

*Menu*



**PROGRAMME**

*Words of welcome*  
*Prof G J Gerwel*  
*Director General, Office of the President*

*Address and toast*  
*Mr Nelson R Mandela*

*Response to toast*  
*Her Majesty The Queen*

*Grace*  
*Rev Nicholas Holtam*  
*Vicar of St Martins-in-the-Fields*

*Music by:*

*international Menuhin Academy Quartet*

*Kutlwano Masote - South African*  
*Sarah Sutton - British*  
*Bogdan Marius Zvoristeanu - Romanian*  
*Liviu-Daniel Prunaru - Romanian*

**LUNCHEON IN HONOUR OF  
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II AND  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH  
HOSTED BY  
MR NELSON R MANDELA, PRESIDENT OF THE  
REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA**

**THURSDAY, 11 JULY 1996  
13:00**

**BALLROOM  
DORCHESTER HOTEL**

*Warm scallops and asparagus tart  
served with morel mushroom sauce*

*Breast of chicken flavoured with sage  
Caramelised shallots served with  
Cape cabernet sauvignon sauce  
Pumpkin bobotie  
Mealies and green beans*

*Almond basket filled with mango  
and summer berries  
Peach ice cream*

*Coffee  
Sweetmeats*

*Wines:*

*Nederburg Sauvignon Blanc Chardonnay 1995  
Neethlingshof Pinotage 1991*



*You are kindly requested  
to switch off mobile  
telephones during the  
banquet*

*It is requested that no flash  
photography is permitted*



MR R. BEHSTEIN

Your seat is at table no

32

Your seat is in row

no



*The President of the Republic of South Africa,  
Mr Nelson R Mandela  
has the honour to request the pleasure of the company of*  
**MR & MRS R. BERNSTEIN**  
*at a Luncheon to be held  
in honour of Her Majesty The Queen  
and His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh  
at The Ballroom, Dorehester Hotel, Park Lane  
on Thursday, 11 July 1996 at 12:30*

*RSOP : Before 25 June 1996 Ms Cheryl Nelson*

*Tel : (0171) 451-7145*

*Fax : (0171) 451-7283*

*Dress : Dark Suit*

*Please use the Ballroom  
entrance on Park Lane*



*On the occasion of the state visit by President Nelson Mandela  
The High Commissioner for the Republic of South Africa  
requests the pleasure of the company of*

*Mr and Mrs R. Bernstein*

*to attend the address by the President of the  
Republic of South Africa to both Houses of Parliament,  
in Westminster Hall, Palace of Westminster, London SW1A 0AA  
on Thursday 11th July 1996 at 11.00*

*R.S.V.P. <sup>P.M.</sup> before 3 July 1996  
South African High Commission  
London WC2N 5DP*

*Telephone: 0171 451 7127 - Ms. T. Grobbelaar*

*Doors open at 09:45 and guests are  
requested to be seated by 10:40*

*Dress: Lounge Suit*

*Please bring this invitation with you for security purposes*



*The Mayor of the London Borough of Lambeth  
requests the pleasure of your company  
on the occasion of the State Visit  
of Mr. Nelson R. Mandela, The President of the Republic of South Africa  
with His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales  
and accompanied by Her Royal Highness Princess Zenani Mandela - Dlamini  
at Brixton Recreation Centre  
on Friday 12 July 1996 from 9.30am to 1.00pm*

*Brixton Recreation Centre  
Brixton Station Road  
Brixton  
London SW9 8QQ*

*Please present this card*

*Regrets Only  
Tel: 0171 926 9784/5*



Hilda + Rusty Bernstein.

ANC/V/5/039.



