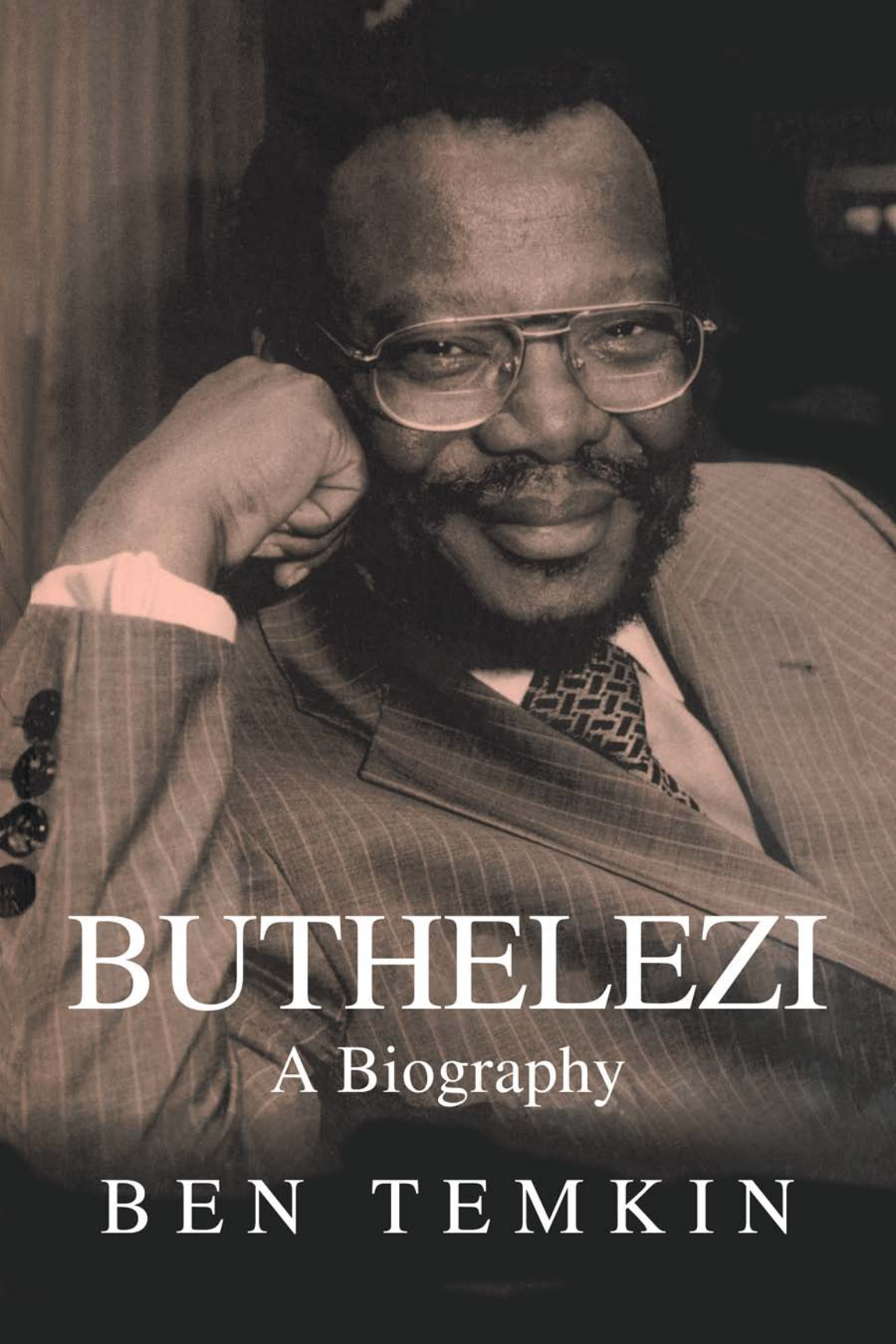

BUTHELEZI

A Biography

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No, I lived not under foreign skies,
Sheltering under foreign wings:
I then stayed with my people.
There where my people unhappily, were.

– *Anna Akhmatova* (taken from her *Rekviem*, this extract published in the *Siege of Leningrad* by Harrison E. Salisbury, Secker & Warburg (1969).

To the memory of Albert Lutuli, patriot, and for my Mother, who knew compassion.

And for my wife Jean and for Irene Buthelezi.

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Preface

Even before my earlier biography of Mntwana Mangosuthu Buthelezi was published in 1976, I was unhappy with it. For one reason, it was completed under considerable pressure from the publisher who had, for commercial reasons, brought the deadline forward. For another, it was in printing as the protests of the youth in the townships had begun to move from Soweto to other areas – a revolt which even then was changing the political face of South Africa. Thirdly, Buthelezi himself had only just begun a process of reaching out, through the formation of Inkatha, to create a mass movement for Blacks which would, it was hoped, be a focal point for internal black opposition to the apartheid regime, since the banned ANC was powerless to organise such a movement itself.

In a sense, to use the cliche, if Inkatha managed to achieve its aim of becoming a mass movement, the government would be 'hoist by its own petard' – if the government was serious about allowing the "homelands" to develop their own organs for social and political interaction, it would have considerable difficulty in banning Inkatha, whose principal aim was to develop and build the national consciousness of the Zulu people, and the black peoples of South Africa as a whole.

That Inkatha's main purpose was political was undeniable. The organisation was indivisible in its social, cultural and political aims, and it challenged the government on what it propagated as its main purpose.

It is hardly surprising that the government chose in the end not to challenge Inkatha, but to try to subvert it. More will be told in the appropriate context. What was key at the time the earlier book was written was that there was undeniable pressure on Buthelezi – both his personal conviction, and from some of those close to him or from the ANC – to tread carefully. At the stage that the page-proofs were being read, extensive revisions were requested. This was an authorised biography and ultimate control was in the hands of the

subject. Even if this had not been the case, caution had to be exercised if the account of the life of the subject, who was still alive, was to be both factual and, more especially, objective.

I had been warned by the late Alan Paton that this would be a problem. He had abandoned a biography of Roy Campbell, not because Campbell was still alive but because his widow was, and, for various reasons, her being alive made it impossible for him to tell the story as he would have liked. He warned me that I would have many difficulties. One, for example, would be in dealing with the dispute between Buthelezi and his half-brother, Mceleli. As it turned out this was not a problem. The problems I had were more to do with political sensitivities and my publisher, the late Frank Low, and I agreed to a number of cuts and changes, but would not countenance the major revisions that were asked for. While personally I wished to revise the book as a whole, with or without the suggested changes, time had run out and it was published in September 1976.

Subsequent to publication I had several discussions on the book with Tom Lodge, who is currently professor of political science at the University of the Witwatersrand. He made some invaluable notes on part of the text and, in 1980, agreement was reached with an American publisher in principle for the publication of a revised version. This would have been an ideal arrangement as I could then have included material which, for legal reasons, could not be included in a South African text – for example, the quoting of persons and publications which were banned. Unfortunately, the agreement did not get beyond the talking stage as the publishing house was taken over and the new proprietors were uninterested in a book on an exotic political personality which they believed, possibly correctly, would have limited sales in the United States market.

Ahead of the first democratic elections in South Africa, I decided to return from the Netherlands where I had then been living and managing a business for some six years. One of the main reasons was to write this book, a project that has taken somewhat longer than intended. I wrote to Buthelezi and told him that I was planning to write the new biography. He agreed to co-operate by giving me interviews and making documents and papers available, although this would not be an 'authorised' biography.

To bring this book to birth, Jean (my wife and principal researcher) and I have spoken to friends and enemies of Buthelezi as well as many people who are politically neutral to him and mainly, therefore, objective about him, his motives and his actions. Inevitably, with so controversial a subject, we have encountered overt and covert

hostility. Several of his most vociferous critics refused, mainly on flimsy grounds such as lack of time for periods of up to a year in the future, or conflict of interest, to be interviewed. I would have thought that they would have welcomed the opportunity to contribute towards the record, but it is not my place to question their motives.

It has not been my aim in this book to 'white-wash' – I hope I will be excused the play on words – Buthelezi, who has been one of the leading players in the South African political arena for more than three decades. He and the Inkatha Freedom Party are givens in the South Africa that has emerged since its people, as a whole, were enfranchised in 1994. There are clearly controversial issues that have not yet been fully resolved and which may continue to be debated – and even fought over – for years yet. I have tried to present both sides of these issues and perhaps plead too much for the benefit of the doubt to be given to my subject. There are also elements of his character which antagonise some people – some of these to an alarming degree. That this is so is evidence only that he falls short of perfection, something that is characteristic of all of us. Journalists in particular are among those who vehemently abuse his character, again hardly surprising since he makes no secret of his dislike for those who attack him in the form of hostile rhetorical questions along the lines of 'when did you stop beating your wife?' He is impatient with such persons and often unkind. He is also unkind to those who write stories about him without first substantiating their facts. Many journalists in this country are used to being courted, not discomfited, and I have not been side-tracked into reacting to their discomfiture.

