

beat. After about twenty minutes, she comes to and sits up. She speaks to Pumasilwe.

Son, I do not know you. Your father tells me you work in Pretoria. Your vibrations tell of a split in the conscience. You stand in the shadow of a white man; he is dead; he has his eye on a ring you wear. You are afraid, son; you hesitate and that sets up vibrations which poison your body. Why don't you do the right thing?

What is the right thing, Daughter of Wisdom?

Confront yourself with your real self; then you will not be afraid; that will normalise your vibrations.

How do I confront myself with my real self?

The ignorant person is passive and, therefore, weak; he regards himself as a creature who lives by the grace of God or the goodwill of the spirits of his ancestors; he is a prisoner of his evaluation of himself. The person who knows is positive and therefore strong; he is the creator who commands all the forces in the cosmic order; he has confronted himself with his own self and knows what he is. Knowing himself, he commands the earth to do his will, and, it obeys. But the confrontation of one's self with one's real self is a dangerous activity; it is like playing with lightning in a thunderstorm. In our present state of ignorance, very few people are advanced sufficiently to be entrusted with the power of lightning.

But for me to continue in ignorance is to drift to death. This is what I believe you've been telling me. I want to confront myself, for, as you say, I have a problem.

Remember, lightning is a deadly power and you might crack and kill yourself in the process of handling it.

Better die in the attempt than to die doing nothing.

Go home for the present and think carefully about what I have said. Return to me before the rising of the sun, seven mornings from to-day.

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Puma's mother has set the table; she is nervous that her son has not returned. The night is very dark outside and the last bus has arrived at the Inanda terminal. Hezekiya reads his paper against the light of a bright gas lamp by his side.

Father of Puma, the boy has not returned and our cats have disappeared.

Where did he say he was going?

Durban. Puma is no longer the person I knew him to be. That business about the shadow of a dead white man—did he tell you anything about it?

No. He said he did not know what the sangoma was talking

about because he was not involved in the killing of any white man. He did say, however, that he had known the man who killed the prime minister.

Dead people perceive things more clearly than the living. Perhaps the dead white man knows about the friendship . . .

No. I don't think there's much to bother about in what the witchdoctor said. It was all guess work. Puma comes from Pretoria and in her view everybody from that place must have been involved in the assassination.

Puma has not been home for three days and his mother has been urging that the absence should be reported to the police. Hezekiya dislikes contact with the police, at the best of times; he is in no mood to send them running around looking for his son. Somebody shoves a postcard under the front door one night. Hezekiya rushes to pick it up; he recognises his son's handwriting:

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, FATHER AND MOTHER. I AM SAFE AND IN GOOD HEALTH. WILL RETURN SOON. PUMA.

Hezekiya opens the door and sees the figure of his son silhouetted against Durban's lights. Puma is running toward the Mzinyati River. It is going for midnight when he reaches the point where the footpaths cross, just above where the Mngeni and Mzinyati rivers merge. Nearby is the cave which is his temporary home. Time is running against him; midnight is only half an hour away. He collects the firewood, the tripod and suspends the three-legged pot on his right arm and takes all these to the crossroads. Next, he throws the bag containing two animals on his shoulder and takes these to the crosspaths where he makes a fire above which he hangs the pot.

Twenty minutes later, the pot's bottom is white with heat. He takes a quick glance at his watch and as its arms indicate twelve o'clock midnight he grabs one of the cats in the bag, and hurls it into the white-hot pot, holding down the lid while the cat tears the stillness of the night with its frightened screams. Holding the lid while the cat makes the hoises is like an eternity in hell. Puma is so scared he thinks he is going insane. He remembers that Mazani warned him against being afraid when playing with lightning. He wipes the perspiration on his forehead, shoves his hand into the bag where the second cat, now terrified, is in no mood to give away its life without a fight. He finally grabs it and throws it into the pot, holding the lid until the animal is dead. He fills the pot with water. Then, he sits down by the fire concentrating on the self which overcomes fear. At about three, he takes the pot to the running water and empties its contents into the shallow water, opposite a previously marked point. During the next three nights, he sits in front of the cave and contemplates the moon until the early hours of the morning. On the morning of the seventh day, he takes a bath before dawn and then returns to the sangoma's

kraal. The diviner sits in front of a fire in one of the huts.

Well, son! It is good to see you back with every bone still in its place. How did things go?

Those cats! They turned the nakedness of my conscience inside out. I have no conscience now. How shall I live with their memory?

Are you sorry you killed them?

Yes, I am; but if it had to be done, then I am glad it is all over.

Do you see what you have done? You have become the instrument of your own rebirth into a new destiny. But you must evolve beyond being an instrument, even of your own self; you must realise that you are the destiny; that all you need to do is to live out the destiny; be what you are—the incarnation of the infinite consciousness.

I, the son of my father, to kill a cat? In that manner! If my parents heard about it, do you know what they would do? They would disown me. My mother would and my father, too!

You have to outgrow fear; you must not be afraid of anything or any deed; not even of your parents or your own self. Your performance with the cats enabled you to open the first door in your life, out of which you will kick fear. The infinite consciousness has no law outside of that which it is, itself. It does not have a conscience to be clothed in what you call decency; it does not know nakedness; it is just itself. The enemies of their fellowmen set out to capture and imprison the minds of their fellowmen; they invent the conscience and endow it with given qualities. This is a technique for the control of the ignorant mind. The mature person outgrows the prison of the mind called the conscience; he knows he is the individualisation of the infinity and because he is aware of this, he is responsible. Talk of nakedness of the conscience or of the body is a lie planted by the strong in the minds of the weak, like us, to make us the willing desecrators of our own sacredness.

But if we are all sacred, why do we suffer so much?

We are afraid, and, we fear because we are ignorant; because we are ignorant and are scared of our own selves we cannot command suffering to get out of our lives. See what I mean? We are prisoners by choice. Thieves and robbers descended on our country; they desecrated our soil with their presence and polluted the air with their breath; they pillaged the land and defiled the most sacred things in the human experience. Then our land died and we, all its children, are left to wander the earth like cadavers with no life. But nothing they could do could change the fact that we are the incarnations of spirit-forms; that the person, no matter who he is, has a creative potential, a power, which nobody can ever take away from him. There is locked in him all the forces in the cosmic order. He is invincible when he understands them and conquers when he controls them and gives them focus. This is the fortress of the soul handed down to us by our ancestors; we gave up

this fortress; we surrendered it to the enemy; we accepted his definitions of reality and of the person; he planted an alien conscience in us.

Daughter of Wisdom, you are one of the few people who speak the truth that I understand. I see now what is wrong with my parents; they are unconscious hypocrites . . . .

No. Do not pass judgment on them; they are passing through a cloud of darkness—through a moment of ignorance. For, does it not strike you that serious, educated and intelligent men like the Inspector believe in the superstition about the son of God who rose from the dead? Bells ring every day calling millions to the superstitious ritual!

Where do we strike, to bring the whole rotten thing crashing to the ground?

At the personal self! That is where the enemy is ensconced!

How many thousands of years will that take, O Daughter? God knows we've shed rivers of blood in the defence of this land; wherever we go, the soil is soaked in it, a grim reminder of our tragedy. Must we start all over again?

Cool down a little, child. In the moment of absolute deprivation, when the person has lost everything and hopes for nothing, he discovers himself. Forced to the bottom of experience, he cannot sink lower; if he moves at all, it can only be to the top.

The bottom! That is where I am . . . .

Arise, then, for you have reached the moment of truth. Take the white man out of your mind and walk the earth as though he does not exist. Command the winds and the oceans and the mountains and the valleys shall obey. Set your mind on "the heavens beyond the reach of spirit-forms" and things will fall apart precisely at the moment when the white man thinks he is invincible.

Tell me, Daughter of Wisdom, why do you waste your time in these rural valleys? Preaching to people who will not restore to us that which is ours? Why don't you come to the towns? People in the locations have eyes and ears; they want to see and are ready to listen!

I have work to do here. I must speak in the wind so that all men may hear. There is calm here; there is peace here; not the peace of the bullet in the locations; the mountains, the valleys and the rivers can listen, here; so can the animals, the trees and the birds.

The first rays of the morning sun shoot through the crevices in the door signalling the arrival of a new day.

We've wandered off the things you had come to tell me . . . .

I did as you told me; every step, all the way.

Where's the evidence?

Puma shoves his hand into a coat pocket and pulls out a small parcel wrapped in a piece of newsprint. The diviner takes it, turns it twice in her hand and smiles:

Ah! This is what a man does, son! Take these two breastbones after I have treated them; they are your keys into everything; they are

the torches which will light your path through the mazes of experience. The one you will always keep next to your body and the other in a safe place, known by yourself only. The day you lose one, you will die. Did you hear what I say? So, take good care of them. These are only keys to release the power locked in you. If you want to proceed beyond this, you alone can choose.

Daughter of Wisdom I have joined the Caravan To Blood River; I can't stop here; I can't go back; I always have to be moving, always forward.

Are you sure you want to go forward?

May all the Makayes in their graves arise to witness against me.

You do not have to make oaths. When you understand, a Yes or a No is all you need say. Have you ever killed a person?

No.

Do you think you could kill one?

A white person? Yes, I would.

No. That would not help; he's your enemy. You've only torn off the cloak of darkness which covers your conscience; but now you must grapple with your conscience itself. Would you kill anybody you love? Your wife, your child, your mother or your father?