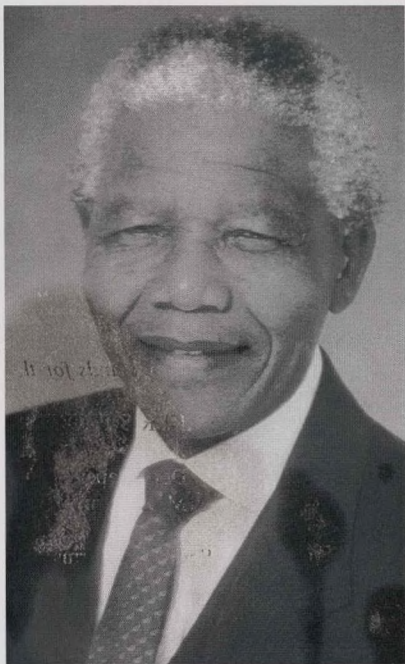
VISIT BY

The President  
of The Republic  
of  
South Africa

Mr Nelson Mandela

TO THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

Thursday, 11th July 1996



*Mr Nelson Mandela  
President of the Republic of South Africa*

# ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS

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- 09.45** The North Door and other doors to Westminster Hall are opened to admit Members and their guests.
- The Band of the Grenadier Guards begins programme of music (*page 6*).
- 10.40** The doors are closed. All Peers, Members of Parliament, Guests, Staff and Press to be seated.
- 10.42** The Queen's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard and Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms enter by the North Door and proceed to the southern steps and landings. The State Trumpeters take up their positions below the Memorial Window.
- 10.50** A fanfare announces the processions of the Speaker of the House of Commons, The Rt. Hon. Betty Boothroyd MP, and the Lord Chancellor, The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mackay of Clashfern. The processions enter Westminster Hall by the East Door.

*The assembled company stands for the processions*

## THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION

Doorkeeper  
(Mr T Dann)

Serjeant at Arms  
(Mr P N W Jennings)

THE SPEAKER  
(The Right Honourable Betty Boothroyd MP)

Speaker's Trainbearer  
(Mr P L Warwick)

Speaker's Secretary  
(Mr N Bevan CB)

Speaker's Chaplain  
(The Reverend Canon D C Gray TD)

Clerk of the House of Commons  
(Mr D W Limon CB)

Principal Clerk, Table Office  
(Mr G Cubie)

Clerk Assistant  
(Mr W R McKay CB)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S PROCESSION

Doorkeeper  
(Mr A Dobson)

Lord Chancellor's Private Secretary  
(Mr P Kennedy)

Pursebearer  
(Mr R Moy)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR  
(The Right Honourable The Lord Mackay of Clashfern)

Trainbearer  
(Mrs N A Dobinson)

Clerk Assistant  
(Mr J M Davies)

Clerk of the Parliaments  
(Sir Michael Wheeler-Booth KCB)

Fourth Clerk at the Table (Judicial)  
(Mr J A Vallance White)

Reading Clerk  
(Mr P D G Hayter LVO)

*When the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor move from the lower landing and proceed up the steps the assembled company sits*

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- 11.00** THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA, MR. NELSON MANDELA, the Princess Zenani Mandela-Dlamini and the Suite in attendance arrive outside St Stephen's Entrance. The President is met by the Lord Great Chamberlain (The Marquess of Cholmondeley), with the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in attendance.
- 11.01** Preceded by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Lord Great Chamberlain conducts the President towards St Stephen's Entrance, where the President is greeted by the Prime Minister, The Rt. Hon. John Major MP, who presents the Leader of the House of Lords, The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Cranborne DL and the Leader of the House of Commons, The Rt. Hon. Tony Newton OBE MP.
- 11.02** The Lord Great Chamberlain presents the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

During the presentations, Princess Zenani Mandela-Dlamini and the President's Suite, the Prime Minister and the Leaders of both Houses take their places in Westminster Hall.

*A fanfare is sounded*

*The assembled company stands*

- 11.05** Preceded by Black Rod and the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker conduct Mr Nelson Mandela into Westminster Hall.
- 11.07** The band of the Grenadier Guards plays the South African National Anthem.

*The assembled company sits*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR welcomes the President.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA addresses both Houses of Parliament.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS thanks the President.

*A fanfare is sounded*

*The assembled company stands*

The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker conduct the President through Westminster Hall to the North Door preceded by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and the Lord Great Chamberlain, and followed by the Prime Minister the Leaders of both Houses, Princess Zenani Mandela-Dlamini and the Suite in attendance.

The Leaders of both Houses, the Prime Minister, the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Great Chamberlain take their leave of the President outside the North Door. The President, together with Princess Zenani Mandela-Dlamini and the accompanying Suite, departs from the Palace of Westminster by car.

