

Unity support for the African's Geopolitical Alternative. The time has come when the industrial nations must be confronted with a clear choice in South Africa; this must be done to the Security Council of the United Nations as well;

- vi. The establishment of an Indian Ocean Consensus. While the whites established a hurting and often humiliating relationship between Africa and the white nations of Europe and the western hemisphere, the Africans and the Asians are linked by a common historical experience. The American-Russian power build-up in the Indian Ocean seeks to entrench this experience. By creating the conditions which will bring nuclear war into the Indian Ocean, America and Russia forced India to become a nuclear power. South Africa will use this as an excuse for exploding her own atomic bomb and if she does this, Zambia, Tanzania, Zaire and Nigeria will have no business to sit down and not develop nuclear arms. And when Africa has her own nuclear bomb, who will stop its use against South Africa? America is most likely to gang up with white South Africa; some of her NATO allies are already pushing her in this direction. The South Africans are putting all possible pressure to tie America to an alliance with Pretoria. In this setting, it is wisdom for Africa and Asia to put their heads together and develop an Indian Ocean Consensus to:
- a. develop an African-Asian defence policy for the Indian Ocean;
  - b. create machinery for the use of African and Asian resources for the good of the peoples of Africa and Asia;
  - c. promote trade between Africa and Asia;
  - d. co-ordinate development and mutual co-operation policies;
  - e. transform the Indian Ocean into an African-Asian lake;
  - f. evolve a plan for the development of the Transkei as the southern sentinel guarding the western approaches to the Indian Ocean, while the Red Sea performs a similar role in the north. The islands between China and Australia would be recognised as the eastern gateway to the Indian Ocean.

Bulube points out that the ideal for Africa in an ideal world would be to serve as a halfway house between Asia and the white lands. But the troubles facing the western democracies, which issue largely from the collapse of colonialism, make it necessary for Africa to turn her eyes to the east. One day, leaders might arise in China and Russia who will see no point in a fratricidal war among ideological allies. Then, a new balance will emerge in world power dispositions; the Africans must be ready for this prospect. Pretoria is forcing independence on the Africans to anticipate events in this regard. Once the Africans are "free" Pretoria will be free to have the military alliance with America. The Africans and the Asians should be ready for this.

Bulube explains in a footnote that the formation of a larger nation or union is but a translation of the *Buntu* principle of agmination into political action; an extension to Southern Africa of the ideal of nationhood adopted in 1912. Urgency is given to the need to form the union by developments in Southern Africa. The collapse of the Portuguese dictatorship has cracked the white united front in Southern Africa. The security vacuum which this has produced forces Pretoria to move at two levels to preserve white domination. On the one hand it is doing everything in its power to persuade the Americans to sign a defence treaty with South Africa. The bait held out is that it is in the interest of the United States to protect white domination and in that way guarantee the safety of the sea route between America and the oil fields of the Middle East. If America makes a deal with Pretoria, Free Africa might have to consider a deal with China or Russia or with both. Free Africa also has to work out a formula for the involvement of the Black Americans in the shaping of United States policy in Southern Africa.

On the other hand, Pretoria is quietly encouraging the white supremacists in Angola and Mozambique to break away from black rule and to declare independence and then to join a Pretoria-oriented white united front. In the old front, Pretoria always had to consider Lisbon's sensibilities. In the new front, the whites will gang up to defend the white skin. With the lines being drawn so clearly in terms of black and white, the Africans of Southern Africa do not have much of a choice; they have to form their own united front, seek their own allies and manufacture their own weapons. The creation of the black united front calls for the rejection of the type of independence the whites are offering in South Africa and which the Portuguese offered after the revolution in Portugal.

The formation of the larger nation on the basis of the Larger Truth will restore to the Africans their land and enable them to control the gold, the oil, the diamonds, the copper, the chrome, the uranium, the iron, the coal and other minerals and enable the Africans to use these precisely in the way the Arabs have used oil as a political weapon. Bulube warns that the whites will fight bitterly for the control of Africa's wealth and realism requires that African policy should be based on this probability.

Bulube asks the Committee to bear another unpleasant fact in mind.

The presence of the Afrikaner in Africa creates a problem to which Africa must address itself directly. On the one hand, the *Buntu Ideal* rejects the punishment of the person for being the child of his particular parents. One day, the Africans will crush the power of the Afrikaner, just as Hitler's power was crushed. It is possible that after victory, some Afrikaners will still want to belong to Africa, their white skin notwithstanding. *Buntu* statesmanship requires that the right of those people to a place in the African sun should be recognised.

Bulube gets into serious trouble each time he speaks of a place for the Afrikaner in the African sun. He is attacked for this as much on the homefront as he is abroad. At the La Guardia airport in New York, while on a trip to America, a black reporter confronted him with the same problem.

Chief Bulube, you have gone on record as saying that you do not hate the white people. Does that not sound strange in a man who has suffered so much and has lost so much? The whites despise the very soil on which you tread!

Yes, they do. But I can't afford to be like the white people. I am different; I am an African. If the whites prefer group hatred, that's their business. My system of values rejects the white man's approach. That is why we fight him.

You don't hate the Afrikaner either?

No. I have more important things to do.

You mean . . . you don't mind what he has done to you and your people?

I am deeply concerned about everything evil he has done to my people and I want him to pay for it and I will see to it that he does pay . . . even if I have to meet him on the battlefield one day. But while I do not have the gun, I will not stop fighting; I shall use my brains.

Why don't you support the militants' demand that your goal should be the expulsion of the Afrikaner from Africa?

I draw the distinction between the person and the values which determine human behaviour; wrong values distort the psyche of a people. Wrong values have damaged the Afrikaner's psyche; that is why he is so obsessed with race and colour. He is a man with a sick soul. His sickness, however, is a challenge to the *Buntu Ideal*. In the childhood days of the human race, the leper was rejected by society; to-day, we know better; we do not throw him onto the streets. We know that one sick man can infect a whole community. We treat the leper . . .

Chief, do you really think you can change the Afrikaner?

No! Do not get me wrong. Firstly, I am not concerned with changing him; I want my land. If I do not have the guns to create the situations to which I must force him to respond, I must use my brains.

I do not know if I understand you . . .

We have to clear our minds on three things: the basic weaknesses in the white man's civilisation, preparing ourselves for a decisive confrontation and guaranteeing viability for the type of society we shall create when we have destroyed white power. The commitment to conflict is the basic weakness; it is the dynamic which stimulates the white man's civilisation. Conflict between good and evil, between the person and his neighbour, man and woman, the citizen and society, man and nature . . . Conflict everywhere, in every direction. In the process, wealth is wasted, the environment is polluted and the white man bleeds himself slowly to death. Britain and France bled themselves out of being the great powers of the world. America bled herself in

South Vietnam until she had to get out of the war via the backdoor. The Portuguese bled themselves in Africa until whatever wealth they had was nearly burnt up. The Afrikaner is committing the same mistake in South Africa. Every year now he burns up millions of rand in defence and related budgets. The bleeding is on in earnest; our business is to see to it that it continues until he goes the way of the British, the French and the Portuguese. Help the Afrikaner to bleed himself . . . that is our secret weapon.

But that might take you another thousand years!

That brings me to preparing for the confrontation. And if all of us in the Black World use our brains, we do not need to wait even for a thousand days! We are forging the weapons by which to hit where the white man is weakest. We are organising our labour and building an internal power-structure with which to challenge the white power-structure. But we have to control enough force to keep the confrontation crisis always moving at our pace and in directions determined by us. And here, we need the help of Free Africa. Instead of spending money flying refugee leaders all over the world should Free Africa not consider sending some of our refugees to school, to study the manufacture of small, portable nuclear bombs to meet the white man's guns with these bombs? We have so much uranium in Africa which is controlled by our own people . . . Niger, Gabon. The French, the Germans and the Japanese are already involved in processing our uranium . . . Why not give us a little of it to blow up white domination in the south of the continent?

Isn't that something?

When everything is over, we shall establish a society in which it will never again be a crime for a person to be the child of his parents. We started in 1912 to lay the foundations for this society; we are building it as I talk to you.

Chief, do you have any message for black youth in America? There are so many of us who want to do something about the position of our people in Southern Africa . . .

Tell them to study as they have never studied before. Where the white man spends one hour, the young blacks must spend ten hours studying. Where the white man reads one book, the young black must read twenty books. Our aim must be better black brains. Next, please tell the young blacks that if they seriously want to help us, let them go to school and study physics and the chemistry of uranium and then go to Niger, Gabon and elsewhere to work on African uranium for the purpose of enabling us to create a balance of violence which will serve our interests in Southern Africa. Above all, tell them not to be afraid of the white American; he is divided too deeply on the race issue to decide the course of events in Africa.

In his memorandum, Bulube describes some of the strategies already developed by the black South Africans for translating their programme into action. Segregated institutions are exploited to build

up machinery by which to assert African leadership initiatives which are otherwise forbidden by law. The goal is a national strike to paralyse the economy from within. If, one day, the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique declare unilateral independence and form a new united white front with South Africa and Rhodesia and eventually declare war on the black peoples of Southern Africa, the Africans in South Africa want to be ready to paralyse South Africa's war effort with a strike. People outside South Africa should realise that people on the homefront are not free agents; they have to develop weapons on the basis of the resources at their disposal.