Isn't there another way for freeing myself from my conscience?

Of course there is, but it takes a lot of time and patience. You do not have the time, for you soon will return to work. Like Cakijana, you are in a hurry to keep an appointment with destiny. The shortest route to your goal is to confront yourself with the real self in your person. Men in a hurry to meet destiny sometimes take this course. But, be warned, son, he who takes shortcuts into the future plays with lightning. There is an alternative. If you want to, you can open yourself to the challenge of the morrow. But this involves a long, often painful struggle with your own self; you have to discipline every cell of your body and know each and everyone of them; you have to master the technique for aligning them and focusing them on your ideal in order to transform it into reality.

I do not have the time; we have waited too long!

Whatever choice you make, remember, that is your fate.

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## VII. The Shattered Illusion

*Akukho qili lazikhoth' emhlane.*

*(No man is so smart he can lick his back.)*

Pretoria is a city of hate. It has been like that in all its history. In the old days, when Boer and Briton fought for the mastery of South Africa, the city was the citadel, the *laager*, into which Afrikanerdom withdrew in the hour of danger. It was the symbol of Afrikaner determination to resist British rule. Johannesburg was the commercial capital of the British-Jewish-capitalist-liberal establishment; it was the hotbed of vice used to corrode Afrikaner morals while Pretoria was the city of God from which nothing but the light and truth radiated.

Things have not changed much since then, except for the fact that the main contestants for power are no longer the Afrikaners and the British; they are the Africans and the Afrikaners.

Oh, it was much easier to deal with the British; they were white, a minority on the white side and the joke still does the rounds when Afrikaners get together to drink, which they do not often do, that like the Jew, the British will do anything and everything for money. Cut an Englishman's testicles, the joke goes, and give him money; he will take the cash.

The Africans are clay of a different kind; they are black, they own the land, are in the majority and are irrepressible. Above everything, their labour is the backbone of Afrikaner wealth and, strange as it sounds, they are also the Afrikaner's guarantee of survival. The powerful and booming economy which the British and the Jews have established is the magnet which attracts foreign investments and the Americans, the British, the French, the West Germans and others who have sunk their money in this land of gold favour changes in the political structure; they do not like the policies of men like de Haas, but if these men guarantee profits, it is prudent to forget the evil in their politics. The irrepressibility of the African keeps the Afrikaner's leaders awake of nights. The black man is the most dangerous animal alive to-day, they say. The white man builds all sorts of high walls with which to protect himself against the black peril. Sooner or later, the African climbs over these in the bid to destroy Afrikanerdom and

drive the white man into the sea. Constant vigilance is the Afrikaner's only guarantee of survival.

In the old days again, the gun, the policeman and the Pass were adequate as forms of protection. The Pass was used to control the movements of the Africans from the rural areas into the cities. Once inside the industrial areas, the black man could move with some ease because the police kept an eye on him. At the time, only black males carried the Pass. By keeping the numbers of the African within controllable limits, the Pass ensured that their influx into the urban areas constituted no security problem.

Black women were in demand as domestic servants and as factory hands; they were docile and provided cheap labour. Besides, it was an old-established Afrikaner custom, dating back to the days of slavery at the Cape, that a man had not attained real manhood before he had lain between the legs of a black woman. There was something mystical about the reputed sensuality of the black woman which attracted the Afrikaner male as powerfully as a naked flame did the insects in the African night.

The custom now creates all sorts of problems. Government secrets leak to the winds and before anybody knows what is happening, they are being bandied about in the streets of Moscow. A more disturbing aspect of the black woman's ability to attract the Afrikaner male is that she uses her legs to create lethal, dual-loyalty conflicts in the Afrikaner male who yields to the temptation to be embraced by an African woman.

There is the sad case of the Afrikaner officer in command of police troops ordered to quell a disturbance in Durban, which is still talked about in Pretoria. Instead of giving orders to shoot first and ask questions afterwards, he armed his men with batons and riot shields and teargas. He lost thirteen men in the clash with the Africans; nine of them were white. The commission of inquiry appointed to investigate the disaster discovered that the officer was in love with a black woman who lived with relatives in the riot area.

In recent years, the black woman, who was allowed free entry into the white man's cities and moved freely in them has turned out to be the African's Trojan horse inside the white man's urban laagers. A congenital member of the Caravan To Blood River, she is breeding men inside the cities at a rate which magnifies the very security dangers which the gun, the police and the Passes are designed to check.

These men, born into and nurtured in the atmosphere created by the Sharpeville massacres, know only one passion in life: to return to Blood River, cost what it may.

On the Day of the Covenant, they dress themselves like Zulu warriors and march up and down the streets of urban locations, singing the songs their ancestors chanted in battles with the white man. These are city Africans who have no connections with the rural reservations;

they cannot be easily endorsed out of the urban locations, where they are always a thorn in the flesh of the police.

One of these children's most annoying activities, everyone knows, is the distribution of anti-government leaflets, pamphlets and other seditious literature in the locations. As a rule, their only playgrounds are the streets, which they use with greater freedom after sunset when traffic is out of the way. It is almost impossible for a policeman to spot a black-faced child in the dark alleyways of the location as the little person darts from back door to back door shoving the literature through every crevice in the houses. Besides, the kids know all the ways of the police and how to fool them. The locations boast that an African child is able, by the time he reaches ten years of age, to smell a policeman ten miles away. The police who live in the locations are, of course, black and none of them wants to turn the communities against themselves and their own children.

Worse, those kids in the semi-dark streets are deadly with the *intshumentshu* (pronounced ee-nchoo-men-chu) in their hands. The *intshumentshu* is a piece of tough round wire about seven or eight inches long one of whose ends is as sharp as the point of a needle. The other is stuck into a stick. A short piece of stick is bored in the centre and provides the sheath in which the *intshumentshu* is concealed. The *intshumentshu* is a weapon of attack in the dark; a boy can run down a street and kill as many people as he likes without being caught. The secrets of the weapon are that it can be used with lightning speed and creates fatal internal haemorrhages. No black policeman in his senses wants to incur the wrath of the *intshumentshu* bands.

The Afrikaners in Union Buildings, the seat of the white government on top of a hill outside the old city, are concerned about the black Trojan Horse and, in the open spaces of South Africa, the people speak their minds openly; black and white attitudes are expressed with a candour which is as crude as it is brutal. People fighting for survival do not have time to waste on refinements. The men in the Union Buildings speak of *Operation Cork Stopper*, to change the population balance created by the fecundity of the African woman.

They tell each other that the white man must stop the trouble at the entrance to the womb and agree that the stopper must be the subjection of the women to the Pass Laws which will not only facilitate the control of their movements but will also classify them on the basis of their fertility.

One of the documents in the Pass Book is a health certificate signed by a government medical health officer, which has to be endorsed every six months for the woman to remain employed in an urban area. The health certificate contains a code giving her age, the number of children she has and indicating whether or not she is past the menopause.

Yes, the white police are particularly enthusiastic in their

support of *Operation Cork Stopper*. The Immorality Law, which illegalises sexual relations across the colour line, will be reinforced by the Passes for black women. In the past, an African woman on the streets at night could not be stopped at will by a policeman because she did not carry a Pass; the policeman had little or no power over her. The proposed solution will give the police absolute power over every African woman. Pretoria is still shaken by the scandal involving the six white police who had sexual intercourse with an African woman. In court the first pleaded that he was acting as a trap; the other five swore that they had intercourse with her to provide corroborative evidence. Despite such commendable zeal, even the staid Dutch Reformed Church, whose women's sections drill their children, particularly their sons, on the intolerable smell which the African woman emits, was constrained to tell the de Haas government that the police were taking things a bit too far.

There are signs all over the country that the African women are determined to resist the proposed Pass Law; there are indications that the black men will stop work in support of the women. Paul Kritzinger, the chief of the police in the Pretoria district, for one, is particularly concerned about what could happen to the capital if the Africans staged a determined protest. Apart from paralysing life in the capital, the Africans could set the city on fire; every African man or woman employed in the city is, at least, a potential saboteur. Kritzinger has worked out a plan for countering sedition which promises to solve some of Afrikanerdom's problems in this regard. He outlined it in a paper, bearing the title: *Ritual Murder As An Instrument Of Political Protest* which he read before a special meeting of the Institute for Pan-African Studies. A graduate of a famous Afrikaner university, he holds a degree in anthropology and is at present making a special study of magic as an instrument for the control of the mind. His main thesis is that the African evaluation of the person, which regards him as a cell of an infinite consciousness, surrounds the person's existence with a dangerous aura of sacredness. It raises him to the status of a limb of God, without which God cannot do if he is infinite. God becomes the beggar beholden to the person for his wholeness. One human being taken out of the body of God leaves God a mutilated reality from which a limb has been torn away; since God always has to be whole, he cannot do without a single person.

*Kritzinger points out that while he is not a student of theology, the idea of a God whose wholeness depends on the will of the person is particularly unacceptable to him as a christian.*

As a scientist, however, he is interested in the implications and practical applications of the African evaluation. If the person is a cell of God, then he has all the attributes of God; he is power, truth and everything the mind of Man can conceive. He has a preciousness which cannot be determined in human terms; he is above sin and law. In

actual fact, however, the person committed to this view of life lives like an animal; he has no spiritual values by which to guide his life. He lives in fear and relies on black magic as the prop to explain the mysteries of creation. He is confounded by the complex civilisation of the white man and falls back to superstition for explanations.

