

Theatre

Draft working script of Medu play "Fresh Footsteps" workshopped by Medu Theatre Unit in 1983; the play looks at how the South African liberation struggle affected women living in Botswana and the issues facing them as women.

Play developed by 4 women Medu members including:

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FRESH FOOTSTEPS:

MMA-MOLEFE:

She has her back to the audience. Her legs are astride. She is bent from the waist down, and, like a pendulum, she moves in rhythm, from side to side, forwards and backwards, slowly, making beautiful patterns with dung on the floor. Her long skirt is dancing. She starts, from back stage, moves to ~~from~~ stage backwards. She starts in a whisper, and becomes louder as she nears the front stage:-

M.M.

No, I don't know what must stop, must I?
I close the door with both my hands,
the roof brings in water,
I climb on the roof
The window is wide open.
I shut the window
My dresses fly in the air
I hold my dresses, I hear stangers laughing at me
I wait that they stop laughing...

NANIKIE:

She appears walking slowly. She is carrying a paperbag full of clothes. She appears from the side. MmaMolefe does not seem to notice her. She puts the paperbag down. MmaMolefe looks at her, unbending slowly, and turns slightly to face. Nanikie puts the paperbag down. MmaMolefe looks at it and then back to Nanikie. MmaMolefe is breathing heavily, sweating, tired, she looks around for a place to sit down. She does it slowly, and eventually sits down.

MMAMOLEFE:

My sister's child, you are like particles of sand blown into veld by wind, what is the matter?

NANIKIE:

How are you Aunty?

MMAMOLEFE:

She wipes her face. She searches for her snuff, from he doek.

NANIKIE:

here It's like I have arrived in the middle of nowhere. It's so silent *hear*. Where have all the people gone?

MMAMOLEFE:

You ask me that? I ask You!

NANIKIE:

(Sitting down next to MmaMolefe) Let me rest my body. (Sighs).

MMAMOLEFE:

Do rest your body.

NANIKIE:

Where's Tumie?

MMAMOLEFE:

I don't know, she said she was going to Johannesburg.

NANIKIE:

Neo?

MMAMOLEFE:

Gaborone.

NANIKIE:

Has Bontle ever come to see you ?

MMAMOLEFE:

Probe
Sad
Don't ask me funny things, make yourself some tea and rest yourself. You know, I have only two eyes, two hands, two legs, one mouth nothing more... I will not be scattered into the air like dry leaves... Paul has been swallowed by the holes of Johannesburg, Tumie has gone to hell, Neo is swimming in dirt at the Holiday Inn, you come here with red eyes, eyes full of blood as if you and sleep are enemies who of you do I see, who of you do I hold, who of you do I go to ... you say it is silent here? Can't you hear that laughter, can't you hear our neighbours laughing? These are tricky miracles - bo Molefe went before their eyes were poked out by strange sights!

MMAMOLEFE:

(She resigns herself. Gently rubs the snuff on her palm).

NANIKIE:

(Her head is bowed) | (dead silence). *(worried & sad)*

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie, where do you come from?

NANIKIE:

Lobatse.

MMAMOLEFE:

My sister's child, heh, where do you come from? *(dissatisfaction)*

NANIKIE:

(Silent). *⇒ (despair)*

MMAMOLEFE:

Strange things don't scare you neh?

NANIKIE:

Stands up. Collects wood, Makes fire. She keeps blowing and blowing at the fire.

MMAMOLEFE:

Why are you looking at her?

Nanikie.

NANIKIE:

I am a woman. Don't you know that? (there is defiance in her voice). *⇒ defiance out of despair.*

MMAMOLEFE:

You say it as if it is a sin to be a woman.

NANIKIE:

It is a pain to be a woman. *(staggering)*

MMAMOLEFE:

What is that? *confrontation*
(SILENCE)::::

MMAMOLEFE:

Mmm, Nanikie, tell us the new things about the new women, you say they are a pain? What's in that paperbag? *wrong execution*

NANIKIE:

My rubbish.