Bulube repeats that the Africans in Angola, Botswana, Malawi, Mozambique, Lesotho, Namibia, Rhodesia, Swaziland, and Zambia should together form themselves into a union which will create an altogether new economic balance in Southern Africa. The 60,000,000 blacks in this part of the continent would form a trading bloc which would unite with those being discussed in West and East Africa. A union of 60,000,000 Africans surrounding South Africa would be an attractive market and would be a powerful economic level with which to smash the laager mentality and crack the balance founded on black labour, English capital and Afrikaner political power. Some of the reserve administrations have taken the first steps to lay the foundations for the union and are on preparations for joining the Africans listed above if and when they accept the principle of an effective black united front.

In his speeches, Bulube finally lays increasing stress on forging an economic weapon controlled by the 60,000,000 Africans to crack the obnoxious balance. But this weapon must complement political offensives against white domination. The geopolitical union he has in mind will form a pincers surrounding South Africa from the east through the north to the west. The pincers will create a political setting in which white political power could eventually be cracked.

He tells the Committee that he and his people have evolved a strategy which works at two levels. Externally the markets and the pincers are the weapons with which to crack the white united front. Internally, black policy exploits the governmental institutions set up by the government in Pretoria to create a dual authority situation in which white power will be opposed by legal black authority.

The segregated administrations are forming a united front of their own and will one day use their legal powers to withdraw African labour on a national scale from the white power-structure to crack the balance and smash white domination. The chief merit of this strategy lies in the facts that it makes non-violence effective and enables the Africans to fight on ground chosen by themselves, using tools controlled by themselves in and outside South Africa. Bulube implores the Committee to study this strategy. The strikes which have become an almost endemic feature of life in Natal are political exercises by

which the Zulus create the dual power situation. The point to note about them is that there is no political party which leads them; no co-ordinating trade union organisation. In this regard, he points out, they might be described as spontaneous. But there is methodical organisation behind these demonstrations. The white authority smashed the political movements which stressed ideological loyalties that split the Africans. The black people were told to develop along their own lines; government policy destroyed the ideological leaders who were based, as a rule, in the urban areas and shifted the centre of gravity in the leadership to the rural areas where the new leaders were free to change their tactics. They abandoned the use of Western-type political organisations and used the government's stress on "tribalism" to stimulate loyalty to the *Buntu Ideal*.

A unity at the level of fundamentals emerged which involves every African and which has now become the driving power behind the strikes in Natal. Where the African has been freed from divisive coalitions with the other races and where he defines the race problem in his own terms, consciousness of *ubuntu* evokes identical responses to similar challenges.

Bulube assures the Committee that after three hundred years of contact with the whites, the Africans in South Africa now have an answer to tribalism. The Zulu, the Xhosa and the Swazi are committed as powerfully to *ubuntu* as the Bapedi, Batswana and the Basotho are to *botho*, their version of *ubuntu*. Bulube adds that he looks forward to the day when the Bapedi, Basotho, Batswana, Swazi, Venda-Tonga-Shangane, Xhosa and Zulu will each march along "their" lines in a co-ordinated national strike to defend the *Buntu Ideal*. To get to that point, he concludes, he needs no political parties, no guns, no armies; all he needs are clarity on the *ubuntu* ideal in every African, understanding on the part of the world and moral support from Africa.

He admits, finally, that whether or not he likes it he has to move by stages to the moment of final confrontation. There first has to be the unification of the segregated rural administrations on the basis of which to build the dual authority situation. This will be followed by the use of African labour as a political weapon. The last step will be a national strike. The excitement over the passes issue, he warns, is important only as an instrument for the politicisation of the masses of the black people.

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adhering to the strict letter of the law, confronted the CNP with the ruthless logic of its policy. At first, some people called him a collaborationist, which is a hideous political swearword in the African community. But two things happened as he pursued the logic of the government's laws. The policy cracked and as this happened, a leadership vacuum developed on the white side which Bulube did not hesitate to fill. Pressed to demonstrate that CNP racial policy was not a variant of Nazism, de Haas, like van Warmelo, offered the Africans another shadow of independence in the reserves. These offers had never been made in South African history. To everybody's surprise, the Africans again rejected the independence.

The resulting deadlock brought the white government face to face with the unworkability of its racial policy. Bulube came out with an alternative which promised to give the Africans an incomparably more rewarding type of freedom than any the government could offer in the reserves. The alternative did not stop there; the prospect of Free African markets for South African manufactures threatened to crack the alliance between Afrikaner political power and English capital and also threatened to split the Afrikaans community itself.

The economics minister in the de Haas cabinet resigned to form a political party committed to race equality. Behind him, of course, there was English finance. He started negotiating secretly with Bulube for a new alliance between African labour and English capital. That alarmed the young entrepreneur class in the Afrikaans community who also approached Bulube secretly and offered him the whole of the Natal province, including the key port city of Durban in return for an alliance which would allow Afrikaner capital access to the markets of Free Africa and a mutual defence treaty by which the Zulu army of the future would rally to the support of the Afrikaner in situations of emergency.

These developments impressed the chiefs and they saw themselves leading their people, behind Bulube, to the freedom which the white man's gun had destroyed. The black police, too, were impressed. Bulube demanded that they should be promoted to positions of authority in the force and assured them that the geopolitical alternative he proposed offered them the opportunity to be better human beings than the despised traitors who arrested their own people to entrench their humiliation. He made public a plan by an underground movement in the locations to compile a list of policemen who would have to be murdered for collaboration. This had shaken the police force and, in Natal in particular, the police developed an incredible reluctance to shoot the Africans during strikes.

All these things had taken place while most whites were busy on the Passes For Women Bill. Some Afrikaners like Prinsloo had watched these developments with increasing concern. With the chiefs hostile to the government and the black police dreading the advent of

the day of judgment, the pillars of white power in the black community began to crack. What was galling was that Bulube had not broken any law; he had merely pursued government policy to its logical conclusion and in doing that had shaken the obnoxious balance and threatened to split Afrikanerdom itself. He had not stopped there; he had seized the initiative to influence events and transferred leadership in thinking about the future of South Africa from the white side to the African. While the whites quarrelled publicly on the smell of the African woman, the size of her breasts and the shape of her legs Bulube had quietly shifted the centres of power from the white side to the African.

The change was fundamental; South Africa would never again be what it had been before. The freedom with which the Africans staged strikes whenever they wanted in Natal was evidence. They had placed themselves in the position where they could seriously work on a timetable to the moment of confrontation. Thoughtful Afrikaners are aware of these changes; they are aware also of their implications for the future of the Afrikaner in Africa. What they do not know is what to do and, in their indecision, they cling to the gun. But the gun is no longer their guarantee of survival. They enacted the laws which the Africans now use to create the dual authority situation; they created the situation in which they are now caught. How can they shoot the African who carries out their own laws?

This is the question Colonel Prinsloo asks when government leaders ask him why the police do not shoot African strikers into submission. The Africans, he tells some of his critics, are now aware of their power and nobody is going to make them forget about it. Only, they have not as yet consolidated it; now, he urges the Minister of Justice, is the time to negotiate seriously with them. They are still weak enough to accept white terms. To-morrow they will be strong enough to dictate their terms; this, he says, is the message of their rejection of the prime minister's independence offer.

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The African women's invasion of Union Buildings cut a gaping wound in the prime minister's personality. He has not as yet begun to understand how such a thing could take place in Afrikanerdom's own city. He still sees himself isolated and beleaguered in his own seat of power. The humiliation wounds him every moment of his life and keeps his temper always in flames. His doctors are concerned about this; they warn him that too much worry over the event might weaken his heart. But if there is one thing that de Haas does not care about when he is on the warpath against the black people is his own personal safety or health. For Afrikanerdom, he would not hesitate to sacrifice his life at any time. If thinking and worrying about the women's demonstration

of power will cost him his life, well, he tells Piet van der Merwe when things go wrong, let him die. In so far as he is concerned, he will know no rest until the kaffer is back in his place. The phenomenon in him has been awakened and friends and foes tremble when he opens his mouth, for he has revived his old style of talking. Whenever he opens his mouth, he talks in tones of thunder. The temperature of the cabinet room rises each time he walks into it, followed by the faithful Piet.

The fires which rage in the prime minister's bosom are stoked by the strikes in Natal, which have spread to the Witwatersrand, the industrial heart of South Africa. He explodes promptly each time anybody associates them with the economic position of the African. This does not arise out of any insensitivity. De Haas believes honestly that the Afrikaners are God's chosen people; that God brought them to South Africa as a reward for their loyalty to him and that he created the black people specifically to hew wood and draw water for the Afrikaners. The productive potential of every African is the God-given property of the white man. The latter has the right to use it as he thinks best. If he does not exploit it fully, he sins against God, like the man who did not develop his talents. The more the Afrikaner squeezes out of the African, the more he does God's will. If there is anything wrong with this, he advises, people must blame God and not the Afrikaner.

In this mood, the prime minister regards the strikes as sin and treason and ungratefulness all rolled into one. The white man brought civilisation to South Africa and all he gets from the ungrateful black people are kicks in the teeth. But what can one expect, with a Police Commissioner like Prinsloo entrusted with the protection of the whites from the black hordes? When alone, the prime minister catches himself wondering sometimes if Prinsloo is not motivated by treason. Not even the phenomenon, however, can take this to the cabinet. He once sounded Kritzinger on the doubt. While the Pretoria district police chief neither confirmed nor removed the prime minister's suspicion, he reacted in a way which left the question unresolved in the mind of de Haas. On another occasion the prime minister sounded faithful and loyal Piet who reacted strongly against the thought that Colonel Prinsloo could be disloyal. The prime minister, however, took Piet's views with a grain of salt; Piet would not do anything that would open the way to Kritzinger's promotion to the post of Police Commissioner.

