

meetings have been banned, except bona fide church services. Church conferences come under the ban, except that a bona fide church assembly might be held provided the requisite permission has been obtained from the Bantoe affairs commissioner.

* * *

Bob! Bob! Are you awake? See that light on the window?
Forget those lights, Barbara! I want to sleep.

Robert Shawcross turns his back to his wife and covers his head with the blanket.

Bob! Do you hear the steps? Somebody's at the window.
Hm?

Bob sits up almost with a jump and switches on the light.
Torches flash suddenly through every window and a knock is heard.

Open! Police!

Police? Hear that, Barbara? Police? What on earth would they want at this time of the night?

Perhaps an accident! Somebody we know?

I don't know. But . . . let's see what they want.

About a dozen men stand at the door. From the sounds in the dark, it is clear that there are men at the back door as well.

We are the police and have reason to believe that you have information we need

The leader of the security police shoves his identification card and the search warrant into Bob's hand and almost moves past him into the hall.

My apologies, Dr. Shawcross, for coming at this hour of the night

Two . . . in the morning?

We are interested in your research into the evolution of black leadership traditions.

Yes; but this is not the time and the place to talk to me about that.

We'd like to look around your place for a while.

What's all this about? You have no right to move into my house like that. I haven't committed any crime. This is outrageous!

Can you lead us into your study?

What do you want there?

Some of your papers.

Bob leads the police into his study. The police chief goes to a small bookshelf with about a dozen books and takes each of these and first shakes it and then opens it. A hole has been scooped inside the pages of one of the books; a key drops out.

That's the first thing we want, doctor, and now we go to the second.

The policeman moves to a steel file cabinet which he pushes

away from its position. A small hole shows in the wall and into this he pushes the key and opens a little door. He pulls out a large leather-bound book which looks like the ledger of a huge business corporation.

This is what we want, Dr. Shawcross.

But this is only a diary

A record For twenty-five years you kept a diary in which you recorded some very interesting things.

He opens the book at random. I see here that you have a note on Theodore Darikwa. That's a very interesting character. You understand, doctor, we'd like to know about him. You can tell us a lot about this man.

All I know is what's in there.

The policeman turns another page.

Sobukwe? In Durban, three weeks before Sharpeville? That's very interesting. What was he doing there?

The policeman speaks casually; he is pleased with his find and for the present is not interested in what Bob says. Even when he asks questions, it is to emphasise the importance of the diary and not to elicit replies.

You realise, doctor, that you have a goldmine of information on hundreds of people who threaten the security of the state. This diary will solve scores of mysteries. And, you are too valuable a witness to be exposed to the dangers of being left free. You'll come along with us to the police station.

What have I done?

We'd like to ask you some things about what you've written here.

I don't understand! This is research

Very valuable research it is, doctor. Look at this: Sugarcane fields burnt in the Mount Edgecombe area! If you co-operate, nothing will happen to you. Everything is up to you. I don't see why a man like you should want to spend ninety days or one hundred and eighty in a cell.

Tell me. How did you know about this diary?

That's exactly what I want to do—to tell you how we got to know about it. But I'll tell you that at the right time. In the meantime, you are under arrest.

* * *

XV. Interpreting The African

Umuntu akalahlwa.

(There is no human being who is beyond redemption.)

The police jeep stops near Maggie's office in front of the building complex generally referred to as Atteridgeville hospital. Constable Bashise Busengi is alone in it, which is somewhat unusual. Policemen go about in twos these days in the location, even in a car. It is about eleven in the morning; it is a bright summer day; the sun smiles on the earth as brilliantly as it does only in the southern hemisphere.

What's happened, Busengi?

No trouble, Maggie. Relax; just one or two little things.

What does that mean? When a policeman comes to your office at about eleven o'clock?

Don't you know? When a policeman commits a crime, he does it in broad daylight, when everybody can see him.

Please sit down and tell me things the lords gossip about these days!

The lords don't gossip; kaffer women do. The lords converse. Maggie, Kritzinger would like to see the Busengi naming ceremony to-night.

How on earth did he know about it?

I was at his house last week-end. They had the braaivleis (beef-grilling party) on Saturday and Kritzinger's favourite kaffer-boys had to be around to chop the wood and drive the lords home when they were drunk. The kaffer-wives had to be around too, to wash the dishes. Kritzinger talked to me about the ceremony, now that the wife is out of hospital; he asked if he could be allowed to watch the Busengi naming ceremony.

I don't know how you and your wife feel about it. But I don't want any white people fouling up the air and setting up evil vibrations on such an occasion. We don't gatecrash into their holy functions. And, whatever the motive, it can only be evil. Besides, I don't think anybody wants to be responsible for the safety of a white man in the location at night these days.

Maggie, my job is involved here. Kritzinger takes his anthropology seriously. He's a man going places; he spends more time

XV. Interpreting The African

Umuntu akalahlwa.

(There is no human being who is beyond redemption.)

The police jeep stops near Maggie's office in front of the building complex generally referred to as Atteridgeville hospital. Constable Bashise Busengi is alone in it, which is somewhat unusual. Policemen go about in twos these days in the location, even in a car. It is about eleven in the morning; it is a bright summer day; the sun smiles on the earth as brilliantly as it does only in the southern hemisphere.

What's happened, Busengi?

No trouble, Maggie. Relax; just one or two little things.

What does that mean? When a policeman comes to your office at about eleven o'clock?

Don't you know? When a policeman commits a crime, he does it in broad daylight, when everybody can see him.

Please sit down and tell me things the lords gossip about these days!

The lords don't gossip; kaffer women do. The lords converse. Maggie, Kritzinger would like to see the Busengi naming ceremony to-night.

How on earth did he know about it?

I was at his house last week-end. They had the braaivleis (beef-grilling party) on Saturday and Kritzinger's favourite kaffer-boys had to be around to chop the wood and drive the lords home when they were drunk. The kaffer-wives had to be around too, to wash the dishes. Kritzinger talked to me about the ceremony, now that the wife is out of hospital; he asked if he could be allowed to watch the Busengi naming ceremony.

I don't know how you and your wife feel about it. But I don't want any white people fouling up the air and setting up evil vibrations on such an occasion. We don't gatecrash into their holy functions. And, whatever the motive, it can only be evil. Besides, I don't think anybody wants to be responsible for the safety of a white man in the location at night these days.

Maggie, my job is involved here. Kritzinger takes his anthropology seriously. He's a man going places; he spends more time

in the prime minister's house than anybody in the cabinet.

Places or no places, one gatwyser is like every other gatwyser!

Wait a minute! Why do you get yourself excited about an ordinary Boer-boy coming over to see what the primitives do at night?

Because I don't want his smell around; these people have a smell I can't stand. I don't want to have anything to do with them. You know, I can't even eat in the presence of a white person. Their bodies have the smell of death. But then, the child is yours; if you and your wife don't mind. . . .

We'll look after the evil vibrations, of course.

How does Father Maimane feel?

He said he'd object if we did and . . . you did.

These are difficult times for us black people. What happens if an angry boy shoves an *intshumentshu* into Kritzinger's side?

He wouldn't be chief of the Pretoria police if he didn't know how to look after himself. Besides, when you work closely with these people, you find that some of them are ordinary persons like you and me. I see, you shake your head; you don't agree. But Kritzinger is a human being. . . .

An anthropologist! Like all of them he observes the primitives in order to evolve better rules for forcing them to fit into his political moulds. It's just that I'm tired of every white incompetent who can't make the grade in his society coming over to observe the black people, to study the black people, to research the black people and to interpret the black people. For goodness sake why don't they leave us alone? Why don't they go back to Europe and do these things to their own people? But, well, I shouldn't talk politics to a policeman.

You can talk politics to the wind; not to a wall for, you never can know these days, walls have all sorts of ears.

If you don't mind the vibrations, if the clergyman says everything is alright, well, I suppose I have to go with the majority.

Good girl, Maggie; we'll see you this evening.

As the policeman moves to the door he signals to Maggie to follow him to the jeep.

Maggie, some people are going to be in very serious trouble. Dillo Mareka is one of them and Sefadi Masilo is another. The Commissioner of Police's office has received the Shawcross Diary. Sensational is not strong enough to describe the document; it's a key into everything the black people have been doing in the last fifty years to overthrow white rule. And, I tell you, heads are going to roll; black heads, white heads, Coloured heads, Indian heads. There won't be a place to bury the heads! I have never seen the like of it. People crack when confronted with a whole list of their activities against white domination for years. All of a sudden, the police have almost a complete, ready-made file on every African leader. Somebody cracked and revealed that Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo were with the white people who rescued Theodore Darikwa from the Standerton prison.

