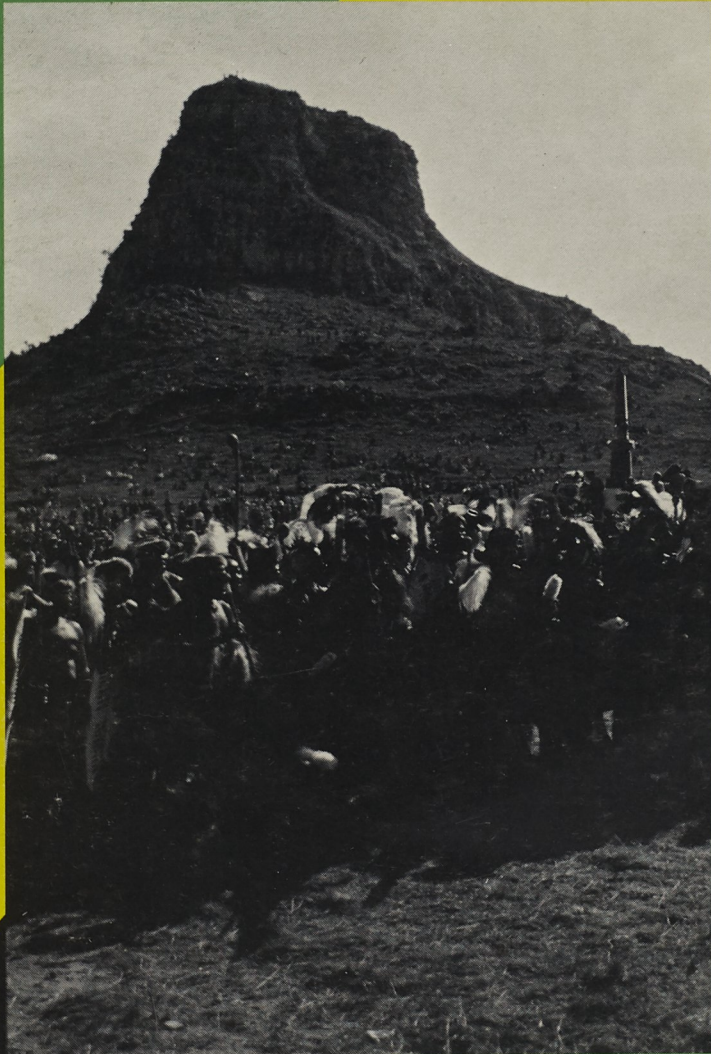


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ANGLO-ZULU WAR CENTENARY 1879 TO 1979

SPEECH AT A FUNCTION TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI - THE FINAL BATTLE OF THE ANGLO-ZULU WAR OF 1879

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Chief Minister of KwaZulu
and
President of Inkatha YeNkululeko YeSizwe*

ULUNDI WAR MEMORIAL

Saturday 26 May 1979

I would like to thank the Administrator and the Provincial Council of Natal for having undertaken the project of holding these commemoration functions with us. I thank the Administrator and the Province for the financial contributions they made to ensure that these important events take place with the dignity and success they deserve.

I know that the holding of these functions has generated a lot of controversy from a wide spectrum of political opinion from both the white and black right wing, and from the white and black left wing. The idea of holding these events is something I have cherished in my thoughts for more than a decade. What I was seeking was an event which would focus on a reconciliation. I knew that because there has been no real reconciliation between us as black and white descendants of those who participated in the tragedy of the Anglo-Zulu War, this was going to be a difficult exercise. The more I thought about this fact, the more I felt that we need to hold such joint functions for the sake of our survival and even to focus on the urgency of reconciliation if we must survive as descendants of the actors in the sad drama of 1879.

There have been various views expressed for and against the whole idea of holding these functions, as I have already indicated. A crude view expressed by some of our left-wing critics abroad is that we as Zulus are participating in the events in order to express thanks for white annihilation of the Zulus in 1879.

I thank Mr Chadwick and members of the committee from the Provincial Council side who have toiled day and night to make these events successful. I also thank my Minister of Interior the Hon. Dr F. T. Mdlalose and his Committee in making an equal contribution towards making these events successful. I wish to thank certain South Africans I nominated into the Committee who have worked with the Zulus such as Mr A. B. Colenbrander, Mr Hastie and Mr Ian Player. They have done all they have done in appreciation of the importance of this centenary. For this we thank them. I hope today that each one of them will appreciate that each

and every word I will say today will be said because I also, just like them, appreciate the significance of this event. I trust their judgement and I hope they will return the compliment by also trusting my own judgement.

These are commemoration ceremonies rather than celebrations. We approach them in a spirit of solemnity. We approach them in a spirit of homage to all those who perished in the unjust war of 1879. All were victims of the megalomania of a few ambitious individuals who saw as their mission the destruction of Zulu power 'once and for all', to use Sir Bartle Frere's now famous phrase. There are some people who wish that we should have forgotten about the sad War of 1879. It boggles my mind, quite apart from the bravery displayed by the victims of the War on both sides, how one sweeps under the carpet, such a great holocaust in which the mightiest kingdom in Southern Africa was destroyed.

My conclusion is that the unjustness of the War weighs too much on the conscience of those who feel a certain amount of vicarious responsibility for the disaster. But none of us here were present. We are merely the descendants of those participants in the tragic drama of 1879.

I wish to pay tribute to King Cetshwayo who paid a high price. The Zulu people have not forgotten and can never forget his sufferings and sacrifices for them. This they have indicated through the very generous way in which they have made contributions for a memorial to His Majesty King Cetshwayo. The statue which I am handing over to the King and the people of KwaZulu today, has been paid for through these generous donations of the people. On this occasion I would like to thank the Chiefs and all the people of KwaZulu from all walks of life, who have demonstrated their appreciation for the price King Cetshwayo paid in defence of our human dignity.

It is not out of place here to pay tribute also to his son King Dinuzulu who walked in the steps of his illustrious father and paid the price by suffering a similar fate. This brings me to the task of saying to His Majesty the King

on behalf of his subjects, that the Zulu people have not forgotten. We would like to praise our Monarchs from King Shaka to the present Monarch, for having been a rallying centre of our unity. The Monarchy as an institution has played a great role in keeping us together under very difficult circumstances.

I will not go into the history of what has happened over the years, but I can mention that Sir Garnet Wolseley's attempt to divide the entire nation was only partly successful. The loyalty of the people to the Monarchy has been very strong to withstand generations of blatant attempts to fragment us by using the divide and rule formula. The Zulu people will not easily succumb to attempts by outsiders to fragment them in order to keep them in subservience. These attempts have not been successful because the Zulu Kings stood with their people. They never deserted their people for any mess of pottage. This says a lot also for the loyalty and the resilience of the Zulu people.