*Peers, Members of Parliament, guests and staff are requested to remain in their places until the President has left Westminster Hall and until the Gentlemen at Arms and the Yeoman of the Guard have processed out of the Hall.*

## Programme of Music

*Played by the Band of the Grenadier Guards*

*Director of Music, Major P E Hills, FLCM*

*While Members of both Houses and guests are taking their seats:*

March	STATE OCCASION	<i>Farnon</i>
Overture	MAGIC FLUTE	<i>Mozart</i>
Waltz	WESTMINSTER WALTZ	<i>Farnon</i>
Traditional	BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND	<i>Anderson</i>
Feature	HANDEL IN THE STRAND	<i>Grainger</i>
Selection	MUSIC OF ERIC COATES	<i>arr. Sharpe</i>
Descriptive	ELIZABETHAN TAPESTRY	<i>Reynolds</i>
Intermezzo	IRISH TUNE FROM COUNTY DERRY	<i>arr. Grainger</i>
Descriptive	MELODY ON THE MOVE	<i>Richardson</i>
Selection	A WELSH RHAPSODY	<i>Grundman</i>
Serenade	ELIZABETHAN SERENADE	<i>Binge</i>
Canon	PRAELUDIUM	<i>Jarnefeldt</i>

*During the entry of the Queen's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard and Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms:*

March	MEN OF HARLECH	<i>Traditional</i>
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*After the arrival of the Lord Chancellor's and Speaker's Processions:*

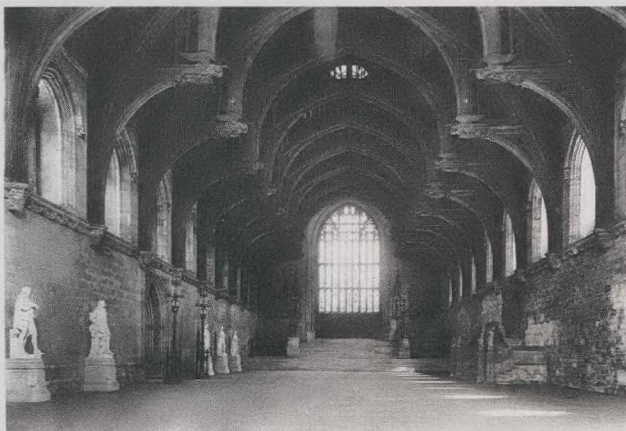
Nautical	SEA SONGS	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
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*On the departure of the President from Westminster Hall:*

Overture	PRELUDE TO RICHARD III	<i>Walton</i>
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## Westminster Hall

WESTMINSTER HALL is the oldest surviving building of the ancient Palace of Westminster, which from the reign of Edward the Confessor (1042-66) to the early years of Henry VIII (1509-47) was the principal residence of the kings of England and which today is still the official name of the Houses of Parliament. The hall was built to its present dimensions (240 feet by 69 feet) by William Rufus in 1097-99 and is the largest hall of its date in the world. Its erection marked a northward extension of the Confessor's original palace, the main courtyard of which came to be known from then onwards as the "Old" Palace Yard, while that in front of Westminster Hall became the "New" Palace Yard, names both still used today.



*Westminster Hall in 1905*

*The marks on the stonework on the West (right-hand) side indicate the site of some of the former law court buildings. The statues on the East side are now in the Guildhall*

At first the hall was an aisled building, with two rows of posts or columns running from one end to the other and supporting a lighter and simpler roof, an arrangement which continued for 300 years. Between 1394 and 1401, in the reign of Richard II (1377-99), the hall was transformed, its Norman walls being refaced, heightened and buttressed to enable them to carry the weight of a great new roof designed to cover the building in a single span, without the need for supporting arcades. This roof, which we see today, and which is at once the glory of Westminster Hall and outstandingly the greatest surviving achievement of English medieval carpentry, was the creation of Master Hugh Herland (c.1300-c.1405). It is constructed on the cantilever or "hammer-beam" principle, and is the earliest as well as the largest roof of this pattern in existence.