What I have tried to do in this book is to tell the story as it has been revealed to me, through research, of a person who has played an important, and often the leading, role in the development of politics and South Africa, and who also over the years has been a spokesman and ambassador for the disenfranchised and voiceless majority to the outside world. Both here and abroad he has shaped much of the thinking of world leaders on the capability of our people to manage in government and in business. If, and it is so, Nelson Mandela is seen as the voice of reason and compromise in a world where irrationality so often rules, then some credit at least must go to Mangosuthu Buthelezi for showing people, here and abroad, the calibre of leadership that they could look forward to in the new South Africa.

I am proud to be a South African. Despite the occasional fall by our new leaders into the potholes of inexperience, we are not subject to the antics of self-promotion and demagoguery that are so often the substitute for decision-making and guidance in many of the world's

older democracies. I am certain that, despite his own errors of judgement, Buthelezi has played no small part in setting the standards of openness and integrity that we are trying to achieve.

In the end, the story I tell is my responsibility and mine alone. I have known my subject for a quarter of a century. I have sat with him in confidential and key discussions at a time when open debate was impossible. I have enjoyed his company and the company of his wife and children socially. I have listened to him speak to mass audiences and to intimate groups of half a dozen or so people. I have heard him often in public debate. I have corresponded with him over many years, and we have had countless private meetings and interviews. He has been a loyal and good friend to me, but I would hate to think that I have been subverted by that friendship into writing anything that in my view is dishonest or unreasonably subjective.

In researching for this new biography, Jean and I interviewed as many people as we could, not only to gather primary source material, but also to test the integrity of other interviews and of documents. I have also included a bibliography of important texts that have helped to explain both the history of the man, his political development and the political development of the country as a whole.

I again turned to Tom Lodge for assistance in reviewing the manuscript, more especially for factual inaccuracies and possible bias. His work was meticulous and I was grateful for his suggestions. The responsibility for the final text is entirely mine, however.

There are a number of other persons who have provided valuable perspectives on the devlopment of politics in South Africa. Possibly the most important contribution, apart from that of Tom Lodge, was that of John Kane-Berman, who heads the Insitute of Race Relations. In a single, but lengthy, interview he provided an insightful and objective assessment of the political dynamics in the country from the middle of the 1970s to the present.

Professor Laurie Schlemmer told me much about the methodology of opinion poll surveys in South Africa, as well as his personal involvement in the KwaZulu/Natal Indaba.

Sue Felgate was not only a valuable source of information because of her close association with Inkatha and Buthelezi since the mid-1970s, but also provided valuable archival material and was a gracious hostess on our visits to Ulundi. The dinner she arranged with some of Buthelezi's children was especially memorable.

Connie Sekati is also a keeper of the archives and her patience in finding original documents was admirable.

Dr Mario Ambrosini spent a full day taking me through the

tortuous paths of the consitutional negotiations from the point of view of the Inkatha Freedom Party.

Princess Irene Buthelezi, whom we had the pleasure of seeing in her home at KwaPhindangene and at a number of functions while this book was being written, was, as always, both charming and welcoming.

Inke Mars looked after our arrangements when we were in Durban for interviews and was a valuable source of information.

Buthelezi's private secretary, Godfrey Dhlamini, was always helpful, especially in maintaining communications. His official secretary, Rainer Niedermeyer, and chief of protocol, Ruth Makiwane, went out of their way to smooth our path, as did Simon Dumakede.

The staff of the Cullen Library of the University of the Witwatersrand, the Library of the SA Institute of Race Relations and Times Media/BDFM Library were most helpful in locating research material.

Many people were interviewed and I am most grateful to all of them. Not all the information from these interviews has been used directly in this book, much of it being corroborative.

Those I especially thank – not to forget those acknowledged in my earlier biography are: King Goodwill Zwelithini, Zuzi Buthelezi, the late Princess Constance Magogo, the late Princess Morgina Dotwana, the late Bishop Alpheus Zulu, the late Dr M. Nyembesi, Reggie Ngcobo, Ismail Meer, Fatima Meer, the late Alan Paton, the late Dr Edgar Brookes, Helen Suzman, the Rev. Ben Rajuili and Mrs Rajuili, Gibson and Anasthasia Thula, P. Ngcobo, the late C.S. Ntloko, the late Brenda Robinson, Y.S. Chinsamy, the late Sister Daria O.B., A. Mdlala, F.W. De Klerk, Roelf Meyer, Benjamin Pogrund, Dr Ben Ngubane, Prince Gideon Zulu, Dr Nthato Motlana, Pat Poovalingham, Judith Briggs (who typed the manuscript of the earlier book), the late Arthur Super, Lucas Mangope, Harry Schwarz and the late A. Henderson. I am grateful for their various courtesies, hospitality and, where they were interviewed, for their time and open responses.

The editor of the *Financial Mail*, Peter Bruce, made it possible for me to pursue a new career while completing this book. I'm not at all sure who benefited most from this Faustian deal, but I enjoyed and learnt from the political exchange that sometimes substitutes for conversation around the newsdesk. Patrick Laurence, who was a colleague during this time, was again enlightening.

I have known Frank Cass for some more than forty years, and to be associated with him in this venture makes me especially happy.

My greatest debts are to Mntwana Mangosuthu Buthelezi, without whose co-operation and help this biography could not have been written, and to my wife Jean, for both her practical assistance and her urging me on when I was flagging.

Ben Temkin
Balgowan 2002

A note on language usage*

Race and race differentiation in South Africa – as elsewhere – is sensitive. If my usage offends, this is because I am forced to use terminology that is either contextual or current.

Thus, *Black* is the general term for non-caucasians and may include persons of Asian, or mixed race, origin. *White* refers to caucasians. *Indian*, in the South African context, refers to persons whose ancestry is in the Indian sub-continent. *Coloured* refers to people of mixed race.

The title *chief* was replaced by the KwaZulu Legislative Assembly some years ago because of its connotations with the apartheid system. The Zulu word *inkosi* (plural: *amakhosi*) was substituted. The correct word for a headman, subordinate to an *inkosi*, is *induna*. In the text, chief is used in the context of the time and is later substituted by *inkosi*.

It was common usage to refer to the King as the Paramount Chief of the Zulu. This term is used in the context of the time. The Zulu term is *Ingonyama ka Zulu – Lion of the Zulu*.

The traditional premier of the Zulu nation and leader of its regiments is *Undunankulu ka Zulu*. This is Buthelezi's traditional office.

As head of the Buthelezi clan, Buthelezi has his own specific title, *Amashenge*, and is usually called *Shenge*.

His correct form of address is *Mntwana*, meaning *Prince* or *Infanta*, a title given to all direct descendants of the Zulu kings.

As president of Inkatha, he is referred to as *Umhloli*.

The word *tribe* is increasingly falling into disuse as it is considered patronising, and has connotations of apartheid. The Zulu are a distinct national group – a nation – within South Africa. Within the Zulu nation there are large clans that owe allegiance to their *amakhosi*. The King's clan is the *Usuthu*, Buthelezi's the *Buthelezi*.

*With acknowledgements to Dr Zami Conco.

Within the large clans there are smaller units or family clans. In this book *tribe* is used, especially in the earlier part, for contextual reasons.

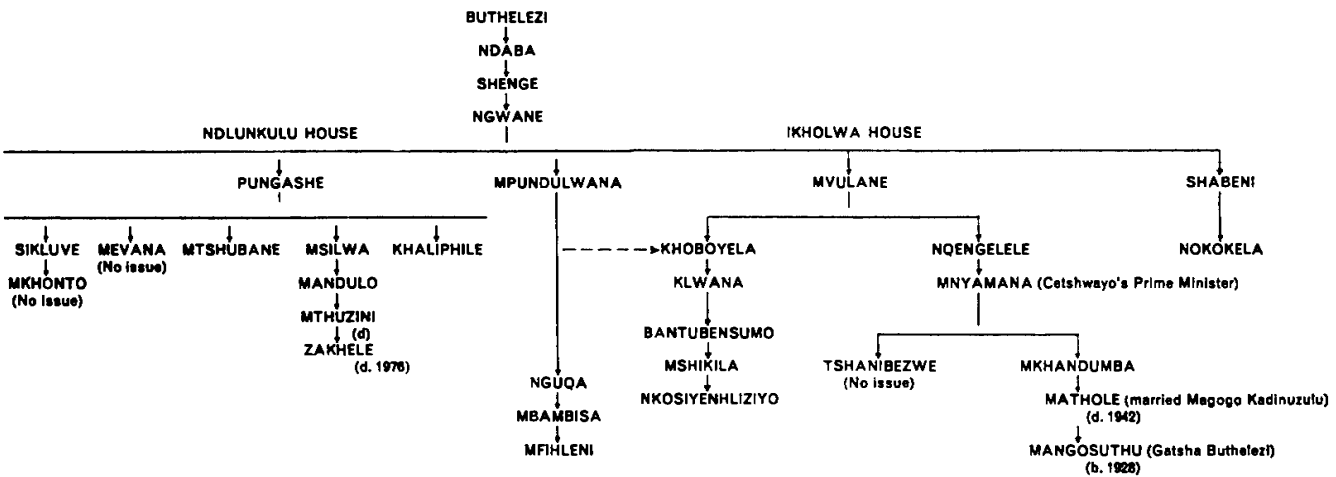
A meeting or discussion is *indaba*. An *imbizo* is a meeting of *amakhosi*, or of the nation, usually called at the behest of the Zulu King.

