one battle. Now he faces another — to get to hospital before he dies.

The grave-robbers of Secunda



MAIN PICTURE: The price of progress! Coffins are scattered over the landscape as 1500 bodies are taken from their place of rest at Secunda to be buried in a common grave (above) at Sasol's new model township at Langverwacht. The removal has caused much anger.

Where there's no peace for the dead

A FEW ghosts must have turned in their graves down Secunda way recently. The whyfore? Well, somebody who cares more for progress than posterity, decided to dig up 1 500 bodies to make way for extensions to the town.

The graveyard, which was established in 1965, was no match for the bulldozers which churned up the graves, exhuming the remains. These were then transferred into small coffins,

which had grave lot numbers stamped on them, before being carted off to their new resting place - Sasol's 'model township', Langverwacht.

Now there are some people who believe the ghosts will walk if you disturb their graves. It didn't seem to wor-

ry the undertakers who were contracted to make the removal, however. But then not everyone believes in ghosts. Those mungus down at Secunda certainly don't. Those three letters engraved on the tombstones, "R.I.P." clearly don't mean a thing. They probably thought the letters meant, "Remove In Pieces" or "Removal Is Progress" or

something like that. Perhaps R.I.P. makes no sense in Afrikaans. Whatever the case, there was no peace for those brothers and sisters. Oh well, perhaps Langverwacht will also be a "model resting ground", but something tells me ghosts don't like being shoved around and they'll be back around their old haunting grounds no matter where their bones have been moved. Ghosts aren't that interested in oil-from-coal plants. Should the living be? 



THE last with Bynder Sithube had for his loving mother when he laid this stone was that she should Rest in Peace. However, it was not to be. Inquire progress was given precedence over peace. Some folk say the ghosts will walk.

THESE SIX LITTLE GIRLS WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED AND THEIR BODIES MUTILATED



Over the past few months South Africa has witnessed a spate of brutal ritual murders in which the bodies of victims were mutilated where they lay. The worst case involved the deaths of six innocent young girls, murdered by John Kgabi. But while Kgabi has an appointment with the hangman for his evil deeds, ritual murders continue unabated. DRUM's investigation shows that people now believe the killings are far more. Does the real blame lie with the people who buy the human flesh?

EMELDA SEKGALAKANE LIFTS THE LID OFF

THE EVIL MONSTERS WHO DEAL IN HUMAN FLESH

TWO bottles of "human" fat bought for R20 during an investigation. Laboratory analysis showed both bottles were filled with animal fat.

1. LEKGOWA Zondi of Atteridgeville — body discovered on August 9, 1977.
2. MAGDELINE Seepola of Atteridgeville — killed between April 9 and 22, 1978.
3. TSITSANA Mokoena, killed near her Atteridgeville home on August 27, 1978.
4. KHATHAZILE Khosa of Mamelodi East, murdered on October 2, 1977.
5. JENNIFER Ransakane of Atteridgeville, killed in June, 1976.
6. ELAINE Mokoena of Atteridgeville, murdered on August 26, 1978.

JOHN Phoku Kgabi is in Death Row waiting for his appointment with the hangman. He will hang for the murder of six innocent young girls.

But, while there is relief among parents that the brutal killer has been removed from society, there is growing fear that John Kgabi was only an instrument in the killings, an agent of the evil man who, people claim, used Kgabi to supply them with human portions for meat.

Throughout the John Kgabi case, the question of ritual murder was carefully avoided, but I can reveal that there is growing evidence that Kgabi was only one piece of the jig saw puzzle — the key pieces are to be found in the dark corners of witchcraft.

John Kgabi, the killer's brother who has received a number of letters from Kgabi in the death cell says: "John has written to me regretting his killing of the children of God, but he accuses someone of bewitching him into committing the crimes for mutilating the bodies of the girls."

TURN TO PAGE 41

DRUM November 1978 29

SHE WAS SO TERRIFIED THAT SHE
JUMPED 12 FLOORS TO HER DEATH

THIS was the last photograph of Thandi Ngobo, with her Austrian lover John Bonner, taken at a multi-racial night club only days before the tragedy.



