



Returning Images: Mandela, Marikana and the Rugged Road to the Future

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It is only appropriate to begin with his face. The intense, rainbow-colored Mandela portrait that opens this issue is the work of a young Indonesian digital artist, Ihsanulhakim, who captures a serious, reflective and aged version of the South African leader. The writing on the top left of the image is a quote from Mandela's famous reflection on death translated into Indonesian: "Death is something inevitable. When a man has done what he considers to be his duty to his people and his country, he can rest in peace".¹

As is universally acknowledged, and the essays that follow confirm, Mandela did much more than perform his duty to people and country as a real historical person, revolutionary, anti-apartheid leader and first democratic president of South Africa: he inspired generations of young and old people, men and women, politicians, writers, musicians, and artists belonging to all creeds and speaking many different languages across the globe throughout the second half of the twentieth century. His story, his struggle, his image have travelled globally and, as symbols, they have come to

¹ *RIP Nelson Mandela* © Muhammad Ihsanulhakim. I wish to thank the artist for generously allowing *Altre Modernità* to reproduce his work. The quote is from an interview for the documentary "Mandela", 1994, in *Nelson Mandela by Himself: The Authorised Book of Quotations* © 2010 by Nelson R. Mandela and The Nelson Mandela Foundation).



'signify', to be meaningful, for many different people. Given the man's extraordinary stature and achievements, it is only natural that he should have the power to inspire widely, and that his larger-than-life size could accommodate dissemination and appropriation in a variety of contexts. Barack Obama's Nelson Mandela Memorial speech at FNB Stadium in Soweto, Johannesburg, on 10th December 2013 is perhaps the most recent, poignant instance of how the Mandela legacy has exceeded the South African borders and assumed a transnational dimension (see Bordin in the present selection), and also of how its forms and contents have been and can still be sifted, twisted or regimented to fit distant cultural and geopolitical frames.

It is also true that the popular, global embrace of Mandela may be linked to something in his biographical experience and complex history which does lend itself to appropriation and constant 'recycling'. As Carli Coetzee argues, Mandela's life was "translated" and "adapted" from the very beginning of his political career, and that made the man himself 'translatable' and 'adaptable' to all sorts of needs, desires, and dreams (see Coetzee in the present selection). The fact that people anywhere can naturally claim a piece of Mandela for themselves may, on the other hand, stem from something in his multilayered personality that, in Elleke Boehmer's view, had a "shape-shifting" quality, by which he could be a different person to different people at the same time, and still remain an example of moral integrity, political wisdom and intellectual honesty (Boehmer 2008: 5). Whatever the reasons behind the Madiba appeal,² the myth lives on, though it seems to have better chances of survival abroad than at home.

As Mandela's stately figure slowly disappears from public view, following his death in December 2013, and his face shows up as a logo in numberless tourist gadgets and websites, we ask in what ways his myth has been welcomed, celebrated and appropriated. While family feuds, alongside South Africa's increasingly conflictual present, contribute to blur the awe-inspiring achievements of the charismatic leader, we look again at how the Mandela narrative fares, and inquire whether there are stories that may be told about him that we have not heard before, or that may be retold from alternative angles. This is to understand at least some of the ways in which Mandela endures and maintains his utopian and political dimensions, and at the same time to try and intercept signs of his undergoing historical, biographical or political revision.

HOW DIFFICULT IS IT TO TALK ABOUT MANDELA?

This journal issue on "Mandela" was not conceived as a late tribute, a sort of hagiography, or an *in memoriam*. When it was planned, in spring 2013, Mandela was still alive, though very ill. Images of South African night vigils, get-well wishes, collective songs and dance, outside the hospital where he silently lay, spoke of a South Africa that did not want to let him go, but which was visibly trying to get ready for a

² On Madiba's "magic" see Boehmer 2008 and Posel 2014.



bleaker future without him. The question that came naturally, then, was about what that post-Mandela time may have in store, and how the Mandela past may be interrogated by/from its future, both inside and outside South Africa. This turned out to be a difficult question, and answering it no easy task. Despite the personal and emotional interest manifested by many scholars, academics, historians and writers at the time, it proved difficult to address these probing interrogations. On the one hand, there was a feeling that so much had already been said about the great man that adding to the myth or revising it was quite unnecessary if not impossible; on the other, the confrontation with the meanings attached to Mandela made the task somewhat daunting. Why this troubled response? What are the Mandela meanings that block fresh intervention, reconsideration, or refiguration?

