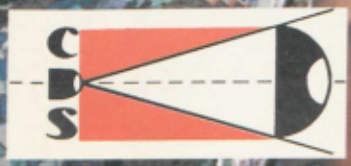


TOMORROW PEOPLE

COUNTDOWN TO DEMOCRACY





BRENDA MOSES
Candice Morris



SEDICK SALIE
Naeem Ismael



MAVIS SEPTEMBER
Josephine Liedeman



RUTH NYEKA
Thobeka Maghutya



JOHN RILEY
Andrew Grant



ANSIE GOUWS
Liz van den Berg



BONGANI VENA
Mxolisi Nohashe



FR. DENZIL SIMONS
Mark Williams



ISAK STUURMAN
Abram Kayzer



SHAMILLA CASSIEM
Phylicia Oppelt

Also featuring: Johan Kleinbooi and Farouk Valley-Omar

"Just remember that on the day of the election we are all equal and your vote may be the one which makes the important difference"

The Most Reverend Desmond M. Tutu, D.D. F.K.C.
"The Road to Democracy" - A Project Vote/CDS video 1993

A joint Story Circle, Centre for Development Studies Project

Developed in consultation with: Centre for Development Studies, Independent Forum for Electoral Education, Project Vote, Matla Trust, VEETU

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OTHER ORGANISATIONS CONSULTED:

Western Province Council of Churches, Muslim Judicial Council, Black Sash, IDASA, Theological Exchange Programme, Heideveld Advice Office

INDIVIDUALS CONSULTED:

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(Ref. G. Hallet, P. Alberts, C. Breytenbach, J. Wissema

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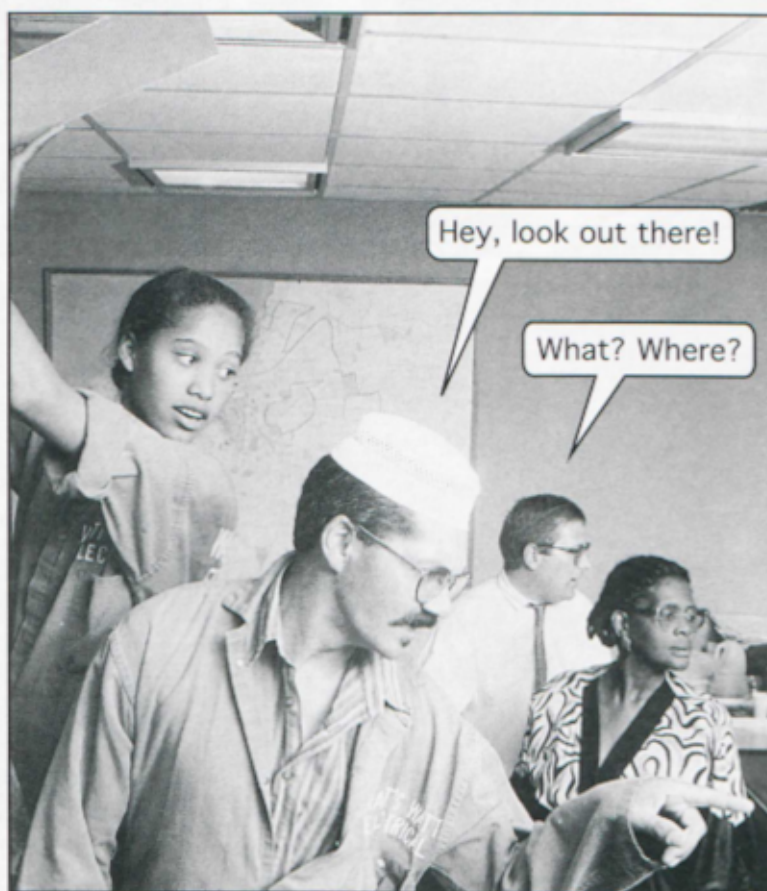
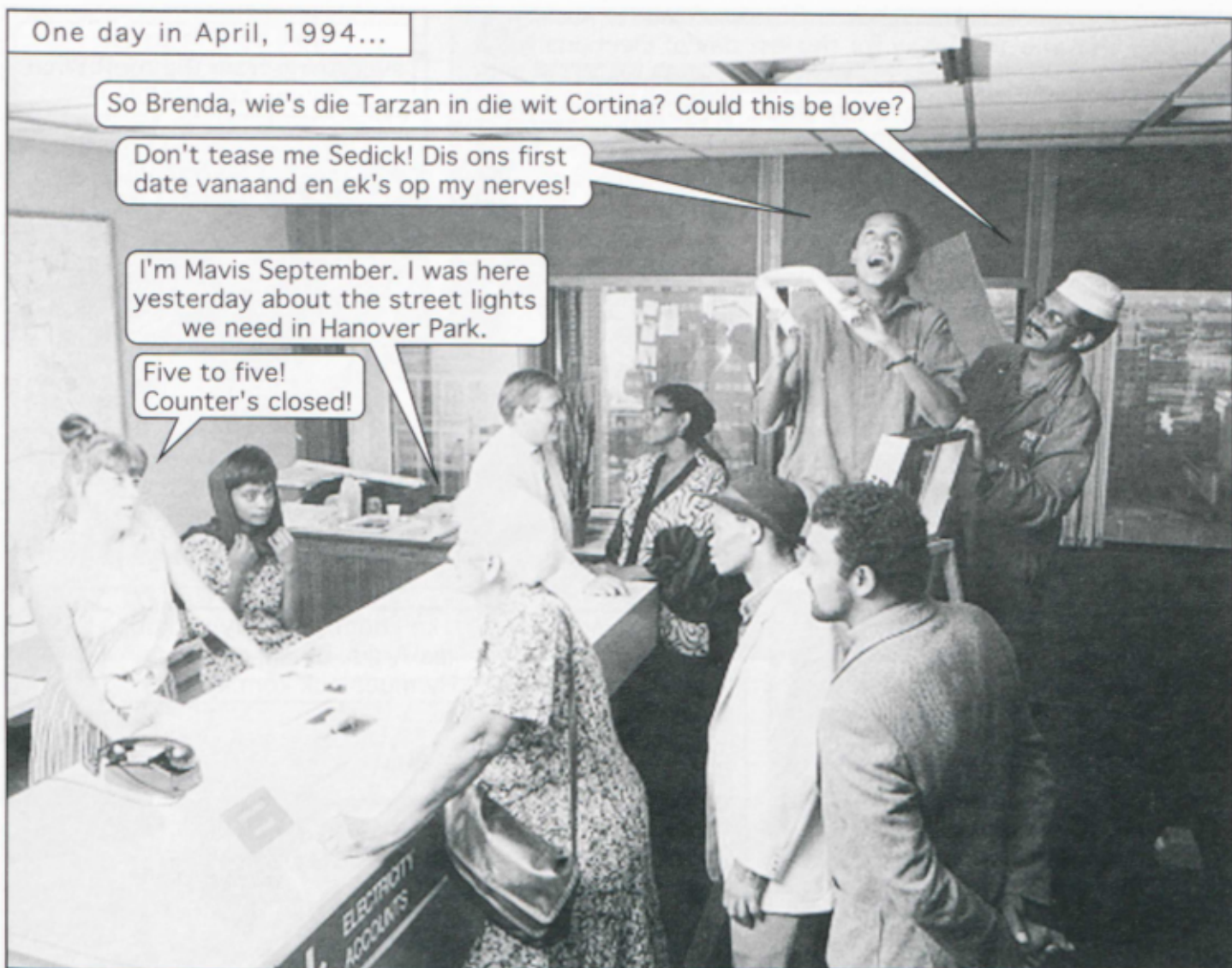
One day in April, 1994...

So Brenda, wie's die Tarzan in die wit Cortina? Could this be love?

Don't tease me Sedick! Dis ons first date vanaand en ek's op my nerves!

I'm Mavis September. I was here yesterday about the street lights we need in Hanover Park.

Five to five!
Counter's closed!





It's the air display for the last day of Elections!

Oh, right! Today's day three.

Ek sien dan niks!



We'll be able to see everything from the roof! What do you say, Mr Riley?

Sure! It's nearly half past four!



I came prepared! I brought binoculars!

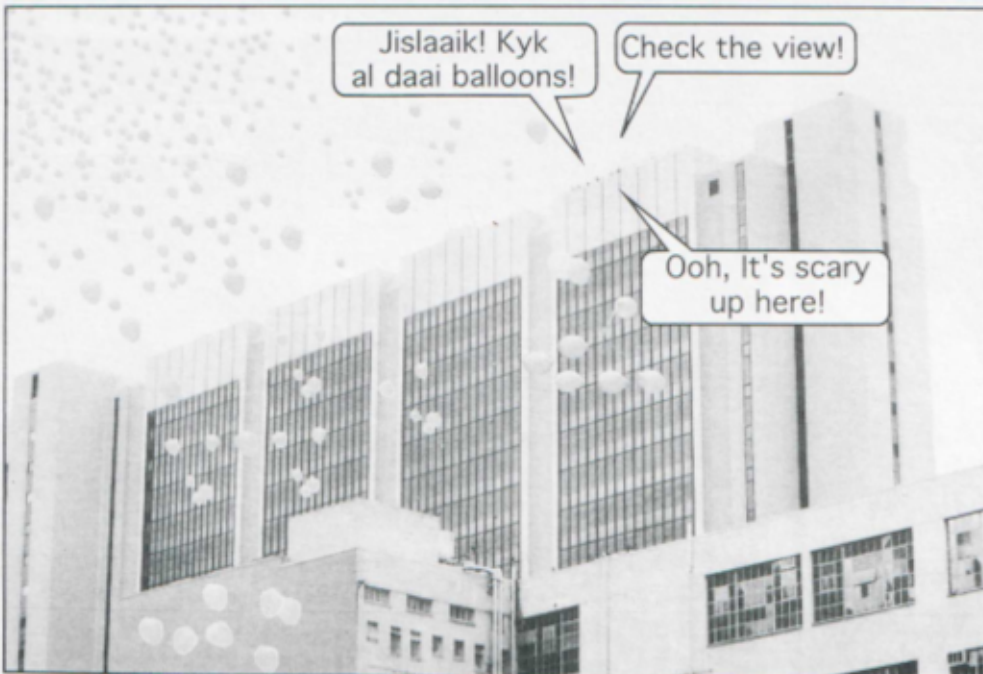
But Mr Riley, haven't you heard about the ghost on the roof!

Ag, Ansie! What nonsense!



Iemand is klaar bo.

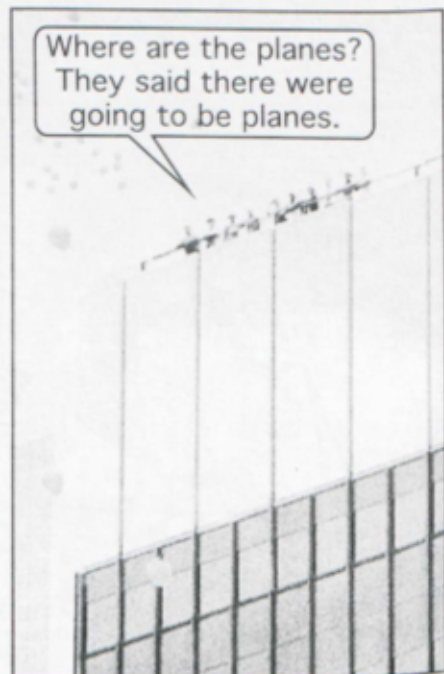
Ek ken hom, man! Hy verkoop die Argus by die entrance. Hy moes ook kom kyk het.



Jislaaik! Kyk al daai balloons!

Check the view!

Ooh, It's scary up here!



Where are the planes? They said there were going to be planes.



There they go!

Flying for our freedom!!

Look how the smoke goes all different colours!



Kyk hoe clear kan jy Distrik Ses sien!

Hierso, vat die binoculars.



Nou hoe werk die ding?



Oh, my word!



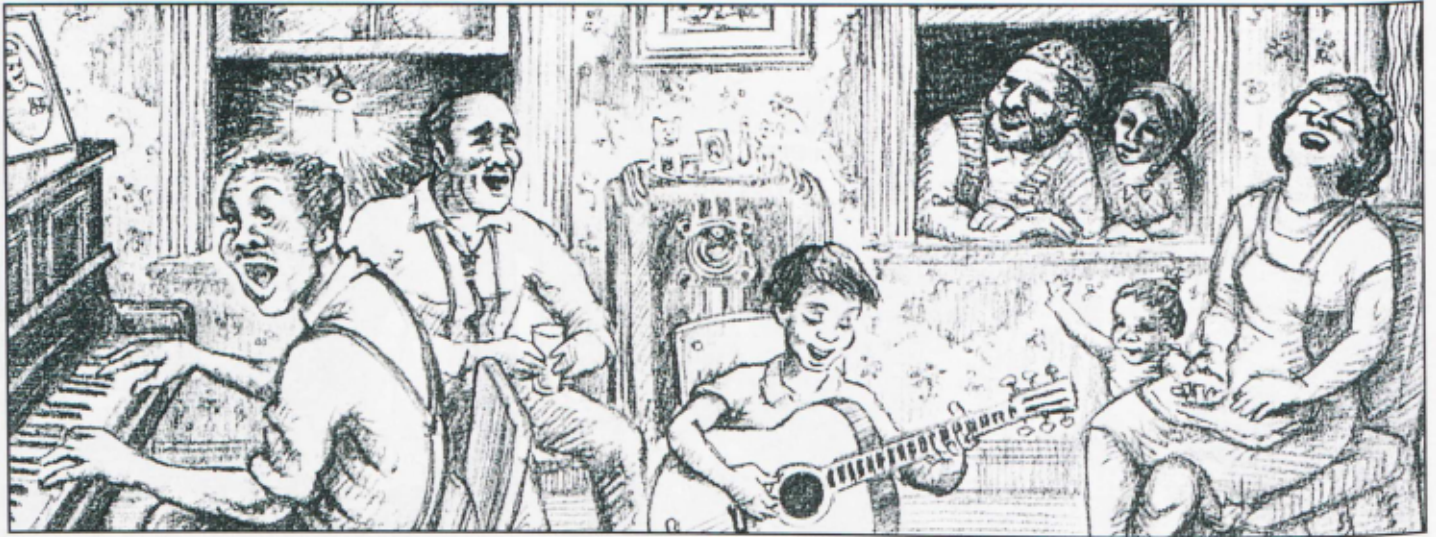
Ek kan Hanover Straat sien, tot op my huis!

I was born and married in that same house. I worked in a clothing factory in Woodstock...

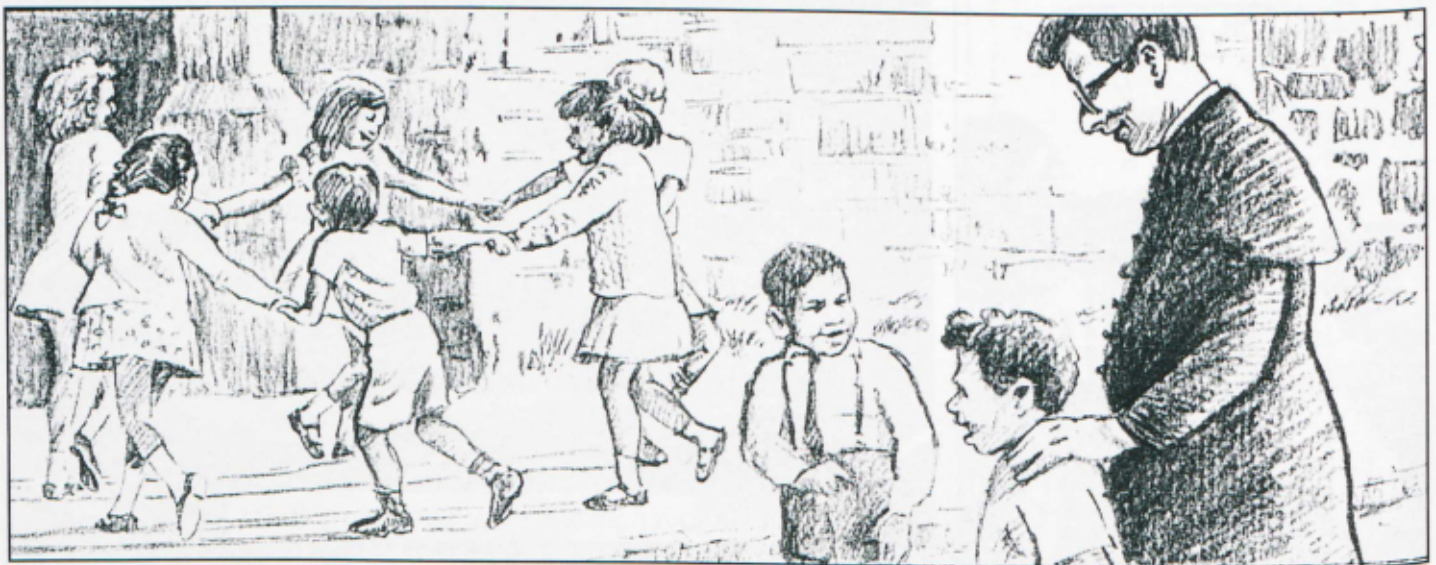
It was so close, I could come home to make the kids lunch. After work we could even get home to watch the early film at the Star Bioscope.



