

African in the white, red-bordered uniform of a garden or kitchen servant stands against an electric pole, not far from the gate. He takes off his hat, shoves it under his armpit and runs to open the gate for the prime minister. There is nothing strange in a black man acknowledging the supremacy of the white man in this fashion; on the contrary, white society approves of what it regards as a declaration of loyalty. On country roads in the Orange Free State it is still the custom for an African to stop his business and open the gate for any white person. Nobody thinks it strange that a "kitchen-boy"—the title is used to describe adult, black, male servants—wears a hat together with his uniform. The gesture of rebellion is cancelled by the declaration of loyalty. As the prime minister walks through the gate, the African draws a revolver from his hat and fires three shots between the prime minister's eyes before he is overwhelmed by the security police guarding van Warmelo. As the head of the government collapses the African shouts:

*Sharpeville is avenged!*

\* \* \*

## II. War Of Minds

*Unya lwabasha luyaphindana.*

*(In a fight between equals, the side defeated to-day might retreat to fight on another day.)*

Wherever possible, most Africans in the locations stay at home on the Day of the Covenant, just as the English-speaking, who include the Jews, prefer to do. The holiday is not a day of rejoicing for them. The white police, who are overwhelmingly Afrikaans, are usually in a bad mood on this occasion and the wise man or woman keeps out of their way.

Zandile and her husband are wise people, but both of them have no choice on how they spend the holiday. Zandile has had to be at Waterkloof to cook lunch for the prime minister while her husband, Pumasilwe, had to sit behind the wheel of the municipal bus. After the tragedy, she offered not to return to the location where she lives with her family but to spend the night in the tiny cubicle in the backyard which every white employer uses to accommodate servants. Marietjie would not have it; on such an occasion she insisted Zandile should be with her husband and family, if to assure them that everything is well with her.

Bus Number AZ 1021 is not as overcrowded as it is on working days. While every seat is occupied, there is plenty of standing room as it roars out of its Pretoria terminal. The letter A indicates that Atteridgeville, the African location outside the capital, is its destination. The letter Z stands for Zulu and means that this particular bus goes only to the section of Atteridgeville reserved for the Zulu-speaking Africans. Government policy goes beyond segregating black and white; it separates every African language group from every other in order to create a balance in black-white relations that will guarantee white security.

The evil has its compensations, some of which are precious beyond price.

Isolated, the African turns inward to himself for those beacons by which to light his path in the mazes into which the white man has thrown him. This revives and reinforces the traditional group-consciousness which industrialisation and the location system corrode

and transforms the consciousness into a spiritual fortress in which he can take shelter against the tyranny from the white side. Each of the language groups is organised on the basis of what the Zulus call *umteto wesintu*, the African law or principle of fulfilment. The law is a body of ideals evolved by the African down the centuries and is the foundation for the self-disciplining initiatives which each group has developed. While the initiatives differ considerably in the Sotho, Xhosa and Zulu groups, all of them respond to the basic ideal of fulfilment. The philosophy provides a dimension of experience in which they find themselves speaking the same moral and ideological language. No white missionary is allowed to live in the locations and, as a result, *umteto wesintu* is less exposed to subversion by christianity. The black clergymen are punished as harshly for being black as the ordinary people are; their advocacy of christianity does nothing to protect them against race discrimination. On the contrary, it projects them as the agents of a subversive religion. To survive and preserve their credibility, they challenge the government to base its policies for the black people on the christian teachings of love, equality and brotherhood. But where black and white see each other from the perspective of Blood River these teachings threaten the position of the white man; he regards them as revolutionary and draws no distinction between them and the dialectical materialism of the communists. This serves to give point to *umteto wesintu*. With it as a basis, ancient techniques of communication are revived and used because the white man can neither comprehend nor understand these.

A world is emerging in the locations to which the humblest African feels he belongs and within which he realises he has a value as a person which no power on earth can take away. Disillusioned with the hypocrisy of the white man, the educated are turning in their numbers to *umteto wesintu*; they are turning their backs on the individualism of *umteto wesilungu*, the white law or principle of fulfilment and now agree with the humblest that earth can offer no possession more precious than the friendship of the next person; that the person's neighbour's presence, security and contentment are the most reliable guarantees of his own survival. They have re-learned the truth that the joys and sorrows of one's neighbour are one's personal concerns. By enabling the privileged and the humblest to feel they belong together, *umteto wesintu* has brought the black community in every part of the country to the moment of rebirth into a new destiny. Each person is coming to feel, as his ancestors did down the ages, that he is a human being in his own right and not an individual by the grace of the white man; he is coming to realise that fulfilment lies in creating for himself the world he desires for his children and his people. His blueprint is no longer *umteto wesilungu*, the white man's code of ethics and criterion for achievement; it is the *Larger Truth* revealed in the principle passed on from generation to generation.