As the old ways die under the impact of civilisation, the black people become increasingly fearful about the future; they turn their backs on christianity and return to the ways of their ancestors and its superstitions. They revive ritual murder because every portion of the cell of the infinity is a dynamo of power; a piece of human flesh in the possession of a black man is more precious to the African than his wife or his child. He believes that it radiates powers which cannot be controlled even by the white man. The higher the status of the person, the greater the power in every part of his body. White people, because of their superior power, are believed to have a special value and, in the turbulence emerging in the land, each individual white person will defend, not only the values of his civilisation, but his physical body against mutilation for magic purposes.

The revolts planned against the Passes for black women, Kritzinger continues, will be used as an excuse for murdering as many whites as possible—for the acquisition of bits and pieces of their bodies. This should be a warning, he concludes, to those academic men from Afrikaner universities, now touring the country, to start a dialogue with the blacks on segregation, that the conflict lies, not in the clash between the Larger Truth and the Smaller Truth, but between white civilisation and black barbarism. The same Afrikaners who plead the black people's case against government policy will be the first to be murdered and mutilated by their black allies.

The Kritzinger theory has, in the space of a few weeks, become a subject of heated and sometimes violent controversy on both sides of the colour line. The rumours are that after the presentation of his paper, Kritzinger was invited to dinner with the prime minister where he explained that his thesis was designed, first, to discredit the black revolt in the eyes of the world—certainly, of the white section of it—and, at the same time, to discredit the Afrikaner intellectuals who have organised themselves into the *Universiteitsburo vir Rasverhoudings* (UBRA, the Universities Bureau for Race Relations). De Haas is reported to have been excited with Kritzinger's idea, to have encouraged the police chief to develop it and assured him of all possible help. Since these rumours are associated with pressmen who have direct access to cabinet ministers, most Africans, like most whites, are inclined to say that there is no smoke without a fire. Reports also circulate that Kritzinger might be the next Commissioner of Police.

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While the atmosphere in the capital city is tense, no incidents have occurred. The police force has been reinforced with recruits undergoing training at the Roberts Heights police college and the curfew laws against blacks tightened. Word has gone round quietly to alert the various reserve sections of the South African army. Because Pretoria is the administrative seat of the government, people in the capital are used to the tension. It is in Union Buildings that the plans are conceived and policies formulated for widening and deepening the gulfs dividing the Africans and the whites. All the storms which rage in the land eventually converge on Pretoria where they keep the tension alive every moment of the city's life.

*The outsider is not readily aware of the tension; every African in the city, like every white person, knows that the calm is the peace which the bullet produces.*

James Hawthorne is an accountant in the large firm of auditors founded and headed by his father, Felix. Like most wealthy Pretorians, the Hawthorne family lives in Waterkloof. The firm of Felix Hawthorne, Myburg and Myburg handles the books of cabinet ministers and the senior civil servants. Felix Hawthorne is a descendant of the British Settlers who landed in South Africa in 1820. His father fought in the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902 and, after the Peace of Vereeniging, bought a farm outside Pretoria on which Felix was born. Although the Hawthornes are English-speaking, they speak Afrikaans with the fluency of Free Staters. Now in his mid-sixties, Felix has come to terms with political realities in South Africa and takes the position that the British will never again recover the political power they have lost; that wisdom lies in active collaboration with the new Afrikaner masters of South Africa, as long as they allow the English to collect their shekels.

This bowing to the wind does not mean that Hawthorne accepts a future in which his people will be absorbed by the Afrikaner in the way the French Huguenots and the German settlers were swallowed up by the Dutch in the Cape. He sees to it that his children attend the most English of English schools in the land. James went to Michaelhouse, the crustiest high school for English boys in Natal, and proceeded from there to the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg, which is crustier even than Michaelhouse.

Felix believes that the conflict between the Afrikaner and the English has shifted from power to survival; the Afrikaner is united sufficiently now to guarantee the permanence of his power in South Africa, if the Africans allow him to do this, and is strong enough to confront the English with the threat of absorption. At this level, Felix sees no room for compromise. He does not open his mouth too wide on this subject; as a matter of fact, he is so discreet the two Myburgs who are his partners and who are extreme right-wing Afrikaner nationalists get on fairly well with him.

But son James has youth on his side and is determined to see

Afrikaner power crushed before he goes to his grave. Unlike his father, he thinks the English can regain political dominance if they form an alliance with the Africans against the Afrikaners. Nobody in the capital hates the UBRA intellectuals more bitterly than James; de Haas himself does not hate them half as much. James has studied Zulu and Northern Sotho in order, as he puts it, to establish direct contact between the mind of the English and the mind of the Africans.

Father and son do not agree on the African-English alliance; Felix believes in the inherent inferiority and untrustworthiness of the black man and is certain that one of these days a political cataclysm is going to descend on Free Africa and send the black governments scurrying to Britain and France to ask them to protect them against the Africans they freed and whom they misrule.

The differences between Felix and James have not been allowed to come to crisis-point. Felix admires his brilliant son who, he hopes, will, when he is wiser, give the English the leadership that will save them from absorption by the Afrikaner. James needs the protection his father's name gives him; it has for years enabled him to preserve a perfectly respectable exterior while involved in complicated underground activity against the government.

On this particular morning he is driving up Church Street to the main railway station. The sun has just risen and in another twenty minutes the 7:40 non-stop train from Johannesburg will be in, bringing his wife from the Witwatersrand. For a while his mind is on the Kruger Memorial which has been removed from the front of the railway station to the centre of the city. Kruger is not one of his heroes; as a matter of fact, he has quite an assortment of nasty epithets by which he describes him when white company is not around. He is not unique in this; the Africans, the Afrikaners and the English each have a colourful repertoire of ugly names by which they call each other when feelings catch fire. The thought flashes in his mind and he remembers the African arrested urinating on Kruger's statue. Brought before a magistrate, his simple plea was:

Your worship, I have never been to school; I do not know the ways of the white man. I saw a lump of metal shaped like a man on a pile of stones and thought nobody would be offended if I hid behind the stones.

Then, there was that nasty story reported by *Die Aanslag* of the African who defaecated at the base of the Kruger statue and outran the police who chased him. No Englishman or Jew can afford to mention incidents like these in the presence of Afrikaners, but they are repeated with an infinity of variations and embellishments in English bars or at social gatherings when the English are with their friends. James cannot help laughing and shaking his head and saying to himself:

These Africans!

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The main hall of the central railway station is crowded with Africans, Asians, coloureds and whites as James walks into the great hall of the terminal at the end of Church Street. Press reports indicate that the city council is discussing plans to make it illegal for the Africans to enter the station through the main entrance and to walk across the great hall to their platforms. The Africans resent the insult, but, as has happened so often in their history, their feelings bleed inward; as they say it themselves, the mills of their hearts grind good grain and rotten grain. James is a little too early and saunters leisurely among the crowds now thinning out of the great hall. The loudspeaker blares out the announcement that the 7:40 train from Johannesburg will be late by twenty minutes. James clenches his fist in his coat pocket and swears quietly to himself:

These Boer bastards! They can't even run their trains on time!

To cool his anger, he paces across the main hall, in which less than a hundred people, mainly white, linger. Maggie Kuboni comes almost trotting through the gate into the platform reserved for people of colour and walks briskly across the centre of the hall to the main exit. James knows her very well and has a high regard for her. In the tension which prevails in the city he feels compelled to protest against Afrikaner domination by identifying himself publicly with the African—even if it is a woman. Many English-speaking people have become shy of recognising their African friends in public and James is determined to stand out and be counted, even in the great hall of the central station itself. Besides, Maggie is by no means an ordinary woman. In the old days, when black and white fought together in the underground, it was a privilege to work with Maggie; there was no danger before which she trembled and no job so ugly she would not do. Her explanation of her attitude was that she had been exiled from a white farm into the city.

I was the first child in a family of five, she used to tell James. Three sisters came after me and the last-born in the family was a boy. My father, like his father and his grandfather, had been born on a white farm in Northern Natal. I, too, was born on a white farm. For six months in the year, father would work on the white farm in payment for the right to live on the farm with his family. He was allowed to own eight head of cattle—four oxen and four milk cows and was allotted two acres on which to raise food for his family. During the other half of the year, father would go to Johannesburg where he earned twelve rand per month with which he bought us groceries, clothed us and sent us to doctors when we became critically ill, which was not unusual. His greatest ambition was that his children should escape from the serfdom which kept him the white man's prisoner. His Pass betrayed him in whatever he did. It indicated when he was due for work on the farm, no matter where he was. Any policeman and, for that matter, any white person, could demand his Pass and arrest him if his six months' "leave"

in the city was up. He would be brought before a court of law, fined and endorsed out of the city.

To escape arrest, father owned two Pass Books, one with his real name and the other with what we call a borrowed name. The legal document was used during the six months he would be legally away from the farm, when he would switch on to the illegal Pass. This endeared father neither to the farmers on whose lands we lived nor to the authorities in Johannesburg. As a result, we moved from farm to farm, doomed always to be expelled when father's delinquency was discovered. Much of our time was spent on the road. The law required that an African should be expelled in winter. We could not go to our relatives or to our friends after these expulsions, lest we endangered them.