I remember Sunday nights! The piano was playing and the room was filled with singing. Bing Crosby and goema! My husband would join in with his army songs. Then he'd tell again how the army cheated the Coloured soldiers... promised them a piece of land after the War, but instead they each got just a bicycle!



I remember Sunday School at St Marks. Sometimes we brought our Muslim friends with us. And my brothers also went with their Muslim friends to Mosque. We took part in each others festivals. That's how it was there.



Of course, it wasn't all roses. There were dirty streets. And gambling and drinking and fighting. But the gangsters didn't worry with us! We felt safe. Our neighbours came from all sorts of places. So many languages! To think of all that richness, lost forever.



I will not forget what they did to us! They knocked down houses on one side of us, and then on the other. You can't live alone in a whole street when your neighbours are gone! One day they loaded all our things onto a truck and dumped us in Hanover Park. They broke our community. My heart broke too that day.



In Hanover Park, we fear for our lives. The gangsters run wild! We are far from our jobs! **This** is what the government has done to us!

BANG!

What...?!

What was that?





The door! It has slammed shut!



It's locked! We're stuck!

We must attract someone's attention!



HEY! YOU DOWN THERE!



Forget it! We're thirty floors up!



What about the security guys?

They will never come here after half past four!

Ek moet afgaan! My baas ry vanaand plaas toe!

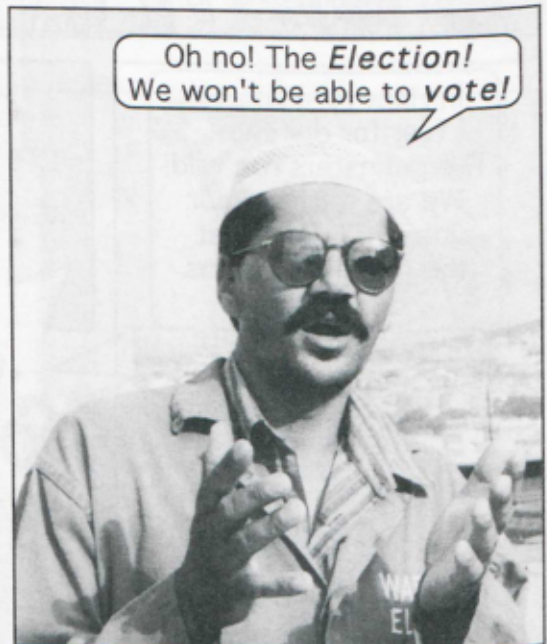


O jinne! My date! Jerome sal dink ek het hom vir 'n apie gevat! Hy kom my hoeka 5 o' clock haal!

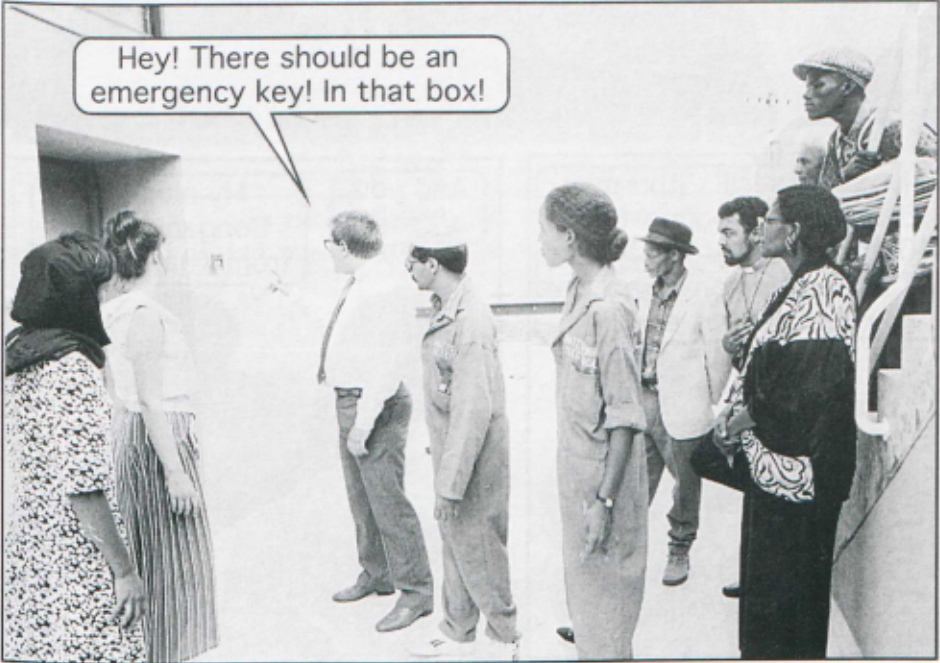


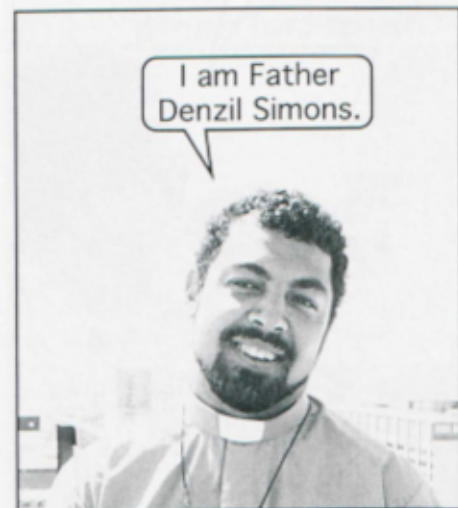
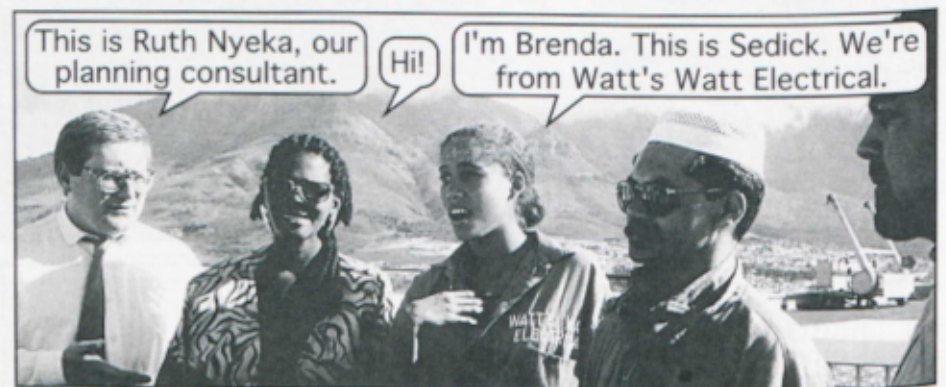
Ha ha! Die Tarzan in die wit Cortina! Hy dink seker jy speel hard-to-get!

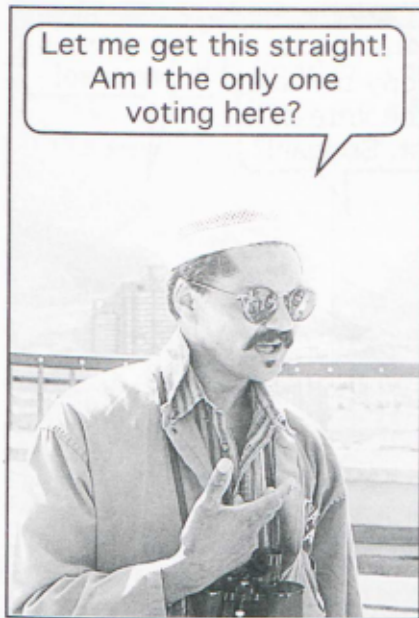
Ag Sedick, man!



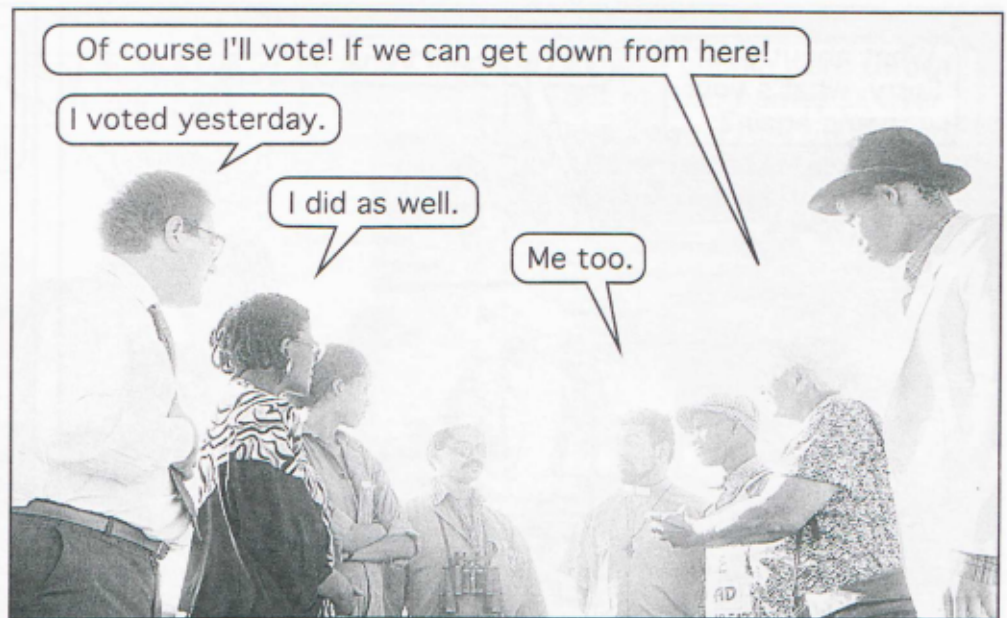
Oh no! The *Election*! We won't be able to *vote*!







Let me get this straight!
Am I the only one
voting here?

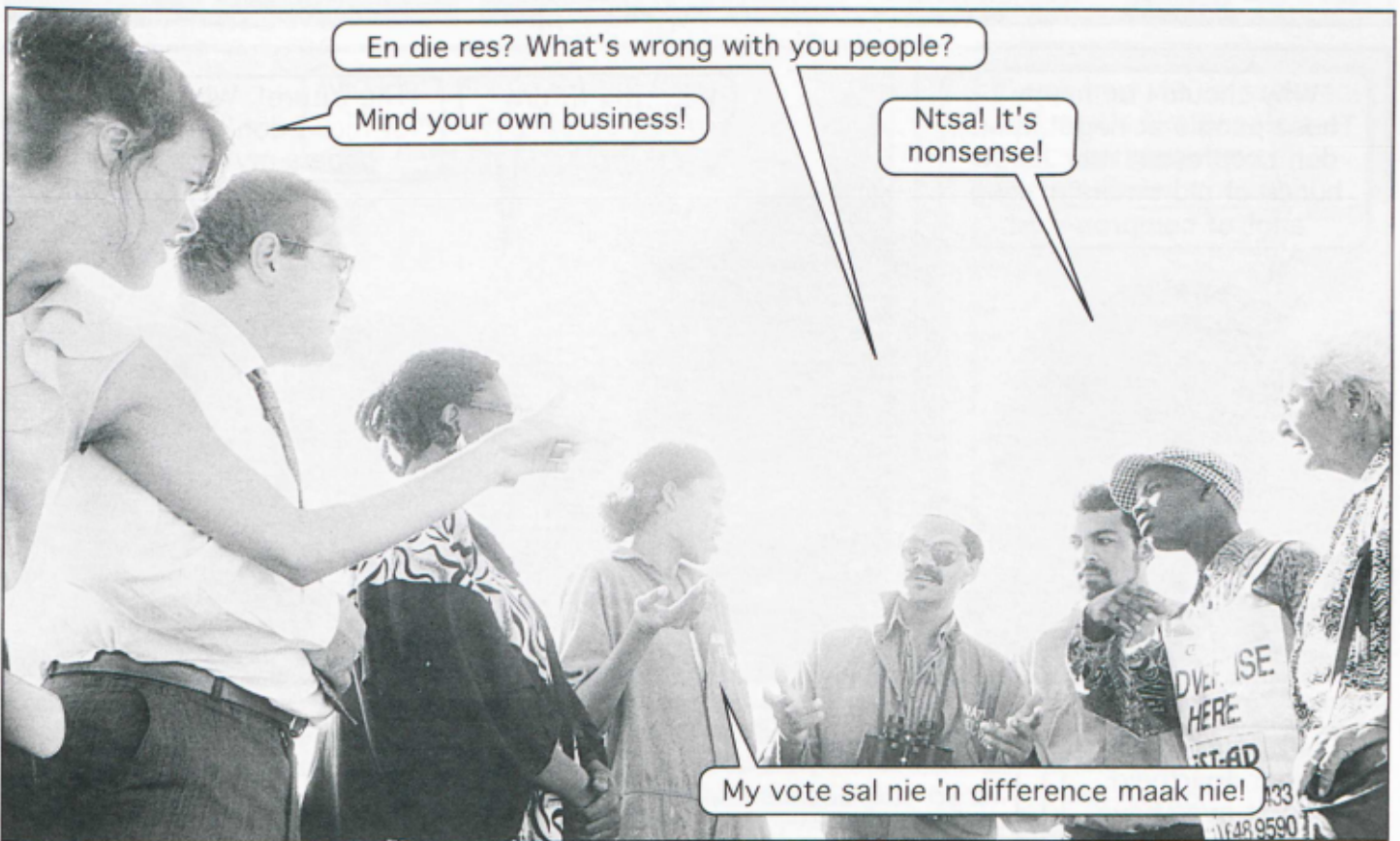


Of course I'll vote! If we can get down from here!

I voted yesterday.

I did as well.

Me too.



En die res? What's wrong with you people?

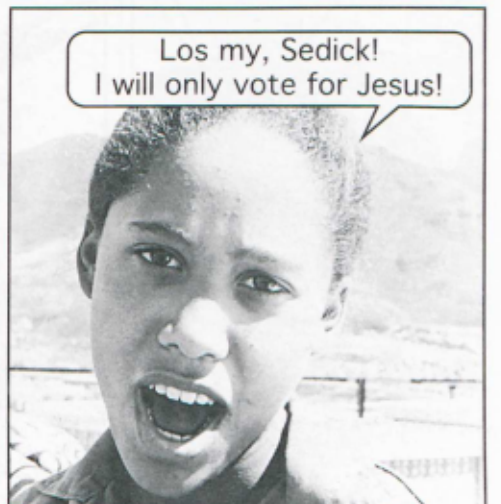
Mind your own business!

Ntsa! It's
nonsense!

