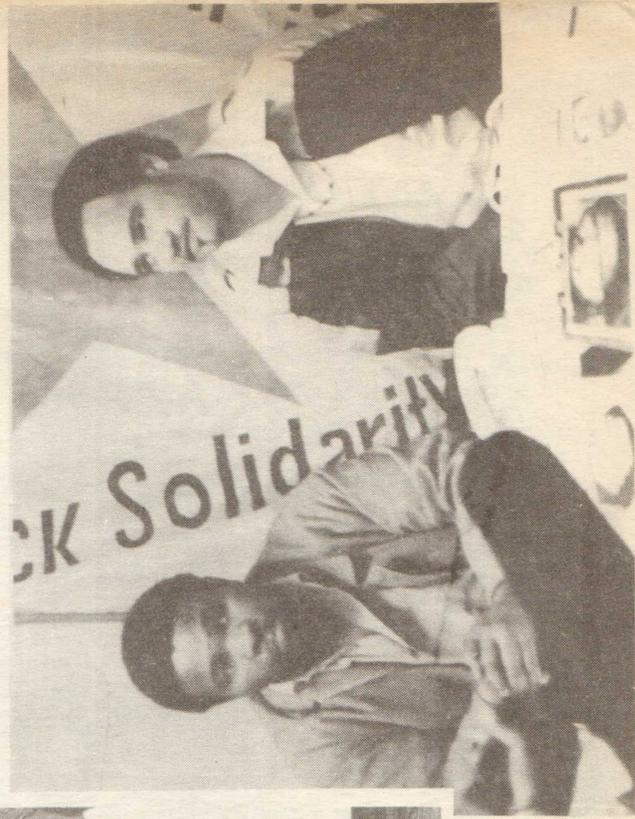


TRIBUTE TO MUNTU  
MYEZA



AZAPO DEFENCE SECRETARY



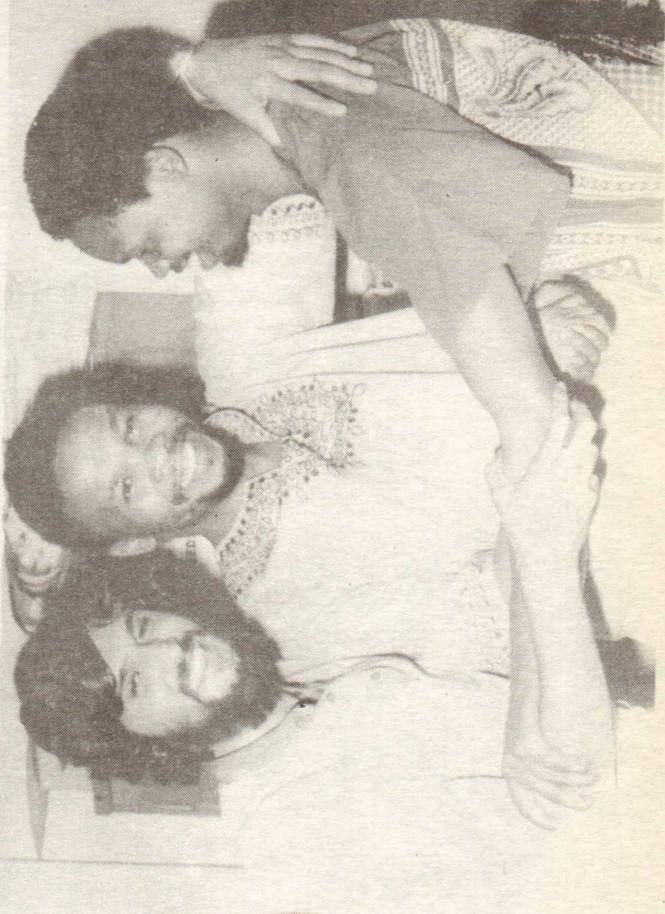
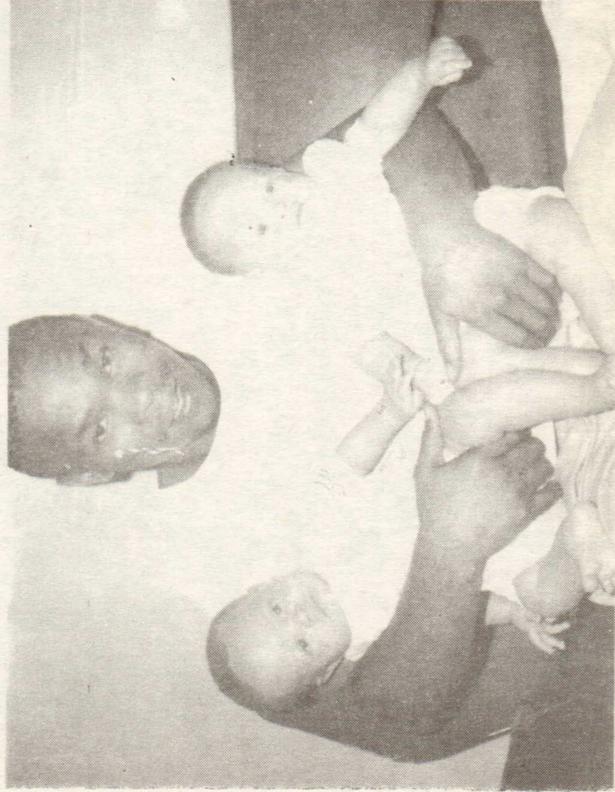
**MUNTU:**



**THE REVOLUTIONARY**



**Family  
Man**



# AZAPO LEADER MUNTU MYEZA

## COMRADE MUNTU MYEZA: A SHORT HISTORY

Comrade Muntu Myeza was born the eldest son of Mr Jacob and Mrs Julia Myeza on December 3, 1950. He completed his early schooling in Natal and Zululand.

For a time he spent his senior high school years at Orlando West High School. He completed his matric at Ohlange High School in Inanda, Natal.

From his early childhood he took a keen interest in boxing and soccer. By the time he reached university, he was the amateur heavyweight boxing champion of Transvaal and South Africa - at a time when sport was strictly segregated.

Comrade Muntu attended the University of Zululand where he studied towards a law degree.

At the General Students Council meeting of the South African Students Organisation in July 1973, he was elected president. This council came shortly after the bannings of eight SASO /Black People's Convention leaders.

In July 1974, Comrade Muntu was elected secretary general of SASO and one of the first tasks he undertook was to organise the Viva Frelimo rallies jointly with the BPC.

On the evening of the 25th of June 1974, Comrade Muntu led a chanting crowd of more than 10 000 people at the Curries Fountain Stadium in Durban in defiance of a nationwide ban of the rallies in celebration of Frelimo's victory over Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique.

That night, Comrade Muntu and hundreds of other activists countrywide were arrested and detained. Comrade Muntu spent more than six months in detention in terms of the notorious Terrorism Act.

In January 1975, Comrade Muntu together with 12 other SASO/BPC leaders were brought to trial on charges of conspiring to overthrow the racist National Party regime and for stirring racial hatred and violence.

