

her face glows with vibrancy.

Hail, Children of the House to which I belong!

The ancient salutation electrifies the air and transports people's minds to a past which they never thought they would see again. It gives them feelings of union with one another in the small room and of being simultaneously in the past, the future and the present. When they have recovered from the experience they return the greeting:

We feel as you do, O Daughter of Wisdom!

We are being reborn into a new future; I came here to see the rebirth. People had told me about it. Now I see it with my own eyes. I had been told that a new spirit is at large among our people; that we who had borrowed the meanings we gave to life had ceased to be borrowers. I understand that some of you are university men, medical practitioners, lawyers, leaders of our people. What a beautiful people you all are!

*I never thought the moment would come in my life when all of us, the schooled and the unschooled, would, as people say in my part of the country, grind together like the jaws which belong to one skull.*

Now, we are doing it; the moment is beautiful.

Mazane chooses every word she utters. She has never had the chance to speak to a group of educated Africans. In the old days, when the English dominated the economy and politics, they established schools where the African was forced to see reality from English perspectives. Fulfilment for him, he was taught, lay in being a good, black carbon copy of the white man. The black people were divided into two categories: the "civilised" and the pagan. The "civilised" African read, wrote and spoke English; he worshipped the white man's gods and prayed for blessings from the ancestors of the white race.

Ah, yes, it was beneath his dignity to speak to or associate with the pagans. While he never was accepted as the equal of the white people, he had some of their privileges. In Natal, for example, he could be issued with a certificate which exempted him from the laws which regulated the lives of most of his people. He did not carry a pass and could not be prosecuted under curfew laws.

A black middle class emerged which bought land and built houses in the white man's cities. These people could, if they wanted, marry white women. In the Cape province, black men even had the vote; they elected members of parliament and the provincial council.

Walter Rubusana had been a member of the Cape provincial council. The anglicisation of the African had produced handsome political dividends for the English. The "civilised" Africans had consistently voted for English representatives in the legislatures and did all in their power to weaken the Afrikaner. The balance in black-white relations then was based on the division of the Africans into hostile groups, a cultural-political alliance between the English and the

"civilised" Africans, the isolation of the Afrikaner and English dominance of the government and the economy. A fierce nationalism had developed in the Afrikaans community which set out to smash the African-English alliance and establish the political dominance of the Afrikaner.

It used the white skin as the bond of unity on the white side and bribed the English with economic privileges into siding with the Afrikaner. While it punished the African savagely for being the child of his particular parents, it corroded the English influences in his education and his churches and passed laws to ensure that he developed along "his own lines." Since then, a new balance in the relations between the races has emerged; where, before, merit fixed the position of the individual in South African life, race and colour determine it now. Afrikaner political power has been allied to English finance-power against the African.

But now a fierce black nationalism is developing which seeks to smash this balance. Educated black men are turning their backs on the values which the white man's culture translates into action; they are digging into their past, to discover that larger truth which their ancestors had for thousands of years used to give meaning to reality. If this is breaking down the barriers which separated the "civilised" Africans from the pagan, it has awakened a consciousness of belonging together which makes it possible for the educated to want to hear Mazane Lukele explain the principles of the *Buntu* philosophy.

Rebirth does not mean that we are a new people; it only means that a set of scales has fallen from our eyes; that we see the truth in clearer light.

*For, we have been around these mountains and valleys from the dawn of antiquity; we were around when stones cried if pinched and shall be around when the stones have crumbled into dust.*

We shall be around because the person is a living ideal in the process of becoming; he is real and lives on forever as he has always been in existence. Because he is the individualisation of the power from which all things derive their being, life's purpose for him is to project himself into the future. He does not need any God, any Christ or any ancestor to do this. He moves eternally into the future. His ancestors have been around here, before him; they understand his problems and live in the future; they guide him. But he and he alone determines his life. The eternal person has in himself all the power he can ever need to be what he wants to be. There is an infinity of paths into the future and each person is one such path. Some see the way more clearly than others; some run while others walk or limp along; the great thing is that all are human. Some are black or brown or yellow or white; what does it matter? All are human! We, who have been around from the dawn of antiquity dare not forget this truth . . .

Some of the educated people shake their heads. They have

been punished so cruelly for being black and have been so drilled in white values they have begun to identify race with principle, like the whites.

I realise that it is difficult not to strike back when you are hurt. I am for striking back . . . but with weapons of my making. The larger truth is our weapon; we have not borrowed it from the white man; he can't take it away from us. It teaches that society exists to enable the eternal person to make the best possible use of his life. See what I mean? You and I are all-of-us. Let us, therefore, open ourselves to each other, explore each other and, ultimately, lose ourselves in each other.

When we have done that, we shall know that no man is good or evil; that each responds to the necessity which inheres in him as the eternal person. When we do this, we shall realise that virtue consists in aligning the responses; when we know how to do this we shall be ready for freedom; the walls with which we have surrounded ourselves will fall apart. The tree does not need the gun to crack the rock in which it buries its roots; it simply acts as though there was no rock. The tree does not go to other trees to heal the wounds on its bark; it exudes its own gum. Men might call us all sorts of names; they might say we stink; they might say we are primitive. Whatever they say merely reflects the levels at which they think.

The answer is to take them out of our minds; to act as if they did not exist and to walk boldly into the future. All you need to do this are your heads and your bare hands, for, in the final analysis, no person has what his neighbour does not have; every person achieves in the light of his choice. This is the challenge, the promise and the glory of being human.

So, the jaws worked. Those were the words!

\* \* \*

## IX. The Anniversary

*Faka induku emqubeni 'ze ilunge mhla idingeka.*

*(Keep your fighting stick in a manure heap for use when needed.)*

A year has gone by since the murder of Helvetius van Warmelo. In those twelve months violent storms have raged in the Afrikaans community, threatening to smash the unity which van Warmelo worked so hard to establish. In the fifty years after Union, the Afrikaner has been migrating from the countryside into the cities and cultivating the poises and habits of thinking of the city-dweller. Out in the open spaces, everything belonged to him as long as he had his gun.

Life had only one major challenge; to defend himself against the Africans or the British. His only weapon of defence was his gun. The next equipment he needed was a patriarch or *volksleier*; the man who would dispense the law, arbitrate in disputes, and lead in the moment of crisis. Piet Retief, whom the Zulus executed for espionage in 1838, was one such *volksleier*; Paul Kruger was another. In the chronicles of the Afrikaner, these men are accorded the reverence due to deities. When that African who urinated on the Kruger statue was brought to court, he had to be accompanied by an armed police escort. Some Afrikaner youths felt so insulted they wanted to cut off his penis.

Beyond the gun and the *volksleier*, the Afrikaner anchored his soul in the bible. He believed it was the source of all wisdom; the beginning and the end of all truth. He was not prepared to accept any fact outside of those defined by the bible. In some of his universities, the teaching of evolution was a heresy for which a professor lost his job. Everywhere, the Afrikaner built walls and laagers by which to protect the truth as revealed in the bible. Gold and diamonds and industry brought the cities into being and confronted the Afrikaner with the danger of extinction from every side. Like the African he did not know the ways of the city and was largely illiterate. Almost as poor as his black urban neighbour, he settled in the cheaper parts of the large

city where poverty made him the equal of his black neighbour. The humiliation of being the equal of the black man cut wounds which have not healed to this day. From the wounds, a hatred for all outsiders developed which fuelled his nationalism.

But the African was not his only problem. The city was dominated by the English and the Jew; these controlled the economy; they dictated cultural standards and political goals. The Afrikaner had to fit into patterns of thinking and living laid down by the economic and cultural aristocracy of the cities. His white skin was no advantage; as a matter of fact, it exposed him to forms of contempt which he could never forgive or forget. It projected him as the scum of the white world; the vermin which had to be wiped out or allowed to die out in order to preserve the purity of white, Anglo-Saxon culture.

If an Afrikaner made a mistake, he was taunted with the remark that not even a kaffer would do things as he did them; wherever he turned, he was made to understand that he was a disgrace to the white race. No English or Jewish girl dared to marry an Afrikaner if she had all her senses in their right places. From the wounds cut by the English and the Jew on the one side and the fear of being swamped by the African on the other, there developed a bitterness against outsiders which committed the Afrikaner permanently to isolation and exclusiveness.

He turned inward, to himself, for that strength which would enable him to transform South Africa into the land after his design. He set out to generate forces in himself before which nothing could stand; he was going to use every weapon, every means and everything on which he could lay his hands to get himself to the top and, once there, to keep himself there forever. Willem Adriaan de Haas represents this approach.