The police will arrest them at 2 in the morning.

Does the Kritzinger visit have anything to do with the arrests?

No. I don't think the local police know much about the Shawcross Diary; this is stuff for the big boys at security police headquarters, where it is a privilege for a kaffer like me to serve tea to the lords!

* * *

Darkness has descended on the earth and people who live for their religion are already beating their drums. All sorts of drums are used in the location, for each drum serves a specific purpose; each sound it makes sends out a message defined by each given culture. People talk through drums; they translate their deepest feelings into drumbeats; the drum is one of the physical bridges between the person and the infinite consciousness. The infinity is a living whole; to be alive means that it is always vibrating, sending waves of itself colliding in the heavens to produce thunder and lightning; it is always vibrating, drawing man and woman together into the only experience which merges them into that inconstant reality: the human being. It is only in the embrace of love that man and woman merge into the unity we call the human being. The infinity is always vibrating to keep the stars in orbit, to regulate the seasons, to guide the birds in their migrations across the globe and to regulate the glow in the next person's eye.

The vibrations are the language which creation speaks to itself; they are the medium by which the person communicates with the dead and the unborn, with the moon and the stars, with the animals, the plants, the birds, the stones and the soil itself.

When the African beats the drum he talks to creation; he loses his identity in the complex rhythms of the infinity; he sets up the vibrations which give meaning to life. An African theologian, trained in Europe, recently delivered a sermon in the Anglican cathedral in Cape Town and stated that the drum constitutes the key into the understanding of the African; that it is his bible, his theology and his ritual all rolled into one; that when he beats the drum, God arises in him. He told his white audience that what the white christians need most is to cultivate the capacity to respond to the elemental message of the drumbeat; to grasp the implications of the truth that when the African beats the drum, he issues a command to creation; when he dances in the streets, in his churches and everywhere, he involves himself in the process of commanding creation; in the elemental harmony which makes him human. This was communism. A fortnight later, the theologian was banned; it became a crime for him to preach from any pulpit or to attend any gathering of any type or to have anybody in his house other than members of his immediate family, his doctor or lawyer and, of course any policeman.

* * *

People are streaming into the football ground of the location and groups have lit small fires to light up the place. The flames show three white men standing together. They shift farther away from the light because it makes them conspicuous. Each time they move away, another fire reflects the whiteness of their faces. A procession, headed by Father Eliakimo Maimane, enters the gate into the football ground. Immediately after him are Bashise Busengi, his wife and their baby boy who are followed by the elders and the members of the Holy Pentecostal Church of Christ in Zion in Atteridgeville. The Pentecostals are one of the many congregations which together constitute what is known as the *Zionist* movement in South Africa. The Zionists have nothing to do with Israel, except the conviction that they are God's chosen people. Their mission is to bring about a regeneration of the African race for the purpose of restoring to it that which belongs to it, they say. The restoration, the leaders of the movement are quick to explain, has nothing to do with the things of this world; it involves rebirth into a new spiritual destiny.

The African has to return to the ways of his ancestors, dig up the past, learn its wisdom and proceed from there to create his own City of Zion. The Pentecostals are one of the most extreme sects in the *Zionist* movement; they don't touch a white person, do not stand in his shadow and do not want to have anything to do with him. No experience is more humiliating to a Pentecostal than to be employed by a white person. The rule requires him to have a cleansing when he wakes up to go to work and another before he enters the house to wash off the evil vibrations from contact with the whites. The cleansing is a complicated and demanding process; the person first has to take an emetic to expel whatever contaminations his mouth and nostrils might have imbibed from contact with the white people. Once a week he has to wash the whole system with a purgative made from ashes and consecrated in the temple. Then, the person has to wash every part of his body from his head to the soles of his feet. He has to pay particular attention to the orifices and the dirt beneath the nails on his hands and feet.

The Pentecostals do not drink anything fermented, avoid pork, do not smoke. The strictest of them do not take medicine at all and would sooner die than accept it. The only concession made is to pregnant women; these might receive medical attention, it being understood, of course, that taking medicine in this regard is one of the humiliations of being a conquered people. The woman holds an important position in the life of the sect; she is the custodian of life, the living link between the past and the future; she is the embodiment of all excellence and the regard shown her is almost indistinguishable from worship. Everything associated with her is sacred and precious beyond price. The teaching is that when a boy is born, a world comes into being, but God himself comes to earth each time a woman is born. This is what the Pentecostals mean when they address womanhood as

The Great House, Indlunkulu.

The true hero of the Pentecostal movement is the woman carrying a person in her womb; each birth is a moment of great rejoicing in the community. Polygamy is encouraged and every woman is regarded as a front-line soldier in the march to the City of Zion; the more the children she bears, the greater is her contribution to the power of the group which has evolved a complicated system of relations to protect her and her offspring. The protections wreak havoc on the white-led churches which preach the sovereignty of the individual and shout themselves hoarse against the sinfulness of sex. Location communities, as a rule, have a notoriously high birthrate.

One section of the location is known as the hostel area. In it are housed the thousands of men recruited from the countryside to serve Pretoria's industries. Women are not allowed in the hostels. Thousands of married and single men have to spend periods of from six months to two years in these without female company. Every major location in South Africa has these hostels; some of them, which are often a short way from the locations, are owned by the mining corporations. The batteries of masculinity locked up in the hostels give the locations an abnormally high birthrate, which de Haas seeks to reduce by controlling the movements of African women in the urban areas. Father Maimane and his followers launch savage attacks on the white-led churches for preaching a morality which is not related to the problems of the black people in the locations. They blame the woman for being *The Great House*, he declaims; our own people attack our own daughters, our own sisters, our own wives and our own mothers for conditions imposed upon us by the powers which support the white-led churches. In the Holy Pentecostal Church of Christ in Zion, we accept the challenge from which everybody else flees; to the black woman we say: Come into the house to which you belong; we love you when the weather is good; we love you when it is bad; we love you in good health; we love you when your body is covered with syphilitic chancres. We love you because we belong to you and you belong to us! We are but your own self cast in different moulds.

This approach has a tremendous appeal to women employed in Pretoria. The Pentecostals provide a world in which the person is asked to make heavy sacrifices and to subject herself to harsh discipline and, in return, they offer her dignity, security and the opportunity to enlarge her personality. Largely as a result, the Pentecostal Church is a young women's congregation; the women, in turn, are the magnet which attracts young men. Father Maimane exercises a form of authority which no bishop in the white-led churches can ever hope to have. His official designation in the church is bishop; but the Africans are not sure that the borrowed title has the connotations which Father carries. Father, in all their languages, is somebody who is unconditionally on your side. The black clergyman or bishop in the white church, the Pentecostals argue, is interested in making money

out of you; if you pay your dues, you are a good christian; he'll visit you in hospital and bury you when you die and the chances are that you will pay him for doing that. But all he does for you is merely to appear; he is not interested in how you live, eat, sleep and struggle. He is an agent of the thieves of the soul who have brought us to where we are. Every penny you pay into the Pentecostal Church comes back to you; it is held in your name as a community; it is used to create for you the world in which you are wanted!

The Pentecostals avoid politics as they would the plague. One of their arguments is that politics is a crooks' game on the one hand and, on the other, a business to be handled by adults only. Where the people have lost their soul, they are like sheep without a shepherd; every scoundrel is free to tear into them, to preach one type of political doctrine or the other in order to serve his own purpose and to slow down movement toward the City of Zion. What the African needs most is not to be divided into ideological factions; he has to be made to realise that the jaws which grind together are like irresistible floodwaters rushing to the sea, which carry everything with them. The way to develop the irresistible momentum is for people to rediscover their soul; only when they have done that can they be ready to involve themselves in politics. Rediscovery goes beyond merely returning to the ways of their ancestors; it entails the direct involvement of the person in the creation of the world he desires for himself.

The Pentecostals are urged not only to be clean in mind and body, but also to be self-reliant and thrifty. They train each other in the use of their minds and hands. They prefer to be self-supporting if they can help it and tend to look down upon dependence on the white man; they make all sorts of things with their own hands, sell them and save their money.