With few exceptions every sovereign since William the Conqueror has been crowned at Westminster, and Westminster Hall, as the great hall of the king's palace, was from its beginning closely associated with the coronation ceremonial. "Here", wrote John Stow in the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), "have they in the great hall kept their feasts of coronation especially, and other solemn feasts, as at Christmas and such like, most commonly."



The derivation of judicial authority from the person of the king led to the use of the hall for holding the king's courts. Already by the fourteenth century the NW, SE and SW corners respectively had become the established meeting places of the courts of Common Pleas, King's Bench and Chancery, a usage continued until the early years of the nineteenth century; thus more than any other single building the hall has watched over the growth of the English legal system. Though not the normal meeting place of parliament, gatherings of lords and commons of high constitutional importance, notably those which witnessed the deposition of Edward II in 1327 and Richard II in 1399, have met from time to time within its walls. It has also witnessed many famous state trials and impeachments, including those of William Wallace (1305), Sir Thomas More (1535), Guy Fawkes (1606), Strafford (1641), Charles I (1649) and Warren Hastings (1788-95). In modern times it has accommodated the lying-in-state of the bodies of successive sovereigns, from Edward VII (d.1910) to George VI (d. 1952), of Queen Mary in 1953 and Sir Winston Churchill in 1965. A number of these events are recorded by commemorative tablets in the floor of the hall.



*Westminster Hall, looking south towards the courts of Chancery and King's Bench  
(Coloured aquatint by Bluck, after A.C.Pugin and Rowlandson, 1809)*

Another tablet set in the wall near the south-east corner marks the site of the door that used to lead through to the cloister and so to the old House of Commons when, after 1547, this occupied the former Chapel of St Stephen; this would have been the way by which Charles I approached the House when he attempted to arrest the Five Members in January 1642.

Today this ancient building has come to symbolise the long evolution of the British monarchy and of English Law.

# Masakhane – let us build together

During his momentous visit to Britain, Nelson Mandela made several speeches a day. But the address he delivered in Westminster Hall to both Houses of Parliament was the stuff of history. Here is the text

It is with a deep sense of humility that we stand here today to address the historic Houses of Parliament of the United Kingdom. This rare honour speaks to the great age, the extent, and the warmth of the relations between our two peoples. It speaks of the prospect of us further deepening these excellent relations. Perhaps the fact of our presence here today might serve to close a circle which is 200 years old. I say 200 years because the first time this country entered ours as a colonising power was the year 1795.

There are some parts of our country that, to this day, have many towns and localities which bear the names of British places and personalities, some of whom played an important role in the process of British colonisation which started in 1795. To take only one of these—the Eastern Cape—it has such names as Port Elizabeth, East London, Grahamstown, King Williamstown, Alice, Albany, Somerset East, Fort Beaufort, Fort Glamorgan, and simply, Queenstown. Here, too, is to be found what is called the 1820 Settlers' Monument, built in tribute to British colonists who came to occupy land seized from our forebears and to help guarantee the safety of the spoils, for the benefit of country and Empire.

Had those forebears had the advantage of education and access to your outstanding cultural heritage, they would have found the words of a citizen in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* most apposite to describe their attitude towards the Great Britain of the day. Let us hear the disenfranchised and dispossessed citizen:

*We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good; What authority surfeits on, would relieve us... The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, Is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; Our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: For the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, And not in thirst for revenge.*

*(Coriolanus: Act 1, Scene 1.)*

20 For a century after that cry of despair

would first have been heard, what defined the relations between our peoples was a continuous clamour of arms, one of whose military highlights was the famous Battle of Isandhlwana, when the Zulu armies won the day.

Eight decades ago, my predecessors in the leadership of the African National Congress came to these venerable Houses to say to the government and the legislators of the time that they, the patricians, should come to the aid of the poor citizens. With no pikes to accompany them, because the British armies had defeated and disarmed them, they spoke eloquently and passionately of the need for the colonial power to treat them as human beings equal to the 1820 settlers, and others who wafted down from Europe before and after 1820.

As eloquently and passionately, the British rulers of the day spoke in these Houses to say that they could not and would not amend their agenda with regard to South Africa, to address the interests of that section of our population which was not white.