A year later, after the issue had taken shape in spite of its tentative beginnings, I sat down to edit the work of the contributors who had accepted the challenge. It was 18 July 2014, Mandela Day, the first after his passing. Italian and international television channels broadcast documentary films on his life, while newspapers from all over the world remembered the great South African leader and world peace champion. The day's Google doodle offered its own celebration through a series of short animations, created around excerpts from Mandela's memorable quotes written against a recognizably South African historical backdrop:

"No one is born hating another person because of the colour of his skin, or his background, or his religion."

"What counts in life is not the mere fact that we have lived. It is what difference we have made to the lives of others that will determine the significance of the life we lead."

"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world."

"For to be free is not merely to cast off one's chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others."

"The greatest glory in living lies not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."³

I am referring to the Mandela doodle (admittedly a rather naïve visual product) to point out how a popular, pervasive medium like Google, long after the ending of the Mandela era, continues not only to celebrate his birthday but to buy into and perpetuate the popular, canonical meanings of the global icon: Mandela as the champion of the fight for racial equality, collective freedom, commitment to change, heroic self-resilience combined with humility. The image we get of him, long divested of its revolutionary political import, is of an inspired and deeply human public servant, devoted to democracy in South Africa and the world at large. This is the standard(ized) picture of Mandela, what he mainly represents globally. In other words, as Daniel Roux argues, the official Mandela story is one of "triumph over adversity, dignity, the

³ <<http://www.google.com/doodles/nelson-mandelas-96th-birthday>> (18 July 2014).



struggle for human rights" (Roux 2014: 205). Also, citing the title of the special issue dedicated to Mandela by the French newspaper *Libération*, it is the wonderfully inspiring narrative of "*un homme libre*" (7-8 December 2013). It is no wonder then, as Nadine Gordimer appropriately observed in the piece she wrote on Nelson Mandela's receiving the Nobel Peace Prize in 1993, that it remains difficult "to write of a phenomenon like Mandela in terms other than hagiography" (Gordimer 1999: 153). It is even harder, I would add, to see beyond the surface of Mandela's successful public image, which was largely promoted and fixed for posterity by Mandela's own autobiography, *Long Walk to Freedom* (1994).⁴

This difficulty is both registered and problematized in the essays offered in this issue, which move between celebration and more critical post-Mandela reflections. As a range of responses, from outside South Africa, to both South African and Western materials about Mandela, or in which references to Mandela are included, most of the contributions look at his persona and/or biography through the prism of the arts and particularly literature (which he loved and that looms large in his writings) – poems, novels, plays, short stories, as well as films and songs. Reading Mandela through the lenses of artistic and literary production allows us to explore afresh the multifaceted significance of this powerful figure. But to analyze the role of art in 'scripting' Mandela is interesting also in order to discuss the generative power of the global icon, as it provides a glimpse on how and why he could become a source of artistic creativity, not only in South Africa, but in various countries in the West. Though the essays continue to engage with questions of representation from within the difficulty of scratching the hagiographic surface, some also begin to assess Mandela's mythic status and to trouble commonly accepted notions by taking a closer look at his face in/through very recent literary and artistic production.

QUESTIONING THE MANDELA FACE⁵

I wish to take up the thread of the 'Mandela face' to explore its appearance in South African director Rehad Desai's latest documentary, *Miners Shot Down* (Uhuru Productions, 2014), which is about the massacre that took place at the Lonmin platinum mine in Marikana, South Africa, on 16th August 2012. Besides being a precious record of history in the making, the film is a unique exploration of the tensions governing South Africa in the current phase, and an analysis of the complex

⁴ Roux argues that what gives cohesion to the many images and roles of Mandela is his own autobiography in the form of a Bildungsroman, in which his life is cast as "a journey towards personness that then becomes generally applicable, a template for being a person in a just society". Any other revelation about Mandela paradoxically ends up endorsing this pattern (Roux 2014: 221).