They are not alone in doing this; all Zionist congregations preach and practice self-reliance. But at this level, too, they get into trouble with the established church. The clean mind, they teach, sees creation from clean perspectives. No person is good or wicked; in everything he does he translates into action the will of God whom he incarnates. Zionist theology creates all sorts of problems for the police in general, and for the CNP in particular. In one mood the Afrikaners are delighted with it because it advocates the rejection of the white man's ways, which, in the South African context, means English ways. At the same time the rejection has implications which hit at the very roots of Afrikaner survival in South Africa.

Unlike the English, the Africans belong to Africa and constitute the majority; it is from their side, more than any other, that the real threat to Afrikaner survival comes. The Pentecostals avoid politics but proceed from this to preach a christianity in which it would be impossible for the Afrikaner to survive.

* * *

The Pentecostals are all dressed in white, and have formed concentric circles around a small pile of wood. The men sit at the circumference of the circle; next to them are the older, married women. Young women and nubile girls stand in the third circle. Girls on the threshold of nubility sit in a group on one side of the pile of wood while Father Maimane and the elders sit opposite them. Every member of the congregation carries a grass mat on which to sit. Father Maimane himself sits on such a mat, on the ground. At the sound of a drum the group girls throw off the mantles in which their bodies are covered and sit naked in the full view of the thousands surrounding them. An old woman lights the wood while the drums beat. One by one the naked girls rise and dance in front of the fire to the accompaniment of the drums and clapped hands. Father Maimane raises his stick and all the young, married and single girls throw off the mantles on their shoulders, revealing the black skirts they wear and their bare breasts. Kritzinger turns to one of the men on either side of him:

Never seen anything like this in all my life; have you?

The other police officer is embarrassed.

No, meneer! Never!

Complicated people . . . these black people, Aren't they?

Complicated, meneer; very complicated.

Did you say complicated too?

Very complicated, meneer!

So complicated you can't keep your eyes off the magnets?

The two white police feel scandalised. The country has not recovered from the shock given it by the police who raped an African woman and pleaded in their defence that they were after corroborative evidence. Another white policeman raped the African woman he had been ordered to accompany to identify and arrest the man who had raped her. When the dancing stops, Father Maimane addresses the crowd:

Greetings to all of you, *bazalwane*, you with whom I was born; greetings also, to our white visitors. It was good of all of you to come over and support one of the most important ceremonies in our church. On an occasion like this, The Great House assumes its position as the pillar of the family. Maggie, the daughter of Kuboni will say a few words on what we have come to witness . . . Ma Kuboni!

I love the salutation Father used; You, with whom I was born! For me, it epitomises *ubuntu*, the humanity we have in common and which is our real bond. In our community, we say that a world is created when a boy is born and that God himself descends into our community when a girl arrives. So marvellous is the moment of birth. The baby is a complex piece of living clay. He does not know what life has in store for him. We plant the meaning it will have; we sow it into his life when we give him a name. The name we give him is the ideal by which he will guide his life; he can't separate himself from it. As the name, so the person! The naming ceremony is important because in the

names the mother and the father give to their child, they project themselves and their hopes into the future. In our community the first name is given by the mother and this ceremony, therefore, is a women's ceremony. We have here the baby's grandmother on his father's side and her opposite on his mother's side. They will perform the ceremony. Arise, mother of Mamsi and name the child.

Bashise's wife hands the naked baby to her mother, who rises and raises the baby high above her head.

Behold the wonder of the ages

O people!

Busengi has returned!

Busengi, uqobo nezingotho!

(The Busengi reality in every detail!)

The father's mother rises and stands on one side of the fire while her opposite stands on the other.

Zanabo Busengi!

Do you hear?

Zanabo Busengi!

Stiffen, O Spine of a Man

Thus to recover the heritage,

Yours by birth!

She throws the baby over the flame to her opposite who recites the formula and then throws the baby over the flames to his maternal grandmother. The women throw the baby at each other three or four times, chanting with the gathering:

Stiffen, O Spine of a Man!

Kritzinger turns to his bodyguard.

I suppose that is the end of the ceremony?

Yes, meneer.

There's every reason for a stiffened spine . . . with all those magnets displayed before him.

The police laugh and walk away.

* * *

XVI. The Value Of A White Skin

Ophatha inomfi ubuya namaqubu.

(He who has birdlime on his fingers will collect feathers.)

For weeks now the security police have been asking Bob Shawcross all sorts of questions about people in many walks of life. Bob has stood up to the interrogation. The police are particularly interested in Theodore Darikwa and the people who rescued him on the one hand and, on the other, in the person who placed the bomb at the foot of the Kruger Memorial. Bob has been transferred for questioning to Pretoria. He is brought before Colonel Lamprecht, the officer in charge of interrogations.

Take a seat please, professor. I understand you've been having difficulty in explaining your notes to us. I probably would do what you're doing in your position. But, professor, you don't want to be hanging around here for the next ninety days or one hundred and eighty. And, if you don't talk you might wreck your career; in terms of our criminal laws you are liable to prosecution for contempt of court each time you refuse to answer the questions put to you by a magistrate. This would mean that you would be arrested and kept in gaol for a certain period and then be released, to be arrested again and thrown in prison.

The process can go on for as long as you live; there's no way of stopping it as long as you refuse to furnish the police with information they need. You can't even leave the country; you would be banned and subjected to house imprisonment when the police would keep your house under surveillance for twenty-four hours of every day of the ban. Not even the Natal University will keep you on their payroll if it means you have to stay in your house and see nobody without police permission for five years.

I ask you, professor: Do you deserve such treatment? From a man in whom you confided? Your friend, James Hawthorne? How do you think we got to know about your diary? Some people do not deserve the loyalty of their friends. Hawthorne is one of them. He's a free man, making his money and can leave the country any time he wants and here you are, almost at the end of your career. Why did he come to Durban? Who saw him, apart from yourself?

I have been asked these questions thousands of times. Jimmy told me he was on holiday and that is all I know. The people he saw were my family. . . .

Oh! Come off it, professor; you know better than that. You tell a man something in confidence and the police reproduce that exactly as you said it and you say that man deserves your trust?

I don't say that; I say I know nothing.

Even when your own records contradict you?

We live in an age of . . . shall I say, electronic miracles!

Some people are affected by long periods of interrogation and, believe me, professor, we want nothing from you other than the truth about Hawthorne. Are you feeling a little tired? We have the police health officer in the building. I'd be glad to take you to him. Come with me.

Colonel Lamprecht's door opens into a medical examining room. Two doctors stand at the far end, chatting.

Dr. Cilliers, this is Dr. Robert Shawcross; he's professor of history at the University of Natal and is an authority on the black underground movement. We are trying to get additional information on his studies. His health is not yet adjusted to the dry air of the Pretoria veld. Shall I leave him in your good hands?

Presies! [Certainly!]

After taking the particulars and making preliminary examinations, Dr. Cilliers shows Shawcross into a glass cubicle with a bath tub and a shower.

They don't give you much of bathwater in the cells do they? That's against the regulations, doctor; they can get into very serious trouble for that, you know? Go into the bathroom, doctor. . . .

Shawcross half fills the tub with water and as he steps into it, the glass door slides shut behind him. There is room for the tub only in the cubicle. A slight electric shock passes intermittently through the water.

Help! Help!

A new doctor rushes into the bathroom and stands opposite the glass door.

What's gone wrong, professor?

You know what's gone wrong. Get me out of here!

Are you ready to talk?

Nonsense!

Tell me when you're ready, doctor.

The new man slams the door and leaves Shawcross in the cubicle. The current starts flowing into the water.

Help! Help!

A third man, also dressed like a doctor, enters the bathroom and opens the sliding door.

I'm so sorry, doctor. The plumbing in some of these old buildings isn't what it should be.

He presses a button and two men push in a stretcher and carry Shawcross to the recovery room. Swanepoel sits behind a huge desk.

I'm sorry about the accident in the bathroom, doctor. These things happen in old buildings. Have you been doing any more thinking?

No.

Swanepoel presses a button and two uniformed police take Shawcross into the waiting-room outside which looks like an operating theatre. A woman now and then screams in frightening tones inside the theatre. After a while they carry her out, on a stretcher. The police order Shawcross into the theatre. A broad table covered with a sheet of wet white rubber stands in the centre of the room. One man stands next to the table, in the uniform of a police doctor; the five or six others, also in white, stand a distance away from him. He signals with his thumb:

Strip and lie on the table!

What's happening?

I said strip and lie here!

The men in the room pull off Shawcross's clothes and lay him on the table and fasten his feet and hands on to it with plastic clasps. The man in the doctor's clothes sprays a thin shower of water all over Shawcross's body and connects an electric clasp to the current. He puts on his rubber gloves, rolls the prepiece on Shawcross's penis backward and attaches the clasp to the lower part of the penis.

