

# Nelson Mandela



## Long Walk to Freedom

## 1 – A Country Childhood

The name my father gave me at birth was Rolihlahla. In Xhosa, Rolihlahla literally means ‘pulling the branch of a tree’, but its colloquial meaning would be ‘troublemaker’. I do not believe that names are destiny, but in later years, friends and relatives would ascribe to my birth name the many storms I have both caused and weathered. 5

I was born on 18 July 1918 at Mvezo, a tiny village on the banks of the Mbashe River in the district of Umtata, the capital of the Transkei. The Transkei is home to the Thembu people, part of the Xhosa nation, of which I am a member. My father, Gadla Henry Mphakanyiswa, was a chief. He was a tall, dark-skinned man with a straight and stately posture, which I like to think I inherited. He had a tuft of white hair just above his forehead and, as a boy, I would take white ash and rub it into my hair in imitation of him. My father possessed a stubborn sense of fairness that I recognise in myself. One day, one of my father’s subjects lodged a complaint against him involving an ox that had strayed from its owner. The magistrate sent a message ordering my father to appear before him, but he sent back the reply: “*Andizi, ndisaqula.*” (= I will not come, I am still girding for battle.) My father was challenging the authority of the magistrate. In those days, such behaviour would be regarded as the height of insolence – and in this case it was. The magistrate deposed my father, thus ending the Mandela chieftainship. My father, a wealthy nobleman by the standards of his time, lost both his fortune and his title. 10 15 20

My father had four wives, the third of whom was my mother, Nosekeni Fanny. Each of these wives had her own kraal. A kraal was a homestead and usually included a simple fenced-in enclosure for animals, fields for growing crops, and one or more thatched huts. The kraals of my father’s wives were separated by many miles and he commuted among them. Because of our straitened circumstances, my mother moved to Qunu, a village north of Mvezo, where she would have the support of friends and relations. Qunu was situated in a narrow, grassy valley, criss-crossed by clear streams and overlooked by green hills. It consisted of a few hundred 25 30

people who lived in huts, which were beehive-shaped structures of mud walls, with a wooden pole in the centre holding up a grass roof.

5 My mother presided over three huts at Qunu which were always filled with the babies and children of my relations. In African culture, the sons and daughters of one's aunts or uncles are considered brothers and sisters, not cousins. Of my mother's three huts, one was used for cooking, one for sleeping and one for storage. In the hut in which we slept, there was no furniture in the Western sense. We slept on mats and sat on the ground.

10 From an early age, I spent most of my free time in the veld playing and fighting with the other boys of the village. I was no more than five when I became a herd boy looking after sheep and calves in the fields. It was in the fields that I learned how to knock birds out of the sky with a slingshot, to gather wild honey and fruits and edible roots, to drink warm, sweet milk straight from a cow, to swim in the clear, cold streams, and to catch fish.

15 I came across few whites as a boy at Qunu. The local magistrate was white, as was the nearest shopkeeper. Occasionally, white travellers or policemen passed through our area. These whites appeared as grand as gods to me, and I was aware that they were to be treated with a mixture of fear and respect. But their role in my life was a distant one, and I thought  
20 little, if at all, about white people in general.

My father befriended two brothers, George and Ben Mbekela, who were educated and Christian. My father reserved his own faith for the great spirit of the Xhosas, Qamata, the God of his fathers. He was an unofficial priest and officiated at traditional rites concerning planting, harvest, birth, marriage,  
25 initiation ceremonies and funerals. But my mother became a Christian, and I was baptised into the Methodist Church. One day, George Mbekela paid a visit to my mother. "Your son is a clever young fellow," he said. "He should go to school." No one in my family had ever attended school, but my father immediately decided that his youngest son should.

30 The schoolhouse consisted of a single room, with a Western-style roof, on the other side of the hill from Qunu. I was seven years old, and on the day before I was to begin, my father told me that I must be dressed properly for school. Until that time, I, like all the other boys in Qunu, had worn

only a blanket, which was wrapped round one shoulder and pinned at the waist. My father took a pair of his trousers and cut them at the knee. He told me to put them on and they were roughly the correct length, although the waist was far too large. My father took a piece of string and drew the trousers in at the waist. I must have been a comical sight, but I have never owned a suit I was prouder to wear than my father's cut-off trousers. On the first day of school, my teacher, Miss Mdingane, gave each of us an English name and said that that was the name we would now answer to in school. She told me that my new name was Nelson. The education I received was British, in which British ideas, British culture and British institutions were automatically assumed to be superior. There was no such thing as African culture. Africans of my generation – and even today – generally have both a Western and an African name. Whites were either unable or unwilling to pronounce an African name, and considered it uncivilised to have one.

