



1918 - 2013

MANDELA'S MAGIC

RAISED IN A MUD HUT BUT BRILLIANT AND DRIVEN,
HE FREED HIS PEOPLE, TRANSFORMED HIS NATION
AND BECAME A GLOBAL ICON OF PEACE.
BUT NOW THAT HE'S GONE, WILL HE BE FORGOTTEN?
AN ASSESSMENT OF NELSON MANDELA'S LEGACY
BY GLOBE CORRESPONDENTS PAST AND PRESENT
PLUS AN EXCLUSIVE, INTIMATE FAREWELL
FROM NOBEL LAUREATE NADINE GORDIMER

DOUBLE IDENTITY: With his solid rural roots, Nelson Mandela, shown above at 19, 'maintained a deep sense of the African self,' friend and Nobel Prize-winning author Nadine Gordimer writes on Page 5 – a sense of self 'in synergy with an understanding of Africa's place in the contemporary world.'

P.K.A. GAESHWE/BLACK STAR

The captive freedom fighter who became a global role model

Nearly three decades trapped in a cell, **Sandra Martin** reports, steeled Mandela to change the course of history

Nelson Mandela was a visionary hero of the multiracial age. He began life in a mud-floored hut near the end of the First World War and wound up winning global accolades and the Nobel Peace Prize for his pivotal role in the liberation of 30 million black and coloured South Africans – and for avoiding a bloodbath in the process.

Like an old soldier, he quietly faded away in Johannesburg today with his beloved wife, Graca Machel, by his side. He will be buried with his ancestors in Qunu, a village he left as a young man but revisited often in nostalgic reveries about his happy childhood before politics, protests and prison determined his destiny.

Although retired from public life since 2004, he remained a secular saint to his fervent followers. Almost anyone familiar with his life – with its extreme hardships and remarkable achievements – is impressed by his ability to learn from experience, to mask his uncertainty and to inspire others to become better human beings.

Convicted of treason in 1964, he was sentenced to life at hard labour and expected to fade from view (instead of being given the death penalty and turned into a martyr). Yet prison was the making of him as a political leader. Smart, determined and resilient, with a canny eye for the main chance, he acquired self-discipline during his long confinement, curbing the impatience and arrogance of his youth.

He had the wisdom to realize that apartheid oppressed all South Africans – black, white and coloured alike – and that freedom and justice must embrace tyrants as well as their victims. He also learned to take a long view of the struggle, so that when it finally ended, he was able to temper his bitterness and forgo a heady surge of revenge in favour of the measured diplomacy of reconciliation.

Many African countries have elected visionary revolutionaries as political leaders who then became compromised, if not corrupted, by the lure of power. Because of his principles, his dedication to equality and social justice and his lack of personal ambition, Mandela stood apart. It was with good reason that the United Nations recognized his contribution to world freedom in 2009 by designating July 18, his birthday, as Mandela Day.

A week before his 92nd birthday, he made a brief appearance at the World Cup final in Johannesburg. Wearing a fur hat and bundled against the chill, he was wheeled around the field in a golf cart to the joy of the crowd, his face illuminated by a beatific smile. The last time he made a public appearance, it proved a poignant and symbolic farewell.

Soccer and Mandela share a legacy dating from his days on Robben Island during the direst days of apartheid when he and his fellow inmates were barred from playing it. The decision to hold the World Cup in South Africa in

1964

Mandela narrowly escapes the death penalty and is sentenced to life at hard labour. The regime expects him to fade away, but he and his allies have other plans.

‘I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony ... It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.’

Nelson Mandela before Robben Island

From his four-hour address to the court that sentenced him to life in prison



2010 was largely a tribute to him marking the 20th anniversary of his release after spending nearly three decades in prison.

His legacy has its rough spots. After coming to power, he ensured the transition from segregation to multiracial democracy by assuaging white South Africans, to stave off civil war, and placated financial markets, to prevent an economic collapse.

As a result, he saddled his new government with old debt, as well as onerous obligations to white landowners and to international economic organizations, all of which made land reform and income redistribution virtually impossible.

He also seemed blinkered to the savage reality of HIV/AIDS, whose infection rate ballooned to 25 from 8 per cent while he was in office. It was only in retirement, after losing his own son to the virus in 2005, that he campaigned openly for AIDS awareness and for antiretroviral drugs to slow the disease.

Considering the scope of his achievement, however, such missteps were rare.

First in his family to go to school, he wants to be a civil servant

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela was born on July 18, 1918, the son of a village chief in the Transkei region of what is now South Africa's Eastern Cape province. At the age of 7, Rolihlahla (which

UNREPENTANT: Eight defendants, Mandela among them, are taken away from the courthouse in Pretoria with fists raised in defiance after being convicted on June 16, 1964. Accused of treason, they expected the death penalty but have been sentenced to life imprisonment. AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE

translates as “to pull a branch of a tree,” but Mandela suggested really means “troublemaker”) began his formal education, the first in his immediate family to do so, at the local mission school. It was there he was given his English name, likely in honour of naval legend Horatio Nelson.

Mandela hoped to become a civil servant one day, but in 1939, he was expelled from the University of Fort Hare for his part in a student protest and then, to escape an arranged marriage, he fled to Johannesburg, where he met Walter Sisulu, who would become his mentor, colleague and, eventually, cellmate.

Sisulu introduced Mandela to Lazar Sidelsky, a liberal-minded lawyer who hired him as a clerk trainee for his firm.

After completing his degree by correspondence, in 1943, Mandela enrolled in law at Johannesburg's University of the Witwatersrand. He left six years later, again without graduating, but not before being introduced to the African National Congress (ANC), the or-

ganization that would dominate the rest of his life.

The next year, he, Sisulu and Oliver Tambo, whom he had met at Fort Hare, helped to create the ANC youth league.

Also in 1944, he met and, three days before his 26th birthday, married Evelyn Mase, a cousin of Sisulu who had come from the Transkei to train as a nurse. The first of their four children arrived two years later.

In 1948, South African voters handed power to the Afrikaner-dominated National Party, which advocated apartheid – the policy of segregation and repression that would govern the country for almost 50 years.

The ANC responded with a campaign of civil disobedience, joining the Communists and South African Indian Congress to forge the multiracial resistance to bigotry that became its hallmark.

Launches first black legal office but soon runs afoul of the law

Two years later, Mandela finally qualified as a lawyer and opened the country's first African-run law firm in partnership with Tambo. They provided affordable advice to clients who otherwise would have had to appear unrepresented before white judges.

But he soon was caught between his respect for the law and his desire to denounce a regime that, by this point, refused to let him hold public office (even in

the ANC), make speeches or even leave town.

So, in 1955, when the historic Congress of the People was held near Soweto to draft a “freedom charter” for a democratic South Africa of the future, Mandela had to watch in disguise from the sidelines. Six months later, he was among 136 opposition leaders accused of treason for allegedly plotting a communist coup. He secured bail, but returned to his home to find that his wife, a devout Jehovah's Witness whose faith ruled out political involvement, had left, taking with her everything in the house, including the children.

He wasn't alone long. In a few months, he drove past a beautiful young woman at a bus stop. At 22, Winnie Nomzamo Madikizela was 16 years his junior and had just graduated as the country's first black social worker. The two fell in love, married in 1958 and, within two years, had daughters Zenani and Zindzi.

In March, 1960, several months before Zindzi's birth, a pivotal moment in the struggle against apartheid took place. Police in Sharpeville, a township outside Johannesburg, panicked during a protest at their station and fired into a crowd of 10,000, killing 69 and injuring 200.

In the aftermath, the government declared a state of emergency and outlawed the ANC, which responded by dispatching Oliver Tambo to London to set

PATRIARCH



TROUBLE AHEAD: Nelson and Winnie Mandela in a rare moment together before he goes underground and then lands in jail. INTERNATIONAL DEFENCE-AID FUND FOR SOUTHERN AFRICA

TACTICIAN



BROTHERS GRIM: It is 1992 and F.W. de Klerk and Mandela are not getting along. Talks on power-sharing have stalled. DENIS FARRELL/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

PIONEER



MAGIC MOMENT: On May 10, 1994 – three decades after he was sent to Robben Island as a traitor – Mandela takes the oath of office as South Africa's first black president. PHILIPPE WOJAZER/REUTERS

1990

After years of international pressure and internal strife, Mandela is freed, ready to lead his nation, through much fear but more hope, down the home stretch to true democracy.

'I stand here ... not as a prophet but as a humble servant of you, the people. Your ... sacrifices have made it possible for me to be here today. I therefore place the remaining years of my life in your hands. Today, the majority of South Africans, black and white, recognize that apartheid has no future'

Nelson Mandela after his release
From the stirring speech he gave to a cheering throng outside Cape Town's City Hall on Feb. 11, 1990



up an office in exile while Mandela went underground to create a military wing, the guerrilla force known as Umkhonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation).

Although short-lived, Mandela's stint as an insurgent cost him dearly. He was captured after just 17 months, and didn't regain his freedom for 28 years.

He and nine others were accused of sabotage, treason and plotting an invasion – crimes that carried the death penalty. When the trial opened in October, 1963, a thin and pale Mandela delivered an uplifting speech that lasted four hours.

"During my lifetime," he concluded, "I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

Banished for life to South Africa's Alcatraz

Rather than die, he was sentenced to spend the rest of his life at hard labour and, at 46, was sent to Robben Island – the Alcatraz of South Africa, five square kilometres of rock off Cape Town. Cut off from the world, he spent

GREAT ESCAPE: The triumphant walk with Winnie through Cape Town after his much-anticipated release. He tells the crowd that apartheid's days are numbered. Within five years, South Africans make him their first black president. GREG ENGLISH/ASSOCIATED PRESS

his days breaking rocks under a blistering sun, damaging his eyes permanently.

But he also was surrounded by friends and colleagues with whom he could discuss political philosophy and strategies. From the beginning, he saw his guards as, not enemies, but fellow human beings and also slaves of the system he despised. Although courteous, he refused to bow and scrape, as more sadistic warders demanded, and steeled himself into a superficial equanimity, no matter the provocation, if only to deny them the satisfaction of seeing him lose control.

It wasn't until 1980 that he was allowed to receive newspapers and, as the ANC marked the 25th anniversary of the Freedom Charter, a Free Mandela movement took root, enveloping white liberals in South Africa and even the United Nations Security Council. Within five years, successive protests and violent reprisals had made the country almost ungovernable. But "the most discouraging moments," Mandela insists

in his autobiography, *Long Walk To Freedom*, "are precisely the time to launch an initiative."

He began a long series of meetings with the government that culminated in his astonishing and unconditional release five years later. On Feb. 11, 1990, at the age of 71, he walked out of prison holding Winnie's hand and, at Cape Town's City Hall, made his first public speech since his trial, carefully presenting himself as the servant, rather than the master, of his party and his people.