De Haas is a man of action and prefers to act decisively. But with the most powerful members of the cabinet behind Prinsloo's continuing to be Police Commissioner, the prime minister has to move carefully. Besides, the strikes are beginning to attract international attention. While some commentators attach importance to their political implications, others argue that the demonstrations corrode South Africa's reputation as an investment field. Both sides blame the government for the strikes. The government's economic advisers warn that foreign investments continue to flow out and that new capital

from abroad is not coming in in encouraging volumes. This annoys de Haas; Afrikanerdom, he always tells his cabinet, works so hard to ensure that foreign investments produce high profits and the people who are loudest in attacking the government are in those countries which have investments in South Africa. They punish the Afrikaner for looking well after their property.

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A new factor is emerging in the strikes. Arson is coming again to be used over a widening area. In the sixty years since the formation of the Union of South Africa, the Africans have rarely used fire as an instrument of protest in industrial disputes. They used it extensively against Natal's sugar-cane fields during the stormy fifties; they used it also to burn down forests in the Harding district. But not even in those times did they burn down factories. As a matter of fact, now, a factory does not have to be involved in a dispute with the Africans before it goes up in flames if it is owned by the wrong people.

After the fire which destroys the Buitendyk plastics factory just outside Pretoria, Kritzinger calls in Bashise and, to the African's surprise, asks him to sit on the chair on the other side of his desk. The African, who is beholden to Kritzinger for many favours, hesitates to jeopardise the position of his benefactor. It is true that Kritzinger is chief of the Pretoria police district, but that does not mean that he should commit treason against Afrikanerdom and treat an African as his equal in his office. A hostile white constable might enter, note the equality and report that to higher authorities. Bashise has a vested interest in Kritzinger's security and wants to show that he is concerned about the safety of his benefactor. Kritzinger recommended him for promotion to the headquarters of the security police.

Sit down Bashise, he says in Zulu. I want to talk to you like a man and I want you to answer me like a man.

If you insist, Sir, I shall sit down for, as we say, to stand up when discussing serious matters complicates them.

Bashise, you are a Zulu. . . .

The remark is deliberately a rhetorical question. Kritzinger knows Bashise is a Zulu; he speaks to him in Zulu. An Afrikaner's emphasis on one being a Zulu can be ominous, particularly in Pretoria. Bashise does not answer.

It is a bad sign when the Zulus play with lightning. . . .

The African is still uncertain about the white man's intentions. In his culture, there is a formal way for presenting a problem and tradition and usage require that it should be introduced, the theme developed, the central point established, explanations made and the presentation concluded. But then, Bashise is saying to himself, the

white people are not cultured; they do not know how to carry on a conversation; they exchange sounds and noises and do not converse.

Playing with lightning . . . you know what I mean?

I don't know if I understand you, Sir.

Come off it, Bashise! You know what I'm talking about! Those strikes. You Zulus like to make everybody believe that you are stupid. . . .

Sir, everybody says we are.

Telling me! But what are you trying to tell the white man in the strikes? Don't speak to me like a policeman, for the question would not be fair to you; answer me like a man.

Sir, the people are saying they want value for their labour.

You know I know that. But why is it that each time the government wants to talk to your leaders, you Zulus go out on strikes? Why do you play with lightning, as you say in your language? Some time back the late prime minister called your leaders to Cape Town to offer them independence. Before your leaders left for Cape Town, you people started playing with the lightning. Baas de Haas consolidated some of the reserves scattered all over Natal into five or six areas and asked your people to consider the consolidation as a basis on which to discuss independence. Before your leaders replied, you people started playing with the lightning. You are doing the same thing now . . . why?

I think the people want the prime minister to offer real independence; Sir, they don't want to be free to come and beg for jobs as the black people do from some of the independent states of Southern Africa.

Now, you are talking like a man. Is that why your people are now burning factories?

Sir, I don't know who are burning factories.

It could be Zulus or Xhosas or Basotho or all of them; you're right. But what are they up to?

Well, Sir, you said I should talk to you like a man. . . .

That is what I want you to do.

The government made a mistake when it forced Dillo Mareka to flee the country. He talked a lot, made blood-curdling threats but was slow to translate his words into deeds. Other leaders have emerged in the underground who act first and talk afterwards. They are angry, Sir, very angry with Britain, America, France, West Germany, Italy and Japan who build factories in this country and suck their blood in profits, Sir.

But these factories give them jobs?

And little money, Sir. They say the white people, together with their Japanese hangers-on, are ganging up against the black people.

But if they use fire, the police will shoot them.

They will still burn the factories, Sir.

And be shot. . . .

And burn. . . .

Come on, Bashise, you people have better sense than that? Do you know the people who organise the arson?

These things are in the wind, Sir.

Rumours help in unsettled times.

Yes, Sir.

You realise, of course, that if your people burn down the factories and the police shoot, the whole country can in the end go up in smoke. You don't want that to happen, I know. What would you do if you were in the prime minister's position?

Sir, I would ask Chief Bulube to come to Pretoria and I would start negotiations with him. The problems between us and the white people are complicated, Sir. The negotiations would take a long time, I know. But I would start to negotiate, Sir.

But, playing with lightning creates too much noise for negotiators to hear each other when talking.

I would negotiate a call-off of the play with lightning, Sir.

I'm going to mention some of the things you told me to the Commissioner of Police. I'll recommend you for the highest post the Commissioner is planning for a black man; a special political adviser to the Commissioner on black politics. Then, you will help shape police policy. I know you can do it; I'll speak to him about it. Alright, you can go now, Bashise.

The African rises and as he walks to the door, Kritzinger calls out.

Bashise! Before you go . . . Did you know that the prime minister had invited Bulube to come to Pretoria to discuss the consolidation of the black areas? And Bulube said he was too busy? What are things coming to when a black man can say that to the prime minister?

Hm! That's serious, Sir.

And, the Minister of Bantoe Affairs told the chairmen of the Bantoe administrations not to meet in conference to create a black united front. As you know, they met and did precisely what they were ordered not to do. How do you negotiate with people like that?

That's bad, Sir; very bad.

The African is shaking his head vigorously. Kritzinger is impressed by the vigour. In the government he is known as the top police expert on the mind of the black man. In the anthropology classes he has been told that the Africans do not shake their heads vigorously, unless when disturbed to the roots of their personality. When he sees the African shake his head, his anthropology is vindicated. He tells the white officers under him that they must never make the mistake of judging the African by white criteria only; they should understand reality from the African's perspectives as well, in order to be efficient arms of the law. In his lectures, for example, he tells the police that it is bad manners in the African community to look the next person in the eyes. Friends do not look each other in the eyes; that is done to enemies. When an African does not look a policeman in the eyes, it

does not mean that he is a crook or that he feels guilty; he just does not want to commit an act considered hostile in his community. When he starts looking the police in the eyes, he tells his men, they should regard that as a declaration of war. Bashise takes his time shaking his head, to impress his benefactor. And when he thinks he has done a good job, he pulls himself together. Kritzinger drives his point home:

You see now; why we need a black political adviser to the Police Commissioner? A responsible person . . . with his roots in the black community?

Yes sir. . . .

You don't have to worry about the pay. This will be a special job with a special salary, a house and a car.

That would be a major assignment for me, Sir . . . .

For some moments the two men are silent; neither looks the other in the eyes. Both of them know that they are blood enemies; that the only link which forces them to co-operate is the gun. As long as the white man has the gun he is able to create the conditions which will force the black man to co-operate on white terms; he can corrupt the African and throw breadcrumbs for him to pick on terms dictated by the whites. Every moment of his life the African is probing the white man's positions in the endless search for points of weakness. This goes on in every situation of black-white contact. In time, a balance of weaknesses develops which takes on the form of a habit of thinking and congeals finally into a mode of behaviour. The balance creates its own peculiar forms of discipline on either side of the colour line; it leaves the Afrikaner knowing very clearly how far to go in provoking or placating the African and regulates the latter's behaviour toward the whites in the same way. The contradictions which arise from all this are given the generic name of the South African way of life. The white policeman continues:

A major assignment indeed, Bashise. You deserve it. When is your leave due? You might need a little rest to make your plans before you take on the new job. But, don't worry about the leave; that can be fixed at any time.

Thank you, Sir! Good Morning, Sir!

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The police are concerned about the spread of the strikes from Natal to the Witwatersrand industrial complex. Their problem is that the government regards the demonstrations as a political protest and not merely a reaction to economic disadvantage. The task of the police is complicated by the bans which make the organisation of African political organisations and trade unions illegal. In the old days, when

these were legal, the police knew each and every African leader holding office at any time in every part of the country. In emergencies the police swooped on the leaders, arrested all of them and paralysed African action. An altogether different situation has developed since the Sharpeville shootings. In so far as the whites are concerned, there should be perfect peace and order in South Africa because there are no agitators and no subversive organisations to stir up strife in the black community. Those whom the government calls the communists have been stamped out of existence. Here and there a tame and often frightened workers' group might exist by mutual agreement between the white employer and his black workers. The association functions more to keep the actual and potential agitators visible than to effect real improvements in the workers' conditions of employment. In situations of confrontation, these staff associations, as they are called, are careful to keep as much out of trouble as they can.

The inexplicable situation has developed in which the workers in a given industry will stage a strike which is not led by any visible leader or group. Nothing angers the prime minister more than this circumstance. And, when he is in this mood, the cause of all the trouble is Prinsloo, whom the prime minister regards as a weak constable. But Prinsloo is not the type of man who takes blows lying on his stomach. His counter-attacks threaten to split the cabinet from top to bottom. He argues, for example, that the white man's ideal of fulfilment is cracking under the strain of conditions which exist in South Africa and that the crack shows itself in the morale of the police force, in particular, its black section.