*2 – Moving to the 'Great Place'* 15

One night, when I was nine years old, I was aware of a commotion in the household. My father, who usually came to us for perhaps one week a month, had arrived. I found him in my mother's hut, lying on his back on the floor, in the midst of an endless fit of coughing. He remained for several days without moving or speaking, and then one night, he took a turn for the worse. My mother and my father's youngest wife, Nodayimani, were looking after him, and late that night, he called for Nodayimani. "Bring me my tobacco," he told her. My mother and Nodayimani decided that this was unwise, but he persisted, and eventually Nodayimani filled his pipe, lit it, and handed it to him. My father smoked and became calm. He continued smoking for perhaps an hour, and then, his pipe still lit, he died.

My father's passing changed my whole life. After a period of mourning, my mother informed me that I would be leaving Qunu. I did not ask her why, or where I was going. I packed the few things that I possessed and, early one morning, we set out westward. I mourned less for my father than for the world I was leaving behind. Qunu was all that I knew, and I loved

We left early the following morning. In those days, it was customary for Black people to ride in the back seat of the car if a white was driving. The two of us sat in that fashion, with Justice directly behind the woman. Justice was a friendly person and immediately began chatting to me. This made the old woman extremely uncomfortable. She had obviously never been in the company of a Black who had no inhibitions about whites. But, after a while, Justice's charm worked on her and she would occasionally laugh at something he said. At about ten o'clock that evening, we saw before us, in the distance, a maze of lights that seemed to stretch in all directions. Electricity, to me, had always been a novelty and a luxury, and here was a vast landscape of electricity, a city of light. I was terribly excited to see the city I had been hearing about since I was a child. Johannesburg had always been a city of dreams, a place where one could transform oneself, a city of danger and of opportunity. Soon, we were in the suburb of stately mansions where the old lady's daughter lived, and we pulled into the long driveway of one of these beautiful homes. Justice and I were dispatched to the servants' wing. We thanked the old lady, and then crawled off to sleep on the floor. But the prospect of Johannesburg was so exciting to me that I felt as though I slept on a beautiful feather bed that night. I had reached the end of what seemed like a long journey, but was actually the beginning of a much longer journey that would test me in ways that I could not have imagined.

## *5 – Johannesburg*

Johannesburg had been built up around the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand in 1886, and Crown Mines was the largest gold mine in the city of gold. There is nothing magical about a gold mine. Barren and pockmarked, all dirt and no trees, fenced in on all sides, a gold mine resembles a war-torn battlefield. Only cheap labour, in the form of thousands of Africans working long hours for little pay with no rights, made gold mining profitable for the mining houses – white-owned companies that became wealthy on the backs of the African people.

*[Mandela began work at one of the mines, but his aim was to become a lawyer. A cousin introduced him to Walter Sisulu, a successful Black businessman, who arranged for him to start training in the office of a progressive white lawyer, Lazar Sidelsky.]*

5 Mr Sidelsky was involved in African education, donating money and time to African schools. Only mass education, he used to say, would free my people, arguing that educated people could not be oppressed because they could think for themselves.

10 I met the firm's staff on my first day, including the one other African employee, Gaur Radebe, with whom I shared an office. Gaur was a clerk, interpreter and messenger. He had strong opinions and was a well-known figure in Black Johannesburg. That first morning at the firm, a pleasant, young, white secretary, Miss Lieberman, took me aside and said, "Nelson, we have no colour bar here at the law firm." She explained that at  
15 mid-morning, the tea man arrived with tea on a tray and a number of cups. "In honour of your arrival, we have two new cups for you and Gaur," she said. "The secretaries take cups of tea to the principals but you and Gaur will take your own tea, just as we do." I was grateful, but I knew that the 'two new cups' she was so careful to mention were evidence of the colour  
20 bar that she said did not exist. The secretaries might share tea with two Africans, but not the cups with which to drink it. When I told Gaur what Miss Lieberman had said, he said, "Nelson, at teatime, don't worry – just do as I do." When teatime had arrived, Gaur went over to the tea tray and ignored the two new cups, selecting instead one of the old ones, and pro-  
25 ceeded to put in generous portions of sugar, milk and tea. The secretaries stared at Gaur and then Gaur nodded to me, as if to say, "It is your turn, Nelson." I neither wanted to offend the secretaries nor alienate my new colleague, so I settled on what seemed the most prudent course of action: I said I was not thirsty. I was just twenty-three years old, and finding my  
30 feet as a man, as a resident of Johannesburg and as an employee of a white firm, and I saw the middle path as the best and most reasonable one.

