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of a people who belonged to the future; the morality of the new humanity. The morality of the old humanity had, up to the time of Christ, set the greatest store by the group, by the tribe, by the nation—which sometimes meant the race. Christ raised the individual and set him on a new pedestal. That gave him added importance. The conditions on the Africaⁿ continent were such that christianity attached importance as much to the group as to the individual. This commitment to two standards produced frightful contradictions in the relations between Black and White. Our suffering sprang partly from these. To free ourselves from the^{se} contradictions we had to evolve the morality of the new humanity. Where the old attached importance to the 'otherness' of the next person, the new would focus attention on the identification of being with being; on making the individual see in his neighbour his own being in another form; on rejecting the 'otherness' of those who, together, give form to the human personality.

I had been shaken profoundly by the error into which we had fallen when we saw reality from perspectives rendered fashionable by the race oppressor. The riots were proof to me that the morality of the old humanity had dangers for us. African Nationalism, I began to realise, had committed the blunder of seeing events and the relations between Black and White through borrowed eyes. To correct this error I had to work as much for the widening up the area of identification as for the emancipation of the African. This was the lesson of the riots.

Mda watched the changes in my thinking with growing anxiety. He lost his temper with me when I began to question openly some of African Nationalism's presuppositions. Our implied acceptance of apartheid's basic hypotheses was building up a warlike mood in my community. If, one day, the African states attained independence, what

would stop us in this country, from thinking in terms of war with the White~~s~~ ~~face~~ ~~oppressors~~. I hated war. I had two children whom I loved. I could not bequeath to them the prospect of war. I sincerely did not want to see bloodshed used as a political argument. I had to think in terms of an alternative and to do this successfully I had to start by criticising myself, to find out where I had blundered; to examine my side's position with open eyes and not to proceed as though we had a monopoly of virtue simply because we had been sinned against for so long.

Viewing me from afar, the wise Mda could see the image of a new man emerging to take the place of the old. An ugly row between us broke out in the Press. After that our relations cooled considerably. I was very sorry about this. One of the men whose friendship meant a lot to me had moved out of my life. I loved and respected Mda. But if the truth revealed itself to me in ways which estranged me even from him, I did not have a choice. Some time went by. One dark night I heard a knock on the door. It was long after midnight. I woke up and opened it. Mda stood in front of me. He had travelled all the way from the Cape, a journey of about four hundred miles, to come and say we should make peace. He had his ^{own} pay.

directed his eyes straight at the commissioner, a judge of the supreme court and said: "Are there no longer any ships sailing the seas to India?"

The Afrikaner Nationalist regarded the Indian as the dangerous, unassimilable element which always would act as India's and Asia's fifth Column in South Africa. It was, in Afrikaner eyes, the advanced non-White group which would put wrong ideas against the White man into the heads of the otherwise docile Africans. Most White people did not know of the Cultural Amalgam, of the original Bloemfontein Conference, of the heroic and realistic schools of African Nationalism. Whenever trouble erupted they thought it was either the communists or the Indians. The Indians had to be thrown out of the country not only because they were setting the bad example of demanding equality; because they performed as well as the White man in business, but also because they could become the dangerous connecting link between the African and Asia's millions. When the two great continents marched in phalanctic formation against White domination, the days of Afrikaner Nationalism's survival would be numbered. The Indian had to be starved out of the country - through the Group Areas Act and similar legislation, coupled with attacks from public platforms ----- and forced to clear out before he had done much mischief.

Both African Nationalism and its Afrikaner counterpart wanted to get rid of the Indian in order to weaken what each side regarded as its most wicked foe. The White policeman who released the African rioters hated the Black man. But racial and political imperatives forced him to side with the African to destroy the Indian; to prevent the growth of an Afro-Indian alliance and to deprive India of the excuse for wanting to influence events in South Africa. It was an ironical situation where the bitterest foes collaborated in weakening each other.

After the riots, Mda came out clearly with his insistence on the quality of our ideals in the League being above reproach. He had been a very close friend and admirer of Lembede, who had attempted to popularize Africanism.