Thandi Ngobo was a successful actress and model. Engaged to be married, she had everything to live for. But when she jumped 12 floors to her death from a block of flats in Johannesburg. Why did she jump? She thought the flat she shared with her lover was about to be raided by the police — for her lover was white and they were breaking the law

'OUR AFFAIR WAS NORMAL... BUT
WE WERE MADE TO FEEL GUILTY'

TRAGEDY ON THE 12th FLOOR

BY ERNEST SHUENYANE

THERE was a sharp knock on the door. Then, after a few moments of agonising silence, the frightened occupants heard a key being inserted into the lock. And the door slowly opened...

Inside the flat on the twelfth floor of a block of flats in Johannesburg's Hillbrow, was a naked white man who was bathing, and his black lover, Thandi Ngobo.

"The knock on the door made us tense as we thought it was the police, but the click of the opening lock frightened Thandi so much that she jumped out of the window to escape arrest," her Austrian lover John Bonner told me.

Her shattered body was found crumpled on the pavement beneath the flats in Prospect Place, Berea.

Thandi, former actor, beauty queen, dancer and musician with Mjondeo, a musical play that toured Australia and England last year, met her English lover John Bonner only a month before she was due to leave with John for Africa, where they were to be married.

The couple had been living together for eight months until the tragedy.

As far as her relatives in Swazila and neighbouring Natal (where in Hillbrow some coloured Thandi was a reg-

TURN TO PAGE 22

It's time to stop this senseless massacre

Slaughter in the migrant hostels

Clan feuding has raised its ugly head again. This time the bloodletting erupted in Dube Hostel in Soweto as pang-wielding migrants from Kwa-Zulu carved a path of blood in the dark street. And while clansmen hacked each other in Soweto, other feuding Zulus in the centre of Johannesburg continued the assassinations of opposition clansmen, when three nightwatchmen were shot dead bringing the toll to eight over the past two months. Siphso Jacobs comments

THE sudden upsurge of bloodletting and cold-blooded slaughter in Soweto's hostels and the Mafatye assassinations of night watchmen in central Johannesburg once again highlights the senseless ferocity of clan warfare.

No common society values its disputes with punches, spears and guns. Sensible people have rational ways of solving misunderstandings.

The recent Dube Hostel killings and the massacre of eight unsuspecting watchmen in the city centre, has got to be stopped.

These senseless killings, which have claimed countless lives over the years, have left many innocent children without parents and deprived families of their breadwinners.

Rural disputes have a way of spreading to urban centres and affecting innocent people, people who are caught in the cross fire between the warring clansmen.



THE blood-soaked corpse of Mr. Thomas Mkhize who died an agonising death after being shot at the stomach during the migrant battle which raged fiercely at Dube Hostel in Soweto.

These mini-wars have taken a new and dangerous twist as our women are sharing in the orgy of tribal violence.

As the saying goes, 'the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world'. Alas, this time the hand that rocks the cradle shakes the nation with these shocking pictures of violence in which our womenfolk have joined forces with the evil of therapy.

We are all aware of the escalating crime rate in Soweto. There is enough violence in our cities at the moment without feuding clansmen adding to it. This type of jungle justice has got to be stopped once and for all.

Enough is enough! People are sick and tired of the grip of savagery being spread by these men from KwaZulu.

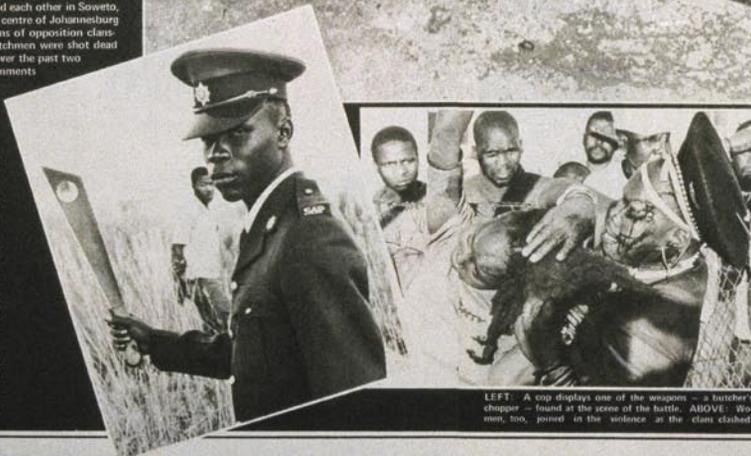
It is about time the feuding clansmen knocked their senseless heads together and came out with a lasting solution to their baneful problems.