It was while we had been expelled and when we were on the road one winter that we had a snowstorm. As a rule, snow does not fall heavily in Natal; not even in Northern Natal, except on top of the Drakensberg mountain range. But once, in fifty or seventy years, we have a snowstorm. My part of the country has nothing more dreadful than a snowstorm. We were marooned on the roadside without food and fuel for nearly two weeks. Occasionally, passers-by brought us a little food if they were black.

Most whites did not bother to stop to find out what had gone wrong with us. They knew what had happened and were delighted to see nature punish us for our impudence. It was during the storm that mother gave birth to my brother and was so cold and hungry after the event she fell sick and died on the roadside. Day after day father moved from farm to farm to get a piece of earth in which he could bury my mother and no farmer would allow us to bury her on his land. It was a serious crime to bury her on government land on either side of the road. One afternoon, father called me aside. Child, he said, we shall have to drag your mother out of the house during the night and let the dogs eat her . . .

I was stunned and cried so bitterly my younger sisters rushed from beneath the ox-wagon we used as our home. I remember father saying: Child, we have no choice. I cannot afford to be arrested and taken away from you. I remember I blurted out something like: We shall bury her; it does not matter if they arrest you; I shall look after the children and the cattle. We buried mother and the police arrested father . . . The rest is a long story. Luckily for us, we were too young to carry Passes. We sold everything father had on the roadside and walked the thirty miles to Ladysmith, the nearest town, where I got a job as a nanny. Our home was a hole we dug into a bank of the Klip River . . . until I had my first pay when I looked around for a spare room in the backyard of an Indian . . .

And, in that way, I graduated into womanhood . . . You see? I had no choice. I just had to go forward into exile in the white man's

city. Father was a spoiled kaffer, as the whites called him, and that brought me to where I am. I was only twelve years old then. I had always dreamt that one day I would be a medical and surgical nurse and, with that in mind, I walked into the white man's world.

James would ask her if she was not afraid and she would answer that she had been a woman so early in her life, she had lost the capacity to be afraid. One night both had been assigned to paint slogans against the government on the walls of the Groot Kerk in Pretoria. They belonged to the same underground cell and had just finished the job when Maggie spotted the violet flashlight of a police car at a light two blocs down the street. She told him to follow her, ran down a darkened lane, tearing through space like an arrow, jumped over a fence into a huge, private swimming pool. He hesitated for a while and then followed her. The police searched the area for about forty minutes and it occurred to none of them that the black woman and the white man were in the water.

Maggie was happiest when she struck at the white power-structure. James remembers the occasion she organised a reception for the Chief Bantu Affairs Commissioner for the Witwatersrand and served brown bread sandwiches! Kritzinger was called to police headquarters where the Commissioner of Police gave him a piece of his mind. Subsequently, the Minister for Bantu Affairs issued a circular to all Chief Bantu Commissioners to the effect that they should not attend receptions in their honour in the locations. All because of B.B.

Maggie organised a loyalty deputation to the permanent secretary of the Department of Bantu Affairs. There were two types of deputations in the locations and the rural reserves at the time: the loyalty deputations when African delegations called on government officials to ask them to convey their thanks to the Great Elephants (cabinet ministers) in Pretoria for what they had done for the blacks. Then, there were the obnoxious protest delegations which no government employee wanted to see. Maggie confronted the permanent secretary:

Sir, what we want to know from you after the ban is how best we might demonstrate our loyalty to the government or express our appreciation of what its officials do for us!

The secretary was touched by this simple expression of loyalty and went off guard for a while, confessing, in the heavily guttural Afrikaans of the rural Free State:

Well, woman, I don't know what to tell you. I am sure opportunities should be provided for you to show appreciation of the many good things the government does for your people.

Hawthorne runs across the centre of the hall to Maggie and when he catches up with her, touches her on the shoulder. The African stops suddenly, turns sharply around and recognises Hawthorne, whom she gives a wilting look. As quickly, she gives him her back and walks

away.

Pardon me please. I'm Jimmy Hawthorne; aren't you Miss Maggie Kuboni?

I know who you are! But listen, I don't want to speak to you! But . . . Maggie! Miss Kuboni, what's wrong?

She stops suddenly as he catches up with her and turns toward him again. Maggie is not screaming; she talks in low, though unmistakably angry tones.

I told you I did not want to speak to you, you dirty Boere gatwyser!

She spits in his face, slaps him sharply on the cheek, and walks away. In Pretoria, a demonstration like that is a challenge to the entire white world; every true Afrikaner son of his father would want the whole army brought to the station to surround this single woman who hits a white man in public. Some white males present cannot control themselves and they surround Maggie, who turns round and attacks:

And what are you standing around me for?

Why do you hit a white man?

How brave of you! To surround a woman in order to defend the man she hits! Why don't you ask him why I hit him? He knows.

With that Maggie turns away and leaves the whites looking at each other, some swearing at her and others swearing at her victim. A few Afrikaner women have gathered behind their men and some of them make their feelings known:

She iss quite right! Quite right! These men forget themselves sometimes. Any animal in a skirt they think iss a woman!

The attack emboldens some of the Afrikaner women to come brutally to the point—at least as closely as Afrikaners can in dealings across the colour line in these matters. The women scream at the circle of men:

Leafe her alown! Leafe her alown!

That disorganises the circle of men and as it melts away, some of the women gloat:

That serfes him right!

There usually is a black policeman in the hall of the main station whose job is to handle the Africans in such a way that there are no scenes involving black and white. The railway station was built in the old days of the Boer republic in the Transvaal, when Pretoria was a sleepy rural village which was dominated by the Indian departmental store owned by the Coovadia family. The main hall then was large enough for the capital's needs. But Pretoria has grown since. In the old days there was no location around Pretoria; very few Africans used the railway station. Now, every morning, thousands of Africans enter the city by train to work in its offices, stores and factories. Thousands of whites from the suburbs do the same and, in the South African setting, the crowding of black and white creates all sorts of ugly situations. In a

collision between black and white, the Africans promptly gang up with the black man and attack the white man together. These are not isolated clashes; if a black man and a white man fight anywhere in the city and there are no police about, the Africans join forces, hit the white man and then go to the man they are supporting. They put to him a question which indicates how they have judged the case:

Wakithi (person of the house to which I belong), that animal you have just beaten, why did he attack you?

The black man tells the story and, as people say in the locations, gives his "witnesses" the line. When the police arrive, the African and his witnesses are ready. This sort of behaviour is not confined to Pretoria. In every large South African city, with the possible exception of the Orange Free State, the Africans give each other the "line."

It is also in situations like these that the passes become useful for the whites. When the "line" forms, the police go on the offensive and demand the production of the passes. The "witnesses" then either have to keep away from fights across the colour line or be jailed for irregularities in their passes. At this level, the pass ceases to function as an instrument for the control of African labour; it becomes a weapon of white defence in situations of physical conflict across the colour line. The policeman's role in this setting changes; he ceases to be the arm of the law and becomes a soldier in the front line of the white man's defences against the African. This just adds to the tension between the blacks and the police for the Africans naturally regard the police as an army of occupation.

In the old days, every police station in the country had black and white constables. White officers were in charge of the police stations inside the locations. But the locations were African territory and the people who lived in them wanted no army of occupation around. They used the *intshumentshu* effectively as an argument which convinced Pretoria that the white officers had to be withdrawn from the locations and blacks appointed in their places. A new relationship has arisen between the location communities and the black police in their midst. The police are grateful that the *intshumentshu* argument has pushed out the whites and forced the government to appoint them to positions of real authority. At the same time they have a very healthy respect for the *intshumentshu*. That makes them as superficially perfect an arm of the law as the police can be in any part of the world.

As a rule, most people in the locations are pleased with this new attitude on the police side. The police are not only the white man's first line of defence, they are the influence which guarantees that the African-Afrikaner-English balance continues to function. In the old days, when it was rewarding for the black police to side with the power-structure, the black constables distinguished themselves in

beating up African strikers, rioters and other agitators who attacked the white power-structure. Things have since changed; the *intshumentshu* has transferred much of effective power from the white police to the black in the locations. To the Africans, the change means that in future confrontations with the white power-structure the prospects of other Sharpevilles will be reduced. This is a shift of power which gratifies the locations.

The black policeman who keeps order among his people in the main hall was conspicuous by his absence during the altercation between Maggie and James Hawthorne. In the old days he would have rushed to manhandle the black woman and arrest her for disorderly conduct. He has no authority to arrest a white person; he quietly vanished from the hall. When everything is over he makes a conspicuous appearance, tightening his trousers belt ostentatiously after the tactical visit to the lavatory. He marches across the hall, carefully avoiding the eyes of the angry whites, to the African platforms.

Maggie is sitting on a bench, with her eyes on the floor. The policeman strides up to her, assuming the stance of a Zulu gallant. They understand these things in the locations. They know, for example, that a Zulu woman is queen when it comes to matters of the heart. To be a queen is to have power and her whole education stresses the fact that there is no influence on earth which can take this power from her; that it is her right to demand that this power should be recognised. For example, the Zulu girl feels insulted if no head is turned or nothing is said by any group of Zulu men she might be passing. Every Zulu who has been taught *umteto* must recognise the presence of her majesty. Among orthodox Zulus it is barbarous for a man to let a woman sit alone in public, particularly if she is not married. Any man worth his salt is expected to keep her company; to recognise her majesty's presence. When the policeman adopts the stance of a gallant, he pays homage to the queen of her heart.

Hail, *mntanethu* (woman it would be an honour for me to marry)!