For much of the early part of his career, Buthelezi was generally referred to as *Gatsha* Buthelezi. *Gatsha* is, however, a familiar form of address and came to be used patronisingly and abusively in some of the media. Courtesy requires that his proper first name, *Mangosuthu*, be used, and this courtesy is followed in the text save where *Gatsha* is required by context.

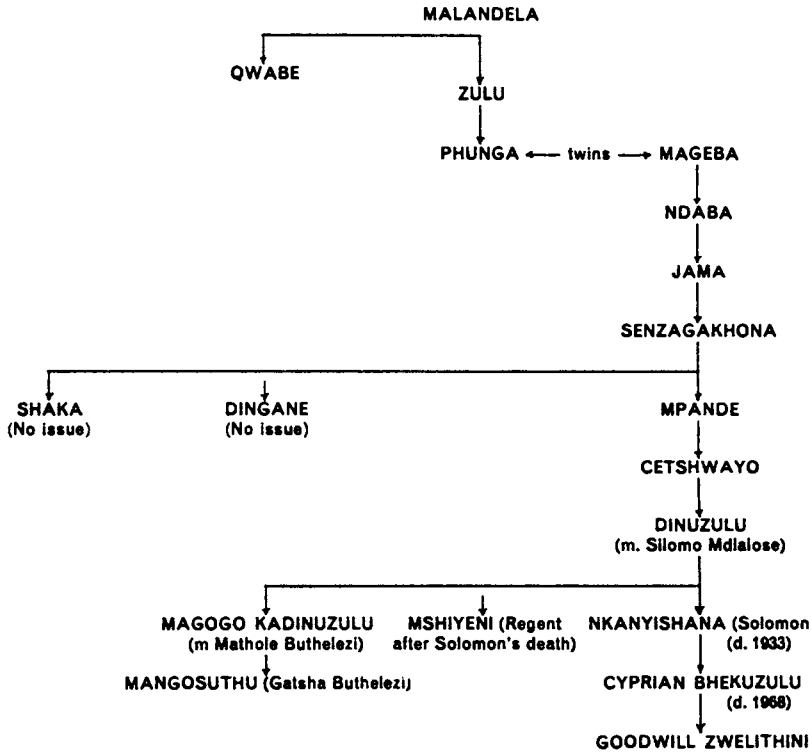
Zulu words not in common usage are italicised and explained.

THE BUTHELEZI FAMILY TREE

Umthombo Wabakwabuthelezi



THE ZULU FAMILY TREE



1 The Buthelezi

In the heart of what was once the Kingdom of Zululand lies the Mahlabatini Plain. It is grassland that is often swept by fierce winds. It was here at Ulundi in 1879 that the British, after a humiliating defeat, finally broke the might of the Zulu impis. They had said they would; they did.

It was here at Mahlabatini, and near here at the Royal Place near Nongoma, that Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi was nurtured. As a small boy he herded cattle, for cattle are, even now, a social and traditional fulcrum of Zulu life. All Zulu boys growing up in their own country spend their pre-adolescent years looking after cattle. It teaches them respect for property; it creates in them the independence and sense of responsibility that they will need in their adult years. In their time in the pastures they draw nearer to nature. And, at the same time, they are carrying on a cultural tradition that may go back more than a thousand years.

The Buthelezi, like many other clans, had been welded into the Zulu nation by force. Among the most spirited and most warlike of the Nguni clans that inhabited the hills of Zululand, they had brought a new intelligence to the practice of raiding cattle and harassing neighbouring clans. Shaka, the first King of the Zulu and the man who forged the Zulu nation, sent his impis time and again to fight and destroy the Buthelezi. But time and again the Buthelezi were not to be found where the spies and scouts said they would be. All too often, Shaka's impis found themselves trapped in narrow valleys at both ends of which the fierce Buthelezi were waiting for the kill. Many of the pride of Shaka's impis fell in these battles.

In the end, Shaka wore down the Buthelezi in a campaign in which he never let up the pressure. Conquering one clan after another, he welded the best of the defeated soldiers into a new Zulu army and led them in their first real test against Pungashe, the chief of the Buthelezi. Shaka once again showed that he was an outstanding

tactician. He knew that Pungashe would not be anxious to meet the Zulu in face-to-face combat – the Buthelezi leader had not forgotten a previous humiliating defeat by Dingiswayo, and the Zulu had had the smaller force in that battle.

Shaka set out to deceive the Buthelezi scouts. He bunched his soldiers together and made them carry their shields by their edges. To the scouts it looked as though the army was small enough to be defeated. As the Buthelezi ran to meet the Zulu, Shaka's soldiers raced outwards to form the horns of the deadly Zulu battle formation. The Buthelezi, hopelessly outnumbered, were quickly surrounded. To make matters worse, their women and children who were watching what was happening were also surrounded by the Zulu warriors. It was a slaughter, fiercely contested to be true, but too one-sided to allow for anything but an overwhelming victory for the Zulu.

The few Buthelezi warriors who were left fled to the near-by women and children where most of them were swiftly killed. Pungashe managed to escape but he was in turn killed by Zwide, chief of the Ndwandwe clan, who refused refuge to the valiant Buthelezi leader.

Within his own clan Pungashe had been causing trouble. After the death of Ngwane, Pungashe's father, the clan had been split into two parts the Ndlunkulu house and the Ikhohlwa house. Pungashe was the chief of the Ndlunkulu house while Mvulane ruled the Ikhohlwa house.

When Mvulane died, Pungashe began a series of raids on the cattle of the Ikhohlwa house. Nqengelele, Mvulane's younger son, told his elder brother Khoboyela that he should object next time this happened. Pungashe heard of this and decided to sentence the two young men to death. They fled to northern Natal but, after a few years, returned to the court of the Zulu chief Senzangakhona. Because the Buthelezi were then more powerful than the Zulu, they lived there as quietly as possible. Nqengelele felt it expedient to evade trouble to the extent that he left his elder brother, who was then sickly, in a cave with his daughter. Every day he left the kraal to attend Khoboyela and, through his nursing, acquired considerable skill with herbal remedies.

As was bound to happen, Nqengelele was discovered but, through his skill, established himself at the royal court. He became famous for his recipe for the making of Zulu beer and also for the introduction of fern as a remedy for tapeworm. Shaka and other Zulu royal children grew up under his tutelage.

When Shaka founded the Zulu nation, Nqengelele became his close adviser in military matters and he played an important part in the battle between Shaka and Zwide. He helped in a number of campaigns and, after Mpande's defeat, he was given the lands that today comprise most of the Buthelezi tribal area.

In the words of the historian, J. Stuart, '...Nqengelele was the great Shaka's guardian, adviser and friend.'

This does not imply that Nqengelele was the king's exclusive senior adviser – although it is clear that he acted as such for periods of time – but it illustrates the way in which the King appointed outstanding warriors and wise men to his circle of advisers. The following comment on him is in the Stuart archives, 'Nqengelele was a dominant figure who commanded the attention of the whole nation: when he spoke no one else would speak. He was like Mnyamana, the great induna of Cetshwayo.'

It was fascinating that, while Shaka was destroying his enemy Pungashe, chief of the one house of the Buthelezi, he was being advised by the chief of the other house. The fortunes of the Ndlunkulu house were destroyed as those of the Ikhohlwa house reached a peak.

When Nqengelele died, Khoboyela's son, Klwana, became acting chief of the Buthelezi. He was, however, killed on the instructions of the king, Mpande, for misappropriating the estate of Nqengelele and for plotting to kill Nqengelele's son, Mnyamana. Mnyamana succeeded as chief and Mpande put his sons under the Buthelezi chief to be the arbitrator in all their disputes.

When the princes misbehaved in the regiments, Mnyamana chastised them, often hitting them. When they complained to the king, he was not affronted but expressed his satisfaction: they were adults and adults did get out of hand. This mix of courage and wisdom in the way he handled the king's sons led to hs becoming known as *Uyise Wa Bantwana Baka Mpande* – the father of Mpande's children.