MMAMOLEFE:

Jaaah, don't bring rubbish here, what will we do with it?
(SILENCE)::::

NANIKIE:

She stands up from the fire she has been blowing. She gives the audience her profile. The paperbag, MmaMolefe and Nanikie form a triangle. MmaMolefe is at the apex of the triangle. Nanikie slightly behind her, but visible to the audience.

NANIKIE:

I thought the laughter of our neighbours was undressing you?(pause) Did you say that? (pause) Did you not say that?

MMAMOLEFE:

keep making fire ignore her

Nanikie, you must know that I am not a little girl; everything about me is breaking. (pause) (she caresses her wrists) My wrists are breaking, my fingers have become twigs. (she holds them away from her) My shoulders are sagging like an overloaded tree branch. (she looks at the floor) Look, (she points at the floor) I started to dung that at sunrise, but where is the sun now? (she points to the sky) It is in the middle of the sky, whipping our foreheads. How much work have I done? When I go on like a little girl, going to draw water from the river, stamping mealies at my age, are the neighbours not shocked, must they not want to know where the hell all of you have gone to,... must they....

**anger
loneliness
despair*

NANIKIE:

You say your wrists are breaking? My back is broken. My life is broken!

MMAMOLEFE:

How does a little girl like you manage that? (she spits on the floor towards Nanikie) Is that you want me to tell our neighbours? Where is Nanikie? She is breaking her back in Lobatse. Where is Tumie? She is breaking her back in Johannesburg. Where is Neo? She is breaking her back in Gaborone

sarcasm

what

NANIKIE:

No, you can also tell them that when we come you are curious about our rubbish ;... (she points at the Paperbag).

move action

MMAMOLEFE:

My sister, Bontle, going on like a girl who has just discovered her hip! One day she is in Lobatse, one day in Gaborone, another day in Francistown ... what is she looking for, what has she lost? ~~She is~~ She is so shameless ... she has shamed my father's name in the open, in the bright, broaddaylight, she wriggles in the red hot smelling fumes of the city, is she searching for the devil, for hell ...

defiance

NANIKIE:

contempt

NANIKIE:

No, no! she is not chasing after the devil, she is chasing after that! (she points at the paperbag) Did you not ask me what is in it? Do you want to know what is in it ... (she walks slowly towards the paperbag) That paperbag is full of my rubbish, my rubbish ... (she stops between MmaMolefe and the paperbag) Do you still want to know what is in it? (she turns and walks towards MmaMolefe, she walks slowly, there is dead silence, it is like she is going to slap her) Do you? Do you want to see what is in there? (they are face to face, nose to nose) Why can't you tell your laughing neighbours that, that is what we are after? Have you ever asked them if that is not what they are after? (throughout, she is pointing at the paperbag which now is behind her) Have you ever asked them where their daughters are, where their sons are? Have you? (she turns to face the paperbag) What are you ashamed of? (she stops halfway towards the paperbag and turns to look at MmaMolefe) Do ...

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie! : (she embraces her face showing tiredness)

NANIKIE:

There is something called hunger, do you know what that is? It makes the marrow painful! It penetrates the bone and like a red hot rod whistles as it penetrates the marrow, don't you know that? (she walks towards the paperbag, bends over it, pulls another small paperbag out of it) What is in here? (she hold up into the air in her fingertips) Are you curious to know? (she holds it to her body, as if to hide it from MmaMolefe) Don't you need that? (another pantie) and that? (a doek) and that?

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie my sister's child! (she is in total despair)

NANIKIE:

Nanikie; Nanikie; did you ask my mother, your sister, where my father is? Do you know where that fucking bull, my husband, Robert is? Robert Robert, Robert... (it is as if she is about to breakdown now) Robert, do you know him? Robert? He left me in a house, he never came back, he is gone gone ... what must I have done? Wait for him, like you waited for your husband Molefe, when he went to the cattle post, to the fields and to the mines for months and months and months and months, did your neighbours laugh then? Are they laughing?

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie; (she walks towards her) Nanikie my child!

NANIKIE:

Your child? Nanikie your child! Really! Your child with a broken back and a broken life! Do you want to know what else your child brought you? (she points at the paperbag)

contempt and anger!

all to the neck

city despair speculation

painful shock

**anger + despair contempt*

excess care

contempt

MMAMOLEFE:

(she is staring at Nanikie, she takes out her snuff tin from her doek, she sniffs some and puts some in her mouth).