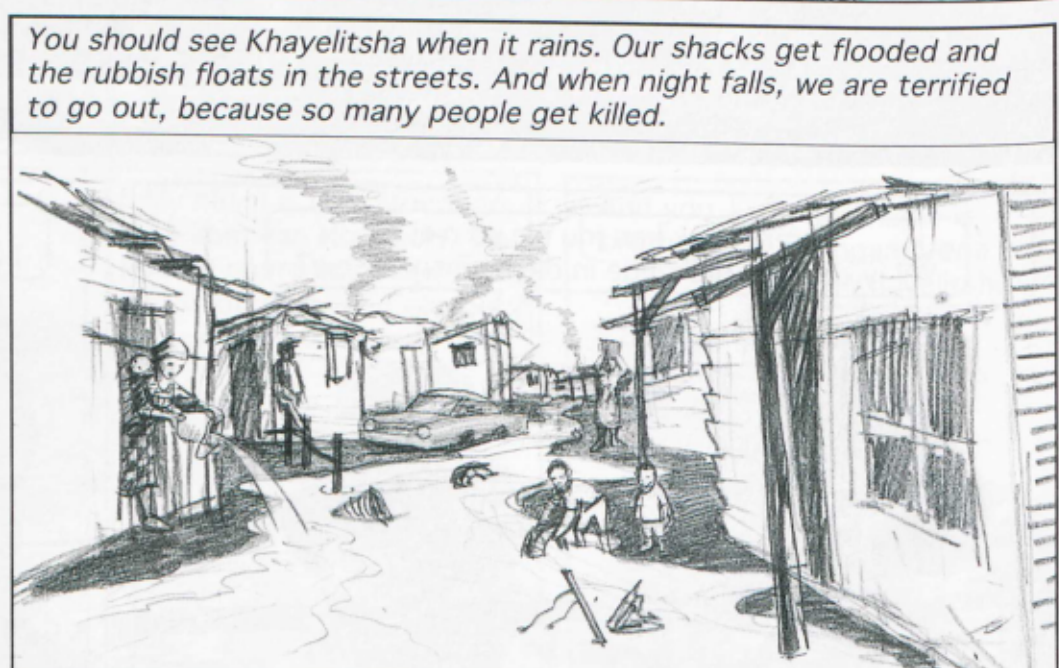
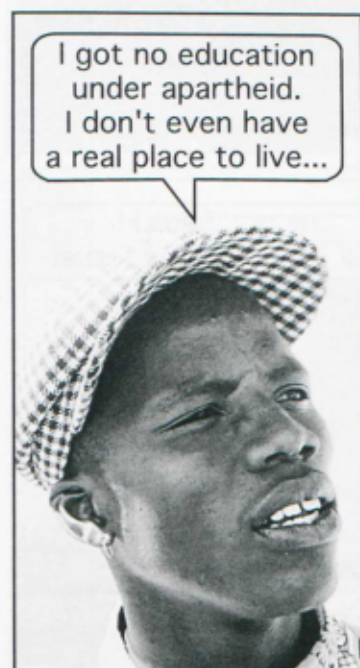
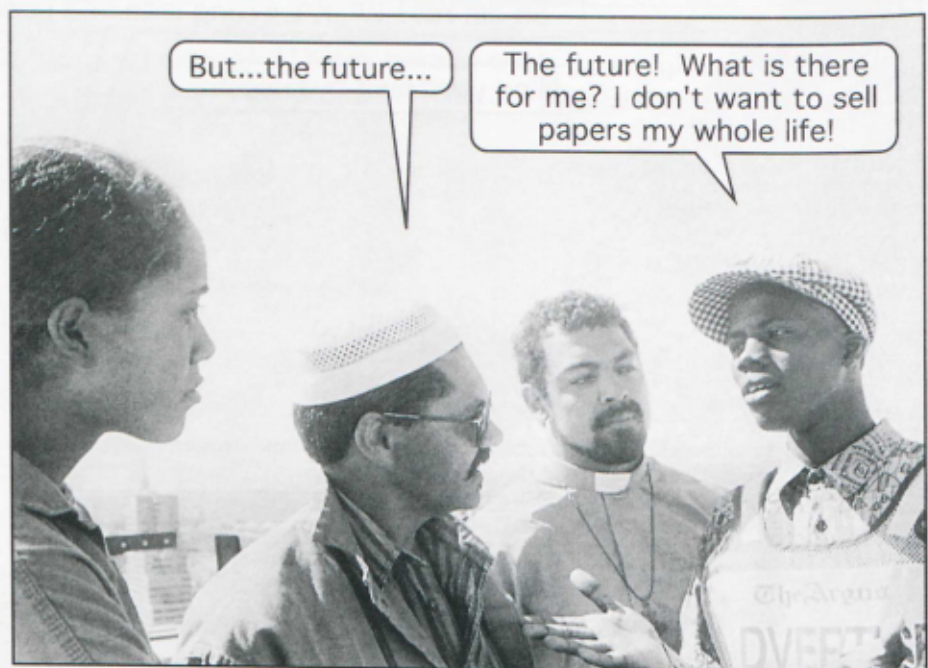
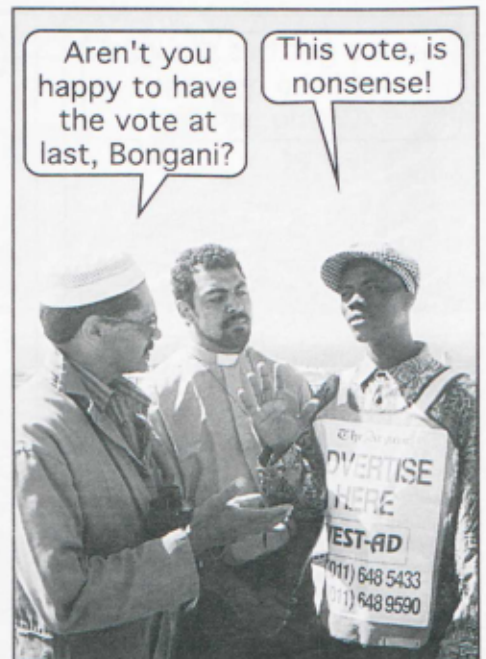
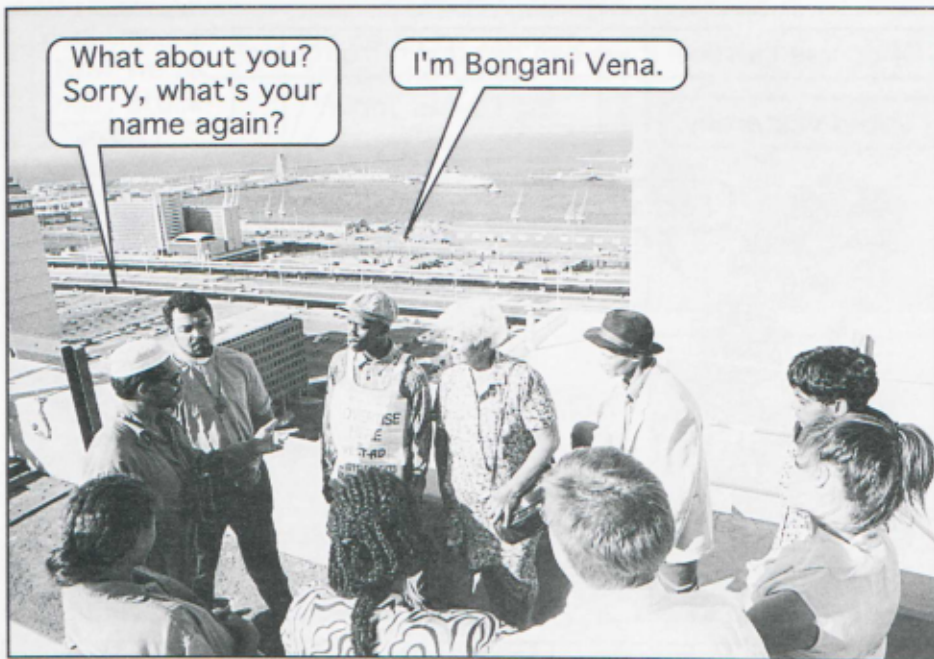
My vote sal nie 'n difference maak nie!



Brenda, ek ken jou nie so nie!
Wil jy dan nie 'n change in die country hê nie?



Los my, Sedick!
I will only vote for Jesus!



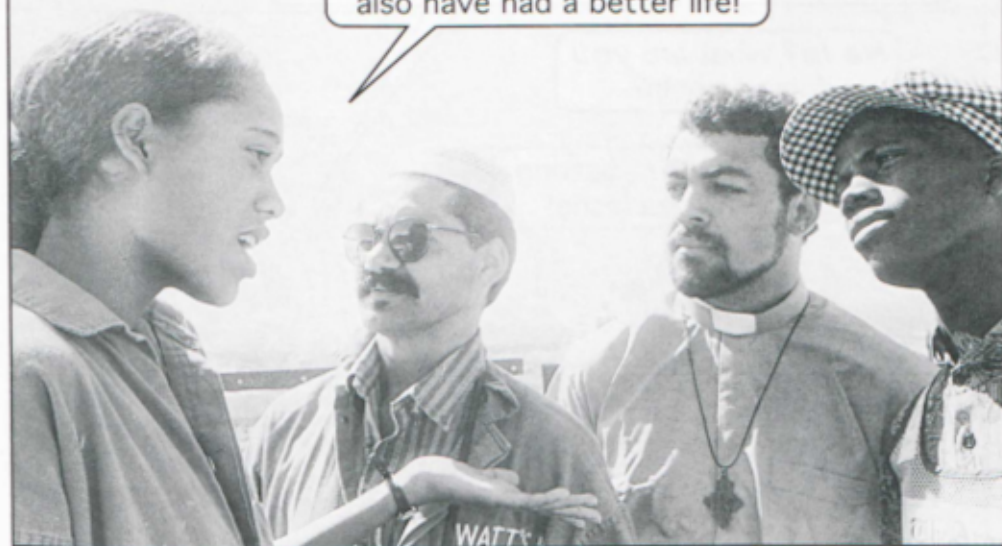
But Bongani, you heard Auntie Mavis!
Things are also bad in our areas!



Coloured people were thrown
out of their homes all over
Cape Town! From Goodwood,
Claremont, Simonstown!
Homes that they *owned*!



And I lost my education from
the school boycotts! I could
also have had a better life!



Look how we've suffered!
And it's like people are
saying we haven't
suffered enough!



Ja, who thinks of *us*
at the negotiations?



Blacks and Whites are making deals
with each other. But what will happen
to us? We'll be stepped over!





Hey, cool it! The struggle is won! The score is: people ten, apartheid none!

Ha! What has changed? The settlers must still pay up!



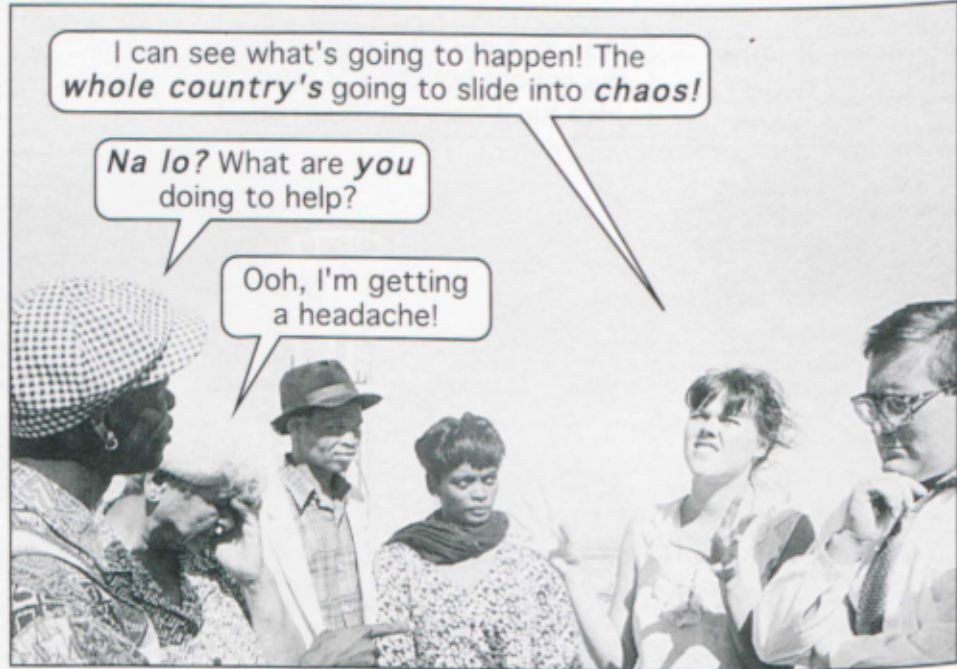
So what do *you* want? One settler, one bullet?!

Ansie, please!

I want a good job! I want a house!



And *us*? My mommy has been **18 years** on the waiting list for a house!



I can see what's going to happen! The *whole country's* going to slide into *chaos*!

Na lo? What are *you* doing to help?

Ooh, I'm getting a headache!



People, people! Calm down! Ruth is trying to say something!



I just wanted to say I wish you all could have seen what I saw at Kempton Park...

As you know, it's there at the World Trade Centre that negotiations have been taking place about our future. In the three days I was there, the first thing that really impressed me is that ordinary people like you and me can demonstrate about our needs to the politicians, and they listen!



Then we began debating. I was there as an advisor on town-planning for small communities. Those guys on the other side of the table had such different ideas from our team. We could not agree about anything at all for two whole days. I thought "No way! This is impossible!"

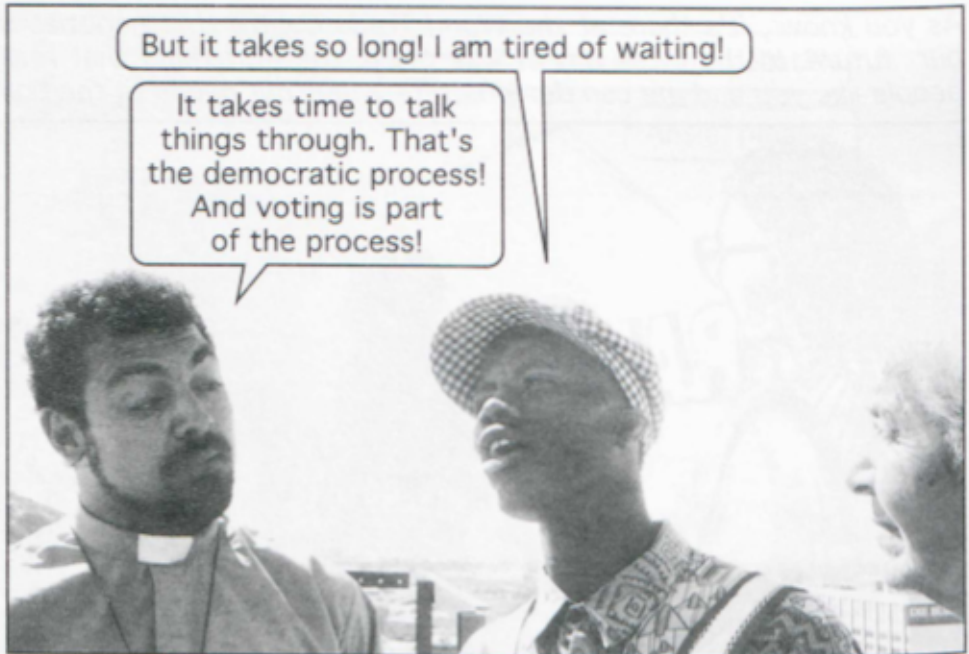


But it *is* possible! We *did* hammer out a solution! I found it very hard to accept some of our losses, but we did gain in other ways. In the end, most of us got most of what we wanted. That is the power of compromise.



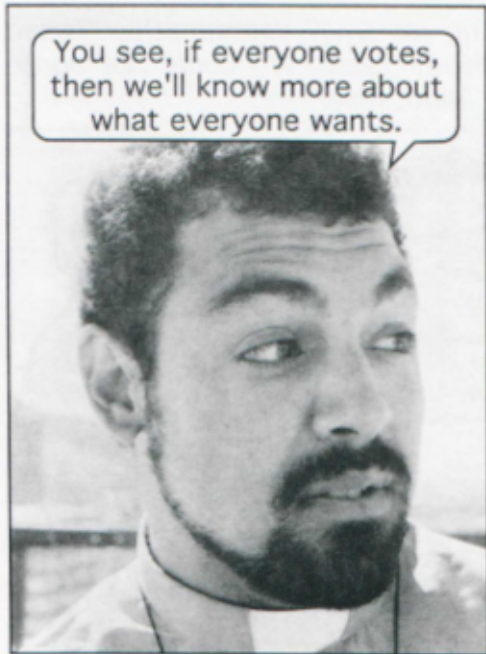


Negotiation is about give and take. It's our best chance for peace!



But it takes so long! I am tired of waiting!

It takes time to talk things through. That's the democratic process! And voting is part of the process!



You see, if everyone votes, then we'll know more about what everyone wants.



And the one thing we all want is *change!*

Even Ansie?



Yes, believe it or not! It's just that these things are hard to talk about!

We must just try to be more understanding!



I'm sorry for what I said, Bongani.

That's OK.

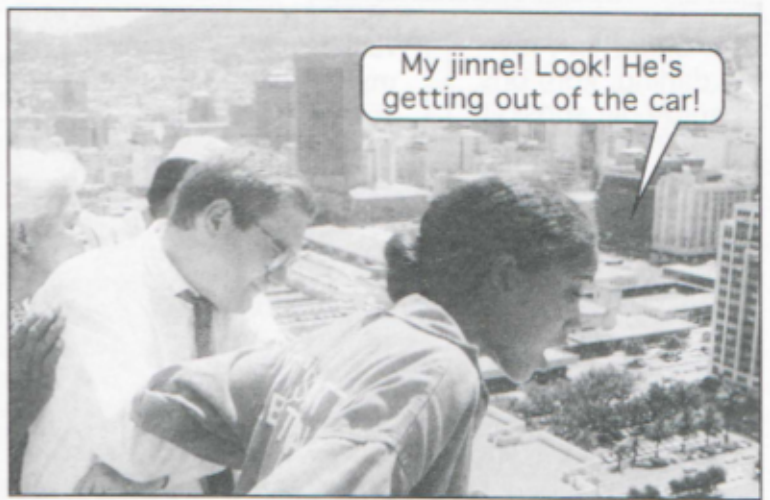


That's more like it! Our own little Kempton Park!



Hey, Brenda! Doesn't your boyfriend have a white Cortina?

Yes! Yes! Where?



My jinne! Look! He's getting out of the car!



JEROME!
JEROME!



Hy kannie hoor nie.
It's no use! Daar gaan hy!



Hy sal dink ek't hom gedrop!



