

Chapter Fifteen

Do you know why they've brought you?
And she said
I do
And he said
Dulcie, I will never betray my comrades,
And with a frog in her throat she replied
I'm behind you. One hundred percent.
So back they hauled John Matthews then and
there, back to the cells,
that was that, then, but
all the way down the passage
toe-heel, heel-toe, diddle-diddle,
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT
I mean, he was high
off the ground, man.
He was walking on air

Extract from *Inside* by Jeremy Cronin (Ravan Press, Johannesburg, 1983).

The Chalk Circle: Face-to-Face with the Special Branch

We were out of step with what was happening in the security structures after the commencement of the armed struggle. The government was way ahead in its plans to end the campaign of sabotage. Torture was now a regular part of the security police routine. Our instructions to activists who might be apprehended were inadequate and needed to take the new developments into account.

Van den Bergh's confidence had been buoyed by the Rivonia arrests in 1963 and the life sentences passed on these defendants only three weeks before my detention. This and the subsequent arrest and conviction of the African Resistance Movement's defendants as well as the accused in the "Little Rivonia Trial" in December 1964, secured his position as the security supreme chief.

The new intelligence service was highly effective. The arrest and conviction of the members of the High Command and others at the Rivonia Trial in 1963 all but immobilized the armed struggle for over a decade. The raids on the African Resistance Movement and the incarceration of its members similarly ended a brief period of systematic sabotage and provided the context for further arrests under the "90-day law" in July 1964, three weeks after the Rivonia defendants were sentenced. The impact of the restructured security police and post-Sharpeville legislation on the liberation movement had been immense and destructive.¹ The new security police (which by now incorporated much of the old security establishment) infiltrated one of our most active party units and eliminated the entire area committee of the SACP in Johannesburg. Later, the members of

the new Central Committee were arrested. The Area Committee was an important coordinating and leadership structure that maintained the cohesiveness of the units in the city. Pieter Beyleveld, Jean Middleton, Esther Barsel, Lewis Baker, Bram Fischer and I were members of this body. Michael Dingake and Mac Maharaj attended one of the meetings and may also have been members. We all served sentences although Michael and Mac were apprehended and sentenced later (in various capacities) in different trials.²

Before my arrest in July 1964, I worked in the movement's structures, continuing to attend meetings of the SACP and interacting with members from the other congresses, many of them banned from attending gatherings. As I was not formally in MK, my activities were confined to the slender space of what was "lawful". The wider dialogue on the adoption of the policy of armed struggle, such as the viability of the co-existence of legal and armed activity, the impact of the new strategy on resources as cadres were recruited for sabotage (many of them suddenly disappearing to work in other structures of the underground and others going into exile), could not be discussed for reasons of security. There were no longer any of the movement's structures that were really safe or legal except those of the South African Congress of Trade Unions and even these were endangered when shop stewards, also wearing Congress and Communist Party "hats", met on the shop floor to discuss MK business. Ultimately it became increasingly difficult to contain the parallel struggles as activists in the ANC were often members of the SACP, SACTU and Umkhonto, all of them working simultaneously in the armed and unarmed components of the liberation movement. Court cases were fraught with what the evidence extracted from detainees under the 90-Day Detention Law might reveal. Few knew of the activities of others: it was a case of not knowing what the next person was doing for one's own security, especially when there was really no strategic need to know. The silences were sometimes broken when we met again as political prisoners in one of the major local prisons or on "the Island". By then we had undergone arrest, solitary confinement and interrogation under the 90-day law.

"Time for Reassessment", an SACP document, written after the Rivonia raids and studied closely under wraps by every Party unit – under orders of strict security – partially explains the reasons for our reluctance to talk to the special branch interrogators.³ This was the first and only document to reprove the leadership for their slack security prior to the Rivonia arrests. It did not cite the surprise experience of the Rivonia raid and nor did it attribute the "many errors" it enumerated to the members of the Party Centre, the ANC or those on the National High Command. With the Rivonia arrests obviously in mind, but the lessons from it applicable to us all, the document emphasized that too many meetings had been held in the same place and too many people knew each other: "if we were a

skilled underground, we'd be on the move and have guards". Incriminating documents were left in places where people lived, worked or met; fingerprints were left on duplicating machines exposing people to arrest and conviction.

If these mistakes were to be avoided in the future, greater precautions were needed at all levels of the Party and their security routines regularly revisited. Every act had to be efficiently planned and no evidence left behind. Activities had to appear to be legal: what could be done openly ought not to be concealed "and what must be concealed must be hidden". This was not to be seen as a "game" or an overly dramatic "pretence" but a matter of life and death. Security Police surveillance was pervasive and likely to take many forms: microphones were, as we knew, hidden in houses and tiny transmitters easily concealed to record at a distance what we were saying. The less one knew of what others were doing the better for everyone's security. The entire movement needed "to consider how badly it had been weakened". We had come under the fire of a ruthless regime and the 90-Day Detention Law had taken its toll. Torture had been systematically applied as a matter of policy "on instructions from the highest level", and the assaults would not lessen. As a consequence, large numbers of people were in prison, detained, awaiting trial or already convicted, while (courageous) people were being prosecuted in long drawn-out trials and were likely to receive heavy sentences.⁴ It would be far better if we avoided arrest by learning from the lessons of the past. We still mistakenly believed that we were governed by laws which fostered the false assumption "that provided the police could not prove their allegations it did not matter if we carried on as before". In the 1950s we worked without secrecy, now the situation had changed as we encountered "real police state tactics" in the form of the 90-day law. This last, we needed to understand, was a powerful weapon of counter-revolution. People were recruited without adequate preparation or "regard to their ability in the future to withstand solitary confinement and torture". We had to be strong, prepared in advance to resist torture, "mentally resolving not to answer questions or make statements under any circumstances".

This, of course, was more easily said than the writers of "Time for Reassessment" had realized, as the countless testimonies of ex-detainees since then have shown, but the document's description of the methods of interrogation were beneficial to all 90-day detainees.⁵ The question explored in the last chapter, however, still lingers: to what extent could one anticipate a person's ability to withstand solitary confinement or other more overt forms of torture? Most activists submitted to interrogation, prepared in advance to resist torture, but, but they did not always find that possible. In every major trial in the 1960s and the years following, there had been a state witness who had collapsed under interrogation and solitary confinement. Bruno Mtolu in the Rivonia Trial had little education but a good recall and some sterling qualities as an activist; Lionel Gay in the Little Rivonia Trial was a highly educated scientist whose memory in the witness box

served him beyond the call of duty in various courtrooms. Pieter Beyleveld, in the Fischer Trial had only a farm school education, but like all the others had become a state witness.