"Your tireless and heroic sacrifices have made it possible for me to be here today," he said. "I therefore place the remaining years of my life in your hands."

'Exhausted heavyweight boxers at the end of a long title bout'

After a triumphant world tour that made him a magnet for celebrities of all stripes, he returned home to negotiate the transition to majority rule.

By late 1993, elections were slated for the following spring, and both Mandela and F.W. de Klerk, the final apartheid-era president, looked like "exhausted heavyweight boxers at the end of a long title bout." The Guardian reported that December, when they arrived in Oslo to receive the Nobel Prize.

At 75, an age when most politicians have retired to play golf, Mandela became a first-time candidate for public office and was

easily elected his country's first black president, leading a Government of National Unity.

Although not burdened by the baggage most politicians accumulate as they rise to the top, Mandela clearly lacked legislative experience, as did most of his cabinet. He was determined to support rogue regimes that had helped in the struggle, including those of Fidel Castro and Moammar Gadhafi. But in other areas, his principles softened.

As Canadian author Naomi Klein points out in *The Shock Doctrine: The Rise of Disaster Capitalism*, just two weeks before his release, Mandela insisted that nationalizing South Africa's mines, banks and major industries was ANC policy and so "unavoidable."

Yet, to prevent a potential civil war and the withdrawal of international support, he went against not only his stated economic policy but some basic clauses enshrined in the Freedom Charter. His government agreed to assume the national debt incurred by apartheid regimes, to guarantee civil servants their jobs, to protect private property (thus almost ruling out land reform) and to make the central bank independent of the government (thus protecting it from attempts to redistribute the national wealth). The ANC also agreed to sign on to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the precursor to the World Trade Organization, the World Bank

and the International Monetary Fund, which reassured financial markets, but made a radical overhaul of the country's economic power base almost impossible.

Even his personal life wasn't immune to a change of heart. Winnie's flagrant philandering prompted the couple to separate in 1992. When their divorce case was heard four years later, Mandela described his loneliness to the court, explaining that, since his release, she had refused to discuss their problems and "not once has she ever entered my bedroom while I was awake."

Also in 1996, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission began its hearings under Archbishop Desmond Tutu. The goal was to let anyone with grievances air them and anyone who had done wrong confess and seek forgiveness.

The ANC considered the process essential to the peaceful transition to full democracy, but some critics argued that true reconciliation requires justice under the law.

Finds love and champions many causes late in life

After just one term in office, Mandela retired from politics in 1999. In his later years, he created a foundation to assist South Africa's children and joined the fight against HIV-AIDS, a cause he embraced with passion at least partly because he had failed to do enough while in power.

"This is a war," he said. "It has killed more people than ... in all previous wars and in all previous natural disasters. We must not continue to be debating, to be arguing, when people are dying."

He also found love late in life. On his 80th birthday in 1998, he married Graça Machel, widow of Samora Machel, the first president of an independent Mozambique. The two spent their time, with their grandchildren, largely at her home in Mozambique and at the house on his ancestral property at Qunu. Increasingly frail, the man known to all by his clan name, Madiba, usually walked with a cane.

In 2007, he went to London to see a bronze statue of himself unveiled in the square across from Parliament near the likenesses of Winston Churchill and Abraham Lincoln.

In his speech, he recalled his visit to the city 45 years earlier, after he had gone underground and Oliver Tambo had come to London to open an office for the outlawed ANC. Wandering the imperial city, the two revolutionaries noted the many monuments to dead white men, including Jan Smuts, legendary leader of the Boer rebellion who later became South Africa's prime minister. They vowed that one day there would be a statue honouring them as well.

But it was said half in jest, Mandela admitted. They never really thought that it, like so many things, perhaps, would happen.

It did, but only because of a remarkable man as well as a monumental change in human and political values.

ROMANTIC



HAPPY TOGETHER: Mandela and Graça Machel on July 18, 1998 – his 80th birthday and the day they marry. Three decades his junior, she soon comes to act as his representative to the world. ASSOCIATED PRESS

INSPIRATION



YOUNG AT HEART: Awestruck youngsters surround the seemingly ageless icon at his home in the Johannesburg suburb of Houghton on the eve of his 92nd birthday in 2010. DEBBIE YAZBEK-NELSON/MANDELA FOUNDATION

THE EARLY YEARS



HOME AND AWAY

Most likely to succeed: An archivist, top right, pinpoints young Nelson in a class photo believed to be the earliest surviving image of him. DENIS FARRELL/THE CANADIAN PRESS

Family sacrifice: Disillusioned with his political activities and frequent absences, first wife Evelyn, top left with sons Thembi and Makgatho, leaves him in 1956.

Wedding Winnie, above left: He is 40 and she is just 22 on their big day in May, 1958. REUTERS

Defiant ones: At far right, he confers with fellow ANC Youth leaders Walter Sisulu, left, and Harrison Motlana in 1952 after a campaign to defy the government's new policy known as apartheid. JURGEN SCHADEBERG/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Outgunned: A man, right, accused of heeding the ANC call for defiance is bound for prison in the back of Ford pickup. AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE



MANDELA'S MEMORY

Man of principles built to last

Nelson Mandela was only human, *Globe and Mail* correspondent **Geoffrey York** writes, but his core values are universal and enduring. 'Gloomy predictions of his country's ruination after his departure from the political stage have repeatedly been proved wrong,' he reports from Johannesburg, 'and are likely to be confounded again'

“Every time Nelson Mandela walks into a room, we all feel a little bigger. We all want to stand up, we all want to cheer, because we'd like to be him on our best day.”

Bill Clinton
Mandela showed the U.S. president his tiny jail cell during a 1998 visit to Robben Island

“I was... an ordinary man who had become a leader because of extraordinary circumstances.”

Nelson Mandela
From his famous speech to the crowd in Cape Town on the day he was released from prison

“His one weakness has been his unshakable loyalty to his comrades.”

Archbishop Desmond Tutu
Mandela tapped the Anglican leader, also an anti-apartheid activist, to head his Truth and Reconciliation Commission

He knew it could be his last chance to exercise the right he had devoted his life to winning, protecting and preserving. Old and too frail to leave his house, Nelson Mandela had the ballot box brought to him.

A municipal election, it was one that South Africans, alienated by the corruption and indifference of their local governments, seemed to care little about. Yet the TV coverage of Mr. Mandela, fast approaching 93 and going to such lengths to cast his vote, seemed to galvanize the electorate. Instead of declining, as widely expected, the turnout was above average.

Nelson Mandela helped to create one of the healthier democracies found in Africa, despite the economic inequality and high unemployment that persist. Here, unlike so many African nations, voting is peaceful and well-organized, election after election – largely because of his spirit and his unwavering belief in racial co-existence.

Fears unfounded

But will this legacy survive, or will South Africans, despite 20 years of nurturing by their liberation hero, stray from the democratic path now that he has gone? There are scandals, extremists and the occasional race-baiting speech – yet South Africa has stuck to the path that Mr. Mandela blazed.

When I moved to South Africa at the end of 2008, he was already retired and living largely in seclusion, his health deteriorating. Yet I witnessed how he fought to keep democracy alive in his fractious country.

At the final rally of the 2009 national election, I watched him struggle painfully up the stairs to a stage at Johannesburg's Ellis Park Stadium to give his support to the African National Congress (ANC). A few days later, I saw him cast his ballot in Houghton, the suburb where he lived. I remember how the voters lining up outside the polling station burst into song, euphoric at the sight of him.

In July, 2010, I heard a crowd of

84,000 cheer like thunder when he appeared, briefly, at Soccer City stadium – an eruption of gratitude for his vision of a non-racial South Africa and his fearless campaign to play host to the World Cup, an event that inspired and united people of all races. South Africa was awarded the cup because Mr. Mandela was more than just the man who had ended the tyranny of apartheid. He had become a moral beacon who inspired the world with the power of possibilities.

He lived in an age of ideology, yet he floated above politics. While in office, he made mistakes because he knew little of economics or administration, but his core beliefs – racial reconciliation, forgiveness, personal sacrifice, confidence in the goodness of humanity and a willingness to admit to shortcomings – were universal values and struck a profound chord among people everywhere.

The details of his life, like those of the Dalai Lama or Mikhail Gorbachev, have long been surpassed by the mythology of a global icon, the magnetism of celebrity and the inspiration people took from his legend. He was shrewd enough to recognize this, and to transform it into a force for good. Even in his final years, he chose his public causes wisely, transforming his fame and charisma into a moral movement. People called it the “Mandela magic.” It somehow helped people to discover their own goodness.

As former U.S. president Bill Clinton put it, “Every time Nelson Mandela walks into a room, we all feel a little bigger. We all want to stand up, we all want to cheer, because we'd like to be him on our best day.”

In his final years, he came up with another master stroke: He transformed his birthday, July 18, into an international day of sacrifice. Mandela Day has become a call to everyone in the world to devote 67 minutes to humanitarian work – one minute for every year that he spent struggling to liberate his country.

Today, that country has no one of his moral stature to take his place. But predictions of ruina-

tion were proved wrong after he departed the political stage, and likely will be confounded again.

His work was flawed, his policies at times indecisive – yet his fundamental values remain resilient; his struggle has been won.

Consider Jacob Zuma, one of his political heirs. After becoming president in 2009, Mr. Zuma was ridiculed in the media for his polygamous habits, his lack of formal education, his love of song and dance, and his occasional difficulties with the law. But he accepted and promoted the essential Mandela ideas: courting minorities, learning some Afrikaans, building a multi-racial cabinet – and even disco dancing with the white leader of the opposition.

If a South African politician can go to such lengths to avoid conflict – with Mr. Mandela virtually absent from the political stage – it seems clear that the country will survive the great man's death. His values were stronger than his faltering health, and they will carry on after him.

Demagogues and rogues still thrive here, as they do anywhere. But note what happened in 2011 when a black government official mused that mixed-race South Africans should be relocated so that they are less numerous in their Western Cape stronghold. The suggestion was swiftly shot down by a powerful cabinet minister, Trevor Manuel, who quoted Mr. Mandela's famous declaration that “I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination.” The fact he was doing so nearly five decades after they were spoken is well worth noting.

Oft-blemished record

Mr. Mandela was no saint, but somehow became more like one when his failings were exposed.

Late in life, his weaknesses were dissected more aggressively. *Young Mandela*, by British author David James Smith, documented his troubled personal life and early sexual adventures. Another book, by prominent scholar and journalist R.W. Johnson, denounced the “Mandela cult”

and portrayed its hero as naive and powerless, someone who obediently recited speeches scripted by others, allowing his country to drift into the hands of venal political figures.