To every right-thinking South African, the present massacre of blacks by blacks is a disgrace.

The recent efforts by members of the KwaZulu Assembly and the chiefs of clans involved in the faction fighting was a step in the right direction. The aim was to try and defuse the conflict.

To prove their sincerity, the chiefs also had consultations with Major Krige Engelbrecht of the Soweto Mauder and Robbery Squad pleading them where to try and bring the fighting to an end.

The sooner this tribal insanity is ended the better for all concerned.



LEFT: A pang displays one of the weapons — a butcher's cleaver — found at the scene of the battle. ABOVE: Women, too, joined in the violence as the clans clashed.

THE CRYING KILLER



The Beast of Lovers' Lane awaits his appointment with the hangman

There was no remorse on the face of Joseph Mahlangu when he was sentenced for an appointment with the hangman. He stood in the dock with a mocking mask of indifference on his face. Behind that face, however, was the twisted brain of an habitual killer, for this was the man who had cold-bloodedly murdered nine people. But it may not end there. Charges for a further 21 murders may be placed at his door

making Mahlangu, the 'Crying Killer,' the most evil killer in South African criminal history. It was not surprising that when the judge sentenced Mahlangu to hang, the packed public gallery of the Rand Supreme Court applauded. Stan Motjuwadi reports

There were echoes of the infamous Pretoria 'Pangamam' as witnesses in the Rand Supreme Court told of the macabre exploits of sadistic sex maniac Joseph Mahlangu.

Like the 'Pangamam', Phisoa Tshizweni, Mahlangu attacked unsuspecting couples getting in secluded spots. While police threw out a net to catch 'Pangamam', he reported daily for work as a labourer at Pretoria Central Prison. It was the supreme irony.

Like 'Pangamam', Mahlangu reported almost daily at the Orlando Police Station as a police informer. Lt. Gerrit Viljoen told the court that, before his arrest, Mahlangu was his informer. Ironically it was another of Lt. Viljoen's informers who led to Mahlangu's arrest.

"After a top-off by an informer, I drove from Brakpan to Benrose where I arrested Mahlangu in a car," said Lt. Viljoen.

An approving crowd of



ABOVE: Dina Shau (right of picture) became a victim of Mahlangu along with her lover, Constable Andrew Mupope. LEFT: Solomon Binky Mupopake took his girl, Annah Mupope for a bit of fun. Both were shot three times through the head.

judge, said that Mahlangu had "a formidable array of previous convictions."

But was he really mad? A psychiatrist who kept Mahlangu under observation for a month could find nothing wrong with him mentally.

But then what made Mahlangu spend 14 of his last 17 years in jail, and what made him go on nocturnal prowls murdering and raping brutally?

According to his mother, Mrs Elizabeth Mahlangu, he was an ideal son. "Unlike my other son, he never insulted

or beat me up. He was a good boy," she told me.

His eldest brother, Isaac Mahlangu, who works for an advocate on the top floor of the Supreme Court, said Joseph was an "innocent".

"I never got to know him well because I live in Rockville and he is with my mother in Orlando. All I can say is that he ran away from school in the northern Transvaal while doing Form 1. I took him to school, but he ran away again. What I do know is that he never worked in his life," he claimed.

One thing everybody noticed during the trial was that Mahlangu never showed any emotion. Even when the death sentence was passed, his face didn't twitch.

In fact the only occasion Mahlangu made a motion was to wipe his ever-dripping left eye. This was the result of a bullet wound he got some years ago, and was to prove his undoing because his weeping left eye helped two rape victims to identify him and earned him the nickname the 'Crying Killer'.

Although Mahlangu was a cold-blooded killer, he sang like a canary the very first day he was arrested.

According to his confession, he took the cops to two she-ban kings in Orlando where his guns and bullets were kept.

One of them, James Morapeli said that on June 15 last year, Mahlangu went to buy the been with cops and, after directing them to a disused electric store, the cops took two cartons of ammunition.

He said that Mahlangu stayed at his place for a while and often went out in the evening wearing a fur-lined leather jacket.