Every Zulu woman has had scores of men say this to her, unless, of course, she knew of very good reasons why they should not address her in this fashion. In the old days, the girl who had been taught *umteto* would acknowledge the greeting politely because she did not know the man she would marry. But, in the conditions created by contact with the white man, men no longer observe the requirements of *umteto* in their dealings with women; like the whites whom they emulate, most men want to crash into the personality of the queen; they have adopted the white man's barbarous ways. The woman has had to adapt to this fact of life. Maggie acts as though she did not hear the policeman's greeting.

*Mntanethu*, I am talking to you!  
What are you saying?

The policeman looks around to see if his superiors are seeing him and then braces himself, assuming an authoritarian stance.

That dog you slapped in the hall . . . you struck a blow for all of us.

What do you want from me?

Just to say you did what many of us would like to do, but do not have the courage to do it.

You want me to tell you things, so that you can tell your Boer masters, so that they might promote you?

My apologies if that is how you see me. I am a black man like you, though in uniform; there are many like me who would honour you for what you did. More power to your hand.

The policeman walks up the African platform. Maggie is still sitting on the bench. Her working day has been spoilt. When the white men surrounded her, she saw the floods of Blood River. She knew that she would be arrested for one of many crimes manufactured to ensure that South Africa remains safe for the whites. Maggie is not the type of person who would give the whites or their police something to crow about. To get into the train and leave the station would have been a retreat. The word does not exist in her vocabulary; as people who have worked with her say, Maggie goes through life only in one direction . . . to Blood River. There, she tells them, she will find her mother waiting for her. She sits on the bench to give the whites and their police the chance to arrest her. The African policeman is now coming down the African platform.

Whose daughter are you, to do the inconceivable?

My father's!

Indeed, your father's daughter! I wish I could shake hands with him. He produced a fine soldier for the Battle of Blood River!

That softens Maggie, who has kept her eyes on the floor all along as an indication that she does not want anybody to speak to her. Now she turns her face to the policeman, without looking him in the eyes. Only cheap girls look men in the eyes; men look in the eyes only those they despise. Friends do not look each other in the eyes. The only people to look straight in the eyes are the gatwysers and when the African is really angry, all white men are gatwysers, the animals through whose ears the sun shines.

Yes. I am going to Blood River. You see, my parents did not have a son for a long time. I was the oldest child. I herded the cattle and drove them to the dipping tank. I can handle my own sticks in a fight like any man; I fought every boy in our neighbourhood and not one hit my head and not one sent my sticks flying out of my hands!

Your deeds speak for you. What had the transparent-eared animal done?

Your walkie-talkie equipment ready?

I am a policeman; yes I am; but I am a soldier to Blood River.

That white man . . . He is one of those hypocrites I hate so much. He poses as a friend of the Africans and an enemy of the CNP. For a time, I was a fool; I believed that he was a friend and ally. Events have made me wiser. I resent bitterly the fact that I once believed and told my own people that the white liberals were our friends; that the white christians were decent people. I know now that they are not; that they are the friends and the allies of Willem Adriaan de Haas! Our enemies . . .

That is strong language. Some whites are decent; take the nuns at Boreneng . . .

As individuals, some whites are decent. But remember, I mentioned groups. You remember the *dumdumu* [a celebration in which drums are beaten] when de Haas sat, conferred, ate and drank with Cardinal de Marandellas? Why do you think de Haas the Calvinist and de Marandellas the Roman Catholic put their heads together?

Well, they are white.

You said some white persons are decent . . .

Ha! Ha! Did I say *mntanethu* when I greeted you?

I told you that I herded cattle.

Your deeds speak for you; they tell the story. Alright then, some whites are decent as persons and some white groups are rotten.

You are now talking sense, as my father would say.

Where is he?

With his ancestors now.

Why did he die, before I had shaken hands with him?

You'll meet him at Blood River.

May it be as you say . . . But our enemies . . . Did you say the white liberals, Christians and the like are on the side of de Haas? I mean . . . do you seriously believe this?

In my days of darkness, when I saw the truth dimly, as through smoked glass, I believed that they were on our side; that they seriously upheld the ideals they preached and which I tried to translate into meaningful action in my life. At the *dumdumu*, they came out in their true colours; they advocated white supremacy; de Haas did, so did the Roman Catholic; the one uses race to perpetuate white supremacy, the other uses values to achieve the same end. See what I mean? Differences arise only in their strategies. It pains my heart and hurts me grievously to know that I trusted the liberals, the christians, the radicals and similar white groups for so long and collaborated in my own humiliation . . .

It was not until the *dumdumu* that I saw the truth in the clearest light possible. But, as my father used to say, wisdom does not come to the person in one instalment; one grows into it . . . I grew into it and the process is very painful. That white man I slapped on the face is a Roman Catholic, a christian! You should have seen how thrilled he was during the conference! How he loaded scores of Africans

in his car . . . to and from the *dumdumu* . . . when the kaffers were needed to give mass to the power of the white man . . . . He still is a christian, a Roman Catholic. The thought of hypocrites like him makes me vomit!

The policeman is continually looking around to make certain that his superiors do not see him. A white constable comes up the African platform. The African policeman collects all the frowns he can place together on his face and pointing a menacing finger at Maggie and speaking in Afrikaans, shouts:

Answer my question! What are you doing here? You were sitting here when I went up the platform; you were sitting here when I returned . . . and (looking at his wrist watch) how many minutes have I spent here asking you one question?

Maggie pouts her mouth in the way a hostile Zulu woman does and turns her face away from him. The white policeman walks past them, up the African platform. When the white man is out of earshot the black constable lowers his voice and speaks to Maggie in Zulu again.

I understand now, sister; you were provoked.

You must go now. There'll be trouble when that animal with transparent ears comes down. But before you go, do you know why I now hate these white hypocrites? They preach love and justice . . . they define love and justice and demand that we accept these definitions . . . . They judge us according to white values; they are the enemies of our values. Their hatred of our truths is the common link which binds them all, de Haas, the CNP, the Roman Catholics, the white christians, liberals and radicals and every white group which seeks our destruction or works for our permanent subjugation.

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As a rule, the English-speaking whites, like the Jews, are too far removed from the African, in terms of history, to feel the subtle beats of his political heart. Wherever it serves their economic interests, they use the African as the battering ram by which to smash Afrikaner political power. They do not hesitate to use the Afrikaner in a similar capacity to smash African reserves of power. Situations often arise when the power dispositions on the African and the Afrikaner sides reach an equilibrium which threatens to make the English irrelevant for the purpose of determining South Africa's future.

Whenever this balance emerges, the English shout themselves hoarse in demands for a Bill Of Rights or some such document to preserve their rights and protect their interests when the African restores to himself his land and freedom. The younger Africans in the locations oppose all talk of Bills Of Rights. The whites, they say, stole the African's land, stole its wealth, stole the African's freedom and stole his soul. It is absurd to the point of being insane for any African

in his senses to lend support to anything like a Bill Of Rights. Such documents, the young argue; merely legalise the retention by the whites of the things the whites stole from the African. If people want any Bill Of Rights, let them accept the Buntu evaluation of the person, the young say.

James Hawthorne thinks the young Africans have a case when they reject race as a determinant of policy and confront the whites with a different system of values. The African alternative, he is steadily coming to believe, is an acid test for the white Christian, liberal and radical. If they mean what they preach, they must stand out to be counted, to lay the foundations for a meaningful dialogue between black and white on an alternative ideal of nationhood. He agrees with the young Africans that the great conflicts of the twenty-first century will centre, no longer around blackness or whiteness, but on the clash between the *Buntu* evaluation of the person and the one developed mainly by the Greeks, the Romans and the Jews. He wants to keep his channels of communication with the location open, as evidence of the readiness to be counted. He drives to Dillo Mareka's house.

Dillo, I am in trouble, he blurts out.

What's gone wrong? The police . . . .

No . . . .

What's your trouble, then?

Gatwyser! I've never heard the word before! It sounds terrible!

You were born in Pretoria and you do not know what gatwyser means?

I know that *gat* means arse; that *wys* means show. I have some idea of what the combination might mean—but, well, I want to understand what it means.

Somebody hurled it at you? Said you are *umhadaveyisi!*

Er . . . yes.

The African laughs loudly, not realising that he hurts James.

Man, somebody did plaster you with shit! Gatwyser means somebody who goes around the world showing his anus to the sun and doing this as an act of fulfilment. Remember, we Africans were originally a rural people. After conquest the white man took our land and forced us to work on his farms. The Afrikaner on the farm thought he owned us and punished us as he liked. He would kick a person with enough force to send him spinning into the air . . . that is, until the African saw his backside. Surely, you've heard the Afrikaners say: Ek sal jy jou gat wys (I will show you your arse) when angry? Our ancestors thought the farmers liked talking about or seeing the arse and so the Boers became the gatwysers!

But, how do I become a gatwyser?

An African called you that?

Yes. Maggie Kuboni.

Maggie? Well, you're in trouble, boy.

She slapped me on the face and spat on me in the great hall of the main railway station this morning.

Up to now the African has been taking Hawthorne's excitement as a joke. Now he knows that something serious has happened.

Maggie did that to you?

Why?

It's the times, Jim; they're changing. Are you still a Roman Catholic?

Yes.

You remember the Boreneng conference of the Roman Catholic hierarchy?

But what does that have to do with me? Everybody knows I'm against bartering the conscience of the church for political bread-crumbs.