Even his allies said he had made errors. “His one weakness has been his unshakable loyalty to his comrades,” Archbishop Desmond Tutu wrote in an introduction to a biography of Mr. Mandela. This was true. He was excessively loyal to the ANC, even its worst leaders. And he ignored the human-rights abuses of countries such as Libya and Cuba because they had supported the ANC in its anti-apartheid struggle in the 1980s.

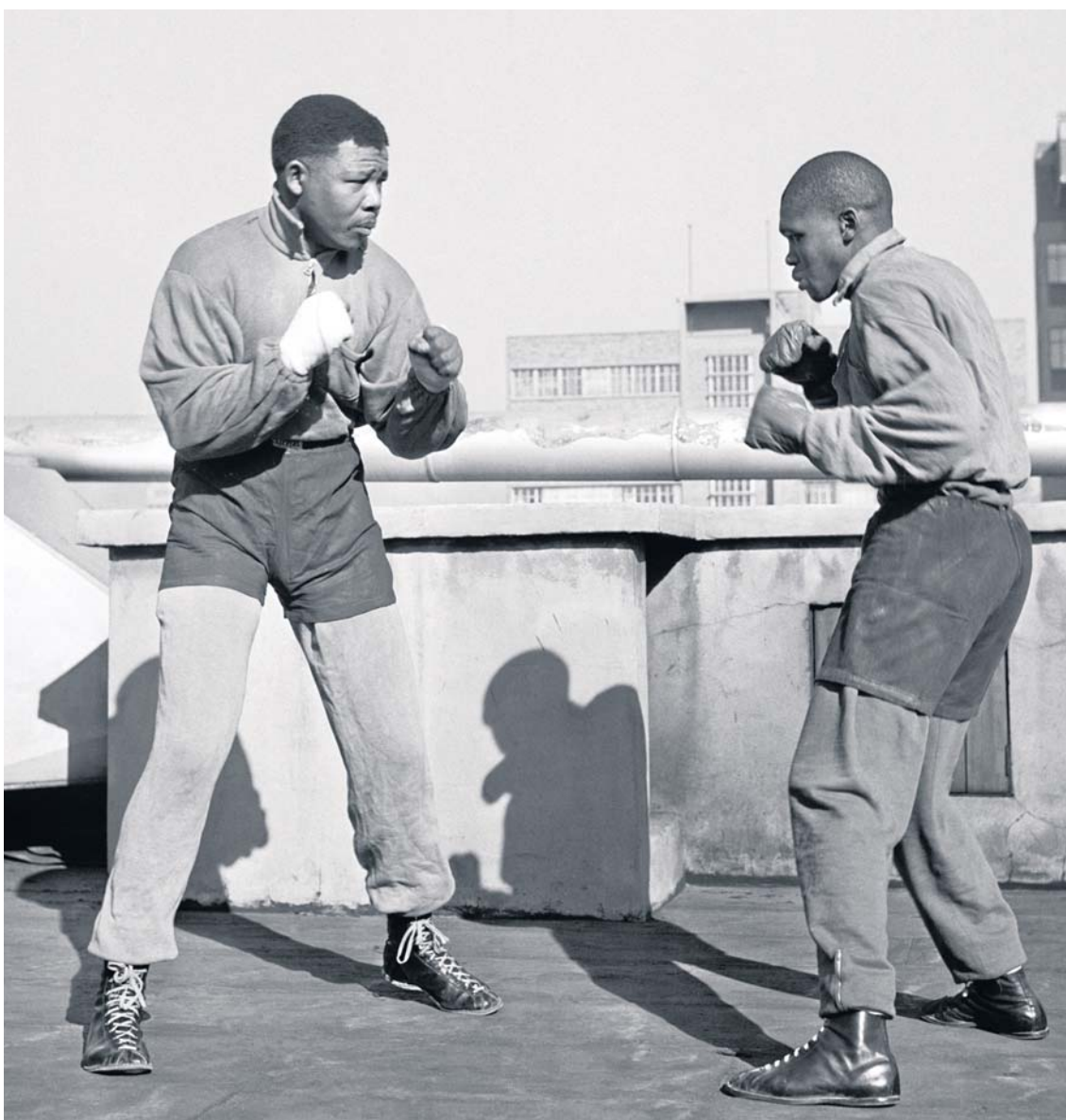
It was also true that, rather than try to conceal his failings, Mr. Mandela often admitted them. “I was not a messiah, but an ordinary man who had become a leader because of extraordinary circumstances,” he once said. He abandoned his long-held communist beliefs in the 1990s when he realized they would have destroyed the economy. He had ignored the devastating AIDS crisis when it first hit Africa, yet he later admitted his mistake and led the battle against the disease, even fighting its stigma by revealing that his own son had died of AIDS.

This ability to admit mistakes, the most human trait of all, was linked clearly to his core belief in the power of reconciliation and forgiveness. He invited one of his former prison guards, a white man, to attend his presidential inauguration. He invited his former apartheid prosecutor to lunch. And he journeyed to the Afrikaner town of Orania, the symbol of intransigent opposition to black rule, to have tea with the widow of Hendrik Verwoerd, the architect of apartheid.

This, in the end, was the great inspiration for the world. He was the man who suffered and chose to forgive. “He took our breath away with his magnanimity,” Archbishop Tutu said.

Geoffrey York is *The Globe and Mail's* National Newspaper Award-winning *Johannesburg* correspondent, based in Johannesburg.

HEEDING THE CALL



THE FIGHTER AND HIS CAUSE

Above left: Nelson Mandela lends support to women marching to Pretoria – going to the capital in 1959 to protest against laws denying freedom of travel to non-whites.

PETER MAGUBANE/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Left: Also in 1959, Durban police use clubs to disperse rioters after women set fire to a beer hall because the authorities raided their home-brewing operations.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Above: The star defendant flashes a smile as he leaves court in 1958 during his first treason trial. The case grinds on for four years and ends in acquittals for all accused.

JÜRGEN SCHADEBERG/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Bottom: In a famous 1957 image captured by one of the era's few black photojournalists, the amateur boxer and future president spars with national champ Jerry Moloi. Both train at the same club.

BOB GOSANI/NEWSCOM

FRAYED ROOTS

Geoffrey York finds Mandela's birthplace trapped in the past – and in perpetual poverty

MVEZO, SOUTH AFRICA

Nelson Mandela's village lies at the end of a long and bumpy dirt road that sees few cars but many cows, donkeys, goats, sheep and rondavels – the tiny round huts that are still the main form of housing around here.

Nearly a century has passed since the future anti-apartheid hero was born here in 1918, yet the women still make the long two-hour walk to the Mbashe River to fetch water. Families still sleep on mats on the floor of their huts. Mothers still feed their families by cooking in cast-iron pots over outdoor fires, just as Mr. Mandela described in his memoirs.

The region had always been poor. Yet, when his long imprisonment was over in 1990, and he made the trek home to the barren rolling hills of the Eastern Cape, Mr. Mandela was shocked by the poverty he encountered – and little has changed since. South Africa has ended apartheid, but its economic inequalities are as stark as ever.

Qunu, the nearby village where his father moved the family when Mr. Mandela was 2, has fared better than most. It is where South Africa's first democratically elected president chose to build his retirement villa, on the highway to the regional capital, and a new museum has helped to bring in tourist dollars.

But communities on the back roads, far from the major thoroughfares, suffer from neglect. Mvezo has electricity and water pumps, but both work only sporadically. There is still no health clinic, no secondary school, no running water. The main development is the "Great Place" (political headquarters) of Mr. Mandela's grandson, Mandla, an ambitious young politician who became the village chief in 2007.

A descendant of one branch of the Thembu royal family, Mr. Mandela watched proudly as the regal lion skin was draped over the young man's shoulders. But one of Mandla's first acts was to tear down the ruins of the rondavel where his grandfather had been born, and put up a collection of replica huts designed to show tourists what it was like back in the old days.

The loss of the ruins infuriated the historians at the Mandela Museum in the nearby city of Mthatha, who had wanted the site preserved.

How did the voters feel? It didn't really matter. The traditional king of the Thembu tribe decides who Mvezo's chief will be, not its people. Tradition and the needs of a modern democracy are often at odds, and as it moves into the future, South Africa is still looking for a way to balance the two.

SHARPEVILLE AND THE PATH TO PRISON



A TERRIBLE TURNING POINT

Mr. Mandela's road to Robben Island begins on March 21, 1960, in the Township of Sharpeville when police open fire with horrific results: 69 dead, almost 200 wounded. In the aftermath, the government bans the ANC, which then sends him underground to launch the armed uprising that leads to his arrest.

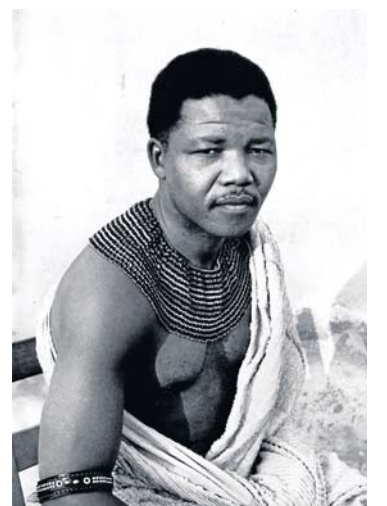
Right: Tending to Sharpeville's many wounded. AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Above, right: Soon after the massacre, demonstrators march into Durban. Violence sweeps the city and again police open fire, this time shooting over people's heads. Top left: Six months later, as this poster advocates, white South Africans vote to become a republic and leave the Commonwealth. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

ON THE RUN, ON DISPLAY

Far right: Mr. Mandela sports a beard in 1962, after returning from abroad and going into hiding. REUTERS

Right, below: Later that year, after his capture, the Xhosa prince dons tribal regalia for a court appearance. CULLEN LIBRARY



NOTABLE NUPTIALS

Groom accused of treason with a best man known as a real 'Terror'

The most remarkable wedding I have ever attended took place on June 19, 1986, in a courtroom in Delmas, a farming community 75 kilometres east of Johannesburg.

Lazarus More, 27, married Golda Maphisa, 25, his childhood sweetheart and a weeping bride.

Mr. More was on trial for high treason. He was one of the "Delmas 22," charged with carrying out an alleged call from Nelson Mandela and the African National Congress to "make the townships ungovernable" by igniting violence that had left 2,000 dead in the Vaal Triangle, a region just south of South Africa's biggest city.

It was the most important political case since the trial more than two decades earlier that led to Nelson Mandela being jailed for life. Once again, all of the defendants faced the death penalty, although in the end none of those convicted was executed and most went on to play major roles in post-apartheid South Africa.