In December 1976, Comrade Muntu and eight others were each sentenced to a total of 11 years in prison and served an effective six and five years.

When Comrade Muntu was released from Robben Island, he immediately identified with the Azanian People's Organisation. In December

1983, Comrade Muntu was elected onto the Azapo executive and served continuously until his death.

He served as secretary general, publicity secretary and in March this year, he was elected projects co-ordinator, a position he held until his death.

He was deeply involved in community activities and served as the chairman of the Diepkloof Residents Committee.

Foundation and was serving on the foundation as a trustee at time of his death.

(16)

He was also on the board of trustees of the Northern Transvaal Advice Office (NTAO) and was employed by FEDICS as a Public Relations Officer.

(17)

On Monday, July 2, 1990, Comrade Muntu left for Bloemfontein airport where he had a longstanding job appointment with the local staff.

(18)

Comrade Muntu telephoned his wife Thandi at about 20 hours from the airport and told her that he had completed his work and would be driving up the same night instead of staying over.

Investigations show that Comrade Muntu's vehicle veered off the N1 across the lane of on-coming traffic about 40 kms outside Bloemfontein, near the town of Glen. It sped along a trackless stretch of land adjacent to the highway for approximately 64 metres before it collided with a sturdy iron pole that was part of a farm fence.

The car then flew over an embankment on the side of a corrugated road under the highway and smashed against the opposite embankment before it fell on its roof.

Comrade Muntu was discovered at 07h00 the following morning by a young girl, Theresa Manchu. Theresa ran back to the farmhouse where she lived and summoned help.

Theresa says that although Comrade Muntu's eyes were closed he was still moving. He lay some three metres away from the car and it appeared as though he was trying to summons help for himself.

An ambulance arrived at or about 07h30 and Comrade Muntu was rushed to hospital but was certified dead on arrival.

Apart from these general descriptions Mystery still surrounds the circumstances under which Comrade Muntu died.

There was no evidence discovered by our team (the family, Azapo and legal representative), that went to Bloemfontein, of any tyre or skid marks indicating where the car veered off the road. Police have informed us that there was no evidence of tyre burst.

For most of the 64 metres the car travelled on trackless ground - covered by very tall grass - there appeared to be no disturbance of grass except for the point of collision at the fence where it hit the iron pole.

From approximately 20h30 to 07h00 the following morning, Comrade Muntu was alive.

Comrade Muntu was an excellent driver and from our investigations had had a full night's sleep on Sunday night.

He had flown from Cape Town on Sunday evening together with Comrades Pandelani Nefolovhodwe and Victor Dhlamini - after attending an urgent Central Committee meeting of AZAPO.

Comrade Muntu collected his car at Jan Smuts airport, delivered Comrade Pandelani at his home in Soweto and then proceeded directly to his own home.

He had a full night's sleep and drove to Bloemfontein the next morning (Monday) - arriving at the Bloemfontein airport at 12h00.

On the facts available we cannot accept that Comrade Muntu fell asleep at the wheel only 40 kms outside Bloemfontein.

We are no where nearer to understanding the circumstances regarding his death. However, we do not rule out the possibility of foul play.

A post mortem was conducted by a team of pathologists which included a family representative, Dr J. Gluckman.

(35)

Dr Gluckman told Azapo after the post mortem that comrade Muntu's life could have been saved if he had been taken to hospital within an hour of the accident.

(39)

His death shocked the nation and evoked an outcry of possible links with the CCB operations that have claimed the lives of several black leaders including Dr Ribeiro, Mxenge and Tiro.

(40)

Messages of condolence and solidarity were received from all sectors of the liberation movement, signifying the high esteem in which comrade Muntu was held by all.

(41)

In honour of his contribution and selfless dedication to the cause of freedom and the establishment of a socialist order in this country, Azapo president, Comrade Itumeleng Mosala, in consultation with the Central Committee, postponed National Council due to have been held in Pietersburg on July 7-8 and declared July 1990 a month of national mourning.

(42)

A more fitting recognition and honour for this noble son of the Azanian revolution would be difficult to find.

# MUNTU MYEZA

WETAN THURSDAY JULY 5 1990

FOCUS

## Prison could not kill his fiery spirit



Muntu Myeza

By MOKGADI PELA, MATHATHA TSEDU and MIKE TISSONG

ing the funeral of former po health secretary Dr -Baker Asvat last year, Muntu Myeza said the irony of life was that valuable people often died too early while others lived too long. He even defeated heart attacks and strokes.

A little more than a year after burying Asvat, who was felled down by thugs in his very in Soweto, Myeza (40) was killed tragically in a car accident in the Free State on Monday night.

And so another valuable life was taken.

The death of the robust Myeza, who was once a boxer during his student days at the University of Zululand at Ngoye, shocked many.

The loquacious Myeza - who he would appreciate this terminology - was the best serving member of Azapo's central committee and ended in the post of publicity secretary for a number of successive terms. He had a superb command of the English language.

Myeza was contemplating writing a book following several requests by readers of published articles and press from black consciousness activists.

### Position

He also served Azapo as general secretary and projects coordinator, a position he was held to early this year.

Muntu, the laughing giant to everyone who knew him, had a biting wit for those he considered opponents in the struggle for black emancipation. This forthrightness often led to attacks by people who attended meetings he was invited to address, with the

specific purpose of disrupting his talk.

His house was petrol-bombed in 1986 with little damage being done. He served on the Diepkloof Residents Committee and was also a member of the governing board of the Northern Transvaal Advice Office (NTAO).

An orator, he could be expected to bring both tears and laughter once in full flight in front of a microphone. This made him a speaker much in demand during national days of commemoration and other meetings.

He was a guest speaker at Nactu's last congress and, on June 16 this year, he spoke in Durban after the local branch of Azapo insisted he speak in Natal.

### Founder

He was also invited to speak abroad. One of the invitations was to the all-black Howard University in Washington DC. He could not honour the invitation because he was consistently refused a passport.

Pandelani Nefolovhodwe, who was a founder member of the Black Consciousness Movement in the early 1970s with Steve Biko, Strini Moodley, Harry Nengwekhulu and Myeza, was shocked when he heard the news.

Nefolovhodwe, who is Azapo's general secretary, said: "Muntu and I were so close from our student days.

"Although he was at the University of Zululand at Ngoye while I was at the University of the North, both of us were deeply involved in the BC movement, particularly the South African Students Organisation.

"Muntu served as acting Saso president in 1973 before I took over the post. We were detained after organising rallies in celebration of Frelimo's victory over Portuguese colonialism and after a long, long trial - we were detained for a long time and then sat through about 18 months in court

- we were sentenced to six years on Robben Island.

"His death hurts me terribly." On the island, Myeza met many who had been serving sentences since the 1960s, including PAC stalwart Jeff Masemola and ANC deputy president Nelson Mandela.

When Masemola died in a car accident in April this year, Muntu was moved emotionally and wrote in *Sowetan*: "We differed and we agreed. I would like to think we agreed more than we differed. Sometimes I ask myself whether it would have been better for you to stay in prison and live or get out of jail and die. So long Bra Jeff."