I would like to assure our present King of our loyalty and support. As long as the King is seen to be standing four-square behind his people in their efforts to salvage whatever is left of their human dignity, I guarantee their love and support for the King's entire lifetime. There are a few things which the people have done to demonstrate in concrete terms this love and loyalty. This is not the place to name these things. We are aware that ever since the King acceded to his throne there have been many attempts to separate him from his people. We pay tribute to His Majesty for having withstood the buffeting those attempts have entailed.

There are many outsiders, some visible and some invisible, who spare no second to carry on these divisive attempts by trying to play off one bottom against the other. We know them, even amongst some of those who do these things whilst pretending to respect or love the Zulu people. What the people have done to honour the memory of His Majesty King Cetshwayo should indicate to His Majesty as our present monarch that if the people are sure that their King is loyal to their cause, they can never forget it. Not even death can erase it from the memories of the Zulu people. We would like the King never to let outsiders influence him to doubt our loyalty and support for the Monarchy.

I would like to thank our visitors, particularly those who came from overseas to be with us on these great occasions. I also thank members of diplomatic corps and consular corps who are present. I am particularly pleased to see representatives from Her Britannic Majesty's Government, as well as a representative from France.

I hope that these things will put in perspective just who the people of KwaZulu are. There is far too much bandying about of words like 'Homelands' and 'Bantustans', all words coined by whites from both the right wing and the left wing, which is not short of adding insult to the injuries of many generations. The Zulu people and KwaZulu are not creations of Pretoria, as the impression is now generally created merely because Pretoria has imposed its administrative structure on us, whose cohesion and coherence are not products of the Pretoria regime in any sense. There are many people who would like the world to believe that we are creations of Pretoria and their willing puppets, merely because we refuse to abandon our people because the apartheid structure is being imposed on them. We will

not stop being blacks with our white countrymen under any circumstances. On a day like this it is my duty to make this clear. We are not just a black amorphous mass with no culture, history or language. We resent being treated like this, as much as we resent pretences by the Treurnichts of this world to try and make Zulus out of us! I would like to warn the likes of Dr Treurnicht to stop this nonsense and not to precipitate bloodshed by his persistence in doing just this.

I thank the Cabinet of KwaZulu who have asked me to speak to you on this very important occasion. That is their decision which was not solicited by me in any way. I want to make this clear because I know that there is a lot of uneasiness and even unhappiness that someone like me, regarded by certain people as a stormy petrel, was going to speak at this commemoration function. I have no intention of upsetting people's apple-carts but it will be appreciated that I do not speak for Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, I speak on behalf of five million Zulus some of whom are direct descendants of the actors in the drama of 1879. This is a day when we pay tribute to those forebears. I want to add that although I am not speaking for myself, I do not apologise for doing so. Just like His Majesty and other members of the Zulu Royal House, I am a direct descendant of King Cetshwayo who was in the centre of all the plotting and manouvres of the last century's colonialism. My mother Princess Constance Magogo who is here is the granddaughter of King Cetshwayo and a daughter of King Dinuzulu, and a full sister of King Solomon ka Dinuzulu, the present King's grandfather. I am not here on sufferance from any quarter.

On the other hand the Prime Minister of the Zulu nation under King Cetshwayo was Mnyamana Buthelezi. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the entire Zulu army at the time of the Zulu War and personally led attacks at such places as Khambula and Hlobane. He gave instructions in the King's name to all the Zulu generals who led Zulu regiments in the various battles. On my father's side Mnyamana was my great-grandfather. In addition several of his sons, including my grandfather, participated in the Anglo-Zulu War. My grandfather was present at Isandlwana. Although this position is never put so clearly in most writings by whites, the Zulu people are aware of that position. I think that background should convince even those who expect me not to pay due tribute to the braves of 1879, that I have a very important duty to perform today, 100 years after the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879.

This function will have not been given its significance if I did not share with you Zulu and black perspectives of where we are after 100 years, and where we are likely to go in the next few years as the second centenary of the Zulu War begins after this year. As most of you have seen, the inscription on the Ulundi War Monument, the day on which the Zulu people were annihilated, is described as 'the turning point not only in the history of Zululand but of South Africa.' This should indicate to both friends and foes the significance of the centenary of the Anglo-Zulu War and also the significance of a Zulu input in the black liberation struggle. There are many little cocks on dunghills without any constituency in the black community. One of these scrawny cockerels stated to a journalist last year that in the black struggle 'who needs Zulus, they are merely 25 percent of the black population.' I hope that

he and those who think like him mark my words on this occasion, and that they take my words as a very brotherly warning. There can be no meaningful change in South Africa without the participation of black people of KwaZulu.

In the light of the above facts therefore, there can have been few occasions in my life which have been so charged with the need to be responsible, sensitive and discerning as is this occasion.

The blood in my veins is the blood of the people, spilt in all the battles of the Anglo-Zulu War. I stand bowed by the as yet unfulfilled ideals of those who died here. I feel the weight of fear that those ideals are even now deeply threatened. I stand appalled by the thought that brave people died here, and possibly died to no avail.

When I analyse my need to be responsible, sensitive and discerning, I find myself facing three audiences. First, there is the black population of South Africa, especially the descendants of the main actors in this particular corner of South African history. I am one of these. Secondly, there are my white fellow countrymen, and thirdly there is the international community. All these categories are represented here and they were also represented even at yesterday's function.

I must address myself to each of those audiences separately. I do this to each in the presence of the others, and I am aware that what is sensitive to the one audience is less sensitive to the other. It would be insensitive to the blacks of South Africa, and in particular to those blacks from this region, if I did not share with them the pain and anger in remembering the bitterness of a defeat which resulted in a century of impoverishment, humiliation and an onslaught against human dignity. The fruits of the battles of the Anglo-Zulu War are not the same for blacks as they are for whites. It would be equally insensitive of me to castigate the whites for what their forefathers did here a century ago, and not to recognise that the white blood spilt then was spilt by brave men, and the very spilling of the blood made them more than passing wanderers. Like ours, their graves are on the road they travel.

I must be responsible when I speak to black and white. I must make both see that the two main battles of the Anglo-Zulu War at Isandlwana and Ulundi made black and white compatriots in one country with one history and one future. Our responsibility is to see to it that they did not die in vain. If we fail to establish a new society, we make foolishness of bravery.

I must be discerning when I speak. I must sift the irrelevant from the relevant, and identify those forces working for, and those forces working against, a new society in which the 1879 War becomes symbolic of people who stand tall and are prepared to die for their ideals. In being discerning, it is not always possible to be sensitive. I must stand at times where no other man stands. In our situation where polarisation has taken place between black and white, we need the courage to stand in a position of cross fire. We need to discern what is stupid on both sides. This is where destiny has placed me. We need the courage to stand firm on principles which will survive and which will serve a new generation as they banish the iniquities of the past. Bandwagon politics which play to galleries unimportant in their contribution to our struggle for liberation, serves only as fuel for an impending holocaust.