This is the sun-ray treatment, doctor, and you might have it for as long as you want to have it. It doesn't kill; it tones up the system and increases the potency of the rod! Are you ready?

Shawcross screams like the woman he followed. The current is switched on and off until Shawcross faints.

Take him to the recovery room!

Shawcross is in his cell when he comes to. He feels as though the world around him has been in a crazy whirl. Suddenly, things begin to clear up. He begins to ask himself if his life is worth much now. If he yields to police pressure, he will never live with his conscience again; if he stands his ground he might condemn himself to an eternity of torture. The torture, however, is not his real problem; he is sufficiently disciplined not to succumb to it; he thinks he can pull through even though the forms of torture are changed from week to week.

There is no regular pattern followed; for example, he never knows when he will be interrogated or when he will be tortured or how this will be done. His problem is a crack deep in the interstices of being. He was born into a wealthy, upper middle class English family which had accumulated wealth and political power in Natal. He had gone to the best schools in the land and left school a convinced enemy of race discrimination. While he was not very active in race politics, he had strong views on how black and white should live in South Africa. The colour bar he had always condemned as a stupid monstrosity; merit,

and not race or colour should fix the position of the individual in national life.

The African, he argued, had to be given a vested interest in upholding democracy because liberty was the thing any decent person lived for. Shawcross was sometimes angered and sometimes puzzled when the Pentecostals and other Zionists attacked collaboration across the colour line. He could never understand how they could believe that the white liberal was as dangerous an enemy as de Haas. He finally concluded that fear was at the root of race prejudice; that if the whites could be shown that the man on the other side of the colour line wanted what they had, they could be cured of their fears; that if it could be shown that the black man had evolved a sub-culture based on christian, democratic, Western foundations, ground could be established for a meaningful black-white dialogue on co-existence.

As he sits in his cell, he wonders how he would have fared in a country governed by Mareka or Masilo or Maggie or, even, Chief Yedwa. They would not treat him differently from the way the CNP does. He now and then attacked them in the past, more obliquely than directly, as black racists. He said he had no quarrel with African nationalism, which he regarded as distinct from Black racism. He respected the African nationalists because they were committed to individual liberty, freedom and the brotherhood of Man. He told all with ears to hear that he would regard it a privilege to be a citizen of a country ruled by moderate gentlemen like Bishop Theodosius Ngema or Chief Bulube or Mr. Malenge Mlawu, the African sugar-cane magnate. These men are moderates; they want nothing more and nothing less from the white man than the right to lead useful lives; they are christians; they oppose Zionist racism; they are not bitter against the white man; they are even prepared to guarantee minority rights in the democracy toward which they are striving. In the last fifty years, for example, they have produced no less than three declarations to show where they stood. There first was the Ten-Point Programme, supported by such venerable gentlemen as Z. R. Mahabane. Then came the Freedom Charter to uphold which the great Chief Albert Luthuli was prepared to see the Africans split. Now the leaders of the black administrations in the rural reserves are talking of a Bill of Rights.

What greater proof is needed to demonstrate the commitment of these men to the principles of the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence! To liberty and democracy!

Shawcross takes great care not to say a word about the Bloemfontein Conference and its ideal of nationhood; he never mentions its role in the race quarrel. To him the things which matter are the Pass Laws, segregation, equal pay. He never bothers about thinking of the nature of the world which the African wants for himself. Shawcross passes for a great liberal; a great friend of the Africans; a great student of the race problem and of history. But for him, as for most whites, the Africans had no history before the advent of the whites!

Inevitably, people like Mareka, Maggie, Maimane and others figure prominently in his study as contrasts who throw into sharper outlines the importance to white South Africa of leaders like Bishop Ngema or Chief Bulube or Mr. Mlawu. He dismisses the opponents of coalitions across the colour line as extremists. He writes frequently, mourning the fact that a powerful christian leader like Bishop Maimane should accuse the liberals of being committed to white supremacy. How does anybody in his senses dare to say this? To which Maimane often replied:

The answer is simple. The liberal is committed to a values-system developed by the white people to serve the ends of white people. They use these values as criteria by which to determine worth in a black person. Their ideal is to make him a black carbon copy of the white man; to make him see fulfilment for himself and his people in a life defined by the white people to serve white interests. The followers of de Haas are committed to a values-system evolved by the whites to preserve white domination. They use race and colour as weapons for ensuring that the African never becomes a threat to white supremacy. Both the liberals and the followers of de Haas are committed to the white system of values; they quarrel only on the strategies by which to preserve white supremacy.

Nonsense! Nonsense! Nonsense! Shawcross shouts in his cell. Shawcross is still screaming at the top of his voice when an African sweeper goes past. He casts a quick glance at Shawcross through the hole on the door.

Do you want any help, baas?

I want to get out of here. Call me the guard!

Yes, baas; the guard I shall call! But, baas, the lords around here . . . well, baas . . . you understand. If you shout too much, nobody might come.

Nonsense! Nonsense! Nonsense!

The African talks to himself, and moves a little distance from the hole. Hm! What shall I do with this baas? He does not understand. . . .

He returns to the hole. Shawcross now stands near the hole.

Call me a guard; tell them the white man in this cell has something they might want to hear.

The African walks away, mumbling to himself.

He does not understand; with the Boers, you cease to be a white man the moment you have a conscience; he does not understand . . . the baas does not understand . . .

* * *

Robert Shawcross sits on a comfortable chair in front of a huge desk behind which sits a giant of a man, with red hair, in a dark

grey suit. His looks and voice, like his manners, bespeak a man who is accustomed to commanding. He is Brigadier De Villiers Swanepoel, chief of the assassinations division of the security police in Pretoria. There are very few people, on both sides of the colour line, who want to get anywhere near Brigadier Swanepoel.

Well, professor! I'm sure you've been doing some thinking and I hear you have something to tell me now.

I'd like to get out of here and out of this country.

The choice, as you know, is yours.

I know . . . I know . . .

Professor, you know I have nothing against you. I'm sure that before Hawthorne came to your house, the police knew nothing about you. But, as you realise, the government has to protect everybody against subversion. The government is merely doing its duty, just as I am doing mine here. That's what I'm paid to do.

I know . . . Well, Brigadier, I don't know what you want from me.

Hawthorne features in curious ways in your diary. You keep him somewhere in the shadows. We have him on our files and we are watching him. When he went to Durban, we naturally wanted to keep an eye on him. He stayed with you and so we became interested in you. We raided your place, as you know, and some of the papers the police found justified the installation of electronic recording devices. . . .

In my house?

There was nothing illegal in that. The police had reason to believe that a crime against the state was likely to be committed and in terms of the amendments to the Security Act made last year, the police had to install bugging equipment in your house.

You mean, they burgled into my house?

No. You and your family were in the house when they installed the recording equipment. You remember the police raided your house again after the Hawthornes had left? Ja; they removed the equipment. You notice that I am being very frank with you. The recordings revealed that you had the diary and that you were a member of an underground unit to which Hawthorne belonged, the African Freedom Army or AFA. Can you tell me about your role in it?

And if I choose to speak to the magistrate?

Don't fool yourself; you are not likely to get there for years if you prefer to be our guest. See what we offer you! If you give us the information we need to complete the picture your colleagues in AFA have already furnished, you can be a free man in forty-eight hours; if you want to, you can have a permanent exit permit and arrangements could be made to pay for you and your family's air tickets to any place chosen by you in the world. And, that means a better future for your children and peace of mind for you.

A messenger comes in through a side door and hands a piece of paper to Swanepoel and withdraws. He reads it slowly and turns to Shawcross.

This has something to do with your family. You have three kids, all girls?

Yes.

The first is aged five, the second three and the third eight months. The baby fell from her cot and broke her arm. She is at Addington Children's Hospital. Your wife wanted us to let you know this. To speak for myself, let me say how sorry I am that this should happen while you are here. Mind you, we have nothing against you; we are after Hawthorne.

I was a member of the AFA. I joined it because it set out to awaken the whites to the dangers our policies were creating for the whites on the homefront and in the outside world. We were going to use violence to property and avoid personal terrorism . . .

I can understand that. I understand also, that mistakes could be made.

Well, er . . . yes.

Hawthorne ridiculed the whole idea, as you know.

Yes, he did and got himself into trouble.

We know about that; but he also got you into trouble.