The Buthelezi chief took part in some of Dingane's battles and became a favourite of Prince Cetshwayo while Mpande reigned. One reason for his popularity was that he often saved people whom Dingane had ordered to be killed.

This same Mnyamana, King Cetshwayo's prime minister, was the great-grandfather of Mangosuthu Buthelezi, and it was largely owing to him that the royal line in Zululand was preserved as a unifying force in the history of the Zulu people.

It is worth re-telling some of the story of Mnyamana for it parallels in many ways the current circumstances relating to the Zulu monarch. As much, for example, as Mnyamana had to use

exceptional diplomacy and strategy to preserve the Kingdom of Zululand, so, in more recent years, has his great-grandson had to follow a similar course.

King Cetshwayo was no despot. He loved the peaceful life and relied heavily on Mnyamana and his council of chiefs for advice. When the British government, in its desire to humiliate the king, presented him with an outrageous fine (calculated in cattle), Cetshwayo himself was eager to accept the terms. The council of chiefs agreed with him but, mainly at Mnyamana's insistence, it was decided to consult the people. Unlike King Cetshwayo, the Zulu were angry about this humiliation. The young men were also hungry for war. Democracy prevailed; again Mnyamana insisted that the decision of the people be carried through.

The Zulu went to war and it was the British who, at first, were humiliated. Their most crushing defeat was at Isandhlwana, where guns were overcome by courage and a multitude of assegais. The ineptitude of the British leaders also did much to help the Zulu in this significant victory.

After the battle of Isandhlwana, the British, personified in Sir Bartle Frere, developed a near-pathological desire for revenge. Frere was determined that not only would he break the Zulu power once and for all, but he would create a system in which it would be impossible for the Zulu to function as a nation ever again. The battle at Ulundi did indeed break the Zulu power, and Frere was enabled to commence with the balance of his plan. First, he divested King Cetshwayo of his power; he exiled him to the Cape. He then deliberately fragmented Zululand, breaking up the country into small areas and appointing chiefs, many of them unacceptable to the clans over which they were given authority, to rule over these fragmented areas. The throne itself was left vacant; encouragement to several chiefs to try to gain control over Zululand. Among these was Uzibebu, chief of the Mandhlakazi clan and a formidable general.

Mnyamana and Prince Ndabuko decided to take King Cetshwayo's young son, Prince Dinuzulu, to his homestead at Ekushumayeleni, in the Usuthu, area to keep him out of Uzibebu's way. But Uzibebu kept raiding this area. It was decided to keep moving Prince Dinuzulu to other homesteads to prevent disclosure of his whereabouts. Mnyamana's cattle were raided and his people persecuted, but he put the preservation of Shaka's line above all other considerations.

After several years in exile, the dispirited Cetshwayo was allowed, in 1883, to return to Zululand. Here he was reunited with Dinuzulu, then 16 years old. As much as the king was only a shadow of

what he had been, so, too, was his kingdom, and civil war was brewing.

The British failed to size up the political situation in Zululand before embarking on their policy. They did not recognise, for example, that it was Mnyamana, and not King Cetshwayo, who was the real power in Zululand. They failed to take into account that there would perhaps have been no war at all if Mnyamana had not insisted on the Zulu King's carrying out the lawful wishes of the nation. They failed to see that in the person of Mnyamana was embodied the strength and character of the people.

On Cetshwayo's return, Mnyamana was in the forefront of the struggle against the rival claimants to the throne; in particular, Uzibebu.

He was, of course, present for the official return of the king at Makheni, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone held a ceremony to 'hand the king over' to the Zulu nation. (This ceremony had to be delayed for several days while Mnyamana travelled with the king's family from the king's Ekushumayeleni homestead.)

Following the ceremony and, apparently against the king's wishes, Prince Ndabuko, the king's brother, attacked Uzibebu in March 1883. The Usuthu forces (the Usuthu being the king's own clan) were defeated, but some of Mnyamana's sons were killed in the battle. Mnyamana went into mourning at the Ekushumayeleni homestead.

While Mnyamana was absent from the king's side, Uzibebu retaliated by invading the king's newly-built residence at Ondini. King Cetshwayo was stabbed in the thigh and was forced to go into hiding. The British resident at Ulundi, Henry Francis Fynn II, the son of the famous trader and confidant to Zulu kings, was sent to find King Cetshwayo and to end the king's last rally to keep his kingdom. Fynn found him. The king, an abject and sad figure, was moved to a small, isolated place. He had now lost all political power.

The Colonial Office, apparently ham-handed, but also certainly very confused, put Uzibebu in charge of the whole country north of the Black Umfolozi river – a solution which in no circumstances could satisfy the Usuthu chieftains. At the same time, King Cetshwayo's son, Dinuzulu, was proclaimed king under two regents; Cetshwayo's brother, Prince Ndabuko, and Mnyamana. As unworkable as the solution was, so long as King Cetshwayo lived, at least the Kingdom was maintained. King Cetshwayo did not, however, live long. Just five months after his capture by Fynn he died, perhaps poisoned. Zululand was an even more confused political battleground.

Dinuzulu's mother, (Nomvimbi of the Mnguni clan) was a commoner. The son of King Cetshwayo's Great Wife was Prince Manzolwandhle, without doubt a strong claimant to the throne, if not the legitimate heir. The Zulu were split between accepting or rejecting Dinuzulu. But the two regents knew that, if they waited until Prince Manzolwandhle was old enough to assume the throne, there was a serious danger of its being usurped. The royal line would be broken and the Usuthu would lose their dominance.

While the British – and many Zulu – did not recognise Dinuzulu as king, Mnyamana had his way. His big problem, however, was not the child Prince Manzolwandhle, but the would-be usurper, Uzibebu, who was ruling a large part of the kingdom with British approval.

Coincidentally, the Transvaal Boers were faced with a land hunger. The population had increased dramatically and new farms had to be found. A deputation of two Boers went to see King Dinuzulu and offered their assistance in his inevitable future conflict with Uzibebu. Their payment was to be in land.

Mnyamana advised the king not to accept the offer. What he might gain from Uzibebu, he might, in the end, lose to the Boers. But this was not King Cetshwayo, who listened to the advice of his prime minister; Dinuzulu was young and inexperienced and was under the influence of his uncles, Prince Ndabuko and Prince Ziwedu.

In May 1884, a band of over a hundred Boers rode into Zululand. There they proclaimed Dinuzulu king and promised him their help. A fortnight later, together with an army of Usuthu warriors, they attacked Uzibebu. It was hardly a battle for the Boers. Uzibebu fled after a few shots had been fired. The Boers were not discerning as to whom they fired upon. They stood on a rise overlooking the scene of the battle and impartially shot into all the participants.

The Boers were given the promised cattle, but they also produced a piece of paper that stated that the Zulu King had ceded that part of the kingdom to them. The Boers, most of whom had not participated in the battle, almost immediately took enough land to establish the New Republic, its capital Vryheid. Dinuzulu was left with little more than the territory that Uzibebu had been granted by the British.

The Zulu begged assistance from the British to preserve their territorial rights. But their pleas were in vain. As much as it was clear that many Zulu were now living under Boer control – including the Usuthu clans of the abaQulusi, the eGazini and the Buthelezi – the British felt that they could hardly be expected to evict them. But they could stop further inroads being made into their territory, and

they did this by annexing Zululand as a British P otectorate. From 9 May 1887, Zululand was subject to Native law.

Mnyamana and Ndabuko, the two senior chiefs and former regents, had negotiated with the British. They knew that there was no other way to preserve what was left of the kingdom. King Dinuzulu, however, did not see things in quite the same light. He was the Zulu King and, if he chose not to negotiate, then no negotiations had taken place. He ignored the British administration, in particular, the magistrate in his district, and went on ruling as an autocrat. The consequences were inevitable. The British determined to show him exactly who was in charge.

King Dinuzulu sentenced a man to death for witchcraft. Unfortunately, under the new regime, this was not within his powers. The British resident called him to Eshowe, dressed him down and fined him fifty cattle. He also sent Uzibebu and the Mandhlakazi clan back into Zululand, which clearly could only mean trouble. It did. Once again there was a civil war in Zululand.

By this time, Mnyamana had had enough of politics. The rift between him and the king, which had begun when King Dinuzulu had agreed on terms with the Boers to assist him against Uzibebu, had widened when the king had refused to negotiate with the British to stop the Boers encroaching further into Zulu territory. As folly had followed folly, the old statesman retired to his palace and refused to be party to any further political negotiations of any kind. He did, however, allow his sons to take part in politics, and they were also generals in the king's regiments. But Mnyamana was no longer a minister of the Zulu crown.

