

plot, the exploitation of fear and insecurity and the manipulation of public information. Colenso was able to identify and publicise the manner in which this was done one hundred years ago in the violence which prepared the ground for the founding of modern South Africa. The need to expose this process of falsification remains as urgent as ever. It is part of the long struggle for justice. We cannot of course use the principles upon which Colenso

based his actions: with hindsight we can see their limitations. But many of the issues which he confronted and attempted to rectify remain with us and have still to be eradicated. In this sense Colenso's mission was well begun, it has been taken up by others, and must be completed. Consequently the final assessment of Colenso's life can only be made in the future — the answer to the question whether his battle for justice was a success remains an open one. □

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POEMS BY LEONARD KOZA

THE WIND

A monstrous wind howls through grand
fig trees of centuries beyond.

Rocking enslaved seeds to liberation
from the stifled grown branches.

With scattered seeds underground,
old mother tree couldn't trace their
whereabouts until green infant
heads emerged out of the soil to bear
fruits of her own.

Cunningly old mother tree martially
cut the roots through which food
flowed to uplift the infant trees.

Armoured the old tree battles to
keep the monopoly of bearing export
fruit to herself while the isolated
infant tree develops along its own
legislated lines to bear small fruit
for domestic consumption only.

THE UNKNOWN

His clock wrestling in his throat with dumpy sound-throbs.
He lay soundless between the weeds,
waiting for the second to lift his machine-gun
direct at creeping
figures in Tropical jungle.

Just then a glib feeling arrested his precise
attention when a snake crossed his wrist,
slow-motionly disappearing in a hole not far away.

With his mind temporarily released from guerilla-warfare,
he was again nearly rattled to bits when the thunderous
roar of the wilderness King echoed along silenced banks
of Zambesi which has become
the new Blood River of Africa.

I, THE DUPLICATE

I am shadow of what I'm not allowed to be —
Living of what I should die, but die not.

Nightly my tummy is puffed with hunger
inherited by my black colour.

Even my mind can discharge no FREE thoughts,
neither can my tongue entertain, FREE speech.
My ears can hear only what is whispered in a faint
separated voice.

I breathe only to keep death alive.
I am free to live without freedom.

Even a peaceful march can be a death-march as the
"over-staffed" police force give real criminals a long leave
by dishing out bullets and teargas to the hungry marching
for bread.

At birth it was a separate ward baptized in a separate church
in a separate Township.

I had a separate education,
at work a separate uniform with separate time-table
and pay-packet.

After work it's homeward in a separate coach,
through a separate subway or over a separate bridge
in order to fight "inflation".

And when I die?

Just a separate grave.

My whole life is separate because according to the Law,
we're not real humans,
but a duplicate of it.