The convergence of attitudes which *umteto wesintu* encourages expresses the anger of the black people. They are shocked and outraged by the things the white man does to them. Now and then the police swoop on the colleges and arrest the most militant student leaders. These young people are not treated as political prisoners. They are presumed to be criminals even before they are tried and are not locked up in the cells for prisoners awaiting trial; they are driven to the special cells for the most hardened convicts who make sexual assaults on them every night. When the students defend themselves, the convicts beat them up and often murder them. The police then announce that the students threw themselves out of windows under interrogation, or while awaiting trial.

If it is a crime for the African to be alive, it is also a crime for him to be educated. Throwing him into the dens of the convicts brings him to the limit of humiliation; his soft skin, clean body and properly nourished physique arouse the most violent sexual urges in the convicts. They think only of ravishing him as they would a woman and night after night they attack him. Some students break under the assaults and commit suicide; some are so shocked they never want to talk about their experiences in jail. Mixing them with the convicts is designed to break their will to oppose white domination. A few survive the assaults and emerge from jail swearing that there can be no atonement for the crimes perpetrated against black humanity by the white power-structure. They swear every day of their lives to know no rest before avenging themselves and their people.

In these practices against them, the students and growing numbers of the educated see the ugliness of the white man's system of values; the wickedness of the theory that the person is a creature. They agree with the heathens in their communities that the person is his own creator; that he is not indebted to any power outside of himself for what he is; not to God, not to any idol and not even to the spirits of his ancestors themselves. He is himself the conscious cause and the determinant of his destiny. The students are turning more and more to Zulu lore for texts by which to understand the Zulu experience. Cakijana, who is the embodiment of intellectual excellence in Zulu lore, is becoming the hero of the young people, precisely in the way he was in the days of Shaka the Great. There was not a problem Cakijana could not solve. It was said of him that while still a foetus he knocked on his mother's womb impatiently, shouting:

Hurry up, mama, and deliver me! I have an appointment to keep and a problem to solve!

Cakijana symbolised the person freed from ignorance. Limited awareness, *umteto wesintu* teaches, is ignorance. The person is endowed with the mind to find his way through the mazes of the cosmic order. The ignorant person regards his neighbours as his inferiors; he wants for himself what he will deny those with whom he inhabits the world and

arrogates to himself the position of being the only custodian of the truth. *Umteto wesintu* enlarges the human personality; while it rejects the view that the person lives to carry out a mandate, it emphasises the enduring obligation to be responsible; to respond every moment of his life to the challenge of being human. It teaches that he is fulfilled when he sees to it that his neighbour makes the best possible use of his life in the light of his choices and his abilities. The enduring obligation to one's neighbour is the hallmark of a civilised person. The savage, the barbarian and the primitive think only of themselves, like most animals; they go through life with a deep-seated sense of inadequacy and need props to enable them constantly to prove they are superior; they are always afraid of the morrow. Wherever they go, they build walls within which they become the prisoners of their fears.

Events in Angola and Mozambique accelerate movement toward the moment when the Zulus and the other Africans will be able to tear down the white man's walls of fear and free him from himself. This is the point the prime minister's assassin was driving home when he fired the fatal shots. The Afrikaner has to be forced through a painful shock, to cure his fears and to enable him to see his neighbours of all colours through adult eyes.

In the evenings, the people in the locations celebrate the sending of the traumatic signal to the Afrikaner, when van Warmelo was shot, by singing the great war songs of their ancestors. To the Zulus, van Warmelo's assassination marked the beginning of the return to Blood River. One of the songs runs:

Wathinta thina,  
Wathint' iziqand' ematsheni!  
Uzaukufa!

(Be warned, O enemy!  
If you touch us  
You touch wasps among rocks!  
Death is your fate!)

\* \* \*

In the conflict between *umteto wesintu* and *umteto wesilungu* meanings have a crucial importance. Each concept which the white power-structure attacks must be defined in terms which no exegetical skill evolved in the Graeco-Romano-Hebraic experience can cope with. At all times the African must avoid fighting on ground chosen by the white man; in every situation of conflict he must *xina* the white man; he must confront him with a larger truth than any he knows.