One of the accused, Geoffrey Moselane, was an Anglican priest and assisted in the ceremony. The best man, Patrick Lekota, was also a defendant, which meant that even his wedding speech could not be reported. Known as Terror (for his soccer prowess, not his political activism), Mr. Lekota went on to become a cabinet minister.

Terry Waite, representing the Archbishop of Canterbury, global Anglicanism's titular leader, carried the wedding cake into the courtroom. (Seven months later, he was kidnapped in Lebanon and famously held captive for almost four years.) Archbishop Desmond Tutu, then Anglican primate-elect of South Africa, carried the bride's bouquet.

Rev. Simeon Nkoane, assistant bishop of Johannesburg, married the couple. Then he announced that they'd be apart on their wedding night because authorities wouldn't let the bride into Modderbee Prison, where the groom was confined. When they were pronounced man and wife, Archbishop Tutu broke into song and boogied toward the cake.

The police videotaped the entire event. When the audience stood to sing a hymn, they did, too, and they didn't object when the Archbishop sang *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika* (*God Bless Africa*), the black nationalist standard that is now South Africa's anthem.

Referring to the surveillance, a woman guest said: "It would be sweet of them to present the couple with a copy of the video as a wedding gift."

Michael Valpy

WITNESS TO HISTORY

How South Africa moved

Amid the tumult that led to Mandela's release, The Globe's **Michael Valpy** had the thrill of watching a dream come true – and some very close calls. Along with the violence and the hate, he encountered bravery, the Bible and abundant proof that 'a society under stress produces greatness'

Nelson Mandela walked out of Victor Verster Prison on Feb. 11, 1990, to redeem the South Africa that I had encountered just a few years before – one consumed with hate and stress.

That first evening, he stood on the steps of Cape Town's baroque City Hall before 50,000 of his fellow citizens and proclaimed a country of reconciliation and salvation, a country of liberty for blacks. "We have waited too long for our freedom," he said. "We can no longer wait. Today, the majority of South Africans, black and white, recognize that apartheid has no future."

"Amandla!" – power, he roared. I had arrived six years earlier as The Globe and Mail's first correspondent in Africa since the early 1960s. The continent was my domain, but the main assignment was South Africa's last race war, its civil war over apartheid.

By then, Madiba – his clan name was Mr. Mandela's title of respect – had spent two decades isolated behind bars for treason, first on Robben Island and then in Cape Town's Pollsmoor Maximum Security Prison; he was an icon of hope few had ever seen.

'Only free men can negotiate'

By the time I left in late 1987, barred from South Africa by its white-supremacist government, Mr. Mandela's fortunes had risen significantly. He had been moved into a private house at minimum-security Victor Verster amid the vineyards of the Western Cape and had, in fact, turned down an offer of release. It came with a condition – that he reject violence as a political weapon – and "only free men can negotiate," he said in a statement made public by his daughter.

I was there when Zindzi read it to a cheering crowd in a Soweto football stadium – the first words South Africans had heard from Mr. Mandela since his 1964 trial.

Then on Jan. 18, 1989, P.W. Botha, known to Afrikaners as *Die Groot Krokodil* (The Big Crocodile), suffered a stroke that eventually forced him from the presidency. His successor, F.W. de Klerk, soon announced that anti-apartheid groups such as the

African National Congress (ANC) would be legal again – and that Mr. Mandela would be released.

But the darkness had to come before the dawn.

During nearly four years as The Globe's correspondent, I witnessed South Africa's slide into bloody chaos. The ANC's 1985 call from its headquarters in Zambia to make the black townships ungovernable triggered uprisings, riots, bombings and the violent, at times lethal, overthrow of municipal authorities accused of collaborating with the apartheid state. The government retaliated with a series of states of emergency that unleashed a savage and deadly counter-assault by the army and police.

It was a compelling story, and one difficult to cover.

State-of-emergency regulations required journalists to leave the scene of any "unrest" immediately. Subsequently, the government imposed censorship, barring the media from reporting "subversive statements" deemed, among other things, to encourage foreign economic sanctions or weaken the public's confidence in government actions. Filming or recording the work of security forces was prohibited.

But the government's biggest hammer was held over journalists whose employers adhered to a Commonwealth resolution not to base correspondents in South Africa, but instead park them across the border in Zimbabwe.

The downside to this principled stance was that Canadian correspondents in Harare had to apply for a new visa and work permit every three months rather than once a year. If the government didn't like what we wrote, the renewal took longer and longer until, in my case, I was told there would be none. There was nothing to do but go home.

I returned to Canada with memories of battle-zone black townships and clouds of tear gas and oily smoke from burning tires and the terrifying roar of armoured troop carriers, of mass funerals with white coffins for children, of mothers too angry to weep, of Desmond Tutu and his Anglican priests kneeling as military vehicles bore down on them.

While covering all this, I drove wounded children to get help, one little boy with his face half torn off by a police shotgun blast (the police fired at random whereas soldiers stopped and took aim). His mother and I got him to a doctor, but his nurse, standing arms akimbo at the door, said to take him elsewhere.

I was tear-gassed, detained and even kidnapped by a gang of teens who had firebombed a liquor store in the middle of a riot and commanded me to drive them away from the police.

When they got out of my car, they raised their fists and shouted, "Amandla!" So did I. In fact, I would have saluted anything – they had threatened to kill me.

I went to funerals, sometimes as the only white in an ocean of black faces, and was escorted courteously by marshals to a front-row seat. I had rocks and a gasoline bomb (fortunately it didn't explode) thrown at my car as police pulled me to safety.

I watched Anglican Bishop Simeon Nkoane, fierce like a biblical prophet, stride into a crowd preparing to "necklace" a suspected informer (by igniting a gasoline-filled tire around his neck) and pull him from harm.

'Bleck' and white

In this civil war, journalists knew both sides equally well. One day, I'd be sitting in an anti-apartheid leader's living room having tea and, two days later he'd be gone, whisked away by the security police, disappeared for months.

Then I'd be meeting a cordial public servant responsible for enforcing apartheid's high creed: the pass laws controlling the movement of blacks ("blecks," as they'd say) in the country.

The anti-apartheid *opstoker*, or troublemaker, vanished into jail 48 hours after I interviewed him in 1984 and didn't reappear until the following year, when he became chairman of the newly formed Release Mandela Committee, which was soon banned.

The public servant was commissioner of suburban Cape Town's Langa influx-control court. Five days a week, he pulled his blue Audi up to the yellow

LIFE AT HARD LABOUR



my soul

one-storey, building, went inside, donned a black robe, and began dispensing justice. Before the laws he administered were repealed, almost 20 million people had been arrested, fined, imprisoned or deported to so-called independent homelands.

The clergy figured prominently in my South Africa. It was on the doors of priests, Anglican and Roman Catholic alike, that I knocked when I went into townships then burning and bloodied by "unrest." They knew it was against the law, but they still opened up, introducing me to their communities and letting me use their churches or homes to interview people.

The fierce Bishop Nkoane couldn't remember my name, but he never forgot my nationality. Once he hid me from security police in a church basement in Soweto. After the thumping of the boots overhead had faded, a door opened and he bellowed: "Come up, Canada. Come up into the sunshine of the Lord!"

Foreign correspondents were required to report regularly to South Africa's capital to be lectured by the bureau for information (the censors) on objective and balanced reporting.

Sitting in Pretoria one day, I had an epiphany: How, I asked myself, could reporting about apartheid possibly be objective or balanced? Unable to come up with an answer, I soon noticed I was waiting longer and longer for my permit renewals. Brian Mulroney also may have been to blame; as prime minister, he spoke forcefully in favour of sanctions, and was the only Western leader to visit South Africa's ANC-friendly neighbours.

The authorities were no happier with my successor. Oakland Ross waited six weeks for his first visa, then wrote something the regime didn't like, was barred for two years, then allowed back in for only two weeks. Before long, he, too, had to return to Canada, and The Globe closed its bureau – until the amazing Stephanie Nolen reopened it in 2003, this time in Johannesburg.

All of which meant the paper had no staffer in the country when Mr. de Klerk turned South

Africa upside down and Mr. Mandela walked out of Victor Verster. But to my surprise, the government let me back in, so I could report on the remarkable wake of the release: the period in which hope struggled against fear.

The nightmare – total social breakdown – failed to materialize, of course, but South Africa's new dawn didn't break for everyone once Mr. Mandela was free. People like young Livingstone Zuma had to wait a while. Police shot him twice in the stomach in April, 1990, during Natal province's bitter war between ANC sympathizers and Zulu leader Mangosuthu Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party, which the regime nakedly backed.

When paramedics refused to rescue a Mandela supporter, I helped another volunteer drag Mr. Zuma, under fire, on a blanket from his house to our car, then drive wildly through the dark to Pietermaritzburg in search of a hospital. He lost consciousness, slumped against me and bled silently down my pants but lived, I think.

Years later, the ANC's Jacob Zuma became president and I realized that, like Livingstone, he too came from Natal.

Lasting impressions

As well as my journalism, South Africa indelibly touched my soul and my ideal of humanity.

When I went to Africa, I had ceased being a churchgoer. And then for nearly four years I saw people like Simeon Nkoane and many others commanded by their beliefs to put their lives at risk. I resumed attending church. And I was struck by how a society under stress can produce greatness – great human beings such as Nelson Mandela and Desmond Tutu, along with the children who confronted police in the townships, the writers, musicians, lawyers, doctors, priests and sometimes ordinary people like the women of anti-apartheid Black Sash and bus drivers and teachers and librarians who set aside safety and comfort to serve social justice.

I was angry at being home in comfortable Canada.



Above: Nelson Mandela as he appears just before being sent to prison for life in 1964. REUTERS

THE VERDICT: A ONE-WAY TRIP TO ROBBER ISLAND

Top left: Winnie Mandela (in hat), at 27 almost two decades younger than her husband, leaves court in Pretoria on June 16, 1964, after he is sentenced. AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Above, right: Less than a year later, she is subjected to a long list of restrictions, which range from being banned from her job as a social worker and her college studies to taking her own children to school. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Top, centre: The front page of a South African newspaper shows some of the incriminating evidence seized from an ANC safe house and presented during the trial. RADU SIGHETI /REUTERS

Above, left:irate at the outcome, women protest in front of the Palace of Justice in Pretoria. AFP/GETTY IMAGES

MAN OF HIS PEOPLE

'I can only be infinitely grateful that he touched my life'

Looking back especially for Globe and Mail readers, Nobel laureate **Nadine Gordimer** describes what her old friend meant – to her and to his country

How to conceive of a South Africa – no, a world – without Nelson Mandela, our Madiba, whose matchless humanity was bountiful enough for us to share with the world? For myself, I can only be infinitely grateful that I knew him personally, that he touched my life.

He knew beyond question that the struggle for freedom from the subjection by whites, which began in the 17th century and reached grim culmination as apartheid, could be achieved only by blacks themselves, as both a political battle and an inward escape from victimhood.