NANIKIE:

Sadness

Robert left me in a house in Lobatse, he woke up one morning, and left forever, gone

MMAMOLEFE:

When?

NANIKIE:

*anger
contempt*

reaction

When? (she hangs her head, obviously struggling not to break)
When? I have slept in many beds since he has left. I have slept in Lobatse Hotel many times, I can't count how many times, I have slept in many back rooms in Gaborone in Lobatse, in Sebele, I have touched all colours of flesh, with these, my fingers ... (she wrigs them) I have slept in Tshaba Ntsha, at the Holiday Inn .. she breaks into a painful laughter) you will **never** be able to count how many beds I have been into, how many hands I have **cried into** ... some chests had hair on them, some were brown and hard like rocks, I have seen green eyes close, very close to mine, eyes which reminded me of the eyes of a snake .. I was fearful, I was terrified, everynight, every morning, everyday, but I had to pay my rent ... are your neighbours going to laugh still?

MMAMOLEFE:

Where is Robert?

NANIKIE:

I really don't know.

MMAMOLEFE:

What happened?

NANIKIE:

He left.

MMAMOLEFE:

But why?

NANIKIE:

You ask me? I don't know.

MMAMOLEFE:

Jaaa, what are you saying?

NANIKIE:

You hear me.

(SILENCE. THEY FACE EACH OTHER).

MMAMOLEFE:

She walks slowly towards Nanikie. Although she is struggling to walk, she shows strength. She holds Nanikie by the hand.

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie my sisters child, what is the world getting to?

(DEAD SILENCE)

NANIKIE:

heavy load

Aunty, Aunty, I am so tired! (she says it with strength, and leans on MmaMolefe's bosom) I am tired, I am very ver..y (she breaks.) MmaMolefe hold her tightly towards her, she is staggering, they give their backs to the audience, slowly, they move back stage.

NEO:

She appears from the side of the stage, walking backwards, dragging a mat. She spreads it center, front stage. She walks back to where she came from and disappears. She comes back carrying a huge basin full of water. She puts it center stage. She disappears again, and comes back carrying clothes, which are to be washed. She goes back comes back carrying a bar of soap. She kneels next to the basin and and begins to wash. She get busy washing. She is absolutely at peace with herself. This is brought about by her concentration on what she is doing. She is through in her washing. Now and then water spills, as she finishes one piece of cloth, she wrings it, thoroughly puts it aside, next to her, and the cloths pile and pile up. When she is through, she goes back to the side of the stage, comes carrying another basin full of water, and throws the clothes into it. She chases ~~chicken~~ and goats away. She swears at a dog, throws a stone at it.

TUMIE:

The sleeves of her jeans are folded up. She is wearing an open blouse, her breasts showing. He hair is uncombed. She is carrying a huge suitcase.

NEO:

What time did you sleep last night?

TUMMIE:

I don't know, you were snoring then, (she sits on the suitcase, riding it like a horse).

NEO:

I was very sleepy, and you kept talking and talking.

TUMMIE:

I am not used to going to bed so early.

NEO:

What time do people sleep in Johannesburg then?

TUMMIE:

I do not know if ever they sleep. I used to feel so stupid at first; at night, usually on Friday, when they come back from work, bo Joyce, bo Doreen would wash and go into their beautiful clothes, when the moon rises, they go out. I was so scared whenever I went with them. Its rough there you know! Bo-tsotsi on the side, killing people, robbing, raping and on the other side MABURU, they shoot everything in front of them, school children, everybody.

NEO:

That is why refugees are like this?

TUMMIE:

Like what?

NEO:

Rough and mannerless.

TUMMIE:

Which refugees?

NEO:

All of them, all of them are the same.

TUMMIE:

I used to have a boyfriend from Zimbabwe, he is gone now, they have Independence.

NEO:

Those from Zimbabwe are better, South Africans! (Afrika e Borwa)

TUMMIE:

Now I have a boyfriend from Johannesburg.

NEO:

Its just that there are no men in Botswana.