I had nothing to do with his troubles. On the contrary, he let me down very badly. He made me join the AFA and assured me that it would never resort to violence to the person and there, with his own bomb, he killed Jennifer Huggins, one of our closest family friends and the finest ambassador the whites had in the black community. . . .

He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and buries his head into it, sobbing bitterly, then, his voice shaking: Forgive me, Brigadier. I was present at the funeral and I just don't know how I shall live with the picture of the thousands of little black faces whose future had suddenly been ruined by the insanity of one man. . . .

Contempt is written all over the Brigadier's face. He has no sympathy with and no time for a white person who shows human feelings toward the black people.

These are the things we are trying to stop. You can vindicate Jennifer Huggins, if you want to. We are having a number of trials coming up in Johannesburg, Kroonstad, Bloemfontein, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town and Pietermaritzburg which involve AFA violence. You will not restore Jennifer to life, but as a state witness you can create the conditions in which white young people who speak English can be made to understand that violence does not pay. He smiles.

But I have nothing to do with those cases?

The people involved are mentioned in your Diary.

Why should I be punished so cruelly? Have I not suffered enough?

It's your family I'm thinking about; that little girl in hospital whom you must see . . . that is, if you care. And I think you do.

* * *

The lights never go out in the headquarters of the security police. People are always moving, silently, ominously, followed by their shadows. The police have returned Shawcross to his cell. There is more than usual activity at security police headquarters on this particular night. The clock downtown has just struck eleven. Black and white security police have begun to crowd into the courtyard of the security headquarters. None of them knows what has happened; not even their commanders have been told the purpose of the order to call at the headquarters. The police stand in small groups and chat in subdued tones in the courtyard. As is the custom in all the branches of the South African police, the Africans stand by themselves while the whites keep the distance. Bashise Busengi is about the only policeman who does not mix with any group on the black side. He dare not come anywhere near the whites. As is appropriate, race exclusiveness is adhered to nowhere, more aggressively, than among the guardians of the law. The law forbids a black person from arresting a white man committing a crime. A white policeman, freshly recruited, has precedence over a black sergeant-major—the highest rank attained by a black man in the force—and takes command of the blacks if no senior white officer is present.

Bashise is unpopular with all sections of the black police in the capital. The security section regards him as an upstart who gatecrashed into the aristocracy of the black guardians of the law. Selected security officers are allowed the privilege to carry revolvers. As a rule, these are old and trusted policemen who have served with exemplary loyalty. Bashise is not only young; he was seconded from the uniformed police branch on the recommendation of Paul Kritzinger himself. He had no sooner reached the head office than he was promoted and made a records officer in the African section of the headquarters. He is one of the highest paid officers in the black force and although he works always at the desk, he enjoys a number of seniority privileges.

For example, he carries a revolver and has a brand new police jeep for his exclusive use. Sections of the police force hate Bashise; they accuse him of informing on them. Privately, they say he licks the arse of every gatwyser. The whites like Bashise; there is no humiliation which will evoke an angry response from him. The consensus of opinion is that the education he has has not spoilt him. His immediate superior is considering the creation of a special grade to which to promote Bashise to make security police work more attractive for loyal blacks like him.

The clock strikes twelve. Three white captains emerge from the operations officer's office and lead their men to their respective rooms where they brief them on the mission for the morning.

* * *

A major security raid is always a closely co-ordinated operation; it takes place at the same time in the same way in every city and large town. The police vans pull out of Johannesburg's Marshall Square, their headquarters, precisely at the moment the raid commences in Pretoria and drive toward Parktown where the oldest and some of the wealthiest English and Jews live. The newly rich Afrikaners are moving in slowly. Many of the managers and directors of European firms in South Africa live in Parktown. In the old days this section of the city was a suburb, but now it has been integrated into Johannesburg. In spite of this an element of cosmopolitanism persists around the area which is visibly un-South African. The groceries stock local and foreign foods. One can walk into a Parktown shop and buy a pound of *kishik* (for the wealthy Syrians here are accorded the status of honorary whitemen, like the Japanese and, of course, the black diplomats from Malawi).

The local bottle store sells the headiest brews from all over the world. In Parktown, more than in any South African suburb, the different national groups constitute visible little communities and more or less live out their carefully adjusted lives. As a rule, the Europeans tend to identify themselves with the English. Even the Hollanders, who bequeathed Afrikaans to the Afrikaners, are closer to the English than to the Afrikaners. Nobody says much about this, but in private conversations among themselves or even with their black servants or with the Africans it is the privilege of some of the rich to meet, the Europeans make it known that they find the Afrikaans character a little too abrasive for their comfort. The Americans constitute a tiny, visibly inhibited group. They go about so carefully one would think they feared the earth might cave in under their feet.

Cosmopolitanism characterises Parktown politics as well. The suburb is one of the strongholds of South African liberalism; it is one of those constituencies which the CNP never bothers to contest. In the inner circles of the party, Parktown is dismissed as a *Jewish ghetto*. In one of those rare moments when de Haas relaxes with his friends he tells the story of the *Jew From Parktown*. Sam Cohen, he starts, was a Jewish millionaire campaigning in Parktown for the (English-Jewish-capitalist-oriented) Unionist Party. He read out the ten principles which constituted his plank in the election. Nobody cheered when he sat down. Sam jumped to his feet, and, holding two lists in his hands, shouted:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't like this set of principles, I have another!

While the Jews are highly visible in the political life of Parktown, the English are unquestionably the dominant influence in the suburb. Many of them are descended from either the pioneers who came to Johannesburg during the gold rush or the settlers whom Lord Milner brought in to neutralise Afrikaner political influences in the Transvaal. From the moment gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand last century, they have been consistent supporters of union.

They were the power behind the old South African Party of Smuts and are the backbone of the Unionist Party. William Pitcairn is a lawyer, his family is one of the largest manufacturers of small airplanes. Pitcairn Engineering Corporation was founded by his father in the days of Paul Kruger. The elder Pitcairn, now nearing a hundred, spends his time reminiscing about the good old days when the black man knew his place. He has a passionate hatred for the missionaries who spoil the *native*. His bitterest venom is reserved for the American missionaries who established the largest number of mission stations among the Zulus and corrupted these splendid children of nature. He employed an unspoiled Zulu, nature's own gentleman, to guard his house when the black hooligans from the locations started breaking into white homes by night in the suburbs. He was going to be away from home for a fortnight on a business trip to Durban and called his faithful Zulu to his bedroom.

You are the only man I can trust with the contents of this box, Zulu. Don't let anybody touch it while I am away! Don't open it yourself!

It shall be as you say, master!

Two weeks later, Pitcairn returned and found the faithful Zulu by the box; he had slept on it, sat on it and for fourteen days lived for it. Every one of the thousands of gold sovereigns in the box was still in its place! This is the Zulu gentleman whom the missionaries transformed into a burglar. And, to drive his point home, he has made it a rule that no black man should enter his house by the front door; not even a policeman. This creates no end of problems for his son William and his wife Greta, both of whom are militant liberals. But then, both agree that the old man is not immortal.

It is fifteen minutes after two in the morning. A knock rings on the main door.

Open the door! We are the police!

William jumps out of bed and opens the door.

We are looking for Brigadier De Villiers Swanepoel; here's our search warrant.

What are you talking about?

The man who rescued Theodore Darikwa.

What on earth would he be doing here?

We thought you might want to tell us something about him.

This is preposterous, Captain de Plooy! You know me very well. I'm an officer of the magistrate's court in this city. You're an experienced and respected officer and you know the law. Don't you know where to ask me about a suspected crime? And this Swanepoel you're talking about? What did you say his first name was?

De Villiers, Brigadier Swanepoel.

The only such Swanepoel I know is in Pretoria. And, in any case, what do you want?

To look around for a while.

Please yourselves.

After the search the police return to the sitting-room with piles of papers.

We'd like to ask you one or two things about some of these papers. *Operation Aburri* sounds quite interesting; it refers to armed raids on isolated white farms on the platteland (rural areas).

That's easy to explain. As you know I recently visited Ghana. Aburri is the name of a botanical garden outside of Accra. And one of the things I found was this plan by the Ghanaians for an armed insurrection against white rule in this country. If I were you, I wouldn't touch it. I brought it for Colonel Prinsloo; but if you want to mess around with it, you'll take the responsibility.

Why don't you come along with us—with it?

Look here, Captain du Plooy! If you want this piece of paper, take it. I'm a lawyer; I'm an officer of the magistrate's court. You can't drag me out of bed this way. If you want to ask questions, I'll be at your office at nine o'clock. Here's my passport.