He comes face to face with problems for which he had never prepared himself when he gets to the top. For example, he discovers that real power lies, not in the heroic approach to reality but in aligning the resources controlled by the different groups which constitute society. If he controls the government, the English have the economic know-how while African labour is the backbone of the economy. In the old days, when the white race dictated the destinies of nations, he could use colour and the gun to keep the black man *in his place*. He could use the mineral resources of the country to buy his way to acceptance by the white powers.

But things have since changed, as van Warmelo so often warned. Black men and brown men and yellow men have risen to positions of power and influence in the world; it has become a risky business to kick a kaffer until he sees his rectum or to call an Asian a coolie. In the good old days a white man could shoot any number of recalcitrant kaffers and nobody in the world would say a word about it.

To-day, it is enough for a policeman to slap a black man to get

the whole world screaming as though God had been murdered in his heaven. This is not the world to which the Afrikaner wants to belong; his problem is that he cannot withdraw from it for there is nowhere to go in the world to-day. Every piece of land on the face of the earth is owned by somebody. To survive, he has to fix a place for himself which is dictated ultimately by black, brown and yellow men.

Some Afrikaners are trying to come to grips with the implications of this fact. People like Lukas Meyer, the chairman of the CNP caucus and Cornelius Beetge van Schalkwyk, the Free State wheat magnate, believe that Afrikanerdom must strike a deal with the black, brown and yellow peoples of the world now, while they are still weak and when they can accept a compromise on the Afrikaner's terms. They argue that the first step in this direction is a dialogue with the rural and urban leaders of the black people in South Africa which will lead to a negotiated settlement of the colour problem. They insist that the fact that the Afrikaner controls the government gives him a freedom to influence events which the black people do not as yet have. To hesitate to act decisively at this stage, they warn, is a clear invitation to disaster. They tremble each time an African talks of the dual authority structure of power which the CNP has created in South Africa and are under no illusions about what would happen to South Africa if the Africans finally decided to withdraw their labour from white industry.

No phrase has a greater terror for them than the *irresistible momentum of floodwaters rushing to the sea*. Each time they see three Africans putting their heads together, or come across BB scrawled on a wall, they see the momentum developing irresistibility. One of these days, these men agree, the black men will set South Africa on fire and the conflagration will be such that no power on earth will extinguish it.

The views of men like van Schalkwyk and Meyer are shared by a number of Afrikaner academicians in the universities. These have formed themselves into UBRA and once every year, during the summer vacation, they travel in groups all over the country having consultations with black leaders in the bid to agree on a basis for a negotiated settlement of the colour problem. The funds for enabling the professors to move around are provided largely by Afrikaner businessmen who think de Haas and his supporters are leading the country to disaster. For his part, the prime minister regards all these people as chicken-livered traitors who must be crushed by fair means or foul. If they are not, he fears, they will poison the minds of young Afrikaners in the universities and encourage them to come to terms with the black peril. The compromise, he warns all with ears to hear, can be arrived at only over his dead body.

A political quarrel in the Afrikaans community is as spectacular as a war among elephants. Baobab tree trunks are ground to pulp when the denizens of the forest resort to force to drive their points home. De Haas mobilises every resource at his disposal to

discredit the professors, including the secret police. The university men are at an advantage at the intellectual level. Professor Japie Geldenhuis speaks for them all when he says:

The dice become loaded against the Afrikaner each day we delay a settlement. We are a small people; if it were not for the gold in this land and for the attractive investments opportunities we offer the industrial countries, not one Western country would care a damn about what happened to us. But these advantages are controlled ultimately by the black people; they provide the cheap labour which makes us prosperous.

*The day the Africans withdraw their labour, not one of our friends in the West will raise a finger to defend us.*

They won't have much of a choice. Nationalism has reared its head in the world. The Arabs recently turned the world upside down by withdrawing their oil from the markets of the world. If that did not do greater harm than the entire American stockpile of nuclear bombs, I do not know what it did. But the industrial nations have almost depleted their metal and many other mineral resources. Our civilisation cannot survive without most of these. Africa has some of the largest deposits of metals and minerals we shall have run out of in the next seventy years or so. Think what would happen if the Africans decided to use their metals and minerals as a political weapon against South Africa. Think what would happen if the Africans and the Arabs ganged up and used their metals, oil and other minerals as a political weapon against us. Show me one country in the world that would come to our help! If America and Russia have nuclear weapons, the Africans and the Arabs control something incomparably more dangerous for the white race here!

\* \* \*

In Pretoria, the celebrations of van Warmelo's death include a short memorial service in the Groot Kerk to be attended by the prime minister, his cabinet ministers, members of the diplomatic corps, heads of government departments and other dignitaries. The service in the Great Church is to be followed by the laying of a wreath on the grave of the late prime minister.

The Africans, too, celebrate the anniversary. Three uniformed African police, one of them driving, accompany two white men in a jeep with a Pretoria, government-garage number-plate. They park in front of the office of the chief warden of the Standerton jail. The two white men step out of the car and walk around, admiring the flower garden in front of the jail. Both of them speak Afrikaans with the accents of Free Staters. Their manner and bearing suggest that they are men accustomed to giving orders. The older man, in his early forties, walks to the main office, his hands shoved aggressively into the pockets of his trousers. Prison wardens are uniformed in South Africa and are organised along army lines; their officers carry military titles.

Warden, I am Brigadier De Villiers Swanepoel, chief of the assassinations division of the Security Police in Pretoria and this is Captain Jooste van der Horst who's in charge of the case involving that kaffer who shot the prime minister.

The warden, who had risen from his chair as though his spine ached has suddenly straightened and is all smartness in the presence of the mighty from Pretoria. The two men present their identification papers. The warden is so shaken he glances quickly at the documents and returns them ceremoniously to their owners.

Where's the superintendent?

He's in Johannesburg, meneer; on government business and won't be back for three days.

And the assistant superintendent?

He's in his office, meneer.

Tell him Brigadier Swanepoel and Captain van der Horst from Pretoria want to see him.

Ja, meneer.

Swanepoel lights his pipe and blows clouds of smoke which almost fill the tiny reception office. He walks noisily around the room to let everybody know that he is the cock that crows first in the morning at that moment. The assistant superintendent comes down the passage to meet the officers himself. He is a tall, wiry man with a voice which rumbles like distant thunder. He is a man of few words; so few, in fact, he gives the impression every word he utters costs him money.

Captain van der Kemp, did you say?

Ja, meneer.

Well, Captain, do you know Theodore Darikwa?

He's treated like an English lord around here.

Well, it's time he went to another manor; here are his transfer papers.

Van der Kemp goes through the papers slowly, to the end and then starts all over again, pointing every word with his finger as he reads it aloud.

Everything seems alright to me. And, in any case, I don't want the sight of the man around here. You'd think he was twins with Dingane.

Nobody laughs; everybody understands what the reference means.

Did you get anything new from him?

Not much, I'm afraid. You people in Pretoria don't understand the kaffer mind. That nigger knows we can give him the works only up to a certain point and not beyond. He knows we don't want to kill him. I suspect he knows you made us responsible for his safety.

You gave him the wire treatment, of course?

You could try it with that nigger; he just passes out, almost at will. It's native magic, you see. The district surgeon and all his

psychiatrists can't do a thing.

In the electric bath? How did he perform?

Same. If a man faints in electrified water, if you're not careful, he'll die and our orders, from the prime minister himself, are that under no conditions must he be allowed to die before he's told everything you people want to know from him.

Well, Captain, you can't do better than your best.

Van der Kemp goes to a pigeonhole and brings out a sheaf of papers, some of which he signs and hands over to Swanepoel. While the latter goes through them van der Kemp gives instructions through the intercom for the delivery of Darikwa.

He'll be here in another two or three minutes, Brigadier. At least I'm glad he's out of my hands. I've never seen a stubbornner kind of nigger . . . .

It'll soon be over, Captain.

You people in Pretoria have more power than we do. But I tell you, if I had had my way, I'd have beat hell out of his arse!

Wait until you hear what we do with him in Pretoria!

My best wishes!

Swanepoel rises to his feet and puffs heavily at his pipe as he moves toward the door, shouting out the names of the African police.

Jakob! Samuel! Jinja! Here!