Well, there goes our last chance of anyone knowing we're up here!

Shame, Brenda, kom vat 'n doughnut!



That's funny, they're gone! Who took them?

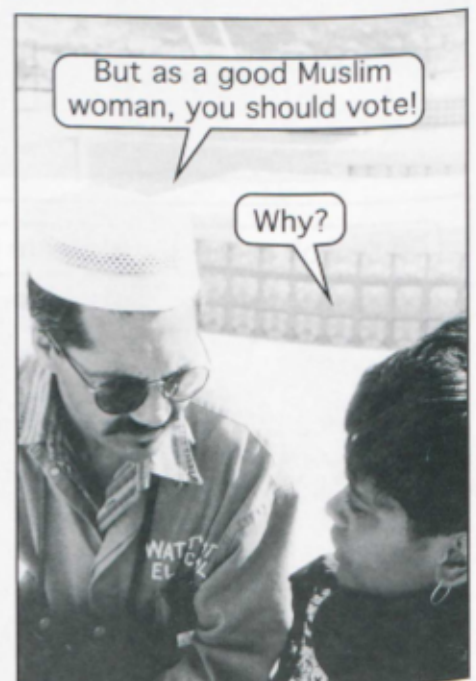
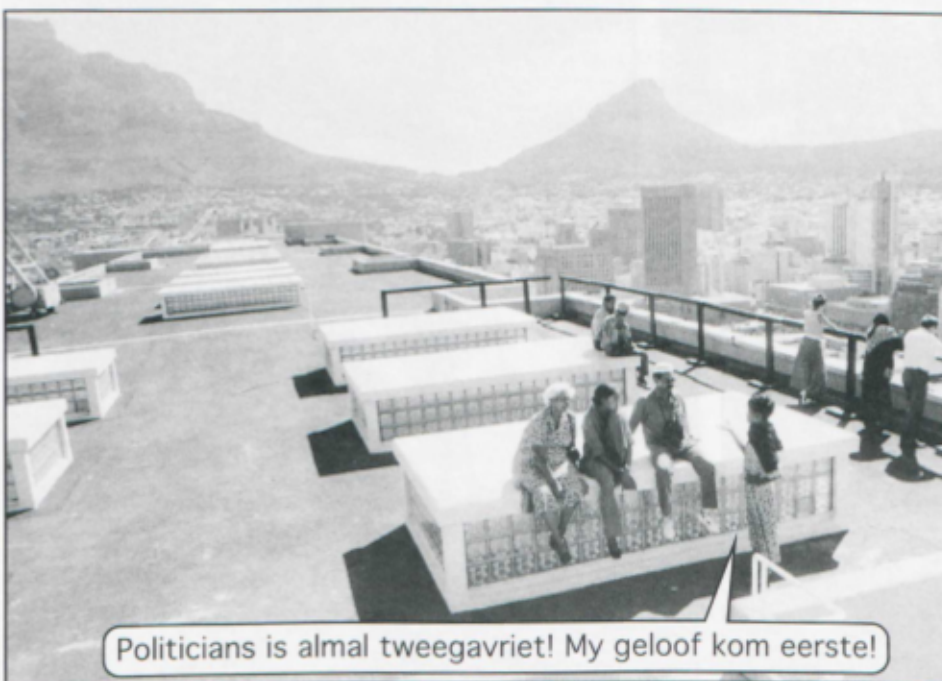


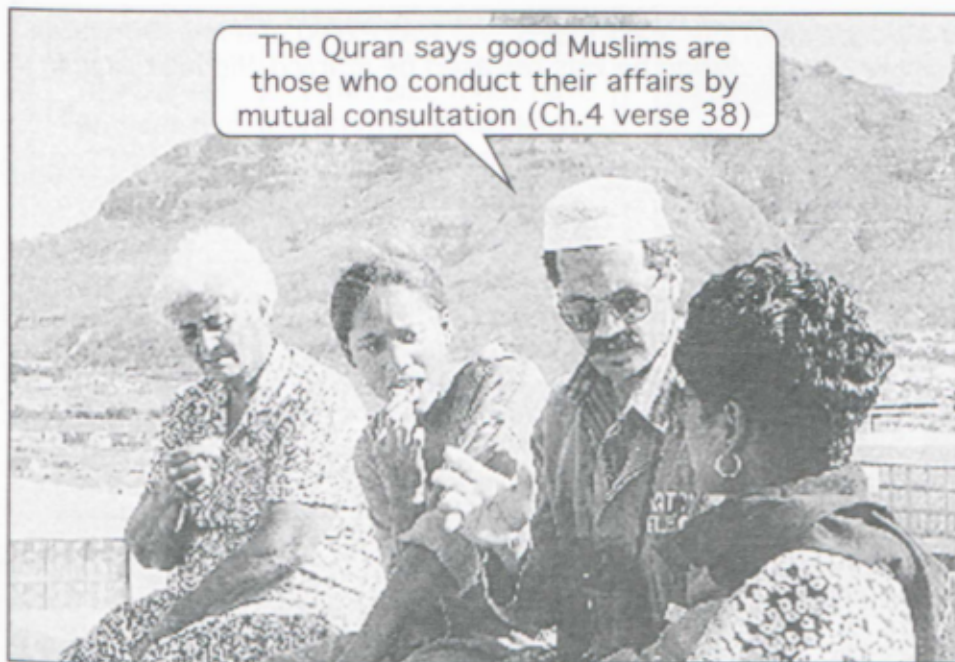
Don't look at me!

We were all over there!



Maybe there *is* a ghost up here!



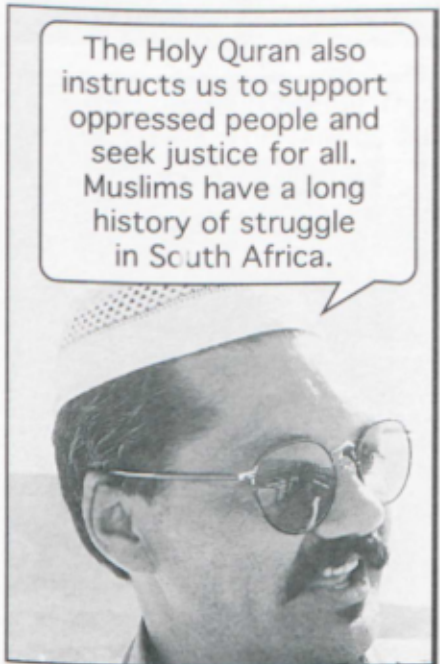


The Quran says good Muslims are those who conduct their affairs by mutual consultation (Ch.4 verse 38)

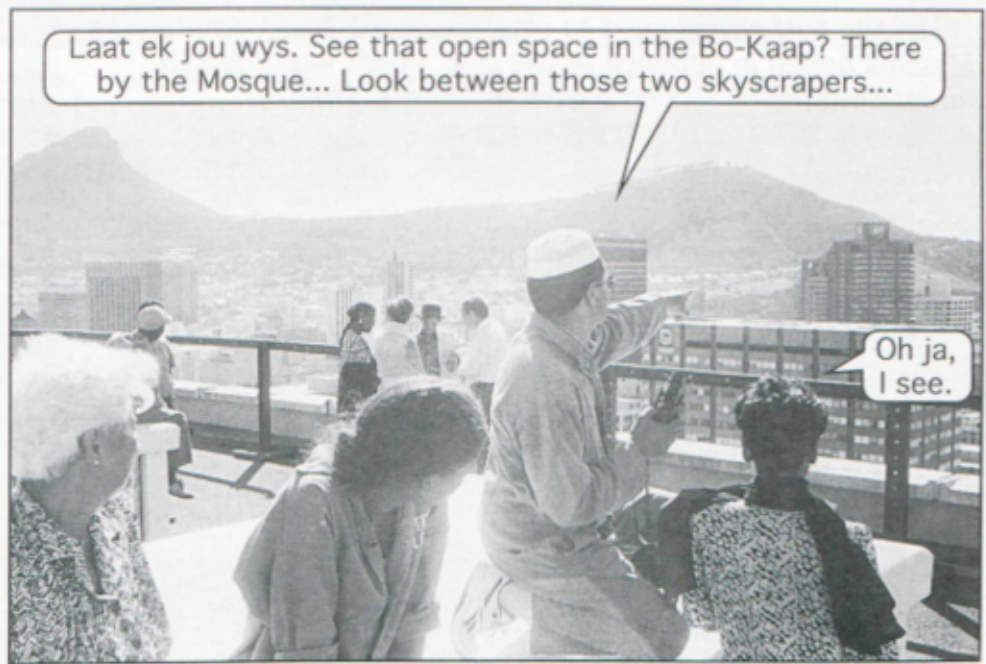


So who's consulting me, if I may ask?

We are being consulted! By our vote!



The Holy Quran also instructs us to support oppressed people and seek justice for all. Muslims have a long history of struggle in South Africa.

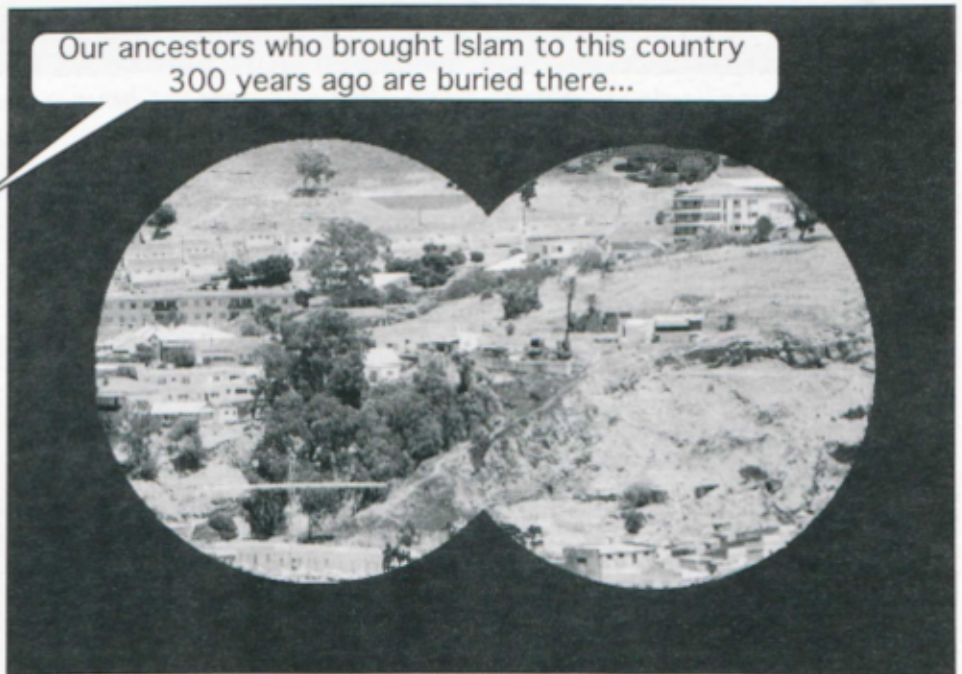


Laat ek jou wys. See that open space in the Bo-Kaap? There by the Mosque... Look between those two skyscrapers...

Oh ja, I see.



That is the Tana Baru cemetery.

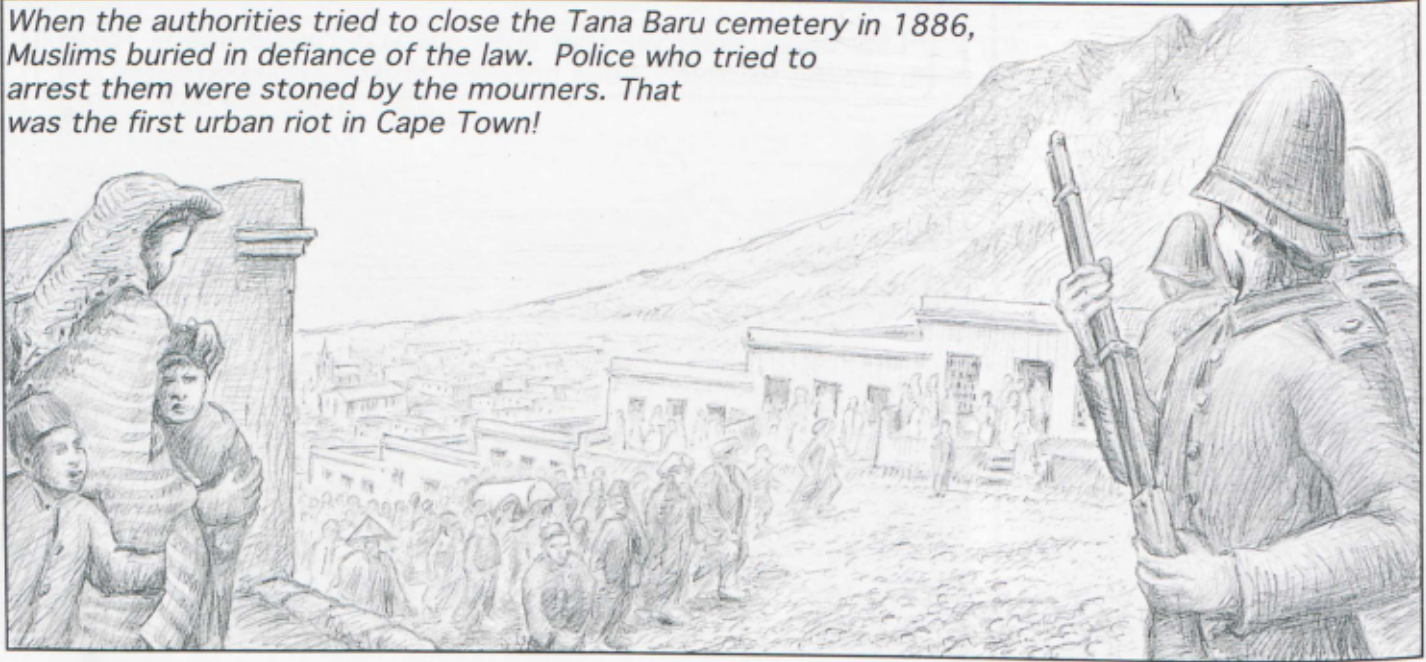


Our ancestors who brought Islam to this country 300 years ago are buried there...

Tuan Guru is buried there. He was a prince from the East Indies. He was exiled and imprisoned on Robben Island for conspiring against the Dutch. When he was released he started the first Islamic school in Cape Town, and in South Africa.



When the authorities tried to close the Tana Baru cemetery in 1886, Muslims buried in defiance of the law. Police who tried to arrest them were stoned by the mourners. That was the first urban riot in Cape Town!



At that time Muslim leaders tried to get representation in parliament. But the constitution was changed to keep them out. Now, a hundred years later we are still fighting to save the Tana Baru from the Council's development plans. But this year we have a chance to get into parliament!



Wat ginnegaap 'n man so!
Ten past five and still stuck!

You know, a building this size must have another door. Maybe at the other end...



I'm going to look!
Who's coming?

I will.

Okay.

Let's go.



Careful! There are no railings out here.

Just a 30 floor drop!



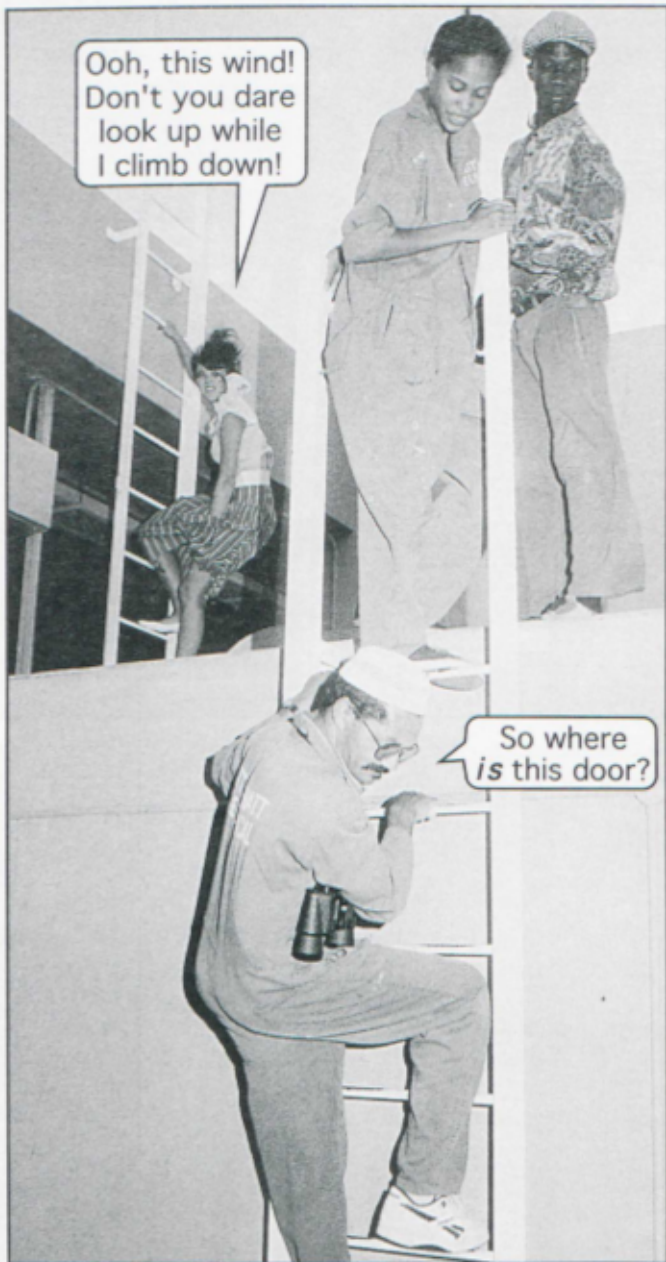
If there's another door, it's in there somewhere.