I'll take the plan with me. See you at nine o'clock, Mr. Pitcairn.

O.K.

* * *

The clock strikes the ninth hour; then the half and finally the tenth. Captain de Plooy and two assistants drive to Pitcairn's house.

Mrs. Pitcairn, we'd like to see your husband.

He's in Botswana now. Took his father's private plane. Here's the telegram saying he arrived safely in Mahalapye . . .

My God!

* * *

Twelve hours have gone by. The excitement and consternation at the headquarters of the security police in Pretoria has not abated. James Hawthorne is being questioned by Captain Jooste van der Horst. Each new fact on his placing of the bomb under the Kruger statue is transmitted to Piet du Toit van der Merwe, who passes it on to the prime minister—in Cape Town. This procedure has been ordered by the

prime minister himself. De Haas has sent a telegram to Colonel Prinsloo congratulating him and the police force on the capture of Hawthorne. He adds in the wire that the police are the white man's first line of defence in South Africa. This is not a new view; he has been saying this for the last twenty-five years. Significance is given to it by the fact that Hawthorne is the first white person to disagree so violently with the CNP that he has killed a white person in protest against CNP policies.

In the mind of most Afrikaners, Hawthorne must be made a warning to all whites that the government will tolerate no defection to the side of the black man and that traitors will pay with their lives, their white skin notwithstanding. Nobody expresses this view in so many words, but the consensus is there and the prime minister's telegram reinforces it. Hawthorne's arrest is a moment of supreme triumph for Prinsloo's strategy of white-anting the underground link between the black militants and the white radicals. The relationship works in a complicated manner; one has to understand the triangular conflict involving the African, the Afrikaner and the English and the Jews to appreciate how it works. The tensions piling up in the black community constitute an immediate threat to Afrikaner power.

Few Englishmen and fewer Jews would shed any tears if Afrikaner power collapsed; but it must not go down with their factories. English and Jewish radicals work with the black militants not so much to crush Afrikaner might as to increase their own bargaining power with both sides. English and Jewish conservatives work with the Afrikaner not so much to oppress the African as to increase their bargaining power in dealings with the Afrikaner. Loyalties and treacheries interplay across the colour line to give a peculiar twist to the underground coalition between the black militants and the white radicals. The Africans have no access to white arms; they lack the skill to handle the weapons in the white man's armoury and rely on the white radicals who ration out the know-how to ensure that it does not place the Africans in the position to blow up Afrikaner power and English and Jewish factories.

Solomon Rabinowitz is a Jewish millionaire who owns one of the largest shoe factories in Southern Africa. He lives in Parktown. Like Pitcairn the elder, he does not allow black people to enter his house by the front door; as a matter of fact, he receives no Africans of any sort in his house. He employs Coloured servants. During the raids after the seizure of the Shawcross Diary the police search his house and lay their hands on papers which prove that he is the treasurer of the Communist Party of Southern Africa.

Like most Afrikaners in the capital, Prinsloo regards the peculiar relationship between the black militants and the white radicals as one of the gravest threats to Afrikaner power. Unlike the other Afrikaners, he is not concerned about the prospect of an African-English-Jewish alliance against the Afrikaners which he regards as a

pipedream the British killed when they created the Union of South Africa. He regards the relationship as a major obstacle to a meaningful dialogue between the African and the Afrikaner on the definition of spheres of influence in South Africa. An ardent advocate of segregation, he rejects Afrikaner imperialism as another pipedream—which will be blown to pieces by the black people. For him, Hawthorne's arrest is important because it could slit the jugular vein of the underground relationship. For this reason, he tells himself and his officers that it offsets the news of William Pitcairn's escape.

The consternation derives from another disappointment. Dillo Mareka and that mysterious character Sefadi Masilo were not in their houses when the police got there. Their wives said both had gone to Johannesburg and would be returning the following morning. It is two in the afternoon now and the men have not turned up. The police have checked up on their haunts in Johannesburg, where they have been told the two men are in Vereeniging. The station commander in Vereeniging has combed Sharpeville location and says the men are said to have returned to Pretoria! The operations officer in Pretoria is red in the face.

These damned niggers! Liars all of them; born of liars who are descended from generations of liars!

The officer is still raging when a white constable walks in, followed by the loyal Bashise.

Well, what's the news?

Meneer, it would appear that Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo have fled the country.

What?

The constable nudges the African.

Bashise, tell the meneer what you heard in the location.

Sir, I went to my contacts and they told me that Mareka and Masilo had escaped to Swaziland.

How on earth did they know they were going to be arrested?

Sir, I don't know.

That's funny; very funny, don't you think so?

No Sir; not funny if you know what I know, Sir.

And what do you know?

Well, Sir, it is difficult for us black people to understand the ways of the white people. All sorts of stories circulate in the location, Sir. People say, for example, that all a black woman needs to do to get any secret out of a white policeman is to pull down her bloomers!

Sex with African women creates crises of ambivalence in every police officer at headquarters. The police exist to enforce the law but no section of Afrikaner manhood is more ardent in its violation of the law than the police force. The African's comments anger the officer who bursts out:

Nonsense!

Sir, I reported on the case of Constable Viljoen in Swaziland

Ja, you did and a damned good report it was, too. But I don't want you to be telling me about it every day of my life

Yes Sir; I understand, Sir.

No police officer wants to be reminded anything about the Viljoen case. Boet Viljoen was a security policeman working secretly in Swaziland to keep an eye on the South African refugees in the black kingdom. He operated a liquor store, which gave him a wide variety of contacts. Returning from a party organised by Manzini town's Coloured community one night, he asked the driver of the overloaded car in which he was driving to stop down an incline to enable him to spill the water, as the Swazis say. Everybody had been drinking heavily and Viljoen was as heavily soaked in the Queen's Tears as his non-white companions in the car.

He was still unbuttoning his trousers when the car started rolling down the hill to stop in the middle of the narrow bridge across a stream. Somebody banged the door shut as Viljoen was entering the car and cut his evidence of masculinity in two. The end piece dropped into the water while the car drove off with the bleeding Viljoen. Taken to hospital later, it was discovered that he had lost his manhood, which was recovered in a shallow pool of water beneath the bridge.

The surgeons in the hospital did an excellent job on Viljoen. The story was brought to Atteridgeville by Viljoen's black girl-friend. The joke about the policeman who lost his manhood still does the rounds in the shebeens (illegal drinking dens) in the locations.

The white constable nudges the African again.

Tell die meneer what you heard about Boreneng.

Sir, two Dutch nuns drove Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo to Swaziland. Mareka and Masilo were dressed like black nuns, Sir.

Meneer, our border post at Oshoek confirms that two white nuns and two black nuns checked with them an hour ago and crossed the frontier into Swaziland.

Those dirty Hollander bitches! They would do a thing like that!

* * *

XVII. Non-men And Non-women

*Ingulube inesifuba; okwayinonisa
endlaleni kwaziwa yiyo yodwa.*

*(Commend the pig for keeping its secret;
nobody knows what keeps it fat even in famine.)*

An eerie atmosphere of grief and exultation hangs over the capital city. James Hawthorne was hanged in the Central Prison at dawn and was buried a few hours later. *The Rand Post* has published a special issue describing Hawthorne's last moments. *The Post* does not say this in so many words, but leaves few in doubt about the fact that the special issue is a salute to James Hawthorne. Its reports tell how the police imposed a ban limiting the number of people at the cemetery to his aging father and mother, his frail wife whom the trial has reduced to a wreck and his close friend Bruno Sitwell, aged seventeen. The undertakers were given instructions to deliver the coffin at the cemetery chapel and to leave immediately, as a precaution against a group gathering at the graveside. The only other person present is the Anglican vicar of St. Filibert's parish, who conducts the funeral service. There are, of course, the usual security police, to ensure that things do not get out of control. After the ceremony Bruno walks up to the priest.

Don't worry, Father, if you help me, I'll carry Jimmy on my head.

But there are Africans outside . . . I mean, the gravediggers. The law doesn't allow them to enter the chapel.

Bruno carries the coffin to the door, down the steps and is moving towards the grave about eight hundred yards away. The leader of the gravediggers whispers to his workers.

Ever seen a thing like this?

The men are standing a respectful distance away from the grave. When they see the procession, they drop their spades. One of them whispers.

Do I see what I really see? I never knew that the white people could hate their own people so bitterly.

Brother, you do not know the Afrikaner. Come, let us go and help the young man.

It is against the law!
Damn the law!