The Africans jump out of the jeep, run to the main hall of the prison where they stand stiffly at attention. Swanepoel emerges from the passage, followed by van der Kemp and van der Horst. The Africans salute. Two white wardens bring Darikwa down the other end of the passage. He is still wearing the kitchen-boy's suit; he does not seem to have lost much weight; he is in shackles. Swanepoel turns red in the face when he sees the black man, rushes to him and slaps his face and kicks him on the thigh. Darikwa loses his balance and falls.

Get up! You dirty communist murderer! I hear you think you're too important to talk! Wait until we get to Pretoria, my boy! There, *ek sal jy jou gat wys!* Hear?

The African does not answer.

Take him into the jeep!

Brigadier, says van der Kemp, I understand your feelings. Quite frankly, I think that man is better dead than alive and I would like to kill him with my bare hands.

You did a good job, according to your results. I'll remember that when I get to Pretoria.

Thank you very much meneer! Thank you, Brigadier! A safe journey, Brigadier!

\* \* \*

It is about three in the afternoon when the ceremonies are over at the cemetery. At that time of the day, van Warmelo would have said he had done enough for the day. Not de Haas. He insists on being taken to his office in Union Buildings. He has no sooner sat down than Piet du Toit van der Merwe enters by the side door.

Meneer, the Commissioner of Prisons and the Commissioner of Police wish to see you on an important matter.

What is it? Do you know? Why both of them?

I cannot say, meneer.

Bring them in.

The two officers march in.

The Minister of Justice is out of town, Mr. Prime Minister, and because we have a report that deserves your attention, we decided to bring it over to you directly. The Commissioner of Prisons will communicate it to you . . . .

Mr. Prime Minister I have just received a report from Standerton jail that Theodore Darikwa escaped from prison at eleven o'clock this morning . . . .

What are you telling me?

Two white men, disguised as security police officers from Pretoria produced forged papers and took him away.

That damned fool, who let him go . . . . Where do you think they took him?

Mr. Prime Minister, says the Police Commissioner, I have given orders to every police border post to be on the look-out for the refugee.

For a while everything seems a cruel nightmare; de Haas buries his face in his hands. After a long pause, he raises his head.

Alright, gentlemen, you may go.

\* \* \*

## X. The Zulus Are Coming!

*Izinyembezi zamaqhawe zidiliza ilanga.*

*(The tears of heroes can bring the sun crashing to the ground.)*

Days of the Covenant have come and gone, each with its own events. This particular one falls on a Sunday. Chief Bulube rose before sunrise to give medicine to one of his favourite Jersey cows which had given birth to twins, both of them female. It had had difficulty in delivering them and the chief had spent half the night in the special cattle kraal with two of his friends, helping the cow. Although the sun has risen over the faraway Inanda hills, Bulube is still asleep.

The times have changed. In the years gone by Bulube would by now be in church for the first service of the day. But now, he sees no reason why he should worry about being the first to enter the church building, which his father built. Now and then he catches himself wondering if the money spent on it was not wasted. The values taught from the pulpit, he tells himself, have proved disastrous for the African people. The missionary came with the bible, preached love and told the Zulus that they should turn their eyes to the skies, to heaven, while the white man stole their land. For many years he believed that those whites who took their christianity seriously could be reasoned with and talked into agreement on the resolution of race conflict. Steadily, events have proved him wrong; he knows now that the christians in whom he had so much faith were white men first and christians afterwards. When some of his closest friends ask him why he is losing his faith in christianity, he says the load it places on his conscience is more than he can bear.

His friends know that one item in the load was the death of Dr. Mpini Magasela, the brilliant professor of physics at Ndulinde university college. Mpini means Man-in-the-War. The young man had been a child prodigy; by the time he was twenty-five he had obtained his Ph.D., degree in physics from a distinguished centre of learning in the United States. One night, the security police knocked on his door and arrested him. For months nobody knew where he was or what was happening to him. Then, one day, the police came to his father, Professor Dazinkani Magasela, who heads the department of

geno-politics at the university and told him that his son had committed suicide in Johannesburg. Their story was that Mpini had thrown himself from a sixth-storey window of a building at police headquarters in Johannesburg while being interrogated.

Hardly a year goes by without one or more such "suicides" in the largest police stations in the land. Bulube has not recovered from the young man's death, which he regards as a national disaster; equally painful to him is the personal bereavement. Bulube regarded Mpini as his own son. Bulube has been shaken by the silence of his white christian friends when it comes to the "suicide." With the exception of one or two maverick clergymen who have asked awkward questions in press interviews or have written letters to the prime minister, the white church acts as though nothing had happened.

The people who reacted sharply the moment news of Mpini's death was made public were the students in the black universities and colleges all over the country. Everywhere they came out in demonstrations while hundreds went on hunger strikes. The police opened fire on some of the demonstrations, killing dozens of demonstrators. Near Durban, for instance, three thousand young people were coming down Syringa Avenue toward the centre of the city when they were stopped by the police who had placed machine guns across the street. The police ordered the students to disperse and when the young Africans refused, the police opened fire. Bulube had been in Durban and had seen the shootings with his own eyes. Those who stood close to him say they saw tears flow down his cheeks; they say they heard him groan:

How long, O Lord? How long?

\* \* \*

Bulube's wife was up early, to keep an eye on the cow while her husband rested. She is making herself a cup of coffee in the kitchen when she hears human voices in the distance. She rushes to the window, pulls the curtain aside and sees thousands of Zulu men in national attire marching toward Bulube's kraal. She runs to her bedroom to wake up the chief.

Siluba! We are a dead people! An army is on the yard around the kraal!

The Zulu wife does not call her husband by his first name. If he is a chief custom does not allow her to call him even by his second name. If she addresses him, she has to use the name of one of his ancestors. Bulube jumps up and sits by the side of his bed.

What is it? What has happened?

An army! Coming up the road; I have never seen anything like this!

She rushes out of the room and starts calling in her children and the people around the chief's kraal. Bulube pulls aside the heavy curtains. He cannot see the figures clearly because of the dust. He presses his binoculars to his eyes. Yes, indeed, it is an army. His wife runs into the bedroom again and shouts:

The Zulus are coming, Siluba! What shall we do?

You and the children and everybody around here, come into the house. Sit still here, as though nothing has happened. I shall go to the people coming; I shall meet them outside the gate.

Shall I call the police?

No. You do as I tell you.

Bulube dresses quickly, covering his body in the traditional attire of a Zulu gentleman. He takes his ceremonial shield and his staff of office and walks out of the front door. His three sons, the youngest of whom is only ten, are waiting for him under the verandah with three of his hunting guns. The sight overwhelms him; those three little boys, the oldest of whom is fourteen, are ready even at that age to die by the side of their father. He stands still for a moment, holding back the tears of pride and then turns to the boys.

Do you know who those are?

No, Siluba, says the oldest boy.

Do you know what they want?

That disorganises the boys, who look at each other without answering their father.

You take those guns into the house and make yourselves useful to your mother.

The boys slink away while Bulube marches to the main gate. His personal bodyguard has already taken positions near the gate. The mass of men comes slowly, up the incline toward Bulube's house. These are difficult times for the African people everywhere in the country; Bulube cannot be certain about what is in the mind of the thousands coming up to his kraal. As the Zulus say, the moderate African leader always carries his life in his hands. The people often want him to create situations of confrontation and when he takes a strong line, the government mows them down with gunfire. If he buys the time to build up more power, the people say he is scared or that he has been bribed by the whites or that he is otherwise weak. The Zulus can tolerate a fool; they can throw themselves into the flames of hell itself if they think their leader is brave, but one thing they cannot stand is the leader who is afraid. The militants, led by underground leaders like Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo sometimes criticise his moderate leadership in tones which suggest that they think he is afraid.

The thousands are now about half a mile away from Bulube's kraal; they are singing; the tune is that of a famous resistance song:

Thina sizwe . . . . .  
 . . . . . Thina sizwe esinsundu  
 Sikhalela . . . . .  
 . . . . . Sikhalela Izwe lethu  
 Elathathwa . . . . .  
 . . . . . Elathathwa ngabamhlophe  
 Mabawuyeke . . . . .  
 . . . . . Mabawuyeke umhlaba wethu!  
 Malibuye . . . . .  
 . . . . . Malibuye ilizwe lethu!

(We, the nation all so black  
 Forever mourn the land we lost;  
 The land stolen from us by whites;  
 Let them clear off our soil!  
 Let our land be restored to us.)

The chorus leader chants the syllables of the breath-bar while the thousands respond massively. They are about a quarter of a mile from Bulube's gate now. He starts marching down the gently sloping road, toward them. His bodyguard follow him, with their battle axes.