TUMMIE:

His name is Bugs.

NEO:

Your boyfriend?

TUMMIE:

Yes.

NEO:

Bugs! What kind of name is that?

TUMMIE:

It's his name.

NEO:

It's a funny name though.

TUMMIE:

He was good to me though.

NEO:

Did he buy you all those clothes?

TUMMIE:

Some.

NEO:

I used to have a boyfriend, a refugee from South Africa (Afrika e Borwa)

TUMMIE:

Who Rico?

NEO:

Yes , but he liked politics, he wanted us to talk politics, haai'

TUMMIE:

Bugs talked lots of politics too. He hates white people.

NEO:

Rico also hated white people. When we went to the Holiday Inn and the whites gave me eyes, he used to get angry.

TUMMIE:

Bugs says they will also get independence one day.

NEO:

I used to tell Rico that, that is a dream, that is why he left me I think.

TUMMIE:

I asked Bugs where would they get the guns from, and he said Russia.

MMAMOLEFE:

(from the back) Neo!

NEO:

Mma (she stops washing and listens)

MMAMOLEFE:

Tummie'

TUMMIE:

Mma!

MMAMOLEFE:

Appears walking slowly. She is busy straightening her dresses, then she fixes her doek, and takes out snugg. She is standing between Tummie, who is trying to reach a tree branch, she is on tip toes, and Neo who is washing. Mamolefe looks at Neo, and then at Tummie and then at the suitcase.

MMAMOLEFE: What is that? (she points at the suitcase)

TUMMIE: It's my suitcase.

MMAMOLEFE: What is it doing here, so early in the morning? Jaa, someone is poking your arses! What is troubling you all girsl?

TUMMIE: I want to show Neo what I brought from Johannesburg.

Mamolefe
MMAMOLEFE: Neo, ruri, my child, you must be ducking by now. When they start saying they want to show you what's in their suitcases you must duck, things will soon be flying all over the show / floor / air / ... we saw things here yesterday .

TUMMIE: What things?

MMAMOLEFE: What things? Don't ask me!

NEO: Tummie, make fire, I a sure *Aunty* ~~Mamolefe~~ wants some tea.

MMAMOLEFE: What's wrong with her, it's like she is about to dance.

TUMMIE: I learnt how to dance while in Johannesburg .. you want to see?

MMAMOLEFE: Do I want to see? I want tea not dancing.

TUMMIE: Look ... (she starts to dance)

MMAMOLEFE: (She sits down) Ruri, here are children, it's like they have a hot stone in their arses, they are running around, they are restless, their heads are buzzing, is that what the christian mean when they say we are at the end of the world? (she is looking at Tummie dancing).

Aunty
TUMMIE: (She stops dancing) ~~Mamolefe~~, the world is not like that time when you were my age.

MMAMOLEFE: You bet!

TUMMIE: It's a brand new world now.

MMAMOLEFE: Brand new world, yes indeed, it is a branh new world!

NEO: Tummie, make fire Ao!

TUMMIE: (sarcastic) I will madam.

NEO: Johannesburg has gone into your head heh?

TUMMIE: Bugs.

NEO: Tummie, heehe, heehe'.

TUMMIE: What?

NEO: You cannot talk about that now.

TUMMIE: Why not? You know how old I am? Twenty One ^{means} ~~twenty one~~ ~~mens~~ that I have seen with my eyes, I have heard with my ears, I understand with my mind ... (she laughs) And ...

NEO: (she takes her washing away) Jaaa! What's wrong with you?

MMAMOLEFE: She has a worm in her head. mmmmm, my child! (she lovingly looks at Tummie).

TUMMIE: But you know, respect does not mean that the one you respect must sit on your mouth and nose and eyes. They will kill you if they do that. It can become suffocating you know.

MMAMOLEFE:M Mmmm, what are you saying? Where have you been?

TUMMIE: I know that she (she points to where Neo went, in contempt) is my elder sister, but that does not mean I owe her anything, or I have committed crime by being younger than her.

NEO: (unseen, shouting) Tummie!