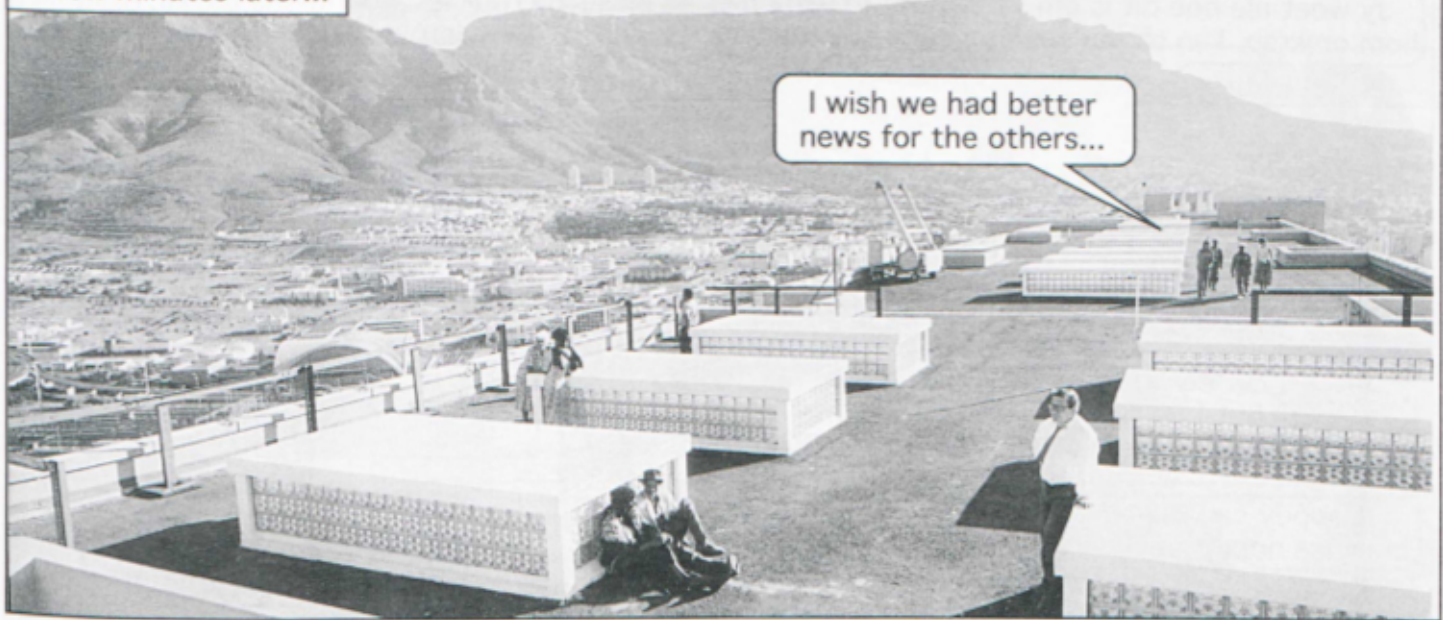
Look at all these ducts!

I don't like this place!





A few minutes later...



I wish we had better news for the others...



There you are. Any luck?

Also locked, can you believe it?!



What's wrong, Isak? You don't look too good!

Ek is bevrees!
Ek moet afgaan!



Ek en die baas moet vanaand Noupoort toe ry!
As ek hom mis, is ek in groot moeilikheid!



Surely he'll understand you couldn't help it!

Jy ken hom nie!
Hy sal my vel aftrek!

Jy weet nie hoe dit is om vir 'n boer te werk nie! As ek hom omkrap, kan ek my werk en selfs ook my huis verloor!



But farmworkers won their rights last year.

Waar ek woon, voel ek nie veilig nie! Die dorpie is klein en almal weet van almal se sake. Selfs die verkiesing! Die boer kan maklik uitvind vir wie ek gestem het!



Nobody can tell him, because nobody will know!



Dan hoekom wil hulle my I.D. boek sien?

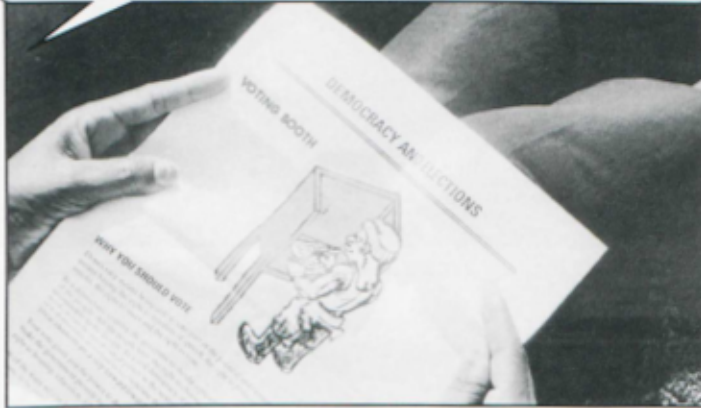
That's to check you come from South Africa. But the ballot paper has no I.D. on it.



You vote in private. Here, I've got a pamphlet that shows the voting booth.



Nobody can see you in there. You put your cross next to the party of your choice. Only one cross!



Then you fold up the ballot paper, there in the booth.



Then you take the folded paper and put it in the ballot box. Nobody can look into the ballot box! At the end of the day, they seal it and take it away for the votes to be counted.



Ek sien nou die prentjie! Ek sal regkom!

Jou kansse raak min! An hour and a half left!



Hierdie probleem van mense wat mekaar nie ken nie ... Vir my was dit anders.



In die dorpie waar ek opgegroeï het, het ons almal deurmekaar gewoon. Ek't baie Xhosa vriende gehad.



Toe in 1972 skei hulle ons. Ons kleurlinge word aan die een kant van die spoorlyn gesit, en die swartes aan die ander kant. En ons mag nie oor die lyn geloop het nie.



Maar ons skool was nog in die swart lokasie. So ons moet al die pad na die wit dorp loop, en terug aan die ander kant, net om by die skool te kom.



Ons was baie bitter dat ons van ons vriende geskei is. Dis hoekom ek apartheid vir altyd wil stopsit!





Sien jy, Brenda?
Daar **moet** justice kom!

Of course!



So hoe lyk dit
jy's nog nie sure
of jy wil vote nie!

Because... I'm confused.
I always believed it's
God's work to take
care of things on earth.



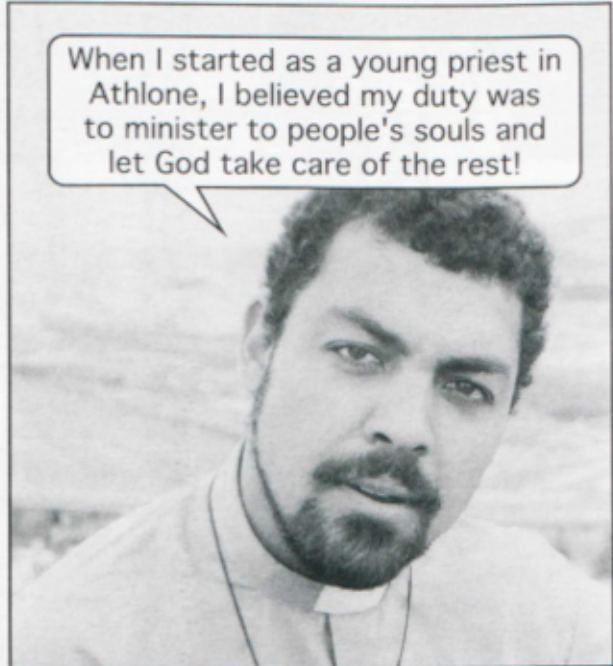
The Bible says: "If my people
will humble themselves and pray,
I will heal the land."

The Bible says: "If my people
will humble themselves and pray,
and turn from their wicked ways,
I will heal the land."



I didn't know that part!
What does it mean by
"wicked ways"?
I don't understand.

Neither did I,
Brenda,
for a long time!



When I started as a young priest in
Athlone, I believed my duty was
to minister to people's souls and
let God take care of the rest!

It was 1985. Thornton Road was a battle zone, and barricades were still burning from trouble that morning. I was talking to a church member on his stoep when I saw a Railways truck driving slowly down the street. I thought it strange because the youngsters had been stoning government vehicles.



A bit later the same truck came back up the street. This time some youngsters stoned it... bricks cracked the windows.

Next thing... gunshots! Police with shotguns jumped out of boxes on the back of the truck. It was a trap!



Glass shattered around us. Kids were shot as they ran. I saw a young boy fall to the ground. His shirt turned red.

We were stunned. Three boys were dead. Those children were lured to their deaths by this wicked plan!



By chance a TV crew filmed the whole incident. It became known as the "Trojan Horse". The pictures shocked the world.

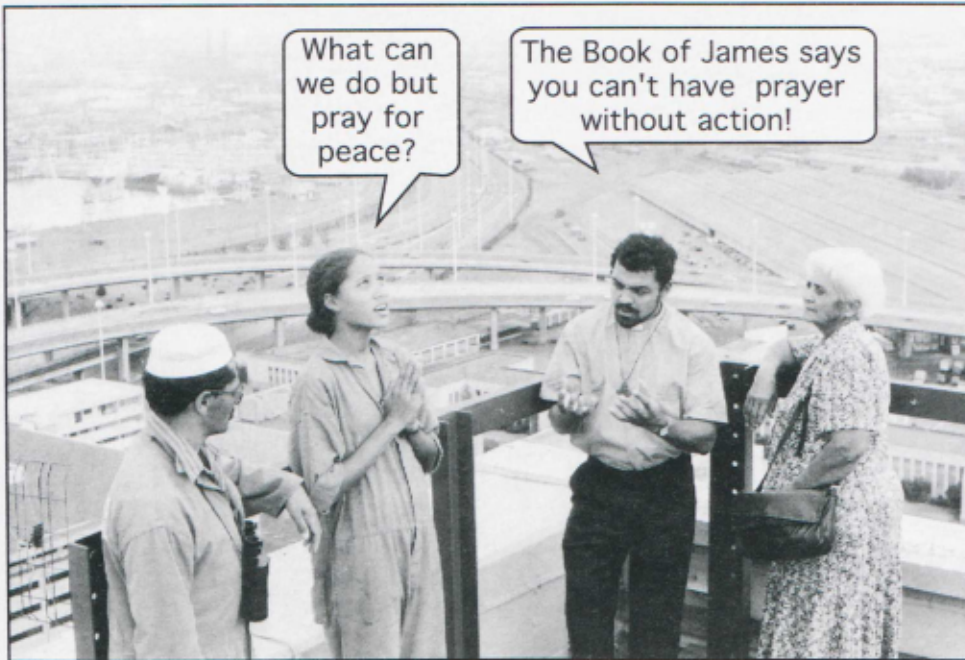


My congregation was in the firing line. I could no longer stand aside. I had to become involved as a Christian in the struggle for justice.

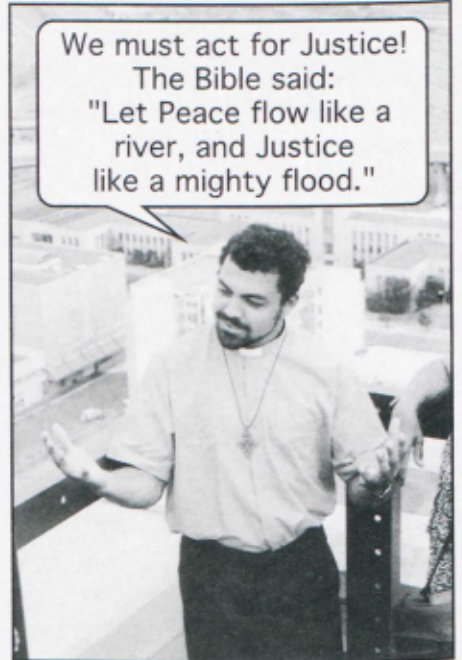


What can we do but pray for peace?

The Book of James says you can't have prayer without action!



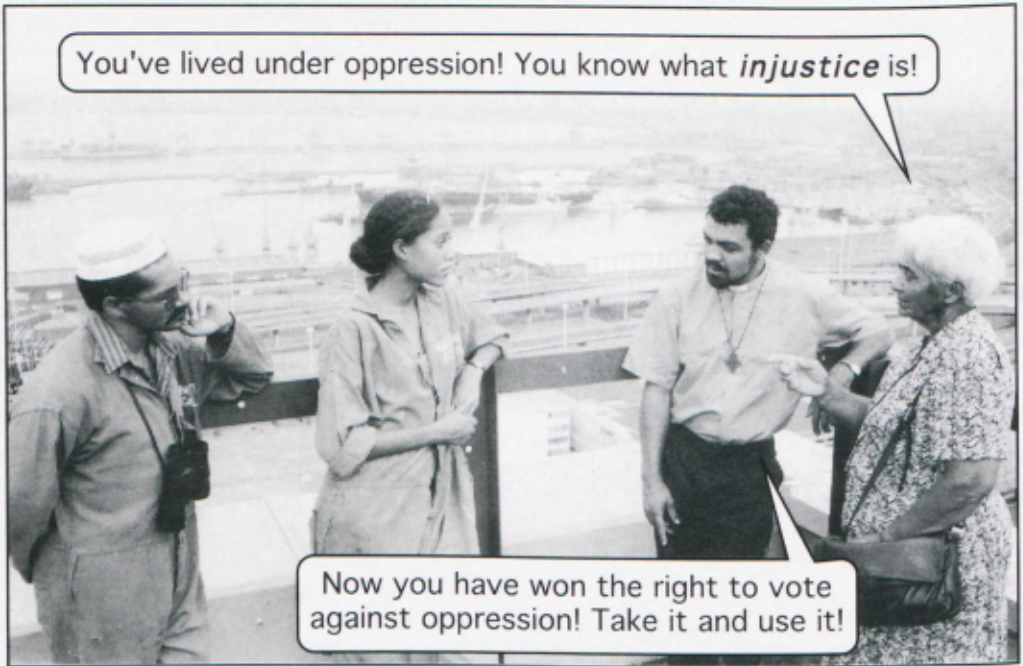
We must act for Justice! The Bible said: "Let Peace flow like a river, and Justice like a mighty flood."



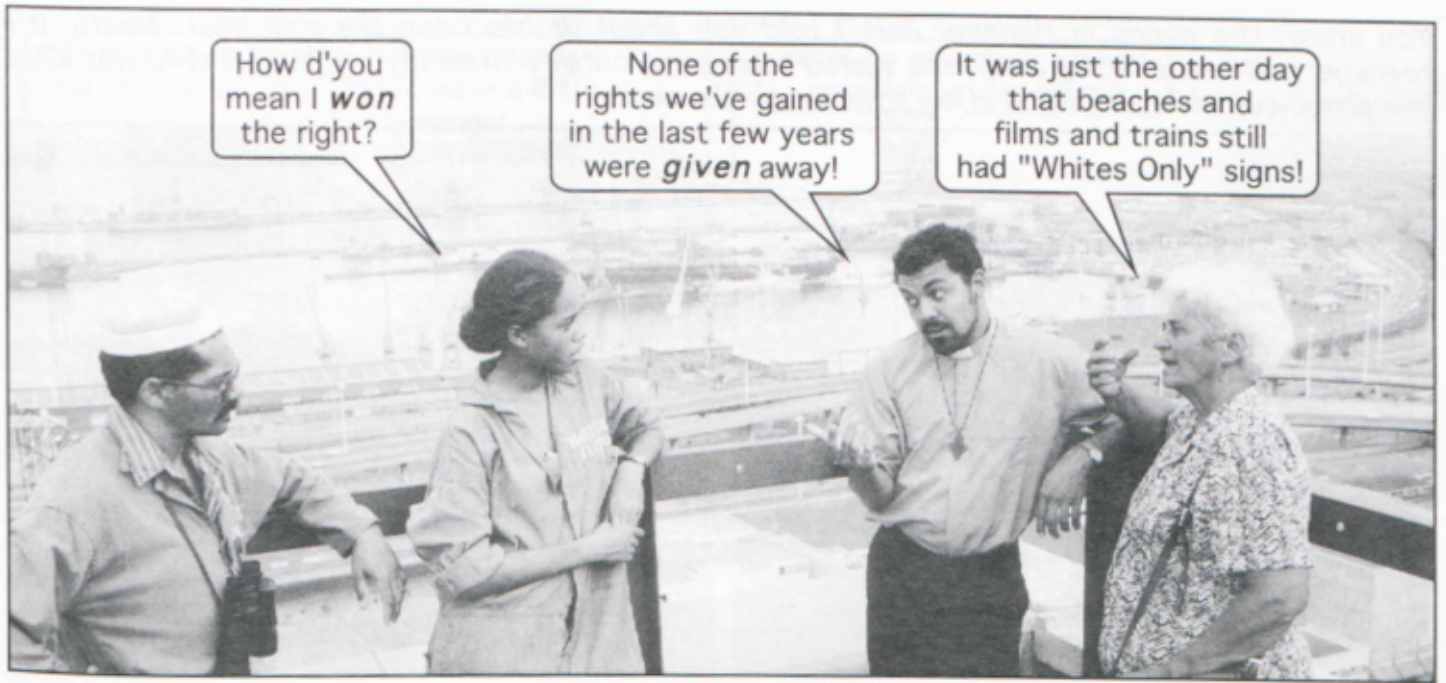
What can I do about justice? Ek's ongeletterd!