The point has been reached where Afrikanerdom has to offer the police concessions which will keep the loyalty of the black police, who are coming under increasing pressure from the violence in the locations. More and more police are killed in mysterious circumstances; the position is so serious police policy has had to be changed drastically; black officers now command police stations in the locations where, before, the whites held these positions. The government has to make it worthwhile for the black police to continue to make these sacrifices. Urgency is given to the need by the corruption which, Prinsloo points out carefully, has developed in the police force. He quotes cases of policemen committing every conceivable crime. Two were caught burgling a departmental store . . . in uniform! Black police make easy money on the streets where their orders are to search every black person for arms. A policeman will search and arrest an African and release him on the payment of fifty cents. This has not only reduced the searches to a farce; they have made the law ridiculous and thrown the police force into disrepute. The white man, Prinsloo continues, cannot afford to see the police force turned into a laughing stock among the black people. The position has been reached where the Africans boast that every policeman has his price; if he is white, there

always are the legs of a black woman; if he is black, well, the sky is the limit.

Prinsloo never mentions the word revolution in his reports. The word has earth-shaking implications in South Africa and no decent white person ever refers to it. But among his trusted friends, Prinsloo confesses freely that extensive corruption in any police force is an important indication of a revolutionary situation developing.

Day after day the police arrest the agitators and bring them before the courts of law in every major city of South Africa; more often than not the men are acquitted; the laws designed to preserve freedom for the white man fail to serve this end when the black man demands equal treatment before the law. When the law is embarrassed, corruption sets in; men entrusted with the responsibility of maintaining law and order commit incredible crimes in the name of the law. This, Prinsloo argues, is a challenge which Afrikanerdom has to face.

The spread of the strikes brings the police under increasing criticism; all the whites feel that their privileged position is threatened. The English press blames de Haas and the CNP for this state of affairs. The government blames the white liberals, churchmen, radicals, communists and other agitators. In the latter group are white students who attack the white power-structure. There are some brave white students who stand out to be counted and pay the consequences; these are mainly Jewish and English-speaking. In the Afrikaner universities, the students are angry, frustrated and paralysed for action. Many are too frightened to act against their government and their people. As a result they watch apprehensively as the CNP grapples with a crisis which gets out of control with each year that goes by.

In these conditions, Dr. Robert Shawcross's African diary has become a priceless source of information on actual and potential African agitators and, of course, their white allies. The police have seized the passports of Dr. and Mrs. Shawcross; they have put enough pressure on the historian to force him to travel from city to city all over South Africa testifying for the government against men and women of all races charged for conspiring against Afrikaner domination. Some of the people arrested were his best friends; people who trusted him and told him things they did not want known to the government. Others were his colleagues while the overwhelming majority of them were men and women for whom he had the highest respect and admiration. Wherever he goes he finds himself witnessing against people who uphold the truths by which he gives meaning to life. In the English press he is attacked savagely as a moral coward, a turncoat, a traitor. And when Englishmen swear, they put Lucifer himself to shame. Some English and Jews are so angry with him they advise him to commit suicide. Some whites come secretly to Bulube and ask him to raise his voice in protest against Shawcross's treachery. The African declines to do this.

Don't you see what is happening? When we Africans say the white man's system of values cannot cope with the problems of a

racially mixed society, we mean that it debases the person and creates situations of corruption in which an honourable man is drowned in dishonour and forced to be a traitor for once having tried to do the honourable thing. The original crime was in the creation of such situations and in the use of power to destroy every white man's conscience. Tyranny is encouraged, not by the fall of those whom it crushes, but by the continued silence of good white men.

A wave of intense hatred for the white liberals sweeps the country as Shawcross moves from one city to another to witness against the black people fighting for their freedom. In the locations Shawcross has become the embodiment of everything wicked in the white bosom. The CNP is delighted with this; it widens the gulf between black and white and forces the English to co-operate with the Afrikaner in maintaining the obnoxious African-Afrikaner-English balance on terms dictated by the Afrikaner.

In the junction city of Ladysmith in northern Natal, Jabulani Kumalo is in the dock on charges of treason and conspiracy. Jabulani has become an underground hero; he co-ordinates plans for striking in the Zulu community. Shawcross used a code in making some of his recordings which the police have cracked; that is how they discovered Jabulani's role in the underground. In ordinary life, Jabulani was a respectable principal of an African high school in the city. His only interest, other than his work and the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whose steward he was, was football. A prominent leader in the football world, he travelled extensively over South Africa. When black American sportsmen visited the country, the government saw to it that they stopped in Ladysmith to talk to a responsible African who was objective in his assessment of black-white relations. Government agents were always at pains to make it clear that Jabulani Kumalo was not an advocate of the CNP's racial policy. Their only interest in him was that he was not influenced by the thinking of the agitators.

A deep friendship developed between Kumalo and Shawcross. The two men seemed shaped for such a friendship. Both were men of integrity; both were moderate and both could listen to a different viewpoint. As a matter of fact it was Shawcross's admiration of men like Kumalo that reinforced Hawthorne's case for Shawcross's involvement in the underground. In one of the conversations between Kumalo and Shawcross the African had told the historian how the black people neutralise police dogs. Sprinkle ground hot chillies wherever the dogs might pick up an incriminating trail and they will promptly go on strike. One of the qualities the two men had in common was their sense of humour. They agreed that the race quarrel was tragic and that in spite of this there was an element of humour in it which showed that in the final analysis, black and white were human.

Kumalo told Shawcross that the broadcasting of hot ground chillies in a riot can have obvious dangers for the Africans who never are masked. What the Africans do is to carry rubber syringes filled with



water in which ground chillies have been boiled and which has been cooled. This is squirted into the dogs' eyes. Kumalo told Shawcross that the police had not as yet invented protective goggles for the dogs.

The prosecutor is the dreaded Dr. Amherst Kriel, a former professor of political science at the University of the Free State. Kriel is Afrikanerdom's top authority on communism and the sabotage tactics it uses. He obtained his law degrees in Germany in the 1930s and has an abiding hatred for "Zionist" communism. Kriel boasts that he has never spoken to an educated African; they are all communists.

Kumalo is in the dock when the prosecution calls in Dr. Shawcross as a state witness. As he enters the court by the side door, his eyes meet Kumalo's. Shawcross turns his face speedily away from the African's and drags himself into the witness-box. The case goes on for three days. The judge finds Kumalo guilty and sentences him to death but points out that he would allow Kumalo to send his case on appeal.

Trials are going on all over South Africa, in the largest cities and in tiny rural villages. Lusikisiki is a small town in the Transkei. For years the police have been waging a private war with the Africans who resisted the government's policy of crowding the Transkei in order to create the conditions of poverty and starvation which would force hundreds of thousands of able-bodied Xhosas to leave their homes and sell their labour at the lowest rates possible to the whites in the mines of South Africa. In the dock is Booi Makaluza, one of the leaders of the army on the hill, as the Transkeian resisters are known. The prosecutor on this occasion is the local police station commander, a crusty Orange Free Stater whose Afrikaans is remarkable for the way he pronounces his gutturals; each time he pronounces the letter "g" it is as though he is scraping the bottom of a Dutch oven.

Makaluza is defended by a brilliant Jewish lawyer, Abe Baumhaus. The station commander holds the rank of sergeant. He is in his fifties and the fact that at this age he is still only a sergeant in a tiny police station in a small rural village in a black reserve is something about which he is very bitter. Once the Afrikaners rise to positions of power, the sergeant always complains, they become like the English; if a fellow Afrikaner has not gone to school, they despise him. He hates the men in Pretoria because they punish him for the fact that he left school in the sixth grade because his parents were too poor to give him a good education. But if he hates the Afrikaners on top, he hates more the English, the Jews and the Africans, in that order.

Abe Baumhaus always refers professionally to the prosecutor as "My learned friend." The prosecutor goes into a rage each time he is referred to in these terms by the Jew from far-away Durban. One other point which angers the prosecutor is the fact that a white man has travelled more than a hundred miles to defend unruly Africans in a remote reserve. That makes Baumhaus, in the prosecutor's view, a

communist; to the prosecutor, all Jews are communists. He squirms uneasily in his chair on the first day of the trial when Baumhaus refers to him again and again as his "learned friend." On the second day he rises up in court:

Your Vorship, I rise to protest. The lawyer for the prisoner refers to me as his lear-r-r-r-ed fr-r-r-ient. Your Vorship, I am not his fr-r-r-ient and I am not lear-r-r-r-ed neither!

The trials are proceeding while the strikes continue to be organized. While scores of African leaders are jailed as a result of the Shawcross diary's revelations, their elimination does not bring any abatement in the spread of the strikes. The situation has arisen when the disciplined anger of the black workers has developed a momentum of its own which needs no leaders in determining its directions.

The government finds this puzzling. In white societies, the organisation is the instrument for concerted action. When the Africans launch successful strikes without leaders, even the police are puzzled. Prinsloo is about the only one who has a rough idea of what is happening. The segregation of the African into overcrowded locations and reserves has brought what he calls "tribal" forms of discipline into action once more and it is these disciplines which make possible the organisation of strikes without trade unions, political parties or visible leaders.