Mda did not say Africanism should be scrapped. He produced a new phrase. African Nationalism was the force for which he stood. For him, Africanism had racial connotations he found dangerously angular.

At the Bloemfontein Conference toward the end of 1949, he delivered a long speech in which he warned that the African's fight for freedom would be in vain if it was waged merely to ensure that the African debased the human personality in the way the White man did. Fascism, he said, like race oppression, was evil from the White side as it was from the African. He warned that there could be fascists also right within the League itself who had in mind the idea of establishing a closed racial state precisely in the way Afrikaner Nationalism wanted to do. These were the most dangerous enemies of African Nationalism. We fought the White man, he continued, because we thought we had something better to offer our country and to enrich the human experience. We did not fight to mess human lives in ways which were worse than those of the White man; we wanted to make them richer. Uttered against the background of the riots, these were brave words. The delegates weighed them carefully and in the end resolved to have them published in a document styled the Bloemfontein Declaration. The speech was the clearest exposition of the motivating urges, the ultimate objectives and the principles which moved the Congress Youth League to its goals. For reasons which were never fully explained, the document never saw the light of day. The League accepted his stand and the programme of action he and his executive had prepared.

Mda's heavy emphasis on adhering to the democratic line strengthened us in Natal. We began to examine more critically our relations with the Indian community and endeavoured to find a formula which would enable both sides to work effectively for the prevention of the recurrence of riots. Luthuli gave us all possible support in this respect. We did not go out of our way to approach the Indians. We believed this could be better handled by the Johannesburg

section of the League which had direct connections with the Indian Congress. Besides, we were in serious trouble with Champion. He had declared war on the League and treated us as though we were political heretics. He would have nothing to do with our programme of action. He would not be taught by hotheads how to run the national struggle, he said. Personalities came in to complicate the relations. Trouble developed between me and Champion in the executive. As League president for Natal, I was bound to carry out its policies. These had been outlined in the manifesto and in presidential addresses from year to year. In a sense we were a political party within the mother body. Our goals were those of the ANC. We were, however, in a hurry to get to them. We preferred methods which the Old Guard found wholly unacceptable. Champion, for example, was not interested in direct action. He wanted to avoid a collision with the government. He still thought he could be effective if he adhered to the policy of negotiation.

Dube had been the biggest advocate of this line of action. Champion had been his most vocal and determined critic. We did not see how a politically weak community could negotiate with a government which had the army on its side. We had to build up our power reserves and give our people a new confidence in their ability to win against race oppression. To do this we had to destroy their image of previous political organizations which had led them to disaster. We had to give them a quality of leadership designed to make them ready to confront segregation with serious challenges. Champion thought all this was so much nonsense. He gave us the impression that he did not have a definite policy by which to stop race oppression and that in spite of this, he still wanted to remain the key political figure in Natal. The relations deteriorated so badly between Champion and the League that it became clear that either he survived or we did. He virtually excommunicated us and gave instructions that membership tickets should not be given to people favouring us. We sent urgent appeals for

help to Mda. He came down, met our executive and had discussions with Champion. These proved fruitless. Xuma and Champion were firm allies in the ANC. Mda went away to come back later. By this time it was clear that the League was in danger of being destroyed in Natal. Mda came to Natal on a tour of inspection. We told him that in order to drive Champion out of the presidency, we would have to get rid of Xuma. The latter had got himself into the bad books of the League in Johannesburg as well. After giving our proposals very close attention, Mda agreed with us that we had to get rid of Xuma and Champion. Shortly after that he gave "mobilization" orders.