Mnyamana was, however, determined that the king would play along with the British to maintain the kingdom. When the British decided to send in a force to maintain the peace, they asked Mnyamana, as the 'father' of the king – one of the persons who had brought him up – to go to Ceza to 'persuade Dinuzulu to leave Ceza forest'. Instead he sent four hundred of his own warriors under his son and heir, Tshanibezwe.

Just before they reached the forest where the king and his regiments were, one of the British soldiers started to shoot. Tshanibeze was upset and decided to turn back, as they had not been sent to fight the king. As they turned, some of the king's regiments, led by Mankulumana, the principal *induna* for the Usuthu area under King Dinuzulu, emerged from the forest and gave chase. At Echinsweni, Tshanibezwe, a huge man, was overtaken as his horse tired. Some of the young warriors wanted to kill him.

'What has Mnyamana's child done to deserve being killed?' Mankulumana asked.

The British were unsuccessful in capturing the king. In a short skirmish with 1,800 Usuthu warriors, they lost two soldiers and were forced to retreat. Mnyamana's warriors could only watch. The Usuthu, much encouraged by this victory, killed two traders, the British guides, and once again sent Uzibebu packing. The British withdrew their forces entirely and left behind them a scene of pillage and murder (of those who had not been swift enough to get away).

A month later, the British returned (with a much larger and better-organised force) and defeated the Usuthu at the Battle of Ndunu. Mnyamana urged his sons to join their king in this battle and two of them, Mathentamo and Simelwano, as well as many others of the Buthelezi clan, distinguished themselves in the fighting. Dinuzulu escaped to Vryheid, but the Boers would not have him either as refugee or captive. He took a train to Pietermaritzburg where he was tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He, Ndabuko and Shingana were exiled to St Helena, where he seems to have spent a tranquil period during which he sired many children. One of the wives he took with him was Silomo Mdlalose, mother of King Maphumuzana, Prince Mshiyeni and Princess Magogo.

Mnyamana was not exiled because he had long ceased to play an active part in politics. But he was a broken man. True, Dinuzulu was still king, but he was a king in exile. It was an unhappy Zululand in which peace was only superficial, and in which the regency was little more than a figurehead. Mnyamana's heirs, chiefs of the Buthelezi in their time, inherited his overwhelming love for his people and their traditions, their laws and their customs, but years passed before the Buthelezi were reconciled with their king.

Princess Constance Magogo, Buthelezi's mother, and the daughter of King Dinuzulu, recalled the arrest of her father. As she looked out on to the hills near the Royal Place, the white faces of the hundreds of soldiers looked like 'massed arrows'. The hills were 'red with the English'.

There was no respect for the royal kraal, no courtesy was shown to the royal family. Loud commands were shouted as the soldiers stamped their way briskly from hut to hut, pushing all aside as they went. They stamped the ground fiercely with their feet and their rifle-butts in the hope of detecting hidden weapons buried under the earth. The children, their eyes wide with fright and awe, trembled. But while

pomposity may have been a basic requirement for officers, the men could afford to show the human side. Constance Magogo, for one, giggled when she was given a biscuit.

Harriet Colenso, daughter of the bishop who translated the New Testament into Zulu, was one of a committee who defended the princess's father, without success. She was, however, a great comfort to the royal family and, in many ways, Princess Magogo's Christian faith was a result of her contact with the bishop's remarkable daughter; one of her first white friends.

One of the conditions for the return of the king from exile was the annexation to Natal of KwaZulu, the traditional land of the Zulu, which took place place in 1897.

King Dinuzulu returned from St Helena to a troubled land. Unrest was building up under the British administration which had imposed a poll tax. This culminated in a rebellion led by Chief Bambata Zondi (the Bambata Rebellion) in 1905. Chief Bambata asked King Dinuzulu for a refuge for his wife, Siyekiwe, and his daughter, Kholekile, (both of whom were well remembered by Princess Magogo). Consequently, the king was charged with high treason and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Louis Botha, the first prime minister of the Union of South Africa, released the king but did not allow him to return to his home. He was exiled to Uitkyk farm in Middelburg in the Transvaal, where he died in 1913. He was just 45 years old. He had lost his kingdom. He had lost his home. Even worse, he had seen more than half of his people's lands turned over to Whites and his country fragmented beyond even the wildest dreams of Sir Bartle Frere. The very office that Dinuzulu had filled echoed the disasters of the past 40 years. Its privilege was a facade, its honour a faded relic of past glory.

Dinuzulu had shunned the advice of the man who, in bardic words, had loved him most. But, worse still, he had shunned the advice of the man who was willing to sacrifice his own love and respect for his king because he loved his people more. Mnyamana, fortunately, had not lived to see this last terrible climax to the battle of Ulundi; to see his king a puppet of the British, the kingdom an appendage of its colony.

The Usuthu clan was, however, still a living force and, though the chieftains did little more than control domestic matters, the royal line was intact. Dinuzulu's son, Maphumuzana, better known as Solomon, was proclaimed the heir and, after a visit to the prime

minister of South Africa, Louis Botha, in Pretoria, Solomon returned in 1916 to assume his throne.

The interview between Botha and Solomon has been recorded, and it shows the restrictions the government of South Africa placed on the powers of the king. More significant is the patronising way in which Botha treated the future paramount chief of the Zulu. Carl Faye, the interpreter who recorded the interview, wrote of Botha speaking quietly and authoritatively while being 'listened to by the natives spellbound with wrapt childlike attention'. Botha said:

> I was a great friend of your father. I was one of the men who made him king. I am seeing you this morning not only as the head of the State, but also as the friend of your people and yourself.... There is now only one country, one government and one flag in South Africa and you must hold fast to three things. Your protection and the welfare of your people are linked up with them....
>
> But you must clearly understand that you are not being sent back to the Usuthu kraal with any administrative power outside of the Usuthu location. You must also understand very clearly that you are not being sent back to raise military kraals or impis.
>
> I want peace now, rest for the Zulu nation, and if you go back with that purpose – to assist in maintaining peace and good order – then you will become a big man in Zululand.

Botha went on to point out that Solomon was on trial; that he had to behave himself or action would be taken against him. In return for his good behaviour, the Zulu King would be given an allowance of three hundred pounds a year. This would make him an official, and he would have to act as an official with his first loyalty to the government.

'One more point,' Botha went on, 'I am a believer in educating the Native and am therefore placing a school next to your kraal....'

It was on these terms that Solomon became king. His temporal power was restricted, but the people still looked to him as the supreme judge in tribal matters and he did much to build up a fitting royal image in their eyes.

Near Nongoma, at his Royal Place, he built a bungalow, bought several motor cars, mostly big limousines, and married some 40 wives. He was a man who enjoyed making an impression and who revelled in good food and liquor. Many Whites were affronted because

he did not conform with their idea of dignity, but many other Whites accepted his behaviour as standard for royalty.

Solomon may seldom have displayed the wisdom of the biblical king from whom he took his name, but he recognised wisdom when he was confronted by it, and he was no Dinuzulu, to estrange himself from the best advice. Traditionally, the best advice had come from the Buthelezi chiefs, and Solomon had not forgotten the efforts Mnyamana had made to preserve what little was left of the Zulu nation. Solomon also knew that, in many ways, the Buthelezi chieftainship was a storehouse of Zulu legal knowledge. Mnyamana's rise to power had been partly a tribute to his legal skills, but more a tribute to his legal prowess. This same love and understanding of the law had been inherited by his son and by his grandson, Mathole, father of Mangosuthu Buthelezi. Mathole had put up a considerable reputation within his own clan. Increasingly, the chiefs of other Zulu clans consulted him when difficult cases arose. There was little reluctance in turning to Mathole for help in what was a difficult tribal dispute.

Solomon understood Mnyamana's attitude in the advice he had given Dinuzulu, and this case presented an exceptional opportunity for the Zulu King to draw the Buthelezi back into national affairs. For far too long now the traditional premiership had been vacant, and Mathole was a suitable candidate.

The Princess Magogo remembers the arrival of Mathole at the Royal Place. He was a distinguished man of commanding appearance, a chief to whom nearly 30,000 people gave unstinting loyalty, an expert in tribal law whose reputation was fast becoming legend.

But, before he could hear the case, the litigants, Prince Mnyayiza and Mankulumana, were sent away from the royal kraal. They had arrived armed in the king's presence and it was pointed out that they should have known that this was against Zulu custom. When they returned, Mathole listened patiently to the arguments for both sides, weighed up the evidence and gave judgement. The defeated litigant, Mankulumana, though disappointed to have lost, was the first to praise Mathole. Mankulumana was an old man. He was the principal *induna* of the Usuthu clan and had been one of the leaders in the last Zulu uprising against the British, after which Dinuzulu had been arrested for the second time. He turned to Mathole and with his eyes lowered in respect he said, 'If I was a piece of steel, I would ask to be reshaped so that for many years I would be able to enjoy your wisdom.'

