

even threatened to close the university down completely if such criticism emanates from it.

STRUCTURES

How then do recent events challenge the ideals which Johan Graaff and the first members of staff held so dearly? Were their ideals misplaced? What seems to have happened is that in accepting Mangope's ideological rationalisation they lost sight of the structures in which they were operating. In the early years Mangope's actions tended to reinforce their belief in those ideals. Mangope might act harshly at times but not with consistency. His heavy-handedness in recent months has therefore shocked the idealists. Yet within the structures which Mangope operates it is not altogether surprising. Throughout 1985 opposition to apartheid intensified in South Africa and the system started to crumble. Unibo students, many of them emanating from the P.W.V. areas, were exposed to this process of "informal" politicisation. At Unibo the philosophy of liberal education developed this critical awareness even further. It is this, not any A.N.C. or U.D.F. conspiracy, which threatens Mangope's power. As a group of residents from Mafikeng spelled out in a letter to the *Weekly Mail* on 6 December 1985, "the downfall of apartheid will signal the downfall of the homeland system".

Despite the limitations to the idealist vision, which have been exposed as the crisis in South Africa has deepened, I do not think that the ideals that they strove for were entirely hollow. One was able to teach what one wanted at Unibo and, as we have seen, turn graduates of Bantu Education into critically aware people. For this reason it certainly was worthwhile teaching students at Unibo.

Nonetheless it must be emphasised that even this "liberal education" has its limits narrowly defined in Bophuthatswana. The more liberal education becomes (as it did at Unibo) the more questions students are going to ask. This in turn means that the structures of apartheid, and inevitably Bophuthatswana's "independence", will increasingly be placed under the critical scrutiny of the youth. Mangope cannot accept this as it would threaten his position of power. It is thus not altogether surprising that there are rumours that some members of the Bophuthatswana government favour a return to Bantu Education. They hope the students will then become more submissive and compliant.

Therefore I do agree that Unibo in some respects did present one with an idealist vision with a limited prospect of achieving that vision. However, it must be emphasised that those ideals were *always* limited by the structures of apartheid. The hopes of the idealists were not entirely misguided but they could have been tinged with a greater degree of realism.□

REFERENCES

1. University of Bophuthatswana Calendar, 1986.
2. F. de Clercq, "Some Recent Trends in Bophuthatswana Commuters and Restructuring in Education". *SA Review* 2, Johannesburg (1984).
3. *Ibid.*
4. The government of Bophuthatswana later partially went back on its decision. All but 7 of the students were re-admitted to Unibo and the staff members were allowed to appeal to the government for re-instatement. 4 decided to appeal, one of the appeals being turned down and the rest upheld.

By Barbie Schreiner

RESETTLEMENT

Arms entwined on a shady park bench, framed by the excitement of a brief day in town together, we smile on paper behind shards of glass; it is pinned now under familiar corrugated iron. I shall never get it out, the bulldozer tracks have bruised it into the ground.

"Let them sleep in God's own fresh air."

Our homes have folded like paper toys into the dust. In a crinkled plastic packet my blue clock counts the time of the bulldozer's shadow across my mother's grave.

With lonely thousands I follow the winding track. A suitcase bounces from an overloaded truck, somersaults twice with lazy grace, splits, bursts like a ripe seed pod offering socks and petticoats to the wind.

Dull barrels signpost our way past a pumpkin lying at the side of the road, thrown aside, too heavy to carry. Its sweet

smell beckons flocks of shiny flies that crawl on shrivelling orange seeds in the sun.

"The new location has all the facilities that the community requires, better, I assure you, than what they had before."

My new home wavers in the bending heat, a mirage in an empty Bantustan. Even the rain doesn't reach this far. My breasts have dried amongst the brown grass and the dust. My child's belly is swollen with hunger. She tastes my sour sweat with parched lips.

Across the rustling veld, from hard-packed soil tilled deep with calloused hands and simple hoes, below the unmoving aloes, small white flowers blossom, row upon row, straight, square, their names fading in the heat. Thandi, three and a half years old; Nhlanhla, six months; Siphon, five and sister Gcina, four.□