You've lived under oppression! You know what *injustice* is!



Now you have won the right to vote against oppression! Take it and use it!



How d'you mean I *won* the right?

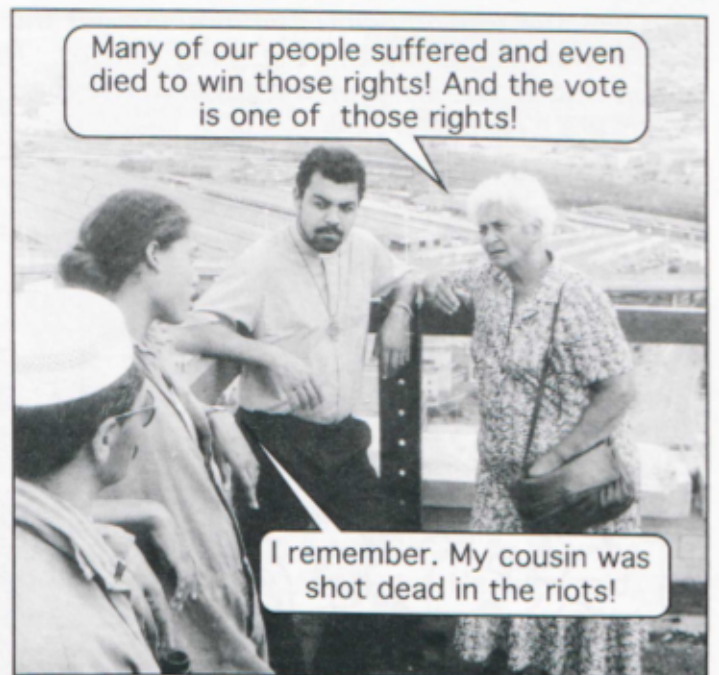
None of the rights we've gained in the last few years were *given* away!

It was just the other day that beaches and films and trains still had "Whites Only" signs!



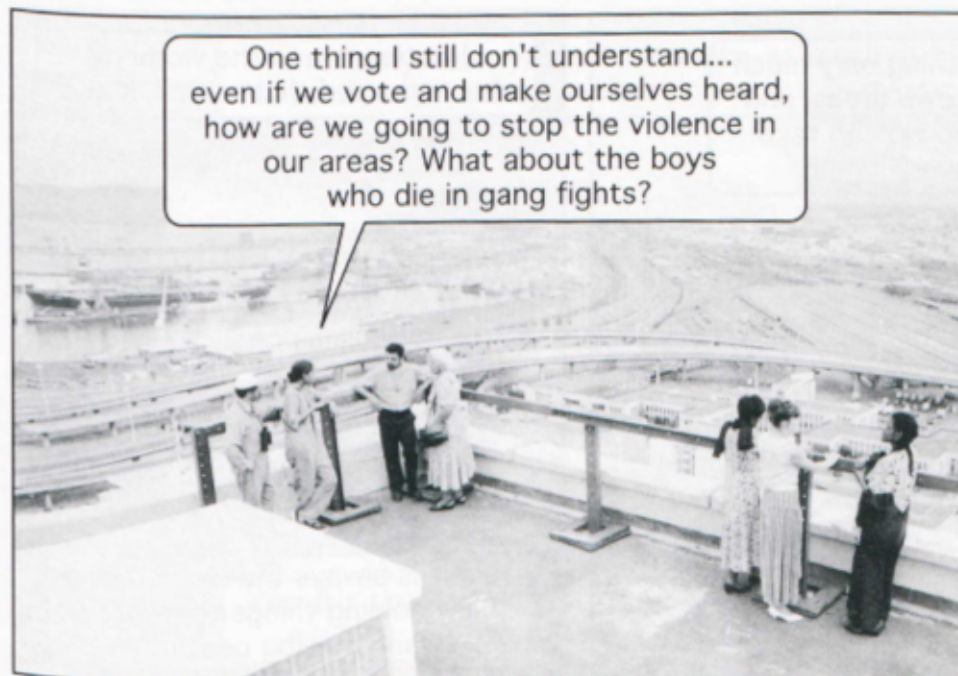
And what about the workers' rights we've gained through the Union?

Ja! The shopstewards did a good job!



Many of our people suffered and even died to win those rights! And the vote is one of those rights!

I remember. My cousin was shot dead in the riots!



One thing I still don't understand... even if we vote and make ourselves heard, how are we going to stop the violence in our areas? What about the boys who die in gang fights?



I can tell you a story about that!

You know, the gangs in Hanover Park I told you about. It has been like civil war! Mostly it's teenagers. We were hiding away, too scared to even go outside. Then my neighbours child was killed in a shoot-out while she stood in her pyjamas by the door.



That was the turning point! The mothers got the priests and Imams to lead a march against the big gang bosses. The whole community turned out. It was all over the papers. The main gang boss ran away! Things are a bit better now.



Next, we want more facilities for the children, to give them a chance. We are taking part, to improve our future.



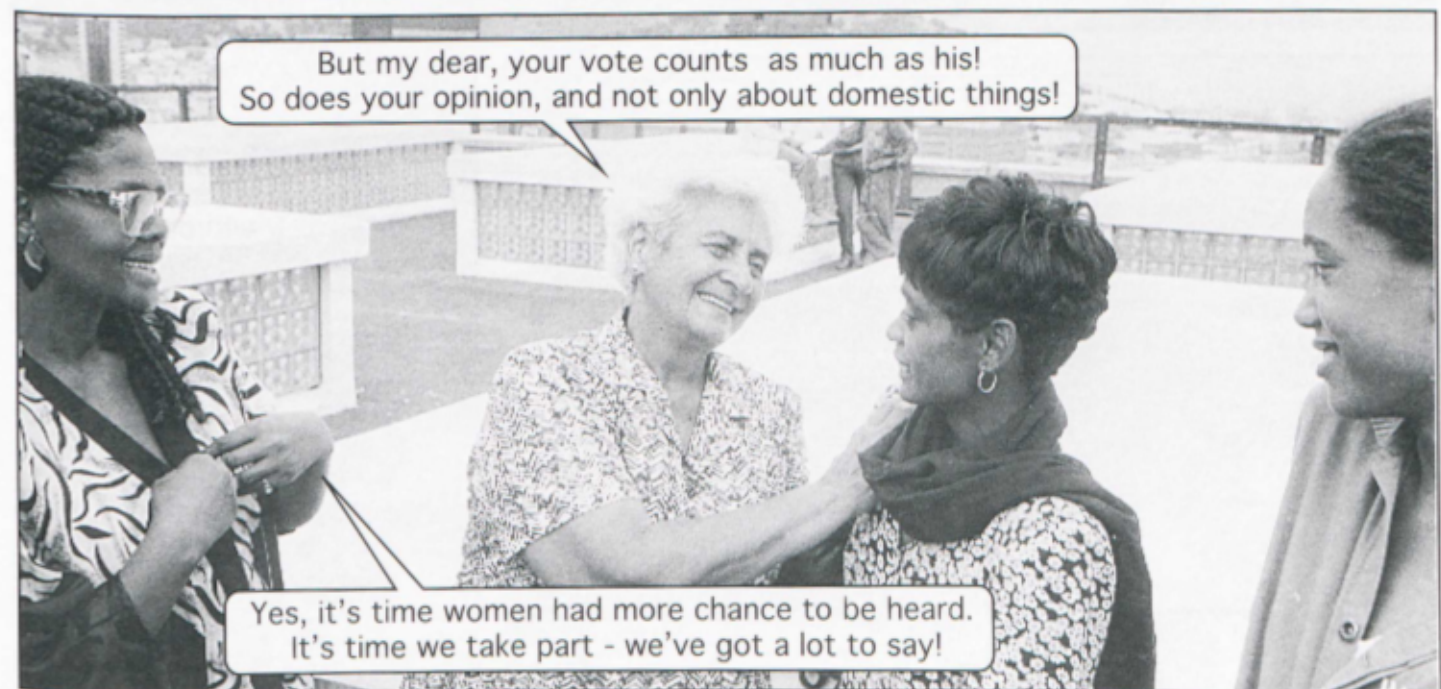
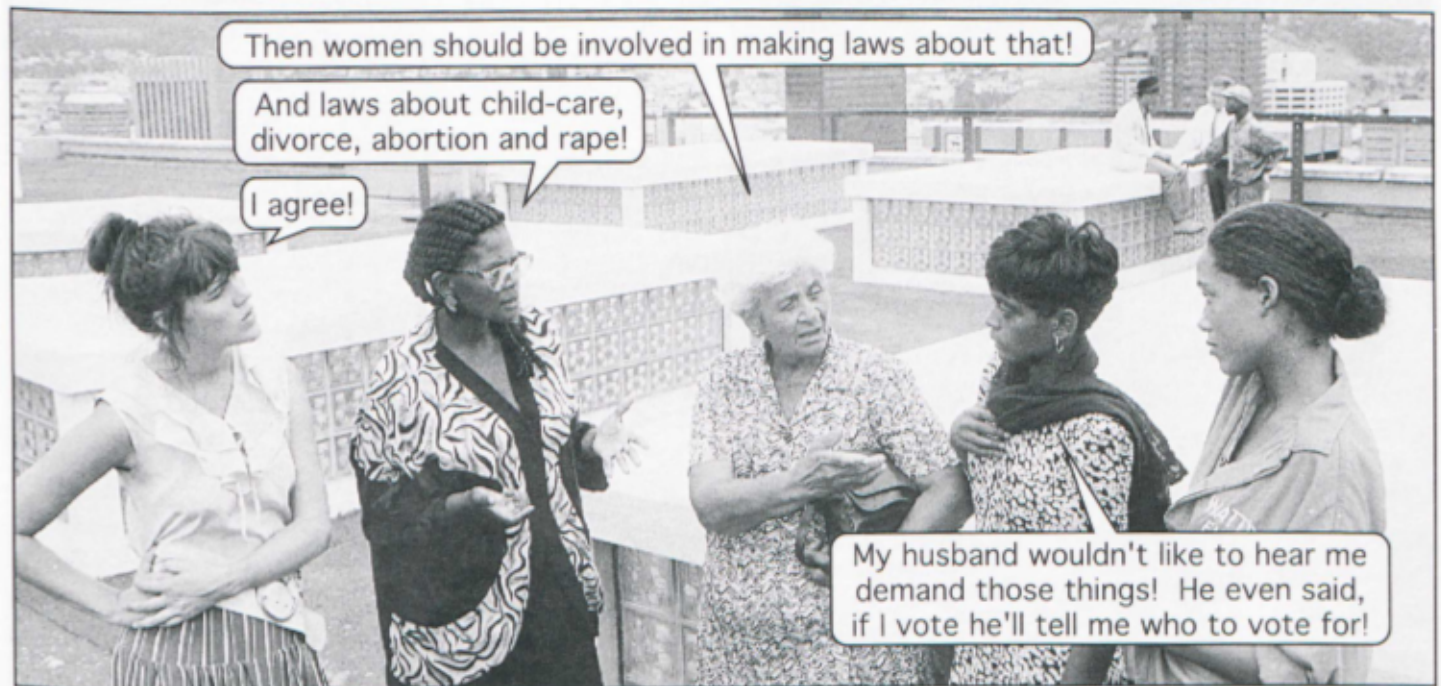
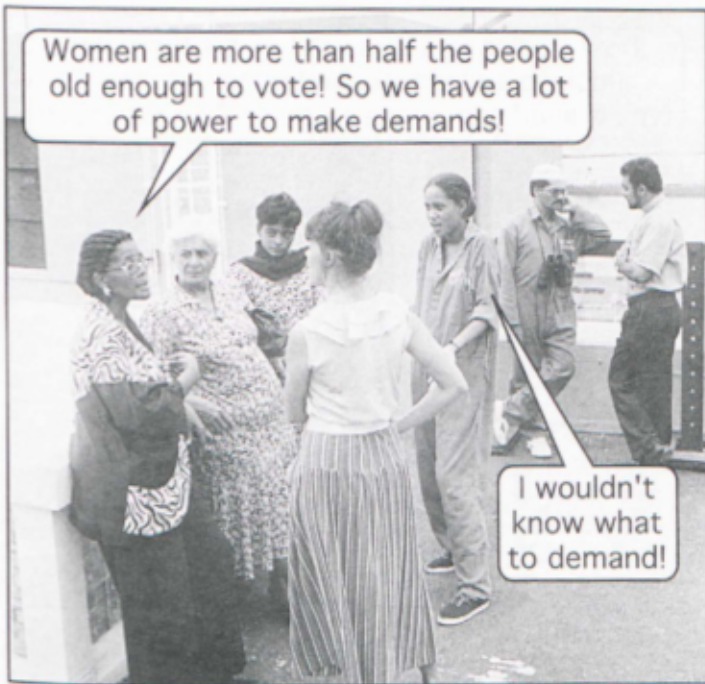
To me, elections is the same thing only much bigger! We must work in our own areas, and when we know what we need we can take our demands through to parliament!



I notice it was the women who organized that march, Mavis!

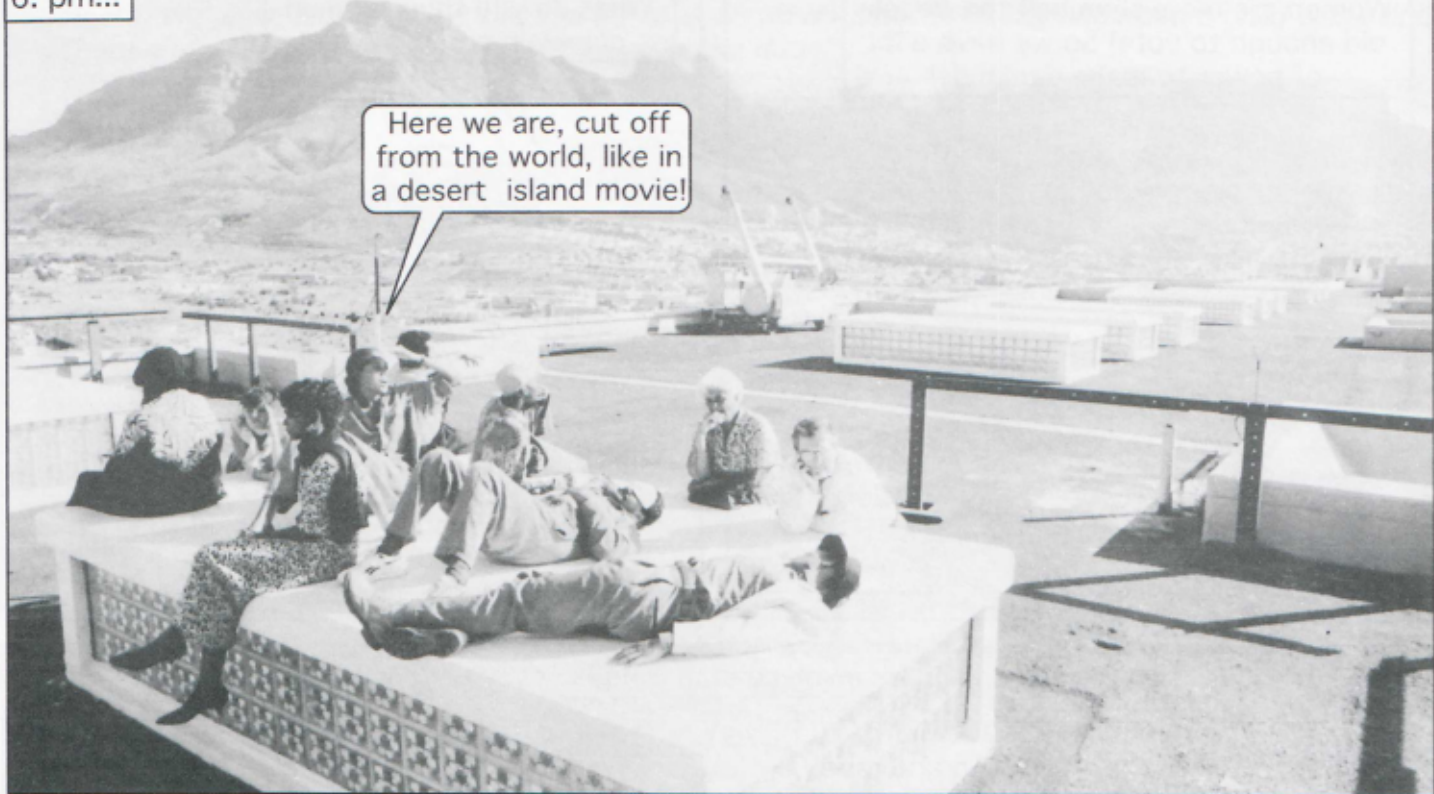


Yes! It is always the women who are holding things together and making peace!