### Released

When Mandela was released in February this year, Muntu was part of the Azapo delegation that went to see him. He related later how on first seeing Mandela in a suit, he had teased the old man by asking: "Where are your khakis, I almost did not recognise you."

To which Mandela responded: "When the Sayco delegation came to see me in prison, I had my khakis. They were all in suits. The next delegation came in khakis and I was in a suit. This continued until I decided I would just put on suits."

Tributes and condolences flooded the *Sowetan* on Tuesday night after news of Myeza's death was heard.

### Shattered

Exiled BCMA publicity and information secretary, Mr Vuyiswa Qunta, said in a statement that the death of "one of the most seasoned revolutionaries of the younger generation" was "shattering".

"Comrade Muntu came out of prison still full of fire and served Azapo for many years. He defended the organisation with his life during the crisis in the mid '80s.

"His passing comes at a critical time in the Azanian liberation

struggle. His life was an inspiration for all in our country," Qunta added.

Azapo political Tshepo Sibusi said Myeza's timely death was a sign of the Azanian revolution.

### Inspiration

"It is in his words that we in Azapo draw inspiration. It added that Muntu was a superb politician, more than that.

"He could impart wisdom and he could do an economy of words.

"After every meeting Muntu, one felt a sense of peace. One could go on a mission and shout to the whole world. Come and meet this young man, you will be balanced again."

In an article Myeza in the *Sowetan's* leadership column in 1987, he said: "Change is not to be sought in sleek cocktail parties of suburbia or in the high-rise rarified atmosphere of the so-called 'island'."

### Change

"Change lies in the ghettos, in the streets, in the minds of the workers who have turned to change their minds of child labour. I have learnt too many things."

"Change lies in the hands of workers who have turned to change their minds of child labour. I have learnt too many things."

"Change lies in the hands of workers who have turned to change their minds of child labour. I have learnt too many things."

"That is the force that is so potent, so misused, so tenacious and so unstoppable which they are at their peril.

"This force is black. This force was Muntu Myeza."

The community of the dead holds one of the biggest reception meetings ever held for decades. Present are all the Black Consciousness Movement adherents. Comrade Fezile Tshume has been requested to chair this important occasion. The tall Steve Bantu Biko is clearly visible at the left hand corner at the back there. Other non Azanians present include Walter Rodney, Samora Machel, Franz Fanon and other comrades. The meeting begins:

Cde Fezile: Comrades, I must say that we have not had this kind of a meeting for a very long time. We are gathered here to welcome our fellow revolutionary Cde Muntu ka Myeza who has just arrived from Azania Earth. Before we can start with our meeting, is there anyone who has information with regard to the comrades that are not present in this meeting?

Mapetla Mohapi: I would like to announce that comrades Mao Tse Tung and Amilcar Cabral will not be present. They are meeting the AZAPO Central Committee on the development in occupied Azania.

Cde Fezile: Thanks comrade Mohapi. Is there any other announcements comrades?

Sam Seema: Comrades Tiro and Che Guevara are now busy on a document entitled "21st Century Military Strategy" to be presented at the AZAYO Congress at the end of this month (July). Malcom X will be late due to transport problems.

Cde Fezile: Any other announcement? (silent). In the light of the announcement we will proceed by requesting Cde Mthuli ka Shezi to introduce to us Cde Muntu. After that we would allow Cde Muntu to deliver his address on the "State of the Nation".

Cde Mthuli stands up and gives a brief history about Cde Muntu. His schooling, his involvement in SASO, his stay on Makana (Robben Island) until his journey. Shezi who is naturally not a good speaker happens to make miracles this day with his dynamic B.C. language of towers, levels, matters and so forth. Everyone listens attentively.

Cde Muntu: **AMANDLA! VIVA BCM! VIVA AZAPO! VIVA!!!**  
(Cde Muntu's paper was too long and as such could not be recorded here)

At the end of the meeting Cde Steve Biko who had been silent throughout proceedings took Muntu for a walk down the socialist path. It had just rained and the soil was moist, the air was fresh. The tall Bantu Biko and the robust Muntu Myeza walk slowly speechless, smiles on their faces, old memories running through their heads. Bantu breaks the silence.

Cde Bantu: Here we are Muntu.

Cde Muntu: Here we are Bantu.

They hug each other and begin to cry. It is terrible they can't stop crying. They begin to laugh so loud. No one can fully understand the life of the dead.



## TRIBUTE TO MUNTU KA MYEZA

### FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE AZANIAN PEOPLE'S ORGANISATION

Comrade Muntu Myeza's sudden and so far mysterious death came as a shock to all who knew him. I was personally shattered by the news and so were all the members of the Central Committee of Azapo.

The reason is more than just his death itself. Comrade Muntu was a revolutionary. He was among the few genuine and committed revolutionaries in Azania across the spectrum of Liberation Movements.

He was a leader. I emphasise, he was a leader, not a celebrity. The Myeza family and Azapo are not the only ones who have lost a leader, the whole nation, indeed the national liberation struggle, has lost a leader.

Finally it would be an unpardonable betrayal for the President of Azapo not to mention that above all Muntu Myeza was a black person, a man of integrity. He was thus respected by black and white people alike. For even white South Africans respect a genuine black person.

I therefore send my deepest sympathy to Thandi, Muntu's wife, and the Myeza family as a whole, on behalf of Azapo and the entire Azanian nation.

**Professor Itumeleng Mosala**  
President of Azapo



# You, Muntu, who loved life, will live on

MORE than anything else, Muntu, you loved life. You loved life with a passion and lived it fully. Completely? Who can tell?

I first met you in the summer of 1973. Do you remember? I was banned and house arrested and you had just assumed the secretary-generalship of the South African Student's Organisation (Saso).

We arranged to meet next to the Snake Park on the Snell Parade.

What struck me most about you, Muntu, was the openness of your face, the mischievous glint in your eye and the strength of your grip as you shook my hand.

Instinctively, I think, we knew that we would be firm friends and comrades. I also gauged that you were the right man for the job. If anyone could lead Saso — in the wake of all the bannings — it was Muntu.

I didn't realise then that the next time I would meet you would be in a cell. While in detention during those long, agonising months between October 1974 and January 1975, you were the one to initiate the evening exchanges from cell to cell.

You broke the silence of solitary confinement. You gave a blow by blow account of your torture and beating up by security police.

Even as you told the stories you would do it humorously.

I remember the one story of the security policeman — a huge brute of a man with rippling muscles — who crushed an empty coke can from top to bottom with his bare hand. I cannot remember his name now ... Was it

*Azapo publicity secretary and former journalist **STRINI MOODLEY** pays tribute to Muntu Myeza, the black consciousness leader and colleague who died in a car crash this week. Moodley spent six years on Robben Island with Myeza and they were both long-standing Azapo leaders*

Wessels, Muntu?

The same policeman who force you — among many other dastardly deeds — to march for long hours with a broomstick and shout, "Black Power is shit!" all the while beating you about the legs and knees with an iron rod.

When he finally realised that you would never make a statement, he came to you and said: "Would you like a banana, Muntu?"