Do not follow me, he orders them.

The captain of the men is the son of the man who was captain to Bulube's father. He cannot imagine his chief walking into the midst of the marching thousands who are armed with sticks and are singing a resistance song, while the guard stand watching at a safe distance.

Siluba! How can we not follow? What will the Zulus say if anything happens to you?

See that the children are safe!

Bulube continues marching to the thousands until he is about two hundred yards from them, when they stop suddenly and roar out the Zulu royal salute:

Bayete!  
 Bayete!  
 Uyizulu!

Show us the enemy!  
 Show us the enemy!  
 Thou, O essence of the heavens!

That throws Bulube into a rage; it is treason; he throws down his ceremonial shield and his staff in protest.

How dare you . . . he shouts. How dare you throw dust on the king of the Zulus? There is only one man in the whole world whom you can ask to show you the enemy and that is the king of the Zulus. I am not even a member of the royal family! Have you come to bring

about my ruin . . . .

Professor Magasela emerges from the thousands while Bulube is talking and jumps forward in the *giya* dance. In the days when the Zulus ruled their land, the heroes challenged each other in the *giya* dance. Magasela has donned the regalia of a commander of the Zulu army and, after the dance, pulls a broad-bladed *iklwa* (stabbing spear developed by Shaka) from a long pouch sewn inside his large oxhide shield. It is a crime for a black man to possess any type of weapon without the permission of the police. And even when the permission has been granted, no African might carry a spear in public. The law is so strict an African housewife has to have a government permit to buy a bread knife in a hardware store. The white authority wants to take no risks with the security of the whites. Long before the start of the guerrilla war in Rhodesia, the police warned the government that constant vigilance against home-made guns would be necessary. And a simple warning had rallied white dealers in kitchen hardware or cutlery behind the government. The guerrilla war in Angola, Mozambique and Rhodesia had confirmed the white man's worst fears. Magasela concealed his spear in the pouch on his shield.

The professor occupies a unique position in the Zulu community. At the university he teaches what he calls geno-politics, which is the study of the peculiar relationships which arise and produce conflict in situations of contact between black and white. His enemies call him a Zulu chauvinist because he preaches that situations arise in the history of nations when a powerful ideal of nationhood knocks at the walls of the womb of history demanding that it should be born. Such a situation arose among the clans which spoke Zulu during the thousand years before Senzangakhona, the father of Shaka the Great. The ideal was finally born in the eighteenth century, when the court poet to Senzangakhona defined the destiny of the Zulu people as rising "to heavens beyond the reach of spirit-forms." Nandi, the mother of Shaka, suckled the infant prodigy and nurtured him on the ideal; she brought him up on the teaching that he had an appointment with destiny; that he was the one man in Africa who was to create the type of empire and society which mankind had not seen before. And, when Shaka became a man, he created the society he had been born to establish.

At this point, the professor adopts a hostile attitude to Shaka. He says Shaka developed into an idealist and set out to establish a society in which mind-quality was the basic qualification for Zulu citizenship. Cannibals left their caves in the Drakensberg mountains and went down to Dukuza where they were rehabilitated and given positions of power in the Zulu army. Albinos through whose ears the sun shone sailed into Durban harbour. Shaka admired their brains, their skill and their guns and set out to establish diplomatic relations with their king in England. The English served him right; they cheated him,

lied to him, sabotaged his plan and finally jailed his emissaries in the castle at Capetown. Magasela does not refer to the white people as whites; he calls them the albinos. Does it surprise anybody that after defiling the destiny of the Zulus in the way he did, he was assassinated?

But, Magasela continues, Shaka was not the only traitor. Some was like Shaka. He rejected what Magasela calls Zuluism and dreamt of a larger nation or community of peoples which would include everybody—the Afrikaners and all sorts of good-for-nothings. The professor has no word ugly enough to describe the leaders of the African in the fifty years after 1912 who “humiliated” the Zulu people by trying to persuade the whites to accept the African ideal of nationhood. The attempt was bound to fail disastrously because black and white are like water and oil; they have nothing in common, except to meet each other on the banks of the Blood River.

After the Indian riots in Durban, the government appointed a commission of inquiry to determine the cause of the explosion. When asked for his views on the Indian question, his single answer was: Aren't there any more ships anywhere in the world to take the Asians to India? His solution for the white problem in South Africa is to blast them out of the country. He spent all the money he had on the education of his son, Mpini, to enable him, one day, to manufacture a portable nuclear bomb with which to bring the white power-structure crashing to the ground. He never said a word about his intention to anybody, not even to Bulube himself. The only person who knew about it was Mpini and that was only when he returned to South Africa with a Ph.D. in physics. When alone, the professor tells himself that he knows precisely why the police killed his son; they found an uncompleted nuclear explosive in the workshop he had built in his father's backyard. To Magasela, the death was not just a bereavement; it was the collapse of a vision—the end of a world. He believed, however, that he still had a trump card which would at least ensure that he reached the end in a spectacular blaze of defiance.

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Magasela has laid the spear on his shield, indicating by this his real mission. He has already pulled out of his pocket a scroll parchment which he also lays on the shield. Bulube is still uncertain about what the professor's intention is. When he laid down the shield, everybody realised that he was declaring his peaceful intentions. But when he produced the spear, which Zulu could think of peace? The scroll, well, that mystifies Bulube; the Zulus did not have scrolls. Besides, people know the professor as

UMgaseli wezinseshenseshe,  
Ubagasele ilanga liphuma,

Wabaxosha liqopha;  
Lize lashona esabagadulisa.

(The pursuer of people with straight hair;  
He attacked them when the sun rose;  
He was still chasing them by noon;  
He was after them when the sun set.)

These little poems or patronymic legends are prized by the Zulus; they are social recognitions of achievement. When Magasela is dead, his grandchildren will be proud of them; each of them will inherit the title Mgaseli (the attacker). He was awarded the patronymic legend for his contributions to the Zulu cause at the university, where he told students that each civilisation or culture or nation or people or clan is the translation into social action of a given ideal of fulfilment. Some ideals can be reconciled, others cannot be; when the latter collide, wars arise. He has devoted his life to the study of the ideal which the Zulu experience translates into action and has produced a galaxy of scholars from Ndulinde who are doing for the Sotho, Shangane, Swazi, Tonga, Tswana, Xhosa and other African experiences what he has done for the Zulus.

He teaches that there has to be clarity on the ideal each experience translates into history, culture and action; that the reconciliation of these ideals is the only real basis of unity in Africa and the only answer to the challenge of tribalism. One day, all the peoples of Africa will attain clarity on the ideals behind their cultures and their histories; when that day comes, the wise men of Africa will put their heads together, each proud of his people's ideal, history and culture and each knowing clearly what it has to contribute toward the enrichment of the African experience as a whole. When that day comes, Africa will lead mankind along safer routes to a better future.

Magasela attacks those Zulus who speak of a *race* problem. He denies that there is such a thing as colour conflict. Like its Zulu counterpart, the Afrikaner experience translates a given ideal of fulfilment into action. The people who accept this ideal believe in its validity; they believe that it gives a satisfying meaning to life; that it is a guarantee of their survival. The important thing in this regard is not whether they are right or wrong in their belief; what matters is whether or not their ideal can co-exist with those accepted for thousands of years in South Africa before the coming of the white man. If it cannot cope with the demands of co-existence, the white man either has to abandon it or clear out of Africa. If it can be reconciled with the African ideals, the white man has every right to remain in Africa. When the Africans enter the white world, they live there as the white man dictates. If the whites want to remain in Africa, they should live as the African dictates.

For years now, the professor has been attacking those people who, he said, wanted to be carbon copies of the white man; who agitated for race equality and for the integration of the African in the white man's society or way of life. The integration of a conquered majority in the society of the conquering minority means the rejection or the repudiation of the ideal of fulfilment which inspires the African experiences and the recognition of the white man's ideal as the thing to live for; it is an African declaration to the world that the meaning the Africans have given to reality and life down the ages is invalid. This, Magasela has always argued, is nothing if it is not the repudiation by the African of his own humanity.

At the level of race, equality has a valid meaning. Each race like every other, has its geniuses and imbeciles; each is ruled by statesmen at one time in its life and by crooks at another; each has all the vices and the virtues to which the race of Man is heir. Integration is a negation of equality. One race arrogates to itself positions of superiority; the weaker acknowledge the superiority by fighting to be recognised as the equals of those whom they acknowledge to be their superiors, on terms laid down by their conquerors. They end up upholding the pattern of life which has brought about their ruin; they become slaves by choice.