He also recognized the indivisibility of human freedom, and the dedication to this which confirmed the necessity and right of whites to serve within the struggle for justice against racism.

There were the greats – leaders such as Joe Slovo, Helen Joseph, Ruth First, Ronnie Kasrils, Beyers Naude – and there were others, like myself, who associated, at some risk, with the African National Congress in the movement toward the ultimate integrity. As George Steiner put it, "Men are accomplices to that which leaves them indifferent."

I met Nelson Mandela during the first treason trial, which ended in 1961, introduced by Anthony Sampson, the friend and British journalist who later wrote the first and best biography of the man. There were some tasks I could do for him and the ANC, as a writer and as an African whose skin colour was not a definition in his eyes. Seen by me in hindsight, they were never enough.

Mr. Mandela was like that for South Africans of all colours. He came from way up in the hierarchy of traditional African society. But, unlike others on that ancestral level, he did not see that reverence and respect for this meant distorting its relevance by opposing the laws of our democratic Constitution with traditional law.

He maintained a deep sense of the African self in synergy with an understanding of Africa's place in the contemporary world, evolving along with it. You do not emerge from the isolation of racism to confine your country to some other, chosen isolation.

Mr. Mandela responded – with his life – unsparingly to what cultural critic Edward Said called "a kind of historical necessity," the radical "spontaneity" that French colonial thinker Frantz Fanon saw in Africa's oppressed masses. He was never afraid of speaking out when confronted with something he considered wrong.

Even in his "retirement" after serving as president, he risked appearing disloyal to his country by tearing away the veil of "political correctness" to decry the government's inadequate response to the epidemic of HIV-AIDS decimating its population.

A great leader, moral world leader as Madiba became, is seen, rightly and in awe, as one who has put the lives of others, his people, first, before any life of his own. All this means that such a man belongs to his people in an emotional dimension as well.

Mr. Mandela did this unpromisingly. For example, little is known of the immense sorrow he endured when, after 27 years of imprisonment, he was faced with the fact that the life with the woman he so loved and longed for was no longer there to be taken up. I happen to have been with him then, privately one day, and was privy to his desolation. Nelson Mandela was a whole man, who experienced keenly all of human being. It was part of his strength.

To remember him, not only in homage but lovingly and on a lighter note, he would not wish his indestructible sense of humour forgotten. On his marriage to Graça Machel, which brought him happiness late in life, he was asked by a journalist whether he objected to her decision to keep the name of her late husband, Mozambique's first post-colonial president.

His response? Mock relief: "Oh, I'm so glad she didn't ask me to change my name to hers!"

A sly bow to the feminists? To yet another of human justice?

Writer and social activist Nadine Gordimer was one of the first friends to meet Nelson Mandela after his release in 1990. A year later, she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

ONE STEP FORWARD AND ONE STEP ...

Conservative hotbeds such as Carletonville, right, a gold-mining town near Johannesburg, stand by apartheid's segregationist policies to the bitter end. This picture could have been taken when Mr. Mandela went to Robben Island, not 1989, the year before his release.

ULLI MICHEL/REUTERS

Zindzi Mandela, middle, galvanizes the anti-apartheid movement at a 1985 rally (attended by The Globe's Michael Valpy, see Page 4) in Soweto by reading a speech her father has smuggled out of jail to explain why he rejects a conditional offer of release. He will spend six more years behind bars.

PETERS/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS



LONG-RUNNING BATTLE

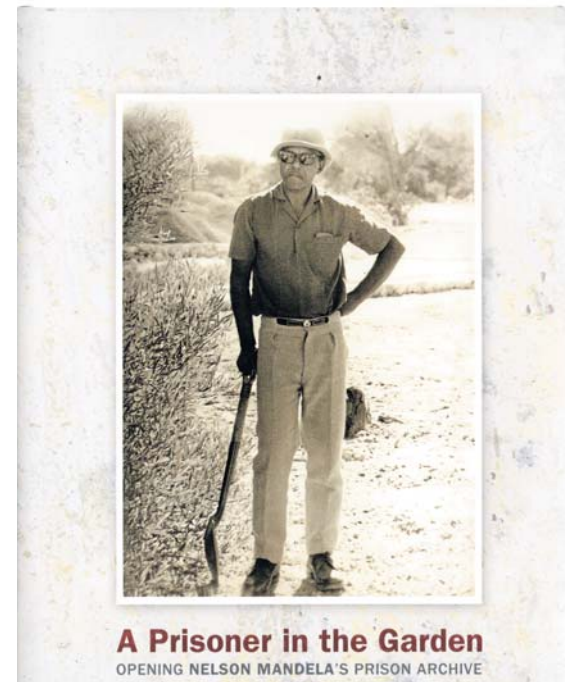
Left: Riot police snuff out a 1986 rally at the University of the Witwatersrand, beating blacks and whites alike. Oddly, the trouble began when students and staff protested against their treatment by police on an earlier occasion.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS



Out of sight, out of mind, above: Determined to make Mr. Mandela disappear, penal authorities allow him few visitors and ban photographs. This one showing him talking to Walter Sisulu, right, in 1966 was taken by a fellow prisoner and smuggled off the island. In the background, inmates can be seen seated and hammering rocks.

AKG-IMAGES/AFRICANPICTURES/NEWSCOM



A Prisoner in the Garden
OPENING NELSON MANDELA'S PRISON ARCHIVE

Above: In 1977, visiting journalists capture this image of a prisoner working in the garden. It shows the future president in his 13th year of incarceration and decades later appears on the cover of a 2005 collection of photographs and diaries chronicling his time on Robben Island.



In 1989, a sombre Makgatho Mandela carries a decorative fruit basket to the ferry to Robben Island, where he, stepmother Winnie, right, with other family and friends will celebrate his father's birthday. Sixteen years later, his AIDS-related death (recalled by Stephanie Nolen on Page 9) adds great poignancy to Madiba's belated campaign against the disease.

THE CAPE ARGUS/TRACE IMAGES/REUTERS

Above: A year earlier, Zindzi marks the occasion in a lighter vein, sporting a pair of autographed boxing gloves, a 70th-birthday gift to her fight-loving father from Mike Tyson, then world heavyweight champion.

AFP/GETTY IMAGES



'Amandla!' Shortly after his release, his signature salute is captured during a photo session in Stockholm that later wins awards but lasts all of 10 minutes.



On his second day of freedom, he salutes well-wishers with ANC secretary-general Walter Sisulu, for 50 years a friend, ally and fellow prisoner on Robben Island. Set free four months earlier, the diminutive Sisulu is six years Mandela's senior and passes away in 2003.

WALTER DHLADHLA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES



A few weeks later, he is visited at his Soweto home by parliamentarian and long-time supporter Helen Suzman. First elected in 1952, she has come to see him in prison since 1967 and recently given up her seat after 36 years in office. One of the few white politicians to oppose white rule, she dies at 91 in 2009.

JOHN PARKIN/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The next day, above, they enjoy a much quieter stroll in Desmond Tutu's Cape Town garden.

WALTER DHLADHLA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

FROM PRISON TO POWER



THE TRANSFORMATION
A tour to mark his long-awaited release takes him to Ottawa, top left, to thank apartheid foe Brian Mulroney. MOE DOIRON/REUTERS

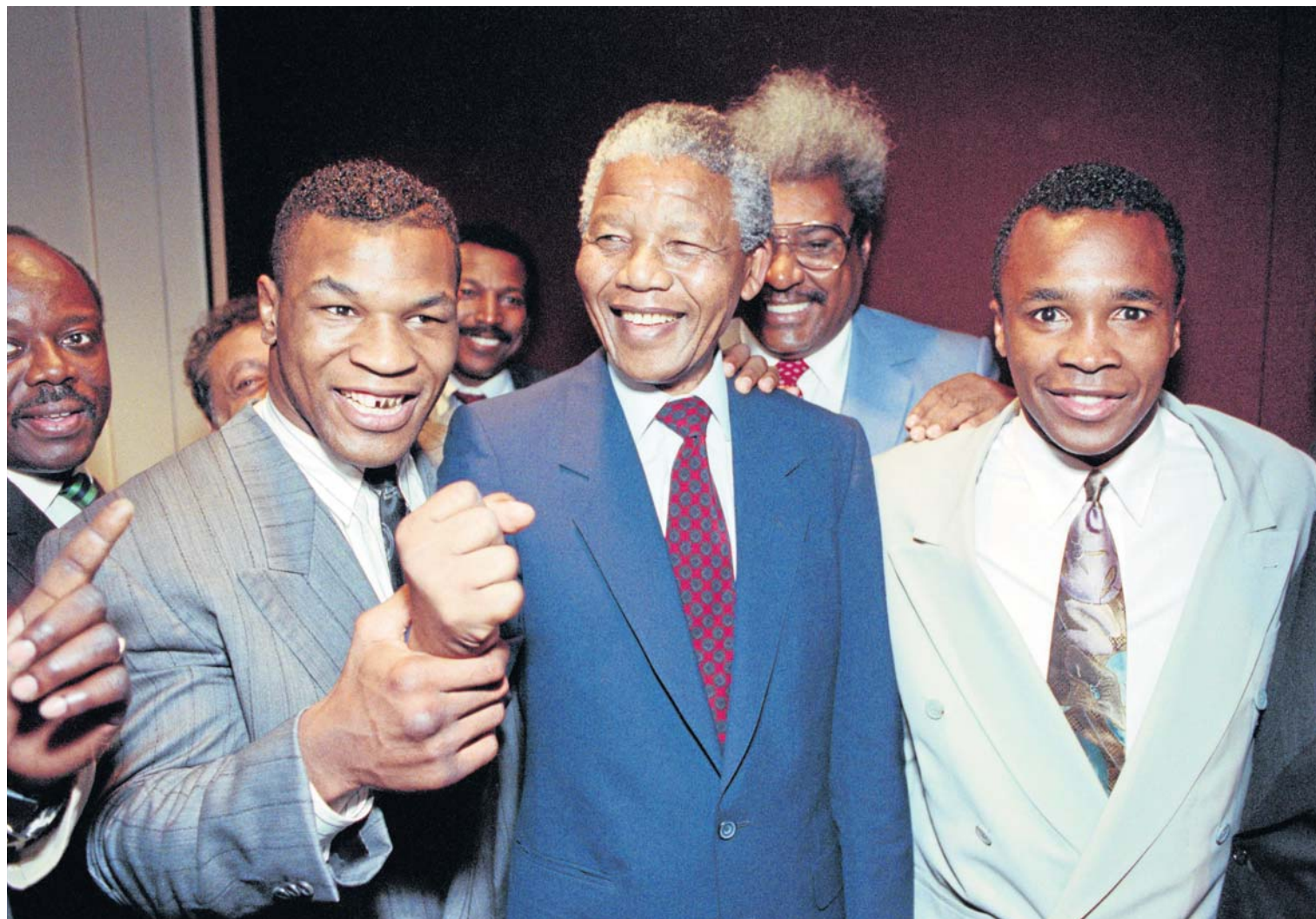
... and then New York, top right, where the famed amateur fighter meets pro greats Mike Tyson, Sugar Ray Leonard and boxing impresario Don King, rear. DAVID TURNLEY/CORBIS

Back home, he makes peace with, above left, Zulu rival Mangosuthu Buthelezi ... PATRICK DE NOIRMONT/REUTERS

.... and a power-sharing accord with F.W. de Klerk, with whom he shares the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize, right. GUNNAR LIER/SCANFOTO REUTERS

At 75, he hits the campaign trail, middle, with two incredulous bodyguards. ANDREW LICHTENSTEIN/CORBIS

On April 26, 1994, his niece in New Zealand, far right, is the first black person to cast a vote, hours before polls open at home. ASSOCIATED PRESS



“
I told them that whites were Africans as well and that... the majority would need the minority.