You told that story with such humour, such fun that all of us in our individual loneliness laughed for long hours each time we recollected the anecdote.

Or do you remember the time shortly after we arrived on Robben Island when we were defiant and proud? When we ignored the gaolers and threw our proud, black fists into the air each time we saw our comrades of the African National Congress and Pan Africanist Congress in the other sections?

Remember the day we walked from "D" section to ad-

ministration block. We greeted the comrades in "G" section with our fists raised high? That was the day one gaoler tried to pull your fist down and you poleaxed him with a left-hook. He lay unconscious and we all stood around and laughed. Remember?

Or the time when we were in punishment and they refused to give us fresh water before lock-up?

We refused to enter our cells until we got the fresh water. How that sergeant rushed with dire warnings of beating us to death. We placed you at the door and these 30 or more gaolers came with their "donkey-pils" (truncheons).

Remember how Comrade Nelson and them were concerned that we would get the beating of our life and couldn't understand how nothing happened to us?

I could go on Muntu, recounting the times in prison, the times in court when we beat up policemen who tried to prevent us from speaking to our loved ones during the tea and hunch breaks.

Now you've gone. It was only last Sunday in Cape Town when I tried to urge you to cancel your Bloemfontein appointment so that we could meet Aggrey Klaaste at the *Sowetan* on Monday. I failed!

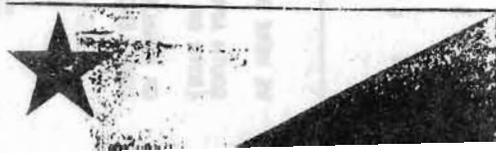
If only I had succeeded! Maybe you would be with us today. But this world, and life — as you knew so well — is not made up of ifs and maybes and buts.

A tower of strength has gone. Oh Muntu, you loved life so well. All I can do, all we in Azapo can do, is follow by example. Live and love life to its fullest. In that way, you will remain with us forever.



Muntu Myeza, the Azapo leader who died in a car accident

Picture



Regional Offices:  
Johannesburg: (011) 29-8172-4  
Bloemfontein: (051) 47-6161  
Cape Town: (021) 21-1610-4  
Durban: (031)

P.O. Box 269  
Pretoria  
0001  
Tel: (012) 325-1570  
Fax: (012) 325-6123  
Telex: 321905 SA



Your Reference: .....

FAX MESSAGE

TO : AZANIAN PEOPLES ORGANISATION  
ATT: MR LUSIBA NTLOKO  
NATIONAL ORGANISER

FROM : GABY MAGOMOLA - CHAIRMAN  
FABCOS MARKETING

RE : MUNTU MYEZA

DATE : JULY 4 1990

WE WERE SHOCKED TO HEAR OF THE UNTIMELY PASSING AWAY OF MUNTU MYEZA.

SOUTH AFRICA HAS LOST A DEDICATED SON WHOSE CONTRIBUTION TO OUR LIBERATION  
(BOTH OF THE MIND AND FLESH) WILL REMAIN A MONUMENT .

ON BEHALF OF ALL MY COLLEAGUES AT FABCOS, WE SEND YOU OUR PROFOUND  
CONDOLENCES.



*Northern Transvaal Advice Office*

WORKERS ADVICE  
COMMUNITY ADVICE  
LABOUR AWARENESS EDUCATION



1st Floor Workers Centre  
18 DEVENISH STREET  
P O Box 2808  
0700 PIETERSBURG  
Tel. (01621) 71538

4 July 1990

AZAPO

RE: DEATH OF BOARD MEMBER

NTAO have learnt with regret the untimely death of Comrade Muntu Myeza who died in a car accident early in the week.

Mr Myeza has for the past six years served on NTAO's Board with commitment and dedication & befitting a leader of the calibre that he was.

The Advice Office staff, Board members and clients have been deprived of the Services of one of the most able individuals to emerge from the Azanian soil.

We further wish to extend our most sincere condolences to the Myeza family, comrades and friends in their period of grief.

Sgd: *Khangale Makhado*  
KHANGALE MAKHADO  
NTAO- DIRECTOR

(SEWACO)

P.O. Box 144

SESHEGO

0742

PUBLIC SERVICE WORK

1990 - 07 - 11

The President  
C/O The Publicity Secretary  
AZAPO  
P.O. Box 2792  
DURBAN  
4000

Dear Comrade

THE DEATH OF COMRADE MUNTU MYEZA

On behalf of the Seshego community we would like to convey our deepest sympathy to the family, friends and comrades of Muntu Myeza.

He will be missed not only by his friends and comrades but by the whole nation in occupied Azania.

Cde Muntu's untimely death is really a blow to us, we have lost one of the true leaders in our fight for freedom.

Yours in sorrow

Thabo Moot  
**SECRET**



**NATIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE**

HANAGWANATH ROAD, NASREC EXT 3 CHOWN MINES JOHANNESBURG  
P.O. BOX 2994 JOHANNESBURG 2000 TEL: (011) 494-4570/30 FAX: (011) 494-3100

**PRESIDENT  
PROFESSOR JERRY MOSALA  
AZAPO**

BY FAX : 29-9055/6

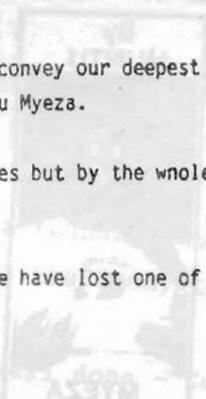
**THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, CLUBS AND STAFF OF THE  
NSL WISH TO CONVEY THEIR HEART-FELT SYMPATHIES  
AT THE LOSS OF MR MUNTU MYEZA.**

**MAY HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE.**

SIGNED :

*[Signature]*  
for  
**C. KOBUS  
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER**

**FOCUS**  
**Force white**  
**voters**



**A**LL the white parties involved in the May 6 elections agree that South Africa is facing serious problems. All of them acknowledge that the solution to these problems lies in the hands of the black people.

All the white parties are participating in these elections knowing that nothing of significance will be achieved. The analogy of a huge political orgy is inescapable. No solution is likely or even possible. The tragedy is that the whole world is watching.

Is it strange then that blacks reject the white elections as an erection of yet another wall in the edifice of racial discrimination, economic superiority and social hegemony against black people?

Large amounts are being spent in the white election campaign to win the hearts and minds of the white electorate. The issue around which the election is fought is how best to solve the so-called "blacks problem". The parties may market their solutions under different styles like the "Communist threat", "Terrorist Threat" or even the latest Worrallian "Process of reform".

The latest entry in the fray is the coterie of so-called "Academics" whose biggest claim to fame is the breaking away from the ruling party. Blacks give them a dubious credibility. It is strange that this group waited until the elections to make their pitch.

Are we going to be asked to believe, as Dennis Worrall puts it, that South Africa has a "potential for reform" worth defending in foreign lands as ambassador until a few months ago?

Those blacks who had the misfortune of attending the Bush Colleges still remember with chagrin the reports written by the Worralls of this sick country that we had to regurgitate to be certified educated "Bantus".

There is nothing new about the new Independents and Academics.