We in this country are spoiling for a new and more

terrible replay of the events of Isandlwana, Rorkes Drift, Kambula, Gingindlovu, Hlobane, Nyezane and Ulundi. Blacks and whites died a hundred years ago for this soil. We are a proud people. It is important for us to walk tall — to be men amongst men. We Zulus are a courteous and gentle people. We would live in peace with every man and be men amongst men. When our manhood is subverted, when our dignity is sullied, when our courtesy is despised, mistakes are made which are costly to everything we hold dear. We have shown our bravery in the past. We can show it again.

It will be a tragic day for South Africa when blacks accept subservience. We will never be compatriots with whites in subservience. Both whites and blacks can only walk tall if there is mutual respect. Respect does not survive chasms in a polarised society. In bridging gulfs we will build respect.

The Anglo-Zulu War, tragic as it was, must come to mean the same thing to us all. It must be symbolic. It will become symbolic even if it has to be reinforced by other tragedies similar to the events of 1879. That is the road we embarked on one hundred years ago. It is the road we walk today. It is along this road that our braves lie.

Responsibility, sensitivity and discernment paint a picture in which one people in one land with one purpose take a rightful place in the international community. That is my third audience today — the international community. In the international community, any diminishment of liberty in any country is of international concern. Any struggle for liberation in any country that is won, is won for all mankind. Any act by any country against liberty is an act against all mankind. There is joint responsibility in our world of men and women. We are in the dark ages when it comes to exercising and realising these responsibilities. As yet these principles are in most cases luxuries about which nations can be sanctimonious when, having acted in their self-interest, they further justice. In the scales of national reasoning, the weight of international responsibility when it conflicts with national vested interests does not tip scales.

The scourge of colonialism which swept the world during the 18th and 19th centuries set the stage for today's suffering among probably four-fifths of mankind. It certainly set the stage for our suffering. The British regarded our land as up for grabs. They regarded the people who were born, who lived and died, who ate and loved and laughed here, as a species not warranting western civilised considerations. Compassion, respect, justice, honesty, belonged to the world they came from. The Anglo-Zulu War was as much part of this contempt for fellow man as it was anything else. These cold facts are not uttered by me in anger. They are facts which cannot be swept under the carpet on a day like this.

The people of these mountains, valleys and plains were expected to accept subjugation. They were expected to surrender manhood, to behave like animals which could be tamed, harnessed and drafted into teams pulling the load of the white man's luxury. Our objections to these expectations from colonial forces were so deep as to make us die here. The War of 1879 waged against us is a monument in the minds of many to ideals which people cherished beyond the limits of death. I am deeply aware that the British, Irish and

Welsh regiments who fought us here so gallantly, and who shed their blood, cannot be blamed as individuals for what they were doing. Their gallantry and bravery stands untarnished by colonial iniquities. I am glad that they are represented here today as much as they were yesterday.

When I meet a German who lives today, I do not taint him with that which was monstrous in his past. When I meet a Japanese today, I do not taint him with that which happened at Pearl Harbour. When I meet an American today, I do not taint him with that which happened at Hiroshima, and when I meet a white South African with descendants who fought in our battles such as Isandlwana, Rorkes Drift, Kambula, Hlobane and Ulundi, I do not taint him with the iniquities of colonialism.

One of the great evils of iniquitous systems is that they involve ordinary people born and bred who know no better. We have a very deep sense of collective responsibility from which individuals cannot be absolved, but this does not mean that the guilty are necessarily evil. The war of 1879 was a meeting between black and white in which lines were drawn between ordinary men. There was a willingness on the part of the regiments to die on foreign soil. There was a willingness on the part of those who were born on this soil to die there too. If we are to learn anything from experience such as this, it should be that ordinary people should not participate in systems that are evil.

When I look at western governments with past colonial aspirations which are echoed by neo-colonial attitudes today, I am aware that those governments in their attitudes are reflecting the vested interests of their constituencies. These governments are not absolved from responsibility for the continuing poverty which prevails in the Third World. When I address an international audience, the possibility of being insensitive is minimal. They listen but do not hear; what I say does not perturb them; the blind will not see, and what I show them will give no offence. I am not persuaded that good for us will come from Washington, London, Amsterdam, Toronto or Bonn, unless what is good for us is even better for them. In our situation it must be clearly understood that black Africa did not meet us at Isandlwana or Ulundi. Each in their own way fought their own Isandlwanas and Ulundis and this makes them our kindred.

The Anglo-Zulu War must be seen in the context of its own day. The warriors of these hills in yesteryear fought bravely on a number of fronts, but their victories imposed on the vanquished an equality between the victor and the vanquished. The Zulu empire was expanded without any intention to subjugate and to enslave. We were many people and we are one nation. The aftermath of the War of 1879 is a bitterness in our mouths, because warriors were turned into subservient children.

To many in this country I am a kaffir and overseas I will be treated like a kaffir, even if in the light of parlour games the word is never used. For this my people die. It is in this kind of context that I want to talk today about international responsibility.

Let me pause here and dwell on the concept of liberation and that which gives our struggle for liberation life and death issues. White South Africa as yet does not recognise that we are struggling for liberation. They

must close their eyes to that principle because if they open them, they will see their dirtied and blooded hands. There is no other word I can use. We do struggle for our liberation. It is a struggle, and we are *not* liberated. Every black man knows what I mean when I mention the struggle.

I object in the strongest possible terms when a white board of censors says that the term 'struggle for liberation' is communistically inspired, serving the interests of forces of destruction beyond our borders. The struggle for liberation is the most meaningful thing in this country for black and white alike, and the struggle is born in everlasting values dearer than life. That struggle has a social purity in our national life. That struggle is shaping the minds and souls of people who take their place in a new society where all shall be free, all shall be equal. The black struggle for liberation in this country nurtures civilised values. I will continue calling it by that name. I will encourage that concept to grow in the hearts and minds of my people. I will continue to appeal to the international community I now address to identify with the emergence in this corner of the world of the values of which all men can be proud.

Our struggle for liberation is a struggle for all mankind. The fruits of our struggle cannot be bought cheaply with empty sentiments and high sounding resolutions. We know here in this country that nobody can fight our battles for us. We do not want to ride on the backs of other people's resolutions and on their commitment to high ideals. The struggle for liberation is something which the people themselves must conduct. We must suffer for it and strive for it. Nobody else can do this for us. But this does not mean that we need no man. We struggle in the context of Southern Africa, Africa and the international community. The forces ranged against darkness must focus here on our soil.

To be responsible in my international stance is extremely difficult. I am aware that one of the consequences of the battles of the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879 is that we are locked in a north/south axis. Every institution in our country points to the West. Foundations of our posterity run to the West. My sense of responsibility leads me to a position in which I cannot sacrifice future well-being for current hollow victory. We cannot liberate ourselves now by destroying the foundations for well-being in the future. In my responsibility I bide my time. I know that technological explosions are taking place in places like China. I know that in the foreseeable future neo-colonialism which creates the north/south axis may be weakened by other options and other alternatives for us. The international community needs to join hands East with West in our struggle for liberation. I and my people will never be an extension of the West's anti-communist feeling. Nor will I and my people ever be the lackey of communistic enterprise. We stand in our own place, and we espouse that which is good, and the points of a compass do not indicate where that good comes from. The battles of the 1879 War, however, at this point in time are the beginning of something which is still on-going in our north/south relationship.