Nelson Mandela
writing in his autobiography,
Long Walk to Freedom

“
We were practical. You are not going to drive three million whites into the sea. You can't do it ...

Ahmed (Kathy) Kathrada,
longtime friend, colleague and
cell-mate of Nelson Mandela

“
Suffering can embitter and it can ennoble – and we were very fortunate that, in Madiba, it did the latter.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu
Anglican leader and anti-apartheid
activist asked by Nelson Mandela
to preside over the Truth and
Reconciliation Commission

THE NATION-BUILDER

He took vengeance off the table

Stephanie Nolen explains Mandela's dogged insistence on forgiving injustices so many of his fellow black South Africans couldn't forget. 'We were practical,' an old ally tells *The Globe's* former Africa correspondent. 'You are not going to drive three million whites into the sea'

When Nelson Mandela arrived on Robben Island at dawn on a frigid, rainy morning in July, 1964, it fast became clear to the Afrikaner prison officials that he commanded great respect among the inmates, that he was a natural leader. As a consequence, they singled him out.

Other prisoners later described how, a few years into his incarceration, guards ordered him to dig and then climb into a grave-shaped trench. He must have wondered whether this was the end. Then, as he lay in the dirt, they unzipped their trousers and urinated on him.

Many years later, an aide asked Mr. Mandela to provide a list of those he wished to invite to his inauguration dinner as president of South Africa. The great figures of the liberation struggle would be there, of course, but the sole name he's said to have insisted on was that of a former jailer.

Mr. Mandela lived an extraordinary life that showed him to be a skilled tactician, a ruthless adversary, an able politician, an incisive and catholic thinker about liberation and oppression. But he will be remembered for one quality above all others: his capacity to forgive, and to turn that forgiveness into a visible reconciliation. He not only had a phenomenal ability to rise above bitterness, but clearly had made a conscious decision that this was the best route for the liberation of black Africans.

But, as well as being a deeply felt principle, his singular focus on reconciliation was carefully calibrated, part of a canny strategy when South Africa was held together by promises and prayer. Not only did it redouble international fascination with him, all South Africans began to be credited with the same miraculous capacity for forgiveness.

The drive to reconcile was not a new strategy. In 1962, when he was convicted of plotting to overthrow the state, Mr. Mandela told the court:

"During my lifetime, I have ... cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to

live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

From the outset, Mr. Mandela treated his time on Robben Island like a project – which friend and cellmate Ahmed Kathrada said in an interview helped him to survive such lengthy imprisonment with so little bitterness. To him, time in jail was just another aspect of the battle, comparable to being in the exiled ANC headquarters in Lusaka or the military camps in Angola.

Finally, when a mass uprising of South Africans rendered the country ungovernable in the mid-1980s, its rulers secretly opened talks with him and in 1987 demanded to know how an ANC government would protect the interests of a white minority.

"I told them," he wrote in his autobiography, "that whites were Africans as well and that, in any future dispensation, the majority would need the minority. 'We do not want to drive you into the sea,' I said."

Free at long last

The government balked but then three years later, felt it had no choice, and Mr. Mandela walked free. Within months, the newly legitimate ANC held a conference in Durban and, Mr. Kathrada recalled, renewed its commitment to non-racial democracy and explicitly emphasized the importance of reconciliation.

All members had to embrace it, whether they had learned about it from the secret education cells on Robben Island or in the military camps in Angola.

Mr. Mandela seemed possessed of an uncanny understanding of what it would take to maintain peace. In the first days of his presidency, he took pains to stress that the power of the massive majority he suddenly controlled would be used rarely, if at all. He promised that non-black South Africans would retain their jobs in government, that apartheid-era agents would be pardoned, and F.W. de Klerk, the last apartheid leader, would have an active role in the cabinet.

Another close friend, George Bizos, his lawyer through his

prison years, says even "the concession that there should be an interim government [involving the old regime] – that was a Nelson Mandela-inspired decision."

Of course, it was the whites – the invaders, colonizers and rulers – whom Mr. Mandela emphasized. They were most in line for forgiveness, and the ones he most needed to persuade that they, too, had a future under democratic (thus black) rule.

Few whites believed him, while many black South Africans chafed at the suggestion that there would not be immediate and dramatic changes. But Mr. Mandela insisted there could be a happy medium; black South Africans would soon see their lives improve and whites, whose skills and capital were needed desperately, could be dissuaded from making the inelegantly labelled "chicken run."

"We were practical," Mr. Kathrada said. "You are not going to drive three million whites into the sea, you can't do it. ... You accepted that they are here to stay, this is their country."

He remembered vividly his first day in government, as a minister in the president's office, presented with an empty desk. "Who do I turn to? I turn to the white civil servant and say, 'I want a pen, I want paper, I want a computer, I want this, that or the other.' ... We don't even know how to run a little village, we've never had the vote – so, from a practical point of view, in addition to policy, we just had to go out with a policy of reconciliation, forgiveness."

And yet he and Mr. Bizos both emphasized that much of what Mr. Mandela did was a question of his personal style. Any other ANC leader who became president would have had non-racialism and reconciliation as policy, but the difference lay in how Mr. Mandela lived it. He went to see Betsie Verwoerd, widow of apartheid designer Hendrik Verwoerd, sitting down to tea with her in the whites-only community hard-liners had carved out for themselves. He donned a jersey to support South Africa's rugby team in this whitest of sports and embraced the brawny white players when they improbably

won the world title. He kept Mr. de Klerk's fractious personal assistant as his own, always speaking to her in Afrikaans he had learned from his jailers. He made gestures rich in symbolism, determined to live the policy.

In the five years of his presidency, there was no slaughter of whites, none of the black uprising that had so long been evoked as the outcome of giving blacks the vote. Nervous foreign investors were soothed, and then flooded into the country as the economy grew. The guerrilla force Mr. Mandela had founded was folded into the white army, and South Africans told their stories, often stark, before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

"Suffering can embitter and it can ennoble," explained Archbishop Desmond Tutu, who presided over the commission at Mr. Mandela's request, "and we were very fortunate that, in Madiba, it did the latter. ... Because you have forgotten, Madiba went into jail an angry, militant young man, quite rightly upset at the travesty of justice that he had experienced with his comrades, and the 27 years were quite crucial in helping him mellow."

Did he leave office too soon?

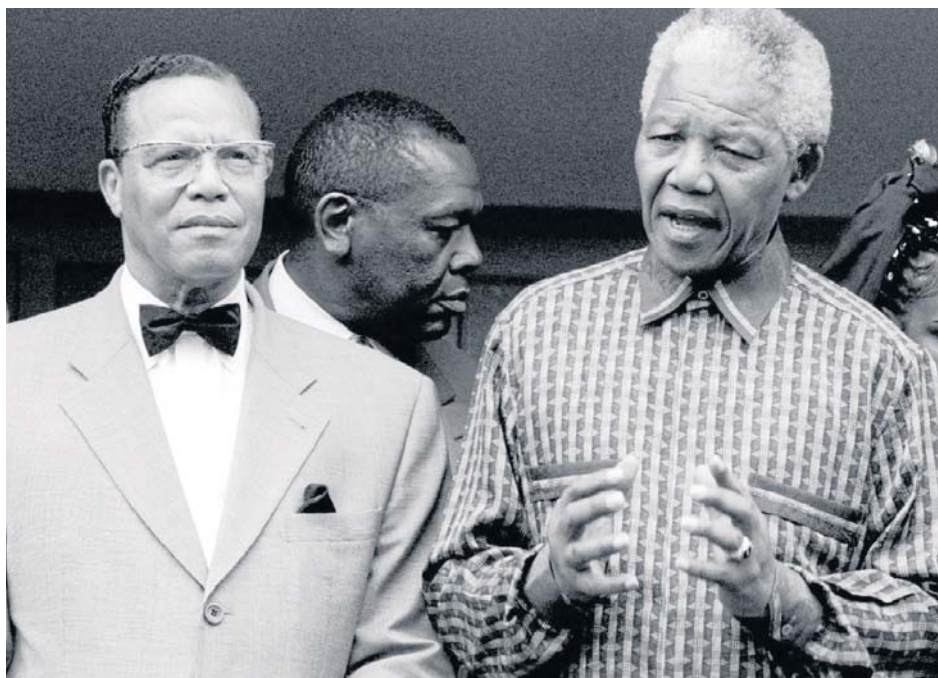
Indeed, so inextricably was the idea tied up with Mr. Mandela that many asked, after he passed the presidency to Thabo Mbeki – who often made plain his resentment of whites – whether he should have served a second term, whether he left a country uncertain, full of people who did not yet know or trust each other.

Another question is whether friends like Mr. Kathrada are correct that he truly harboured no bitterness or had such self-control that no one ever saw it. He never offered an answer.

"Although he was ... a staunch Africanist," Mr. Bizos mused, "it was in the modified definition – that anyone who lives in South Africa, living through its joys and sorrows, is an African."

Now based in New Delhi, Stephanie Nolen was *The Globe and Mail's* correspondent in Johannesburg from 2003 to 2008.

MAN OF THE WORLD



A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
From top left: South Africa's first black president proves to be a chameleon, playing nation builder in 1995 by persuading apartheid holdout P.W. Botha to accept the idea of Truth and Reconciliation.

MIKE HUTCHINGS/REUTERS

He's also at home in the limelight, whether hobnobbing with the Queen, far left, or having a close encounter in 1997, centre above, with Prince Charles and the Spice Girls, pop princesses of the day.