It was not only in the ANC and SACP that this occurred. Adrian Leftwich, an erudite and ardent activist-leader in the ARM trial, which ended in 1964 as the Fischer Trial began, similarly gave evidence for the state. Could one discern in advance who would crack and who would not? Ruth First, in her account of her confinement under the 90-day law,⁶ noted that activists who sometimes seemed weak and woolly in their thinking held out the longest and did not break under solitary detention. In contrast, others (she had herself in mind) succumbed with insufficient resistance. If she had read the document “Time for Reassessment” before she went to prison, it would probably have contributed to her negative self-perception. But one way or another, the long-held insistence that 90-day detention could be withstood by discipline and adherence to a set of strictures on making a statement would have added to her angst, as it did to us all when we were confronted by our interrogators. What induced one person to talk and another to remain silent? More than anything, at that time, I thought about the perception that “people could better understand the treatment if they knew in advance what to expect”. Was a prior understanding of security police practices sufficient to ensure that we “remained unbroken”, especially when solitary detention was a part of the torture process?⁷ Could one anticipate a person’s reaction to being trapped in a concrete cell, challenged by too much time and too little space for 90 days or more? I know that as a detainee I was aware from the start of the consequences of succumbing to the devious and crude devices of our interrogators and the “unending shame” that would fall upon me, as it would on everyone else, if I gave way and volunteered statements “to save [my] own skin”. I knew that one’s sense of mission played a part in resisting the special branch interrogators, but there was more to it than that. The surly *voyeur*, a lieutenant in the security police who later stood and stared at me as if I were a clown in a circus ring while I was being interrogated, asked me if I wanted to win “rugby colours by simply standing there, holding out for so long?” That was a question I would never have thought about in the days before my interrogation. One thing I knew was that I dared not succumb: better if I did not talk at all, or at worst emulated those who had revealed the minimum, “resisting as much as possible and concealing a great deal”.

The important thing, I thought, was not that one talked, but what one said. But we were warned that even revealing the innocuous might lead to numerous arrests, detentions and long-term jail sentences for activists in the field. The party’s instructions for tighter security were comprehensive and indispensable *for the future*, but they were too late and the precautions they urged now were of little avail. However, the document’s attempt to alert us to what we might expect under interrogation was exceedingly helpful, especially the warning that the security police might play one person off against another using their

“good cop, bad cop” strategies – one officer’s cruel and crude treatment followed by the simulation of empathy and kindness by another. All of that was useful to know but despite all the injunctions not to succumb to the pressure of the security police – to stay silent at all costs and “resist”, were difficult to adhere to when the time came to apply them.

The arrests came at four o’clock in the morning on 3 July 1964. The knock on the door, no longer unexpected, neither terrified nor surprised us. Philippa and I let them in and made way for them to inspect the premises, “cautioning” them not to wake up the children. They confirmed that I was being detained under the 90-Day Detention Law; that no search warrants were required and that communication with a lawyer was not allowed. Two of the men searched the interior of the house, while a third hovered around the back, cursorily looking for papers or caches of arms, buried in the garden. There were no arms, of course, as I was not active in MK; nor were there any papers. It had been snowing the day before and I’d built a snowman in the front garden with the children the night before. The eldest of them (my step-son, Tim) was eleven, the youngest, Simon John, sixteen months and Deborah five. I left them the next morning, their hands linked on the veranda of the house, standing in silence as if they too were being held under 90-day detention. It was the last memory I had of them together for a long time, Philippa, Deborah, Simon (still a toddler) and Tim, all watching me being whisked away; a forlorn family image that remained with me until my release in April 1968. The snow statue still stood in the garden and would eventually melt but it lingered in my mind, an icy metaphor foreshadowing four seemingly endless years ahead.

I was escorted to the front gate, a rather battered suitcase beside me. This I had packed perfunctorily while the security men searched the cupboards and drawers around me, my attention focused on what they were doing rather than on anything I might need. (What that might be or for how long I could expect to be gone, I had no idea). It was light by the time they had completed their search, having rifled through everything, but found nothing that was incriminating. I was nudged into one of the police cars parked in front of the house on Ivy Road, Norwood. Two of the detectives sat in front of the vehicle and I in the rear. I’d expected to be taken to the prison at Marshall Square but we were heading down Louis Botha Avenue, in a northerly direction towards Pretoria. It was a miserable gray day in an unusually cold year. There was little traffic on the road at that time and we moved in silence to what I assumed was the Pretoria Local Prison.⁸

It was in the prison reception room that I met Terry Bell, then in his early twenties and a reporter on the *Rand Daily Mail*. Neither of us had the presence of mind to pretend that we’d never met before and greeted each other like lost friends. Terry glanced at me curiously, muttered something that I did not hear and said in a hoarse whisper, “that’s a

very large suitcase, you've got there". I replied without thinking, "It's going to be a long time". His face fell as I said this, but little did I realise how prophetic it was. Terry was active in one of the task teams with Jean Middleton but I did not know that at the time. He was one of a small army of committed activists responsible for keeping the public aware that the liberation movement was alive despite the banning of the congresses and arrests under the 90-day law. They worked in teams and covertly painted slogans in prominent places in the city, pasted posters printed by the banned organisations on public walls and distributed flyers and pamphlets late at night to avoid arrest and conviction. I knew nothing of his particular activities and did not know whether or not he had been recruited to the Party. If the two special branch men overheard our whispered conversation, they did not say anything. They were busy talking to the harassed officer at the reception desk, announcing that I was another 90-day "*gevangene*" (detainee, literally someone who had been "caught") and signed for me in the large book on the officer's desk as if they had delivered a parcel. That completed, they paid no more attention to me and left the prison, presumably for a hearty breakfast.