⁵ I am very grateful to Carli Coetzee for her insightful comments on this part on my paper.



interweaving of local and global economic interests that bear on the country's contemporary politics.⁶

In a recent essay included in *The Cambridge Companion to Nelson Mandela*, Litheko Modisane argues that, unlike literature, "film has not begun to treat Mandela from a critically grounded perspective. By and large it has located him within a monumental historical frame, obviating the need for a nuanced subjectivity" (Modisane 2014: 239). Though this is still largely the case, particularly in the international context, it may reasonably be pointed out, in agreement with Roger Bromley's analysis in his essay on Mandela and cinematographic representations (see Bromley in the present selection), that things are indeed changing in the filmic production of the country and that the peculiar documentary form used by Desai, which pits the Marikana story against the rainbow nation's 'democratic' narrative, goes a long way towards deconstructing that monumental historical frame which has Mandela at its core, thus initiating a process of revision of the myth, if not yet of the man.

Miners Shot Down substantiates what Mark Gevisser observed at the turn of the last decade, that in contemporary South Africa there exists a widespread awareness that "the Mandela years had been the era of the dream", the following presidency of Thabo Mbeki were the years "of the dream deferred", and the present is "a time beyond dreams" (Gevisser 2009: 320). The film records the betrayal of the dream in this time beyond dreams, where something like Marikana could occur, and joins hands with a great tradition of South African films – such as Chris Curling and Pascoe Macfarlane's *Last Grave at Dimbaza* (1974), Betty Wolpert's *Awake from Mourning* (1981), Lindy Wilson's *Last Supper at Horstley Street* (1983) and *Gugulethu Seven* (2000) and, more recently, *Dear Mandela* (2012) by Dara Kell and Christopher Nizza – which successfully combine social observation, historical research, and political commentary.

It is winter on the ochre koppies of Marikana, where the Lonmin miners are striking for better wages. They huddle in their blankets, talk, give vent to their anger, sing, and try to negotiate a deal with the mine owners from a position which, it soon becomes clear, is not that of a powerful interlocutor. Desai's beautifully-filmed documentary tells us the story of how this bunch of bedraggled, cold, exploited but

⁶ Rehad Desai is an accomplished Director and Producer for Uhuru, a black-owned film and television production company based in Johannesburg, which he founded in 2003. "Uhuru" is a well-known Swahili word meaning "freedom/independence" which has been used in campaigns for and achievement of national independence in Africa, as well as by black power movements in the United States, and it well expresses the programmatic aims of the production house. On his return to South Africa, after some time in exile, Desai worked as a trade union organizer, a health and safety/media officer for a chemical workers union and a Director of an HIV prevention NGO. As a current affairs journalist, he focused on historical and socio-political documentary film. He has produced over 20 documentaries, directing many that have been broadcast internationally and received with critical acclaim. He is leading activist and spokesperson of the Marikana Support Campaign. See <<http://www.encounters.co.za/rehad-desai/>> and <<http://www.uhuruproductions.co.za/>>.



determined strikers ended up in the graves marked by white crosses that now are visible at the foot of the koppies.⁷



Miners Shot Down is a deeply moving, urgent and claustrophobic film, which uses footage taken at the scene of the strike in combination/juxtaposition with SAPS and Lonmin security videos. The storyline is sustained by interviews with union and strike leaders, politicians and legal representatives of families at the Farlam Commission of Inquiry, which President Zuma set up in order to investigate

matters of public, national and international concern arising out of the tragic incidents at the Lonmin Mine in Marikana, in the North West Province, which took place on about Saturday 11 August to Thursday 16 August, 2012 and led to the deaths of approximately 44 people [sic], more than 70 persons being injured, approximately 250 people being arrested.⁸

It is clear from the very beginning, when we hear Desai's own voiceover commenting on the killing, that the film sides with the miners, and that a central aim of this fragmented but coherent narrative is to make their voice heard and their predicament come to the fore. Interpreting the feelings of most South Africans and of shocked international observers following the event, the voiceover comments on the initial images of state-sanctioned police violence at the mines, saying that an event like this inevitably calls to mind the massacres of apartheid: Sharpeville 1960, Soweto 1976. These killings of people asking for their own rights left indelible marks in the history of the country and became vital political watersheds, instrumental to bringing about the end of apartheid. Marikana is also a watershed, but of a different kind, as no one would have expected the replication of vicious apartheid-style maneuvers in democratic times, certainly not after the liberation of Mandela, the new constitution, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, the exercise of political rights in a number of elections since 1994 – in other words, what Sharpeville and Soweto and the sacrifice of all those who died in the struggle fought to achieve. As the urgent 'returning' images of the

⁷ All the images in the present essay, unless otherwise stated, are stills from *Miners Shot Down*, for which I thank Rehad Desai and Uhuru Productions.