Despite that rebuff and the terrible cost we had to bear as a consequence, we return to this honoured place neither with pikes, nor a desire for revenge, nor, even, a plea to your distinguished selves to assuage our hunger for bread. We come to you as friends.

We have returned to the land of William Wilberforce, who dared to stand up to demand that the slaves in our country should be freed. We have come to the land of Fenner Brockway, who, through his Movement for Colonial Freedom, was as concerned about our liberty as he was about the independence of India. We are in the Houses in which Harold Macmillan worked—he who spoke in our own Houses of Parliament in Cape Town in 1960, shortly before the infamous Sharpeville massacre, and warned a stubborn and race-blinded white oligarchy in our country that, “The wind of change is blowing through this continent.” He to whom a South African cartoonist paid tribute by having him recite other Shakespearean words: “Oh pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and gentle with these butchers!”

We have come as friends to all the people of the native land of the Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, who in his gentle compassion for the victim resolved to give no quarter to any butcher. His sacrifices for our freedom told us that the true relationship between our people was not one between poor citizens on the one hand, and good patriots on the other, but one underwritten by our common humanity and our human capacity to touch one another's hearts across the oceans. We come to you as friends, bearing with us, to you and the nations you represent, warm greetings from the hearts of millions of our citizens.

Even in the most lifeless of historical seasons, 200 years would be too long a period for the force of change not to break free. Change has come to our country too, bringing with it joy, the promise of a better future and a protracted festival of hope across the globe.

Racism is a blight on the human conscience. The idea that any people can be inferior to another, to the point where those who consider themselves superior define and treat the rest as subhuman, denies the humanity even of those who elevate themselves to the status of gods.

The millions of graves strewn across Europe that are the result of the tyranny of Nazism, the decimation of the native peoples of the Americas and Australia, the destructive trail of the apartheid crime against humanity—all these are like a haunting question that floats in the wind: why did we allow these to happen?

It seems to us that, as the ordinary people of the world came to understand the real nature of the system of apartheid, they decided that they would not permit that their response to that question should be to hang their heads in shame. We take this opportunity once more to pay tribute to the millions of Britons who, through the years, and like others everywhere else in the world, stood up to say: “No to apartheid!”

Our emancipation is their reward. We know that the freedom we enjoy is a richly textured gift handcrafted by ordinary folk who would not allow that their own dignity as human beings should be insulted. In the acceptance of that gift is

contained an undertaking by our people that we shall never again allow our country to play host to racism. Nor shall our voices be stifled if we see that another, elsewhere, is victim to racial tyranny.

But above all else, we believe that our charge is to fulfil the wishes of all humanity, including our own people, to ensure that the enormous and sustained universal effort that translated into the defeat of the system of apartheid, achieves its related purpose of transforming South Africa into a democratic, non-racial, non-sexist, peaceful and prosperous country.

No society emerging out of the grand disaster represented by the apartheid system could avoid carrying the blemishes of its past. Had the new South Africa emerged out of nothing, it would not exist. The being it has assumed, dictated by its origins, constitutes a veritable school of learning about what needs to be done, still, to end the system of apartheid.

The Jeremiahs lie in wait ready to blame the present for its past and, seeing the ghosts of the past that still stalk our land, believe these ghosts represent the failure of the new reality. These Jeremiahs represent a breed that has convinced itself that we cannot build the beautiful South Africa that we and millions of others had dared dream of. Yet, had we not had that capacity for success, South Africa would not be where it is today.

The first founding stone of our new country is national reconciliation and national unity. The fact that it has settled in its mortar needs no advertising. If it were not so, the blood in the streets would trumpet loudly that we had failed to achieve acceptance of the need for all our people, black and white, to live together in peace, as equals and as citizens bound together by a common destiny.

Our second founding stone is the establishment of a democratic system which ensures that all citizens have an equal right and an equal possibility to determine their future. It prohibits the option of tyranny and dictatorship, and it guarantees the fundamental human rights of all our people.

Within that broad framework, like other nations, we continue the struggle to find ways and means to involve the citizen as intimately as

possible in the system of governance, cognisant of the historical process that is redefining the role of the politician, taking away from these professions the powers conferred by the notion that they, exclusively, have a special ability to govern.