The quarrel, in so far as we were concerned, was basically on whether or not we were going to embark on a campaign of direct action against apartheid. Xuma and Champion did not like this sort of thing. They argued that inadequate preparations had been made for this campaign. We said we did not have the money to make the preparations they insisted upon because the community was poor. We had to launch into action and see to it that the campaign gained momentum as it rolled on. In our discussions with Mda, I had suggested Matthews should for a time, take Xuma's place. The relations between me and Professor Matthews' son, Joe, were very good. We exchanged correspondence. I had indicated to Joe my thoughts on his father's possible role. Joe was a member of the Youth League - one of our coming hopes. He contacted his father and wrote back to say that we might strike a deal. Mda was suspicious of Professor Matthews. He was not inclined to favour him for the post of President-General. He said he might endanger the future of the League. Mda did not trust Joe Matthews either. He said he was all things to all men. In nationalist circles, he was a good Youth Leaguer. In the company of communists, he saw virtue in Moscow. That, said Mda would not do in the League. Father and son influenced each other so extensively that neither would do for the most important positions in the movement. I had long discussions with Mda. In the end he gave me the permission

to contact Matthews in efforts to get him to agree to oppose Xuma. I could not just then approach him directly. In the columns of "Inkundla" I had attacked his policy of sitting on the fence in the NRC instead of walking out of it, to expose it as the "toy telephone" he had said it was. That did not endear me to him. I was informed that his wife had said one or two acid things against me. I was not eager to invite a direct snub.

Things went on well for some time. Joe wrote to say his feelers had produced a reply in the affirmative. I drafted questions for a signed interview which I sent to Joe for Z. K. (as Professor Matthews as known) to sign. The interview came back, duly signed and I published it in "Inkundla yaBantu". When we got to Bloemfontein, Joe dropped a bombshell. He informed me that his father had finally decided not to stand for election to the office of president-general. He wanted to devote his energies to the affairs of the Cape Congress, whose president he was. Somewhat deflated, I went to report to Mda. He spoke in tones which left me with the feeling that he thought Matthews had served me right.

He gave orders that the caucus of the League should meet in the afternoon in front of the hall. At the appointed time Mda did not turn up. In a sense, it was kind of him to stay away. The League was divided very sharply on the person to substitute Xuma. I wanted Dr. J. S. Moroka. He was committed to neither Xuma nor Champion and would depend only on us for support. As soon as Luthuli was ready; that is, as soon as the League was willing to support him we could push him on to the top. We had to have a stop-gap we could dispose of without much trouble. Moroka suited this role admirably. He was more keenly interested in his Thaba Nchu practice and in his farms to devote much of his time to political work.

The Cape wing of the League was led by Dr. Jimmy Njongwe. He was one of the League's bright stars. Jimmy thought only in terms of power dispositions

and action. He was often impatient with the finer points of theoretical or tactical propriety. He was a man of very strong views. He had begun to build for himself a reputation which associated him with being the strong man of the Cape League. He wanted to have nothing to do with Dr. Moroka. The latter had been associated with the All-African Convention at one stage. The Convention had always been strongest in the Cape where it had been the League's bitterest enemy. Njongwe's followers did not appear to have come to conference with a clearly-defined alternative. This placed him in a weak position. For him to support Xuma would have been to cast his vote for the destruction of the Natal League. He could not stomach the idea of accepting Moroka as his leader. In the end he walked away from the caucus meeting in disgust. His people stayed behind. I got my chance.

The Transvaal section was led by the very able and steady Oliver Tambo. I was not in doubt about his position. He and I were friends. In addition he was solidly on our side. He led a delegation which was divided on the issue of the president-general. Matthew Nhlabati saw absolutely no point in throwing out Xuma and he was prepared to "walk barefooted" against almost anybody who picked weak steps in his candidate. Nhlabati lacked the ability to express himself fluently in English. He worked himself into a temper and in the end walked away from us also in disgust. At the critical moment, I appealed to the leaders of the delegations to allow their men to vote as their consciences dictated. The differences were so sharp I felt there was absolutely no point in forcing the people to toe provincial lines. The real advantage in this request, of course, lay in the fact that I could see that most of the delegates were emotionally in sympathy with Natal - whose delegation I led. I appealed to them and said if Xuma was not thrown out, Champion would annihilate the League in my province. The delegates respected us as a province. I edited "Inkundla" and most delegates felt an instinctive urge to stand by me. When

Tambo called for the vote, we were assured of our majority.