The Zulus, Magasela continues, reject the invader's pattern because it destroys life's meaning for the black race. The white man cannot help destroying life's meaning for those he comes into contact with; the rot is deep down in his evaluation of the person. Each African group has to save itself by reaching agreement on fundamentals; by defining the ideal its experience translates into action in the clearest terms possible and then in reconciling the definitions to produce a larger consensus. That is the only answer to what Magasela calls the fragmentation of the African's personality; to "tribalism," to white domination and to Free Africa's hunger and groping for a valid meaning of independence.

Bulube and Magasela are of one mind on the reconciliation of conflicting perspectives as an answer to race problems in mixed societies. They differ, however, on the strategy by which to move to the moment of reconciliation. Magasela argues that the Zulu ideal is the only one that the Zulus can claim to understand fully and that this enjoins on them the duty to develop it to the limit of its excellence. This cannot be done for the Zulus by other peoples and the Zulu himself cannot develop his ideal as long as he is not free or as long as his universities are dominated by self-serving invaders and foreigners. The Zulu must walk out of the society of the white man in order to be free to think clearly and to challenge the white man as an equal, from positions of strength. Only when he is free can he have the independence and the power to make his ideal a viable basis for determining policy.

Bulube says it is not enough to see the world narrowly from Zulu perspectives because the Zulus are not the only people who inhabit the earth. If the validity of each racial or ethnic experience is acknowledged, the next, obvious step must be the reconciliation of the ideals of fulfilment not only behind the various black ethnic experiences but also behind the African and white experiences. Bulube wants African wise men and the wise men of the Afrikaner, the English, the Jew, the Coloured and the Asian to put their heads together to study each other's ideals and to work out a formula for their reconciliation. His hope is that a larger ideal of fulfilment might emerge from the mutual consultation which could provide a solution to the race problem; a solution the African, the Afrikaner, the English, the Jew, the Coloured and the Asian could all accept because all would have put something into it. The larger ideal would satisfy, among other things, because it would stand the best chance of having the same meaning among all the peoples of Southern Africa.

But Bulube sees beyond the race problems of Southern Africa, to the quarrels which afflict the international community; to the conflict between the political power now controlled by the black, brown and yellow races and the domination of the world's economy by the white races; to the clash between the so-called underdeveloped nations and the industrial nations over the exploitation and use of resources and to the changing power dispositions in the world.

The Zulus cannot turn their backs on these developments as the Afrikaner once tried to do; they cannot live outside of the international community; they belong to the world and the globe's problems are their headaches. Each people's concept of nationhood must be viewed as a part of what can be developed into a larger concept of fulfilment for the human race. Each concept expresses the same basic urges which motivate thought and action among all members of the human race. Improved communications call for pan-African and world strategy which will move events toward convergence, while undue stress on the particular conduces toward polarisation. For this reason, Bulube warns, the Zulu has to be fastidious about the independence the whites offer him; he must always draw the distinction between the vassalage the whites offer as independence, and which Magasela in his anger and frustration is prepared to accept, and true freedom.

\* \* \*

The great debates on nationhood which go on in the African community are, as a rule, not reported in the white press. The Africans charge that white reporting on events in the black community is crisis-oriented; that it is at all times slanted to serve the goals of the

English and the Afrikaner in the balance based on African labour, Afrikaner political power and English dominance of the economy.

The Africans complain, bitterly, that the white reporters cover crisis situations, filter their perceptions of African realities through white assessments of the African and report developments out of their context. The English have been doing this from the day they first published a newspaper in South Africa; they have closed their mind to African realities ever since.

The Afrikaners behave exactly as the English do. This is what the Jews do to the African. The Afrikaner has developed the closed mind to unusual extremes. He sets out to tell the African what it is to be an African; he appoints Afrikaner principals and senior staff to African universities in the bid to interpret the African to himself. In Government propaganda which is distributed extensively in the West, the African is presented to the world from the point of view of the Afrikaner. Afrikaner scholars ghost-write books for illiterate Africans which are foisted on the outside world as African interpretations of the African experience by the Africans.

But the closed mind is not confined to the whites in Southern Africa only. One comes across it in every white country. The Russians are as bigoted against the Africans almost as the Afrikaners are. Just the other day a group of Soviet scholars put together what they passed as a history of Africa. They saw nothing wrong in referring to the peoples of Africa as "tribes." Some contributors wrote superciliously of what they termed African "backwardness." At this level, the communist view of Africa is almost as distorted as the capitalist is.

The first thing that strikes the African visitor to Washington is the fact that the American capital has virtually the largest concentration of African embassies in the world. To this is added the fact that at least one-tenth of the American population is of African descent. In spite of all this, the American press, television and radio treat Africa as though she is on the outer periphery of the international experience. Africa seriously gets to the communications media when a crisis erupts in one part of the continent or another. Through the long years when the Africans grapple with the great problems which afflict contemporary mankind or which affect the lives of millions of American citizens, Africa is usually forgotten even by some of America's ablest commentators; or, she continues to be seen from the Tarzan perspective. American corporations with interests in Africa buy TV time to show the wild animals that live in the African bushveld as though Africa were inhabited solely by savage beasts. And yet America depends so much on Africa's cocoa, chrome, oil and other materials, all grown, or mined, and shipped by the labour of *men!*

Magasela's march to Bulube's kraal receives no attention from the white press, whether racist or liberal, although five thousand African young men and women have marched more than thirty miles

from the Durban locations to Bulube's Mkambati kraal in the Valley Of A Thousand Hills. The only white people who are giving attention to the event are the police who continually fly helicopters and spotter planes to ensure that nothing gets out of control. While Magasela's differences with Bulube have been discussed widely in the Zulu community, the white press has acted as though nothing was taking place. All African newspapers have been taken over by the whites, who dish out to the black readers what they consider good for the people they have conquered. The controversy between Bulube and Magasela is regarded as political dynamite and therefore receives little attention in the white-controlled press. In these conditions, the Zulus have fallen back to the means of communication and political organisation used by their ancestors during the revolution which Shaka led. One of these is *umbimbi*, a Zulu way for "passing the word."

The African lives in his own world, in which he is free to take the white man out of his mind. The whites also live in their own world in which they try hard to keep the African out of their minds. The only real connection between the two is the white man's determination to exploit the African's resources. As a result, most whites live in a make-believe world, playing games with each other to assure themselves that they can keep the African forever on the outer periphery of South African affairs.

The press, as a rule, works hard to create this illusion. Just the other day, most English papers gave publicity to what occurred at a church meeting in Durban. Black churches are now almost the only really organised institutions in the black community and as such their leadership is becoming increasingly important. The two presidential candidates for a laymen's organisation which raises funds to establish black schools held conflicting political views; the one supported Bulube while the other was Magasela's follower. The young men who believe in Magasela invited the Bulube candidate to lunch where they drugged him with liquor, just before the elections. He did not turn up to give the election speech. Thirty minutes after the election session had started and while his rival was on the floor, the Bulube supporter crawled on all fours into the conference room. When he stood up, the front part of his trousers was facing backwards.

The white press had a lot to say on the incident, which had its own appeal as news, but ignored the important endorsement of the Magasela proposals by the conference.

\* \* \*

Bulube stands, waiting . . .

Magasela holds the scroll in his hand. An attendant hands him a portable loudspeaker and, after a short speech explaining that he has

come to enlist Bulube's support for the demands in what he is about to present, he reads:

### RESOLUTION ON INDEPENDENCE

#### WHEREAS

- i. White South Africa's racial policy is a programme for the systematic extermination of the black people, to make South Africa safe for the white people;
- ii. A law compelling the African woman to carry a Pass would be a standing insult to every person with African blood in the world;
- iii. The Christlike Nasionale Party, which governs South Africa to-day, has on several occasions informed the Africans that it is ready to grant them independence if they ask for it;
- iv. The Party has further announced its intentions to the world;
- v. The government's new intention changes the character of the race quarrel and calls for corresponding responses from the Africans;
- vi. The collapse of the Portuguese dictatorship has destroyed the foundations of the white united front the government in Pretoria established in Southern Africa and in doing this the collapse has created a political vacuum in this part of the continent;
- vii. The political vacuum in turn establishes a new balance in black and white power;
- viii. The balance eliminates the value to the whites of Angola, Rhodesia and Mozambique as buffer states between Free Africa and white South Africa and leaves the way open to an armed clash between the peoples of Africa and the whites in South Africa;
- ix. The availability of Zulu soldiers on the side of Free African armies will reinforce the African side and,

#### WHEREAS

- x. The centres of world power have shifted from the white nations of the world to the black, brown and yellow peoples whose shores are washed by the Indian Ocean;
- xi. The shift has created a new balance of power in international relations which calls for a positive response from the nations of Africa in general and the Zulus in particular;
- xii. The shift in the centres of power combines with the power build-up in the Indian Ocean to give strategic importance to the coasts of Zululand and the Transkei on the western approaches to the Indian Ocean;
- xiii. The changes listed above call for an altogether new approach to Southern Africa's problem of "colour,"

#### BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED

That the Zulu Territorial Authority be instructed, as it is hereby instructed, to open immediate and direct negotiations with the government of South Africa for the independence of Kwa Zulu.