Added to this is a pattern of arson which threatens to assume dangerous forms. The factories set on fire are generally those known to be owned by the members of the CNP and other supporters of the government. This intelligence creates a cabinet crisis. Some ministers accuse the Jews of supporting the African revolt. The motive is said to be the subversion of Afrikaner authority for the purpose of establishing Zionist communism in the world. Other ministers regard the English as the nigger in the woodpile. The encouragement given to the strikers by the slanted reports in the English press, it is said, stems from the desire to smash the power of the rising entrepreneur class in the Afrikaans community. The prime minister himself thinks the trouble has its roots in the weak quality of the leadership which Prinsloo gives the police force. But in the bitter quarrels which have developed in the cabinet, whose sessions are now invariably stormy, the phenomenon does not feel free to act as his instincts tell him. He wants Prinsloo replaced as Commissioner of the Police while the Justice Minister, as usual, and supported by half the cabinet, opposes de Haas. In the old days, the phenomenon would have stormed out of the cabinet, tendered his resignation to the State President and formed a brand-new cabinet. Not so now; he would be accused of splitting Afrikanerdom and deserting his people in a crisis. The English press would be delighted because the English would not have had anything to do with the crisis; the explosion would be a squabble inside the "united" Afrikaner community. De Haas retreats and averts a disastrous clash with the police chief.

Not knowing whom to arraign, the police arrest every striker. The arrests, in turn, spark off more strikes until there is no room in South Africa's vast prisons. Concentration camps are established in the rural areas where the strikers are locked. But with thousands of young whites tied down in unproductive military employment in Rhodesia, the South African economy is crippled by the jailing of thousands of black workers. The Afrikaner entrepreneurs, supported by sections of the Dutch Reformed Church and some of the universities, start a campaign to get rid of de Haas. In the excitement of the moment, one night, a fire breaks out in the petroleum refinery owned by an all-Afrikaans corporation outside Pretoria. The explosions spread the flames to the factories near the refinery's storage tanks and for a while it seems the fire might spread to nearby Boreneng and on to Atteridgeville. Fire engines, police ambulances for black and white, doctors and nurses are rushed to the industrial site.

In the chaos, the roads are crowded with vehicles and people. Paul Kritzinger is racing through Atteridgeville, which is the shortest route to the petroleum refinery, when he recognises Sister Anastasia t'Hooft's car coming in the opposite direction. He stops it and rushes to her. He looks at his watch and almost shouts to her:

What on earth are you doing here, at this time, on a day like this, Sister?

I am driving Nurse Mampa home.

For goodness' sake, Sister t'Hooft, take her home as quickly as you can and drive back to the convent as fast as you can!

I'll do that, Captain.

Hurry up, Sister; this is not the place where a white woman should be alone at night.

What could a nun be doing in a black location at night, Kritzinger asks himself. He has often been told that she rides into the location, bringing in the Africans who attend night school at Boreneng. Why on earth should Boreneng run night classes for black people in the first place? The more educated the African becomes, the more trouble he gives the white man; the more he demands race equality; the more he wants white women; the more he turns to communism. At police headquarters, the nuns have an ugly name. The story about them which hurts Kritzinger most is that they have affairs with the Africans. The lie is told with so many variations the white police have made themselves believe that it is true.

The enemies of the Afrikaner are Kritzinger's personal enemies. The friends of his enemies are his own personal foes. All he needs to regard a person as an enemy is to be told that that person associates with the enemies of the Afrikaner. Sister Anastasia t'Hooft is not the politically-conscious type of nun, but is known as a passionate advocate of increased health services for African mothers and their babies. That makes her an enemy; a communist aiding the movement to

Blood River. Well, Kritzinger tells himself, enemies exist to be fought and if the nun is going to run around the location on a turbulent night, she is asking for trouble; she must get it; get it soon, in a way which will teach all the white girls in the world to think twice about coming to do missionary work in South Africa.

Kritzinger moves swiftly to his car. He has made up his mind. Rarely does an Afrikaner get such an opportunity to strike and strike hard at his enemies. He walks like a man determined to strike. He jumps into his car, without turning round to see if anybody recognises him and drives up the location street to the headquarters of the location police where he parks his car and goes in for a chat with the station commander, Sergeant-Major Pitso.

Bashise's cottage is about three houses from the police station. The evening is warm and Bashise sits in the unlit verandah of his house, cooling himself. From where he is, he can see what is going on in the front yard of the police station. He sees Kritzinger's car drive in.

That white man, he tells himself, well, there's something wrong in his head. To be out here, on a day like this in a location? He knows people don't like him here.

After a while, Kritzinger emerges from the police station and, instead of getting into his car, leaves it in the yard and walks up the poorly lit street past Bashise's cottage. The African thinks this unusual even for a student of anthropology. Whatever the motive, he is certain it is not in his interest for the chief of the Pretoria police district to know developments in the location which Bashise himself is not aware of. He rushes into his house, puts on his blue denim petrol-pump attendant's overall and cap and dashes through the back door to the land between the rows of houses used by night-soil collectors when the location is asleep.

In the older locations, these lanes are narrow; there is room in them only for wagons, drawn by oxen, on which the night-soil buckets are loaded. As they run parallel with the streets, it is possible for a person to move down a lane without being seen by the people on the street even on a partially moonlit night like the one on which Kritzinger visits the location. The lanes are not cleaned; dead cats and dogs and rats are sometimes thrown there. The night-soil collectors are the poorest paid workers in the location and, as a class, are treated with as much regard as the human bone-breakers of Tibet. They are always in a bad temper, eager to avenge themselves on a society against which they are bitter and when the contents of the buckets spill on to the lanes, they leave them there, as their own especial type of commentary on life in the location. Bashise is adept at stepping on the right spots even on the darkest of dark nights. The sky is partially overcast, but the moon shines powerfully enough behind the clouds to enable him to keep track of the police chief without being seen. All sorts of ideas pass through the African's mind. Could it be that Kritzinger has an affair

with an African woman? That would be stupidity of the dumbest type in a man occupying his position. He cannot sit on a thing like that forever. And, if the girl was in the location he is as good as a dead man already. The boys with the *intshumentshu* would not miss their opportunity. People like Maggie would not hesitate to trap him; it is fun to smash the pillars of Afrikanerdom between the legs of an African woman.

The Afrikaners know that sex with the African will destroy them; but no section of whites shows greater determination to sacrifice almost everything for the opportunity to get between black legs. The joke in the locations is that no matter how highly placed a Boer is, he cannot resist the legs of an African woman. But then, that is one of the stories told in the locations. Bashise cannot imagine Kritzinger being so foolish as to take these risks. He remembers the woman he met in Swaziland with her two Coloured sons. She had a lot to say about Kritzinger. But this is dynamite, Bashise tells himself, and he quickly forces the thought out of his mind. Failing to find an answer for Kritzinger's curious behaviour, Bashise decides to follow the instincts of a policeman—and to stalk his chief.

Kritzinger walks through the smaller gate of the location. The main street in Atteridgeville, unlike the others, is tarred, to facilitate the movement of police vans during Pass raids over week-ends or riots. The road is part of the highway to the refinery. Beyond the gate, a dirt track branches from the road and leads to the Roman Catholic mission station at Boreneng, on a hillock outside the location. To Bashise's surprise, Kritzinger follows the road to Boreneng. There has been a lot of ugly talk at police headquarters against the Dutch nuns, where some officers swear that the nuns are communist spies in the habit of the religious. Nobody in the police force doubts that the two nuns who drove Mareka and Masilo to Swaziland were "communists." As is always the case when women are involved in the clash of colour, sex moves in. A rumour, in which the security police are particularly interested, runs to the effect that some of the Dutch nuns have affairs with black men. That, Bashise tells himself, might explain Kritzinger's peculiar movements. The African keeps his nose on the white man's trail. If the police wanted to make any arrests, though, the chief of the uniformed section in Pretoria would hardly be the man for the job. But, Bashise tells himself, Kritzinger is an ambitious man who will do anything to push himself to the top.

Half a mile beyond, the road is hidden from view by a slight incline. A small cluster of tall gum trees stands between Kritzinger and the African trailing him. Bashise climbs one of the trees to see what Kritzinger is up to. The police chief is walking down the dirt road to a drift at the bottom of the little valley when Sister Anastasia t'Hooft's car drives past Bashise's perch, down the incline. The African gasps in disbelief. His first reaction is that the rendezvous has been arranged;

that Kritzinger and the nun have an affair. She is alone in the car. That, in itself, is not unusual; she often drives groups of African Roman Catholics into the location after meetings at the mission and returns alone. She has done that for years and nothing has happened to her. She is well-known in the location and nobody imagines she would be in danger at night. The lights now shine on Kritzinger, who raises his hands to stop the car. The African gasps again when the car stops. Kritzinger climbs into the car which quickly moves off and rounds a nearby curve. Bashise is certain he hears the sound of a gunshot. A few minutes later, the car turns round and comes toward the cluster of trees.

The car moves off the narrow road. Bashise can see from his perch that Kritzinger is behind the driver's wheel. The nun slouches in a curious position by his side. The police chief parks the car among the trees, away from the dirt track. Kritzinger opens the door, and Bashise sees that the nun is dead. Kritzinger seems to be cutting something from her body. The African holds his breath and asks all his ancestors to prevent him coughing or sneezing. He is sure now that Kritzinger had ambushed the woman. The stories at security police headquarters about the nuns now begin to make sense; ugly sense; the sort of sense which the insensate hatreds between black and white are developing and now are spilling everywhere. For a moment, Bashise is seized with fear for his own life; if he were to make a sound—or a sudden movement, Kritzinger would shoot him on the spot to wipe out the evidence. After a while, Kritzinger straightens himself, wipes his hands with a handkerchief, shuts the car door and walks back to the location.