*Umteto wesintu* enlarges the personality in ways which guarantee the availability of larger ideas in every crisis. This quality gives it the dimensions of a larger truth and transforms *umteto wesilungu* into a

smaller truth. As a result, the African is able to live within the white experience and be fulfilled outside of it. In the underground the paradox is called the Black Bombshell or BB or *bibi*, a species of African squirrel; it is the secret weapon by which to *xina* the white man. In the locations, as in the white man's towns, BB also stands for Brown Bread. The concept can be signalled in a variety of ways. The two fingers are raised in the V-for-Victory sign used by Churchill during the second world war. In situations of extreme danger, it is enough for the person merely to raise both his hands in the way some African communities do in salutation or, simply to sneeze or cough and place the nose or the mouth between the two fingers forming the V sign.

Although most of the passengers in the Atteridgeville bus are in their Sunday best, they are not gay. Most of them prefer not to speak to anybody, not even to their neighbours. A few souls, either incorrigibly naive or just stupid, talk in whispers. Now and then, the general silence is broken by violent bouts of coughing and sneezing, with people taking care to conceal their two fingers in handkerchiefs and when a bout starts many people turn their eyes to Zandile. Many know her and all die to talk to her about the events in front of Piet du Toit van der Merwe's house. But to be seen to know her or to say a word to her is to play games with lightning. People content themselves with pressing their handkerchiefs to their nostrils or mouths. Zandile does not acknowledge the gestures of identification, not so much because she has in mind the presence of the security police, but because it is only then that some events fit together and suggest a pattern too horrible to contemplate.

Uppermost in her mind is that dreadful morning, two years earlier, when a location policeman stood at her door. At that moment, fate crashed into her life. A policeman anywhere around one's yard was an evil omen; more often than not the presence preceded endorsement out of the location, the loss of a job and condemnation to a future of unspeakable deprivation in an unknown rural reservation. A particularly terrifying aspect of the endorsement was the manner in which a family's tiny children were torn away from their parents because the law said they were economically unproductive and had to be sent to live with indigent relatives they did not know. The rural reservations had become vast human rubbish heaps where men, women and children the white man did not want in his locations were dumped; where they could starve, die and rot in order to make South Africa safe for the white man.

Frobenius van Maasdorp, the location superintendent, wanted to see her before 5 o'clock that afternoon. The policeman did not need to remind Zandile that this was a command.

Zandile Makaye. Is that your name?

Yes; it is.

The white man's face had turned a little red behind his

dark-rimmed glasses. The black policeman who had ushered her into the superintendent's office had put his hand to one side of his mouth and had whispered:

Girl, did your mother not teach you how to speak to the lords?

She felt like slapping him on the face with the back of her hand but repressed the impulse before it got out of control. She would carve the insult on a stone, as her people said. She turned to the white man.

Yes, lord, Zandile Makaye is my name.

Are you employed in the city?

No, lord. I'm a housewife.

A friend of mine, a very important lord in the government wants a hard-working, reliable and first-class cook and housemaid. He's secretary to the Minister of Forestry. My policemen say you can do the jobs better than anybody in your section of the location.

But, lord, I have two young children and am expecting a third. The two are too young to be left by themselves in a location. The first is seven and has just gone to school and the second is five.

I'm not interested in how many piccanins you have. You know the law. Either you take the job or you or your children are endorsed out of the location and out of Pretoria.

I understand, lord. But, I also have a husband; I cannot give an answer without discussing your offer with him.

Be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to tell me your decision. Remember. . . the law.

That night she and Pumasilwe had sat talking until the first cocks began to crow.

Take the job, Mother of Landiwe. I cannot bear to live without you and the children here. I do not earn enough to maintain you in the Valley Of A Thousand Hills and myself here. But, above all, who knows, our ancestors might be giving us the opportunity to *xina* the white man in a way nobody can.

Two years seems a long period and in that time events have moved curiously in a series of uncomprehended zigzags to land her in the centre of a calamity whose effects on black and white not even the wisest can foretell.

\* \* \*

Zandile does not enter her house by the front door; she hurries to the back verandah, into the bathroom, where she throws off her clothes, bites a piece from a dried root of the *siqunga* grass, chews it and sprays the medicated saliva into her bathwater.