The five thousand marchers roar out their approval in a long breath-bar thus:

*E-LE-E-E-THU!*  
(We agree!)

Magasela hands the scroll to Bulube which the chief takes with both hands. Bulube stretches his hand for the loudspeaker and addresses the thousands.

I take it, Professor Magasela and enemies of oppression who accompany you, you will allow me to respond to your instruction . . .

*E-LE-E-E-THU!*

As all of you know, I am for independence. But before we demand independence or decide on the next course of action, now that the white united front in our part of the world is collapsing, let us be sure that we mean the same thing by independence, for there are types and types of independence. We can have a type of independence given on terms which serve white interests; we can also have an independence whose terms are dictated by us. Independence on white terms would keep the ownership of the gold, diamond, coal and iron mines of our land in white hands; it would leave 87% of our land in the hands of the white people who make up only about 20 per cent of the population. A white oriented independence would exonerate the white invaders from the payment of reparations. In my view, an independence which crowded us into barren rural reserves, with a population density of 117 per square mile is no independence at all; it is vassalage . . . it is the legitimisation of larceny.

*E-LE-E-E-THU!*

If the government honestly wants to let us have our independence—for we are tired of being on the white man's back when we have never asked him to carry us—and if you seriously think Pretoria wants meaningful negotiations with us, I have an alternative. I suggest

that we reject the independence which will make us the vassals of the white man . . . .

*E-LE-E-E-THU!*

I suggest that we persevere in the struggle. The white man is thinking of independence to-day not because he loves us. He has never loved us; he loved our resources. He thinks of independence now because we have made race oppression ruinously expensive for him. Remember we fought him when we stood alone . . . we used our brains and these bare hands. We did not retreat when all we had were our bare hands. We have friends and allies now; we have isolated him . . . with these brains and bare hands. We and our brothers in Angola, Mozambique and Rhodesia, in Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland and Zambia have cracked his united front . . . with these brains and bare hands. Must we then retreat when victory is in sight and let him keep the things he stole from us?

*NO! NO! NO!*

If we want our own type of independence let us continue to operate the segregated institutions he has created for us to build our power and consolidate our unity. When we established the united front of our territorial authorities, he offered areas to the Transkei which he had said he would never yield. The Transkei now has more land because its leaders were powerful in our united front. If all of us stand together, we will recover all the land of the Xhosas. If we stand together all the black peoples will eventually regain all their lands. If we in Natal stand together with our brothers in the other provinces, even when this means rejecting the independence offered us, we shall restore to ourselves the boundaries of the Zulu state before the Great Trek!

*BLOOD RIVER! BLOOD RIVER! BLOOD RIVER!*

When the shouting dies down, the Zulus break out in the war song their ancestors sang at the battle of Blood River:

Wathinta thina,  
Wathint' iziqandi ematsheni!  
Uzaukufa!  
(Touch us not, O enemy!  
If you do, remember,  
You touch wasps on boulders.  
Death will be your fate!)

Magasela does not sing; tears are trickling down the wrinkles on his face. The battle of Blood River has always been a living experience in his life. He lived for avenging the defeat; Mpini was the stick he drove into the manure heap, as the Zulus say, for use against the enemy at the opportune time. When the security police murdered Mpini, they confronted Magasela with another Blood River; with another defeat. But when he sees the five thousand young people who have marched on foot all the way from Durban to support him, he sees himself rising from defeat and marching once more to Blood River, for there can never be an end to this march, before the land of Zulu is free. Bulube, who is a very much younger man, continues his speech. Turning his face toward Magasela, he says:

I am moved when I see the tears of a hero, for, from the days of my youth, I have always been told that the tears of heroes are a nation's most precious possession; that they can bring the sun crashing to the earth. Now, I know what the wise men meant when they said this. The challenge to us is to persevere; to use the segregated institutions and build up a dual authority situation. We must use these institutions to build up our organised power; to confront white power with our power; to place ourselves in the position when we can use our labour as a political weapon to paralyse the economy with a national strike and smash once and for all time white South Africa's reputation as a lucrative investment field . . . . When the white people's chamber pots are not emptied; when the garbage is not removed from their cities; when the fires in their factories are not stoked; when their crops rot on their fields, the white people will know then that we mean to be free. Please know that if epidemics break out, it is we who shall die first; if the economy is paralysed, it is our children who will starve and die; if the crops rot on the fields, it is we who shall suffer most. But speaking for myself, I would rather face all these tribulations to restore to you what was stolen from you . . . .

*E-LE-E-E-THU!*

When the white man's cities are filled with the smell of rotting garbage and the corpses of dead people; when his factories have gone up in flames, he will be obliged to want to talk to us; to negotiate with us on our terms. It is then that we shall teach him what it is to be human. But we must go beyond that. We must build a larger nation, a larger society, to ensure that no enemy shall ever again set foot on Africa to steal that which belongs to us. We must build a nation stretching from Angola, Zambia, Malawi in the north to the Cape of Good Hope in the South; from the Indian Ocean in the east, to the Atlantic Ocean in the west, that, my brothers and sisters, is what I call independence!

\* \* \*

## XI. Die Kafferpolitiek

*Kucabeka amahlathi empini yezindlovu.*

*(Forests are razed to the ground in a war of elephants.)*

South Africa is a land of grave fears and complicated hatreds. The Afrikaner is afraid of the African, who is the historical owner of the land and has the numbers on his side. The Afrikaner is honest with the African at this level; he does not apologise for the fact that his hostility to the man of colour, like his racial policy, has its roots in history and in the fear that if given the opportunity the African would push the Afrikaner into the sea.

The fear is so deeply ingrained the Afrikaner would sooner see himself spat upon by the international community; he would sooner have the ugliest name in the comity of nations; his students would sooner be neutrals in the great struggle between the demands of justice and white arrogance, than accept the African as an equal. People call the Afrikaner names, they analyse his obsessions with race in a world of proliferating black, brown and yellow nations and even compare his attitudes with Australia's changed policy toward the coloured peoples of the Pacific and the Asian mainland, and end up despairing of ever seeing him do the sensible thing in his relations with the black people.

But there is a harsh logic behind the Afrikaner's attitude; so harsh he dreads to think about it loudly enough to explain himself to the rest of the world. His history combines with events in Southern Africa to make the African the ultimate guarantor of the Afrikaner's survival in South Africa.

The Afrikaner might boast of the miracle he has performed by rising virtually from the ashes of defeat at the turn of the century to become the master of South Africa which is the richest and the most powerful country in all Africa. When, however, he contemplates his position from the perspectives of history and the future, he realises that, in the final analysis, he holds what he has ultimately by the grace of the African; that he is strong only to the extent that the African is weak.

The Afrikaner's fear is compounded by his unique position in the white world. He is a creature of the beauty and the ugliness of

South Africa; while he is a white man, his psyche has been affected profoundly by the African, to the extent that he has substantial African blood in his veins. He went to Africa as a white man; Africa swallowed him and transformed him into a marginal white man. He cannot escape his position; wherever he goes he realises that whether or not he likes it, he is the plastic clay in African hands. The atrocities he perpetrates against the African, his bitter hatred of the black man and his suicidal disregard for international opinion are the terrible rejections of a fate he feels he cannot escape.

If he were to leave South Africa, he has nowhere to go; his identity would be destroyed. This explains his preoccupations with considerations of survival. To keep his identity, he has to remain in Africa . . . a prisoner of the African. But living in the shadow of the African casts a menacing shadow over his entire future. So he sits in the shadow, his gun in his hand, looking to a future about which he can never be certain. As a Calvinist he accepts his fate dourly and tells himself that if he is predestined to lead a marginal existence in the white community while he is threatened by the Africans, he will do that at least heroically.