In the beginning, my work at the firm was quite rudimentary. Yet, no matter how small the job, Mr Sidelsky would explain to me what it was for

my eye, a lovely young woman waiting for the bus. Some weeks thereafter, a curious coincidence occurred. I was at the office, and when I popped in to see Oliver, there was this same young woman with her brother, sitting in front of Oliver's desk. I did my best not to show my surprise – or my delight – at this. Oliver introduced me to them and explained that they were visiting him on a legal matter. Her name was Nomzamo Winifred Madikizela, but she was known as Winnie. Her given name was Nomzamo, which means 'one who strives or undergoes trials', a name as prophetic as my own. I cannot say for certain if there is such a thing as love at first sight, but I do know that the moment I first glimpsed Winnie Nomzamo, I knew that I wanted to have her as my wife. 5 10

The wedding took place on 14 June 1958. There was no time or money for a honeymoon, but I felt as though I had a new and second chance at life. My love for Winnie gave me added strength for the struggles that lay ahead.

*[In August 1959, the trial began, lasting twenty months in all. Finally, in March 1961, the judges reached a verdict. The state had not proved its case – the ANC leaders were found not guilty and set free! Mandela hugged Winnie in joy, but he knew that he would not be able to enjoy his freedom for long.]* 15

## 9 – The Black Pimpernel

I did not return home after the verdict. I was anxious to be off before I was banned or arrested, and I spent the night in a safe house in Johannesburg. It was a restless night in a strange bed, and I started at the sound of every car, thinking it might be the police. Living underground requires a completely new state of mind. One has to plan every action, however small and seemingly insignificant. I became a creature of the night. I operated mainly from Johannesburg, but I would travel as necessary. I stayed in empty flats, in people's houses, wherever I could be alone. But one can have too much solitude. I was terribly lonesome for my wife and my children. 20 25

The key to being underground is to be invisible. When underground, I did not walk as tall or stand as straight. I spoke more softly. I was more passive. I did not ask for things but let people tell me what to do. I did not 30

shave or cut my hair. I was dubbed the 'Black Pimpernel', an adaptation of the 'Scarlet Pimpernel', a character from a novel, who daringly escaped capture during the French Revolution. I travelled secretly about the country, moving through townships in different parts and attending secret meetings at night. I would pop up here and there, to the annoyance of the police and the delight of the people.

We were embarking on a new and more dangerous path, a path of organised violence, the results of which we did not and could not know. I, who had never been a soldier, who had never fought in battle, who had never fired a gun at an enemy, had been given the task of starting an army. The name of this new organization was *Umkhonto we Sizwe* ('The Spear of the Nation') – or MK for short. The symbol of the spear was chosen because, with this simple weapon, Africans had resisted the incursions of whites for centuries. I began in the only way I knew how, by reading and talking to experts. What I wanted to find out were the fundamental principles for starting a revolution. I wanted to know how one created and trained a guerrilla force; how it should be armed; where it gets its supplies – all fundamental questions.

After a few months I moved to Liliesleaf Farm in Rivonia, a suburb of Johannesburg. The farmhouse and property had been purchased by the movement for the purpose of having a safe house for those underground. It was an old house that needed work and no one lived there. I moved in, saying that I was the caretaker who would look after the place until my master took possession. At the farm, I wore the simple blue overalls that were the uniform of the Black male servant. During the day, the place was busy with workers, builders and painters who were repairing the main house. They were all Africans from Alexandra township and they called me 'waiter' or 'boy'. I prepared breakfast for them and made tea for them in the late morning and afternoon. Every day at sunset, the workers would return to their homes and I would be alone at the farm until the next morning. Most evenings, I would leave to attend meetings, returning in the middle of the night.