MMAMOLEFE: Tummie, come here my child, come here. (Tummie, who had been struggling and struggling to reach a tree branch, walks to MmaMolefe. MmaMolefe lifts her hand up, holds Tummie's and gently pulls her to sit down. Tummie sits next to her, and almost rests her body on her. MmaMolefe gently hold her head, pulling bits and pieces of blankets from Tummie's head, and then lets her put her head on her lap). You are a grown up woman now. Your tongue says so. But are alright?

TUMMIE: I am alright.

MMAMOLEFE: Did you like Johannesburg?

TUMMIE: No.

MMAMOLEFE: Why not?

TUMMIE: I was longing for home.

MMAMOLEFE: For this wilderness?

TUMMIE: No, for you for Neo and to be in a familiar place.

MMAMOLEFE: You are a grown up woman now. You know, yesterday, Nanikie came here raging like flames over dry grass. She reminded me of a day once long ago. I was here in Kanye. I was with Molefe and Paul and Paul was reading a newspaper for Molefe and he said, I think he said that the Russians had landed a man on the moon. I said to him, stop yourself from going crazy, stop! You know, can you imagine, what I thought as a little girl, a young woman a grown up woman, can you imagine what I thought about the moon? I thought that God and all

our ancestors lived there, now Paul was telling me I was wrong. I got mad with him. But you know, also, long ago, I was a little girl then, I was looking after goats, I was walking near this thorny bush, when I heard this great sound, moving great sound like thunder rolling and when I looked up, I saw an iron bird, before I knew what was happening, I saw huge dust whirl up to the skies ... I dived, I threw myself into the thorny bush, the thorns tore me up, everything except my buttocks, was hidden, we put on no panties ~~in~~ those days, my buttocks were screaming at the sky and I was dead still bleeding in the bush. Something slammed into my buttocks. I kept dead still, again something slammed and then I heard a ... I peeped and I saw these two white men, smoking pipes, I don't know what happened after that.

TUMMIE: Why?

MMAMOLEFE: I fainted. (silence)

TUMMIE: What happened to the iron bird?

MMAMOLEFE: I never ^{saw} ~~see~~ it.

TUMMIE: But what was it?

MMAMOLEFE: A helicopter.

TUMMIE: Those two white men had landed it there?

MMAMOLEFE: Yes.

TUMMIE: Why?

MMAMOLEFE: They had come to see the chief.

TUMMIE: It must have hurt when they kicked you on the buttocks.

MMAMOLEFE: Yes, and the wounds on my face hurt for a long long time. But I am saying this to say that you know, when there is change, ^l in our lives it hurts badly. I look at Nanikie and I look at you and Neo all of you are wearing faces and eyes as silent as a drought bitten field. What's the matter?

ENTER NANIKIE.

She's carrying a tin of coffee, box of tea leaves, sugar in a plastic bag, mealie meal. Tummie rushes to help her put them down. Mmamolefe is watching. She is sniffing her snuff.

MMAMOLEFE:

Nanikie!

NANIKIE:

Mma?

MMAMOLEFE:

Do you mean that you would have thrown all those things at me if you were not overcome by your sore heart? Nanikie, ru-ri! You must be coming from a terrible hole! But why spill the goal on me?

MMAMOLEFE:

She is seated. Tummie is standing next to Nanikie. Neo is aside, making finishing touches of her washing. Tummie moves towards the fireplace. She is watching Nanikie. Nanikie walks back into the house, comes carrying a chair. She sits down, throwing herself on the chair.

NANIKIE:

I have come to stay. I hope

MAMAMOLEFE:

You need not say that, you know this is your home.

NANIKIE:

I hope I will be able to stay.

MMAMOLEFE:

What do you mean by that?

NANIKIE:

I mean, I am sure that you have in the past, many times, cursed why you were born.

MMAMOLEFE:

Jaaa! (she looks around, at Nanikie, at Tummie and at Neo) How come you all have come home? At the same time? Is death not coming to fetch me?

NEO:

It's really funny, its mathata.

MMAMOLEFE:

Mathata ruri, the places you have been all this time are like sick dogs, they have vomited you back here.

TUMMIE:

TUMMIE:

Nna they did not vomit me, I just came back.