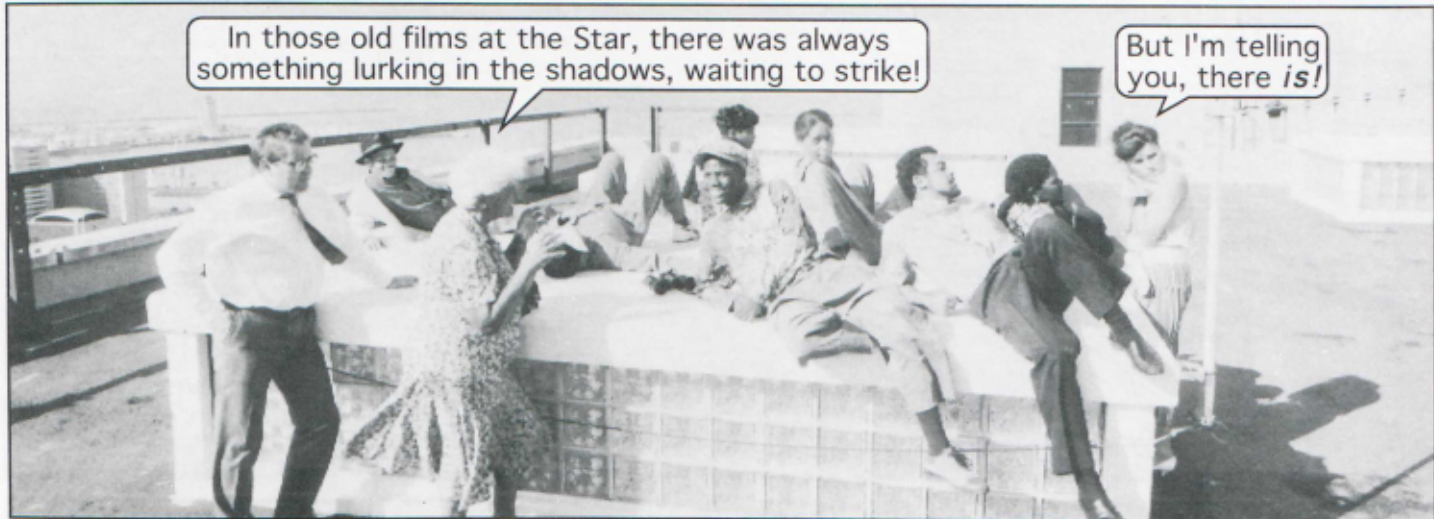
6. pm...

Here we are, cut off from the world, like in a desert island movie!



In those old films at the Star, there was always something lurking in the shadows, waiting to strike!

But I'm telling you, there *is*!



I'm the Roof Ghost!
WOOHOOOOOOOO!

You all think I'm crazy! Just wait!



We're waiting!
Meanwhile,
the Election carries on
without us!



Tell me, Father, how can democracy work if we only have two big parties deciding everything? Small parties will not have a say!



No! there is no winner-take-all in the new system. It's called proportional representation. Many votes can win lots of seats in parliament but few votes can still win a few seats.



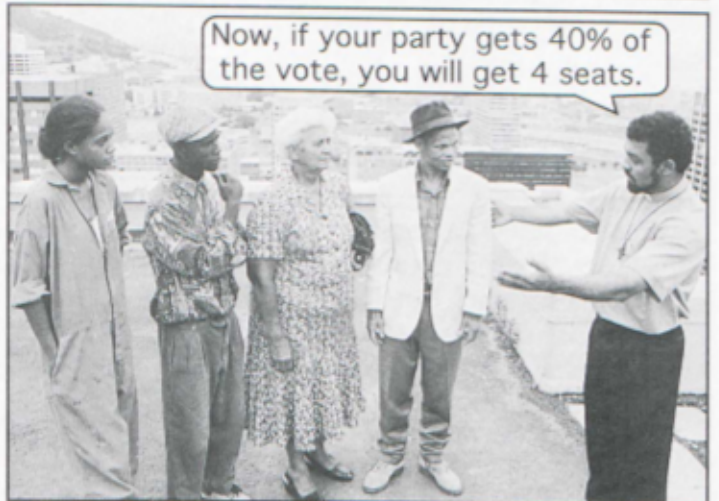
If you'd all come over here, I'll show you how it works.



There are 10 of us, so let's pretend parliament has 10 seats.



Now, if your party gets 40% of the vote, you will get 4 seats.



Your party gets 30% of the vote, and gets 3 seats.



Your party wins 20%, and gets 2 seats.



My party only got one out of ten votes, but I still won a seat. Now, in the *real* parliament there will be 400 seats. So all your party needs to win a seat is one out of every 400 votes!

We are the biggest!

But we still have a say!



Everybody's talking about this "two ballot" business. Why must we vote *twice*?

The first vote is to choose a party for the National Assembly, which is parliament. The second vote is to choose a party for the Regional Assembly, which will run our region.



You can vote for the same party both times, or for two different parties if you want to.

The National Assembly will govern the country. It will also work out the new constitution, which is laws and policies for housing, education and so on...

There will be lots of parties in the National Assembly. So you see, the small parties also have a say in making these policies.

It's a good system... better than I thought.



Um... if I vote, how will I know who to vote for?

Before you decide, look at what each party has done in the past. Look at what they *promised* to do. Have they kept their promises?

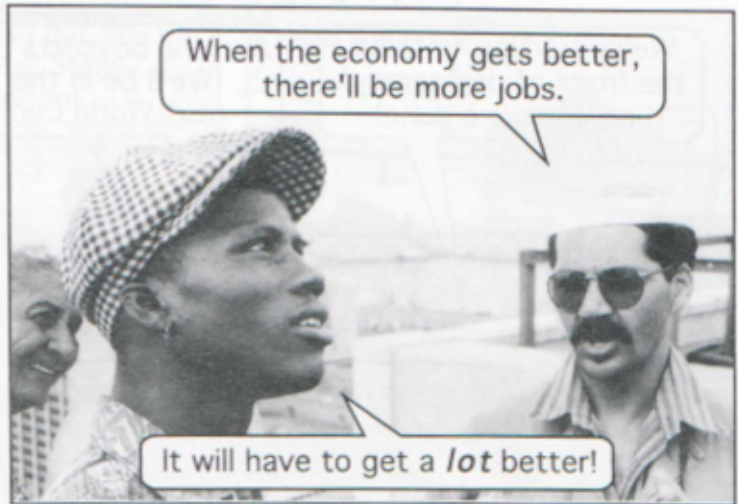
And if they break their promises in future, we'll vote them out on their ear in five years time!





When our democracy starts to work as planned, we can begin to get the things we need.

Like a good education!

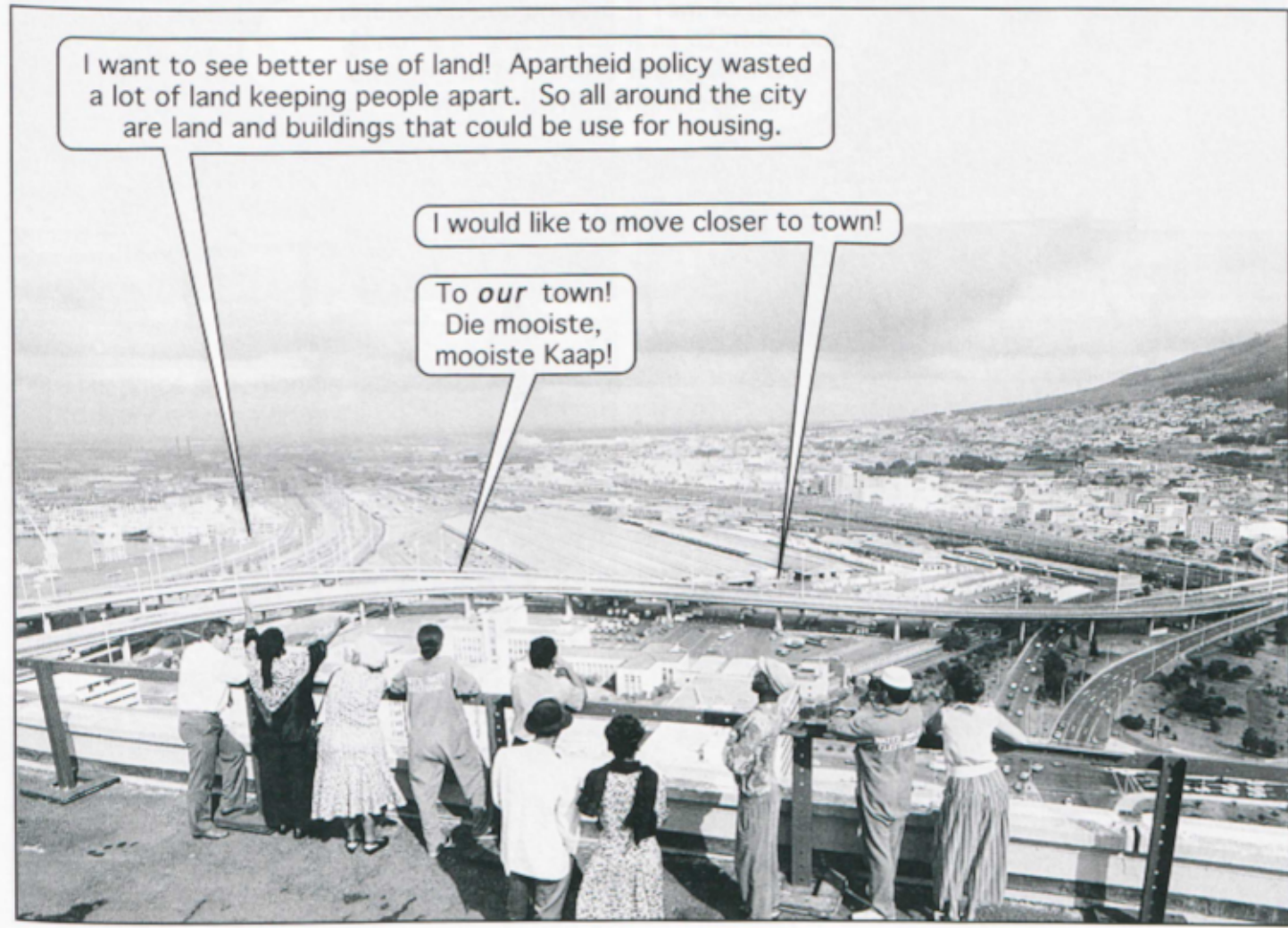


When the economy gets better, there'll be more jobs.

It will have to get a *lot* better!



I want a good house! And compensation for being forced out of District Six!



I want to see better use of land! Apartheid policy wasted a lot of land keeping people apart. So all around the city are land and buildings that could be use for housing.

I would like to move closer to town!

To *our* town!
Die mooiste, mooiste Kaap!

We're starting to taste the fruits of democracy! Sanctions are gone!

And the boycotts too! We'll be in the next World Cup!

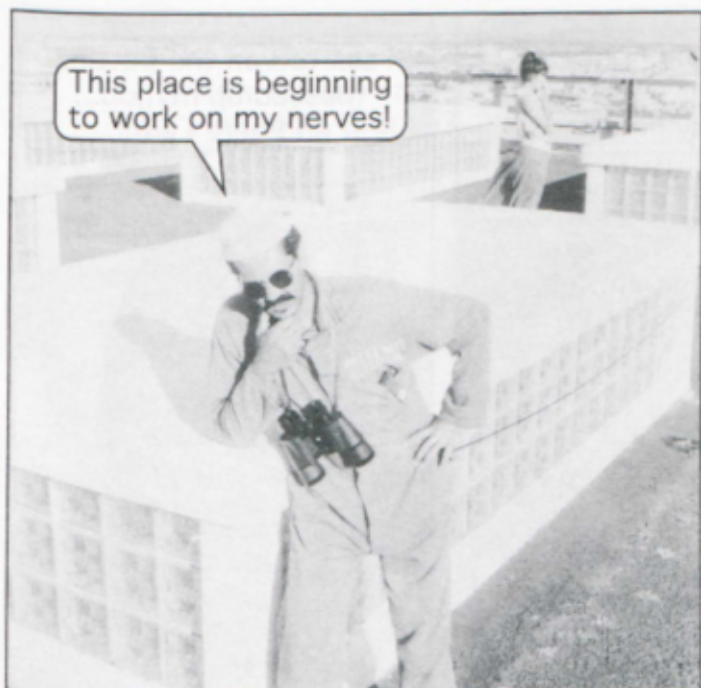
What about music? I want to dance the night away at a Whitney Houston concert!

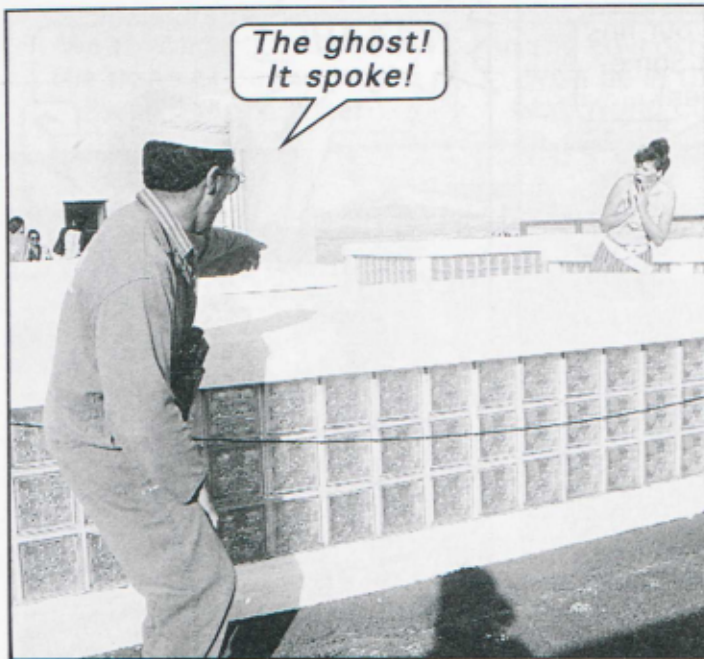


But thinking of dancing makes Brenda sad...

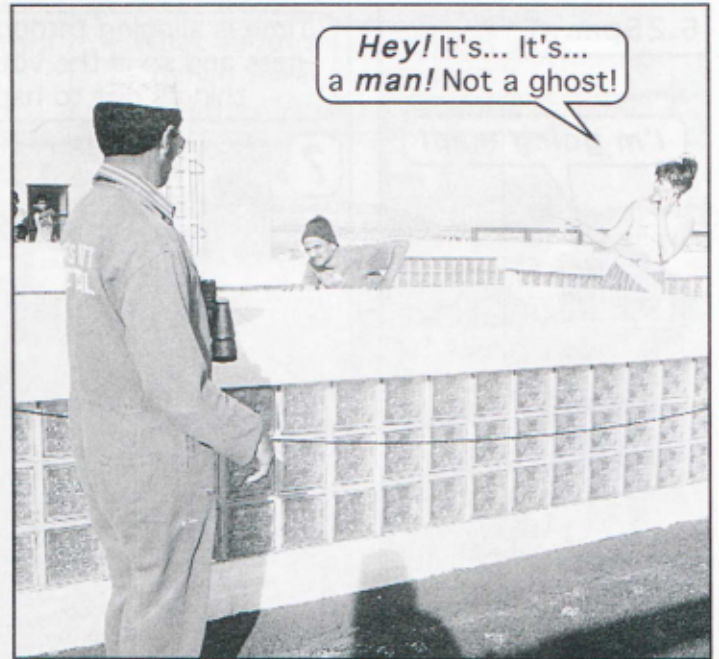
Where is Jerome now? Is he thinking of me? If only he could be here, and listen to all these people! It's funny, I feel lucky I got stuck here... My eyes are opening for the first time...