Bashise keeps his perch until he is sure the police chief is well out of sight. Then he climbs down and moves cautiously to the car, still puzzled. The moon shines brilliantly now. Bashise looks through the window of the car and sees the nun sprawled on the front seat of her car.

So, this is what happens? When the culture of the white man cracks it goes to these extremes of ugliness? It destroys itself . . . and those who uphold it.

He walks away, shaking his head. It is not until he reaches the main road that he remembers the police dogs might pick up his trail. But so far he has not encountered anyone. Good. It is not his murder! He quickly moves to the centre of the tarred road and keeps to the tire track until he enters the location. Let the dogs run. His track is dead.

Among the Zulus, it is said that the woman has one very clearly defined attitude to a secret; if it is too small, she sees no reason why she should keep it in her bosom. If it is a great secret, she regards it as a crime against humanity to keep it to herself. Bashise realises he has stumbled on a secret of the times, as the English press would say; he walks on, not knowing what to do with it at that moment.

## XXI. A Deity With Clay Feet

*Impangele enhle ekhala igijima.*

*(The wise guinea fowl keeps running as it sounds the alarm.)*

The days go by painfully for Bashise. A heavy downpour had fallen toward dawn on the day of Sister Anastasia t'Hoof's murder. That solved one of his problems. The absolute erasure of his trail, however, did nothing to remove the fears which develop in him as he considers the implications of the murder, for, he tells himself, he has witnessed a dimension of ugliness in the white man which he had not thought possible. The white people are held before everybody as God's own chosen people and the nuns are projected as the cream of white womanhood—even by the Calvinist Afrikaners. This does not mean that they love the nuns; they are repulsed by the Roman Catholics. But the nuns are virgins, a strange virtue by which the white man sets the greatest store. By choosing freely to allow no man between their legs they embody the noblest notions of purity known in the white experience. This, even the most rabid Afrikaner enemy of the Catholics will concede. What urge then would be so powerful as to drive Kritzinger to the extreme of killing a nun and cutting out her organs of procreation? For, when the police got to the scene of the murder they found that the nun's body had been terribly mutilated and her private parts cut out. Why would a white man in a responsible position do this sort of thing? The answer is quick.

The press, churchmen and government spokesmen on the white side are unanimous in saying that the murder was a ritual killing. Everybody knows that ritual murder has always been attributed to the African peoples. The story is given wide publicity around the world; a chorus of abuse, lectures, sermons and excoriations has immediately arisen from the African's "friends" and his foes, on the homefront and abroad. A point which is particularly gratifying to the government is that even at the United Nations, those governments which attacked Pretoria with the greatest bitterness do not think to deny that the crime has been committed by an African; in their defence of him, they weakly argue that he has just been provoked too much.

The Dutch people are shocked by the crime and are divided in their reactions to it. Most complain that the African makes the task of

his friends difficult if he resorts to actions which strengthen the hand of the government in Pretoria. Some urge that it might be wise to withdraw Dutch nuns from South Africa before African anger against the whites explodes into an uncontrollable conflagration. A very small section of the press in Holland, recalling Nazi tricks, warns against seeing events in South Africa too simply through the eyes of the ruling white minority. Is there not the possibility that agents-provocateurs might have been at work in the Boreneng murder?

Afrikanerdom is hysterically beside itself with rage. The government press extorts maximum advantage from the murder, which it represents as a cast-iron case for the segregation of the races. Loudest in demanding action is Kritzinger's wife who stops almost at nothing in her clamours for the defence of white womanhood. One night, an African is caught by the police sticking a bill-poster to the side of the Kruger memorial with these words:

IF THE WHITE WOMEN ARE THAT BRITTLE,  
WHY DON'T THEY AND THEIR FAMILIES RE-  
TURN TO EUROPE? DOWN WITH THE PASSES  
FOR WOMEN!

De Haas has long since been transformed into a phenomenon in Afrikaner politics by his strong doomsday premonitions of coming disaster. He tells his closest friends with fierce joy that he knew something would one day happen to those pretty Hollander girls at Boreneng who would not listen when told by those who know the kaffer to have nothing to do with the blacks.

His foreign minister calls in the Dutch ambassador, Jonkheer Frykenius van Imhoff. The relationship between the ambassador and the foreign minister is characterised by a warmth which goes beyond the requirements of protocol. The link between them is the love they share for ancient Greek literature. The foreign minister, Brand van Zyl, is the son of a former Greek professor at the university of Pretoria who translated Sappho's poetry into Afrikaans. His son is writing a critical assessment of the great Greek lesbian's compositions. In matters of culture, van Zyl is regarded in the CNP as something of a maverick whose cosmopolitanism serves the very useful purpose of smoothing feelings when Pretoria and some Western capitals start calling each other diplomatic names. As for the ambassador, he was formerly a professor of Greek at Utrecht. By a happy coincidence, he also is an authority on the poetry of Sappho.

Your Excellency, the government of the Republic of South Africa requests you to transmit to the government of the Netherlands and, through it, to the Queen, the royal family and the people of Holland the condolences of the people of South Africa on their recent

bereavement. The forces of barbarism have struck at the innocent who left the security and safety of their land and crossed the seas to save the primitives from their savage ignorance. On this sad occasion the government of South Africa cannot help drawing the parallels between the murder and the arson which seeks to destroy the achievements of white civilisation in the southern part of the dark continent. Needless to say, the government of South Africa is under the obligation to protect life within its frontiers. But our ability to do this is limited by the disparity in black and white numbers. My government would request the co-operation of the Dutch government in making it known to Dutch Christians that the services of foreign nuns are not appreciated in the black community. If the black people do not appreciate what the Netherlands are doing for them, it would help all concerned if they were left to themselves.

The ambassador expresses his and his government's appreciation of the message of condolence and assures the foreign minister that he will transmit the suggestion on the possible withdrawal of Netherlands nuns from Boreneng to the appropriate authorities in Holland.

The minister rises to see the ambassador to his car. Outside, the ambassador suddenly stops walking as he approaches his car. He is a pedant even in this moment.

You know, I sometimes have the feeling that we live in momentous times, when history is taking a new turn. We are coming to the end of a great literary era and are on the threshold of entering a new age. In the last twenty-five hundred years the best European literature has focused on the mind. The revolution which is now freeing millions of peoples in Africa, Asia and elsewhere is laying the foundations for a literature which will focus on the essence of being human. The prospect has frightening implications . . . For these people the mind is not everything.

Well? At least I'm glad I shall long be dead when the change gets into its stride, the minister smiles amiably.

I'm glad, too, I won't be around . . . At least, they'll have larger planes and bigger and faster ships than . . . minds or no minds! And the ambassador jumps into his car.

\* \* \*

Bashise is a worried man these days. The evenings under his verandah are no longer the moments of peace which meant so much to him in bygone days. No matter how hard he tries to forget the secret history has knocked into his future, it comes up every moment of his waking life; it comes up even in his dreams. He screams and wakes up

and sits up, breathing heavily as though he has been chased by terrible forms. He cannot tell it to his wife; he cannot tell it to anybody because, in the final analysis, to keep it to himself is his only guarantee of remaining alive. But keeping it is giving it the dimensions of a perpetual and cruel lie in his soul; furthermore, keeping it makes him a collaborator in the calumny of his people; it makes him the slave who will drink the saliva of his oppressor in order to survive. If he lets the secret out, in order to let the world know the truth about the innocence of his people, his wife and his family will be punished cruelly every moment of their lives to their death. He never forgets what happened to an old friend of his, Samuel Baloyi. Such is the vindictiveness of the Afrikaner when he hates.

What sort of people are these, he asks himself when alone on his verandah, who fulfil themselves by burdening the conscience of others with impossible choices? What on earth would drive a respectable officer like Kritzinger to murder an innocent woman in order to give the Africans a bad name for the purpose of establishing the Afrikaner's case before mankind? To take on such a putrescent task?

In the old days Bashise spent some of his time under the verandah roof reading history; that helped him fix his position in the momentum of events. He saw the Afrikaners as an embattled people and himself as one of the executioners slowly tightening the noose around the white people's necks. "Slowly" was the operative word; it meant that he could strike when no white man saw him. But now a situation has arisen with which he cannot live; if he continues to fight in the shadows, he might crack; he might end up in a mental hospital. He never knew precisely what happened to Dr. Robert Shawcross when he finally broke down and agreed to be a government witness to send scores of his own friends and brave men and women to the gallows, to jail, or into exile. He tells himself that he knows only too well what tortures there are! He grits his teeth.

Deep wounds are cut into his remaining pride by the barrage of attacks and taunts, the anger, the feeling of outrage and frustration in the columns of government papers against his people. Nobody is in doubt about what is in the minds of *Die Aanslag's* editors, for example. If they had their way, the armoured division of the police force would roll into Atteridgeville to shoot every African male as a lesson to the black people that they must never again touch a white woman. Bokkie, the paper's political analyst, is frustrated by the fact that the Afrikaner has "gone soft" in a world dominated by niggers, kaffers and Asian coolies. As a result savages feel bold enough to mess around with white womanhood. The paper itself is frustrated over the fact that the government does not act firmly enough in finding out the murderer, while it notes with approval that Paul Kritzinger, the chief of police in the Pretoria district, is personally in charge of the case.