NEO:

I have always meant to come back. I kept on postponing my coming, then I pushed, I had to come. I am glad they are here. (she points at Tummie and Nanikie)

MMAMOLEFE:

Tummie, what is in that suitcase?

TUMMIE:

My clothes. (she wipes her hands on her dress) You want to see them?

MMAMOLEFE:

Let's see them, that is not why you brought the suitcase here for?

TUMMIE:

Opens the suitcase, she takes out dresses, one by one, putting them against her body. Nan, Mma and Neo are watching.

NEC:

I hope you know what you are doing Tummie.

TUMMIE:

What do you mean?

NEO:

I really do not trust anything from that side (she points in a gesture) I have heard too many strange things about people from there. I will never put my foot there, in South Africa, never...

MMAMOLEFE:

That is a country which feeds on people. I agree with Neo. You know. I am this old now, but from when I was young, I have heard about people going that side, I have seen them go, I have carried their suitcases and taken them to the train I have not seen many come back, my own son, Paul, where is he? No letter, no money, nothing, just silent, how can people disappear just like that? There was the war, many men left from here, through South Africa..... some never came back, some who did, have gone mad, they talk hundreds of meaningless languages, they do the strangest things one has ever seen, the mines, how many people have gone there? How many women have no husbands, how many children have no fathers? Nanikie, has Robert not gone there?

NANIKIE:

I do not know where Robert went.

MMAMOLEFE:

What happened?

NANIKIE:

He was running after thighs.

MMAMOLEFE:

Men do that! We knew men do that, We saw this since when we were little girls, but they never went away for good! How come he did?

TUMMIE:

If my man does that, he can fokoff forever!

NEO:

Tummie, what kind of language is that?

NANIKIE:

You know Tummie, I used to think like that, I used to think that if Robert went after any women, he must go after them forever! But when he di. look (she looks at herself, in despair)

NEO:

I don't want any man in my life!

NANIKIE:

I have had them, many many of them, none belonged to me. They came from their wives, their wives, fiancees, their girlfriends; I had them, hundreds hundreds, so what?

NEO:

I have two - one is for real, one is not. But I get tired of it.

TUMMIE:

I have had only two in my life.

MMAMOLEFE:

Jaaa! What are you saying girls?

NANIKIE:

The truth is the truth.

MMAMOLEFE:

You have come home, tell the truth.

NEO:

But why are men like this?

MMAMOLEFE:

Like what?

NEO:

NEO:

Heart breakers?

MMAMOLEFE:

Heart breakers. Men are heartbreakers? I have never heard it being said like that before; never!

NEO:

But they are!

MMAMOLEFE:

Men are heartbreakers! You live in very strange times! I know what you mean. What you are talking about, is as old as time. But I have never heard said the way you say it. I have never known a man to have one woman. But we never said they were heartbreakers.

TUMMIE:

Well, that is because you lived in a man's world, and accepted it so, we want to live in a world where there are men and women living together.

MMAMOLEFE:

You mean where men and women are equal?

TUMMIE:

Yes.

MMAMOLEFE:

Your boyfriend, what is his name?

TUMMIE:

Bugs.

MMAMOLEFE:

Bugs. What language is that?

TUMMIE:

English.

MMAMOLEFE:

Bugs who?

TUMMIE:

Bugs Nhlapo.

MMAMOLEFE:

A mokwerekwere?

TUMMIE:

That does not matter.

MMAMOLEFE:

(laughs) This girl is in love hehe? No what I want to know is, does he accept that men and women are equal?

TUMMIE:

I do not know if he accepts it. But I told him, we talked about the matter.

MMAMOLEFE:

Maybe it is time women are equal to men. Especially since women do almost everything that men do these days. They drive cars, they work in town like men...

TUMMIE:

They even fight in wars of liberation

NEO:

I heard that there were woman freedom-fighters in Zimbabwe.

TUMMIE:

There is something nice about wars of liberation, you know, I think that is why Bugs and I can talk a lot of things.

NEO:

I do not know if we can say there is something nice about wars of liberation when so many people die...

TUMMIE:

You do not know what I am talking about. Wars of liberation change people.

NEO:

There is nothing nice about war.