The Zulus believe that a dead body radiates dangerous vibrations and that the *siqunga* root neutralises these. Babies are particularly sensitive to these vibrations and a nursing mother has to give herself a full *siqunga* bath before she enters her house or touches her baby, if she has been in the presence of a dead person.

She hears voices of men as she washes herself and recognises some of these. Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo sit opposite each other with her husband and three or four other men around her round dining table. A small bottle of brandy is being passed round. The men do not rise to their feet as Zandile enters her dining-sitting room. Custom in her part of Africa requires that they should salute her by shouting the second name of her father or by reciting the patronymic poem which is appended as a title to every African family name. In the old days Zulu law stated that the woman must not change her name when she married; she remained the daughter of her father and retained most of the rights which went with this. By repeating her father's name her neighbours acknowledged her right to remain the daughter of her father. The white missionaries opposed this recognition of the woman's equality with the man; it was a barbarous custom. They forced the Zulus to adopt the civilised customs of the white man; on the day of her marriage, a girl abandoned her family name and adopted her husband's, as though she were owned by him.

*In the isolation of the location, people feel free to live not as the white man says they should but as they believe right.*

Welcome home, Queen of the House, her husband cries out. Is every bone still in its place?

She touches a few joints on her body and replies: Yes, I think. The men join her husband in congratulating her and then rise together and leave.

I do not understand all this, Father of Landiwe? Are they afraid of me now? Why do they all leave so suddenly on this particular day?

Don't you see the point? This is to protect you and me; you don't know who's standing outside with cameras which take pictures in the dark or listening devices.

Let me hope things are as you say.

You question their motives? But these are our friends; you know them, you are as safe with them as with me.

I don't know; how can I? When the world spins in crazy dives and crumbles around me? When I first went to school my teacher told the story of the orphaned young elephant caught in a hailstorm. Help, everybody! Help, it cried; the skies are falling! There was nobody around to help. Then it turned to the earth and stamped it with its feet and cried: Crack open, O Earth, that I may hide! Well, the heavens are collapsing on me and I wish the earth could swallow me.

You are one experience older.

Yes, I am; but I think there are things you have to explain to me; I am so upset and so afraid, do please try and understand if I speak as though I am in a dream. Tell me, Father of Landiwe, what is going on between you and Maggie Kuboni?

Why? Maggie? I thought you had understood why the security police found me naked in her bed . . . . Otherwise I would be on Robben Island to-day. She had to play the role of a prostitute to give credibility to my story that I was in her bed when the bomb exploded in the offices of *Die Aanslag*.

I did understand; but what I don't understand is why you wear that ring which she has on the same finger of her left hand where you have yours.

That is difficult to explain, Mother of Landiwe. But, take my word, your ignorance, because of your employment, is the main guarantee of your safety, my safety and our children's safety.

The price of that safety is dangerously high, I'm afraid.

Why don't you come to the point?

Are you involved in the assassination of van Warmelo?

Mother of Landiwe! How dare you say such a thing?

She opens her handbag and takes a ring out of it which is similar to those worn by Maggie and her husband and hands it to him.

Where did you get this?

It dropped out of the assassin's pocket and rolled beneath a pansy plant. The whites were too busy helping the old man or mauling the African to notice it. When they left, I picked it up.

You understand what is happening now; from this moment, you do not know this ring; you have never seen it anywhere—not on me or anybody and not on Maggie, either.

Are you protecting her?

Why don't you join the underground, to understand the laws on which people operate there?

If that will keep our family together, I will. But I don't see where assassinations will help. If you continue to fight on ground chosen by the white man, you invite defeat . . . .

What do you know about war?

It was to a woman, Mnkabayi ka Jama, that the Zulu nation turned in the turbulence of the early days of the revolution which Shaka led; Mnkabayi served, not only as regent; she became supreme commander of our armed forces! Think of it; when this nation reached the crossroads; when it reached the dividing line between disaster and survival, it turned to a woman.

That is why we have turned to Maggie!

I do not trust Maggie; the only relationship she thinks of when she sees a man is the horizontal one. And, my instincts tell me that she is a police spy in your ranks.

Come over to Macedonia and help us!