I was soon separated from Terry, searched, stripped of my watch and wallet, my possessions listed and carefully examined and returned to my (capacious) suitcase, which was placed on a shelf in an ante-room leading off the corridor. I was allowed no reading or writing material and only a few possessions. I was taken to a cell in a secluded section of the prison, separate from any other prisoners. It had freshly painted walls, unusually free of graffiti, painted in a cobalt blue and disturbingly empty of prison furniture. On the rear wall was a miniscule window with vertical bars, not designed for much air. Opposite was a heavy steel door also painted a metallic blue, the whole scene a forbidding landscape, sufficient to crush the hardiest spirit. Fortunately I was kept there for only a few hours before being taken to a cell in another section of the prison which I discovered was exclusively inhabited by less than a dozen 90-day detainees, each alone in a cell. My "quarters" were on the second floor with two other cells next to it; only one of them seemed to be occupied. It was a self-contained area close to a wrought-iron grille that divided it from the stairway that led to the yard below. Here I remained in solitary confinement for the next 54 days, interrupted by frustrated efforts at communicating with my neighbour and all too brief periods of exercise in the yard outside. This and periodical visits to COMPOL, the nearby building of the commissioner of police where the members of the special branch were quartered, occupied some of my time.

The interrogations at COMPOL did not start immediately, either for technical reasons or to allow time for the disorienting effects of solitary detention to set in. The longer the wait, the lower my resources were likely to be. As the days passed I closely watched the lines of light play against the walls, gauging the length and shapes of the shadows they cast to pinpoint the moment I might expect the special branch detectives to

arrive. The walls were once a gangrenous green but were now covered in graffiti, a grim diversity of etchings that expressed the frustrations of former common law prisoners awaiting trial or pending sentences of imprisonment. On one of the walls was an outline of a head, evidently etched with a ballpoint pen by a depressed former inmate. I used the doodle to design a clock face, more or less corresponding to the light shadows that shaded the wall surface, mentally placing the number twelve between the eyes, the figures nine and three on each cheek and the figure six between the teeth and chin. This completed the sundial. A crack in the plaster, visible in the afternoon light, was where I calculated the figure five to be.

This was also the time of the morning when the only light to be had came from the dim bulb behind the wire mesh, next to the cell door. At that moment the door was noisily unlocked by the warders, the grilles separating one section from another flung open, and the inmates led to the toilet at the end of a long corridor downstairs. Along this passage was a row of cells where most of the 90-day detainees were held. It led to a quad-shaped yard no more than 40 yards long and 15 wide. In the centre of this was a primitive low walled outdoor enclosure with four showerheads, two toilets and a water tap. The structure was referred to differently by diverse sets of detainees. Post-1960 it was called "Potemkin", presumably for its battleship image. Its other name was "Joe's throne", which derived from the days of the state of emergency in 1960, where Joe Slovo was often seen sitting on the lavatory seat, talking at considerable length to his comrades. The throne was subsequently dismantled and ablution facilities built inside the section at the end of the corridor. No-one, however, would miss the absence of the cold showers in the middle of winter and the dearth of personal privacy on Joe's throne.

On my first morning in "solitary", I was alone in the yard. After that there were five or six of us at ablution time, three of whom I knew. One of them, Piet Beyleveld, was chairman of COD and on the Area Committee of the SACP with me. He was later taken to another jail. I subsequently learnt that he was also a member of the newly reconstituted "Centre", the name used to describe the Central Committee. He gave no sign of recognition and seemed very strained. The other two in the yard were Paul Trewhela and Costa Gazidis, SACP recruits in Jean Middleton's party unit. Paul was a journalist on a daily newspaper and Costa a newly qualified medical doctor. Both were in their twenties and straining to make contact, but only had time for a quick surreptitious nod when the warders' attention was diverted. It was difficult to conceal my excitement at seeing familiar faces but the close scrutiny of the warders made further communication impossible. In silence, one at a time, we emptied the contents of the sanitary pails into the toilets inside Potemkin and filled the basins and enamel plates with water from the tap at the side of the enclosure. Carrying these was a problem. I placed the pail and plates precariously on top of one another, carefully watching the others to see how they

managed the balancing act and then awkwardly moved in line with them, petrified that I would upset the entire ensemble on the highly polished floor in the corridor or on the stairway. Most of the other detainees left us on the ground floor and Costa and I shuffled along the rest of the corridor to the cells upstairs. As we did this a warder walked between us to ensure that we did not communicate with each other. It was an insane charade that would not have been out of place in a mental asylum.

Once in the cells, we had time to shave and wash, roll the mat and fold the blankets according to a uniform prison pattern. The blankets, when folded resembled an old fashioned wireless-set, especially when placed on top of the rolled mat which stood vertically against the wall. I first learned how to do this at the fort in 1956, while awaiting trial for treason. The long-time recidivist who taught us would watch us struggle to get the blankets into the right shape and when the ordeal was over say with a toothless smile, "Don't switch the thing on now; radios are against prison regulations!" It was not really very funny at the time! After that there was time only for a few leaps across the floor to re-arrange the cell and shine the floor before "inspection". The activity on the floor was called "taxiing", as familiar to regular offenders as the mealie meal they received for breakfast. All one needed to do this were two rags under the feet, smeared with a bit of polish. A few quick movements along the floor were enough to clean the cell. Polishing was a prison obsession just as essential to the emotional equilibrium of the warders as it was to help the prisoners pass the time of day. After taxiing, breakfast. This was the only edible meal, eaten in the cell like all the other meals. Breakfast consisted of cornmeal porridge (mealie meal), black coffee and bread shaped like a cat's head, brought to the cell door and placed on the floor in a tin dixie. "Inspection" followed when once again the cell doors were opened (this time with much noise and nervous energy) and the inmates ordered to stand at attention while the chief warder accompanied by a high-ranking officer, presumably the head of the prison, royally progressed from cell to cell asking if there were any complaints. This exercise was apparently a prison ritual. I frequently used the opportunity to request a personal visit or to inquire why I was being held or to ask for my lawyers, only to be told that these were not *complaints*. With that he'd quickly move on to my neighbour Costa Gazidis in the next cell.

All was quiet after that until the light shadows covered the space on my clock's face, signifying that it was about 10 a.m. This was exercise time, a welcome break but a charade from start to finish. The routine followed the same choreography as before: an awkward walk in a crocodile down the long corridor and then a walk in two single horizontal lines, without talking or acknowledging each other's presence. Smokers could claim their cigarettes, one at a time, from a warder who kept them at the door at the entrance to the yard. Smoking in the cells was forbidden. I would smoke at least two cigarettes in the half hour, but some of the others managed more and perhaps smuggled

one or two into their cells besides this. The problem with smuggling was that the contraband had to be secreted in a safe place in the cell, out of sight of the warders and a match needed to light it. This would have to be obtained from a prisoner cleaning the section or one of the kitchen inmates. None of this was easy to arrange, although I later learnt that some of the more adroit detainees became quite skilled at negotiating “supplies” from the local prison population. As soon as time was up we were again paraded to our cells and locked up until lunch. This meal was served on a tin plate consisting of boiled and shredded beef and an unidentifiable blending of boiled vegetables. The bread was the only edible item, served with a thick pea-coloured soup mixture before lock-up for the “night” – at 4 p.m.