⁸ From the website of "The Marikana Commission of Inquiry" <www.marikanacomm.org.za>.



police shooting down the Lonmin miners are shockingly offered in parallel with archival footage of Sharpeville and Soweto, the voice continues:

Killings like these [Sharpeville and Soweto] led South Africans to support Nelson Mandela and his struggle for freedom. But today these miners are being shot down by a new government to ensure that it's business as usual. We could see that lives were now being sacrificed for money and that the young democracy we had fought for was under threat.⁹

The spirit of denunciation and bearing witness to a new dangerous phase in the young South African democracy is openly assumed to recall what South Africa long desired and campaigned for: freedom for all, human and civil rights, distribution of wealth, a just society. The documentary accordingly proceeds as a sort of archeological excavation that takes the conflictual present as a starting point to promote historical revisionism of the recent past, in fact the last two decades, in order to ask why the dream has vanished and what went wrong. What happened at Marikana needs to be dissected and made known, not as a contingent example of some workers' whims, but as the result of long-lasting inequalities which the democratic government has been unable to address.

The Mandela we are presented with in the film is a figure poised at a historical turning point, between imprisonment and freedom, isolation and public exposure in 1990, on the cusp dividing a past of violent conflict from a new time of peace and active citizenship. The giant human being and universal human rights hero does not appear to be an object of criticism per se in the documentary, but rather a pivot around which a new historical perspective needs to be mobilized.

Desai uses two short pieces of archival footage in which Mandela appears: in both he features in the company of Cyril Ramaphosa, who is currently Deputy President of South Africa. In the first appearance, fourteen minutes into the film, we see a silent, composed Mandela, just out of prison, standing rigidly and inexpressive, with shades on his eyes, on a platform at a rally of enthusiastic South Africans, while a smiling and energetic Ramaphosa introduces him and cheers the crowd. The second moment covers the historic speech from the balcony of Cape Town City Hall in 1990: Mandela salutes the immense crowd gathered in the Grand Parade square by raising his closed fist to his forehead, in a gesture that has since become iconic and we think of as typically 'Mandelian'. By his side is Cyril Ramaphosa, holding the microphone for the newly liberated leader who is speaking to his people after 27 years of imprisonment: "I therefore place the remaining years of my life in your hands" (Mandela in *MSD*, 22:50).

⁹ Desai in *Miners Shot Down*, 01:30-02:40. Further quotations from the film are signaled in the text by the acronym *MSD*.



At that moment Mandela was certainly offering himself up to the rainbow nation of his vision – South Africans of all colours, ethnic belonging, gender, religion and status (as the Constitution of South Africa would later recite), who seemed ready to embrace his project and make it their own. He was also putting his life in the hands of the new ANC and his prominent members as leading government forces for the democratic future. Among them, Ramaphosa had a special place, and many South Africans actually hoped he would succeed Mandela as President.

If one were to read the selected images in the context of the representational politics encouraged by the film, the frailty of the grey old leader would somehow become visible against the robust vocal youth of the potential new leader, so that, as the film unfolds in its characteristic present/past alternating mode, one begins to ask who the political figures around Mandela were; in whose hands did Mandela entrust the future of his struggle, and what the limits and the actual responsibilities of the great man might have been. The operation is risky, of course, and we all know that when the Marikana events took place the South African president had long retired from the political scene and was very ill. But Desai is not out to ‘demythologize’ Mandela in any way. I believe he is rather asking ‘how free’ Mandela was as a leader, and who the real inheritors of his politics may be, since we should probably remember that the president’s politics was not just the expression of the enlightened vision of a hero, or of a black elite, but of a mass movement of liberation.¹⁰ The film seems to suggest that the practical results of Mandela’s post-liberation choices may be questioned from different perspectives at different historical moments, while the objectives of Mandela’s project need to be kept alive in order for democracy not to die, as on the koppies of Marikana.