Don't you see what's happening. The whites are ganging-up against us; they're taking up positions . . . for war . . . against us. *The bible and the gun are ganging-up, as they have done all along, to keep the nigger in his place.* The nigger doesn't like it . . . .

I can understand that. But how do I become a gatwyser?

By not knowing what you should know. There was a time when I thought you white people were smart people. I have since changed that view . . . .

The African pauses for a while, as though in deep thought. His remarks hit Hawthorne like a blow between the eyes; he has known Dillo from the days before the Sharpeville shootings. Both of them were students at Cape Town university. Dillo worked in the underground then, as he does now, organising the strike after the shootings. James had been with other young whites who drove trucks with food, secondhand clothes and medical supplies into Langa location when the Africans struck in protest against the shootings.

There had never been a period in his life when every moment was crammed with so much meaning; for the few weeks when the strike lasted, he had temporarily ceased to exist; he had lived. The locations were the place where the action was. It was a glorious thing then to be a white radical or communist or socialist or liberal; one became a fighter by definition. There was nothing like seeing an African in tattered clothes on the streets, raising his open right hand in the Pan-Africanist salute to greet a white man.

For a moment, many young whites in Cape Town caught a glimpse of the coming revolution; they saw history being made and saw themselves creating destiny. Many distinguished themselves in the great collision between what they regarded as Boer tyranny and the freedom movement. Wherever James had gone, he had been hailed as a hero, a liberator. He remembers the experience because he was very much in demand in liberal parlours in the white suburbs of Cape Town. There was no end to the demand for the stories he told about the Africans.

Suddenly, the black people had become human; they had become subjects of serious conversation in white lounges in every South African city. African students ceased to avoid white students.

Dillo Mareka had left the university to become a teacher in Pretoria. Years before, Chief Luthuli had spoken in Pretoria to a mixed audience. White hoodlums had rushed into the hall, beat him up and sent everybody scurrying for shelter. The spectacle of strong white men, beating up African, Indian and white women in the meeting converted Dillo; he became an ardent liberal. He himself had introduced Maggie to a number of whites, including James Hawthorne.

Oh, yes, things had changed since then. Black and white had fallen apart. Christianity, liberalism, socialism, communism and all the isms invented by the white man were not able to hold the races together. On the day of this story, Dillo Mareka is no longer a liberal; he no longer teaches; there no longer is a political party which accepts black and white members. Above all, Dillo is no longer anxious to meet any white man. If he can help it he never does. He and Sefadi work in the underground, burning factories and helping prisoners escape. When he laughs with one nearby, there is scorn in his voice and contempt in his eye. Hawthorne looks around the tiny sitting-room—all rooms in location houses are the same size, same shape, with doors and windows in the same position. The furniture he knew in the old days has not changed; the cheap gadgets salvaged from secondhand dealers in Pretoria are still there. In the chilly atmosphere of the sitting-room, he feels as though a whole ocean stands between him and Dillo; the familiar objects are like ruins reminding him of a past that seems not likely to return again.

I don't think we are all that smart, Dillo; we should have known better. But what happens to people like me? If my family could, they would reject me. The whites reject me and the Africans reject me; where do I belong?

To Waterkloof; you belong to Felix Hawthorne, Myburg and Myburg.

Come off it, Dillo! You know I don't belong there.

It's a fate you can't escape even if you wanted to. It so happens, you belong there by choice . . . .

How can you say that, Dillo?

You breakfasted on bread, bacon and eggs this morning . . . and I, on mahewu. You know the fermented porridge we drink. That is the difference between you and me now.

I don't understand.

When the time comes to defend your sources of bread and bacon you will be at Waterkloof; that's what I'm telling you. I'll be here, possibly in jail.

We were together in the underground. We had the same enemy then; he is the same enemy to-day.

I thought so then; I know better now; we do not belong together. The whites are ganging-up to destroy African independence across the border . . . and you remain a Roman Catholic. You're committed to the white man's system of values when we are rejecting them. You're committed to the white man's culture because you think it superior. De Haas is committed to the supremacy of the white skin. Supremacy is the common factor; that is where the lines are drawn.

But, Dillo, I can't help being white!

Can I help being black?

Well, what do we do about it?

Don't ask me; that's no longer my problem.

Do you mind if I say it's mine?

You're over twenty-one, aren't you?

James feels like dashing through the door; everything he has stood for is in a shambles. He cannot go back to his family and admit that he was wrong to attack the establishment or that he was slapped in the face by an African woman; he does not even want to mention the fact that she spat on his face. He can imagine his father nodding his head, saying:

She would do a thing like that, son. I told you; they're all like that; ungrateful, treacherous and unpredictable. But . . . I told you they'd do that to you. Imagine, a white man spat upon by a nigger!

But James has worked sufficiently with the Africans to know that if he leaves in the way his instincts dictate, Dillo would never talk to him again. Dillo knows too many things; a quarrel with him could be dangerous. Dillo might be arrested any moment; under police pressure he could break down and tell stories which could hurt Hawthorne. A walk-out would, above all, be a defeat, a flight from the black world. As the Americans would say, he decides to tough it out. The scorn in the African's voice and the contempt in his brown eyes leave James hanging emotionally somewhere in space, feeling no real bonds with the white world and rejected by the African.

But things can't go on like this forever, Dillo.

We know our weaknesses . . . and our points of strength. All this sounds depressing, doesn't it?

I guess it does.

That is the Native Problem; from this moment in history watch us tackle the White Problem. That's what Maggie was telling you. Your people and mine are now caught in a war of civilisations.

*There was a time when we thought we could come to terms with your civilisation. The white man kicked us in the teeth and proved to us that we do not need it.*

Now, we know we do not need it. We don't need his Christ. Our ancestors did without his civilisation and survived; we too are now determined to survive without the infamy.

Are you being realistic?

I told you, you don't understand. Realistic? What do I care if you think I am not? Please yourself and what you do does not matter any longer. We have taken the white man out of our minds—never again to have him there. Though he can pass all sorts of laws to humiliate us and force our women to carry the pass, all that does not matter any more. We've set our eyes on a star of our choosing and before he stops us, he'll have to kill all of us . . . .

Dillo, there are things some white people can do to stop the extermination . . . .

It's too late. Their police won't allow them to do that. And, in any case, I'm no longer interested in what the white people do; I am concerned about what the black people do. You go to the university and sit as you do next to Paul Kritzinger in the anthropology class. Anthropology sees us from white perspectives; all our enemies do that. All our enemies tell us they love us; they shoot us and take our land; they love us even when we do not want to be loved. *They left their continent to come and love us and we were so loved they wrote Sharpeville into history. Did any African go to Europe or America to ask any white people to love him? Damn it, man! Let them stick their love in their arses!*

Hawthorne rises to his feet. He can leave now, without shutting the last door to future contact with the Africans in the location. Dillo, too, rises to his feet.

Well, Dillo, you and I can't say we were glad to see each other. But, I'm glad I came. I want to tell myself that I shall again be allowed to see you . . . .

See me you will . . . at Armageddon.

The white man forces a wry smile and shrugs his shoulders slightly.

I'm not going there.

Let me tell you one thing, before you go. If you were caught in a riot and my people were killing whites and they wanted to kill you, I would defend you . . . against my better judgment.

For a moment, the two men look each other in the eyes without winking. For a moment, two worlds clash in emotional space.

Yes, I would . . . against my better judgment . . . because I know that unlike most whites, you want to face the challenge of being human!

\* \* \*

To give to his life a meaning chosen by himself; to shock the whites into awareness of the disasters they are creating for themselves and to commit a supreme act of identification with the Africans and in doing this send a signal to them that not all whites are sub-human, James Hawthorne makes a bomb which, after two months of planning,

meditation and considering alternatives, he places beneath a bus-stop bench, reserved for white people, near the Kruger monument.

Jennifer Huggins, a white woman in her sixties, sits on the bench beneath the monument, before moving into the main railway station to catch the next train to Johannesburg. Jennifer is tired in body and mind. She spent the day in Pretoria to try and get the Department of Native Affairs to grant permission for a white pediatrician to serve at the Zenzele Orphanage which she founded for African infants for whom nobody could care in the locations. The orphanage now has about a thousand little black people. Zenzele is in an area marked out for the Africans and no white person might enter it without the permission of the Native Affairs Department. Government policy frowns on white people working in an African location. The belief is that as a rule, such white people are either liberals or radicals or communists who plant subversive ideas into the minds of the Africans. As a rule again, the Department treats them as the scum of the earth and places every conceivable difficulty in their way.

Jennifer Huggins occupies a place of her own in the "scum" community. She is the only child and heiress of the late Sir Alastair Huggins, the famed South African multi-millionaire, who made his millions in the days of the gold rush. He left most of his wealth to his daughter. A militant philanthropist, she sunk most of her inheritance in the construction of the Zenzele Orphanage in memory of her father. The hundreds of little black human beings for whom and among whom she lives call her *Mama*. Jennifer is too busy looking after her large family to bother about a public image. She does not even have a car of her own and, like the Africans with whom she has identified herself, travels by bus and train. Pretoria views her work with particular suspicion; she is regarded as bringing up the little Africans in an atmosphere of communism. The law says it is a crime for black and white to have normal human relations; black children should not say *Mama* to a white woman; that reduces the African's respect for the white person and only communists want this respect destroyed. Evidence of the destruction is not lacking. The security police in Johannesburg and Pretoria have bulging files on her. All of them attach importance to the fact that wherever she goes in the locations, the black people receive her as one of them! They call her the Mother of the Children. That is communism, pure and simple.

