

metropolitan areas in the world.
Under apartheid, desecration was used to move non-white people out of the urban centres where no organic social and economic development was allowed to take place. Therefore crime and decay was allowed to flourish.
The threat of crime spilling over into white areas could be contained by the very nature of the

our country.
There should also be extensive consultation with ratifiers associations, street committees, forums, community police forums, local professionals, and so on.
The design must be holistic and incorporate human, social, economic, environmental and infra-structural elements.

city's residents.
The state must build and incorporate secure and affordable space for business, local service providers, artisans, arches, restaurants, and so on to encourage the development of entrepreneurship and boost local economic activity and job creation.
These spaces could be initially subsidised (rent to buy) and agencies such as the Red Door could identify

criminal elements from monitoring communities to reasons of the degradation of housing stock, and to making public open spaces and recreational areas and accommodation safe for families.
Buildings need to be of high quality and of an aesthetically pleasing design, and maintenance needs to be carried out on a regular basis on all whereby the conditions of tenure

the nature of the privatisation intertwined with those who have little.
Let's share the blanket, let us all end up with no blanket and a hard and cold place to sleep.
● *Nazeer A. Souday is vice-chairman of the South African Civic and Environmental Association and an executive member of the Philadelphia Community Police Forum.*

One man's quest for truth, not vengeance

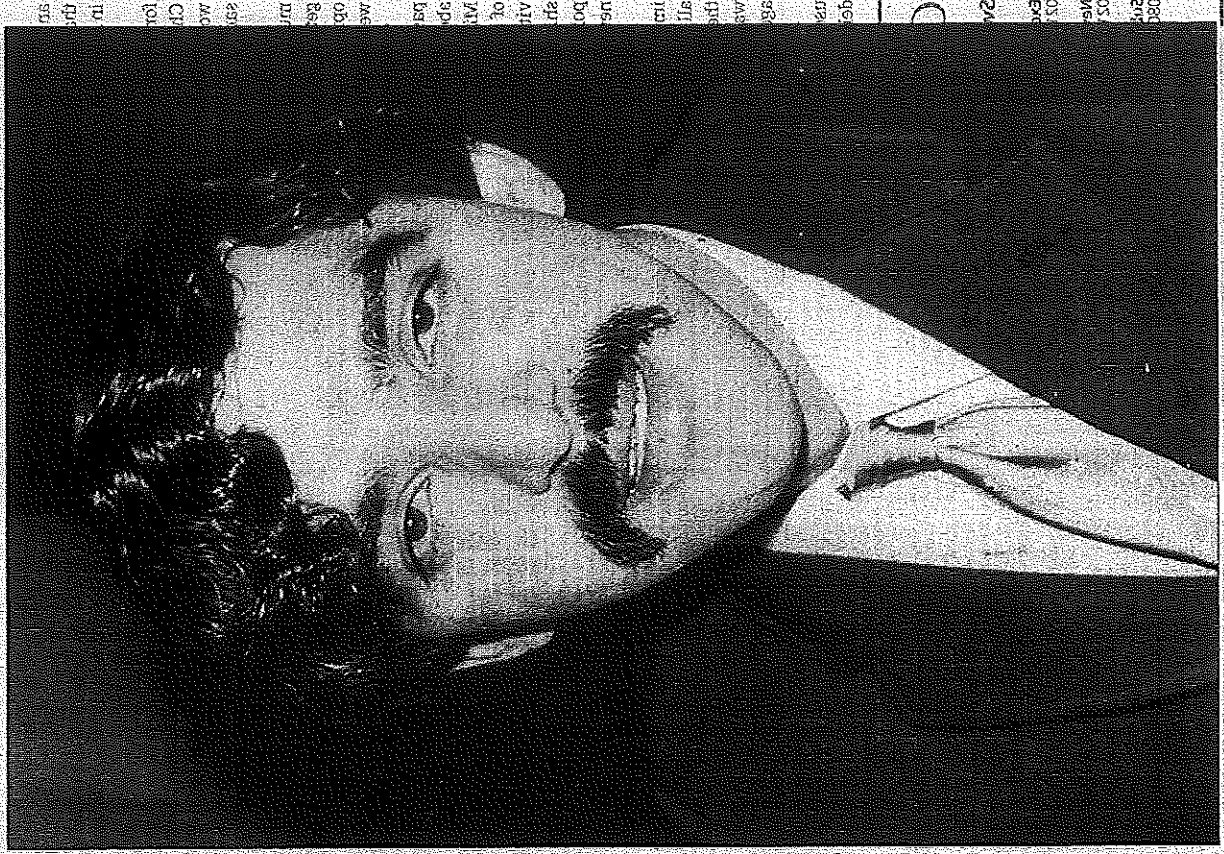
In the quest for justice, the full story of the death of my beloved uncle must be told, writes Imtiaz Cajee

IT IS 38 YEARS almost to the day since my uncle Ahmed Timol was thrown to his death by a security police from the 10th floor of John Vorster Square in Johannesburg.
Ever since I was a youngster I have pondered on the life and death of my beloved uncle. I used every opportunity I found to talk to my grandparents (Ahmed's mother and father) I wanted to know about his life. How did he die? What happened? How did they as parents react? I remember paging through newspaper articles of the time, trying to make sense of what happened.
In my teenage years I wanted to avenge the death of my uncle through joining Umkhonto we Sizwe. I wanted to play my part in liberating the country from its oppressive rulers. I wanted to join the ranks of my uncle and thousands of other comrades who had sacrificed their lives for their people. But it did not work out that way.
When my grandmother was approached to testify at the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) hearings in 1998, she initially refused. I pleaded with her, begged her to tell the story - to keep it alive. I convinced her that it was important and her quiet testimony - in her language, Gujarati - shocked the nation.
Months after testifying, my grandmother died. She did not witness the remaining of the school in Asasaville, Ahmed Timol Secondary School, by Nelson Mandela.
My grandmother's testimony at the TRC was emotional for me. I had over the years heard her vividly

describe the pain of losing her son. But the testimony at the TRC was something else - I had a lump in my throat and was "breathless for a while. I had a vision: I needed to do something more constructive in memory of my late uncle. The idea of writing a book in his memory was born.
I started the process of once again reading the newspaper articles. I made notes and began the task of identifying individuals who could assist me with the project. This was a difficult and painstaking process. I received assistance from some, while others simply humiliated me.
Yet I continued on this journey. I found the energy and courage to speak to a former policeman, Captain JH Gloy. I held my nerve and painstakingly enquired about my uncle. Gloy was reluctant to speak and threatened action against me if I continued plying him.
In January 2005, my book was launched at the former John Vorster Square, the place of Uncle Ahmed's death, now named Johannesburg Police Station. The SA Police Choir sang the national anthem and members of the cabinet attended and paid tribute to Ahmed Timol.
Other launches were held in Asasaville, Cape Town, Durban, Canada and the UK. I had the opportunity to speak at these launches, have my photograph taken and sign many copies of the book. I was "famous".
But launching the book has not brought about the sweet joy of paying tribute to my uncle and achieving closure.
The story is incomplete. There are pages missing. Yes, I had, for the first time, told the story of Ahmed

a better understanding of the underground structures of the liberation movement. And it has brought me into contact with some remarkable individuals whose sacrifices have not been acknowledged.
One is Abdul Hay Jasser (also known as Charlie). He was detained and severely tortured in the 1960s. Charlie had dedicated his life to the struggle. Today his humility, simplicity and his remarkable tolerance of his interrogators are deeply inspirational. He is a constant reminder to me that the people always come first, despite the suffering he personally endured.
The other is the late Amina Desai. She was sentenced to five years imprisonment for allowing Timol to use her home for his underground activities. Her return from prison and her banishment within the community did not deter Amina. Her story is a tribute to the ideals of honesty, simplicity and truth.
The journey has also brought me in contact with former Security Branch officers. Recently after reading my book, a former security policeman told me that, for the first time, she understood the pain and suffering of the "other side". If I have managed to get a single individual to understand the suffering of Timol and others, my small contribution has been worthwhile.
I seek not retribution or vengeance, but the truth. Lessons must be learnt from our past. The sacrifices and commitment of Timol and thousands of others should remind us that our democracy came at a massive price.

● *Imtiaz Cajee is the author of Timol: Quest for Justice*



MYSTERY: Ahmed Timol, who plunged to his death from the 10th floor of John Vorster Square in Johannesburg.