### III. Afrikanerdom: The Miracle

*Inyoka kayilandelwa isisemgodini wayo.*

*(He is a fool who follows a snake into its hole.)*

Intrigue is the grease which oils the wheels of Afrikaner politics. At the level of historical experience, the Afrikaners are nearer the Africans than the white nations. But unlike the Africans, they do not have those cultural anchors which stabilise because they have their roots in antiquity. Apart from being an amalgam of European ethnic groups and cultures they are still a young people lacking the poise of mature nationhood. From the eighteenth century onward, the Afrikaners had turned their backs on that Europe which they regarded as decadent and tyrannical and had ventured into the African interior where they were finally cut off from significant contact with the main stream of European civilisation.

Their only real link with their continent of origin was the bible which they regarded as the source of all the truth the race of Man needs to know, for survival. In their isolation, they interpreted the christian ideology in terms which were valid only in their experience; every other interpretation was alien, heretical and seditious. If that widened the gulf between themselves and the English-speaking on the white side, it left the Afrikaners in a cleft stick; in danger of being crushed by African numbers or by the cultural and economic supremacy of the English-speaking. A split mind developed in which they saw a threat to their survival in every situation of challenge. Truth had biologic associations, if not origins; it expressed the unique genius of a race. The christianity which inspired the Afrikaner experience was not the christianity of the Anglican Church or the African Pentecostal Church In Zion.

Afrikaner christianity could go to war with African or English-speaking christianity and glorify God by destroying both. The validity of the christian truth lay in the armed might of its adherents and in its ability to move them to their destiny. By rejecting this interpretation, Europe ganged up with the Afrikaner's enemies and she, too, had to be repudiated. In his isolation, the Afrikaner treads the earth with uncertainty and fear; whoever is not on his side is an enemy.

But he defines himself in a way which makes outside identification with him impossible; outsiders are all condemned for being the children of their particular parents. De Haas plays on these fears to project himself as the champion of the Afrikaner's cause.

In the months after the prime minister's assassination the dream of a South Africa dominated by the Afrikaner has been shattered. Voices have been raised pleading for a more realistic assessment of the dispositions of racial power in South Africa. The Afrikaner, it is said, must come to terms with one or the other of the two giants in the South African scenario; he must strike a deal with either the English-speaking or the African majority. Helvetius van Warmelo favoured a deal with the English-speaking because they are white. After winning them over, he planned to move from this position of strength to try and strike a deal with the Americans and to persuade them to take sides with the whites to stem the tide of African nationalism rolling southward. He explored ground cautiously because most of his people still did not see how on earth they could come to terms with the English communist-liberals who humiliated, oppressed and fought them right up to the end of the nineteenth century or with the communist-liberals in Washington who do not mind if their daughters strip before nigger males. These fears produce conflicts in the mind of the Afrikaners which give a peculiar fragility to their solidarity. Van Warmelo's death has deepened the contradictions.

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Lukas Meyer lifts the telephone on his desk in the head office of Die Christelike Nasionale Party (The Christian National Party) or CNP on Church Street in Pretoria.

This is the Telephone Exchange. We have a long distance call for Mr. Lukas Meyer. Is that Mr. Meyer?

Meyer speaking.

Please stand by for a call from Excelsior in the Orange Free State. Mr. Cornelius Beetge van Schalkwyk wishes to speak to you.

Lukas Meyer is an important man in the CNP. As chairman of the party caucus, he supervises the arrangements for the special session at which the caucus will elect its new leader who will, in turn, be South Africa's next prime minister. Equally important, on a different plane, is Cornelius Beetge van Schalkwyk, the Free State wheat magnate. Apart from being president of the wealthy and politically influential Free State *Koringboeresvereniging* (Wheat Farmers Union) or KBV, van Schalkwyk is chairman of the Free State section of the CNP. For fifty years now, the Free State KBV has been the kingmaker of the party and in the last ten years van Schalkwyk himself has been unchallenged master of the CNP in his province. The two men represent a new type of Afrikaner; the man who reads stock exchange reports with the

devotion reserved for the bible in a more pious age. Meyer is chairman of the economically powerful *Volksversekeringsmaatskappij* (the People's Insurance Company) or VVM which has spread its tentacles into almost every branch of secondary industry. Van Schalkwyk owns the largest bakery organisation in South Africa and has been granted the monopoly to supply bread in the locations. With bread a staple item in the diet of the locations, van Schalkwyk is making more money than he can ever hope to use for his comfort and needs; it has become an instrument for the accumulation of power.

Lukas, says the voice at the Excelsior end of the line, this is Beet. How's the weather in Pretoria?

As fine as wheat farmers would like it at this time of the year.