TURIN PD PAGE 8

DAILY April 1980 5

WORLD SCOOP



INDEPENDENCE Day picture of Amin's Russian-made tanks, the main armour in his Malire Regiment, whose second-in-command, Major Patrick Kikumwe, escaped certain execution after fleeing from the death cell at the State Research Centre in Kampala.



MAJOR Patrick Kikumwe, far right, second-in-charge of the Malire Regiment and Lieutenant Silvesta Mutumba, second-in-charge of Amin's fighter jet trainers, who led the daring escape from Amin's condemned cell.

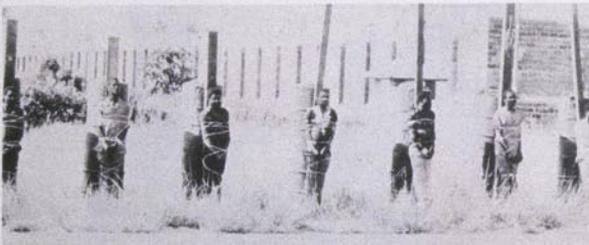
Early in 1977 some officers in Field Marshal Amin's Army and Air Force including Major Patrick Kikumwe, second-in-command of the Malire Regiment, and Lt. Silvesta Mutumba, second-in-command of one of Amin's fighter squadrons decided to overthrow his regime. The coup was to take place on 18 June. Some parts of the plan were, however, leaked just before it was implemented. Some of those betrayed managed to escape, shooting their way through road blocks into Kenya. However, seven were arrested and confined in the notorious State Research Bureau building at Nakasero, Kampala, where they underwent a period of privation and torture. Three

months later, on the day they were to be executed, they escaped from Nakasero and Uganda. They have written their story because far too little is known about the real character and organisation of the military clique with which Amin now terrorises the land. Lulled by his buffoonery, rolling in laughter at his diplomatic gaffes, frankly disbelieving many of the horrific tales of torture and brutality seeping out of Uganda, the world does not seem to realise that his clowning conceals a ruthless extinction of human rights in what used to be one of the most beautiful and progressive nations in Africa.

PLEASE TURN OVER

OUR ESCAPE FROM AMIN

DIMKA'S NIGERIAN DREAM ENDS IN A DATE WITH THE FIRING SQUAD



THEY staked their lives on overthrowing Nigeria's new leader — and they lost. The price of failure for Dimka (far left), David Gowwalk (second right) and their fellow assassins, is a date with death at the hands of a firing squad. Former Nigerian leader General Yakubu Gowon was also implicated in the attempted coup, but attempts to have him extradited from Britain failed — because all the accomplices were dead.

THE abortive coup of last weekend and led by Major General I.D. Baidie and Lt Colonel Must Saka Buba Dimka on a lackluster February Friday the 13th in Nigeria, in which the country's new head of State, Brigadier Murtala Muhammed was assassinated, ended in a festival of death on Bar Beach, Victoria Island.

The first group of plotters — including Baidie — were publicly executed by firing squad soon after the assassination. The second batch, were tried by a special military tribunal and also had a date with death at the hands of a firing squad. They were despatched some six weeks after the coup and among them were two men who were the talk of Nigeria.

First was Col Dimka. A fun-loving, moustached playboy, he was already the centre of a storm regarding the travelling expenses of the Nigerian army soccer team that played in the world military games in Munich.

There were charges of corruption and embezzlement which the ever-smiling Dimka shrugged off while another plotter, David Gowwalk, police commissioner, was also widely accused of having embezzled public funds.

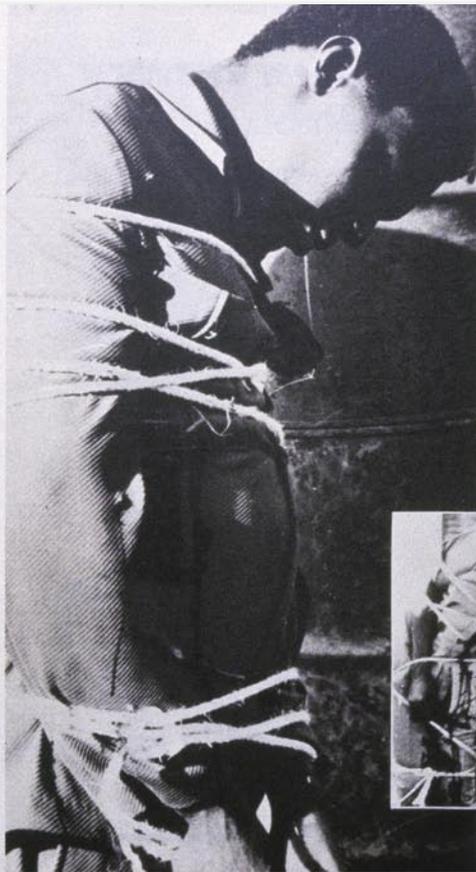
Gowwalk who came from the former Benue Plateau State in Nigeria roared in the aid of General Yakubu Gowon and the latter speedily said Gowwalk was "not guilty".