There was little relief in the routine except for the illicit attempts at communication. We all managed to communicate with our neighbours in the adjoining cells although the process was both hazardous and laborious. The most daring of the inmates was Costa Gazides in the cell next to mine. I learnt how to communicate “secretly” with the other detainees early in my detention, when on one occasion I joined the procession to empty my toilet pail in the yard and filled the basin with fresh water before joining the wacky bucket-walk back to the cells. On the way back, I noticed a blob of silver paper in my water basin. It was a message from Costa saying I should tap on the wall, sequencing the letters of the alphabet to denote each word (1 = A; 2 = B etc). It took a bit of time to figure it out, but eventually we were communicating with each other, oblivious of the bleak world around us. I used a segment of my hair comb to scratch each letter that he tapped onto the cover of my Bible. Sometimes I used the table to do this and at other times the wall. It didn’t take long before we were “busted” by the chief warder, one mnr Breedt. He burst into my cell while I was in mid-conversation and red-faced and breathless from the rush to my cell. He asked what I thought I was doing. “Reading the Bible”, I mumbled feebly, but he saw the comb and the scratches on the table and shrieked, “You bleddy liar, do you think we’re stupid?”. I stood there in silence, like a naughty schoolboy caught in the act of smoking in the school lavatory. He confiscated the comb – almost toothless at that point – and warned me “to behave”, threatening that punishment would follow. But after a while communications resumed with ever more sophisticated systems until Costa was removed from his cell and sent to another section of the prison. I missed him badly.

I divided the time in my cell between work, reflection and recreation. “Work” involved feverish preparation for the meetings I anticipated with the special branch. This I did for an hour or two before 5.30 a.m., beginning when the light-shadows, still pencil-thin, spread slowly along the edge of the cell wall. If the security police had more pressing

business or if, after interrogation, I was returned to my cell towards the end of the exercise period, I would schedule the hours between exercise and soup for reflection, my euphemism for serious contemplation of politics and history, in which “mind games” were a major theme. The time between soup and sleep was reserved for these (a combination of fantasy and recreation) although there was no line separating the two activities. The mind games were initially recreational. They provided the conversation, repartee and mental stimulation that solitary confinement denied me. They started when I thought about the people in the movement I’d known over the years, and how different from each other they were. This led to long imaginary conversations with them, especially Walter Sisulu, Rusty Bernstein and J.B. Marks (who I knew less well than the other two, but admired). It was a disparate guest list, selected for their diversity of interests and partly at whim.

Ruth First, Joe Slovo and Moses Kotane were an awkward imaginary trio, thoughtful, zealous and cool as a cucumber – in that order. Father Huddleston, Sam Kahn and Helen Joseph were a mischievous threesome, in turn sometimes irreverent, witty and passionate. Govan Mbeki, learned and didactic, had a view on everything. He talked about the national question, land, labour and peasant oppression and was never at a loss for words. But the conversation that was most spirited and diverse was the session with Trevor Huddleston, Sam Kahn and Helen Joseph. Each of them in turn held forth with unassailable self-assurance on the themes of state, church, parliament and the military. Helen was an officer in the South African Defence Force during the war and (quite incongruously) an authority on the subject of the army in this bizarre prison daydream. A modern-day Major Barbara in her commitment to the cause, she would rather die than go into exile. They all spoke past each other. Once or twice the trade unionists Leslie Masina and “Marks” Shope appeared. The one was pensive and cautious, the other garrulous – debating worker stayaways, politics and trade unions. They would sit familiarly on the rough mat on the floor of my cell and sample the remains of my prison fare. In another “conversation” Bram Fischer, flushed and tightly controlled, shared his disquiet at the flight of Leftist activists into exile. Little did I know at that stage that he would shortly join me, not in playful fantasy, but as a defendant in the same political trial. The discussions were contentious, inconclusive and contradictory, but intense and lively enough to make me oblivious of the imminence of the special branch. The mind games had an impetus of their own. Fantasy was my temporary reality. I had no idea that I had the resources or the imagination to withstand solitary confinement and later “standing torture”, in which I was made to stand endlessly in a single space until I was too fatigued to be properly conscious of time and place or to see where the confrontation would ultimately end.

I have seldom spoken about the mind games (invented, I suppose to save my sanity!) except to Hilda Bernstein, soon after my release from prison. I was already in exile in 1969 in England. She needed an “authentic” account of one who’d been in solitary detention for a novel she was writing, subsequently published under the title, *Death is Part of the Process*,⁹ The circumstances of that interview were not without irony. We sat in the chintzy lounge of the Commonwealth Library, oblivious of the giant portraits of scions of the old empire and paintings of the South African randlords I was writing about. I was researching a book on migrant labour which I’d decided to write instead of an account of a life in prison. At first I thought I’d tell her of the more serious of my reflections on “imagining Afrikanerdom” – revelations I valued – but instead (I do not know what induced my change of mind) I opted for the mind games concerning the prison conversations. We had known each other since the 1940s, but were of different generations and had never talked about ourselves. As I knew she wanted to hear about experiences of solitary confinement at first hand, there was no point in my recounting the conventional diversions I’d heard from fellow prisoners of physical exercise, press-ups, running on the spot, or memorising the text of the Old or New Testament – most of these equally mad, I think – so I told her about the mind games I’d invented. I hoped that she would not think it too banal for her book but evidently that was not the case and the central character in her novel, the villain of the piece (not a portrait of me, I hope) made a dour host to his imaginary callers. I would have been happier if my brain games had been attributed to one of the more inviting protagonists of the liberation struggle, but as her husband Rusty Bernstein might have said, “no good deed ever goes unpunished”.

My reveries were rudely interrupted when the warders burst into my cell, shouting “*kom, kom, kom!*” as if these were the only words they knew and without further profundities escorted me to the detectives waiting downstairs, impatient to transport me to the COMPOL building, the security police venue for interrogation.