The ghost!
It spoke!

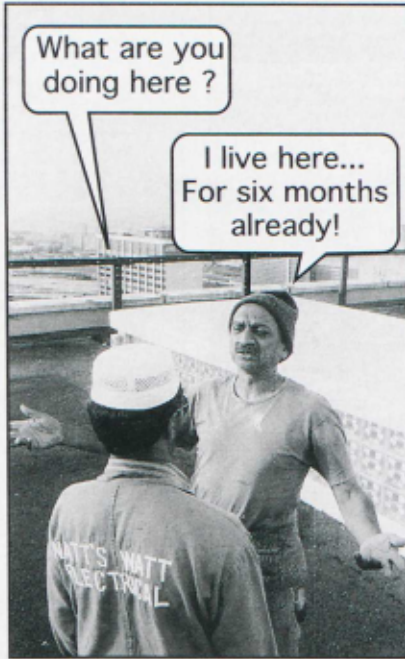


Hey! It's... It's...
a man! Not a ghost!



Who are you?

My name is
Casper Stemmet!



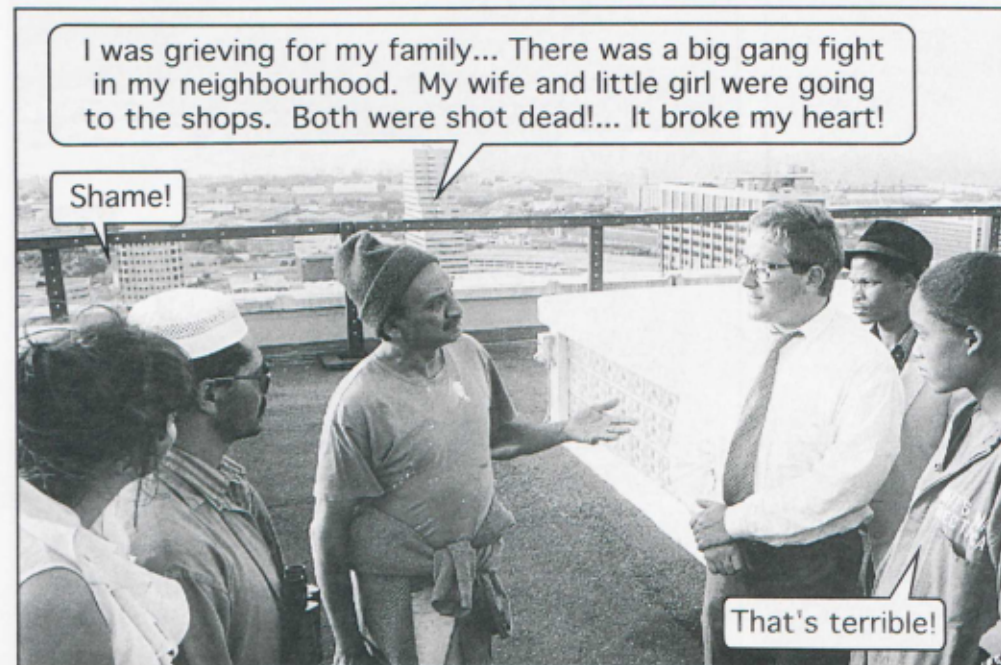
What are you
doing here ?

I live here...
For six months
already!



You see, I know this roof.
I used to do maintenance
for this building.

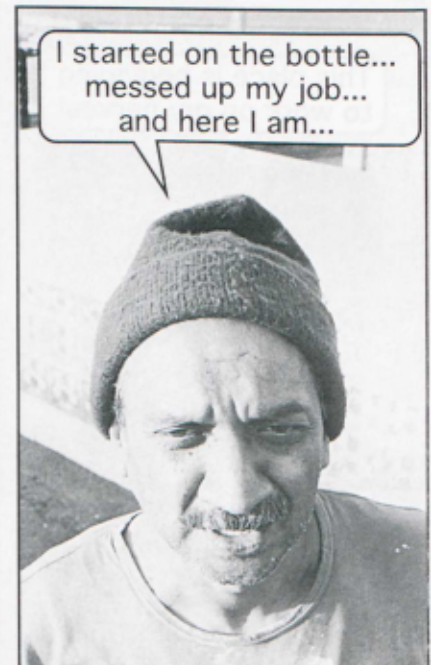
Good heavens!
I remember you!
What happened?



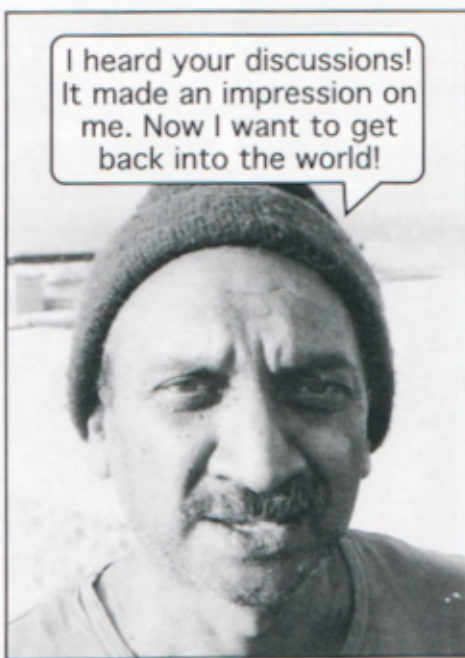
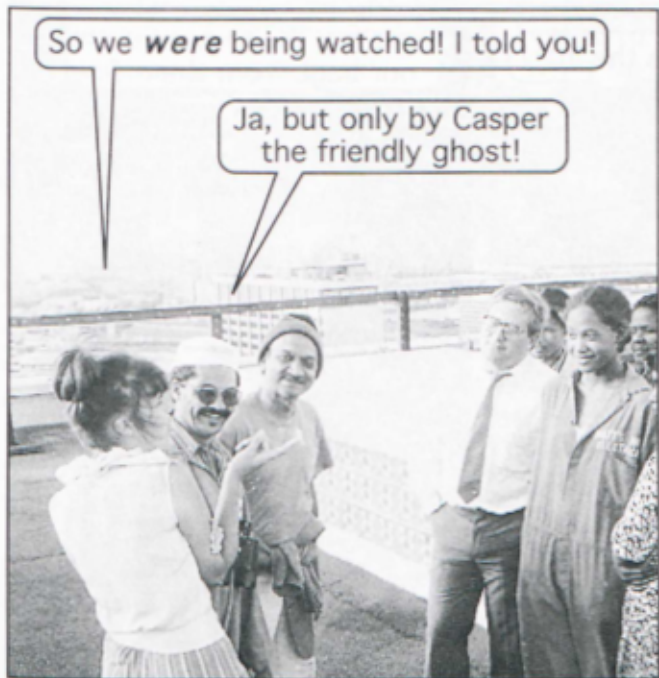
I was grieving for my family... There was a big gang fight
in my neighbourhood. My wife and little girl were going
to the shops. Both were shot dead!... It broke my heart!

Shame!

That's terrible!



I started on the bottle...
messed up my job...
and here I am...



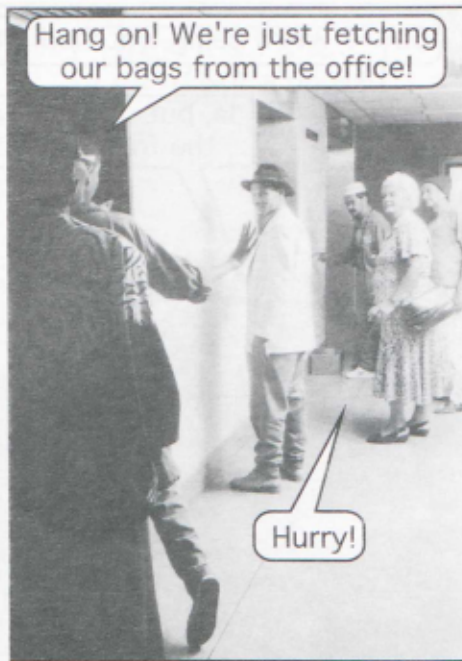


CLICK!

Free at last!
Let's go!



To the lifts!



Hang on! We're just fetching our bags from the office!

Hurry!



Here comes Cinderella on her way to the ball!

But the prince has already left in his white Cortina!



How are we going to find a voting station in time?

There's one nearby! I'll show you!

I'll come too! Afterwards we can go out and celebrate!

Got your I.D.?

Ja.



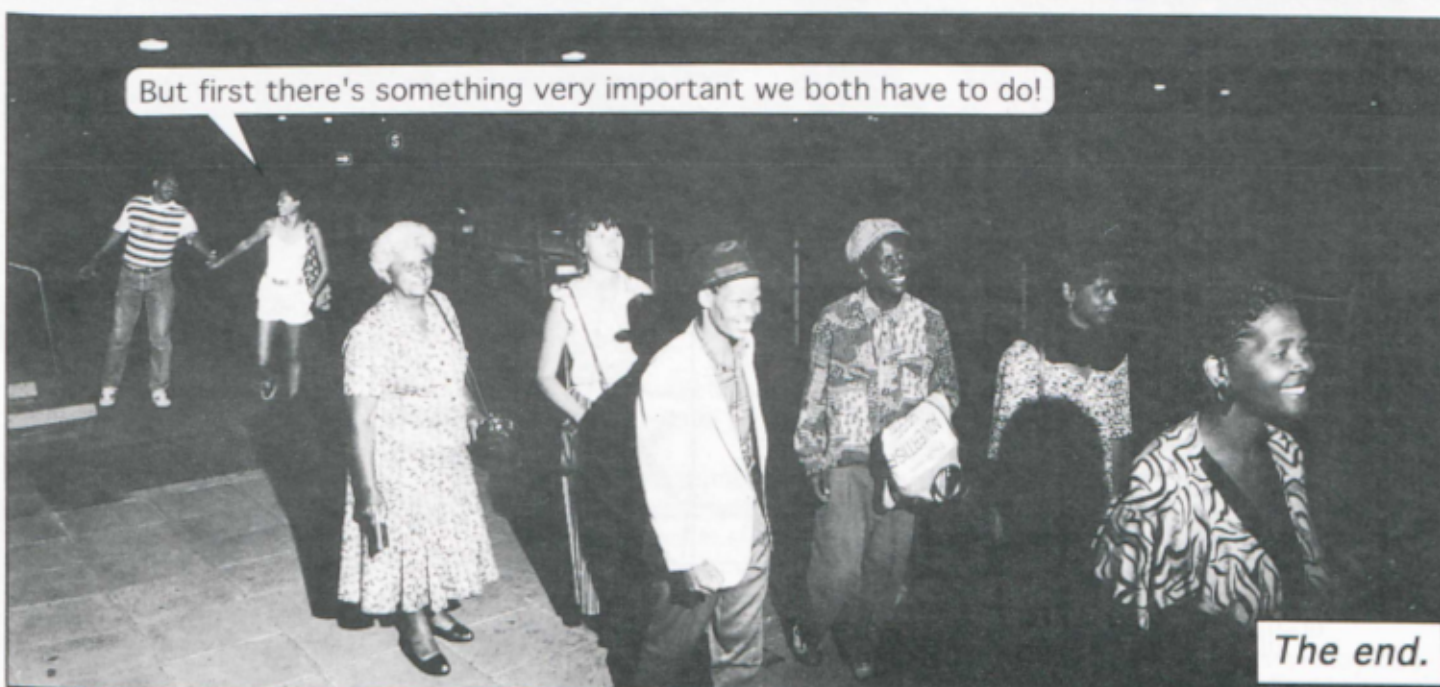
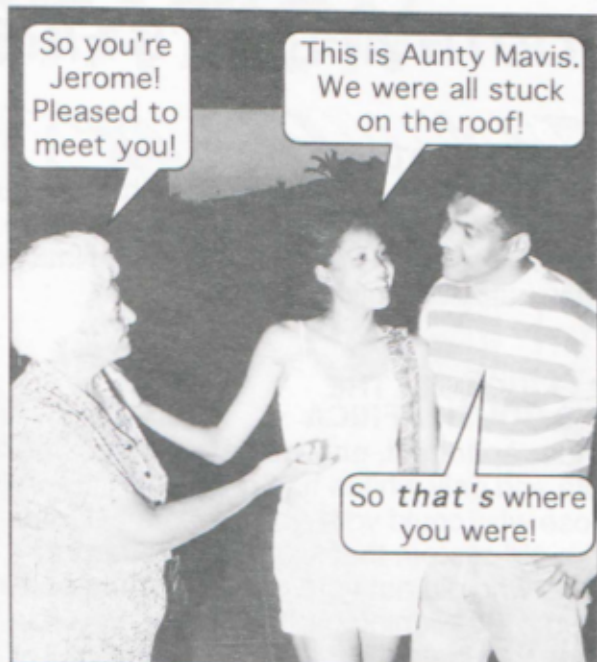
Come on! There's not much time!

This way!

Hey...!



Excuse me, I'm looking for Brenda Moses...



SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST DEMOCRATIC ELECTION!

WHO CAN VOTE?

For the first time in South Africa's history a truly democratic election will be held. South Africans of all races who are over the age of 18 may vote. You will have two votes - one for the National Assembly and one for the Regional Assembly.



ELECTIONS IN THE OLD SOUTH AFRICA

Under Apartheid, only racial minorities had the vote and only whites had real power. Even for those who could vote, there was a "winner-take-all" system that silenced the voice of those who did not vote for the winning party. Even if the winning party won by only a few votes they held all of the power and controlled the whole country. All this has been changed and we now have a completely new system.

THE NEW SYSTEM: PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

In the new system every vote will count! The more votes a party wins, the stronger they will be in the new Assemblies. The party that wins the most votes will have most say. But the parties that win less votes will still have a say in the running of the country. For example, a party that wins 20% of the National Ballot will have 20% of the seats in the National Assembly. In this way it is more difficult for any single group to control all the power in the country. There will be no "winner-take-all", as in past elections.

HOW DOES THE NEW TWO-BALLOT ELECTION WORK?

You have two votes. One vote is for the National Assembly, that is the central government. Your other vote is for the Regional Assembly that governs your region. You could vote for two different parties with your two votes. Or you could vote for the same party to represent you in the National Assembly and in your Regional Assembly.

WHAT IS THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY?

The National Assembly will be the new central government (parliament). The National Assembly, together with a senate that will be appointed from the nine regions, will also rewrite South Africa's constitution. To change the new constitution, more than two thirds of the representatives must agree.

WHAT ARE THE REGIONAL ASSEMBLIES?

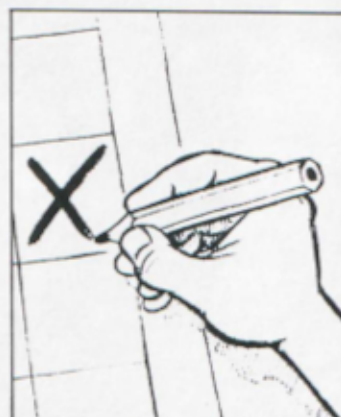
The Regional Assemblies will make it possible to respond to the special needs and wishes of people in each of the countries nine regions. A Regional Assembly will govern those matters most closely affecting people in each region. A party which gets, for example, a quarter of the votes cast in the Regional Ballot gets a quarter of the representatives in the region's Regional Assembly.

REMEMBER! YOUR VOTE IS SECRET!



No person can see who you vote for. All votes will be counted in the presence of the Independent Electoral Commission (IEC) and International Monitors.

MAKE YOUR MARK FOR CHANGE!



Place your cross inside the box next to the party of your choice. Remember, the X must not cross the lines of the box.

A VOTING STATION



1. Check ID or voters card
2. Check hands
3. Mark hands
4. Get National ballot paper
5. Make X on National ballot paper
6. Put paper in ballot box
7. Get Regional ballot paper
8. Make X on Regional ballot paper
9. Put paper in ballot box

1. Toon ID of kieserskaart
2. Ondersoek hande
3. Merk hande
4. Kry Nasionale stembrief
5. Maak X op Nasionale stembrief
6. Plaas stembrief in stembus
7. Kry Streekse stembrief
8. Maak X op Streekse stembrief
9. Plaas stembrief in stembus

1. Veza isazisi (ID) sakho okanye ikhadi lokuvota
2. Qwalasela izandla
3. Yenza uphawu ezandleni
4. Fumana iphepha lokuvotela urhulumente wesizwe siphela
5. Yenza unxi (X) ephepheni lokuvota
6. Faka iphepha lakho ebhokisini
7. Fumana iphepha lokuvotela urhulumente wenginqi
8. Yenza unxi (X) kwelo phepha lokuvotela urhulumente wenginqi
9. Lifake ebhokisini