* * *

Marietjie walks through the kitchen door to the back verandah where Zandile is pressing clothes on a large table. She carries a copy of the special edition of *The Post*.

Have you seen this, Zandile?

Zandile takes the paper and glances quickly at the pictures and the headlines.

I'm sorry for his wife. She must have been a woman with a beautiful personality to let him do what he did.

I'm not sorry for him, Zandile; the man was a criminal and a dirty coward at that. Why did he kill that innocent old woman who had not done him any harm? I'm glad he's got what he deserved. And, you know what, Zandile, these dirty English are always trying to create the impression that we, Afrikaners, are bad people; that we are oppressors and that they love the black people. All they want from your people and mine is our money. And those gravediggers? Why did they help the young man with the coffin? They should have left him to carry it alone, to the grave. It would have taught him a good lesson. A law should be made against your people touching a white coffin

You do not understand, nooi. Those men were not staging a show; they were merely demonstrating to themselves that they take themselves seriously. That is what Bhadama did. I would do it too, if I had the courage. Bhadama merely did his duty to human beings; he did the thing which he had been taught a normal human being does to his fellowmen. Dr. James Moroka, one of our leaders, once told my father the story of two white boys in Thaba Nchu who went out with their air rifles to hunt birds. Both were about twelve. They met a little African boy aged about seven and aimed their guns at him. *Moenie dit doen nie*, he screamed. *Julle sal 'n mens seermaak!* (Don't do that; you'll hurt a human being.) The white boys laughed and replied: *Jy is nie 'n mens nie!* (You're not a human being!) and proceeded to fire the pellets into his legs. They had not been taught to take themselves seriously.

Oh, but children are children everywhere, Zandile.

Perhaps

Why do we bother ourselves about politics, in any case? We are women and should talk about things that matter most to women. I want to ask you to do me a favour and I'm talking to you like a woman and I'd like you to talk to me like a woman. My doctor says I might have difficulty when the baby comes and advises that I should go to hospital until the baby comes. Do you think you could stay here while I am away and look after the kids? Baas Piet is so busy

flying between Cape Town and Pretoria; and with so much uncertainty about everything while the Passes For Women Bill is before Parliament, I dread to think of leaving the children in the hands of a stranger. Baas Piet agrees with me that it would help a great deal if you could stay in.

But, nooi, I also have young children.

I know you do; that's why I wanted to talk to you like a woman.

What will the other white people say when they see me around at night when you're in hospital?

I'm concerned with my children, Zandile. And, I trust Baas Piet. He's a fine man and I know he loves me too much to bother you. I know you'll be safe.

Well, nooi, if you talk to me on a woman to woman basis, I shall answer you as a woman; I shall look after your kids until you return.

God bless you, Zandile. You remind me of Bhadama. God bless his soul too. Black people have been so good to me—even the people at the Malawi embassy I don't believe much of what is said about the black people hating the whites. Don't you agree?

Some Africans hate the white people, but most of us take ourselves too seriously to waste our feelings on the whites. We neither love nor hate them. We respond to individuals in proportion as they present themselves. I certainly do not love white people; love is too personal and too intimate a feeling to be spread out to the beautiful people, the saints, the thieves, the murderers and the rapists in any race. When a white man says he loves the black people, he lies to himself, just as the African does when he says he loves the white people. If I cannot love a whole people, I cannot hate it either. I love persons and I hate persons.

Don't you love your people? We love ours.

I can't love them just because they are my people. I hate a black rapist as I do a white one. My people and I are bound together by the things we love; by the same values, a similar history and a common destiny. We belong together. I do not have to love them to belong to them or to identify with them. I certainly have a duty to them; I have to be responsible and protect their values. But my duty has nothing to do with love. Besides, this word love is overworked by the white people. In my culture, love is a relationship between consenting persons

Aren't you people wonderful! Bhadama Sometimes . . . sometimes I wish I had the heart of a black person like you or Bhadama. But I know I can't.

Please, don't make any mistakes about us; we are human like everybody else, with all the good and the wickedness which go with that.

Which white woman would leave her home, her husband and her children to look after my family?

It's just that they don't take themselves seriously enough, nooi! And when people don't take themselves seriously enough they can be very, very ugly

* * *

That night, Zandile and Pumasilwe sit up until late into the night in their bedroom. The nights are the only time when couples live together in the location. But they also have to share their lives with their neighbours; there is a whole infinity of responsibilities a person has to perform as a member of the community. If there is a death, neighbours have to rally and stand by the bereaved until the painful moment is over. More often than not, this means that for some days people ignore their families in order to support the bereaved until they return to normal life. Then, there are the hundreds of tiny mutual benefit societies which preserve social cohesion. In these, people exchange views and experiences and develop solutions to common problems. The churches constitute another institution which activates life in the location. As a result, the location is a hive of activity after the sun has set; the rhythms which give uniqueness to the location experience suddenly burst into the open and become alive at night.

Outsiders say the location is a place of incredible contrasts. By day, it has the look of a city of the dead. The blinding glare of the sheet metal roofs repel the eye the moment one approaches it. The reflections suggest a massive warehouse, stretching as far as the eye can see. The rows of similar brick houses have the look of thousands upon thousands of mounds of earth in a cemetery. More striking than anything, however, is the massive emptiness of the place. Except for the occasional coal dealer on an ancient cart drawn by a work-weary mule or the bone collector with his tattered hessian bag or the milkman speeding by on a bicycle with incredibly disaligned wheels or the unemployed or the hungry and unwashed kids who grow up on the dusty streets, the location is an empty town; a disembowelled city.

An atmosphere of waste hangs over the place; it strikes the eye wherever one turns. Waste is in the bent back of the white-haired woman who opens the door for you, probably holding her daughter's or son's baby. The wrinkles on her face tell the story of a lifetime of toil; of wasted exertion washing a white woman's underwear. The glow in her eye tells a different story; it describes a woman with a purpose.

Waste is the gulleys which intersect the untarred streets; the monotonous similarity of the houses; the children dressed in rags who have nothing to do because they have nowhere to go. Waste is the thousands upon thousands of kids who crowd the schools.

These people are not regarded as living potentials in the process of becoming; they are labour-power—the private property of the white man. He owns their productive potential; that is why he locks them up in the location when the sun has set. He owns their labour; that is why he sends them to school and gives them an education designed to make them efficient producers of wealth for him and not the intellectual equals of the whites. He owns their skills; that is why they can learn some things and be debarred from learning others. Above all, he owns their lives; that is why he has built the location. They can live in it as long as they produce for him; when they are too old to work, he throws them out of the location and dumps them in the rural reserves where they starve, die and rot as new producers are born in the location, trained in the schools, and regimented accordingly to continue the cycle of production.

The African is born into this cycle; he lives in it and dies in it. The waste is in the massive distortion of a people's whole life; in the feeling of being owned by the white man which the location is intended to develop in the African; in the laws which seek to shatter the inner logic of *umteto wesintu*; in the humiliation intended to crack the African's sense of self-worth. More tragic than these cycles of waste is the realisation that the white man left Europe and came to this part of Africa to waste himself by wasting the African.

Things change when the sun has set. The Africans cease to be the ciphers on the white man's books when they return to the location. They throw off their working clothes and wear what they call home clothes. The most fastidious of them wash themselves before covering their bodies with home clothes. The ritual has more than a symbolic significance; the people change the gears of their personality. The transition defines a fundamental contradiction in South Africa. By day, black and white constitute an integrated society and reject each other when the sun has set.

The change into home clothes and the ablutions are as fundamental a rejection of the white experience as any the African ever makes; he moves from the world of being owned to the world of self-realisation; he asserts the validity of *umteto wesintu*, he enters a world of different meanings. If he is a Zulu, he can switch on the loudspeaker to hear Kingana Masikane, the Zulu broadcaster from Durban, roar out the salutation Z-U-L-U! He wakes up earlier to hear the salutation which precedes the morning news. Each time the salutation is repeated, something swells up within him; he calls it *usinga*—the irresistible urge to become. Each time he hears the ancient salutation, he feels a millimetre taller, spiritually. It is a vital signal, a message spoken in the wind from the land of Zulu, to assure the millions of paths to Blood River that movement continues; that the "cord of destiny" is being woven. To weave the cord, as the ancient poet advised, is the thing to live for; it is the pillar which sustains life.

The Basotho, Xhosa, Shangane and other language groups have their own vital signals which they send out in their own ways. All of them converge at the point of meaning.