It was not surprising that I knew nothing about the development of the new Republican Intelligence (RI) establishment, as its emergence in 1963 was an equal surprise to most of the (inept) members in the “old” intelligence community.¹⁰ A police spy who infiltrated the SACP referred to the new security agency as “the secret section of the South African Security Police!” I only learnt of it long after it was formed. This knowledge now makes sense of my impression at the time, that the special branch’s first session with me was an interrogators’ workshop, where I was one of the guinea pigs under observation. The participants, at least nine of them, sat in three rows of desks cramped formally in straight lines in an otherwise austere room, taking turns to question me. As far as I can remember, Van Rensburg, Grobler and Geysler – all three of them

drafted from different sections of the old establishment – led the session, alternatively displaying aggression and empathy in which they simulated the standard behaviour of “good cop – bad cop”, a cynical performance routine we’d been warned about. It was difficult to know what to expect.

I stood in front of them, confined to a chalk circle which Van Rensburg, the meanest and most aware of them, had drawn on the floor. I refused to answer their questions, but they continued to ask them anyway: “Was I a member of the Communist Party ... Had I attended a meeting on 16 June 1964 ... ? Who was at the meeting? What was discussed ... What were the names of those who attended?” These questions, thrown at me with little variation were asked by different members of the “seminar” and repeated again and again, interlaced with threats of violence, anti-Semitic jibes and scurrilous comments on the women in Jean Middleton’s cell. It seemed important to them that I should see them as protectors of the country’s morality and that the slogan “equal rights for all” was at the very root of communist depravity. As I listened to them, it crossed my mind that their invective may have been part of their security manual. From this they swiftly moved to the familiar track, probably the next chapter of their “instruction book”, threatening to detain my wife and mother unless I cooperated with them. I ignored the abuse and answered none of their incriminating questions. Nor did I react to their threats to detain members of my family. Their menacing movements and taunts of violence, however, alarmed me most, especially as Van Rensburg, and a tall, burly individual, whose name I never learnt, crept stealthily behind me, coming up so close that I could feel them breathing against my neck. The “workshop” ended at about midday and the men filed out, leaving me standing. But the three seminar leaders, Van Rensburg, Grobler and Geysler kept up their watch, rotating in shifts throughout the night. They took me back to my cell in the morning, just before exercise time, telling me that they’d “had enough shit” from me, and that “next time” would be a different story.

A few days later they came again. It was my 34th day in “solitary”, my birthday, which I was foolish enough to mention. One of them (I think it was Grobler) mumbled something to the other and then disappeared. He returned with a cake, which he cut into a number of thick slices, handed one of them to me and moved to the door with the remaining pieces still in the cake-box. As he reached the door, he beamed with a self-satisfied look on his flushed face: “we’ll share the other slices with your comrades who are all busy writing statements”. I stared at him in disbelief. The signal he’d be sending to other detainees was obvious and diabolical, but I would not beg him to stop and said nothing. Instead I glumly resumed my position in the circus ring, feeling frustrated and foolish. There would be no statement, at least until the situation became dire.

Van Rensburg was evidently prepared to wait. He stared at me closely as I stood there refusing to answer the questions I thought might incriminate me (or others) and

answered only those that referred to activities that were legal. I stayed in the chalk circle for a day and a night, with a few breaks to go to the toilet – which was far enough for me to shuffle along the passage and down a few steps to stretch my legs, already stiff and getting numb. Much to my embarrassment, Van Rensburg had to grab my arm to steady me on one occasion. The interrogation was a wearisome process, which lasted about 102 hours over three sessions. Most of the time I stood silent, interrupted by trips to the toilet, trying to sleep while on my feet, allowing my body to sag so as to take the weight off my legs. I never succeeded in doing this for very long, before Van Rensburg would get up from his chair, walk menacingly around the circle and tell me irritably that my orders were “*to stand up*”. I knew I had to rethink my position on making a statement, but I needed a plausible narrative before I could venture into *his* territory. I realized that I could not continue endlessly to stand and parry his questions or allow his simulated anger to become real rage. A serious strategy at this stage was beyond me. All I could do was to be neither compliant nor openly hostile; try to anticipate his next move, avoid provocation and make no waves. Van Rensburg peered at me intently. I was sure that he had noticed a movement of the eyes and a sudden shift in body language as I mentally rearranged the data he had thrown at me, mapping out a plan in my head to acknowledge that the meeting he alleged to have taken place, had in fact happened. My idea was to dispute the construction that he had put on the meeting and give it a non-incriminating purpose. However, I needed to plan more carefully, preferably off my feet and in the privacy of my cell. I needed time but Van Rensburg was relentless.

“Ah Levy,” he mocked, looking at me accusingly, as if he’d caught me out for thinking. “You’ve seen the light.” He held up the script he was writing – a sermon for Sunday’s church service – and then put it down.

“What light?” I asked feebly.

“The light, Levy, the *truth!*” You know very well what I mean.”

I did! But his fanatical gaze settled the matter for me. There was no escaping him; he would never accept my invention of a plausible story. All I could do was continue to stand in the chalk circle he’d again drawn on the floor and say nothing. He stood and looked at me piercingly for a long time, as if he needed to see right through me, into my eyes and inside my head. Suddenly, his mood changed completely and instead of gazing at me, began to rant. He told me of his lay religious activity, pointed to the script he was writing, murmured something about atheists, and then shouted that I was “filth”. With that he stiffened his body, walked towards me, put down the script and grabbed the folded newspaper from the table and smacked me hard on the back of the neck, all the while spitefully contrasting his “spiritual” piety with my “*kafferboetie*” morality.¹¹ Whether this was the lesson in sadism he regularly read to destroy political prisoners, I do not know. He behaved as if it were his personal calling to make me talk. I’d been standing all day

and I could tell from the light against the grimy window that it was almost midnight, and knew he would not give up until his shift ended.

He was relieved of his eerie watch by Grobler who arrived a little after midnight. He was a detective from Durban, who as a rule played the role of “the good cop”. From the start of his shift he nudged me to give up the “game” and make a statement. It was clear that an understanding of the politics of the struggle was beyond him, and the structures of the movement meaningless, but I needed more time. I told him that I had nothing to say, other than to repeat what I had already said – all of which was perfectly legal.

“Tell us what we want to know, write it all down,” he said with a gesture of the hands, suggesting that that was the logical thing to do. He could have been my uncle. For an instant I thought he’d been drinking. His tone was thick and the look on his pale face vacant rather than naïve. Van Rensburg would return later in the morning and I needed to be more decisive or the moment would be lost. I waited another hour before taking the plunge and finally, in a fatigued tone, called for some paper and a pen.