In fact the Nats can

field twice or thrice as many so-called Academics.

After all whites have been enjoying free and compulsory education for many decades. Black people know P W Botha very well. We know him as well as we did B J Vorster, Hendrik Verwoerd, Jimmy Kruger and a host of other Afrikaners who have been consistent in maintaining white superiority over us.

For 39 years the Nationalist Party has provided the best solution to the problems faced by the white electorate today. All indications are that the Nats still have the upper hand even today. They have set the pace and the terms of reference for the so-called reforms.

The Liberals are even afraid to be known as "liberals" and the so-called radical whites hibernate during the election period. The white left takes refuge behind the skirts of certain black organisations that parade themselves under an escapist and illusory form of multiracialism known as non-racialism. Many people strain themselves into believing that there is a change in the Nationalist machinery.



By MUNTU

MYEZA

This approach overlooks the elementary rule of social analysis which is, oppressive governments have a capacity for absorbing pressure imposed on them and making such pressure part of its own programme, rendering further pressure ineffective.

Taking this axiom to mind it becomes clear that the Nationalist government has not deviated from its Verwoerdian path. Every white pipsqueak group is screaming "away with apartheid".

Little do they realise that this phrase is not different from the Pik Botha "we are moving away from discrimination", or of the Vorster "Give me six months" over a decade ago.

After many years the Nationalist juggernaut moves towards the ultimate apocalypse.

The Conservative Party and its Treurnichts represent a group of whites paralysed by fear of the future. They have internalized centuries of naked racism and barbaric "baasskap".

Black people do not take them seriously. It is only the Nationalist Party which justifiably fears the CP because the drums of racism that the CP is beating resound strongly in the blood and marrow of the Nationalist Party.

They (the NP and CP) are two brutes from the

# FOCUS

# Force white voters ignore

nurtured on the milk of white superiority. The issues around which the CP is canvassing, namely, that whites must govern whites, black blacks, coloureds coloureds etc, have no value except for their emotive appeal to latent racism of a David attempting to down a Goliath.

## Antics

The PFP realises this and consequently makes no pretences of trying to supplant the NP.

For many decades we have listened to their type of wailing that the Nationalist Party is bad, yet the NP needs only growl and they run helter-skelter with the Van Zyl Slabberts crying "enough enough" and out of Parliament they go.

These antics lose sight of the fact that it is our lives and destiny that they are playing the monkey with. It may calm the liberal conscience to fool around in Parliament, enjoying the thrust and parry of "politics" but with us black people it is a matter of life and death.

Black people have little patience with liberals of whatever shade who dabble in politics for the sake of catching a piece of the action. The PFP, on its own record, is arguing on the ticket of black people but does not have the courage of its own convictions.

Their greatest achievement, and apotheosis, is to be the Opposition. An Opposition to a force they love to hate, a force that treats them with ridicule, a force they are terrified of, an unstoppable force.

Some Opposition they are. The real force of change does not lie in the serene corridors of the Cape Town Parliament nor does it lie on the pavements of the Pretoria "Hoofstad".

The force of change is not to be found in the sleek cocktail parties, the

comfort of suburbia or in endless seminars and symposia arranged in the high-rise rarefied atmosphere of the so-called "Island of peace" syndicates.

Changes lies in the streets of the ghettos prowled by ugly monsters.

It lies in the hungry stomachs of workers who have nowhere to turn to. Change lies in the heart and minds of children who have learnt too many things too soon. Change lies in the anguish and torment of families torn apart by jail and migratory labour. That is the force of change that the white elections ignore.

That is the force that is so potent, so misunderstood and yet so tenacious and consistent. It is this force that is equally unstoppable which the whites ignore at their peril.

This force is black people. Given the scenario painted briefly here the whites engaged in the elections will bear the collective responsibility of driving our beloved and beautiful country towards the inevitable apocalypse.

# NATIONAL UNION OF PUBLIC SERVICE WORKERS

3RD FLOOR  
LEKTON HOUSE  
5 WANDERERS STREET  
JOHANNESBURG



P.O. E  
JOHANNESBURG

TEL:

5 JULY 1990

"A JOB WELL DONE "

"People of Comrade Muntu Myeza's calibre do not die - they just disappear from amongst us."

Comrade Muntu's tragic and untimely death is not a blow to his family for his Organisation only but to the working class as a whole.

The fact that he is one of the founder members of BAWU (Black Allied Workers Union) in the early 70's bears testimony to this.

All NUPSW can say is - a job well done - Comrade Muntu has lived his life

"All what workers need doing is to carry on with the struggle for the total liberation of AZANIA for Muntu to realize his dream and vision."

ISSUED BY NUPSW.

Tribute to Muntu Myeza from  
The Community Health Awareness Project (CHAP)

The Community Health Awareness Project (CHAP) regrets the untimely death of Comrade Muntu Myeza. In our shock, we still cannot believe that such a lover of life, who made it his business to add cheer and laughter to our lives is late. His leadership in Azapo and especially as the organisation's Projects Co-ordinator, place the Community Health Awareness Project on the resolute path of emancipatory medicine pioneered among others, by the late Dr Abu-Baker Asvat.

DR VICTOR ANZAMINI  
~~General Secretary~~  
General Secretary (CHAP)

P.O. Box 11136, Johannesburg, 2000.  
315 Lekton House, 5 Wanderers Street, Johannesburg, 2001.

90.07.04

**PRESS STATEMENT ON THE DEATH OF COMRADE MUNTU MYEZA**

The National Executive Committee of the Media Workers Association of South Africa (MWASA), on behalf of its nearly 10000 members countrywide, expresses its shock at the untimely death of one of the country's most dedicated freedom fighters, Comrade Muntu Myeza.

Myeza, though a committed Black Consciousness cadre, was always preaching unity in diversity and tolerance amongst black organisations. As the political stakes in the country go higher and tension amongst organisations mount, his wisdom and contribution will be sorely needed but sadly no longer available.

Death has robbed not only the Myeza family, Azapo and the BCM of their member, but the entire black community in this country and humanity in general is all the poorer by his tragic passing. A greater dedication to the struggle and the unification of our efforts as black people would be a fitting tribute to Myeza's legacy. May his family, friends and comrades be consoled.

ENDS.

**MUNTU MYEZA**

To some he may be forgotten, to others a part of the past, but to the army of the oppressed, Comrade Muntu will always be a part of us.

A gallant son of the soil, he has left an indelible footprint for us to follow on the road to our freedom. His weapon of self-sacrifice for a just cause, his love of humanity, made him a pride and credit to all freedom-loving patriots.

May the comrades in AZAPO, may comrade Muntu's nearest and dearest, all be comforted in the knowledge that this dedicated soldier, a cadre of the first order, died as he had lived - on his feet, not on his knees.

The SOWETO EDUCATION CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE salutes comrade Muntu.



Steel, Engineering and Allied Workers' Union of S

UBUNYE NGA MANDLA

YOUR REF:

OUR REF: CK/pms

DATE: 6/7/90

THE SECRETARY  
AZANIAN PEOPLE ORGANISATION

Seawusa expresses their deepest sympathy with comrade Muntu's family, Azapo and BCM, his untimely death robbed us of a great leader and shall be counted amongst the heroes of our revolution.