Lukas, I shall be in Pretoria to-morrow night to see you, if you will be about.

I was supposed to fly to Rustenburg to-morrow morning to meet the branch executive there, but if you're coming this way the sun can stop in the heavens until you come.

You and your kaffer slang! Christians don't speak of the sun stopping in the heavens. See you to-morrow then, Lukas; I'll call you from my hotel after arrival. And, Lukas, you understand, don't you? This is between the two of us.

O.K.! O.K.! Herr dokter!

\* \* \*

Willem Adriaan de Haas has been affected deeply by the prime minister's assassination; so badly at times that he has had to be admitted into a nursing home. Everything has been done so secretly very few people know about it. At one point his doctors recommended that he should retire from politics. He travelled by train to Durban and spent a fortnight at the Haelstadt Hotel which he owns jointly with his brother-in-law, Karl du Plessis. The Haelstadt is unique in one important respect; it is the only hotel in Durban and, for that matter, in the province of Natal, which does not accommodate Jewish guests.

The rule in South Africa is that inferior breeds like the Africans, the Asians and other non-white peoples should not be accommodated in white hotels. The position is somewhat different in the Free State where de Haas was born and where he lives when not at work in Pretoria. There, the Jews are accorded the status of second-class whites in some of the towns. There is no hard and fast rule about their inferior status; only, a consensus exists which defines the Jews' place in white society.

In the smaller towns of the Free State, the Jew has no chance, for example, of being elected mayor. Kroonstad, a fast-developing city in the northern part of the Free State once considered the idea of

electing a Jewish mayor to attract investment capital. The group of businessmen who had proposed the name of Israel Greenberg had to retreat in a hurry and explain, quite unconvincingly, that the whole thing had arisen out of a misunderstanding. They did not have much of a choice; the Dutch Reformed Church had brought some of its guns into action against the prospect of a Jew being chief executive officer of a christian city and, in the Afrikaner community, the Dutch Reformed Church is a power to reckon with not only in spiritual matters but also in politics, economics and the cultural life of the Afrikaners.

De Haas has cut short his secret holiday in Durban and returned to Pretoria in the midst of a cloud of rumours. One of the English-language dailies in Durban had reported that de Haas was convalescing from a heart attack and the English press in the rest of the country had taken up the item, splashed it on their front pages with banner headlines. Some commentators stated bluntly that there practically was no chance that de Haas would allow his name to be on the list of candidates for the leadership of the CNP. In a violent counter-attack *Die Aanslag* charged that the campaign was part of the English-Jewish-capitalist-communist-liberal conspiracy to destroy Afrikanerdom.

The weakest partners in the "conspiracy" are, of course, the Jews. They are a cowed and frightened community which knows its place in the hierarchy of whiteness.

Although none may hold office in the leadership of the CNP because, as Bokkie, the columnist of *Die Aanslag* puts it, of the *Abraham-factor*, many of them are members of Die Christelike Nasionale Party and, in some cities, are the financial backbone of the party. As a result they lead a complicated life of conspicuous invisibility which draws blame on them from all sides when things go wrong. As whites, they are members of the aristocracy of colour, but because of the Abraham-factor, they are punished for being the children of their particular parents. This leaves them perpetually in a cleft stick out of which they try to escape by identifying themselves with the Afrikaners in one mood and with the deprived peoples of colour in another.

The impossible choices they have to make in this setting have developed an ambivalence in them which makes them suspect when they are friends, suspect when they are enemies and suspect when they are neutral. The African hates them for giving financial support to the CNP. The Afrikaner hates them for having produced the largest number of liberals and the ablest communists. And, when they avoid identification with any group they are called parasites whose loyalty to South Africa is determined by shekels. They cannot identify even with the English, whose language and culture they have adopted; the Englishman hates them because they compete with him in the accumulation of shekels.

The treatment of the Jews by the CNP is but one of the many

contradictions in the complicated role race plays in South Africa. The Afrikaner does not trust the Jew although both are driven by the imperatives of survival to cling to a group consciousness which works for their isolation; he does not trust the English because they humiliated him and control the economy. He does not trust the Africans because they own the land and could regain control of it the day they have access to the guns. In this setting the Afrikaner is projected in the role of a business manager of an estate owned by the English (with their Jewish allies) on African soil. As the Africans put it, he lives in a stolen world. A triangular conflict has emerged which involves the Africans, the Afrikaners and the English, and which operates in a complex, peculiarly South African way.