Jennifer is still on the bench watching a group of white children march past. The bomb explodes, killing her and wounding some of the children.

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## VIII. Stolen People, Stolen Souls

*Mhlathi owazanayo, hlangana!*

*(Keep together, O jaws which belong together!)*

The Kritzinger theory on ritual murder as an instrument of political protest has received considerable attention in the Afrikaans community. The popular press uses it to explain every delinquency in the African group; scholarly journals hail it as the discovery of the century. The clamour for more research by the Afrikaners on the subject is raised from every side, including the powerful Dutch Reformed Church. The church is particularly keen to get scientific explanations for its support of the government's policies. It is under attack almost from every christian organisation in the world for its policy of punishing people because they are the children of their parents. Nowhere is the church's support of race exclusiveness attacked with greater aggressiveness than in Holland.

Generations of Dutch scholars have been taking the view that the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa is in error when it calls itself christian and when it quotes the bible as its authority in the justification of race discrimination. Some of the most distinguished Dutch scholars devote much of their time to proving that there are no scriptural foundations for the attitude of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa. The Afrikaners are particularly sore about the attitude of the Hollanders; some of their roots are in Holland and, in their position of isolation in the world, they need friends and expect Holland not to be at the head of campaigns against their policies.

For her part, Holland does not stop at dynamiting the scriptural foundations of the Afrikaner philosophy; she goes on record as one of the countries which raise funds to finance the black revolt against Afrikaner domination. One of her queens has made a secret donation to provide medical and related facilities for the victims of CNP policies. These wounds cut deep into the soul of the Afrikaner. The Dutch theologians are blamed to a very large extent for forcing the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa into a position of isolation from the rest of christendom in the world. The Afrikaners insist that this is not a new development in Hollander attitudes; they blame history for it. Holland did little to reinforce the Afrikaners in their

struggle against the British toward the end of last century. In the moment of defeat for the Afrikaners, their leader, Paul Kruger, could find no place in Holland in which he could hide his head; he could find no friends in Holland to champion the cause of his sorely tried people.

Oh, yes, he roamed the European continent, a defeated, embittered, broken man, to die in the obscurity of a tiny Swiss village.

At every turning-point in the history of the Afrikaner, Holland has almost been invariably on the opposite side. In the first world war, many Afrikaners took sides with the Kaiser and wished him success; some even organised rebellion and one was executed as a result—not by the British, but by a South African government headed by Jan Smuts, himself an Afrikaner. Holland was neutral in the first world war and showed no sympathy with the Afrikaner rebels. In the clash with the Nazis, Holland and the Afrikaners were once more on opposite sides. This strained the relations between The Hague and Pretoria in such a way that after the hostilities Holland refused to accept an Afrikaner ambassador who had identified himself with the Nazi cause during the war. The campaigns organised from Holland against the South African Dutch Reformed Church's interpretation of the scriptures combines with the Dutch queen's support of the opponents of the CNP to rub salt and acid into festering wounds.

Partly as a result, the government views with thinly disguised hostility the employment of Dutch nuns as teachers, doctors and nurses at Boreneng mission, outside of Atteridgeville. This creates complicated difficulties for Archbishop Postlethwait. He first wanted British nuns and priests, but dared not argue his case too enthusiastically in this direction. When government policy favoured the substitution of British investments with the American, Postlethwait pressed for the appointment of American nuns.

The idea horrified everybody in the headquarters of the Department of Bantu Affairs; not one official was prepared even to discuss it. No Afrikaner would allow undisciplined American women to teach in a location school or to work in a location hospital. They have no pride of race or colour; they feel no sense of shame when they shake hands with black people and seem to take pride in their pictures being taken with black people or photographed holding kaffer piccanins in their hands. (Little Africans are not children; they are piccanins.) Every one of them, Postlethwait was told, is a communist-liberal agent. But the indomitable archbishop had a trump card. When government officials advised him to have African nuns and priests at Boreneng, he replied that Boreneng had been established to keep an eye on communist and other anti-christian activity in Atteridgeville. Did anybody in the government seriously believe that it would serve this vital purpose for both the Catholics and the CNP once it was controlled by the black people? His solution was the importation of Dutch nuns

and priests. Pretoria did not like the idea very much, but the Hollanders were decidedly better evils than the British or the Americans.

\* \* \*

Zandile leaves Atteridgeville every weekday about 5:30 in the morning and reaches Waterkloof about an hour later, when she prepares breakfast which Piet du Toit van der Merwe insists on having exactly at 7:30. At first, the van der Merwes said she should come in also on Saturdays. But the quality of the service she has given them persuaded them that she had a case when she pleaded with them that they should allow her not to work on Saturdays, in order to have a little more time with her family. After breakfast she cleans the house, trots with the basket behind Marietjie to do the day's shopping and returns to prepare lunch. More often than not, Marietjie helps with the cleaning, but in recent weeks has been showing signs of increasing indolence; her temper, which is usually placid, has tended to spark at the slightest provocation. A new development in her changing mood is that she wants to sit down where Zandile is working and converse with her.

Ag, Zandile, I feel so miserable!

What is wrong with you, nooi?

If you mess around with a man, this is what he does with you, she says, pointing to her bulging belly.

That is the way of all decent women.

You say so . . . Tell me, Zandile, I've been wanting to ask you this question for some time now. Are you a Roman Catholic?

Why, nooi?

Well, Catholic people are such horrible bigots. I often wonder why the government allowed them to establish Boreneng mission so close to Atteridgeville. I don't think they're there to do anybody other than themselves, any good.

I am not a Catholic and am not a christian, either. But my children go to Boreneng day school; it's the best school for my people in the Pretoria district.

I don't understand you, Zandile. You're not a Catholic, you're not a christian and you send your children to a christian school?

I couldn't establish the type of school I wanted, even when I had the money. Government policy requires that no black child should be taught by anybody, anywhere, except by teachers in licensed schools. It is a crime for anybody to teach an African child without a licence; this is what the law says.

Are you telling me that you can't teach your own child?

Not that; but of what use is that right when I leave home before sunrise and return to my children long after sunset? For five days in the week, I do not see them at all.

If a friend of yours were to gather the children of her friends during the day and keep them away from the streets by teaching them

in her house, what would happen?

She would be arrested, charged, fined and possibly endorsed out of the location, if she did not have a government licence to impart knowledge to the children.

This is nonsense, Zandile. Does the prime minister know about it?

I don't know if he does; what I know is that this is the law.

You didn't tell me why you're not a christian.

Nooi, why do you want us to talk about these things? They're not pleasant.

Believe me, I would not if I could help it. But I want to know how you live, how you feel about things. You see, I am afraid, Zandile; all of us are afraid; most white people do not trust black people; we do not know what is going on in your mind; we're doing everything we can for your people, but all we seem to be getting for our pains is a kick in the teeth. Your people, we are told, are not grateful. But you are so different! Why are you not a christian?

Christianity makes me a smaller person than I want to be; it gives me a smaller mind, a smaller heart and leads me to a smaller world in a smaller future.

Aren't you afraid of what will happen to you when you die? When you face your God?

Afraid? No, of course not. I am a limb of God; he can't do without me any more than I can without him.

You mean . . . you mean that you practise witchcraft?

I never understand what white people mean by witchcraft.

I mean, things like bewitching people, digging dead bodies from their graves, ritual murder, worshipping ancestors and things like that.

Our wise men down the centuries taught that life is a response to a necessity that is immanent in our nature. I do a certain thing because it is necessary for me to do it and not because it is good or evil. If it was necessary for me to bewitch people, I would do it; if it was necessary for me to dig up dead bodies, I would do it. For the same reason, I would commit ritual murder and I do the things you call ancestor worship. And I do not think we are unique in doing these things. If you go to our cemetery, you would see something there that would possibly break your heart. Most of the graves there are of babies and infants. In my community, we say that an infant has no business to die; we took that from our ancestors. The white man came and said infants must die. That is witchcraft. He was burning his own women on the stake in Europe in the days your ancestors came to this land. That is witchcraft. For, what is witchcraft? It is the evil thought translated into action to hurt the weak. The thought is the important thing; how men translate it into action depends on their culture, their history and their environment.

You should have been a schoolteacher, Zandile, and not a housemaid.

It so happens, I am a teacher; I have a Master's degree in Education.

And what are you doing in the location, then?

I love somebody and am a mother; that's why I'm there; it makes me feel my personality grow.

You mean . . . you mean that your personality is enlarged in the location?

That is precisely what is happening just now . . . . Nooi, I thought I would ask you to let me go home earlier to-day. I'd like to do a little shopping and rush to Atteridgeville. We have company from home.

Is it your papa or your mama?

No, nooi; it is a witchdoctor.

What? A witchdoctor . . . in the house of a university graduate?

Yeah!

\* \* \*

The South African location is a self-contained little world, sealed against contact with every outside influence which does not serve the ends of the white rulers. As a rule, it is surrounded by a high steel fence; entrance into it is through one main gate which is generally patrolled by police twenty-four hours of every day of every year. The law requires that any stranger entering the location should have a permit to be inside it; before the permit is issued, the outsider must state in the clearest manner possible why he enters the location, who it is he wants to see, whether or not he knows such person and if he knows him, to indicate the length of time he has known him.