Building a nation has its joys and its crushing moments. It is not one unbroken succession of victories. Wisdom does not always prevail. Wise men sometimes walk straight into disaster almost with their eyes open. Defeat is encountered on the way sometimes as often as victory is met. Real progress reposes in consistency to purpose.

At this meeting, which decided to break Dr. Xuma, the caucus of the League committed one of its greatest blunders; a mistake which was to cost us dearly. The price is still being paid to this day. After we had got the majority against Xuma we turned to the post of secretary-general. This was a key position. For my part I would have been very happy to have Cliver Tambo take it. I trusted him and admired his balanced judgment and efficiency. He was a man of principle who, I believed, could lead us safely to our goal. He declined nomination promptly. The post went begging. All of us knew that Mda would not consider it. The caucus offered it to me: I could not take it, nor would Nelson Mandela. In the end Walter Sisulu, one of the foundation members of the League, who was not the brightest in the group, offered to take it if the big boys did not want it. His attitude was that after working so hard to build up our prestige, it would be folly to wreck our achievements with our own hands. All of us congratulated him on his sense of duty. We did not realize then that we were, in fact, handing the running of the Johannesburg head office to a man who would ultimately be controlled by Dadoo. We returned to the conference hall. In the elections, the majority of the League delegates voted for Moroka. That wrote finis to Dr. Xuma's political career.

Champion was not discouraged by our victories. He hit us harder than ever. He attacked us as traitors to the ANC tradition. He did all in his power to push us out. We appealed to Mda to come to our help. In Durban we asked him to bring down Dr. Moroka to proclaim publicly that we were the real keepers

of the ANC faith. In due course Moroka came down. We organized a large meeting. He told us that we were in the true Congress tradition and that anybody who thought otherwise was violating the constitution. Luthuli remained a loyal member of Champion's executive. Both men respected each other. Luthuli was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the quality of Champion's leadership. He believed in constitutional procedures. He and Champion were poles apart here. Champion had grown up in a tradition which put the law aside when its purposes were hampered. This shocked Luthuli at first and gradually outraged him beyond description.

The majority of the members of the League's executive in Natal insisted that he should resign from the provincial executive to weaken Champion. He was reluctant to take on himself the blame for having wrecked the unity of the province. My sympathies were with him here and I took the position that he should not take any precipitate action which might prejudice public opinion against him. The conflict between the two men never got to dramatic proportions. Behind the scenes it was waged with the fierceness known only in Zulu and Afrikaans politics. Luthuli took the position that the moral conscience was the supreme arbiter even in political matters. Champion said necessity won. Both men were conservatives. As the crisis involving them deepened, I did nothing to narrow its area of effectiveness. Champion was digging his own political grave. By this time my health had broken down so badly that Dr. Innes Gumede had advised me to go live in the Uplands. My wife got a job in the health centre Nottingham Road, near Meol River. The midlands climate was almost as good as that of the north. For a period of about three years I was cut off from direct contact with Luthuli. I met him periodically only when I went to Durban. The key personalities in the League in Durban after 1949, when I went to Nottingham Road, were my secretary, Massabalala B. Yengwa, and Stanford L. Mtolo. I was closest to them and we kept in regular communication on all

matters affecting the League. Champion's attacks on it grew more fierce. He cut off all relations with us. It became almost impossible to work at all. He was not bothered much about what Moroka said. He still had around him a number of well-known and respected men in the province, apart from Luthuli. One of these was Mr. Selby Msimeng, one of the veterans of the first Bloemfontein Conference. He was secretary of the ANC in Natal. An intelligent man, Msimeng remained our biggest problem as long as he was on Champion's side. In order to unify Natal we had to get rid of Champion. A divided Natal was always a source of weakness to the national organization.