Gowon fell from favour in the public eye then and it was not surprising later that Gowwalk was later to implicate him in the coup which failed. But Gowon was then safely innocuous in an English university where he is studying political science.

These exclusive pictures of the executions were taken by DRUM at Kinkari prison.



BEFORE ... calm and collected Dimka has a very smile for his executioners. The high-ranking colonel was widely accused of embezzling public funds. **AFTER** (right) ... Dimka's body slumps in death at the stake. End of a dream. And, hopefully, the beginning of a new calm for Nigeria.



ANOTHER DRUM PICTURE EXCLUSIVE



DAVID Gowwalk crooked businessman ... looks relaxed moments before bullets shattered his body. Gowon had earlier executed him from quill.



THOSE who live by the gun die by the gun. David Gowwalk slumps forward, his body riddled with bullets from the firing squad.

'MORE BULLETS' CRIED GENERAL AFRIFA AS
GHANA RIDS ITSELF OF CORRUPTION

THE END OF THE GENERALS

This is the first picture ever published of the execution of Ghana's top generals. Following massive corruption they were sentenced to death by firing squad. The picture was smuggled to DRUM by one of the few Ghanaian soldiers to witness the execution of the country's former bosses

FOR six years the two men in our world exclusive picture, General Ignatius Achaemping and General Afrifa, ruled Ghana with an iron fist.

For six years they stole public funds and abused public office to such an extent that the whole country was impoverished.

When the balloon burst, in Ghana's own version of a Watergate scandal, the crooked generals were sentenced to death by firing squad.

The press was kept away from the execution. But DRUM obtained this exclusive picture of the generals led to the stake awaiting execution from a Ghanaian soldier.

When the order to shoot was given, General Afrifa (right) was only wounded by the first volley and from the stake shouted: "More bullets... more bullets." The coup de gras was given by a second volley thus concluding a dark period in Ghana's history.



LEFT: General Ignatius Achaemping in the heyday of his power.
RIGHT: General Afrifa. "More bullets," he shouted from the death stake.

WORLD
EXCLUSIVE



ZIMBABWE: THE BALLOT, NOT THE BULLET!

SPECIAL REPORT BY
JUSTIN NYOKA

As war-torn Rhodesia moves towards majority rule and independence, many question marks hang over the territory. The seeds of civil war are there and the possibility of a Congo-type disaster cannot be ruled out. How will Rhodesia's estimated 3-million blacks vote and will the election losers bow out without attempting to grab power? And what of the continuing guerrilla war, will it prevent free and open elections? The questions are many, the stakes are very high and the outcome unknown. Here Justin Nyoka looks at the problems, the personalities and the possible outcome. Generally, it is a gloomy picture

NOW mainly consisting of black soldiers, the Rhodesian army will be on duty during the elections — if they are actually held!

As each month ticks away towards the target date of December 31 for Rhodesia's independence, following one-man one-vote general elections, the country's leaders are being implored to impress upon their followers the ballot, and not the bullet, must settle Zimbabwe's future.

Veteran black regionalist leader, Joshua Nkomo, who leads the Patriotic Front with Robert Mugabe, has vowed: "most polling booths will be targets for attack by our forces, and those so-called multi-racial elections will not take place. How do you have elections when there is a war going on? It's a dream, they can't do it."

But Nkomo's threats were countered by one of the internal leaders, the Rev Adonising Sithole, who is one of the four members of the Rhodesian Executive Council: "I doubt very much whether Joshua Nkomo has the capacity to carry out his threats to disrupt the election."