Forward forever and backward never.

Comrade let your blood nourish the tree of liberty.

Hamba kahle qawe la ma qawe

Tell the Lembede's Sobhuke's

Biko's Mohapi's to wait for us

YOURS COMRADELY

**CENTRE FOR LABOUR AND COMMUNITY RESEARCH (CLCR)**

At the age of 40, Muntu Myeza has lived a life which no single adjective can adequately describe.

The agony of homelessness, the anxieties of families who live under constant fear of eviction, the appalling wages which made the lives of workers worthless, and the distorting impact of the educational system on black life all added up to a sum total of his concerns.

These concerns made Muntu Myeza an everwilling student who learnt from the day to day experiences of the downtrodden, an ardent neighbour to the brotherly, a friend who stood fearless against foe, a comrade who acted in the interest of common good, a leader whose labour it was to be in front, among and behind the struggling people. And being black in a world where racism ruled supreme, Muntu had no choice but to struggle in solidarity with those he found in circumstances similar to his.

Indeed, in his death, shall Muntu truly live. In his silence, shall his voice begin to be heard, and the actions of his lifetime shall continue to have undying effect on the liberation-bound hearts and minds of our people.

We owe it to Muntu to impress upon the toiling masses to honour their appointment with liberation.

# CURE

RESEARCH AND EDUCATION  
P O Box 42440 Fordsburg 2033  
62 Marshall St Johannesburg 2001  
Tel: (011) 836 9942/3 Fax: (011) 836 9944

Dear Comrades,

It is with deep shock that we learnt of the untimely and sudden death of our comrade in arms Muntu Myeza.

When we got to know Muntu following his release from prison we found him to be a jovial and gregarious person, unable ever to hurt anybody, always willing to hear the other person's view and lead one to a practical solution.

Muntu was a principled person but never dogmatic. He always was practical and had a vision far beyond his youthful zest for life. This maturity was what made Muntu so dependable and firm as the rock of Gibraltar. In crisis after crisis when deadlock seemed near, he would make a light remark and had us back to a practical approach.

To his wife and children and family we say you have lost a husband and father and son. And no words can calm your present grief. But in the dark days ahead of you please remember that Muntu had many comrades working with him and when you need us we will be there !

Yours fraternally,

Phiroshaw Camay  
PC/ft



# SAHWCO

**SOUTH AFRICAN HEALTH  
WORKERS CONGRESS**

Our Ref: \_\_\_\_\_ Your Ref: \_\_\_\_\_

Region: \_\_\_\_\_ Branch: \_\_\_\_\_

6/7/90

### MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE

We in the South African Health Workers Congress (SAHWCO), like to express our deepest sympathy on the sudden unexpected death of Cde Muntu Myeza.

Cde Muntu's death leaves a gap in South Africa politics that will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

We therefore share the deep sense of loss caused by his untimely and sudden death, during this period of political escalation.

Yours in the Struggle for People's Health.

R. BISMILLA  
NATIONAL GENERAL SECRETARY



187 Harley Chambers  
216 Jeppe Str 2nd Floor  
P.O.Box 11504  
Johannesburg  
2000

Tel: (011)299055/6  
Fax(011)299055

06/07/90

WE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR DEEPEST SHOCK AT THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF **MUNTU MYEZA**. THE SHORT PERIOD WE HAVE KNOWN THIS TALLER THAN LIFE, EVERBUBBLING COMRADE, WAS ENOUGH FOR US TO CLAIM THAT HE WAS ONE OF A RARE KIND.

**MUNTU'S** CONTRIBUTION TO THE REVIVAL OF A GROUP OF MUSICIANS AT THE DORKAY HOUSE EARLY THIS YEAR IS HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY OUR ORGANISATION AND WILL FOREVER BE INDELIBLE IN OUR CALENDER. OUR HEARTS ARE HEAVILY LADEN AT THE SUDEN LOSS OF A TIRELESS FIGHTER OF INJUSTICES EVEN WHERE PERPETRATED BY BLACKS ON BLACKS.

WE WILL MISS YOU COMRADE **MUNTU** BUT YOUR SPIRIT WILL LIVE WITH US FOREVER.

JAZZ FOUNDATION.

**BLACK HEALTH & ALLIED WORKERS  
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA (BHAWUSA)**

MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE TO AZAPO.

The Black Health and Allied Workers Union of South Africa has received with shock the news of the untimely death of comrade Muntu Myeza. Comrade Myeza was one of the uncompromising gallant sons of Azania who rejected racism, fascism and capitalism.

His death came at a time when the oppressed masses of Azania are confused, not knowing whether to accept the minority capitalist regimes reforms or to continue fighting for self determination and socialism. Undoubtedly comrade Myeza stood for socialism and it is up to the living and dynamic workers of Azania to take up the spear he has left down and continue fighting for self - determination and socialism for the working class in Azania.

BHAWUSA wishes to express its genuine grief to the Myeza family and to our comrades in AZAPO. All socialist forces in Azania are mourning the death of this noble son of Africa. The grief of the Myeza family is the grief of socialists in Azania.

Forward to independence now! Forward with the struggle for the emancipation of the working class!

YOURS IN STRUGGLE.

  
**SIPHO NGWENYA (MR)**  
(GENERAL SECRETARY).



# SESHEGO CIVIC ASSOCIATION (SECA)

P. O. Box 5337  
0750 Pietersburg North  
Telephones: (01521) 913431/3  
914901

The President  
Azanian People's Organisation  
SESHEGO BRANCH

Comrades and Compatriots,

## DEATH OF CDE: MUNTU MYEZA:

We are writing this short note to you to say how very sorry we are to learn of your great and irreparable loss with untimely death of cde. Muntu Myeza,

We do not want to intrude upon your sorrow any further, but believe us when we assure you of our heartfelt sympathy and of our prayer that God will give you strength to bear the blow that has befallen you.

## AZASM PAYS

### TRIBUTE TO A PEOPLES LEADER

It is almost an impossible task to eulogise a man of Cde. Muntu's calibre, for mere words are not enough to capture the complex dynamic and powerful force that Muntu Myeza was.

All of us that will be speaking today can only begin to say who he was but can never be able to complete or capture in full the essence of all that he was.

We in AZASM who cut our political teeth under the guidance and tutelage of Muntu and other comrades of the SASO-BPC generation, can only reflect on his life since 83 when AZASM came into being. Our interaction with this gentle giant began then, his involvement in SASO will always remain history to us - brilliant history.

It is history that he was President of SASO. It is history that he was part of the comrades who organised and led people to the Frelimo Victory Rallies. It is also history that he spent six years in Robben Island for this.

What is important though is that when released from the Island, Muntu could have chosen to a lot of things rather than join AZAPO. Yet he did not.

He could have used his "graduate" status from Robben Island to be part of the "mink and manure" brigade of the Azanian revolution, but did not.

He could have capitulated from the ideological positions he held and calmed that they were time bound like others did, but did not.