Each group fights the other two in different ways. The Afrikaner imposes an inhuman form of deprivation on the African, whom he regards as the most dangerous enemy, precisely at the time when he offers him independence in the black reservations in the endeavour to drive a permanent wedge between the African and the English. At the political level, the Afrikaner makes it clear that he must remain unquestioned master; that he will tolerate no interference from the English and that he expects them to keep strictly to their place. If they behave he gives them the latitude to collect shekels and dominate the economy.

The English smart under the inferior place and accordingly adhere to a liberalism in racial matters which is designed to create an African-English front to smash the political dominance of the Afrikaner. At the same time so many privileges and rights go with the white skin the English will throw their weight on the side of the Afrikaner in the face of African truculence.

The African fights race discrimination from the Afrikaner and the English; he stresses human values not only because his outlook on life gives him no other choice but also because these evoke a response from the English which gives to their alliance with the Afrikaner the character of a marriage of convenience. The African works as hard to crack the Afrikaner-English united front as the Afrikaner does to widen the gulf between the English and the African. For their part, the English dread nothing more than a political coalition between the Africans and the Afrikaners.

In this type of conflict race loses much of its significance as a determinant of policy; what matters are the reserves of power each of the three groups controls and the nature of the alliances it can make either to preserve its dominance or to dictate the pattern of South African nationhood.

Race was an important unifying factor on the white side as long as the world was dominated by the white race. Then, the Afrikaner and the English had exclusive possession of the guns. The second world war extended the area of freedom on the globe. Black, brown and

yellow nations emerged to give reality to the danger that the Africans would one day have access to the guns when they would smash white domination and drive the whites into the sea.

In the fifty years from the formation of the Union of South Africa, the black people have been evolving the *xina* technique to create voids in which white domination could not survive. To *xina* is to create a vacuum in which no living organism can live.

By day, the African works in the city and serves the white "lords"; when the sun sets, he retires to his world in the location where deprivation forces him to concentrate on the refinement of the *xina* technique. He has reached the point where he feels he can even dispense with the gun in the fight with the white man; he has won the war of minds; *umteto wesintu* and not *umteto wesilungu* has once more become the main determinant of African attitudes. This creates the climate of thinking in which the black peoples can respond in identical ways to similar provocations. They see the day coming when they will withdraw their labour and bring the white man's economy to a stop in every part of South Africa. The gun is becoming increasingly irrelevant as a guarantor of white dominance or even as the decisive factor in the overthrow of white rule. For a long time the white man rejected the African; now, the black man has disciplined himself sufficiently to contemplate rejecting the white man. The moment of decision approaches with the inevitability of growth.

Thoughtful Afrikaners are concerned about the changes taking place among the deprived; the less thoughtful are frightened. Shooting clubs, even for women, are being organised all over the country; the whites have become a community permanently mobilised for war. Events move relentlessly to predictable catastrophe; they are developing a momentum which precludes rationality in the ruling community. The whites have been taking up positions for the final confrontation. Everybody expected the Africans to strike violently and in that way fight on ground where white power was decisive. The assassination shows them doing precisely this.

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Nine hundred members of the caucus of the CNP sit in semi-circular rows in the auditorium of the Groot Kerk in the centre of Pretoria. The Afrikaners are an exceptionally disciplined people. Although they have once more come to one of the moments of decision which characterise their history and while they are very tense, they are so orderly one would think the meeting was a funeral service. The caucus is made up of the members of the cabinet and of parliament, provincial presidents, secretaries and treasurers, branch chairmen, secretaries and treasurers and representatives of cultural, women's, students' and young people's organisations. About ten thousand men and

women, mainly young people, crowd in the galleries.

Lukas Meyer, followed immediately by the four presidents of the provincial branches of the party enters through the main door. The eleven thousand people rise to their feet and resume their seats when the chairman has taken the chair.

I do not need to remind any Afrikaner of the gravity of the occasion which has brought us together, he says. Once more we have come to the crossroads; once more we have come to our moment of decision. It is on such occasions that the finest qualities which make us the miracle of history that we are shine brightest . . .

The house breaks out in thunderous applause, giving him time to wipe his face and steady himself for what everybody knows is the moment of trial.

And, as we once more create history with our own hands we remember our beloved leader, one of the finest statesmen the Afrikaner nation produced who, if you will allow me to say this, died on duty . . .

The crowd cheers, but not as mightily as before.