In fact, as the election date approaches rivalry is not only between supporters of Nkomo and Mugabe on the one hand and those of Sithole, Chirau and Muzorewa on the other, but among supporters of the internal leaders. Not so long ago, the black townships around Salisbury, such as Highfield and Glen Norah, became the scene of violent faction fighting between supporters of Bishop Muzorewa's United African National Council, and the Rev Sithole's Zanu wing. Supporters of Nkomo's Zapu were caught up in the violence, resulting in a badly assaulted Zapu supporter dying in Harare hospital.

When the initial violence broke out between Muzorewa and Sithole supporters, the police swiftly moved in, arresting 18 Zanu youths who were later charged, fined or jailed. So were some of the Zanu youths.

But the real fear now, as

election date approaches is that the various factions will use their election campaign rallies to settle old scores.

But the joint Ministers of Justice, Law and Order, Messrs Hilary Squires and Francis Zindoga have warned that they will ruthlessly crush any hooliganism, not only in the townships, but "throughout the country."

The fear by the country's politicians, both black and white, is that should thuggery start, with the view to disrupting the elections — and the authorities are not taking Nkomo's threat idly, the army and the police will move in to maintain law and order.

Mr Squires has intimated that civil disturbances might even delay the elections.

In preparing themselves for the forthcoming elections various political parties now wear T-shirts displaying their particular party. While the T-shirts help identify, and in a way are used to promote the image of a party, they can also be used to identify opposing factions.

It was precisely these T-shirts which helped the Uanc youths to identify the Zanu (Sithole) youths after the recent township violence which left scores of injured in the townships around Salisbury.

Both the Uanc and Zanu (Sithole) were on the war path, said Bishop Muzorewa after his Uanc youths had been attacked. "Every Uanc youth has the mandate from the party and from myself to defend the party when its membership is harassed." The bishop then added: "The Uanc will hit back and hit back hard only in self defence."

In what became a war of words between the Uanc and Zanu (Sithole) the Sithole publicity secretary Mr Joseph Masangang replied toughly to Bishop Muzorewa's fiery words. "Zanu, led by the Rev Sithole, will meet terror with terror," said Mr Masangang.

In the recent incidents of violence the combatants used missiles such as iron rods, piping, stones and bricks. But should the situation deteriorate, especially with each political party placing a high premium on winning the coming elections, it is generally feared that guns could be used.

As the months tick away

Please turn over





LEFT: Josh Nkomo dribbles ahead of his Patriotic Front team mates. ABOVE: We're not sure what's being measured, but big Josh takes it all in his stride.

Big Josh is a weighty problem for the opposition

ZIMBABWE'S weighty "Father of Nationalism," Joshua Nkomo, took time off from his duties as Patriotic Front President and Minister of Home Affairs, to lead his team of veterans to a convincing soccer victory over the Bulawayo Chamber of African Traders.

The 2-0 win by the PF team proved yet again Nkomo's ability as a top politician to predict future developments: a few days earlier he told incredulous supporters that not only was he going to play — he was going to mastermind a victory.

Nkomo declared from the start that his strategy for the game at Bulawayo's Babourfield Stadium was, "to stand at one place and not move."

But his presence and direction must have worked wonders for his team of middle-aged and elderly politicians. The capacity crowd of 50 000 went wild as George Maranka tore his way through the bewildered and lumbering Traders' defence to send in a sizzler that left the opposing keeper standing.

Then, in the 12th minute, a pass from John Nkomo landed at the feet of the deputy Minister of Mines and Energy, Mr. Ntshu, who dodged two defenders to blast in another beauty.

The game cheerily appealed to the jubilant crowd who applauded every good move, and some of the bad ones, too. Both teams fielded less-than-athletic members, but the prize for effort must go to the founder of African Trade Unionism, 90-year-old Masopha Ndlovu, who had to spend most of the 25-minute match leaning or limping on his walking stick.

DRUM November 1980 45

Farewell, Seretse!

A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LEADER

Sir Seretse Khama, loved and respected at home, and held in the highest esteem internationally, has passed away. His statesmanship will be sorely missed by all men and women who respect peace and progress in southern Africa. His leadership was unmatched on our continent for its tolerance of thorny racial problems and its deep respect for democracy. He leaves a great legacy behind in Botswana. Here DRUM salutes this great son of Africa.