It is this point which establishes the final absurdity of the government's contention that tribalism is a fact of African life. The Basotho, the Shangane, the Xhosa, the Zulu and other African groups agree on one fundamental principle: their evaluation of the person. Each person is an idea into which the infinite consciousness behind creation individualises itself; each language group is a cluster of ideas. Each idea is valid and legitimate in its own right and propels itself to fulfilment in terms of a logic which inheres in itself as an individualisation of the infinite consciousness; so is each cluster of ideas. People might speak Xhosa and Sotho—that does not matter; the important fact is that at the level of fundamentals and meanings, they are of one mind and are moving to the same goal.

It is this unity at the bottom which government policy seeks to smash and which the location is designed to corrode. It is this evaluation of the person which the African defends when he changes into home clothes and washes his body. It is this precept which made possible the Bloemfontein decision to weld all the African language groups into a single nation. The African's slogan is: *Jaws Which Belong Together, You Grind Together!* This, he argues, is the logical culmination of the African evaluation of the person and the black people's common experience in history; this, he insists, is the only real answer to the wastefulness of the white man's culture.

* * *

Zandile did not change her working clothes when she came home; not because she was making a declaration of war. It is said in her community that the feminine mind is capable of dealing with a thousand ideas at one and the same time. Pumasilwe knows that the feminine mind sometimes works in an exceedingly complicated way; he grew up taught that it has to do this because woman is the *Big House*. The element of finality in the dictum has frustrating connotations. Sometimes a fellow wants to touch the body of the woman he loves even in the midst of a business conference in the bedroom. But when she is clad in armour, where does he touch her? The limitation is a continuing source of irritation. Things are not improved by the subject under discussion.

And, you tell me you agreed to ignore me and your family to look after that gatwyser's children while he's busy helping to get the Passes For Women Bill into the Statute Book? Don't you have any sense in your head? Where's your pride?

You said I should take the job!

Are you trying to be smart? I don't like it when a woman gives a reply which does not answer the question. Women do that. Every woman thinks she's a genius and her husband a dolt!

I would not be in this house if I thought that way. Only, I find it difficult to understand why you don't understand my position.

What do I not understand? The insensitivity and the sickening sentimentality and the contempt so transparent in everything that woman said about everybody, barring herself, her husband, her children and her people! She thinks we Africans are just a bunch of non-men and non-women; non-people!

I'm grateful for that; she limits her range of thinking and when my enemy makes a fool of herself, I rejoice.

Rejoice . . . Rejoice . . . Hm! With that Boer male around the house, at night?

An unintended, though inevitable and embarrassing, by-product of the acrimonious public debate on the Passes For Women Bill is that it saturates the atmosphere with thoughts of sex across the colour line and aspects of it have aphrodisiac effects on some white men. Sex between the black woman and the white man has become a subject of heated discussion in homes, churches, private clubs and, inevitably, the English and Afrikaans sections of the press. Every now and then the newspapers come up with scoops on the subject and give them the widest possible publicity—for different reasons.

The English use the Afrikaner male's appetite for the African woman as a stick with which to beat him for political purposes. The Afrikaner is vulnerable on this plane. Most of the males involved in sex crimes are Afrikaners. The Afrikaans papers report on interracial sex to mobilise white support for the Passes For Women Bill. The *Black Peril* has assumed the form of a black woman. Other complications have set in. A prominent Afrikaner politician, an ardent advocate of race separation, has died unexpectedly after taking a drug prescribed by his doctor. The post-mortem reveals a blood allergy which occurs only among a tiny African clan in a remote part of the Okavango swamps in South-West Africa. This creates a muffled crisis in the ranks of Afrikanerdom. Trusted Afrikaner scientists start investigations to determine the percentage of African blood in Afrikaner veins. The de Haas regime is embarrassed by the element of Africanness in the Afrikaners (the people of Afrika).

Sex across the colour line is an old South African practice. For about a hundred years after Jan van Riebeeck had landed at the Cape of Good Hope black and white could intermarry if they were so minded. The Dutch Reformed Church saw nothing wrong in the practice and its clergymen dutifully solemnised the marriages. The famous Simon van der Stel, the Cape governor after whom Stellenbosch University is named, was a Coloured man. Stellenbosch is the oldest and finest centre

of higher learning in the Afrikaans community. Not even the ingenuity of *Die Aanslag* and the CNP can obliterate these facts of history. Government propaganda adopts the line that there is a very small amount of African blood in the Afrikaner and takes the strongest exception possible to suggestions that the quantity is large enough, in fact, to make the Afrikaners a people of mixed blood. The figure "conceded" is one percent. The Afrikaner researchers' figures show that whereas fifty years earlier the Afrikaner's blood was thirteen percent black, it is now a little less than eight percent non-white.

Not unexpectedly, the English press finds the new figure not insignificant in view of the Afrikaner's preoccupation with race and colour. English commentators write luridly on the virility of Afrikaner men who smash their careers, commit suicide and fornicate in holy places in homage to the African woman. Coenraad Buys, the Afrikaner who went "African" last century, is an English favourite these days. He successfully serviced no less than forty Xhosa wives and concubines. Some English academics are giving a new and irritating twist to Buys's performance. He was, they charge, motivated by a deep-seated desire to dominate which had its roots in an abiding feeling of inadequacy. The CNP's sensitivity on the colour issue, they conclude, derives also from this lingering weakness.

Sex and politics have become such an explosive mixture and have inflamed passions so violently Afrikaner women, who, as a rule, are a thoroughly domesticated breed, stand in the front line where they campaign militantly against the alleged irresistibility of the African woman. As in all situations where women compete for men, no sensibilities are respected by the ladies. Kritzinger's wife leads the campaign in Pretoria. She discusses the peculiarities of the African woman with such brutal, though honest, candour she is in great demand as a speaker in Afrikaner women's associations all over the country—including women's hostels in Afrikaner universities.

Her main point is that true and loyal Afrikaner daughters must hold their skirts tight to save Afrikaner manhood from the wiles of the black woman. No true and loyal daughter of Afrikanerdom should employ an African nurse for her children. That, in the first place, breeds Afrikaner communist-liberals. More than this, however, no Afrikaner woman, who is proud of her race and seeks to preserve its purity, should ever, ever employ a black nanny for her baby boy. The male baby nursed by an African develops a dangerous indifference to the odours her body emits and, as he grows up, acquires a self-degrading feeling for the black woman.

Campaigns like these are, strictly speaking, not a new development in African-Afrikaner relations. An interesting development is the Afrikaner male's stout and continuing refusal to have his tastes in this regard dictated by women. The smells which the Afrikaner women find so repugnant are just the thing which makes the black woman literally

irresistible to the Boer. Besides, the males seem in no mood to allow females, even of their own race, to deny them the freedom to prove their masculinity against any female challenger of any race.

In the locations, the appetite for the African woman is described as the Afrikaner's quest for that part of his umbilical cord which lies in the black community.

Startling in its implications, however, is the new use of sex as a political weapon; as a technique by which to *xina* the Afrikaner. In this atmosphere of confused thinking on sex, Pumasilwe experiences difficulty in drawing the necessary difference between political imperatives and jealousy.

You are mistaken, girl, he continues to fume, if you think that by agreeing that you should work for Piet van der Merwe I was saying you should sell your soul to the Boers in the way you want to do. Imagine what people in the location will think of me! Dillo and Sefadi left the country. I have been chosen to lead the underground and the first thing I do is to allow my wife to look after the children of the private secretary to de Haas!

They might as well ask why I work for these Boers. But my real point, Father of the Children, is that we are at war with the Afrikaner; he uses the gun, we use the mind.

The Boers have buried their teeth into our flesh and we've buried ours into theirs; we're not going to let go; we're in this fight to the finish, even if it takes a thousand years. If there are millions of paths to Blood River; if I am one of these, what does it matter if people call me names? If they call you names? What does it matter if I perish in the bid to bury my teeth deeper into the Afrikaner's flesh? *Indlondlo izendlalela ngabazingeli bayo!* (The deadly ndlondlo snake lines its grave with the corpses of its hunters.)

Pumasilwe is not sure he understands very clearly what is going on in his wife's mind. He is not in doubt about her determination to do something; the Zulu identifies himself with the dreaded ndlondlo only in the moment of decision. For a while he gropes for something to say.

Try and understand, Father of the Children. I am a revolutionary, too; and the revolutionary's function in life is to destroy the evil around him.

Well! Well! What on earth are you going to destroy?

Why don't you wait, friend? You'll see the ruin when the Passes For Women Bill becomes law.

* * *