Surely it is not too much to ask as we stand here together and commemorate the events of 1879 that we resolve and pledge each to the other a new sense of partnership, a new destruction of futility, a new burning of hope which will make our meeting a hundred years

ago on this soil a meeting of brave people who learnt to shed the sword and hold the plough.

I turn specifically now to the blacks. We as blacks on the one hand are battered by hunger and poverty which flows so naturally from the iniquitous apartheid system. We are battered by the whites-only club at every twist and turn of our daily lives. We are battered by political, economic and social oppression. On the other hand, we are offered no hope of democratic involvement to bring an end to our suffering.

In this country every black and white, wherever he or she was born and from whatever ethnic group he or she derives descent, is bound together by one destiny. That destiny has not been fulfilled. The growing integration of black and black was interrupted by the advent of colonialism. It is a fact of history that whereas in other parts of the country whites could interrupt the growth of political integration by frontier skirmishes, here in Natal a whole people had to be defeated militarily in a full-scale war.

King Shaka had already achieved what other leaders also sought to achieve by the time the British arrived. In the case of King Shaka, what other black leaders in other regions of South Africa were still busy trying to achieve was already a fait accompli for the people of this region of KwaZulu, encompassing the whole of Natal and beyond the borders of present-day Natal. The Zulus were already a closely-knit political unit which had reached a state of nationhood which no other black group had reached in the whole of South Africa.

In fulfilling the destiny of this country for all its people, the importance of Zulu coherence must never be underestimated by anyone who seriously wants to see the black liberation struggle succeed. This coherence and this cohesion should not be seen as a threat but as a strength on which we can build further unity between black and black. It should also be seen as a rock foundation on which we as South Africans can create common ground between black and white in South Africa. It is certainly a nucleus of that kind of destiny for all the people of South Africa.

There are, on the other hand, a number of white political megalomaniacs as well as black political megalomaniacs, as I have already indicated, who like to use the Zulu coherence built by King Shaka as a political scare-crow to frighten off other blacks from joining hands with us as blacks. How often do we hear distortions of our daily pleas for black unity being misinterpreted as ploys to build up a Zulu imperium? How many times do we hear Current Affairs of the South African Broadcasting Corporation intimidating other blacks with the scare-crow of this imaginary spectre of a Zulu imperium?

The choices presented to us are political subversion, including the loss of rights to South Africa as a whole, and the acceptance of so-called independent mini-states which are broken up and impoverished; and by historical definition are pieces of land given to us as the white man's left-overs; or involvement in militant action in which the resolution of the problem is seen in the employment of violence. One has to remember the Anglo-Zulu War in this context.

We in Inkatha have clearly and unequivocally rejected both these options offered to us. They are not our options: they are options being foisted on us by the march of events in the direction our country is taking.

When one looks at the history of South Africa and focusses on events in this country, the battles our people fought in 1879 are very important national events. The victory of foreign troops on this soil of ours had implications for the whole of the country. How we respond to the present situation, and how we justify our rejection of the two options presented to us — apartheid or the armed struggle — will have vast implications for the future of the country.

Those of us who are South Africans of Zulu extraction have got a vital historical role to play for every member of every community in this country. Our role is today as vital as it was one hundred years ago. We are facing the same issues and we are facing the same options. Apartheid started with the colonial division of South Africa. Had we submitted to the exploitative intention of Britain a hundred years ago and surrendered the heart of our land we love so much to others, there would have been no Anglo-Zulu War. In the length and breadth of South Africa in all its history, no section on the population fought as valiantly and struggled so determinedly as we did to avoid political, economic and social enslavement. We are proud of the determination of our forefathers, and that determination lives in us still today. We lost most of our land and were left with those bits and pieces which white arrogance chose first to label as 'Reserves' and now 'Homelands' or 'Bantustans'. I would like to repeat again that the throwing around of these derogatory terms to describe what remained in our hands after we were conquered in a war, by both the white right wing and the left wing, tends to mask this brave history of black resistance put up by our people. It is because of that resistance that we stand tall today, because although they were conquered through superior arms, this did not mask their bravery in facing the mightiest army in the world with virtually their bare hands.

These are events in our history which should be made central as we face the two options others are trying to force upon us. These are events which have proven everything other than co-existence in equality futile. Our forefathers had no Homelands — so-called — or Bantustan thinking; they had no pass laws; they had no influx control; they had no Immorality Act, and every man, every woman and every child was seen as having fundamental rights inviolable by their fellow-man. In those days our land was a hospital place. Travellers could pass through it strangers as they were without fear. They could stop at any home to ask for water, and men would send a child to show them the way until they were in the safe hands of somebody else. It did not matter whether such travellers were local or foreign, or whether they were black or white. The history of shipwrecks in the early days is marked by the passage of helpless people to foreign territory without let or hindrance.

When the whites first came and wanted to settle, they were received with courtesy. Durban Bay historically is our place because we had the right to say yeah or nay to the whites who wanted to settle there. Our forefathers gave them the rights to live around the Bay and the rights to occupy a substantial proportion of land around it. They did this in the spirit of greatness which characterises our people as Zulus. At that stage, no little settlement of whites could have survived there without our blessing. There was no political apartheid

in our country. Our forefathers made chiefs in some occasions to rule over people. King Cetshwayo said: first comes the trader, then the missionary, then the red soldier. Black cynics today say quite often that whites taught us to close our eyes while we prayed, and while our eyes were closed in prayer, they stole our land. This is not meant to hurt anyone, but it is good for all of us that our white countrymen should appreciate the extent of bitterness in certain segments of the black community.

Goodness is quite often associated with the uncomplicated and the simple. We were good people who opened our lands to the whites. We were yet to realise that while the whites of those days were people like ourselves, with blood and flesh and who loved and could be angry and could laugh, they were driven by a hard kind of commercialism. They were a people under the influence of this evil spirit in themselves, which the history of this country has to exorcise. The simple goodness of the people of this part of the country was expressed in that courtesy amongst men and women which alone comes from inner strength. We are amazed as we look to realise that the worthwhileness for whites of a human being rested on the muzzle of a gun and on power over bits or iron, the possession of money and a technology that kept that money flowing. Because we did not have these things at that stage, we were regarded as barbarians to be civilised, and being of lesser importance in the order of things. Our goodness as we understood it came from the quality of interhuman relationships. We had no jails, and our justice was meted out by communities sitting in court where all had an equal say, and where procedures struck the necessary compromise between individual wants and community needs. It was not a justice at the local level which rested on the power of the weapon, on the strength of a jail, or the employment of secret police.