Grobler visibly started out of his seat, reached for a stack of lined writing paper and drew up a chair for me to sit down. I sank into the chair and slowly began to write. As I did so, I became increasingly aware of how easy it was to incriminate myself and inadvertently heap suspicion on others: naming names was hazardous and might suggest an association that would prompt security police attention and, possibly, arrests under 90-day detention. Reference to the SACP was to be avoided at all costs, not only for fear of admitting membership – something that this investigation was probing – but also to distance myself from any association with it. One did not need to be a member of the Party to be seen to be “aiding and abetting” it. Anything I wrote would have to be a good mixture of truth and lies. Piet Beyleveld, had once advised Jean Middleton “*not to tell lies, but simply not to speak at all*: Don’t be too clever. You don’t know what other people have told them”.¹² Unfortunately he never followed the earlier part of his own advice while he was under interrogation, but he was right to warn against being “too clever” and not to tell lies. These were easily exposed by contradictory information from other detainees under duress.

Grobler saw me glance at his flask, nodded and poured a cup of coffee for me and then handed me one of his cigarettes. I was too preoccupied with what I was going to say to relish the tang of the coffee or take full advantage of the numbing effect of the nicotine. My mind was racing forward, conscious of the pitfalls ahead of me. Apart from the incriminating admission of being at the meeting of 16 June, an SACP gathering, my re-inventing the purpose and sponsorship of that meeting was a risky undertaking, easily contradicted by the other detainees present at the same gathering. Most of them were known to the security police and were probably under detention. Beyleveld, I knew to be in the Pretoria Local prison, but Lew Baker, Esther Barsel, Jean Middleton and two others

(whose identity was unknown to me) might still be at large. The names of these comrades had been endlessly flung at me by Van Rensburg and the exposure of my story by any of them would depend on whether they had made statements, a highly likely occurrence, judging from my own experience. The more I thought about it, my decision to revise the reason for the meeting was too dangerous to follow, but it was the only option I had: if any of the detainees told the whole truth I would be damned anyway. It was a risky option but there was no other.

I decided to go ahead with the plan, realizing that if the meeting was seen as an SACP one, my admission of having been there would confirm my membership of the organization at a secondary leadership level on the Area Committee, and lead them to assume (correctly) that I was in contact with half a dozen members of a party cell. Van Rensburg and Grobler had referred to my membership of COD, but said nothing of my activities before 1953. This was astounding as I was an accused on the Treason Trial in 1956 and my activities dated back to the 1940s. So my political life had better begin with COD. I made a mental note of all the items they had questioned me about during the long hours of interrogation and decided that my statement should closely follow the security police profile of me, except when it was plainly self-incriminating. I filled nine double-spaced pages, the statement becoming increasingly vague as I struggled to complete it before the end of Grobler's shift. Finally I gave it to him and waited, expecting him to read it and express his disappointment. But instead, he patted me on the arm, stapled the pages of the statement together, helped me to stand up and led me back to the prison. There, two warders on night duty, each grabbed me by an arm, lifted me up in the air and dumped me in my cell as if I were a sack of rotten potatoes.

I had hardly slept for an hour when I woke up to see the same two warders standing over me: I must have slept the sleep of the dead, because I had not heard them unlock the cell-door and enter, something they always did with the noise of going into battle. They took me to a small room downstairs, painted in the same sickly green colour as the walls of my cell. There, Van Rensburg was waiting. He looked at me threateningly and in no time pressed my body against the wall, all the while screaming that I'd known Grobler was "gullible". It was almost as if he had known I'd take advantage of his credulous colleague to scribble something innocuous and return to my cell. He ordered me to put my hands above my head and pressing his face up against mine, shouted insanely that I was mistaken if I thought the rubbish I'd written for Grobler would be acceptable. Whether this was simulated or real anger didn't really matter as he immediately became violent, slapping my face with two strong blows of his hand, aiming a third at my head. But he was too late. I slid down to the floor, hugging the wall closely as I fell, as if I'd fainted. I expected him to kick me and drag me to my feet, but fortunately he took hold of himself

and called the two warders to take me back to my cell. He waited three or four days before returning early one morning to take me back to police headquarters.

Again I stood in the chalk circle and ignored his derisive comments on the statement I had made to Grobler, who did not reappear until much later. During this time, Van Rensburg took only brief breaks when he was relieved by Geysler (who seemed unpredictable and difficult to read). Finally, while it was still light outside, I told Van Rensburg that I was ready to make a fuller statement. There was more sarcasm that I would turn in the “same trash” as before, but he eventually drew up the chair in front of his desk and told me to “write”. By then it was quite dark outside. In order to escape another fracas with him, I included an innocuous paragraph on matters he had raised during my interrogation: details of my visit to Rowley Arenstein in Durban and my role in the Kensington Discussion Club in Johannesburg, as well as my relationship with a number of individuals in COD – some of whom had either been banned, gone into exile or been inactive for years. For the rest of the statement I embellished the first draft of the “rubbish” I’d written for Grobler, but kept to the same principles I had adopted in formulating the piece. The new statement was stamped 13 August 1964 and bears the reference number 1/1712 in my security police file.

Re-reading it for this memoir made me startlingly aware of my misery in composing it. It is repetitious and has several false starts and really begins on the third page. (Van Rensburg retrieved the sheets of paper I had discarded while “getting started” and included them in the main statement, which made it seem even more ragged than it was.) I did not admit to membership of the SACP; did not incriminate anyone in anything that was illegal (where the police knew of the attendance of banned persons at the meeting, I used their banning to show why we met in secret although the meeting itself was legal) and managed to confine the statement to the information they had. I admitted to activities in the Congress of Democrats and my role in the campaign against Bantu education (my involvement in the formation of Cultural Clubs, the development of material for dissemination by club leaders and the extensive tours with Robert Resha and Helen Joseph – of which the security police had much evidence – and any connection I had with the African Education Movement, Father Huddleston and his successors). I made no attempt to conceal my participation in the Congress of the People and the propagation of the Freedom Charter (I had been acquitted from the Treason Trial in 1958 where all these issues formed a large part of the record). Sadly all I could tell them about my activities during the post-Sharpeville state of emergency were the reasons for my *inaction*, due to visits to my family in temporary exile in Swaziland and my need to earn an income and complete my degree.