King Solomon was equally impressed. He also realised that this would be an opportunity to cement the reconciliation between the

royal family and the Buthelezi. He decided to offer Mathole a wife. Solomon, however, did not display a wisdom in this matter equal to, or approaching, that of Mathole in his handling of the tribal dispute. He initially tried to palm off – harsh though it may sound, the only apt phrase – one of his many half-sisters, a daughter of a seraglio wife of Dinuzulu. Fortunately, there was at least one member of the royal family who was a diplomat. She, Princess Magongobelana, a half-sister of the king, who was then pregnant, suggested that, in her place, the king offer a full sister to Chief Mathole. The king was not slow to appreciate the possible advantages of doing so and the Princess Magogo was, after negotiations on the question of *lobolo* (bride price) were concluded, betrothed to Chief Mathole.

When the Zulu gathered as a nation to welcome the Prince of Wales on his visit to South Africa in 1925, they were told that Mathole was the prime minister of the Zulu Kingdom.

The princess was betrothed to Chief Mathole in 1925, when he was about 35 years old and she about 25. The negotiations on *lobolo* had engaged the king's advisers and the Buthelezi *indunas* for many weeks. After agreement, the Buthelezi clan – and not chief Mathole – paid the bride price. This was in accord with custom: the princess was to be the chief's Great Wife.

Shameni Khumalo, principal *induna* of the Buthelezi, announced the status of Princess Magogo as chief wife (iNkosikazi) in front of the gathered clan, and in the presence of King Solomon, on the day she married.

From her would be born the heir to the Buthelezi chieftainship. She was, in effect, the Mother of the Clan – hence the clan's responsibility in the matter of *lobolo*.

Princess Magogo was proud to be chosen as the wife of this eminent man. Tenth wife though she was, this mattered little, for she would be the most senior of all the wives and the mother of Chief Mathole's heir. But, before the marriage, she was told by one of the women at the kraal that Mathole was unable to sire children; he was infertile. She went to her brother, the king, to complain.

'Your highness,' the princess said, 'I wish to speak to you on a matter that is serious.'

'Princess,' he said, 'what is it that worries you?'

'Your highness, why do you give me in marriage to a man who is no longer able to father children; who is infertile?'

The king looked at her for a long time and then asked, 'Has not this man been the father of many children?'

'Yes,' she answered.

'Look around you here at my Great Palace. Is it not true that I, too, have sired many children?'

'Yes, highness.'

'Is it not also true, Magogo, that now, in my Great Palace, there are no small babies?'

'Yes, highness.'

'Does this mean that I am no longer able to be a sire of children?'

'It does not mean that you are infertile.'

'Then marry Mathole, Magogo, for surely he, too, is not infertile and he will be the father of your children.'

The princess married Chief Mathole, but there was to be a long period of agonising waiting before she became a mother. Her expressive eyes echoing the dramatic story of this period, she told off their years on her fingers as she described the wait to me: 1926 passed and she did not become pregnant; 1927 passed and she was sad beyond measure. She fasted and prayed to God for a male child. She did indeed become pregnant. Her prayers, she felt, were answered and, perhaps with some hindsight, she said she knew even then that the child would be special.

When Chief Mathole was told that a son had been born, he was so excited he said it was too good to be true; it had to be the usual lies of the Usuthu. He gave the child this expression as his first name: Mangosuthu, a lie of the Usuthu. His second name was Gatsha, a twig or branch, the pet name given by one of the widows of his grandfather, Chief Tshanibezwe. Later, when he was christened, he was given the two additional names, Ashpenaz and Nathan. (Mangosuthu was, incidentally, the first of Princess Magogo's three children, and Mathole went on to father several children by his other wives after the birth of his heir.)

Zulu custom does not insist that the eldest son inherit a chieftaincy. In Dinuzulu's case, as has been mentioned, it was through expediency – the fear that the throne would be usurped from Shaka's line – that he was installed as Paramount Chief. Normally, it is a son of the chief's great wife who is the heir. Since the great wife is seldom the first wife, the heir is seldom the eldest of the sons.

It is also not a tradition for the sons who do not inherit to be disinterested spectators of their brother's accession to power. Each of them realises that, but for him – and perhaps another brother or two – he could be chief. It is by no means unusual, therefore, for the heir, and perhaps some of his brothers, to die under peculiar circumstances and so allow another aspirant to become chief. After all, that was the

way the most cruel of the Zulu kings, Dingane, came to the throne. For that matter, it was the way in which Shaka began his rise to supreme power in the Zulu nation.

When Gatsha Buthelezi was born, on 27 August 1928, there was considerable fear of jealousy being provoked in his half-brothers. His mother was the tenth wife, and taken fairly late in life by Mathole at that. After discussion with King Solomon, it was decided that the child and his mother should be taken directly from Ceza Hospital to the Royal Place near Nongoma, where he later herded cattle with the other children of the royal family. In itself, this move should have settled the issue of who should be the next chief of the Buthelezi.

2 The Early Years

It seems to be generally accepted that the 1976 protests of the school-children in Soweto, against Afrikaans as a medium for instruction in the schools, were the spark for the continuing country-wide struggle against the ruling regime that ended only with the first democratic elections in 1994. What tends sometimes to be overlooked is that the pupils were not protesting only against the imposition of the language of the ruling regime, but also the quality of education they were receiving as a whole. The education of Blacks was designed to be inferior; this was the policy of the National Party government.

When the young Buthelezi was growing up, this was not the case. It was not policy to provide Blacks with inferior education. Not that it was policy to provide them with universal education either. What facilities there were, as provided by the state, were mostly inferior and often informal. The state barely supplemented the mission schools, and the amount budgeted for black education was minimal – nor was education compulsory.

The school at which Buthelezi began his formal education no longer functions although, when I visited Mahashini near Nongoma more than twenty years ago, the building was still there.

Mahashini lies in a circle of hills. Between these hills a river winds and feeds the gently-sloping grassland that bounds its banks. Once these grasslands were among the most fertile in Zululand, and people in their thousands tilled the soil and grazed their cattle here. On one of the high, flat-topped hills, King Solomon built a house, his new Royal Place, Dlamahlahla (a place where you eat trees), at Mahashini (the place of the horses). King Dinuzulu's horses were brought here to allow them to live unopressed by the humid air of the lower reaches of this part of Zululand. The house he built was typical of the early part of the century with long, wide verandahs, high-ceilinged rooms and half-panelled walls within.

Today, the house is still there and still inhabited by the king and one of his wives. The huts that surrounded the house are gone. Barely

a few rondavels still survive; a shabby testimony to the splendour of King Solomon's retinue. Hardly anybody lives in the valley below. The earth is scarred by great crevices where the soil has been torn away in fierce summer rains. The scars are a memento of those many people who, less than half a century ago, took their living from the soil and also took its life.

When Mangosuthu Buthelezi was a young child he walked through these fields and was greeted by the many children. He remembers the crowded places, the chickens and, of course, the cattle, some of which he himself herded. But, most of all, he remembers Mahashini as his home – this was where he was taken immediately after his birth.

Since this was Buthelezi's home, when he visits he is not announced. He drives directly in through the gates and walks across the surrounding ground as one whose property it is. This is where his roots are. This is where he grew up. Here, in the very shadow of the king's house, is the building where he first went to school. A short walk from the house is the graveyard where King Solomon and his son, King Cyprian, are buried. One of Buthelezi's brothers who died shortly after his birth in 1939 was interred in this same graveyard.

Here Buthelezi spent his childhood years. He slept in one of the rondavels and visited his mother in the house. At mealtimes, the king would often call him and one of his own sons to sample a delicacy from the table or kitchen. Buthelezi remembers the silver covers on the serving-dishes and the huge pieces of meat that were offered. It was here, too, that he developed a dual taste for food, since he ate a variety of western dishes, (including, of course, sweets and biscuits) and at the same time was reared on sour porridge, sour milk, samp (a maize porridge) and meat cooked in the traditional Zulu way.

One of the outstanding memories that he has of his early childhood at Mahashini was the gathering on 4 March each year for the commemorative service for King Solomon. Thousands of Zulu converged on the graveyard at Mahashini. They arrived on horseback, by foot and by car. The overwhelming impression was one of movement. Everyone seemed to be on the move and, to add to the excitement, there were Zulu regiments, dressed in their finery, come to honour the memory of their dead king.

From a very early age Buthelezi was not content with the way things were. When just five years old he was already trying to read, and did learn before he turned six. Many Westerners might say 'so what?' to this; it is hardly prodigious for a child of five either to want to read, or actually to succeed in his purpose. But where the young

Buthelezi lived it was prodigious. First, there were few around him who could read. Secondly, there were few books to be seen. Thirdly, the emphasis was on outdoor life and there was little time to read. To add to all this, it was accepted that children did not begin school until they were seven or eight years old. Before then they were considered to be too undisciplined to learn in a formal way.