PICTURE BY CHESTER MAHARAJ



TANZANIA'S President Julius Nyerere stands before the coffin, head bowed in respect for the late Sir Seretse Khama who did so much to make reason prevail in southern Africa.

DRUM MEETS
MUHAMMAD ALI ON THE
EVE OF HIS FOURTH COMEBACK
AGAINST LARRY HOLMES



LOOKING relaxed and sporting his new mustache, Ali expects Holmes will be easy meat.

I'M GONNA
WHUP THAT
NIGGER

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW FROM HIS DEER LAKE
TRAINING CAMP IN PENNSYLVANIA



ALI is back in shape for the ring.

A HANDSOME mustache decorates the once clean-cut features of the most famous sporting personality in history.

White women in the adoring crowd at his training camp here in the Pocono Mountains, the heart of Pennsylvania, are visibly affected as he removes his dressing gown to reveal the body that has thrilled and amazed men and women the world over.

The Muhammad Ali speaks back on the vast—many call it all the razamatias that put with it.

Muhammad is attempting to win the world heavyweight title for the fourth time when he fights his fellow black American, Larry Holmes in Las Vegas this month.

The ease of it, of course, is not just the glamour of

the big fight itself—but the hours of blood sweat and toil that are put into getting it right on the night.

This time it's different. Different because no longer is Ali the odds-on favorite to rule the world's heavyweights once again.

This time boxing's living legend has to work, work and work again to get himself into condition for what he is describing as his fourth coming.

He's describing it as the fourth coming because it will be the fourth time that he has won the title if he manages to beat his ex-sparring partner, Holmes.

It's in the luxury gymnasium of the camp at Deer Lake, Pennsylvania, that Ali is putting in all the work that counts.

For the past two weeks he has been in Las Vegas, but when I saw him the real work

TOP PAGE 41



THE late Gilbert Sekkabo
he was seen scaling the fence
at Orlando Stadium along
with a naked sangoma.

WASHINGTON "Doc" Bona
former Chiefs' winger
and Bona hit a winning streak.

**PIGS HEADS,
NAKED SANGOMAS,
BATHING IN LAMB'S BLOOD
AT MIDNIGHT.
IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING
TO OUR SOCCER LEAGUE?**

JUJU HAUNTS OUR SOCCER

Some very strange things have been going on behind the scenes with our top teams in the NPSL. Following a DRUM investigation into snitch in the League we have found evidence of strange rituals conducted mostly under cover of darkness in which coaches and players have participated. A special team of DRUM investigators have uncovered the amazing story of juju in our soccer.

MAIN PICTURE: Lucky Stylianou, Chiefs' striker who has spoken of rituals when players bathe in lamb's blood. This picture was taken during the recent Chiefs' game at Orlando which ended in a 0-0 draw. Picture by Chester Mahariq.

The REAL story behind our soccer shambles

They are expendable. And the sooner they go the better it will be for South African soccer. But getting them out will be a damn sight harder than getting them in. They wield a power that, at times, seems awesome. They make up their own rules as they go along. They will not be provoked. They will not be advised. They will broach no argument. And for these simple reasons, football in this country is going backwards at twice the rate it should be going forward. Who are these guilty men? You know as well as I do. Ebony Franks reports



AGGRO in the stands also brought the game into disrepute. Last season fans were as unruly as ever before. The game suffered because many fans stayed away fearing crowd violence.

THEY called it The Rusnati Affair. It was an apt description, a suitable title for any Hollywood mystery. It all started when young goalkeeper Rob Rusnati, a number two stringer for Wits University, was transferred to mighty Kalzer Chiefs. But no one could understand why the boy had been on the Wits team sheet on the Saturday and then played for Chiefs on the Sunday. How could he have been registered with both clubs?

"He was registered on Friday," was the answer given by the Soweto side.

"He was released weeks ago," said Wits. But the point was that the following week, a thorough investigation revealed that TWO registration receipts had been completed.

The first was dated on the Monday after the Chiefs' game. But that was overwritten "cancelled" and stapled down — with nine staples.

The other receipt was dated the previous Friday — therefore appearing legitimate. The latter was the one presented to the NPSL Disciplinary Committee a few weeks later. And on that evidence, Chiefs were in the right.