Soon after, Arthur Goldreich and his family moved into the main house



As I later said at my daughter Zindzi's wedding, "We watched our children growing without our guidance and, when we did come out of prison, my children said, 'We thought we had a father and one day he'd come back. But our father came back and he left us alone because he has now become the  
5 father of the nation.'" To be the father of a nation is a great honour, but to be the father of a family is a greater joy. It was a joy I had far too little of.

On 3 June 1993, the multi-party forum set a date for the country's first non-racial elections: 27 April 1994.

When I was notified that I had won the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize jointly  
10 with Mr de Klerk, I was deeply moved. The Nobel Peace Prize had a special meaning for me because of its involvement with South African history. I was the third South African since the end of the Second World War to be honoured by the Nobel Committee. I used my speech in Norway not only to sketch out a vision of a future South Africa, but to pay tribute to Mr F. W.  
15 de Klerk. To make peace with an enemy, one must work with that enemy, and that enemy becomes your partner.

On 27 April 1994, I walked to the polling station. The images of South Africans going to the polls that day are burned in my memory. Great lines of patient people snaking through the dirt roads and streets of towns and  
20 cities; old women who had waited half a century to cast their first vote, saying that they felt like human beings for the first time in their lives; white men and women saying they were proud to live in a free country at last.

We polled 62.6 per cent of the national vote. On the evening of 2 May, Mr de Klerk made a speech after more than three centuries of rule, the  
25 white minority was conceding defeat and turning over power to the Black majority. From the moment the results were in and it was apparent that the ANC was to form the government, I saw my mission in becoming president as one of preaching reconciliation, of binding the wounds of the country, of engendering trust and confidence. I said all South Africans must now  
30 unite and join hands and say we are one country, one nation, one people, marching together into the future.

10 May dawned bright and clear. On the podium, Mr de Klerk was sworn in as second deputy president. Then Thabo Mbecki was sworn in as first

deputy president. When it was my turn, I pledged to devote myself to the well-being of the republic and its people. I was overwhelmed with a sense of history. In the first decade of the twentieth century, before my own birth, the white-skinned peoples of South Africa erected a system of racial domination against the dark-skinned peoples of their own land. Now, in the last decade of the twentieth century, and my own eighth decade as a man, that system had been overturned forever and replaced by one that recognised the rights and freedoms of all peoples, regardless of the colour of their skin. I was not born with a hunger to be free. I was born free – free in every way that I could know. Free to run in the fields near my mother’s hut, free to swim in the clear stream that ran through my village. It was only when I began to learn that my boyhood freedom was an illusion, when I discovered as a young man that my freedom had already been taken from me, that I began to hunger for it. At first, as a student, I wanted freedom only for myself. But then I slowly saw that not only was I not free, but my brothers and sisters were not free. I saw that it was not just my freedom that was curtailed, but the freedom of everyone who looked like I did. It was this desire for the freedom of my people to live their lives with dignity and self-respect that animated my life, that transformed a frightened young man into a bold one, that drove a law-abiding attorney to become a criminal, that turned a family-loving husband into someone without a home. Freedom is indivisible; the chains on any one of my people were the chains on all of them, the chains on all of my people were the chains on me. It was during those long and lonely years that my hunger for the freedom of my own people became a hunger for the freedom of all people, white and Black. I knew as well as I knew anything that the oppressor must be liberated just as surely as the oppressed. When I walked out of prison, that was my mission.

I have walked that long road to freedom. But I have discovered the secret that, after climbing a great hill, one finds that there are many more hills to climb. My long walk is not yet ended.

## A Nelson Mandela Chronology

- 1918 Born in Mvezo on July 18
- 1925 Attends school in Qunu
- 5 1927 Father dies; family moves to Mqhekezweni
- 1934 Attends Clarkebury Boarding Institute
- 1937 Attends College in Healdtown
- 1939 Begins as a student at Fort Hare
- 1940 Goes to Johannesburg; starts work as an articled clerk; meets Walter Sisulu and Gaur Radebe. First meetings with ANC
- 10 1943 Passes university examination; takes part in Alexandra bus boycott; enrolls at University of Witwatersrand
- 1945 Marries Evelyn Mase
- 1946 Moves to 8115 Orlando West; first son born (Madiba Thembekile – Thembi). Mineworkers’ strike: 70,000 African workers take part
- 1947 Mandela elected to the Executive Committee of Transvaal ANC
- 15 1948 Nationalists under Dr Daniel Malan win national elections
- 1950 Murder of 18 Africans on May 1; National Day of Protest on June 26; second son born (Makgatho Lewanika)
- 1951 Defiance Campaign begins on June 26
- 1952 Albert Luthuli becomes president of ANC; Mandela banned for two years. Opens his own law office in Johannesburg with Oliver Tambo
- 20 1953–5 ANC campaigns against the Removal of Sophiatown
- 1955 Removal of Sophiatown on February 9. Mandela’s ban expires; he visits Qunu. The Freedom Charter is adopted on 25 and 26 June.
- 1956 Congress of the People in Johannesburg; Mandela receives ban for five years. Mandela and other ANC members arrested on December 5; Treason Trial begins on December 19. All the accused set free on bail during trial. Mandela and Evelyn Mase first separate, and later divorce
- 25 1958 Mandela marries Winnie. Formal Treason Trial begins
- 1959 Actual Treason Trial begins
- 30 1961 Treason Trial verdict on March 29; all the accused found not guilty. Mandela starts living underground. Foundation of *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (MK) with headquarters at Liliesleaf Farm in Rivonia. Chief Albert Luthuli awarded the Nobel Peace Prize

Mvezo	small village on the Mbashe River. Mandela was born here in 1918.....	3
Thembu	the African tribe which Mandela was born into. They form part of the Xhosa people .....	3
Qunu	a village north of Mvezo.....	3
Qamata	the Great Spirit of the Xhosas.....	4
Mqhekezweni	the 'Great Place', provisional capital of Thembuland.....	6
Chief Jongintaba	acting regent of the Thembu people;	
Dalindyebo	Mandela's guardian .....	6
Justice	Chief Jongintaba's son; the elder of his two children.....	6
Nomafu	Chief Jongintaba's daughter; the younger of his two children .....	6

### SCHOOLS, TEACHERS AND FRIENDS

George and Ben Mbekela	Christian friends of Mandela's father, who advised him to send his clever son Nelson to school .....	4
Miss Mdingane Clarkebury	Mandela's first teacher in school..... Clarkebury Boarding Institute: the highest institution of learning for Africans in Thembuland. It was a mission school run by Methodists .....	5 7
Reverend Harris	the governor of Clarkebury .....	8
Healdtown	a Methodist mission school in Fort Beaufort.....	8
Frank Lebentlele	Sotho-speaking teacher at Healdtown. Married to a Xhosa woman, which was unusual for the time .....	8
Fort Hare	University College, the only residential centre of higher education for Black people in South Africa.....	9
Paul Mahabane	friend of Mandela's at Fort Hare .....	9
Witwatersrand	area of goldmines near Johannesburg .....	11
'Wits'	University of the Witwatersrand (see above) .....	14

### IN JOHANNESBURG

Queenstown	town between Mqhekezweni and Johannesburg ....	10
Alexandra	Black township outside Johannesburg.....	14
Sophiatown	Black township outside Johannesburg .....	17
Boksburg	scene of ANC protests, near Johannesburg .....	16



Yusuf Dadoo, ex-president, SAIC.



Nelson Mandela, ex-president, Tvl. ANC.



James Phillips, ex-chairman, Tvl. CPAC.



Duxo Nkomo, secretary, ANC Y.L.



Walter Sisulu, ex-secretary, ANC.



Albert Lutulu, president, ANC.



Yusuf Cachalia, secretary, SAIC.



John N. Morka, ex-president, Tvl. ANC.



Stephen Solin, ex-Tvl. acting secretary.



David Sopolov, ex-secretary, Tvl. ANC.



Moses Kotane, ex-leader, ANC.



Dr. Z. Njongwen, ex-chairman, ANC.



Cassim Amra, ex-leader, Indian C.

## The Effects of New Laws: 2

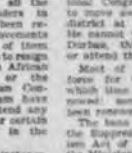
# BANNED MEN



Dr. Elias M.J., ex-secretary, ANC.



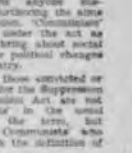
Dan Tloosane, ex-leader, ANC.



Fag Boshfield, ex-leader, Transvaal ANC.



N. Thanyayi, ex-Tvl. secretary, I.C.



Hania Soperere, ex-leader, ANC.



Maulvi Cachalia, ex-secretary, Tvl. I.C.