His death is a challenge to every true Afrikaner to proceed from where the great leader fell. We can pay him no finer tribute, in this, our hour of trial, than to close our ranks behind the leader you will choose tonight, no matter who he is. My hope and the expectation of *die volk daar buite* [the people outside there] is that you will elect a man who will heal the wounds which could divide us in the face of the dangers which we face. My only regret and I know this is yours, too, is that one of the finest sons of this nation is not with us. As you have seen in the papers, Willem Adriaan de Haas is in hospital. I shall ask this house to rise and, for a moment, wish him speedy recovery. We are the losers by his absence. But then, men appear on the stage of history only to disappear again while the Afrikaner nation goes on . . .

After loudly reading the single item on the agenda, the chairman calls for nominations for the post of leader of the CNP. Cornelius Beetge van Schalkwyk rises amidst applause from most delegates on the wrong side of fifty and proposes the name of the chairman. A student delegate stands up from the back of the hall and proposes the name of Willem Adriaan de Haas. The chairman rises stiffly to his feet.

According to the rules of this caucus any person nominated must be present in person to accept nomination. Through illness, as we all know, Mr. de Haas has been unable to attend. I contacted the hospital and was told that his condition would not allow of his getting out of bed.

After two other names have been proposed and accepted van Schalkwyk moves that the nominations be closed. The chairman suddenly seems stunned; he pays no attention to what the president of the KBV is saying. His eyes are fixed on the phenomenon coming



through the door. Willem Adriaan de Haas marches briskly, his head high, down the aisle to the rostrum. The ten thousand people in the gallery rise to their feet and hurl the bars of the Afrikaner national anthem, *Die Stem Van Suidafrika* (The Voice of South Africa) into the tense atmosphere. When the singing dies down the student at the back raises his hand and, failing repeatedly to catch the chairman's eye, marches down the aisle to the centre of the hall, from where he is in full view of the gallery.

Now that Mr. de Haas is here, may I ask him through you, Mr. Chairman, if he would allow his name to go forward for nomination.

That is not the way we usually do things, but in view of the exceptional situation in which we find ourselves, I shall grant your request. Mr. de Haas . . .

De Haas moves to the microphone.

I want to explain one or two points before dealing with the question put to me . . . Savagery has struck once more at the Afrikaner people, aided as has always been the case in our history, by its communist-liberal allies. Dr. Helvetius van Warmelo would be with us to-day if, in our drunkenness with power and greed for money, we had not compromised with some of the enemies of Afrikanerdom. We Afrikaners, who forgot that the tree bleeds itself to heal the wound on its bark, could unwittingly be responsible for the cowardly murder of our leader; we, who ceased to see black-white relations from the perspective of Blood River, could be political accomplices in the assassination.

The blacks have one unchanging end in view: to isolate the Afrikaner, crush his power and drive him into the sea. In the era of the wars, they fought to exterminate us; their policy has not changed. After defeat, they clamoured for integration in the white man's structure of society. They demanded race equality not because they loved justice; they had been forced to lay down their spears but were determined to fight using different weapons. Integration would enable them to master the use of the white man's weapons, and armed like him, they would proceed from where the white man stopped them at Blood River.

Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt and Charles de Gaulle ganged up with that Asiatic coolie, Josef Stalin, to destroy that Germany which would have made the world safe for the white man; they set the miasma that is communism free on the earth. Let us be under no illusions, communism is a diabolic Asiatic plan for the subversion of the white man's position of leadership in the world. Race equality has been evolved by the blacks to serve the same purpose. The blacks and the Asiatics are in league in international assemblies to destroy the Afrikaner; this is the message of the assassination.

In these conditions, conciliation is suicide and compromise madness. You, ladies and gentlemen, know as well as I do that there are people in this hall whose knees quake at the thought of putting the

niggers in their place to ensure that they never again dream of laying their hands on a white person. They want us to go the way of the Portuguese in Mozambique. I came here to let all with ears hear that I am not one of them; that I shall allow no nigger to touch a white person! I will stand for nomination only on this condition.

The house rises to its feet and claps hands, roars out cheers and stamps on the floor while many sob and weep until the ten thousand in the galleries swing as one frenzied mass developing a momentum which threatens to crack the beams which support the galleries.

That night, Willem Adriaan de Haas leaves the hall of the Groot Kerk not only a phenomenon, but he has become Afrikanerdom's man of destiny.

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