Kritzinger's wife, always a crusader for the protection of the white woman, has been transformed by events into a heroine. Every

other day, *Die Aanslag* gives front-page prominence to her denunciations of the Africans and their rank-smelling women. De Haas is particularly pleased with the reactions the murder produces in the English and Jewish communities. Leading personalities in these white groups make threatening noises against the African people and warn against provoking the whites beyond a certain point. The white liberals, who are embarrassed by the tragedy, are quick to point out that there are responsible, law-abiding and civilised Africans who abhor ritual murder and who want to co-operate with the whites in eliminating the conditions which led to the Boreneng murder. They urge these "responsible" Africans to raise their voice against the murder and to co-operate with the police in the search for the murderer. This, they advise, would be a valuable contribution to better race relations. De Haas is increasingly delighted with the dilemma of the white liberals who find themselves forced to come out so clearly to support white cultural supremacy. The passions aroused by the murder have at last given him the opportunity to purge the police force of Prinsloo influences. He calls in his Minister of Justice.

If you were in my position, what would you do? First, it was the cowardly placation of the kaffers in the Valley Of A Thousand Hills in Natal; then came the strikes, the invasion of Union Buildings, the arson and, now, the murder of a white woman to serve ritual ends. If these things happened in the full view of the police, what would you do if you were in my position?

Meneer, the situation is not one which can be controlled by the police any longer . . . .

I've heard that before . . . .

Yes, you have, meneer, but what have you done about it? This is a political problem which requires a political solution.

Now is the time for me to do something about it; I instruct you to remove Prinsloo from the post of Commissioner of Police.

Mr. Prime Minister, you know this is no answer to the problem.

The choice is yours to obey or not. The interview is over.

\* \* \*

Paul Kritzinger has been promoted to the rank of colonel and is the new Police Commissioner. He has persuaded the new Minister of Justice, Wessels Bierbuyck, to create the post of special political adviser to the Commissioner and has appointed Bashise to the post. Bashise walks into the Commissioner's office.

Sir, I have come to see you about the Boreneng murder.

Well?

It was a bad thing to happen, Sir; very bad, very dirty and very ugly, Sir. And very dangerous, Sir.

What would be going on in the mind of a black man who would do a thing like that? Kritzinger's voice is guarded.

I don't know, Sir. But in the old days, when we lived in darkness, we believed that the person was the incarnation of the power which activates creation. Every part of his body was charged with this unique power. Our ancestors believed this power was concentrated at its best in the private parts of a woman . . . .

That explains the mutilation!

Sir, the power in the woman can stop the sun in the heavens. Have you come to make me a holy man?

No, Sir; I have been thinking about your suggestion that Chief Bulube and the prime minister should meet.

Say: The Prime Minister and Chief Bulube; he paused heavily, then said, I don't think the prime minister would like to talk to Bulube any more; Bulube missed his chance. If Bulube has changed his mind and wants to speak to the prime minister, he had better tell the strikers to go back to work before the white people get fed up; he has better tell the arsonists to stop being silly. The whites are a patient people, but they will not allow themselves to be provoked beyond a certain point.

The African, to whom Kritzinger does not offer a seat, turns his head quickly to the wall behind him, as if to see if the door is still shut. He moves a little closer to the Commissioner's desk.

You see, Sir, you are no longer the master of your life and I am not the master of mine. You are the prisoner of your power and I am the prisoner of my anger. That is true of your people, Sir; it is true of mine, too. We are caught in a trap set by history, Sir. A cruel force drives us relentlessly to destruction; it moves events slowly, inevitably, to a catastrophe we cannot escape. Your people and my people hold each other in the grip of death; you will not let go, we will not let go.

You will shoot us, Sir, he continues, but we shall burn your factories; you will shoot us, Sir, and we shall burn your farms; you will shoot us, Sir, and we shall burn your houses; you will shoot us, Sir, and one day white men will kill black women. And when that happens, shall I tell you what will follow, Sir? The Africans, the Arabs, the Chinese and the Japanese will put their heads together somewhere in Central Africa to produce cheap, portable nuclear bombs with a limited explosive potential to blow up the Vaal Dam in the Transvaal and blow up the gold mines of South Africa. And when that day comes, Sir, there will not be enough tears in the world to extinguish the conflagration.

Kritzinger reddened. What are you jabbering about?

You and I are not the people to understand events, Sir, for we are only instruments of the cruel force; you do things you do not want to do, Sir; I, too, do them against my wish. Chief Bulube and the prime minister are the people to understand.

I never thought philosophy was one of your strong points.

I am not a philosopher, Sir . . . .

Well, then, you're a seer; you see into the future which I don't see.

I am a worried man, Sir. This cruel force I have just spoken about—we call it *ushaba* in my language—will not stop before it has destroyed everything beautiful in this land (and ugly, too, he thought).

I'm not sure I know what you want me to do . . . .

Persuade the prime minister to see Chief Bulube, Sir. The two men will put their heads together. If they do, they could drive this land back to sanity; they might; who knows? When you know the things I have seen, Sir. Our leaders must meet.

Come on, Bashise! What's happening to you? What have you seen? What are you talking about? What do you know!

I am a policeman, Sir, and a policeman deals with people at levels where they are at their ugliest. I have seen ugliness, Sir. Do you think there is anything beautiful about the campaigns against us in the papers and in parliament, Sir? The mess we are in over that ritual murder near Boreneng?

You move among the people in the location. I am personally responsible for the case and, if you give me the clues, nobody will know about it. But we've got to get to the root of the murder. Things like these provoke the whites everywhere. . . . Kritzinger seemed out of breath.

You're right, Sir; they do. But, if Chief Bulube comes to Pretoria, he might clear up many things we do not know. If you will arrange my leave, I would be glad to travel to Natal. I am certain, Sir, I shall persuade him to meet the prime minister.

If you insist, I shall pass the recommendation through the proper channels to the prime minister.

Thank you, Sir.

And, you'll go on leave as from to-morrow. I know the tremendous responsibility you carry on your shoulders now; you need a little time to be alone and to plan your course. I agree with you at least on one thing: We live in terrible times.

Yes, Sir. Good morning, Sir!

\* \* \*

Bulube and some of his followers believe that deep in his heart, the Afrikaner does not want to go to Blood River. Spiritually, he might not return from the appointment on the battlefield; there is no possible guarantee that he would. Physically, the appointment could very well be the beginning of the end of his stay in Africa. The prospect of a diaspora has frightening implications; the scattering would destroy Afrikanerdom because, in the final analysis, the Afrikaners have nothing to give to enrich the human experience, culturally, or materially.

In a world of proliferating power groups a people has to give in order to guarantee its own survival. Culturally, the Afrikaner has nothing to offer the Africans whose culture is rooted so much in antiquity it can swallow the Afrikaner's if need arises. Economically, the advantages the Afrikaner offers the English, the Jews and foreign investors are guaranteed, ultimately, by the African's goodwill. As long as the Africans are docile, South Africa will remain a good investment field. But the Africans are now making it clear that they want to be masters of their destiny; they realise that they have power and that the white man cannot stop them when they use this power to create the conditions they want in South Africa.

History is telling the white nations to come to terms with the black, brown and yellow nations on the basis of agreement on ultimate objectives. The Afrikaners are an integral part of the white world; history is telling them to come to terms with the Africans; that Afrikanerdom defiles itself when it makes self-mutilating attempts to stop an historical process which is now shaping the course of events in the world. History is saying to the Afrikaner that it will not do him much good to base his policy on the bribing of the West with high profits on investments. One day, the economies of Africa will create world conditions which will hurt the Afrikaner and threaten his survival in Africa. In the final analysis Kritzinger was trying to change the course of history when he murdered the nun; he was trying to stop the frightening process.

The Africans insist that in a situation of challenge with which Afrikaner culture cannot cope, its values are cracking; that this culture cannot cope with the demands of black-white co-existence. A climate of thinking has developed in which the more the Afrikaner dirties himself to please foreign investors the more they kick him in the teeth, while pocketing the profits. The Afrikaner has become a prisoner and not an ally of these people. Some Afrikaners have begun to revolt against this; they say that their people are caught in a vicious trap set for them by the British when they formed the Union of South Africa to channel South Africa's gold and diamonds to the City of London. These Afrikaners—they are a small minority which talks in whispers—say the real demands of Afrikaner survival call for an African-Afrikaner alliance to smash the trap and lay the foundations for an African-Afrikaner solution to the race problem.

Some Afrikaners are tired of living under a perpetual cloud of uncertainty about the future; of determining their lives, ultimately, by the grace of the British, the Jews, the Coloureds and, which is most frightening, the grace of the African. These people have begun to question the value for the Afrikaner of the obnoxious African-Afrikaner-English balance. The pressures they exert quietly combine with events in the outside world and the strikes to persuade de Haas that a meeting with Bulube is in the interests of the Afrikaner.

Irony, long an ingredient in black-white relations, creeps into the new situation developing. When de Haas decides to meet the African, his heart is at war with his mind; it tells him that the meeting with the African will in effect be the moment of capitulation. But Bulube's heart, too, is at war with his head. In the conditions created by the Passes For Women Bill and the Boreneng murder, his heart tells him that meeting de Haas is a moment of capitulation. But like the Afrikaner, the African does not want to be on the banks of the Blood River at this moment, not yet; he does not have the arms to settle accounts. As a result, a balance of forces has emerged; an equilibrium determined by strength and weakness on both sides which gives Bulube and de Haas no choice other than to meet.

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The prime minister has never met a black man on terms of equality before; he has never even come to believe that there are such creatures as black leaders. The English, ever on the alert for situations which make de Haas ridiculous, depict him in cartoons as the Irishman who swore that there was no such a thing on earth as a red fish. When confronted with one, he burst out: "The fellow who caught this fish is a liar!" Throughout his life, the prime minister has regarded every black a prey to communism and every educated African as an agitator. He did not want any contact whatsoever with these people whom he openly denounced as the scum of the earth.