The Zulu courtesy made people walk tall without guns and technology. That same quality has lived through our generations and is evident today. Many people in South Africa, black as well as white, have erroneously taken our courtesy to other human beings as evidence of weakness, whereas it is in fact evidence of our inner strength developed over several generations. When we Zulus laugh we laugh, when we get angry we get angry. We were too strong to rely on tricks in our dealings with other human beings. We were confident and our people developed that poise and courtesy because we were indeed something unique in Southern Africa and in the continent of Africa. We had reached a pinnacle which no other nation had reached in Southern Africa.

There are those who want to persuade me that our forefathers were foolish and that in the first place, the whites should not have been given a foothold in the country, and that whites now should be driven out by the employment of violence. There are those who want to persuade me to adopt an anti-white stand. I cannot do this, because the blood of my forefathers runs in my veins and I will yet show that there is a wisdom which can stand the scrutiny of centuries, whereas the foolishness of the whites of today will yet be shown to be their reliance on the gun. I have deep within me a historical determination which seeks to establish the value of being human above the value of

being technically sophisticated. No people can stand still, and each generation must profit from the past. Each generation must incorporate the strength of the past and eradicate the weakness.

The lesson that we learn as we look back is that we have to contaminate our pure human wisdom a little with prudence. The white religious idiom in which this thought was expressed by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself is that we need the wisdom of *snakes*. We cannot cope otherwise. That sense of prudence tells me that we today must attend desperately to the need to be technologically more equipped. Education must be prized above most other things. We cannot be prudent by remaining either ignorant or technically unsophisticated. This cannot get us anywhere and we cannot survive the white man's cut-throat game where dog eats dog in the modern white world in which we live.

Another lesson that we have to learn as we look back on the War of 1879, is that in the march of events history sometimes overtakes wisdom and goodness of the day. As we stand here today we do not exclude the march of current events overtaking us and throwing us once more into another Anglo-Zulu War sort of situation. Men cannot opt out of history, and if that is the history that will overtake us we shall be there as its actors. I say again: this is not our wisdom, it is not our intention to remain in subservience simply because this spectre of war looms. War is not new to us. If, God forbid, the issues of South Africa resolve themselves into an armed conflict situation, it won't be of our choosing. It will be because what is human, inviolable and defensible had indeed to be defended.

If 1979 is seen by history to be the turning point, and will be judged to be the Year of the Spear, it will be because others have foisted on us that which we despise and disclaim. The very blood that runs in all our veins are roots which go right through and beyond the political stupidity of current South Africa. History and our forefathers all demand that we do not make a foolishness out of the battles of 1879. We have fought that war. We have fought that war with violence and bravery. We did not succumb even if we were conquered. We were not destroyed, even if we were vanquished. The goodness that was in us then is untarnished today. All our wisdom says let the battles of 1879 be symbolic of the last armed confrontation.

As I ponder on current events and as I see the times of today and define our immediate needs, I am again and again confronted with the image of the poor and the oppressed. I breathe the air of a suffering people. My heart and soul goes out to the ordinary man and woman and to the child in its innocence. When I look at the new born, the toddlers and the smiling faces of playing children, I ponder on their future and feel for them deeply for things yet to come. I know intimately the conflicts of the poor and the oppressed, who seek to be good but are driven by temptations born out of the vice and the necessity which surrounds them.

I love my people with a great and deep love and for me they are the goodness of our soil and the freshness of our water. I will serve them and be their servant and lead them wherever it is best for them to go. I hear all around me the voices of the oppressed who cry out for a better land. They seek more food. They have become just things that are moved out of their areas of origin, in which the bones of their ancestors lie buried. They

have become wanderers who are being shunted around and if settled at all, dumped on barren parts of their country. This has increased black poverty. They cannot keep cattle. They cannot plough in these settlements. They have no jobs.

They seek water and they seek opportunities of living, loving and working. They ask me to help them achieve these things, if possible without trampling, and killing and maiming and enslaving others in the process.

This is my thankless task at this time. In my attempts to carry out that task I am misunderstood left, right and centre. There are today black as well as white people who attempt to inculcate in the minds of my suffering people the poisonous idea that I am responsible for their woes. Today many white employers in Durban, Johannesburg and other cities who retrench their workers owing to the economic recession tell them: 'Go to Gatsha so that he can give you a job.' This incitement is going on on a scale very few people in South Africa and in the international community understand. When I plead for multinationals to create job opportunities for blacks in South Africa, I am again villified as a lackey of either the multinationals or the South African government.

I have put the Anglo-Zulu War in the context where it belongs. It does not as yet rightly belong to 1979. We can pay no greater tribute to the black warriors of Isandlwana, Kambula, Rorkes Drift, Hlobane and Ulundi than to make their battles the last battles, the meaningful battles, the final and effective demonstrations that no man will enslave us, that no man will make us capitulate. We do not need to take away their glory by attempting to be little heroes in our own time. We can say this because we are strong. We can say this because when the need drove us we could stand where they stood, and we could show that there is blood of their blood in us. The great courage that they showed in those days we show today as we grapple with the problems of creating a new society. We employ that courage as we persist in our dialogue. We will talk to anybody anywhere, even if there is a glimmer of hope that we can show that talking is better than shooting.

We have no qualms of any sort about talking to anybody, even more so to those who hold the reigns of power in our country today. We cannot be tainted or contaminated by challenging them to awaken up to the fact that the black man seeks justice and that he is prepared to pay any price to get it. This is responsible leadership. We seek with all the courage at our disposal reconciliation, and reject with vigour those who would feed the flames of racialism, who search daily in our homes, our offices, in our branches and regions, to create the strength which will make our voice stronger than the sharp report of a gun. We can do this because history has already shown that we can do other things too. If there is to be a new South Africa it must rest on real values which we create in what we do, and how we do it.

I have travelled the world to promote your cause. When travelling in this way I have been sniped at, insulted and villified for championing your cause. I have gone to many places despite threats to my life. In the midst of all the dangers entailed in my trips to foreign lands, there are white South Africans who often want to reduce this aspect of my work as just

glamorous globe-trotting. There have been Secret Police poison-pen circulars where I have been denigrated to my people for wasting their money on these trips, despite the fact that people who invite me always pay for my trips. Lately, this accusation that I waste the Zulu people's money with travelling was one of the points on which Francois Fouché of the Bureau for State Security attempted to launch the still-born Shaka Spear Party. Inkatha also pays for some of these trips. When I do travel abroad I do so for you, the blacks, first and foremost. But whites who snipe at me concerning these trips also do so quite oblivious of the fact that I have never let down any South Africans in doing so, Golster up racism and apartheid. They are the ones who resent my travelling because it is believed that I upset public relations which Info money financed abroad. That is why the defunct Department of Information has never left a single opportunity to denigrate me abroad as well as here.

I move along the length and breadth of our country. I go to every corner of it and you will recall that even here within South Africa I do so even when there have been threats to my life, and at every level I champion your cause. My emissaries move around every week and every month carrying your message. At any one time hundreds of brains and hundreds of words are hard at work dedicated to pursuing that which is good for your future. At all times, in all places, our ears listen to the wisdom of the worker and the peasant, the housewife and the scholar, the businessman and the professional. We live, we eat, we sleep, we breathe our involvement in the struggle for our liberation. There is a vast energy in the great employment of all our people and their talents in the pursuit of meaningful and purposeful change. We plough the field of peaceful co-existence by choice and we do so walking tall. We walk tall because we reject subservience and violence while it is possible to do so. While we grow lean and hard in our pursuit of peace and in our pursuit of the ideals of our forefathers, we train to become the warriors of a new generation. We command respect.

I have spoken to you in front of your white brothers and sisters, and they have heard my message to you, and they have heard it also as your message to them. They see before them evidence of the real black power. They see you here gathered, not as a relic of the past, but as a reality of the present. Here you are not a houseboy, or a labourer, a menial servant. They cannot see 'Ja Baas' written in your faces. They can hear your cry of 'Amandla' resounding into the distant hills and they can feel around them that things shake with the thump of thousands of feet. Your presence today has commanded respect. Those who play little games in academic analyses and make us components of paper models and pose as long-haired white gurus, if they deign to come here will begin to realise that politics is about blood and flesh, it is about living and dying, with real people exercising options. They would see your reality, and they would see that they cannot reduce you to components of paper models.

I turn now to them and elaborate for them what I have said to you. When the whites came to this country they were unfortunately in the first place not representative of the civilised values which had been emerging in Europe. They sallied forth from the bastions of civilisation into what they regarded as dark Africa.

They moved outside the system of normative values, and they were beyond the sanctions which kept ordinary people decent. They do not consider the barbarism of yesteryear as demeaning for whites forever. In retrospect, one could see now that whites came with the intention to plunder, to take what they wanted first by connivance and then by force. If you read, for example, about Captain Owen's commission and the purpose with which he explored our coasts, one does not find any sentiment indicating a joint venture or a partnership between man and man to make the beautiful country better. The whole assumption underlying his commission was the prerogative colonial powers arrogated to themselves in those days to take what they wanted faster and more cheaply than anybody else.

As whites set their foot in Durban Bay and occupied land generously and freely given by the Zulu King, their eyes and intentions were already wondering into the distant hills and their resolve was already forming to take and to take and to go on taking. Colonialism was iniquitous, particularly because it was dishonest and was a form of civilised plunder, but it was also iniquitous because it demeaned the colonists themselves. There were men and women driven by colonial aspirations which led them to behave in a sub-human way to their fellowmen. Colonialism made lesser people out of those whom history had privileged in giving them technological, moral and philosophical insights. The literature of the day in the countries from which colonists came was rich with its discussion of human values, its search for truth and democracy, and the evolution of economic systems which aimed to give a better deal for all. These things they left behind. They stood naked in their greed and in their insatiable desire to forever grab more. The humble artisan at home in Britain, the down-and-out who joined the army or the navy, came here to strut our land and play little gods with the lives of the blacks whom colonialism led to their altars of sacrifice. The iniquities of those days were great.

The perspective of time enables us to see these people with a degree of pity. We are ashamed for them, but whatever else we feel and think about them, you here who are their descendants, or who are strangers who followed in their footsteps, are not demeaned by that which took place in the past. The thought that I would ask you to consider is that your stature as people, as individuals, as sovereign human beings cast in the image of God, can only be enhanced by undoing that which your forefathers did. If you are not tainted by the guilt of your forefathers, and you are not contaminated by their mistaken behaviour, you are to be held responsible if you sit in a kind of white fatness and exploit your fellow human beings, and if you continue building white South Africa on the foundations that they laid.

We must not delude ourselves that Isandlwana and Ulundi and other battles fought during the Anglo-Zulu Wars were just historical flashes in the pan, and that a white victory here can be sustained in inequality and injustice today. Brave men met each other at Isandlwana and at Ulundi, and other places during this War, and as I said earlier, an army does not lose stature if it concedes bravery in the battle-field amongst enemies. The bravery in a battle well fought remains bravery, whether the battle is lost or gained, or whether it was

for a good cause or for an evil one. Earlier whites in this country did show a spirit of adventure and resolution and they did brave the unknown to establish new things. As we are gathered today here on this ground remembering the things that we are remembering, I am aware that there is a bravery in you which we all need, as we stand shoulder to shoulder struggling for a new and a better society.

Never in the history of South Africa has there been so much talk at so many levels about the need for change, and never in the history of South Africa has there been so little in the way of deeds that match the words. If we talk about change and do not bring it about; if we recognise social evils and do not eradicate them; if we see injustice and we do not remove it, our attempt will soon pass from being piteous to being evil because it was informed. There can be few, if any, people in decision-making positions in this country who are not informed about the suffering of people under the yoke of apartheid. If they are informed and that information does not work, then there is an evilness afoot amongst those who see and talk and do not do. The gentlemen of the cloth who are with us here today will agree with me that a sin of omission is just as evil as a sin of commission.

Your forefathers here before you set in motion courses of action which we have inherited today. What we do will in turn be inherited by our children. There is a continuity and an inescapable linking of the past to the future by the present. In this sense the present generation is forever the custodian of history. What we do today will throw a new light on what our forefathers did, and as we remember the events that surround the battles of Isandlwana and Ulundi that observation must be borne in mind. Your forefathers came and plundered, and they eventually had to conquer a proud people by force of arms. If that does not lead to a partnership in the end, their conquering will always be remembered as an act of plunder. Let future generations say rather that brave people met and became enmeshed in conflicts, and ultimately were joined in battle, but that it does not matter who won or lost because in the end they joined hands to be one people within one reality, with everything that matters common between them all. There is that alternative. The other alternative of the future generation is to say the whites fought a number of battles in their greedy haste to conquer and hold, but that in the end they were overpowered by the very might that they introduced, and they were outmanoeuvred with the very strategies they employed.

As we stand here at this place, thinking about those things, I am particularly aware that many brave sons of our soil are beyond our borders in military camps training to kill. I am aware that in those who remain, there is on the one hand an underlying deep anger and a refusal to fight and die for an apartheid system. We are all impassioned people who are preparing to die with sons who may now be on both sides of the border. Young husbands, young fathers, young lovers, have steel in their hands there, and I think we must remember that the coldness of steel drives out the warmth in human hearts. White and black youth has been mobilised and trained to fight. The spectres of evil forces are increasingly displayed for whites in newspapers and television screens. South Africa is

becoming increasingly polarised and we have had convincing demonstrations of the impatience of black youth. Their presence on the other side of the border speaks for itself. We do not as parents want our children to die either in the defence of apartheid, or to see them live through another generation in iniquity in our social, political and economic systems. We do not want to see a young generation of our countrymen trained as animals of war. When youth, both black and white, have learnt to solve problems through violence, the chances are great that violence will continue to contaminate society beyond the need for its presence. The things we don't want to see are happening around us.

For us, history is not a chronicle of facts. History for us is the recounting of growth and movement towards ideals. The essence of the Anglo-Zulu War remains the meeting of people and the defining of how far each can go before death is chosen above other things. Let us, for God's sake, realise that we have done that at Isandlwana, Rorkes Drift, Kambule, Hlobane, Nyezane and Ulundi.

These battles of 1879 have shown that man cannot take from man without coming to the point where people are prepared to die in order to hold, and to die in order to defend that which is theirs. History could go on to show the natural consequence that those who take by plunder had necessarily to hold by force. Those who became privileged as a result of plunder remain the targets for retribution. There is only one plunder of war worth having and that is the cessation of arms and the use of force by both sides in something new and better. We must turn away from confrontation and turn towards sharing. Intelligence and courage will be consumed as we struggle to find each other more meaningfully in a better future.

I have not spoken subtly today, not to any one or to any group. In essence so far I have said: whites came and clobbered us because they had bigger sticks and I said unsubtly that unless there is change, whites in turn will be clobbered because we in turn will in the fulness of time have bigger sticks. I have said this is futile and I have made it amply plain that I will not be blamed for a march of events which I did not choose. I do not stand and threaten anybody. I warn only black and white alike that they must find each other and find each other fast before it is too late.

Throughout I have pointed out urgently what meaning we can give to the Anglo-Zulu War and in fact should give to it. I have avoided any dictation, and I have been prescriptive only to the extent of recognising the social, political and economic forces of history. White society is riddled with contradictions. Apartheid South Africa is riddle with contradictions and we must resolve this before these contradictions generate forces which can only be unleashed in war. Those of us who believe that war is not in the making will become the fuel that feeds the fire of war. Let us avoid, while we have the opportunity, painting a picture for future generations that we were a generation that stoked this fire of war.

As we speak to each other here today, we do so under an international spotlight. The eyes that watch us from our borders include our own exiles as well as citizens of foreign states, and I turn now to address some remarks to the international community. Western Europe was

the home-base of the power which plundered Southern Africa. While western powers vied with each other in their colonialistic enterprises, we can see them bound together in what was for them a common purpose. The beginning of a western partnership in exploitation was the exercising on the part of each to grab and to exploit. During the course of the last hundred years, western powers met more and more common ground to meet that resistance. Today it is not one colonial power that grapples with the reality of Zimbabwe or Namibia, it is common cause that the so-called Western Five act in consultation with the whole of Western Europe. There is a pooling of resources, a pooling of intention, a joining together in grappling with the aftermath of colonialism.

What I have said about the Anglo-Zulu War is thoroughly applicable in idiom to the West's involvement in Africa. What happened here in KwaZulu in 1879 happened across the length and breadth of Africa, and this has joined Africa together. That truth is not destroyed by the Idi Amins of this world. Africans states, and all the peoples of Africa, inexorably move on to find each other in a common destiny. This last decade has given increasing evidence of a confrontation between Africa and the West. I must tell the international community that our identity with, and our allegiance to Africa, cannot be bought, and that divide and rule in the end will not prevail. Beyond all our internal politicking, there is an identity which will run an ever increasing visible thread through the fabric of history.

I think it could be said that the 20th century is characterised by western limitations of vision which cannot exceed a time span of ten years. Ten years ago that vision could not see a liberated Mocambique and a liberated Angola. Western diplomacy has been dominated by clever analysts who persuade their governments to do this or that. These analysts have been proven wrong again and again by history in which a span of ten years is but a passing phase. The people of Algiers and the people of Vietnam, the ordinary people and the peasants, made better predictions of the future than did the clever analysts. The peasants of Africa have a wisdom about the future which no western analysts can excel. Any adviser to Mr Carter, Mrs Thatcher, Mr Trudeau or Dr Schmidt, and others in their position, need only good ears, good eyes and a retentive memory. I know that confusion arises when so-called black leaders speak with different voices, but that confusion, when you really examine it, is a confusion about what to do in the here and now. It is not a confusion about the future. In the future, this country will be radically different than it is now.

I know that democratic rule is inevitable and the whole of the West knows that democratic rule is inevitable. When we talk about moving from apartheid society to democratic rule, there is a common denominator in what we blacks say that every western observer should hear. This common denominator is heard in three parts. First, that the process of change brought about by industrialisation and a self-enlightened interest by the whites is a process too slow to appease the driving aspirations of the people. The second thing that western observers should hear in the common denominator of what we all say, and that is that black South Africa will not be reduced to be the custodians of western interests, and will not fight the West's anti-

communist battle. We are involved in our own liberation and we serve the ends of that liberation, and we are neither the spoon that feeds the western industrialist mouth, nor are we the stick that capitalism uses to beat socialism. The third thing to be heard is that we ourselves will determine the nature and form our society takes. The West, either in ones or fives, cannot shape the future of the social, political and economic context within which we would gently put our children.

The implications of these three things in the common denominator of what we all say is that the West should become involved now with us in the live experiment of producing some good, new and authentic things at our grass root level.

We welcome the announcement by Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to South Africa His Excellency Sir David Scott, a week ago, that Great Britain has decided at least to assist black South Africans in the area of education and at grass-roots level. Britain has made this great policy decision 100 years after she annihilated us. We congratulate both the Callaghan and the Thatcher government for this decision, as it was not a snap decision. Both governments take credit for it.

If Britain had not succumbed to pressures of white settlers in Natal who came from Britain, we would have been an independent Natal today just like Swaziland, Botswana and Lesotho. Furthermore, when we were thrown into one melting pot with other blacks at the time of Union in 1910 it was Britain again who by not insisting on black rights and black inclusion in the first Parliament of South Africa, let us down. These are unpleasant realities that should be mentioned on a day like this, particularly in the context of this important decision to help blacks wherever they are. It could be said that by acts of omission rather than commission, Britain created the present fragmented South Africa, by creating conditions for her former subjects, both Britons and Boers, to confine us to 'reserves' which are now called 'Homelands'. The decision that Her Majesty's Government in Whitehall has made deserves our applause. After all, it is hypocritical for the West not to assist blacks on the pretext that they will be recognising 'apartheid' after that kind of history.

So that it is a milestone on this one hundredth year after the Anglo-Zulu War for Great Britain to make this decision. It is more significant than the little publicity it has been given that Britain, having been the first in the wrong things that colonised us, should set this example in this case for all western countries, and to be the first again in doing the right things of today.

I am intimately aware of the fact that at this point in time the north/south economic axis is the axis best suited for the flow of development and progress. That is not an ideological statement, nor is it a statement of approval or disapproval. It is a statement of fact — an aspect of reality with which I have to contend. It is also, ipso facto, the axis along which unhelpful or helpful forces can flow to our struggle for liberation. We do not feel like beggars when we ask for aid for our struggle for liberation. No black man feels a beggar in Johannesburg. We know that it was our sweated labour that made that concentration of wealth possible. We

know that the exploited Third World created the mind-boggling wealth of the West. We see God's earth as a place for man to share, not only the riches of nature but the opportunities those riches present. Equality of opportunity is an ideal which applies as much between nations and it does between individuals. We are aware of the fact that the West has backed no force of liberation in Africa which has had to resort to violence. I will not embarrass the West with a request to do so, should that time ever arise for me. Should that time arise, if it ever arises at all, we will probably be looking elsewhere. However, my prayer is that God forbid that such a time ever comes for me to make that painful decision.

The history of Southern Africa and the whole of Africa will make more sense to me as I speculate about the future if it turns out to be a history of peoples across oceans learning that the Anglo-Zulu War was the meeting of people who later learnt that the price of co-existence was the only price mankind can afford. As we in this country search to find ourselves in a new society based on equality of opportunity and justice, we need to be convinced that the West stands by its professed ideals and judges us by the values inherent in the Human Rights Charter of the United Nations, and not by opportunistic pragmatism by which western industrial interests justify their presence in the corridors of power in this country.

We realise, of course, that we are like people whose crops have not yet ripened and our tables are not resplendent. White South Africa is like a people whose crops have already ripened and whose tables are resplendent, but whose granaries for the future are empty. I am not being subtle today when I speak to the West. I am saying that the whites had bigger sticks and they clobbered us, and I am saying that if this clobbering continues, our sticks will be bigger and they in turn will be clobbered, and when we have done that we will choose our own friends. Unless the West is involved in the liberation of South Africa, it will not participate in its wealth of the future. I am saying simply that the time will come when the West needs us as much as we now need them.

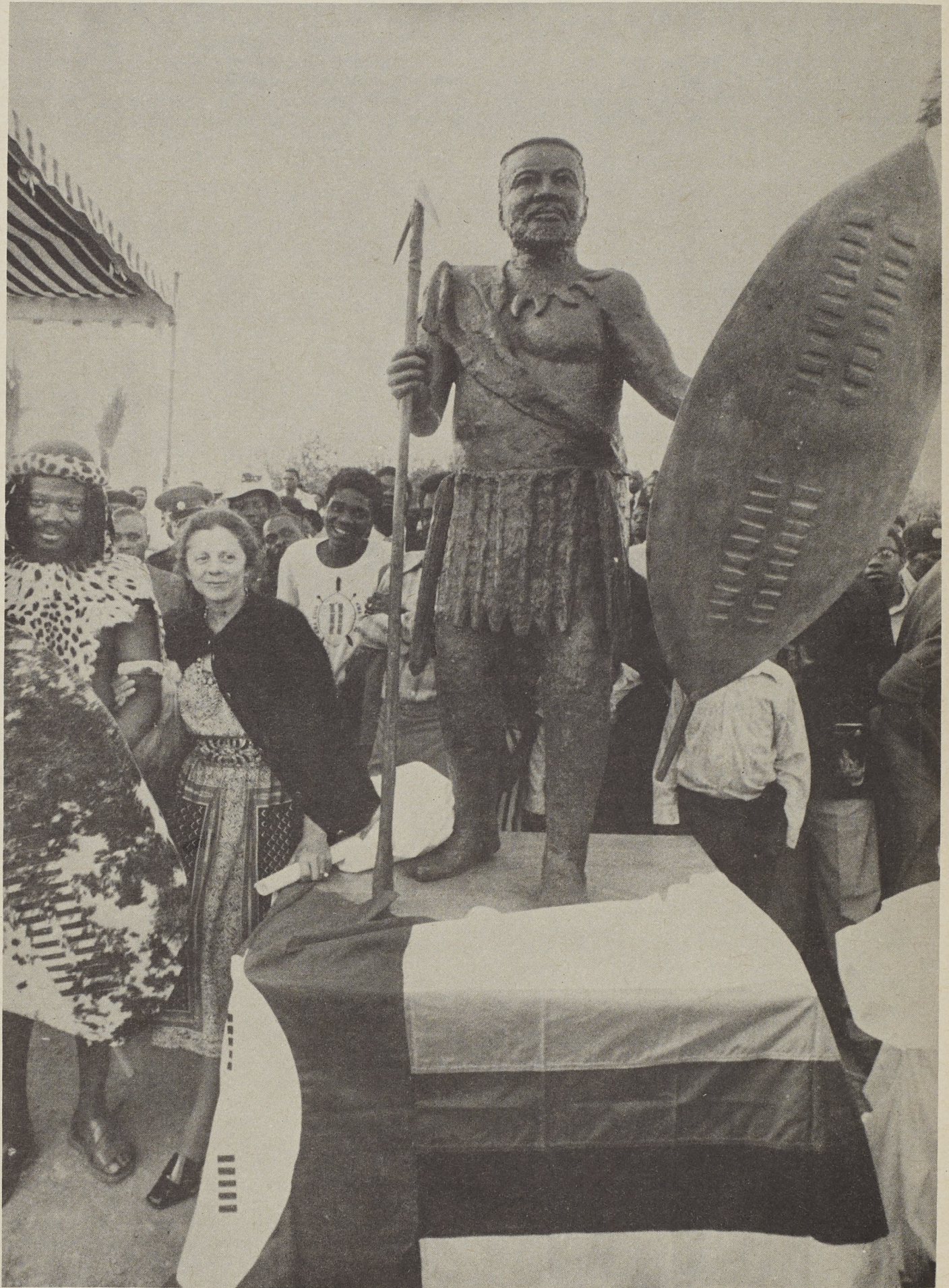
Today as I talk to the blacks, and the whites, and the West, in some respects I have talked to everybody. What I have said to one must be heard by the other. I turn now to address those who hold power in the country, and as I turn to them I speak for the blacks and the whites of this country. Together we say to you we want a new deal. We want meaningful change. We want a joint venture into the future. We also say that unless these things are forthcoming, the failure of authority will be distinguished by our blood on their hands. There will in this country ever increasingly be hands stretched out towards hands. Attempt after attempt will be made to cheat time. We must find each other before it is too late.

The South African Government must stop smashing those hands apart. They must stop shaping them around guns and they must come speedily to the conclusion that only by a National Convention can the aspirations of every constituency in this country be

satisfied. There is no constituency of any real significance which would not support a National Convention.

I say to the present Prime Minister that his predecessor was wrong when he remarked to me that there are many things that he would do were it not for the restraints of his constituency. He misled his own

people. There is a readiness amongst all the people of this country to meet in order to thrash out a new future. Outmoded, outdated legislative philosophy persists and contradicts the will of the people. In the end, neither white nor black will thank a fear-riddled government which has not the boldness to take advantage of the opportunities to today.



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