JOHN STILLWELL/REUTERS/ASSOCIATED PRESS

But the former rebel refuses to shun the renegades who helped the ANC through the lean years, such as, top right, Gerry Adams of Sinn Fein in Northern Ireland.

JUDA NGWENY/REUTERS

Or controversial American activist Louis Farrakhan (in bow tie) of the Afrocentric and isolationist Nation of Islam.

PATRICK DE NOIRMONT/REUTERS

And, left, the ultimate bad boy, Libya's Moammar Gadhafi, whom he awards South Africa's highest honour for a foreigner.

REUTERS

CHANGE OF HEART

He wasn't always such a forgiving soul

Nelson Mandela is renowned for his conciliatory approach to reshaping South Africa, but few know what it took for him to choose this path.

He was recruited to the African National Congress in 1943 by Walter Sisulu, the cherished friend destined to occupy a cell next to his on Robben Island. Soon, Mr. Mandela and others, such as Oliver Tambo and Anton Lembede, were chafing within the ANC and joined forces to form its Youth League, the small band that would transform the struggle.

They realized that South Africans of both South Asian and mixed-race, or "coloured," descent also were fighting for their rights, and some in the ANC were quick to see the value in working together for a "non-racial" society.

Mr. Mandela, however, still harboured suspicions of the other races that were fostered by the apartheid government; to him, non-racialism was unworkable.

One night in the late 1940s, Mr. Sisulu broke ranks over the issue as he, Mr. Mandela and others from the Youth League were walking home after meeting South Asian students at the University of the Witwatersrand, where Mr. Mandela studied law.

"He said, 'Look, chaps, we must work together, we're all oppressed people,'" recalled Ahmed (Kathy) Kathrada, who had been among the South Asians at the meeting.

Outraged at his betrayal, Mr. Mandela crossed the road, refusing to walk with Mr. Sisulu. Only after a pivotal event in 1950 did he finally come around.

South Asian leader hauled off stage

The South African Communist Party (SACP) and the Indian Congress had called for a strike to mark May Day, but Mr. Mandela didn't want the ANC to get involved.

"They were not racist," Mr. Kathrada explained, "but exclusivists who felt this must be an African struggle, not in unity with the other groups."

The ANC even tried to sabotage the strike, which, said the man who wound up sharing his cell on Robben Island, "is where I had my first and only serious clash" with Mr. Mandela, who hauled an Indian Congress leader off the stage during a rally.

But the walkout went ahead, and Mr. Mandela and Mr. Sisulu were on the edge of a huge crowd in Soweto when, unprovoked, police opened fire on the peaceful throng, killing 18.

This was the turning point. "Clearly the repression of any one liberation group was a repression against all liberation groups," Mr. Mandela wrote in his autobiography.

Thus united, the ANC, coloured and Indian groups, and the communists (mostly Jewish) soon formed a war council and mounted a national day of mourning. And because the ANC had adopted non-racialism, Mr. Mandela did, too.

"Once convinced of the correctness of a certain position," Mr. Kathrada explained, "he internalized it and adopted it - with passion."

Stephanie Nolen

THE AIDS FIASCO

'Sit down, old man'

Painfully slow to realize that a mass killer was preying on his people, Mandela strove to make up for lost time, **Stephanie Nolen** explains, even if doing so meant breaking tribal tradition and exposed him to ridicule at the hands of his own party

The words were stark and taut with pain. On Jan. 6, 2005, Nelson Mandela shocked the world by summoning reporters to his home to announce: "My son has died from AIDS."

By disclosing just what had killed 54-year-old Makgatho, his sole surviving son, that morning, Mr. Mandela tried to rectify - to atone, some said - for what had emerged as the singular failure of his time as South Africa's leader.

Then, at the funeral, his grandson, Mandla, revealed, with Mr. Mandela beside him, that a few months earlier the virus also had killed Makgatho's wife.

With these public statements, Mr. Mandela defied the stigma and shame that kept AIDS deaths cloaked in euphemism across Africa - because, even though by that point 800 people were dying of AIDS in South Africa every day, no one would say so out loud.

"Let us give publicity to HIV-AIDS and not hide it, because the only way to make it appear like a normal illness ... is always to come out and to say somebody has died because of HIV," Mr. Mandela said that morning. "And people will stop regarding it as something extraordinary."

This was an act of courage, although the near-sanctity accorded Mr. Mandela insulated him from approbation. It was also an act of generosity, the most intimate way he had to reach out to the 26 million Africans living with HIV-AIDS. And it was an act of political retribution: In a land whose government - which he had fought for - denied that AIDS existed, he said in the most irrefutable of ways that it did.

Mr. Mandela was famous for his foresight, but it failed him on HIV-AIDS, which has done more than anything to undermine the bright future he envisioned for South Africa. He spent much of his retirement in an impassioned and largely unsuccessful effort to reverse the damage.

When he took office in 1994, the infection rate already had reached 10 per cent of sexually active adults. Yet, he never made the illness a priority. This oversight is hard to fathom today, but South Africa was still relatively early in the "death curve" that is

peculiar to HIV, in which infected people take as much as a decade to become very ill. The effects were imminent but not evident.

The new republic's health ministry had the mammoth job of trying to deliver basic care to a vast majority that had been denied it under white rule. AIDS was just one of many challenges, and Mr. Mandela knew too little about it to foresee the impact.

His wife, Graça Machel, explained in a 2006 interview that Mr. Mandela was focused on keeping the country's tenuous peace. "Everything was so fragile," she said. "We have a tendency to read history afterward. ... Now, because things are much better, they say, 'Oh, why he didn't do this, why didn't he do that?' - that's human nature."

Neither was Mr. Mandela comfortable, as a Xhosa elder, with talking publicly about a sexually transmitted infection - only very late in life did he speak frankly about condoms and fidelity.

As president, he delegated the handling of HIV to Thabo Mbeki, a brilliant deputy and clearly his successor. But Mr. Mbeki, a passionate champion of "an African renaissance," emerged as the world's most prominent HIV denier: He questioned whether the virus really causes AIDS and called life-saving antiretroviral medication toxic, promoting traditional remedies instead.

When Mr. Mandela left office in 1999, otherwise lauded for his performance, the infection rate had grown monstrosity - beyond 20 per cent, and still the country had no coherent response.

The situation got worse, as Mr. Mbeki's administration went to court to fight activists seeking treatment, turning AIDS into a political battleground - and the dominant issue of Mr. Mandela's retirement. Ms. Machel was an impassioned anti-AIDS campaigner, but most of all, he suddenly realized the disease wasn't just another health problem.

Mr. Mandela felt "genuine devastation at the way people were dying," Jakes Gerwel, who ran his presidential office, recalled in an interview. He also grew increasingly alarmed at the impact Mr. Mbeki's position had on South

Africa's international reputation.

For the first time in 65 years as a member, he was driven to challenge the ANC, according to Mark Gevisser, author of an exhaustive biography of Mr. Mbeki.

"He was deeply distressed by his perception of the inability of serving ANC members to take Mbeki on, and was determined to set an example ...," Mr. Gevisser said. "He believed Mbeki was wrong, morally and politically."

He tried to get his successor, now aloof and dismissive, to discuss AIDS, but gave up in 2001, declaring him derelict in his duty.

A new generation of ANC leaders rebuked him for meddling. Heckled at a national executive meeting, he left despondent after being told, "Sit down, old man."

He no longer held a key party position - he hadn't wanted to overshadow his successor - but there was still much he could do.

Under the auspices of his well-endowed charitable foundation, he gathered prominent AIDS scientists and activists to discuss a plan for South Africa. He had the foundation pay for the first substantive surveillance research into South African HIV infection, then put up the money for two public antiretroviral-treatment programs. He met the government's bête noire - treatment activist Zackie Achmat - and publicly donned the highly politicized "HIV-positive" T-shirt.

As well, he and Ms. Machel started a charity for HIV awareness, called 46664 after his Robben Island prison number, that held high-profile benefit concerts, and he mentioned AIDS nearly every time he spoke.

Finally the government agreed to provide treatment, but Mr. Mandela never saw the rate of new infections even slow down.

"This is unfair," Ms. Machel said of the shadow AIDS cast over South Africa. "We deserved to have a good time, in terms of putting all our energy, all our capacity into building our nations, to rebuilding our lives, to putting the troubles of the past to rest."

Stephanie Nolen, a former *Globe* correspondent in Johannesburg, is the author of 28: *Stories of AIDS in Africa* (Random House, 2007).



BUILDER OF BRIDGES
As the 1990s wind down, he reaches out across the political spectrum.

Clockwise from top left: In 1998, he rubs shoulders with Cuba's Fidel Castro, by now one of the few communist leaders still in power, at a conference in Geneva ...

Shows U.S. president Bill Clinton the cell on Robben Island where he spent so much of his life ...

And has a private audience at the Vatican with Pope John Paul II.

The following year, he visits his Russian counterpart, Boris Yeltsin, who engineered the final collapse of Soviet communism.

Even after leaving office, he maintains warm relations with Canada's Jean Chrétien, here arriving in Johannesburg in 2002 ...

A year earlier, Mr. Mandela makes his third and final visit to Canada, once again addressing Parliament.

Finally, he also sparks a commitment to the children of South Africa from a U.S. media icon, here in Johannesburg in 2002 to watch work begin on the Oprah Winfrey Leadership Academy for Girls.

MANDELA AND THE MAPLE LEAF

The honorary Canadian

His fondness for far-off Canada wasn't surprising, as prime ministers from Diefenbaker to Mulroney and Chrétien did so much for his cause. And the feeling seemed mutual: He was made an honorary citizen, after all. Yet, according to political scientist and Africa specialist **Linda Freeman**, Canadian support wasn't universal. The business community was in no hurry to jump aboard the ANC bandwagon

Nelson Mandela's passing is especially poignant for Canada. It is hard to think of another world leader shown the respect and affection he enjoyed here after his release from prison.

During two of his three visits to Canada, he addressed the joint Houses of Parliament to great acclaim. On the first, just four months after being freed in 1990, he said he was deeply moved to be in a place where, unlike apartheid South Africa, people were free to determine their destiny.

In 1998, he became the first foreign leader awarded the Order of Canada, the nation's highest honour, and 45,000 Toronto children treated him to a rapturous welcome when he launched the Canadian Friends of the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund.

Despite his age and stiff joints, Mr. Mandela joined the dancing. A magical moment. "When you will be my age," prime minister Jean Chrétien told the crowd, "you will tell your grandchildren: 'I was there when Nelson Mandela came to Canada.'" On his last visit in 2001, he became the first living person made an honorary Canadian citizen.

Competition to hear Mr. Mandela and to meet him on these occasions was fierce. No one, it seemed, had ever supported Canada's trade and diplomatic relations with the apartheid regime that had imprisoned him. Nor had they ever harboured reservations about his party, the African National Congress.