J. Mavuso, ex-Transvaal ANC leader.



Nana Sitha, ex-president, Transvaal I.C.



Robert Matj, ex-secretary, Cape ANC.



MagDun. Marais, ex-leader, ANC.



Ismael Boshale, ex-sec. Tvl. Indian Y.C.



Harrison Matlana, ex-secretary, Tvl. Y.L.



Frank Marguard, ex-president, Cape F.W.D.



Joseph Matthews, ex-president, ANC Y.L.



Ismael Boshale, ex-sec. Tvl. Indian Y.C.



Harrison Matlana, ex-secretary, Tvl. Y.L.



Ismael Boshale, ex-sec. Tvl. Indian Y.C.



Harrison Matlana, ex-secretary, Tvl. Y.L.

**D**URING the last few months, nearly all the non-White leaders in South Africa have been restricted in their movements and activities. Most of them have been called upon to resign their positions in the African National Congress or the South African Indian Congress. Many of them have been forbidden to attend any gatherings, or to enter certain registered districts in the Union.

Albert Lutulu, for instance,

president of the African National Congress, is forbidden to move away from his own district at Groenwede, Natal. He cannot visit the shops in Durban, thirty miles away, or attend the cathedral there.

Most of the bans are in force for two years after which time they may be renewed, some have already been renewed.

The bans take effect under the Suppression of Communism Act of 1956. This allows the Minister of Justice to pro-

hibit from gatherings or organisations anyone suspected of furthering the aims of Communism. "Communist" is defined under the act as aiming to bring about social economic or political changes in the country.

Many of those convicted or "named" under the Suppression of Communism Act are not "Communists" in the usual sense of the term. But Statutory Communists who come within the definition of the act.

Above:  
Under the Suppression  
of Communism Act,  
bans became a routine  
part of a freedom  
fighter's life.

Opposite, above:  
Under the Group Areas  
Act, Sophiatown was  
declared a "black spot".  
The removal began in  
1955.

Opposite, below:  
Our supporters  
joined us in song  
outside the court  
in Pretoria in  
1958.



# Thematic Vocabulary

## SHORT FORMS USED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES:

<i>etc. and so on</i>	<i>und so weiter</i>	<i>jmd.</i>	<i>jemand</i>
<i>h. here</i>	<i>hier</i>	<i>etw.</i>	<i>etwas</i>
<i>s.o. someone</i>	<i>jemand</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>sich</i>
<i>s.th. something</i>	<i>etwas</i>	<i>adj. adjective</i>	<i>Adjektiv</i>

## STATE, GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

capital	the chief city of a country	Hauptstadt
community	social group	Gemeinschaft
authorities	people who say what others must do	Behörde
civil servant	s.o. who works for the government	Beamter, Beamtin
➤ resignation	giving up your job	Rücktritt
rule	what you must or must not do	Regel
regulation	rule; order	Bestimmung
to demand	to say that you must have s.th.	fordern; verlangen
requirement	s.th. that you need or demand	(An-)Forderung
effectiveness	how well s.th. works	Wirksamkeit
significant	important; full of meaning	wichtig; bedeutend
fundamental	basic	grundlegend
solution	answer	Lösung
➤ conference	meeting of many people	Tagung
general election	when the whole country votes to choose a government	Parlamentswahlen
polling station	place where people vote in an election	Wahllokal
to cast a vote	to make your choice (in an election)	eine Stimme abgeben
majority	most of the people in a group	Mehrheit
minority	small group in a much bigger group	Minderheit
victory	winning a game, fight etc.	Sieg
defeat	not winning	Niederlage
<b>RESISTANCE</b>		
cause	principle (= <i>Grundsatz</i> ) that you support or fight for	die 'Sache'
issue	matter; question	Angelegenheit; Frage
enemy	<i>opp.</i> friend	Feind
➤ poverty	being poor	Armut
lack of opportunities	not having the same chances as whites	mangelnde Chancengleichheit
conditions	situation in which people live or work	(Lebens-)Bedingungen
to oppress	to treat unfairly; to take away s.o.'s rights	unterdrücken
unjust	not just; not right, not legal	ungerecht

## Vocabulary: Chapter by Chapter

(See list of short forms on page 57)

- ✧ An asterisk (\*) before a word in the following list shows that the word is part of the *Basic Vocabulary (Grundwortschatz)*, of about 2,500 words. Items with a plus sign (+) belong to a more advanced group (*Aufbauwortschatz*) of a further 2,000 words.