Furthermore, recognising the diversity of our society, our new constitution provides for the establishment of a Commission for the Promotion and Protection of the Rights of Cultural, Religious and Linguistic Communities. This will ensure that our people have an additional instrument to enable them to avoid the emergence of any situation in which ethnic and other tensions might drive us back to apartheid solutions or to an imitation of the cruel example of Bosnia.

Our third founding stone must surely be that we end the enormous race and gender disparities in wealth, income and opportunity which we have inherited from our past and whose continued impact necessarily subtracts from the achievement of the goals of national unity and reconciliation. Here we are confronted with a protracted struggle that is intimately bound up with our

fourth founding stone: the rebuilding and modernisation of our economy and setting it on a high, sustainable growth path to end poverty, unemployment and backwardness.

None of us can underestimate the complexity of the challenge that faces us with regard to the laying of these latter two founding stones. At the same time, relying on our own resources and people, and as a part of the world community of nations, we have every reason to be certain that we will succeed.

In this context, we must refer to the mood of the masses of our people who correctly expect that freedom must be attended by a better life for all. But because they are poor, these millions understand the effort and time it will take to graduate from walking barefoot to the comforts of a truly decent existence.

What they expect is not a great leap forward, but a steady and visible advance in the improvement of the quality of their lives, with them participating actively in the process of determining the pace and direction of that advance, and not merely waiting passively to be recipients of benefits that will be delivered by an authority from which they are otherwise alienated.

It may be difficult to understand the enormous creative force released among the people by the fact that, for the first time in centuries, they have a government which they can correctly claim as their own and whose very reason for existence is to serve the interests of these millions; and that they are builders of a society in which the individual is by law protected against any tyranny from the state.

It is from this well of hope, engagement and confidence in the future that ordinary citizens are appropriating the concept we have laid before them of *Masakhane* – a Nguni word that means "let us build one another together".

As important a founding stone as the rest is the fact that we are an African country. With all our colours and races combined in one nation, we are an African people. The successes we seek and must achieve in politics, the economy and social development are African successes which must be part of an African renaissance. They are integrated within a process that must lift and banish the clouds of despair which continue to cast a dark shadow over our continent.

Had we the peremptory powers, long would we have proclaimed: *lux fiat!* It is perhaps in this regard that our presence here today might, as we have said, symbolise the closing of a circle which, for us, has been two centuries in the drawing. For centuries an ancient continent has



When the returning officer for Brent East announced the results of the parliamentary election there in June 1987, the victor, Paul Boateng, started the audience by raising the slogan "Brent today, Soweto tomorrow". The cross-continental sentiment was spot-on, so one cannot blame the young member for a tiny error. The slogan should have been: "Brixton Today, Soweto Tomorrow".

The popular press slated Boateng: he was a hysteric, a trouble-maker, for as he uttered that telling phrase, Soweto was hot with revolt and the demand for Nelson Mandela's release was in the air.

I had learnt by then to take Boateng seriously. He had been introduced to me some years before, a bright young man who had mapped out his career well in advance. He would join the Labour Party, become an MP and would be, he proclaimed confidently, the first black cabinet minister. He is well on course.

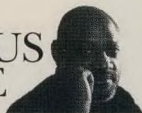
As Mandela stepped on to the balcony of the Recreation Centre in Brixton last Friday, I spared a thought for oating.

Brixton was not chosen as a highlight of Mandela's visit out of whim. Deep within the history of this village rests a catalogue of black revolt informed by a developed consciousness of our solidarity with our African counterparts. Brixton is little Jamaica, enriched with a liberal sprinkling of migrants from the smaller Caribbean islands and Africa. And the Jamaicans were steeped in things African.

Marcus Garvey had implanted in the consciousness of the western world at the turn of the century another huge slogan: "Africa for Africans at home and abroad". In so doing Garvey galvanised the biggest mass movement known to modern man. Rastafarianism was born.