Buthelezi pressed his mother to allow him and a friend (a royal cousin a year or so older) to go to school. Since Buthelezi could already read a few words, the Princess Magogo, reluctantly but proudly, went to see the schoolmaster. The princess told the schoolteacher that if he accepted the children, his acceptance need not be regarded as final.

'If they play,' she said, 'then chase them out. But, meanwhile, please allow them to stay.'

Their teacher agreed, and was astonished at the progress of the two boys, especially Buthelezi.

Buthelezi's children are much amused by their father's description of his early days at school, especially of the uniform he wore. His clothes, and the clothes of his cousins, were fashioned by an aunt, one of King Solomon's wives, who used to do her own sewing. The clothes were just one garment – a long smock with a slit in the side. The smock followed a German fashion of the day for young schoolchildren and was normally worn without trousers. If it was comical for little Zulu boys to be dressed in the very best Berlin style, that they went barefoot at the same time made it even more so. Buthelezi proudly recalls that a few years later he wore his first pair of shoes, but by then he was also wearing trousers to school.

A revealing incident in his childhood was recalled by the Princess Magogo. This took place when he was about ten years old. It was a cold day, and a fire was burning in the fireplace in the room. The princess asked her son to stoke the fire. He did not listen to her but went on writing on his slate. His mother chided him for not obeying and asked his younger sister, Morgina, to stoke the fire instead.

His mother was displeased at this lack of discipline. Her temper did not improve when they ate a short while later. For, when Buthelezi had taken his plate of food, he began to use a bone as a spoon, dipping it into the food and licking it. His mother was angry and said she would spank him if he did not behave.

'Leave me alone, mother,' he said to her.

This angered the princess even more as it is not royal etiquette for a royal mother to be addressed as 'mother'. He should have called her Ndabezitha.

'Child,' she said, 'how can you say 'mother' to the daughter of a king?'

'Leave me alone, mother,' the boy repeated. 'Things concerning men are different from things concerning cattle.'

Princess Magogo was too taken aback to interrupt.

'If a cow calves,' he went on, 'and it is a bull calf, then no one is pleased. But when a human being gives birth to a male, everyone is pleased. There is jubilation.'

The princess had by now recovered her wits. 'Repeat what you have just said,' she told him.

Buthelezi did.

'Did the teacher teach you this?' the princess asked. 'Did you get it from your teacher, my boy?'

'Mother, leave me alone. How can I know other people's minds? I can only express my own thoughts.'

When the children went outside to play, the Princess Magogo knelt to pray. She asked that her young son's wisdom be allowed to increase.

Buthelezi was at the school near Mahashini until standard 7. All through his school career he continued to show evidence of independent thought. All through, too, he preserved the Christian ideal that he had inherited, and he continually pondered on questions of theology. His Christianity was not blind acceptance. His faith, to be sure, has not been questioned by him; it is a given. But the premises on which that faith is built, and on which it has grown, have always caused him much soul-searching.

About this time, as an adolescent, he should have been initiated into manhood. Before the advent of Shaka, this initiation would have involved ritual circumcision, but this custom was abolished by the founder of the Zulu nation. The traditional initiation itself has, however, been retained and even today, adolescents who have had their first seminal emission are formed into a group for the purpose. On the day of the initiation, they take the cattle they are herding out earlier than usual. In the bush they take part in a series of ceremonies designed to mark their manhood. The ceremonies include the eating of certain herbs and, in the course of the day, they have the mysteries of marriage and sexual relationships unfolded to them.

Buthelezi regrets that, because he was away at school, he had to forgo this initiation ceremony. It may seem strange that so Christian a person should regret having missed out on what is apparently a purely pagan ceremony. But in the first place this is not to understand the essence of Zulu religion – before the Whites and Christianity appeared on the scene.

Buthelezi sees no conflict between traditional ceremony and Christianity. Tradition is a strong unifying force, and a proud heritage not to be lightly discarded. Tradition in no way implies worship of idols or other gods, nor does it make a mockery of the worship of God through Christ. Buthelezi does not, therefore, excuse himself for embracing Zulu culture and for having regrets at not having taken part in an initiation ceremony.

The practical side of the initiation ceremony is, however, of more importance than the tradition itself. Teachings on physical relations between the sexes were always carried out within the tribe. With urbanisation and westernisation, these lessons by the elders of the age groups have tended to fall away. It is only in the rural areas of KwaZulu that they persist. Zulu parents are embarrassed to teach their children about sex, for they have no precedent – they were not taught by their parents. As a result of the dying-out of the centuries-old initiation tradition, there has been an increase of immorality among the Zulu.

Buthelezi was entered into Adams College for the completion of his secondary education. Previously the college, the Amanzimtoti Institute, was administered by the American Board of Missionaries and was a high school, a teachers' training college and an industrial school. It was at Adams that he would meet two of the seminal influences in his life, Edgar Brookes and Jordan Ngubane.

The war years brought little change in the lives of South African Blacks, although the change of government from the fusion of the National and United Parties to a coalition led by the United Party saw some relaxation in the application of the racial policy of the Hertzog government: not through any repeal of existing legislation, but simply because the Smuts government tended to pay lip-service to its application.

Under Hertzog, the South African government had enacted five pieces of legislation designed to counter black pressure: these were the 1936 Representation Act, that gave Blacks the right to be represented in parliament but no direct right of representation or debate; the 1936 Native Trust and Land Act, that segregated them territorially; the 1937 Natives Laws Act, that determined urban segregation and influx control; the 1927 Native Administration Act, that imposed authoritarian rule and, to ensure security, the Riotous Assemblies Act of 1930. Indians in the Transvaal and Natal had their land and trading rights restricted, while no clear policy for the Coloured people had yet been worked out.

To suppose that Blacks simply sat back, while their rights were being so seriously circumscribed, would be naive. However, at a time when there was an acute labour shortage, it was difficult, if not impossible, to restrict skilled work to Whites only and to enforce influx control laws, in particular, by transferring workers from the towns to the farms. Another reason was that Blacks were being more strongly represented in Parliament by their white representatives than the legislators had envisaged. Edgar Brookes was one of these representatives, leading his team (which included the redoubtable Margaret Ballinger) into parliament in 1938. By then, he had been principal of Adams College for almost four years, having also been one of the co-founders of the South African Institute of Race Relations in 1933.

The influence of the Native Representatives, and the intellectual strength of Smuts's deputy, J.H. Hofmeyr, played a part in some active (in contrast to the passive described above) reforms, including limited improvements in workmen's compensation, pensions, unemployment insurance, public health and secondary education.

Black activist politics had only minor successes in this period. The first Congress of Non-European Trade Unions was held in 1942, and there was a short-lived Anti-Pass campaign two years later that achieved no direct concessions.

In the face of a serious housing shortage, exacerbated by shortages of building materials, and skilled building jobs being preserved for Whites, a number of squatter movements were launched. James Sofasonke Mpanza led his followers on to the Orlando commonage, an action that ultimately forced the government and the Johannesburg City Council to set up emergency camps. Periodically, there were violent episodes, resulting mainly from the informal occupation of land in various parts of the country.

In the second half of 1942, there were many black strikes – some of these resulting in higher wages. The progress of the unions in taking industrial action was curbed, however, by War Measure 145 of January 1942, which outlawed strikes by black workers – this regulation being renewed until 1953, when it was made permanent by, the Native Labour Settlement of Disputes Act of 1953.

The ANC, under President-General Dr A.B. Xuma, who had been elected to the post in 1940, made some progress towards becoming a national body and its Bill of Rights was adopted by conference in 1943, although it was turned down by government.

More significant in Buthelezi's future political life was the founding of the ANC Youth League in 1943–44. The founding group

included Anton Lembede (who died in 1947 at the age of 33), Jordan Ngubane, W.F. Nkomo, Walter Sisulu, Nelson Mandela, A.P. Mda, Robert Sobukwe, Duma Nokwe, Joseph Matthews (son of Z.K. Matthews) and Congress Mbata. It was not, however, until 1949 that the Youth League, after its Programme of Action had been endorsed by the ANC, committed itself to challenging white power.

Before Buthelezi went to Adams College, his father, Chief Mathole, died. The Buthelezi tribe was plunged into mourning. For a long time, the Princess Magogo was inconsolable. The young Mangosuthu, just 14 years old, journeyed from Dlamahlahla to take part in the funeral ceremony. At Madaka, not far from Nkonjeni, in front of thousands of his tribesmen, he stood in the centre of the ritual kraal, his spear pointing at the place of his father's burial. Because of his youth, he was excused from having to stand while the grave was being dug, but his pride, bearing and dignity impressed all who gathered to mourn. His mother, Princess Magogo, as chief wife, and dressed in her late husband's best traditional dress, led the other widows at the ceremony.