Msimeng was also an ambitious man. As secretary he distributed membership tickets. Yengwa and Mtolo went up to him in Meritzburg to ask him to see us in a different light. On one occasion Yengwa travelled to Msimeng's office. When he got there he pressed him to give him the tickets. Msimeng wanted the money for them, which Yengwa produced. The old man was puzzled for a while. Moroka had said we should be given these. Champion insisted that we should not have them. Then he could say we were interfering in the affairs of an organization whose members we were not. Msimeng took up the telephone and tried to contact Champion, who was out of his office at the time. Yengwa pressed his point home. Msimang parted with the blue labels. When he got to Durban, Yengwa rang up Champion and subsequently met him to discuss the tickets. Champion swore by every power he believed in that the League would never have the tickets. When Yengwa produced the batch he had just got from Msimang, Champion was so angry he was speechless. His face went a bluish dark. Yengwa made his way to the door.

When I received this report, I travelled from Rosetta (near Nottingham Road) to Maritzburg where I met Msimang. He invited me to dinner and accorded me the respect due to a president of the king-making Youth League. In our discussions he made it clear that he was not happy about his relations with

Champion. I replied that it was for him to place himself in a stronger position. If we could be assured of his support, I held out before him some of the things that could be possible. I made no promise. At the same time I did not discourage him from beginning to live in hope. After that the gulf between Champion and Msimang widened. The former started attacking his secretary publicly. Msimang returned the fire. That suited us admirably.

My policy in regard to Luthuli had always been to avoid involving him in situations where personalities were bandied about. He hated this and seemed in the mood to quit politics rather than be caught in the character-murdering personalizations of the time. I did not want to see him out of the struggle. We needed him and in order to have him we had to pay his price. He wanted clean politics. To get to this, the debris which had accumulated over the years had to be removed. It was our very unpleasant job to get rid of it. While doing this, we were obliged to see to it that none of it ever stuck to our fastidious candidate.

When Champion went on the offensive against a man, he fought to destroy. Msimang was nobody's fool. For a while I was out of the front line and as I was ill, the relief was most welcome. Luthuli had once more been kept out of the ugly publicity. Champion could not attack him for anything. This was what I had dedicated my life to doing behind the scenes. I started sounding Yengwa's reactions to having Luthuli as our candidate for the provincial presidency of the ANC. He had very serious reservations. Luthuli was a government servant, he said. He was susceptible to anti-African pressures. He was a moderate with a long record of collaborating in working those institutions which perpetuated the illusion that the African was treated justly. Above all, he said, he was the good-boy of the missionaries. In the long fight against Champion, Luthuli had not come out openly to defend us. Yengwa did not think he was a fighter.

LUTHULI BECOMES A.N.C. LEADER: 1951.

By 1950 Luthuli was caught in a major spiritual and political crisis. The riots had created challenges which no man with a moral conscience could evade. The power reserves which the Africans had been building from 1912 had accumulated in such a way that the community could start trying conclusions with those it regarded as its enemies. When it did that, it debased the human personality in the way the White man did. This was not what Luthuli understood freedom to mean. He had stood loyally by Champion in the belief that this might unite Natal and bridge the gulf between the heroic and realistic schools of African Nationalism. Only a strong and united Nationalism, one in purpose and one in mind, could destroy White domination and create better living conditions for all, regardless of race, he said. Champion and the League were going different directions. He was bewildered by this. He did not like the ways of the politicians, he said. They were so complicated. In a sense, he was feeling impotent and isolated.

On the national front the Natives Representative Council was clearly on its way out. The great tradition of bridge-building, in which he had believed so passionately, was crumbling down. The alternatives were repugnant. If he retired from politics he would be merely repudiating himself. This was unthinkable. If he crossed over to the communist side God stood in the way. The only thing he could do in this situation was to stand, watch and wait.

My own knowledge of the workings of his mind enabled me to realise that deep in his inner being, he was an isolated man. We could then bargain with him from positions of power. Our own record was impressive. Starting from scratch, we had, in less than ten years, built ourselves into a force to reckon within the life of the African community. No leader, no matter how strong, could afford to stand in our way. The communists, who had never liked us, treated us with all possible respect. We were not supported financially, openly or privately, by anybody apart from ourselves. Just before his death, Anton Lembede had been