(Source: *Thematischer Grund- und Aufbauwortschatz*, Klett Verlag, Stuttgart, 1993)

### 1 – A Country Childhood

#### PAGE 3

+childhood	the years when you are a child	Kindheit
+colloquial	<i>adj.</i> in ordinary conversation	umgangssprachlich
*trouble	difficulty, conflict	Unglück
destiny	fate	Schicksal
*to cause	to make s.th. happen	verursachen
to ascribe	to see as connected with	jmd. etw. zuschreiben
*capital	the chief city of a country	Hauptstadt
posture	way of holding the body	Haltung
to inherit	to receive from one's parents	erben
+to imitate	to copy s.o. or s.th.	nachahmen
+stubborn	difficult to deal with	eigensinnig
*to recognise	to understand what s.th. is	erkennen
*to complain	to say angrily that s.th. is not right	s. beschweren
to stray	to lose one's way; to wander away	abirren; s. verirren
+magistrate	judge in a small law court	Friedensrichter
+to challenge	not to accept that s.th. is right	herausfordern
insolence	rudeness; lack of respect	Unverschämtheit
to depose	<i>h.</i> to remove s.o. from an office (= <i>Amt</i> )	<i>h.</i> absetzen
fortune	wealth; riches	Vermögen
enclosure	land that has a fence on all sides	Einfriedung
*crops	plants grown on a farm	(Ernte-)Pflanzen
thatched	with a roof of straw or grass	mit einem Dach aus Stroh oder Gras
+to commute	to travel back and forth regularly between different places	pendeln
straitened	poverty	Armut
circumstances	(+ <i>circumstances</i> = <i>Umstände</i> )	
+support	help	Unterstützung, Hilfe

#### PAGE 4

*to consider	to see as	betrachten (als)
*furniture	tables, chairs, etc.	Möbel(-stücke)
veld	grassland of South Africa	Grasland in Südafrika
slingshot	stick with a band of rubber, for shooting stones	Schleuder



to come across	to meet	begegnen
+occasionally	sometimes; from time to time	gelegentlich
*educated	with learning and culture	gebildet
to officiate	to act out duties	amtieren, fungieren
rite	custom	Brauch
+harvest	time for gathering crops from the fields	Ernte
initiation	secret knowledge of the rites of a society	Einweihung
+funeral	burial of a dead person	Bestattung
to baptise	to make a member of the Christian church	taufen
+proper	correct	ordentlich, richtig

#### PAGE 5

+waist	middle of the body	Taille
+to assume	to take as true	annehmen
+superior	better than	besser, überlegen

#### 2 – Moving to the 'Great Place'

fit	sudden attack (of illness)	Anfall
to persist	to go on doing s.th.	beharren auf
+eventually	finally; in the end ( <i>eventuell = perhaps!</i> )	schließlich
to mourn	to be sad because s.o. is dead	trauern

#### PAGE 6

numerous	very many	zahlreich
+shallow	<i>opp.</i> deep	nicht tief; seicht
+surrounded by	with ... all around	von ... umgeben
gracious	<i>h:</i> pleasant; beautiful	<i>h:</i> schön, angenehm
provisional	for a short time	vorläufig
+residence	home	Wohnsitz
thickset	with a wide, strong body	untersetzt
bearing	the way you move and hold your body	(Körper-)Haltung
decade	ten years	Dekade, Jahrzehnt
guardian	s.o. who looks after a child with no parents	Vormund
*choice	thing that you choose (to choose, chose, chosen)	Wahl
*advantageous	useful and helpful	vorteilhaft
+upbringing	care that parents give their children	Erziehung
fuss	excitement; worry or trouble	Aufsehen
+affection	kindly feeling, love	Zuneigung
+delightful	very pleasant	(höchst) angenehm
tedious	boring; not interesting	langweilig
+severe	strict	streng
to revolve	<i>h:</i> to be centred	s. drehen
+to perform	to carry out; to do	ausführen; machen
chores	little jobs around the house	Aufgaben im Haushalt

reconciliation	when people become friendly again after fighting	Versöhnung
to engender	to be the cause of	verursachen