As a rule, black visitors are allowed to stay inside a location for seventy-two hours. Whites, Coloureds and Indians may not sleep in the location.

The male children of a family have to get a government licence to stay with their parents when they reach the age of eighteen and start paying the poll tax. Beyond that age, it is a crime for a child to live in the house of his parents, if he is a male. He is presumed to be productive as an economic unit when he reaches eighteen and is expected to enter the labour market, instead of staying in his father's house.

The law discourages visits by whites or Coloureds or Indians to private homes. Non-Africans, for example, may not attend a party in a location home; they may not attend dances at night in location halls. The law of entry into locations is strictest against black diplomats. Although they are Africans, they are accorded the status of whitemen, second degree, and, as such, may not enter a location by themselves.

The people who move fairly freely in and out of each location are the leaders of the various separatist sects because these are, as a rule, not connected with any missionary group or any obnoxious foreigners or any other whites. As a rule again, they have strong views on the race question and do not take too kindly to contact with whites or Coloureds or Asians.

Next on the list of the privileged are the medicine-men. The class is made up of people committed to different professions.

At the top of the list are the seers or soothsayers or diviners. These are generally sensitive women with exceptional leadership qualities who are trained to be constantly in contact with the spirits of the dead. Their main function is to diagnose illnesses by studying the state of the vibrations each person emits. After years of study, some of them proceed to master the ancient art of healing, but many of them are quacks and charlatans. The practice of medicine is dominated by the herbalists, who have become a wealthy class in the locations.

In a class by themselves are the bonethrowers, who are mostly males and are generally regarded as the worst charlatans of the medical profession.

Then, there are the physicians, surgeons and nurses trained in the white man's schools who man the hospitals, clinics and health centres. Most African doctors prefer private practice which protects them against the daily humiliations for being black.

The location is unique in one other aspect: every person inside it is the legal equal of his neighbour. The wealthy trader or rich doctor has no rights which his neighbour, the gravedigger, does not have. The African who seeks distinction will not get it from the white side; he looks to his own people for all rewards. The levelling power of the location has created a vigorous democracy in which there is no class and in which wealth is sometimes a distinct handicap in that it isolates the rich man from the main stream of life in the location. The isolation has a multiplicity of dangers. As a result marriages across economic or social lines are by no means exceptional. This bevelling of social angularities, however, has frightening political implications. In the democracy of the location, the equality has developed a feeling of security in the person which militates against the exclusive group consciousness which tribalism was designed to stimulate. Although the various language groups are segregated in each location, the equality develops a feeling of security which extends the area of solidarity at the group level. No longer threatened by the other language sections, each group sees fulfilment for itself and guarantees of survival in identification with the other groups. The diversity of languages and customs has been transformed into a source of strength.

*Each language, each culture, is accepted as one more eye by which the Africans might discover their way through the mazes of creation.*

Stress is laid on the excellence of Basotho diplomacy and no longer on the fact that they once ate horses; on Xhosa perspicacity and no longer on what was once known as Xhosa untrustworthiness. If there is a tough job to be done, the staying-power of the Zulus has come to be accepted as a pillar of strength for the black people. People pay less attention to what was once believed to be the stupidity of the Zulu.

With group solidarity cemented by the rigid segregation, each community has become a compact, self-organising unit. There is no longer any need for political organisations in the location. The subtle and not so subtle checks and balances which preserved stability and promoted viability in traditional societies have come into play once more, creating a rhythm in the lives of the communities which is beyond control of the white authority. It is no longer necessary for mass meetings to be held when the police get to know the dangerous men. The locations argue that all that is needed is to *speak in the winds*. This means that a message passed to a Zulu is broadcast to every Zulu; that the Basotho and other groups behave as the Zulus do. In this setting stress has come to be laid increasingly on *ubuntu*, the essence of being human, which is the common foundation for all African cultures in the locations.

While the children in the Basotho, Xhosa and Zulu schools speak different languages and are taught different histories, each grows up regarding *umteto wesintu* in its own language, history and culture as its alternative to the white man's law; *umteto wesintu* evokes identical responses from all the language groups. To relate things to *umteto wesintu* is what has come to be known as "speaking in the winds."

The practice has two advantages: it transmits messages to the educated and the illiterate Africans in symbols both understand; at the same time these symbols cannot be readily identified or understood or legislated against in terms of white perspectives. Maggie and the women organise a *brown-bread* sandwich party for the chief of the chiefs of the Bantu, the Chief Bantu Affairs Commissioner for the Witwatersrand; the women insist that this is an act of loyalty to the government; that they use brown bread simply because it is the cheapest on the market and that as poor people, they cannot afford white bread. Maggie and the women of the location do not want the Chief Native Commissioner for the Witwatersrand to enter their location. They suffocate him with profusions of loyalty and force Pretoria to say, in effect, that senior white officers should not enter the locations. How, in terms of English or Roman or Dutch law, is an African professing loyalty to be arrested for being loyal? Perceptive Afrikaners are aware of the trap they have laid for themselves; some of them dread its implications. Piet van der Merwe and his wife are some of the people who fear the things going on in the location.

The emphasis on *umteto wesintu* has created a revolution in

black political life. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the British came to South Africa, they had gradually developed techniques by which they used the chiefs as instruments by which to control the Africans. The Afrikaners had taken over the techniques and used the chiefs as tools by which to gain African acceptance for white policies. The chief was almost invariably appointed by the government or, in the case of members of royal families, approved by Pretoria. The chiefs relied on tradition to uphold their authority. As a result, they were constantly in conflict with the educated Africans or the urban workers. These clashes corroded their authority in the black community and forced them to identify themselves with the government to preserve their positions of influence.

This suited Pretoria; the chiefs were given more power over their people so that they should collaborate more effectively in making South Africa safe for the white people. This created cleavages in the African community which militated against an effective African united front. Pretoria committed itself to the maintenance of African traditions, languages and cultures—as interpreted for the Africans by the Afrikaners. The commitment split the Africans on the one hand and, on the other, destroyed English influences among the black people. The educated had gone to English schools and had cultivated English attitudes to South African history at given levels.

Things have been moving splendidly for the CNP in the rural areas where the chiefs have been steadily clamouring for power and having it rationed out to them in proportion as it kept them tractable. Agitators in the locations are “endorsed” out of cities and thrown into the reserves where they become a headache for the chiefs who, in turn, are given more and more powers to deal with the *vermin from the locations*. But the ferment in the locations, resulting from re-evaluations of *umteto wesintu* has filtered through to the rural reserves. More and more people have spoken in the winds as more and more chiefs listened. These upheld *umteto wesintu*; they upheld its values, preached them from church pulpits and taught them in the schools. At first, the government was thrilled; the black man was at last accepting the policy of developing along his own lines as the Afrikaners had always said he should.

By slow degrees, the rural chiefs find themselves no longer treated with contempt by the educated; they receive invitations from the urban locations where they are received by thousands not only of their own people but by men and women from all the main African language groups. To reinforce their position and counter the spirit of revolt emerging in the locations, the chiefs are even told that if they want independence, they can have it. Care is taken, of course, to see to it that the land on which black states are established is so small it will be impossible for the blacks to maintain themselves as viable communities. They will be forced, as Malawi, Botswana, Lesotho and

Swaziland are, to export their cheap labour to South Africa where they will have to accept all sorts of humiliations to scrape a living. It is at this point that the government's difficulties have started.

It has become increasingly clear to the chiefs that the type of independence they are being offered will be real on paper only; that the idea is to saddle them with the government of starving populations which will have a vested interest in their liquidation. More and more chiefs have been attracted by the prospect of using *umteto wesintu* as the bridge over the language chasms which divided the black communities. To make things easier for them, the government established a college for the sons of chiefs in the expectation that a class of born rulers would emerge which would always deal with the white man on his terms.

In the strains and stresses created by CNP policy a consensus on *umteto wesintu* has emerged to bring together the black intellectuals and the educated chiefs. The bases of the new understanding are the *ubuntu* evaluation of the person, the build-up of power to guarantee the restoration to the African of his land, the creation of the conditions which will force the whites to negotiate and confronting the whites with an alternative ideal of nationhood.

The traditional African view of the person is the crucial factor in the regrouping of urban and rural forces; clarity on it enables the urban workers and the rural peasants, the educated and the illiterate as well as the rich and the poor to respond in identical ways to similar provocations.

With ideological unity established, the segregated institutions for the government of the blacks can be manipulated in such a way as to create a dual authority structure of black-white power: that is, to have a legal black administration opposing the white government. The advantage in that setting would be with the African, who has the numbers and carries the white economy on his shoulders. He would withdraw his labour and paralyse the white man's economy; it is difficult to see how Botswana, Lesotho, Malawi and Swaziland could supply cheap labour where the black South Africans had thrown black and white into a situation of confrontation.

Both the rural areas and the urban locations feel that the moment when their hearts will beat at the same rate is not far. And, as the urban locations turn their backs on the white man's world and as they take him out of their minds, they hunger more for clarity on the values which give meaning to their understanding of reality. It is in response to this yearning that Puma and Zandile have invited Mazani Lukele to visit them in Pretoria.

About twenty men and women crowd in Puma's sitting-room. They sit on sofas and chairs and empty wooden boxes, forming a circle on either side of the diviner. She sits on a leopard skin she brought with her from Natal. She spent the whole day meditating in her room and