He could have settled comfortably for a career and acted as a summer-time revolutionary but did not.

Instead he rededicated himself to the struggle for liberation in this country. He gave himself selflessly to the cause. He upheld and propagated with a stronger zeal the ideas that he and boSteve Biko muted in the 70's.

Muntu was undeniably one of the most charismatic and towering cadres of the BCM, yet he did not accord to himself status higher than those that any other member of the BCM enjoyed. With humility unequalled in a man of his calibre he subscribed to the principles of collective leadership, accountability and the supremacy of the organisation above individuals. This comrades is a lesson that we in the student and youth sections of the movement should never forget.

When the organisation was under fierce attacks from the system and other hostile elements between '83 and '87, when houses were going up in flames all over Soweto - his being no exception, he was there with us on a day to day basis. To him the life of any cadre of the movement was important, thus it was that when 14 year old Gunman Mhlongo was abducted, he and other comrades spent sleepless nights searching up and down the streets of Soweto for, he was more than hurt when the search yielded a corpse.

Thus it was that when he announced on behalf of the C.C. that the organisation was being put on a more advanced footing of defence, we believed that this was not just a politico speaking but a Cde. who would, there with us to see to it that the directive was indeed implemented.

To the Myeza family we say, you have lost a father, a husband, a son, and a brother, your grief can only be truly known by those that have lost loved ones before. But let me hastily add that you are not alone in your loss - a whole nation mourns with you. For we have also lost a protector, a leader and a revolutionary in him.

To ask of you and of the Black nation not to weep, would be asking for the impossible. But all of us know that he would not have wanted us to weep. He would have wanted us to rejoice in the pleasure, hope and inspiration that he gave to all of us in his lifetime. He would have wanted us to laugh in recollecting the many anecdotes he told to make our lives more bearable. He would have wanted us to continuously draw inspiration from his words and deeds. When Xolisile Mnyaka died Muntu quoted these words from Shakespeare, it is only proper that at his death we should draw inspiration from them:

"Awake remembrance of these valiant dead  
And with your puissant arms renew their feats.  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage that renowned them  
Runs in your veins; "

Comrades, the highest tribute that we can pay to Muntu is to carry forth the banner that he and all our dead proudly waved in the face of oppression and exploitation, the banner of SOCIALISM. To carry forth and disseminate the ideas that they so painstakingly knocked into shape. To thrust our defiant fists of Black resistance higher and assert our Blackness with a strong determination than ever before. In short comrades, the highest tribute we can pay to this gallant son of the AZANIAN soil, is to fight and strive tirelessly for a SOCIALIST AZANIA, wherein all persons shall breathe the air of freedom.

From today onwards let his name be sounded with other matyrs of oppressed peoples the world over, bo Steve Biko, Mapetla Mohapi, Mthuli kaShezi, Che Guevare, Malcolm X , Abu Baker Asvat and others.

NGELOSI YOMHLABA,  
OWAKHO UMSEBENZI UWUQEDILE  
LALA KAHLE QHAWE LE SIZWE.



**BMF**  
BLACK  
MANAGEMENT  
FORUM

MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCES - COMRADE MUNTU MYEZA

It was with great shock and disbelief to hear about the untimely, inopportune and tragic death of our friend, BMF member and leader of the people Comrade Muntu Myeza.

We feel robbed and ambushed by his death, especially at this hour in our liberation struggle when we need all the qualities of his LEADERSHIP.

We had watched with great admiration Mr Myeza from his days at High School developing and mellowing into a Leader - with Reason, Cohesion and Vision.

This is not only an irreplaceable loss for our liberation struggle but for the whole of Africa. All that we need to do, in his honour is to advance the struggle for our political, social, cultural and economic emancipation to greater heights and unite all forces of liberation.

# FEAR - an important determinant in South African politics

by Steve Biko

**I**t would seem that the greatest waste of time in South Africa is to try and find logic in why the White government does certain things. If anything else, the constant inroads into the freedom of the Black people illustrates a complete contempt for this section of the community.

My premise has always been that Black people should not at any one stage be surprised at some of the atrocities committed by the government. This to me follows logically after their initial assumption that they, being

a settler minority, can have the right to be supreme. They could be cruel enough to cow the native by brutal force and instal themselves as perpetual foreign land, then anything else they do. Black people becomes logical in terms of cruelty. To expect justice from them at all would be naïve. They almost have a duty to their "electorate" to show that they have the upper hand over the Black people. One way of showing that upper hand — breaking down the back of resistance Blacks, however petty that resistance is.

One must look at the huge security apparatus South Africa has in order to realise this. The infantile evidence upon which the State prosecutes cases in some of the trials does suggest to me that the police are quite capable of arresting a group of boys playing football and charging them with high treason. This is the kind of evidence against which one must see the many political trials in this country. To them it looks as if something is dangerously wrong if no major political trial was held in one year.

To look for instances of cruelty directed at Blacks into disfavour with the security police is perhaps to look for the One. One need not try to establish the truth of the claim that Blacks in South Africa have to struggle for survival. It is itself in ever so many facets of our lives. Townships are made it a miracle for anyone to live up to adulthood. One sees a situation of absolute want in which Black will be able to survive. This is the basis of the vandalism, rape and plunder that goes on while the real source of the — White society — are sunbathing or on exclusive holidays relaxing in their bourgeois homes.

While those amongst Blacks who do bother to protest against mouths in feeble protest against what is going on, periodically intimidated with security visits and banning orders and house arrests, the rest of the community lives in absolute fear of the police. A Black man can ever at any moment be absolutely sure he is not breaking a law. There are so many laws governing the lives and behaviour of Blacks that sometimes one feels that the police only need to turn through their statute book to be able to find under which to charge a victim.

The philosophy behind police action in South Africa seems to be "harass them! harass them!" And to add that they interpret the word in a very broad sense. It sometimes looks obvious here that the aim is to keep the Black people thoroughly intimidated and to perpetuate the "super-race" image of the White man. Intellectually, at least in terms of force, White people, with their vanguard — the South African Police — have come



is the student and youth sections of the movement should never forget. When the organisation was under fierce attacks from the system and other hostile elements between '83 and '84, when streets were going up in flames all over Soweto - his being no exception, he was there with us on a day-to-day basis. To us the life of any cadre of the movement was important. Thus it was that when in 1984 German Helmut was arrested, he was among the cadres who slept in the night watching to see that the streets of Soweto did not go up in flames. Thus it was that they are supposed to be the 'super-race' that the world is looking at and being put on a pedestal. It is a pity that the world would have been better off if they had been put on a pedestal.

Muntu Myeza, one of South Africa's young dynamic leaders, will be buried in Soweto at the weekend. In a tribute to the fallen hero, *Sowetan* editor AGGREY KLAASTE, who watched Myeza's rise to prominence, speaks of him as . . .

# The charming gentle giant

IT is almost obscene to think of Muntu Myeza's burly body, lifeless, broken like the wing of an injured bird. It is even more shocking to think that his booming laugh - usually released to relieve moments of pain and tension - will no longer be heard.

My lasting memory of this man, who was a friend and an intellectual peer, is not his latest courage and daring, but the impression he made on me years ago.

I remember him standing almost defiantly, as a member of South African Students Organisation, in the Palace of Justice in Pretoria 14 years ago.

That trial saw the first of a group of handsome, confident young black leaders, taking their fate as if this was just part of the job.

Muntu stood with his comrades in the dock, indomitable, burly, flashing an enormous grin to the gallery; raising his strong arm to his wife Thandi and the bevy of beautiful women, very young and lovely to look at, who frequented the trial.

Those were difficult days, with the security forces acting in ruthless, clearly vicious, deadly ways.

Those were difficult days when men and women died with remorseless frequency in jail. Those were the days when the stories of torture in prison were chillingly routine.

## Confidence

It seemed the young men in the dock looked, stronger, bigger, striking, more confident than the court officers.

Muntu came from jail a wiser, relaxed - not bitter - and infinitely a more gentle giant of a man. He still had his sense of humour.

I will never forget the charm and easy nonchalance he showed in the dark days of the "necklace".

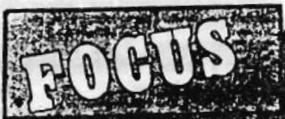
I cannot forget how he tried with almost every nerve in his bulky body to bring sense and peace among the political groups.

How can I forget the risks he took to sort out the rent boycott in Soweto, a political, community act of defiance that forced most of us to hide behind our cowardice,

The journalists on my newspaper all seemed to know Muntu, to respond to his humour, listen to his political passion, his good sense.



Azapo's Muntu Myeza . . . the pragmatist.



of Black Consciousness ideologues turned their back on their political principles. Some said BC had outlived its time.

Others believed it was a "passing phase"; that they had matured in their political thinking. Whether you agree with BC or not you must salute those who stuck to their guns when the going for their ideology seemed almost hopeless.

Muntu had no shame, no regret for his university-day political training.

For that reason he had an air of responsibility, of authority hang-

Steve Biko was the political dreamer, the idealist and visionary many light years ahead of his time.

While Muntu also had vision, he was the pragmatist. If ideas had to be translated into deeds, Muntu was the first to act.

If the debate had to be carried right into the enemy camp, Muntu seemed to have the huge appetite to do that.

This is why those who did not believe in his political stance had faith in him and invited him to share the stage with them.

What a terrible shame he had to be plucked out of our lives when such men are so desperately needed. Men who had removed the swaddling clothes from their views and were prepared to

was also the South African amateur heavyweight champion in 1971.

The following year he lost 10 points to former World Boxing Association champion Gerrie Coetzee in the South African Games.

He studied law at University of Zululand. At Saso's general students council meeting in July 1973, he was elected acting president.

As secretary general of Saso he organised the Frelimo rallies with the Black People Convention in July 1974.

He led a chanting crowd of close to 10 000 at Currie's Fountain in celebration of Frelimo's victory in June 1974.

He spent six years in jail for

## A song of sorrow and praise for activists

# Learning from the Mabe-Myeza legacy

By ES'KIA MPHAHLELE

WRITING this piece after Aggrey Klaaste's impassioned, yet subdued tribute to Sam Mabe, I fear I may sound superfluous. More so because we were still reeling from Muntu Myeza's mysterious death in the Free State. But I must take my chances. For always there is this inner compulsion one must obey: to sing praises of song and sorrow when occasion calls for them. It is a divine force that drives each of us, according to our individual temperament.

Muntu and Sam were both activists, each vocal in his own style: one through the medium of active politics, the other chiefly through the medium of social mobilisation and the written word.

Muntu was a powerhouse whose engine worked relentlessly. He was seized with the passion for liberation that kept him going, without showing any signs of fatigue or fear.

The fact that he could go into such a hostile province all alone and drive at night is evidence of the ferocity with which the pistons of his inner engine worked.

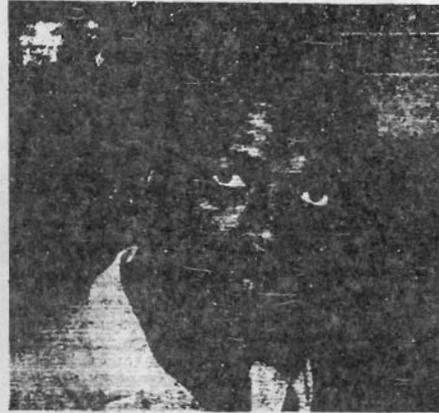
The few moments I had the privilege of speaking with Muntu I have been impressed by his elo-



Es'kia Mphahlele



Muntu Myeza



Sam Mabe

quence and presence, his soft-spoken manner, his respect for other people.

Sam was relatively more volatile. He was here and the next moment he was gone. It was always as if some disembodied voice were calling him away while you were talking to him. And he must be on the go.

### Mortal life

There was just something about the light in his eyes that told you this mortal life must be lived now, this second, and the next. He could have wished he were functioning on more brains than one, with more than ten fingers and two hands.

While Muntu had the heavy facial features of a ponderous thinker, Sam's features seemed to register all his emotions in quick time all at once, and moved accordingly. But this belied his depth of feeling.

Sam had that admirably spare style of writing that makes one think of a clear stream reflecting sunbeams. Through it you can see its bed of clean pebbles and sand. Clarity and directness of expression were his trademark.

I mourn with my colleagues of the Nation Building Trust the death of Sam Mabe (Sam was a member of the Trust Fund). He

## FOCUS

was, with Aggrey and Joe Thloloe, a pioneer of the Nation Building campaign. He wrote profusely about the concept in an effort to explicate it, define and redefine it.

We have irretrievably lost a part of ourselves and are poorer for it.

### Vital organ

In another area of Nation Building, Muntu's death has also stolen from our body politic a vital organ. For his was another sector of the human arena where ideologies and, by derivation, culture are hammered out; where rifts and clashes need to be mended and reconciled if we are to become a nation, where minds meet and rub and mate.

Both men were thus engaged in directing our process of becoming. We can draw comfort from that legacy. It is also chastening.

Somewhere, related to what Klaaste calls "the violence that is tearing apart our societies" are monsters who, in a court of law, will one day almost certainly be let off cheap for their crimes on

the basis of insanity. Or else they will plead, as is happening in the evidence for and against the Civil Co-operation Bureau, that they were messengers of some other monsters at the invisible top.

All, whether messenger or Super Monster, have the killer instinct that tells them they have the power and wisdom to decide who must live, who must be the next target.

The line-up that was recited before the Harms Commission and the spine-chilling savagery that attended their deaths is still too fresh in our minds not to ring a bell at this heart-rending moment. So is Welkom's white insurrection, so the Natal atrocities.

### Resolve

One thing we can be certain about: while Messrs Bush, Thatcher, Kohl Investment Co are dangling the dollars, pounds and marks in front of black leaders and programming them back to the negotiating table, no superpower is going to help us resolve the hardships of our community development and communal violence, instigated or not.

Here we are on our own. To Sam and Muntu we say "Tsela Tshwoeu!" To their families, May the spirit of the ancestors and the Great One protect you and mend your wounds.