But were they? Or was there some jiggery-pokery going on? So much doubt surrounded the hearings that the Committee instructed the

League Executive to investigate the matter further.

But, I'm afraid to say, it died a death. And, Chiefs went on to win the league.

Had they been found guilty of an infringement of the registration rules, they would automatically have lost two points. And they would not have won the championship.

Incidentally, with Chiefs getting the verdict of the Committee, it says in the rules that Wits should then have lost points for fielding the player.

They didn't — of course! But try and get an answer to that one from the league bosses in Commissioner Street.

Asked about it later, league chairman, Gilbert Sekhabi said: "It is in hand."

That is only one simple example of what has been going on — or what is not going on — at the National Professional Soccer League.

The actual list of complaints lodged by clubs and individuals this past season is astronomical. The decisions taken by the officials in charge were negligible.

Let us look at some more examples of the developing shambles in our soccer.

Take the case of the Missing Ticket. A James Hadley

TURN TO PAGE 6



ABOVE: Tempers flare during a vital league game between front-runners Kaizer Chiefs and Highlands Park at the Rand Stadium. MAIN PICTURE: Armed cops take to the field to break up trouble during the Lusitgano & Black Aces clash early in the season.

THOKO Mdlozi: Her first appearance was with Uncle Jory's Rhythm Cabins.



'The music industry is monopolised by men and sometimes, we've found, they're unfair to us'

A NAME like Joy is not easy to live up to. Imagine mankind at its happiest (not always easy) — now imagine being the motivating force behind such happiness. Suppressing such uneasy feelings I spoke to the three extremely confident ladies who have chosen this as their stage name.

Joy is a singing trio, comprising Felicia Marion, Anneline Mafobo and Thoko Mdlozi. They have just released a single *Just Imagine* and a B-side *Dingodumane* which, according to the music VIPs is going to be very big. At present they are working on a follow up album which as yet remains untitled, but is due for release shortly.

Each of the girls has a reasonably eligible background in the music field. Anneline, who hails from Cape Town, began her sing-

ing career while still at school. She swapped her maths books for a mike and joined the Flamingoes, who appeared in Port Elizabeth.

Two years later she embarked on a solo career, touring with the Rockets, Norman Nomso and Lionel Petersen. Arriving in Johannesburg Anneline did cabaret work at The Pelican Club in Soweto and recorded two singles for Gallo Ltd's *Live Together* and the second one *Got Me Against The Wall*.

In 1977 Anneline went back to P.E., backed by Spirits Rejoice, the group of which she was later to become a subsidiary member. From P.E. it was back to The Pelican, until promoter Ian Bernhardt approached her with the idea of forming an all-girl group to compliment Spirits Rejoice. Thus Joy was born.

Joburg born Thoko was also involved in musical projects while still at school, although, unlike her two singing sisters, she has done



ANNELINE Mafobo swapped her maths book for a mike and joined a pop group.



FELICIA Marion joined an all-girl group called The Young Generation which lasted two years.

a lot of dramatic stage work. Her very first professional appearance was in a variety show which called itself *Uncle Jory's Rhythm Cabins*. After a false start in show-business Thoko decided to quit and went to work in a jewellery factory. But showbiz just isn't like that, it gets into the blood like some gnawing parasite, there's no turning your back on it — and sure enough 1968 saw Thoko back on stage with the musical *Mamma*.

After the show closed she appeared in *Divorce*, and thereafter two Gibson Kente productions *Zai* and *So Komo*.

Then changing direction slightly, Thoko joined a female quartet called *The Sweethearts Of Soul* which toured Rhodesia. In 1972 she opted for a solo career and covered the local cabaret circuits, including Lourenco Marques and Swaziland. It was then back to dramatic work which involved some filming, and then Thoko joined Dave Bestman's revue *Legs And Laughter*. And after that show ended — and Joy began.

The third member of the trio is the diminutive Felicia Marion. Born and bred in Pietermaritzburg, she was wowing hometown audiences from the age of nine. At 14 she joined an all-girl group called *The Young Generation* who split up after two years. A determined Felicia packed up and left for Johannesburg, where with

TURN TO PAGE 95

Joy

BY SUE ZWANE

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