The two items of some interest to the security police were my role in the Kensington Discussion Club (I was its secretary) and a visit I made to Rowley Arenstein’s house

while on holiday in Durban. The first was easily disposed of as the object of the Kensington Discussion Club was genuinely to extend the opportunities of liberal-minded individuals to debate current affairs. Another reason for its formation was to divert the attendance of people from the Observatory Discussion Club to Kensington, because there were too many people at the former. The Observatory Club met in Molly and Bernie Arenstein's living room (co-incidentally, they were Rowley's brother and sister-in-law). The meetings were crowded to capacity during the club's regular Friday night meetings. This was not a COD activity and the club had been in existence since 1954. It attracted university students and many other individuals from all over Johannesburg, white and black. They sat on the tables, on the floor and lined the walls of Bernie and Molly's living room. My brother was the club's secretary. (Privately, Leon and I opposed the opening of a "second front" in Kensington. We felt that apart from the conviviality of the Observatory Club, the youth seemed to feel a certain excitement in their meeting in large numbers and continued to attend for that reason; it added to the buzz, excited them intellectually and was a social opportunity to meet people.) Doubtless, debates would have been better if the numbers were smaller, but Leon and I believed that the dynamic that brought all those people together was more basic than intellectual stimulation. The security police were not interested in the Observatory club, but believed that the "so-called" Kensington Discussion Club was a "front" for an SACP cell. I denied this in my statement, but although I was telling the truth, I'm quite sure they did not believe me.

The explanation of my visit to Rowley and Jackie Arenstein in Durban in 1963 was equally simple but too straightforward for them to accept. I said, truthfully, that it was a social visit. The special branch probably wanted reasons to detain Rowley who had been active in the CPSA for years. He had represented activists in many political trials and more recently represented the accused involved in the rural struggles in Pondoland. In addition, he was banned from attending social gatherings but received visitors in his kitchen (there was a back door to the yard from there, enabling a quick exit in case he needed to leave urgently). On the occasion of my visit I was reminded a little of the discussion club meetings in Observatory. The kitchen was overflowing with people, captivated by Rowley's ardent style of debate and wide-ranging Marxist knowledge. He contested the wisdom of the armed struggle and believed that the resort to violence would shift the emphasis from mass struggle to sabotage. It would not only provoke total state repression but would also destroy the Congress structures. I argued that peaceful protest was no longer possible – but no-one could out-argue Rowley! It was a good discussion (I think I made another visit in 1964) but they were not communist meetings, nor were they anything more than social occasions. Jackie, his wife, emphasized the gathering's social character by making tea and providing homemade cake for everyone.

I said nothing of our discussions in my statement, insisting that they were social visits. I knew Jackie from the Treason Trial and had known Rowley for years. The security police eventually arrested him and he was ultimately sentenced for a range of activities under the Suppression of Communism Act – certainly not for arguing in his dressing gown in the family kitchen. The debate about the efficacy of the armed struggle, however, lasted a long time. It continued in jail where we were cellmates for some of the time. His Marxist understanding was extensive and fascinated the political prisoners who had not met him before. At one point he shared a cell with John Laredo and David Evans (or maybe one of the three was Hugh Lewin). There was a good deal of banter in the cell, and on one occasion Rowley held forth on the subject of dialectical materialism while cleaning the cell floor. Suddenly one of the members of his two-person audience interrupted him to tell him that he had left a little of the *objective situation* on the floor behind him! It was the sort of irrepressible remark I would expect Dave Evans or John Laredo to have made. I think it was John who told me the story while walking in the yard at exercise time. Sadly John died in the late 1990s and Rowley followed soon after.

The central part of my statement was the meeting of the 16 June 1964. That was what interested the security police most. I re-invented the purpose of the meeting completely, stating that it had to be held at a secret venue because Beyleveld would be charged with contravening his banning order if the house was “unsafe”. Although very little had been discussed at that meeting, I knew they would not believe this, so I invented a number of items for discussion. These were the pressing problems of the day: the political situation; the plight of political detainees; securing welfare for their dependants; and scholarships for the children of sentenced prisoners. For good measure I added that we had also discussed ideas about drawing in more people to oppose the repressive government measures. The individuals who attended the gathering were not all known to me (I was protecting Mac Maharaj, Lew Baker and Michael Dingake and dared not mention their names because the police, who had clearly watched us enter the venue, had not been able to identify them) but I believed all those present to be like-minded individuals. For what it was worth, I wrote it all down as I have here. In *extremis* I had wrestled with the knowledge that the special branch had observed the site of the meeting, but hoped that provided no-one “cracked” completely, there was a chance against all the odds that my statement would not be contradicted. Although my re-interpretation of the meeting may seem an implausible explanation, I was quite heartened to see that our legal team accepted it in court during our trial and referred to it again in their argument on appeal before the Supreme Court.

But although the lawyers accepted it in good faith, it didn’t fool Justice O. Galgut who heard our appeal against the magistrate’s decision about four months after we were sentenced. After examining the context of the meeting and the evidence of my co-

defendants (who corroborated my story) he concluded: “Number 5 accused [meaning me] must have known of the membership of all those people, and for a man in his position to attend a secret meeting, seems to indicate, so it seems to me, that he too was a communist”!¹³ His conclusion was not as great a leap in logic as it seems. The special branch had seen us enter the “secret” venue and knew from a tape (recorded by Ludi, the police spy in Jean’s cell) that an SACP Area Committee meeting was to take place on that date – and Beyleveld’s evidence in court dutifully confirmed it.

Endgame

Relief from Van Rensburg was short-lived. I was taken back to police headquarters for further interrogation sometime after the third week in August 1964. The satisfaction that I had in not admitting to membership of the Communist Party was shattered immediately Van Rensburg came into the room. This time he was accompanied by the “good cop” Grobler, although I soon realized that they had reversed roles. Van Rensburg was in an unusually cheerful mood and greeted me with the words, “Good morning, Bentley.” I stared at him, more in disbelief than shock. Someone had “cracked” and revealed my party code name. This had to be the endgame. If they knew my code name, the person who had named me might have been someone on the Area Committee. If that were the case the security police would know that my explanation of the meeting of 16 June was false and that it was an SACP meeting after all. My mind went racing ahead: it would not be long before they’d want details of what had transpired at the Area Committee meeting and the names of the members of my cell. (Few people, if anyone other than the national treasurer, were likely to have known the identity of members at unit level).