#### PAGE 43

overwhelmed	moved by strong, deep feelings	überwältigt
+domination	being more powerful	(Vor-)Herrschaft
regardless	paying no attention to	ungeachtet
law-abiding	respecting and obeying the law	gesetzestreu
indivisible	that cannot be separated into parts	unteilbar

## Understanding the Text & Tasks for Creative Writing

### How to work on these questions

- ✧ Most 'A'-questions can be answered in one sentence, directly from the text.
- ✧ The 'B'-questions need longer answers – perhaps two to four sentences.
- ✧ The 'C'-questions ask for a retelling of events. Try to use your own words here, and don't just quote from the text. The numbers tell you where to find your material: 7,18 means page 7, line 18.
- ✧ The tasks with 'D'-labels ask you to use your imagination or to write from your own experience – what we call *creative writing*.
- ✧ 'E'-questions are tasks for research, of the '*Find out more about ...*'-type. Search the web on your own account or try using some of the Internet resources listed on pages 94–95.

### 1 – A Country Childhood

- A1. In what way is Mandela like his father was?
- A2. Why did Mandela's mother move with him to Qunu?
- A3. Why did Mandela's mother have three huts?
- A4. What contact did Mandela have with whites when he was a boy?
- A5. Why did Mandela's father decide to send him to school?
- A6. "... *dressed properly for school*" (4,32–3). What did this mean for Mandela?
- A7. How did he feel about these new clothes?
- A8. How were British ideas and culture seen at Mandela's school?
- A9. How was African culture regarded?
  
- B1. How is the meaning of Mandela's name *Rolihlahla* related to his later life?
- B2. What does Mandela tell us about his father?
- B3. How did Rolihlahla Mandela spend his early childhood?
- B4. What do we learn about religion in the Mandela family?
- B5. How was Mandela's first name changed, and why?
  
- c1. Summarise the last section of Chapter 1 (4,30–5,14), using the title *School*.

- D1. Describe the place where you live.
- D2. What did you play at the age of five? Where was this?
- D3. Write about your own first day at school.
- E1. Find out the meaning of your own first name(s).
- E2. Give a short report to the class on the main points of South African history.
- E3. Find out what you can about the Transkei and give a short report to the class.

## 2 – Moving to the ‘Great Place’

- A1. What was different when Mandela’s father arrived this time?
- A2. Why was Mandela very sad when he set out with his mother?
- A3. What was the parting like, when Mandela’s mother left him at the ‘Great Place’?
- A4. How was Mqhekezweni different from Qunu?
- A5. How does Mandela describe the regent’s son, Justice?
- A6. How did Mandela feel about ‘becoming a man’ through a special ceremony?
- A7. How did the day of the ceremony begin?
- A8. What does he tell us about the ceremony itself?
- A9. How does Mandela feel now, looking back on the circumcision ceremony?
  
- B1. What does Mandela tell us about how his father died?
- B2. Why did Mandela now move from Qunu to the ‘Great Place’?
- B3. How did Mandela’s life change in the ‘Great Place’ compared to Qunu?
- B4. What was the relationship between Mandela and the regent’s son, Justice?
- B5. *Becoming a Man*. Write four to five sentences on the ceremony, its meaning and Mandela’s view of it, both then and now.
  
- C1. *The ‘Great Place’*. Write about Mqhekezweni and Mandela’s life there.
- C2. *Mandela’s Names*. Write about Mandela’s three names (see pages 3, 5 and 7), considering their meanings and their significance for him.
  
- D1. Describe the long walk from Qunu (sounds, animals, landscape).
- D2. What might the young boy have felt on leaving his home?
- D3. Have you ever moved house? How did the change affect you?

## 3 – School and College Years

- A1. Why was Mandela sent to Clarkebury?
- A2. Why were the new boots important to Mandela?
- A3. Why was Clarkebury a new world for him?
- A4. Why does Mandela say he was “*not ... entirely open-minded*”?
- A5. How were the students at Healdtown taught to see the world?
- A6. What activities did Mandela take part in at Fort Hare, apart from lessons?
- A7. Why did the local magistrate speak to Mandela’s friend Paul?
- A8. How did Paul react to what the magistrate asked?
- A9. How did Mandela feel about Paul’s behaviour?
  
- B1. Describe what happened in the days before Mandela left for Clarkebury.
- B2. What does the text tell us about Reverend Harris?
- B3. Why did the zoology teacher at Healdtown impress Mandela?
- B4. What Western habits did Mandela take up at Fort Hare?