MMAMOLEFE:

Tumie what do you mean?

TUMMIE:

It's like saying it's nice to give birth. Women like saying that.

MMAMOLEFEE

Hey, whatever happened to Ian Smith?

NEO:

He is ruling with Mugabe.

MMAMOLEFE:

Rulling?

TUMMIE:

He is not ruling he has his funny party!

MMAMOLEFE:

What does he do with it?

TUMMIE:

It's like here, there is BDP and BNF.

MMAMOLEFE:

I see. Mugabe allowed him that?

TUMMIE:

Yes. Bugs says that is statesmanship.

MMAMOLEFE:

What do you say?

TUMMIE:

I am still learning to understand; I tend to agree with Bugs though.

MMAMOLEFE:

That man, Smith, RURI! He showed us things!

TUMMIE:

They are fighting now in Namibia.

MMAMOLEFE:

Who is the leader there?

TUMMIE:

NOJUMA:

MMAMOLEFE:

Who is fighting?

TUMMIE:

P.W. BOTHA:::

MMAMOLEFE:

Is that not the man in south Africa.???

TUMMIE: IT IS::!

MMAMCLEFE:

WHAT IS HE DOING IN NAMIBIA??

TUMMIE:

Haai, Aunty it is a long story...

Tummie

Tummie is 21 yrs old. SHE FINISHED HER CAMBRIDGE (FORMER) IN 1978. SHE WAS ATTENDING SCHOOL IN (C.S.S.) AS A BORDER. SHE DID HER PRIMARY EDUCATION AT KANYE, AND HER SECONDARY EDUCATION IN GABORONE (WHICH IS FIVE YEARS) DURING THE SCHOOL HOLIDAYS SHE USED TO GO TO KANYE, LOBATSE OR JO'BURG. SHE IS A MODERN GIRL WHO LIKES BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES.

Tummie HAS A BOYFRIEND IN JO'BURG, HIS NAME IS BUYS. THEY HAVE BEEN GOING OUT FOR 1 1/2 YRS. BUYS STAYS IN SIBE WITH HIS PARENTS. SO WHEN SHE GOES TO JO'BURG, SHE STAYS AT BUYS' PLACE. BUYS IS A VERY HANDSOME FRIENDLY GUY. HE WORKS IN JO'BURG AND OWNS A COLT GUN. TUMMIE HAS MADE FRIENDS IN JO'BURG, ONE IS BUYS' YOUNGER SISTER CALLED FOREEN WHO IS 23 YRS. THE OTHER ONE IS JOYEE, WHO IS A GIRLFRIEND TO BUYS' FRIEND CALLED THABO, BUYS IS 28 YRS OLD.

Tummie FINISHED THE WHOLE OF OF 1980 IN JO'BURG DURING A MODELLING COURSE. THAT IS HOW SHE HAS BEEN EARNING HER LEAVING. THOUGH SHE SPENT MOST OF HER TIME AT BUYS' PLACE, SO BUYS HELPED HER WITH SOME OF THE MONEY. NOW TUMMIE HAS COME BACK HOME TO KANYE TO SEE HER AUNT MMAMOLEFE, WHOM SHE HAS NOT SEEN FOR A YEAR. HER SISTER NEO & COUSIN NANKIE.

27/3/81

Makie

Deo - my Background.

I am 23 years of age and is an elder sister to Tummie who is 21. I come from Kanye and was staying with my Auntie Mmamalepe who is a sister to my father. My father had since left home and had never come back home. I left Kanye 2 years back because I had to find a job and money we needed because there had been no rain so the crops did not come out well and we were just starving when I left home. Also I wanted to have nice clothes as I have seen many girls wearing such clothes when I went to Lobatse some time ago.

I didn't like Kanye very much because all I can remember about it is that I grew up from a poor family and my father left home that means to me he did not care about his family. I got to like Gaborone because I was staying with my friend and nobody shouted at me when I come late or when I did not sleep home whereas at home I would be made to feel guilty. I left home 2 years ago and has not gone back until today. I don't know what made me come back home but I just felt I had to come. It arrived at about 5 pm and Tummie arrived at 6.30 pm.

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