Buthelezi's uncle, Maliyamakhanda, was appointed regent of the tribe and the young boy was taken by his maternal uncle, Prince Mshiyeni, the acting Paramount Chief of the Zulu, to Adams College.

On the way, they broke their journey to meet Dr John Dube, the first president of the African National Congress. Dube was an old man in a wheelchair but, in spite of his age and disability, he was still an impressive person, and still recognisable as the man who had done so much to urge unity among Blacks and to draw attention to the harshness of many South African laws. In 1912, Dube, addressing a meeting in Zululand, had said:

> General Hertzog, who is the minister in charge of Native Affairs, is talking about separating the black people from the white people, sending us away to live I know not where. He wants to make a law to get this done. Now that is an important matter about which there should be a big meeting of our people so that the voice of the people may be heard...

The young Buthelezi could have had no better person to encourage him as he began the next important period of his life.

Leaving Dube, Buthelezi and his uncle drove to Durban, where he was outfitted for school at Woolfsons – in a sense, a badge of entry into that other world of South Africa, the world the Whites had brought with them and developed and fashioned in their way.

Adams College was in a narrow sense just such an institution, founded by Whites to provide education for Blacks on Christian principles, and no easy ride. Discipline was strict; obedience was expected and enforced and there were no luxuries on the daily menu. Edgar Brookes, who welcomed Buthelezi on his arrival, was a devout Anglo-Catholic, a theologian, an historian and, as has been mentioned, a senator who represented Blacks in parliament. To promote understanding between races, he introduced an exchange programme with Michaelhouse College, with two students from Adams spending a week at Michaelhouse and two Michaelhouse boys spending a fortnight at Adams.

Brookes had no colour prejudice, but he did have an intellectual prejudice; he did not then, nor did he for some years, accept that all citizens had the right to choose their government. Suffrage was a privilege to be earned, not by colour, but by ability, and ability came through education. When, for example, the Liberal Party was established in 1953, he did not join then because he believed that its franchise policy was too extreme. He supported the Progressive Party which had a policy of a limited franchise. Nine years on, he did join the Liberal party which had committed itself to universal adult suffrage.

The staff at Adams were selected for their knowledge and abilities. Skin colour played no part in the process, and the pupils were not conscious, while at school, that their society worked in a different way from South African society as a whole. They enjoyed the dignity of being treated as boys would have been in any good boarding-school run on Christian lines in South Africa. They were cocooned from harshness at first hand. But, they were aware that hundreds of thousands of their peers neither enjoyed the quality of education they were receiving, nor the respect they were accorded from their teachers.

As pupils, they were widely exposed to the currents of both internal and external politics. Buthelezi, for example, received considerable intellectual stimulation from the diversity of people that made up the student body and the college. These students were drawn from Uganda, Tanganyika, Rhodesia, the Protectorates and, of course, South Africa. Together with the overseas-dominated faculty, they had a broadening effect on Buthelezi's education for, until then, his background had been mainly rural, although from an early age he drew on both Zulu and Western culture. He had, for example, grown up on a mixed musical diet of Zulu and Western classical music.

Brookes had instituted a course in Civics for the sons of *amakhosi* (chiefs), and Buthelezi was taught by Selby Ngcobo (later a professor at the University of Zimbabwe and, following his retirement, economic advisor to Buthelezi when Chief Minister of KwaZulu). Brookes sometimes also lectured in Civics.

The pupils, especially those who studied history, were inevitably drawn into politics. Politics featured in formal and informal discussion. Black leaders in the ANC and the Youth League were already the heroes of many of these pupils but, in particular, they idolised Jordan Ngubane, who was not just a Zulu journalist, but a Zulu journalist who wrote for English-language publications including some overseas, and was a close friend, too, of Chief Albert Lutuli who, even then, was a well-known figure in the ANC.

Ngubane, who was more than ten years older than Buthelezi, stayed at Adams Mission for a long period; Buthelezi visited him often, and they had long private talks in his home and in his car. Politically, he was moving towards liberation politics under Ngubane's dispute. Under the daily regimen of prayer at the College, his spiritual development was also being shaped.

There was, of course, a Christian tradition in the Zulu royal family that dated back to King Dinuzulu's exile to St Helena. The foundation for Buthelezi's faith was built by his mother, Princess Magogo, who had been confirmed as an Anglican by the Bishop of Natal, Bishop Vivyan. On a visit to her brother, Prince Mshiyeni, before her marriage, she was introduced to a group of Seventh Day Adventists and later joined this church. This remarkable woman was steeped in Zulu history. She could repeat by heart the praises of her ancestors, the Zulu kings Senzangakhona, Shaka, Dingane, Mpande and Cetshwayo, as well as those of her brothers King Solomon and Prince Mshiyeni. At family prayers she would recite the Psalms of King David in Zulu. Her faith was deep, and she inculcated this in her children. Prince Mshiyeni, as regent after the death of King Solomon, took over the guardianship of Princess Magogo's children, He, too, was a devout Christian who conducted family prayers in the mornings and evenings, and who built a chapel at his homestead. At Adams, religion, like politics, was a given. It was simply a part of daily life. Buthelezi was a member of the Students Christian Association.

At the college, as throughout his school days, the emphasis in Buthelezi's education was on the cultural subjects. One of the tragedies of black education in South Africa over many years was the neglect of the sciences. This was not only through deliberate policy, but also because little in the way of teachers were provided and

almost nothing in the way of laboratory facilities. Buthelezi has a good grasp of figures. His explanations of budgets and his understanding of many economic problems are evidence of this and he could have been a sound mathematician. While having no regrets at having focused on history and languages in particular, there is the feeling that he ought to have had the opportunity to test his ability in the sciences.

He also did not have the opportunity to learn Afrikaans. For many years he felt this was a handicap in communicating with people in government and other official posts. At the time, however, only in the Transvaal were Blacks allowed to study Afrikaans. In Natal, English was prescribed.

It was at Adams, too, that he acquired his love of drama, especially of Shakespeare and Shaw, and he took part in several plays, almost always in major roles. Even with the pressures of learning and extra-curricular activities (for a while these included boxing) he found time to read. He was an avid reader and at Adams indulged himself, reading almost anything. The library offered a catholic variety of books, academic, classical and modern.

Unlike many of his fellow-students, Buthelezi had not had a sound grounding in English. He knew his grammar well enough but his vocabulary when he went to the college was limited and he had had little chance to express himself in a creative context. By the time he reached his final year at Adams, however, he was already in command of the language and beginning to write with maturity. He remembers with pride receiving the highest marks in the preliminary matriculation examinations for his English essay. His English master, Raymond Keet, who was a Rhodes scholar, asked him to read his work to his classmates. Buthelezi still writes many of his speeches first in English and then translates them into Zulu. English has not become his first language but he finds the flow of written words easier in it. He also thinks in both English and Zulu.

He was younger than most of his classmates. He had begun school earlier than they had and his school career had not been much interrupted. In spite of his youth he was already showing qualities of leadership and was often called upon in discussions, especially on religious matters.

The standard of education at Adams was high, but there were problems on which the students felt strongly. Food was the main one and a series of strikes were staged to protest. Buthelezi, his youth notwithstanding, was elected to act for the students in the negotiations with the authorities. Unfortunately the activists among the students

were unhappy with the way in which negotiations were being carried on, and one of the hostels was burnt down. One student jumped from the burning building and fractured his spine.

The culprit (or culprits) were not discovered. The students were sent home and had to re-apply for admission. In spite of all this taking place in his matriculation year, Buthelezi passed his examinations sufficiently well to gain university entrance.

In 1974, Brookes, asked to comment on Buthelezi as a student, told me that he remembered him as being the smallest of the three boys who were chosen from the royal family to be educated at the college. One of these three had been named by the regent as the heir to the Zulu throne. Brookes said, 'The only one of the three worth educating was Buthelezi'. He also said that Buthelezi was generally then called by his first name, Mangosuthu. He remembers the boy as being very modest, 'not at all full of himself as a chief-designate'.

At Adams, the four major strands that were to be the thread of Buthelezi's life came together: family values and loyalty to the family; a high regard for traditional culture and values; politics and Christian faith. Politics was the wholly new strand, and Brookes and Ngubane played no small part in sparking his interest.

Buthelezi regards Adams as the foundation of his looking outward, rather than inward, in politics. It was there that he realised that racism was not peculiar to South Africa. Adams also helped him to understand the many things Africans have in common throughout Africa. He learnt there, for example, that it is not in the nature of the African to accept an ideology that is imposed upon him by others.

At Adams, too, he began to look on Brookes as a father-figure and for many years, until Brookes's death, he sought advice from him.