In his 1990 speech, Mr. Mandela paid tribute to the people of Canada for helping to overthrow apartheid: Canadian trade unions, churches, universities, human-rights and solidarity groups, and the International Defence and Aid Fund for South Africa had spent decades in the trenches. In particular, the Task Force on the Churches and Corporate Responsibility had weathered the ridicule of the business community and state officials in its battle against business ties with apartheid South Africa.

He also had come to thank Mr. Chrétien's predecessor, Brian Mulroney, for his willingness to break with U.S. president Ronald Reagan and British prime minis-

ter Margaret Thatcher over the question of South Africa. In 1985, Mr. Mulroney had made a deep impression in Africa by pledging at the United Nations to break economic and diplomatic relations if South Africa did not abandon apartheid. His battles with Mrs. Thatcher over Commonwealth sanctions against South Africa were legendary.

In official Canada, Mr. Mulroney's approach was pivotal in causing a shift in thinking about South Africa and the ANC. For most of the postwar period, including the Trudeau era, Canadian policy had been paradoxical: to trade and condemn simultaneously. Canada resisted efforts to interfere with its diplomatic and commercial relations with South Africa, but then tried to soften the impact by regularly denouncing apartheid in international forums. Until well into the 1980s, the ANC had difficulty getting a hearing in Ottawa, dismissed as an insignificant band of "communist terrorists."

The tide began to turn only in the mid-1980s, after a major uprising in South Africa and the realization among Western banks, corporations and governments that apartheid's days were numbered. In 1985, the Commonwealth appointed an Eminent Persons Group to visit the region and assess the prospects for peace. One of its high points was a meeting with Mr. Mandela, the first of its kind during his long incarceration.

Anglican archbishop Ted Scott, one of the eminent persons, returned to give Canada a first-hand account of the man. The EPG report concluded unequivocally that he was a nationalist, not a communist, and had adopted armed struggle only because he had no other option.

'Has he spoken to you lately?'

Mr. Mulroney agreed, and faced down his opponents, "How would you know he's a communist? He's been in jail for 27 years. Has he spoken to you lately? ...

"If I were a young black man imprisoned in South Africa," he added, "I would support those who supported me."

The prime minister also made it clear that, while his government could not condone violence, "we understand the ANC's contention: 'You ask us to drop our arms to do what? Accept more repression? Accept more brutality from the apartheid state that is armed to the teeth?'"

Many in Mr. Mulroney's own party, as well as the bureaucracy and private sector, opposed this new policy. The wife of one Progressive Conservative MP even circulated South African propaganda calling ANC members "immoral, non-Christian, Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries."

In 1987, these circles mounted a campaign against ANC president Oliver Tambo, Mr. Mandela's friend and colleague, on his first official visit to Canada. Meanwhile, Mr. Mulroney turned to more pressing matters, such as the Constitution and free trade, and some public figures made no secret of preferring Mangosuthu Buthelezi, chief minister of the Kwazulu homeland and leader of the Inkatha Freedom Party.

Two years earlier, *The Globe and Mail* had called Mr. Buthelezi as "authentic a black leader as Nelson Mandela" and then in December, 1986, "the best hope, if not the only hope, for the emergence of a moderate black leadership from the ashes of apartheid." As late as 1988, a *Globe* editorial stated unequivocally that there would "never be a President Mandela."

The historical record shows Mr. Buthelezi was a destructive force, a collaborator who waged a bloody campaign to eliminate the ANC. But it wasn't until 1993, a year before Mr. Mandela's presidential inauguration, that *The Globe* realized its "best hope" was instead a "spoiler" who could wreck the whole process.

The antipathy and distrust of Mr. Mandela in the private sector lasted well after his release. Roy McMurtry, Canada's high commissioner in London, supported Mr. Mulroney's policy but found it almost impossible to raise the ANC's profile in the business community. "Meet Nelson Mandela?" said one bank chairman. "You have got to be kidding!" Canadian governments re-

sponded warily to the uncertainty and turbulence of the transition period. However, on the key issue of sanctions, despite strong pressure from the private sector to end them, Ottawa maintained its commitment. Canadian sanctions weren't lifted until September, 1993 - at Mr. Mandela's request. Canada's government's participation in the international battle against apartheid was late, limited and overblown, but in this respect it kept the faith.

Mr. Mandela's rise to the presidency in 1994 marked a high point in his and South Africa's remarkable journey. As he walked his country through its transition, he became an icon of tolerance and forgiveness; one of the great figures of our time. His decision not to cling to power by seeking a second term set an example for leaders everywhere.

Lifted the human spirit

The price he and others paid for ending apartheid, in personal and family terms, was steep. However, his ability to rise above the worst the apartheid regime could throw at him and emerge free of bitterness and the desire for revenge lifted the human spirit everywhere. As one observer put it, he reminds us that injustice has a long and hurtful say but never the last word.

Mr. Mandela's significance for Canada is clear. He stands as a testament to the dangers of knee-jerk prejudice and hazy understanding; proof positive that one person's terrorist is another person's freedom fighter.

The lessons for today - now that the word "terrorist" is used indiscriminately and anti-terrorist legislation criminalizes many activities used in the battle against apartheid - are evident. Above all, the story of Canada and Mr. Mandela should alert us to the enduring importance of imagination, as well as precision, in Canadian foreign policy.

Linda Freeman is a political scientist at Carleton University and author of The Ambiguous Champion: Canada and South Africa in the Trudeau and Mulroney Years (University of Toronto Press).

Meet Nelson Mandela? You have got to be kidding!

A Canadian bank chairman in response to a request from Roy McMurtry, then Canada's high commissioner in London

How would you know he's a communist? He's been in jail for 27 years.

Prime minister Brian Mulroney challenges critics who question Nelson Mandela's political beliefs

THE FLAME DIES DOWN



NELSON OF THE NORTH

Brief encounter on Baffin

It was after 2 in the morning of a northern Canada Day when I shook Nelson Mandela's hand.

The story actually begins in the 1980s when, influenced by my left-leaning parents, I boycotted grapes for Cesar Chavez and learned about apartheid. So, when I was in London and spotted a protest outside South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, I traded a small donation for a "Free Mandela" pin.

Fast-forward to the summer of 1990: I was in Iqaluit working two jobs, and my nighttime gig at the RCMP detachment included answering the phone. One night, I started getting calls from reporters wanting to know if Mr. Mandela, out of prison just a few months, really was planning a Baffin Island stopover after his North American tour. The staff sergeant said it was true and swore me to secrecy.

But I didn't keep it completely under my hat because I had my then-wife and friends with me as I drove to the airport to watch Mr. Mandela's private jet land. We were behind the chain-link perimeter fence, a good distance away, as a group of Africans wrapped in blankets started toward the terminal.

We jumped on the bumper of the car, shouting his name. We thought maybe he would wave. But then, to everyone's surprise, two figures started walking toward us: Nelson and Winnie Mandela.

We were all mesmerized by the presence of this incredible, venerable man, but I just started talking. "Welcome to Canada did you ever think you'd end up in the Arctic what are your plans for the future what do you think about aboriginal peoples?"

He spoke eloquently for almost half an hour, even though shivering and probably short on sleep. Eventually, an aide came over. Local dignitaries had been waiting to meet him the whole time we were talking.

"They tell me I really have to go," he said.

So I turned to my wife who had been holding the Free Mandela pin from Trafalgar Square and handed it to him, saying I didn't need it any more. And then — I'm not making this up — we reached down and shook hands under that chain-link fence.

Sean Maloney as told to Guy Nicholson

MANDELA'S ACCOUNT

A passage from *Long Walk To Freedom, the autobiography of Nelson Mandela*.

Before crossing the Atlantic, our plane, a small jet, stopped for refuelling in a remote place above the Arctic Circle. I felt like having a walk in the brisk air, and as I was strolling on the tarmac, I noticed ... by the fence a dozen or so young people, in their late teens, who had come out to the airport because they had heard our plane was going to stop there.

In talking with these bright young people, I learned that they had watched my release on TV and were familiar with events in South Africa. "Viva ANC!" one said.

What struck me so forcefully was how small the planet had become during my decades in prison; it was amazing to me that a teenager Inuit living on the roof of the world could watch the release of a political prisoner on the southern tip of Africa.

Television had shrunk the world, and ... become a great weapon for eradicating ignorance.



THE TWILIGHT YEARS

Leaving office in 1999, he stays remarkably active for an octogenarian, touring the world to promote his causes and rubbing shoulders with celebs at home and abroad.

Top: He shares a joke with New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg, left, and actors Robert DeNiro, Hugh Grant and Whoopi Goldberg at the 2002 Tribeca Film Festival launch.

STAN HONDA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Second row: At home, he has an especially busy year in 2005. From left: Civil-rights activist Jesse Jackson pays his respects.

He and wife Graça Machel celebrate his 87th birthday (as well as their seventh wedding anniversary).

A sadder occasion is the memorial for biographer Anthony Sampson he attends with friend and Nobel laureate Nadine Gordimer. (See her exclusive tribute to him on Page 5).

SIPHIWE SIBEKO/MIKE HUTCHINGS AND RADU SIGHETI/REUTERS

Third row: In 2010, having turned 90 two years earlier, he shrinks his itinerary, emerging from seclusion only for special occasions, such as South Africa's global coming-out party as host to soccer's World Cup.

Left: He and Ms. Machel take in the rollicking finale in Johannesburg.

Right: Before year's end, soccer puts him back in the spotlight when the U.S. and South African national squads come to call. As cameras snap, he joins home-team captain Steven Pienaar, left, and Bradly Guzan of the visitors, who win the annual Nelson Mandela Challenge.

MICHAEL KOOREN/REUTERS DEBBIE YAZBEK/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PUBLIC SHAME, PRIVATE PAIN

Left: Rapped for ignoring AIDS while in office, he defies his own party and tackles the great scourge after retiring, in 2002 joining controversial HIV activist Zackie Achmat, top, to fight for treatment. But the cruellest blow comes three years later when, grief-stricken, he calls reporters to his home, middle, (see Page 9 for Stephanie Nolen's account) to reveal that the virus has claimed his only surviving son. The following week finds the family back in the Eastern Cape when Makgatho is laid to rest in Qunu.

ANNA ZIEMINSKI/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE ALEXANDER JOE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES OBED ZILWA/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

'THERE WERE MANY DARK MOMENTS
WHEN MY FAITH IN HUMANITY
WAS SORELY TESTED,
BUT I WOULD NOT
– AND COULD NOT –
GIVE MYSELF UP TO DESPAIR.'



HEART OF PALM: Africa itself appears to emerge from Nelson Mandela's palm in this lithograph of his right hand, part of a limited edition depicting his thoughts and feelings behind bars for nearly 30 years. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS