



Making social worlds

Fear of forgetting

Sheila Masote:

The one thing that worried me, or us, as young girls and our mothers, was that hey are we going to be running. Because you could see phetouff...touff.. suddenly you hear footsteps. 'What's up!'. Somebody must have forgotten their pass.

Michael Masote:

The children of today don't know what we went through. And when I tell my son that you know, you'd go out of the house, and immediately someone along the road said 'Oh, I've forgotten my ID'. Then you make a 'U' turn, and you just pray you don't meet police in between until you arrive at home and look for the trousers you had the previous night. 'Oh here's my trousers'. I've just changed trousers. Search. Get your pass, and out you go. So there was no happiness about it, because it was hanging over your head all the time. To say pass, pass, pass. And the minute you see a policeman, the first thing you think of, you feel 'Do I have my pass'. And you must actually feel this thing in your back pocket.

Sheila Masote:

Oh you know the part that was also not beautiful about the male side, which we would see was. You would see when they get them. If maybe the van is far. Then they would be walking handcuffed two, two, two like sheep, until they go to the van that picks them up. But then we're wondering, are we also going to be exposed to that. I mean where's my pride, where's my young woman? Which guys will see me, having forgotten my ID?