Nowhere is the impact of this Back to Africa sentiment more powerful than in

## DARCUS HOWE



By visiting Brixton, Nelson Mandela recognised its parallels, forged in defiance, with Soweto. Only Mandela could command both

Brixton. St Agnes Place, a small street in Lambeth, houses the headquarters of the Twelve Tribes. The flying locks, the fierce certainty of a lineage outside the white western world, are at the heart of black Brixton. And red, gold and green, and the Lion of Judah – the colours and symbol of this arrogant sect – were prominently on display last Friday.

Between the summer of 1981 and the winter of 1995 young Brixtonians carved out a violent defiance on the streets equalled in intensity only by the youth of South Africa, Soweto in particular. It all began in New Cross in January 1981 when 13 young blacks lost their lives while they boogied the night away at a birthday party. A fire bomb set the house alight. The response was terrific: 20,000 blacks demonstrated from New Cross to Hyde Park during midweek and closed the West End down for half a day. The head office for this grand effort was situated at the corner of Railton and Shakespeare Roads. Within weeks anger and frustration spilled over in street violence and the black community slashed and burned central Brixton to the ground.

There are those who are squeamish about these facts, but without them all description about the highlight of Man-

dela's visit is babble. Four more explosions followed the event of 1981. Cherry Groce, a Jamaican mother, was left paralysed after a police raid on her home. It was a Saturday morning when the news spread and by early afternoon it was fire yet another time. And recently the young and restless returned to the fray. Brian Douglas had perished in police custody in May 1995, followed by Wayne Douglas last December, and not even the biting cold could then contain the angry mob. Another "burning and a looting".

There have been other currents, less dramatic but equally effective. There developed, through the late seventies and early eighties, several education projects with the express purpose of teaching our young about Africa. Queen Mother Moore, that renowned Saturday school of African culture and couture, stands tall at the end of Acre Lane. The students of Tulse Hill Comprehensive and the Old Dick Sheppard demanded and won a Black Studies Programme.

I was invited by a group of young blacks in the mid-eighties, in those dark years when Botha's beasts had killed 4,000 Africans and detained 50,000, to hold a series of lectures entitled "Africa in Crisis". Yet even at that time, while Mrs Thatcher made abusive references to Mandela as a terrorist, the people of Africa had reclaimed the Gold Coast and renamed it Ghana, seen off the British military in Kenya, and put apartheid was on the agenda for similar treatment.

Last Friday eight of my students were outside the Recreation Centre. The ninth was on my arm. The great man entered and Mrs Howe clasped her hands and cried her eyes out. Ten years ago she sat in my history class and wondered. Now Nelson Mandela was in touching distance.

bled from many gaping sword wounds.

At an earlier time it lost millions of its most able sons and daughters to a trade in slaves which defined these Africans as fit for slavery because they were African. To this day we continue to lose some of the best among ourselves because the lights in the developed world shine brighter.

An ancient continent disgorged into the hands of foreigners what lay in its bowels and in the fertility of its soils, seemingly so profusely that it had to send scouts here to ascertain whether it was true that the streets of London were paved with gold!

The continent bleeds still, struggling to service a foreign debt it can neither afford nor afford to repudiate. The louder and more piercing the cries of despair – even

when that despair results in half a million dead in Rwanda – the more these cries seem to encourage an instinctive reaction to raise our hands so as to close our eyes and ears.

Both of us have been part of this unfolding tragedy, watching, waiting, troubled, not knowing what beast born of this superhuman suffering slouches towards Bethlehem to be born, to borrow the words of an Irish poet. But this we must know: that none of us can insulate ourselves from so catastrophic a scale of human suffering. In the end, the cries of the infant who dies because of hunger or because a machete has slit open its stomach will penetrate the noises of the modern city and its sealed

windows to say: am I not human, too?

To close the circle, let our peoples, the ones formerly poor citizens and the others good patricians – politicians, business people, educators, health workers, scientists, engineers and technicians, sports people and entertainers, activists for charitable relief – join hands to build on what we have achieved together and help construct a humane African world, whose emergence will say a new universal order is born in which we are each our brother's keeper.

And so let that outcome, as we close a chapter of two centuries and open a millennium, herald the advent of a glorious summer of a partnership for freedom, peace, prosperity and friendship.

**Collection Number: A3299**

**Collection Name: Hilda and Rusty BERNSTEIN Papers, 1931-2006**

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