But the African, too, has his own fears. On the face of it he is afraid of the white man's gun. In the centuries of contact with the white man, nobody knows the number of Africans who perished at the tip of the white man's bayonet or at the point of his gun. Nobody will ever know, for the bloodshed continues in the quiet most of the time. Now and then it erupts into massacres as in 1920 when Mqijima's followers were mown to the ground on the commonage outside Queenstown or the bloody suppression of the revolt of the people the Afrikaner calls the Bondelswarts of South-west Africa or the Sharpeville shootings or the killing of South African, Botswana and Lesotho miners at Carletonville in September 1973. The African is afraid because he is not armed. The fear finds expression in the commitment to non-violence and the reluctance to use arson as a political weapon.

But the African's fear has made him a realist. It has made him refuse to fight on ground chosen by the white man and has forced him to evolve his own weapons by which to meet the white challenge. Above all, it has developed in him a capacity to survive defeat which is almost without parallel in our times; it has enabled him to shift the fight against white domination to the intellectual plane where he has transformed it into a fierce war of minds, and where he has at last seized the initiative to give leadership in thinking on South Africa's destiny. While the war of minds rages at this level, he keeps his options open; he tells himself and his children that the weakness is a passing phase which they must survive. One day, he believes, he or his children will have the guns to avenge the wrongs of Blood River and correct the injustices of history.

The African is not afraid that the white man will one day

succeed in wiping him off the face of South Africa. The numbers are on his side. But there is something he fears more than anything else: he is afraid of himself. He fears that under pressure from the white man's ideal of fulfilment or evaluation of the person, his personality might be fragmented and his identity shattered; beyond, he would see the end with both his eyes. White policy drives him to this end. It has split his people into the traditionalists who are mainly in the reserves, the men and women committed to the syncretism of African and white cultures who come from the mission stations and the urban locations, and the Africans on white farms who are the weakest and the most cruelly oppressed of the black people.

In addition, the Africans are divided into Christians and "heathens," the educated and the illiterate, the rural and the urban, the rich and the poor and the resisters and the conciliators. Each of these segments has its own little identity and redefines fulfilment in terms of its particular experience and has developed its own little personality. The African fears that the fragmentation produced by oppression might force him to lose his real self in the forest of identities created by the whites. He could survive both conquest and the seizure of his land by the white invaders; he could even adapt to the demands of defeat and enslavement—but what he dreads most is the fragmentation of his personality because he does not know what would happen to him if that disaster were to overtake him. Professor Magasela addresses himself to this fear, just as Bulube or Father Maimane does.

To the African, the danger is real and constant. People point to the case of a Coloured family reported in the English press to illustrate the dangers of fragmentation. Herbert and Ethel Knox had been married for seventeen years and had originally owned a house in a white suburb of Capetown. Herbert was a white man and an accountant in a large departmental store owned by Jews and which served the growing Afrikaner middle class. While Ethel had a fair complexion and readily passed for a swarthy beauty from Southern Europe, she was, in fact, a Coloured. She and Herbert had met in Port Elizabeth where she had lived as a Coloured. He knew and loved her as a Coloured and both were married in Port Elizabeth. Herbert was subsequently transferred on promotion to the Capetown head office of the departmental stores. He bought a house in a white suburb and settled down to rear his family. Ethel, a teacher, was appointed to the suburban school.

The family started to increase. The first three children readily passed for white and went to white schools. Then, tragedy crashed into the lives of the Knoxes. Ethel gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. Aggie was white while Christopher was black. Herbert quietly sold his property and bought a new house in a middle class Coloured area. Ethel asked for and got a transfer to a school nearest her new home, which happened to be white. In those days Capetown was racially the most liberal city in South Africa and continued to defy some of the racist

laws of the de Haas regime. The University of Capetown had students who distinguished themselves in fighting race discrimination. At the time people said Capetown was an oasis of humanity in a desert of race hatred.

Herbert's mother, a wealthy widow living in Rhodesia, had taken the twins after birth and had looked after them on her farm. Things went well with the Knoxes while the de Haas regime tightened its hold on the country. People started talking, in whispered rumours. In a situation charged with fear rumours are the social currency. People's feelings are bottled up in insecurity. And whenever overcrowding sets in among animals, cannibalism develops. This is true also of human beings. Crowd the human beings socially or emotionally or psychologically, and you transform them into social cannibals; they tear each other down and devour each other's reputations. Stories about the twins in Rhodesia drifted until they reached the security police. Herbert lost his job; shortly thereafter, the school board dismissed Ethel.

Herbert was a brave man who was determined not to allow the racist wolves to devour his family. He struck back. In terms of the law, Ethel could go through complicated and humiliating procedures to get herself declared a white person in order to live with her husband and family. The authorities pointed to one snag after another. Ethel lived in a Coloured area and although she had taught in a white school, that did not establish the fact that she was regarded as white because in Port Elizabeth she had identified herself with the Coloured community.

Herbert was determined to go through hell itself to keep his family together. The law said he could be declared a Coloured if he associated with them and conducted himself as a Coloured. Up to the time of his dismissal he had associated with the whites; his pension and other benefits were calculated on the scale which applied to the whites only.

Then, the police moved in. One night Herbert and Ethel were arrested and charged for violating the country's most sacred law: the Immorality Act which prohibits mixed marriages and makes it a crime for people to love across the colour line.

You are out of your mind! Herbert exploded when the police showed the warrants of arrest issued against him and his wife. He pulled their marriage certificate from the safe.

Look at this! We were legally married in a christian church in Port Elizabeth before the Immorality Act became the law. We are professional people! We love each other; we love our children and we are clean-living and law-abiding citizens. Is it a crime . . . I mean . . . we are christians . . . Is it a crime for a christian to love another christian in a christian country?

The police were not interested. Aggie and Christopher, who were twelve by then, were home for the holidays when their parents were arrested. Herbert and Ethel were out on bail. One night

Christopher walked into their bedroom.

Daddy, am I really your child . . . and yours too, mama?

Yes, son . . . and both of us love you so much.

The child was quiet for a while; the world of the adults bewildered him.

The police arrested you and mama because I'm your child? The white boys in the park beat me and call me half-and-half or a kaffer. The Coloured girls in the park beat up Aggie and call her a white monkey . . . Why?

Alright, if you're not happy in this cursed place, we'll send you back to grandma where you'll be happy.

But I want to stay with you, here . . .

Herbert and Ethel looked at each other silently. As was her habit, Ethel woke up long before sunrise. In the bathroom she found Christopher's body hanging from a waterpipe fixed to the ceiling.

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Nowhere are the fears of personality fragmentation more fiercely expressed than in the locations. It is a clear invitation to trouble for any white person who is not known to enter some of the largest locations. In Johannesburg a group of liberal young whites drove into one of the vast locations and stayed with their friends until after sunset. As they were leaving the location, they were stopped by a group of young Africans who dragged the two girls out of the car and raped them in front of the five young men who had been with them in the car.

Nowhere, also, do people react more violently against what some militants call Magasela's chauvinism. His teaching is viewed as endorsement of the de Haas policy of separating every South African from every other; of turning the black communities against each other and doing the dirty work for the white man. In South Africa, the people in the location are in the front line of the conflict between black and white; urbanisation is destroying some of their cultural values. Crimes involving violence have assumed frightening proportions. Many of the location residents have the direst forebodings for the future; they are frightened when they see the violent elements in the locations tearing the community to pieces.

As a result they are afraid; they are fiercely hostile to anything which threatens to increase their weakness. They see in unity their only guarantee of survival and hate Magasela passionately because they believe he creates polarisations in the black community when the most urgent need is for unity and co-ordinated action. It would be different if he preached the narrow nationalisms and procured the guns to settle the race quarrel. In Atteridgeville, Maggie Kuboni, Dillo Mareka and Sefadi Masilo take the position that if Magasela ever set his foot in the

location, they would set the boys with *intshumentshu* on him. People are not concerned with his revolutionary theory for the reconciliation of conflicts in the African community. African unity has become a slogan bandied about as a cure for all racial and political evils; nobody wants to sit down and spell out what it is or what its basis is.

But if Mareka's militants reject Magasela's insistence on principled unity as tribalistic and therefore divisive, they oppose Bulube's policy of negotiating from positions of strength. Building up what they call black power will take another fifty years. Revolution is what they demand. None of them seems to have the clearest view of how the Africans can organise a successful revolution in an industrial society where the whites are united and control national life with the backing of a first-class army.

The militants are not opposed to building up African power; they protest, however, that the process is too slow. When Bulube points out that the slowness is, in fact, an index of African weakness, they lose their temper; how can a loyal son of Africa waste time weighing African weaknesses; that damages the morale of the masses, they say. Attack! Attack! Attack, they clamour. Attack what, Bulube asks. Attack the white power-structure; do not collaborate in working the segregated institutions; call the workers out on strike; tell it like it is to the white people; do not work with the liberals. Attack! Attack! For goodness' sake . . . attack even if it is for the sake of attacking!

In their bewilderment and anger the militants want a complete break with the past; they do not want to have anything to do with being a Zulu or Xhosa or Pedi or Sotho; they do not even want to call themselves Africans . . . they are blacks . . . the vanguard of the new, liberated humanity which is creating a new world and which must, in order to do this, repudiate the labels which link them with the past. That past has no meaning for them; they are progressive and look to the future of human brotherhood.

Magasela is, in their view, the high priest of black reaction; Bulube is a stooge of the white people even when he says he wants to negotiate in order to buy the time to build up the African's power to paralyse the national economy. The confusion in the Marekites arises from their fears, from uncertainty about their values and, above all, the realisation that in spite of their weaknesses, they provide the third pillar of the African-Afrikaner-English balance—labour. They know they are a potential power to reckon with and yet feel powerless to transform the potential into reality. Their confusion and anger are the inflammable ingredient in the South African situation which arouses the Afrikaner's worst fears.

But if the Marekites are not the only militants, the government and the police are not the only whites concerned about the turbulent debates going on in the African community. South Africa has a tradition of communist involvement which is almost as old as the Union of South Africa. In spite of race conflict and exploitation, communism

has not been a vigorous plant in the South African setting.

An obvious handicap, which the communists never want to discuss, is their commitment to scientific materialism which defines reality and the person in terms which are the exact opposite of those of the *Buntu Ideal*. The other weakness is, inevitably, the communists' doctrinaire commitment to the class-struggle approach. The ideological conflict between the philosophy of the Christelike Nasionale Party and the *Buntu Ideal* is never discussed; African Nationalism is dismissed as a black bourgeois aberration and stress is laid on socialism and the worker. That forces the African nationalists to retort: Communism is another white man's creed! It so happens the ideals which inspire the revolt against white domination are not Marxist; they have their roots in the African experience.

Economic laws are ignored in South Africa or distorted to serve white racial ends. The contradictions which arise cannot be clearly explained in Marxist or Graeco-Romano-Hebraic terms. Marx gives no clue on how to tackle the problems which arise because the majority of the workers in Europe were not Africans when he developed his teachings.

Above all, the real custodians of the communist tradition have never been the Africans. The ablest communists have come from the white, privileged side. The small Indian community has produced the next most important communists. The Africans have produced a few outstanding communists who were forced to speak the language of nationalism which was not wholly acceptable to the white, Indian and Coloured communists. As a result, many white communists in the South African underground adopt Gandhian attitudes to violence; that is true also of the Indians. They have a problem here; if they advocated violence, the Africans would, in situations of confrontation, draw no distinction between a white communist revolutionary and a member of the de Haas party.

Their problems have been complicated by the ban on the Communist Party, the tightening of the laws against political contact between black and white and, of course, China's involvement in Central and East Africa. As a rule, most white communists in the underground have a pro-Soviet orientation. China counters by playing up the race issue, which is foremost in the minds of the Africans. China shrewdly avoids the big-brother stance in her dealings with the Africans, where the Russians do not hesitate to throw their weight around; she adopts the attitude of supporting African initiatives and that places her in the position not only to be accepted but also to influence events far more effectively than the Russians.

In the underground, the communists have preserved a small but highly disciplined core of operatives. But as the guerrilla war spreads southwards, anti-white feelings take deeper root in the African community and define the coming struggle in largely racial outlines.

The Russian support of guerrilla movements is certainly appreciated in the black community, but it does not do much to place Russia as clearly on the map in the conflict with the CNP as the white communists would like.

The Africans regard China's membership of the United Nations as a valuable weapon for them. China can be persuaded, through the African states who are friendly to her, to create polarisations in the Security Council which would make the United States think twice about intervening openly in the collision between black and white which now seems imminent in view of the collapse of the white united front in Southern Africa caused by the collapse of Caetano's dictatorship in Portugal.

The communists like neither Dazinkani Magasela nor Chief Bulube—nor even Dillo Mareka—because all insist on the assertion of African leadership initiatives. That is a serious obstacle for the African communists in the underground. Some of them remember the days before Sharpeville when communism advocated multi-nationalism in South Africa. History plays people strange tricks sometimes. Today, the de Haas government is the most determined advocate of multi-nationalism. Professor Magasela's comment is: Both have their origins in the Graeco-Romano-Hebraic evaluation of the person; both are materialistic—the CNP uses race to concentrate power in the hands of the few while the communists use the economic class to serve the same purpose!

The whites are like the children of one mother and one father, both of whom are supremacists. The missionaries loved us so much they destroyed our system of values and imposed their religion on us. The liberals so loved us they destroyed our political traditions and forced the white man's notions of authority on us. The communists are like the missionaries; they want us "free," but only on the basis of socialism; they preach the white ideology and reject the African's political beliefs. The white racists say the white skin is a hallmark of excellence. All these people are committed to supremacy! They define our struggle in white terms; they deny the validity of the ideal we translate into experience. Is anybody surprised the United Nations cannot evolve viable programmes against race discrimination?

Underground communism has not as yet found a way of dealing with the African's fear of fragmentation; they would not want to be involved in splitting the Africans like the government, but they fear the unity emerging in the locations.

Nowhere are some of the Marekite militants' fears expressed more clearly than in their hostility to Magasela's readiness for independence for the Zulus even on terms initially dictated by the white man or to Bulube's preference for an independence based on strength.

Consider what would happen, Maggie declaims, if the Afri-

kaner cracked under *xina* pressures! He would not lose anything because he would still be in control. The African would be free only to become a slave by choice. A smart successor to de Haas would cede the whole of Natal to the Zulus and with that single move split the Africans from head to foot. The Boers think the Zulus are the gravest threat to white domination; that God made a mistake the day he created the Zulus; they are always scheming to overthrow white rule; they are incapable of accepting defeat. Take any major African rebellion in the fifty years from Union; we have been there! What would suit the white man better than to isolate the Zulus in Natal? The Boer would lose nothing; Natal is English country; it is Indian country—both thorns in the Boer's side. Negotiation? Not for me!

Maggie reinforces her argument against negotiating by saying history shows that if the Afrikaners got rid of the Zulus, they would at last establish for themselves the place they want in Africa. Cetchwayo had stood in the way of the whites; he had sent emissaries to his contemporaries urging the creation of a military alliance which would declare Southern Africa a collective security area and drive the whites into the sea. The British fought a major war to frustrate his intentions while the French lost the Prince Imperial in the conflict.

Twenty-five years after Cetchwayo's defeat, Bambada was on the warpath against paying taxation to a government whose authority he did not recognise. Four thousand Zulus perished in that rebellion. Six years later, Seme went to Bloemfontein and created a new nation from the ashes of defeat. The Afrikaners had crushed British political power when Albert Luthuli internationalised African resistance and won the Nobel Peace Prize in the process. No African group has as large a surfeit of Western missionaries as the Zulus; last century, practically every major missionary society involved in Africa was keen on making Zulu converts. In spite of all this, the Zulus have not been tamed.

Maggie cannot take the Afrikaner out of her mind; whenever she discusses Natal she sooner or later returns to what the Afrikaners might do. An Afrikaner politician might emerge, and this is not as crazy as it sounds, she repeats, who would negotiate directly and seriously with the Zulus; he would want allies; he would set himself the goal of striking a deal with the Zulus and offer to return to them the province of Natal, which was part of their empire.

The Afrikaners could do this without hurting their pride. Their roots in Natal have never been deep; the province is an English preserve. To hand over Natal to the Zulus would almost destroy the remaining vestiges of English political influence in South Africa, and transform the Afrikaner into an unchallenged master in white politics. At the same time, the move would split the Zulus to start with.

Many of them would find it almost impossible to resist the temptation to accept independence in part of their own territory, even if that meant the temporary abandonment of the Bloemfontein com-