But then, the law, written into the Statute Book by his own CNP, recognises certain types of black people as the leaders of the Africans. His own law requires that as prime minister he should meet these people and to demonstrate to the sceptical at home and abroad that his policy works. Besides, he has come under increasing pressure from the growing Afrikaner entrepreneurial class, whose mouths water when the markets of Free Africa are mentioned, to strike a deal with the Africans instead of allowing them to move to a position of confrontation. *Above all, even the conservative race-haters in the Dutch Reformed Church admit that being the polecat of international affairs hurts the Afrikaner.* They resent intensely, of course, the way the quality of Afrikaner leadership is laughed at and ridiculed in the English press, where the line taken is indistinguishable from the assertion that the Afrikaner is incapable of evolving the type of diplomacy that will enable him to solve the race problem. In the complicated contradictions of the clash of colour one sometimes does not have to read between the lines of press reports to realise that the English are not altogether hostile to the use of strikes by the Africans to embarrass Pretoria. It is in these conditions that the prime minister feels constrained to meet Bulube.



Chief Bulube walks into the prime minister's office in the traditional attire of a Zulu gentleman. This creates a somewhat embarrassing situation; the black leader's costume could be a declaration of political positions or an index of commitment to African traditions. CNP policy preaches that the Africans should develop along their own lines. If the traditional attire is a declaration of political war, there is no point in the discussions; if, on the other hand, the attire signifies acceptance of the government's line, the interview marks a major breakthrough in African-Afrikaner relations.

Bulube, too, has his reservations. If the interview is going to be one more monologue in which the white man will lay down the law for the African, there seems no real point in wasting much time with de Haas. On the other hand, the coming-together might be the beginning of a long and difficult dialogue at the end of which the Africans and the Afrikaners might agree on a treaty to ensure the redistribution of the land and other resources in response to the Africans' demands to guarantee the Afrikaner a permanent place in the African sun.

The two men face and size each other up like two bulls taking up positions for a clash about whose outcome neither is certain. The encounter is momentous; the black world and the white meet either to part forever or to start the painful process which could one day enable the whites to co-exist with peoples from different racial or cultural backgrounds. History stares both men in the eyes.

I am glad, Chief, you found it possible for us to meet.

I am glad you made it possible.

Chief, as an officer appointed by the government, you are no doubt concerned about the lawlessness in Natal which has now spread to the Transvaal. It's the sort of development which does not do anybody any good.

I certainly am concerned . . . .

Just the other day some silly native killed a nun who had given her life to serve his own people. Things like that must come to a stop and I know that, as a chief, you agree with the government that they must stop. Now, I know that you people have difficulties with the rough elements in your community. But we have tried to help; we have destroyed the organisations run by the communists to undermine the authority of the chiefs among your people. We've given the chiefs the power to lay the foundations for responsible government in the reserves and, when your people are ready, you know we shall give you the independence we want you to have. But the strikes and the arson provoke the whites; they make it difficult for the government to do the things it would like to do for your people. I called you to give you the chance to tell me what we, as a government, can do to help you stop the strikes and return things to normal in your province and, of course, the Transvaal. As you know, our power as a government is limited by

the mandate we receive from our voters and what we must do must be approved by them.

Mr. Prime Minister, allow me to say that your perception of the quarrel between black and white is determined naturally by the perspectives accepted in your community, just as your mandate is. You will allow me to say I am similarly handicapped, though from different perspectives.

No, Chief, you hold your office for life; you inherited it from your ancestors. Every five years I have to go to the electorate for the endorsement of my mandate.

That makes things easier . . . . I mean . . . using the vote to decide issues. But that system would not work in my community where we attach importance to the essence of being human and not the cash value of the person. We have to move inch by inch and our decisions are based on the consensus principle. That is how the black race has survived the calamities brought on it by contact with the whites in the last six or seven hundred years.

Chief, we have not been here for six hundred years!

You were not the first whites to set their feet on African soil.

I see what you mean. But calamities is not the right word, Chief. Contact with you has not been one disastrous trail all along the line. The white man introduced a number of useful things to make life better for you.

I do not deny that in some respects contact between black and white was helpful, but the overall experience has been disastrous.

The phenomenon strokes his lips; he does that when he is warming up for an explosion. His hands rub his knees now.

What do you mean by that, Chief?

Your system of values makes a mockery of conscience. You confront the person with inhuman choices. In doing that, your system reduces the person to an animal . . . . If I see a white man, a businessman, a scholar or even a saint, I never know whether or not he is an animal . . . until I have had dealings with him and have realised that he attaches importance to the essence of being human.

That's life, Chief.

I'd like to think in terms of alternatives.

Why alternatives?

So that we can attain clarity on what black and white are quarrelling about.

Let me ask you one straight question and I want a straight answer: What is the alternative to life? Tell me.

If you put the question that way, I'm afraid we will have to go back and define terms. Obviously you mean something different when you talk of life. I am life; you are life; both of us are life; creation is life . . . .

Oh! Come off it . . . . All that talk of alternatives . . . . It means nothing to me.

The prime minister is visibly uncomfortable. He is used to talking to black people in imperatives and Bulube does not allow him to do this; he forces him to concentrate on principles; to think hard and to deal with the African as an intellectual equal. The phenomenon resents being treated this way by a black man. Tension is rising in the room. The two men do not have a common basis on which to conduct a meaningful exchange of views; their interview deteriorates into an almost repetitious statement of the positions they have taken in public.

Alternatives are crucial, Mr. Prime Minister; crucial for the Afrikaner and crucial for us. See what is happening all around you; in Mozambique and Angola. The world is becoming a very dangerous place for the Afrikaner to live in . . . if he does not adapt to the demands of change.

Why do you bother yourself so much about the Afrikaner? Why don't you mind your own business and leave him alone?

Because he has involved himself so tragically in my business. See the problem this way, Mr. Prime Minister: the Afrikaner is caught in a trap laid for him by the British and Lord Milner. The British fought a cruel war with your people . . . in order to force you into the Union of South Africa, where they wanted you to become the managers of their financial empire. And that is what you have become. The British are the largest single group of foreign investors. In order to guarantee their profits you have had to impose a tyranny on us which gives you an ugly name in the world. See what they do to you? They call you names in international assemblies, attack you and kick you in the teeth while pocketing the profits you guarantee by oppressing us. This is bad for you and tragic for us; that's the trap I'm talking about. You cannot free yourselves from it; we have to free you . . . .

The phenomenon is surprised and angry at one and the same time. He is surprised to hear the African refer with some understanding to the way the British treated the Afrikaner. He is angered by the suggestion that the black man can think of freeing the Afrikaner.

Let me say something about the dangers which face the Afrikaner because, if he goes down, we do not want to go down with him. He is isolated in the English-speaking world; he stands virtually alone in the international community. Power is shifting from the white nations to the peoples of colour in the world and this destroys the value of the white skin as a bond of unity among the white people. Resources are going to be the new bond which will tie peoples together and most of these are controlled by the black, brown and yellow peoples of the world. Trouble is developing for the Afrikaner inside Africa. The white united front he tried to create is collapsing. One of these days the Portuguese are going to open negotiations with the Free Africans and strike a deal with them on resources and, when that happens, they are not likely to need the Afrikaner as an ally.

We shall support the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique— if they break away and declare themselves independent. That will make them African nations; they'll be in our position and might need us then.

Possibly. But without the Portuguese army, how far would they go?

We have maintained our position against you for some time . . . .

You had the gun; we did not. But all that is changing, Mr. Prime Minister. Just as the gun destroyed the power of the spear as a guarantee of dominance among us, the portable nuclear bomb with a limited explosive potential is destroying the power of the gun as a guarantee of Afrikaner dominance in South Africa. One of these days an African government will produce the portable nuclear bomb and pass it on to us to enable us to settle accounts with the Afrikaner. Imagine, Mr. Prime Minister, the humble African sweeper in your office depositing the bomb here to raze Union Buildings to the ground! Nothing would be safe. Imagine sweepers everywhere destroying your factories, your churches, your homes and your mines. We have the uranium here, in Africa. Our young people are studying in America, Britain, China, India, France and Russia; they are mastering the technique of turning Africa's uranium into a nuclear bomb. And when they are ready, well, Mr. Prime Minister, you will see what you will see. Why do you think we rejected the former prime minister's offer of independence in the reserves?

That's no problem; why do you think we endorse so many of your people out of our cities? At the right time, we shall force you to be free. Do you ever pause to think that we can free you against your wish . . . on our terms?

We live in exciting times . . . your people and mine. If you are preparing for what we want to do, we, too, have already taken precautions. We are laying the foundations for a larger nation which will bring together the black people in this country, in Angola, Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi, Mozambique, Namibia, Rhodesia, Swaziland and Zambia . . . . That will give us a black nation of 60,000,000 people, to start with . . . .

And, you think the white people will allow you to do that?

No! But the white man is no longer our problem; he is not important for the purpose of establishing the larger nation. We no longer bother ourselves much about the white man. We have taken him out of our minds; we think as though he does not exist. The people who matter now are the Africans with whom we want to unite. If the white man wants to join us in our great experiment, let him take his place in the queue . . . right at the back. If he cannot stomach that and chooses to stand in the way . . . to oppose a process of history, well, that is his headache, not ours.

That will be the day, when the black people will unite . . . .