Van Rensburg wasted no time in telling me more: “We know about the Area Committee, the District Committee and the ‘Centre’. We know the names of all the people on those committees, the sub-committees, *we know all*”. His confidence was difficult to dismiss. Grobler was less amiable, but he was also in a buoyant mood and grinned stupidly at my apparent discomfort. I could not be sure of what it was that they knew, except for my Party code name. If that were divulged, as it evidently had, it was likely to have been in the context of a comprehensive statement that somebody had made. It was however possible that Van Rensburg’s claim to know “all” might be exaggerated, but it was also clear from what followed that our structures had begun to unravel. As if reading my thoughts, he made more revelations, mentioning that Beyleveld, on the Area and Central Committees, had been co-operating with them. Taking pleasure in the power that Beyleveld’s incriminating disclosures had given him, he threw each piece of new information at me with the relish of feeding peanuts to a monkey in the Pretoria zoo. I

ignored all of it, but it was more than apparent from what he said that Beyleveld or someone senior had made a statement.

My dilemma was either to refuse to admit anything incriminating or to confirm some of what he had told me. It seemed illogical to remain in the “statue” mode for hours on end, knowing that they almost certainly knew most of what I was keeping from them. But there was still the will to resist! Was this just heroic, “the right thing to do” or was it rational? I needed to think clearly. Above all I needed to keep my head; to deal with one matter at a time, and to assess the truthfulness of their information and determine what they clearly knew and what they *might not know*. This last seemed to be the most important question. They had not mentioned the names of the members of my cell, so I assumed that they had no knowledge of them. In any case, I had long since decided that I would rather die than reveal their identities – whether or not they had been detained. My wife was one of the members and as far as I was aware, the others were equally unknown to the special branch. I would have to invent a unit and create a fictitious narrative as well as generalize about everything we discussed and did. I was too confused to remember who had fled into exile and who had remained, so I had to be careful about names as well as think quickly, and on my feet.

Eventually I decided to err on the side of caution and assume that their knowledge was partial and lacking in the particulars, although some of the details they volunteered were disturbing. The most urgent item was the composition of my cell and its activities. In the first instance, I chose the most prominent of the named communists I knew to be in exile. Secondly, I related fictitious details of our ordinary and normally unexciting meetings. As neither Van Rensburg nor Grobler were in a position to dispute anything I said, I could invent anything I fancied. But I could tell from their manner that they no longer cared; their interrogation was routine. The evidence the security police already had was more conclusive than anything I could give them, and as it turned out, Beyleveld, the author of the statement they cited, was prepared to become a state witness against me. Despite the duress, I insisted that my statement end with the words: “*I am not prepared to give evidence against any of the persons mentioned in my statement*”. I would not sign it without that insertion. But I knew that I would never get away with my re-interpretation of the party meeting on 16 June and that I would be brought to trial and jailed. This was clear the moment they brought the statement to me (typed on old fashioned wax stencils). They asked if I would delete the sentences in which I refused to give evidence against my colleagues, but I flatly refused, thinking that rather than sink to the appalling level of a state witness, jail would be a preferable alternative.

After that, all was over bar the shouting. Van den Bergh, the security chief, appeared later, urbane, elegantly dressed in a gray suit and of all things, solicitous of the long time his men had taken before they could question me. He did not say what had delayed them,

but I subsequently discovered that the “Harris bombing” at the Johannesburg station and 4 July raids had occupied their time with detainees connected with acts of sabotage from the ARM. In addition, David Kitson, Mac Maharaj, Wilton Mkwayi, Johnny Matthews and Lionel Gay, the newly constituted High Command of MK, were detained soon after the CPSA arrests on 3 July, and their interrogation sessions occupied the attention of the special branch before mine. I complained to Van den Bergh about solitary confinement and the “standing torture” but he cast aside my complaints with a dismissive movement of his shoulders that suggested that “that was the way it had to be” and after mumbling what seemed to be a few words of encouragement in Afrikaans to Grobler and Van Rensburg, left the room as suddenly as he had entered.

I felt utterly drained from the whole ordeal. The same warders that had escorted me to the special branch detectives early that morning led me back to my cell. Half way up the stairs, in a corner of the stairway, I met a detainee who was either being taken for interrogation or returning to his cell. We passed each other without showing any signs of recognition, although I saw that it was Raymond Eisenstein, one of the members of ARM. (I did not know that then). He had black bruises around the eyes and seemed as dishevelled as I was. We glanced at each other without greeting but there was an immediate empathy and understanding between us. There was also something hugely encouraging that I was not alone in resisting the security police at that moment, and I was curious as to whether Raymond had been physically assaulted while evading their questions or whether his forthright manner had simply enraged them. I collapsed onto the prison mat once I’d entered the cell, wondering whether I would have fared better if my interrogators had physically assaulted me rather than insisting on extracting a statement by making me stand for hours on end “to win rugby colours” (as Van Rensburg taunted). The idea that detainees would “talk” was generally unacceptable to the movement, and even though I had been as discreet as I could under the circumstances, I still felt a sense of submission and defeat. I was not sure whether to feel elated that the interrogation was over or, to cry.

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- 1 We were unaware of these developments but soon realized that the counter insurgency methods had been acquired from external intelligence agencies.
 - 2 The Fischer Trial in which I was accused Number 5, started after a number of court adjournments in November 1964 and sentences were handed down in April 1965.
 - 3 The document reappeared as Annexure J, Exhibit 24a in *State vs Abram Fischer and Thirteen Others*, Case No. G375/64. The citations below are from this document
 - 4 This information is directly drawn from the SACP document, “Time for Reassessment”, now Annexure J, Exhibit 24a, *State vs Abram Fischer and Thirteen Others*.

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- 5 Apart from reports from ex-detainees, we were much indebted to some of the pioneering research of Professor Kurt Danziger at the University of Cape Town on the effects of solitary confinement and detention on the South African experience in the early 1960s. Later research after the mid-1970s by various academics is referred to below.
- 6 First, *117 Days*.
- 7 See Annexure J, Exhibit 24a, in *State vs Abram Fischer and Thirteen Others*, p. 4.
- 8 Terry Bell is convinced that it was Pretoria Central Prison, which would have been unusual as a first port of call but not without precedent under the 90-Day detention Law: Conversation with Terry Bell 9 November 2007.
- 9 Hilda Bernstein, *Death is Part of the Process* (Sinclair Browne, London, 1983).
- 10 Sanders, *Apartheid Friends*, pp. 20, 21.
- 11 Effectively meaning my non-racial morality.
- 12 Middleton, *Convictions*, p. 43 (my emphasis).
- 13 *Judgment in the Supreme Court of South Africa by Judge O. Galgut, Delivered 31 August 1965*, p. 25.