Around this central political core, the film reconstructs the events that led to the killings and investigates the role of Cyril Ramaphosa in them. This critical focus on Ramaphosa may come as a surprise for a number of reasons: his figure looms large in the history of South Africa’s long walk to freedom because, as the founder of NUM (National Union of Mineworkers), he led huge mass strikes during the apartheid years, in direct confrontation with the white mine owners and government. As leader of the most powerful South African workers’ union, he supported and furthered the ANC project, becoming one of its outstanding voices, and played a crucial role in the

¹⁰ In a recent keynote address given at the Oxford summit of the Youth Alliance for Leadership and Development in Africa (YALDA), 25-28 September 2014, Dr. Mamphela Ramphele poignantly commented on how stories of ‘heroic’ leadership have tended to disempower the people of Africa.



negotiations for the birth of the new South Africa. What we gather, as we watch on, is that Ramaphosa, twenty years into democracy, has become part of the new black political and economic elite of South Africa, and that at the time of the miners' strike and massacre he was non-executive director and shareholder of the Lonmin Mine Company. It therefore comes as no surprise that, in the lead-up to the strike, NUM, which was the union of the great majority of the Lonmin miners, refused to address the low wages of their members.

In a rather strained close-up interview Desai had with Ramaphosa and that is included in the documentary,¹¹ the tycoon poses as the rational, patriarchal long-time leader who knows it all about the role of strikes in South Africa. We hear him praise the

robust democratic system that allows workers to express themselves. And people should never be alarmed, because this is the South African way! We need to accept that. Workers will voice their dissatisfaction through withdrawing their labor. What we are against is that quite a number of those strikes have tended to turn violent, and that is one behavior that we need to take out of our system. (Ramaphosa in *MSD*, 14:46)

The statement sounds ominous in relation to the grand display of police violence against the Lonmin mineworkers which is recorded in the film, and casts a long shadow over the "robust democratic system" that reaches way back into the history of South African democracy.



The interview needs to be read in relation to an immediately preceding piece of archival footage in which a younger Ramaphosa, speaking at a NUM meeting, states: "There is no such thing as a liberal bourgeois. They are all the same. They use fascist methods to destroy workers' lives" (Ramaphosa in *MSD*, 14:00). The film, by showing the pre- and post-democracy versions of the man – the young, fiery revolutionary vs. the self-satisfied, polished capitalist – poses the question of how someone like Ramaphosa could end up in the same position as the "fascist" bourgeois he denounced in the struggles of his youth. The now/then comparison prompts us to

¹¹ The director's voiceover in the documentary points out that his reticent interviewee made it clear he would only answer questions "in general terms" until appearing before the Commission of inquiry.



query the politics of the union leader after 1990, and to ask how the project that Mandela endorsed and promoted could be so deeply betrayed by the very people who struggled with him and actually for him when he was in prison.

While asking questions about the truths behind Marikana, Desai portrays the perversion of South African communal ideals and of the principles of African humanism in the name of individual wealth, political power and a deep, quite disconcerting and profoundly unethical cynicism, which extends beyond Ramaphosa himself to the Lonmin administrators, NUM, the chief of the South African Police forces, and the government itself.

FROM FADED RAINBOWS TO GREEN BLANKETS

In a brave postcolonial move, which applies strategies of contrapuntal readings and discursive and representational resistance to the dichotomies of contemporary 'ordinary' South Africa, rather than to its extraordinary colonial past, the film produces a biting counter-discursive historical document that sustains a renewed language of rights. The language is the miners'.

In the film we see the negotiating strikers in Marikana speak, though they were neither listened to nor heard, either during or before the week of the strike: exploited, poorly-paid and uneducated, they recall Fanon's *damnés de la terre*, who are not allowed to have a say in the fruition of the wealth they produce in their own country. They are the nameless, faceless, voiceless 'other' which the system will never acknowledge as part of itself. As the film makes clear, this 'other' – who is as human and as black as the policemen who fired at Marikana, as the governing cadres of Lonmin, and the politicians in power – is not considered part of the logic that works in the name of capital, security and political control.



By showing how the striking miners could be 'othered' to the point that killing them quickly became a possibility in the six days before the massacre and then a fact on 16th August 2012,¹² the film discloses the dehumanizing practices at work in South Africa, as well as in many parts of the world in the times of global capital: 'othering' practices

¹² I owe this point to Thamm (2014).



imply an erasure of humanity, a distancing which splits us from them, where 'we' are fully human and the 'other' is not. In the eyes of the system, the platinum miners – ordinary labor force up till then – promptly became disposable things, mere waste, when they threatened its power through the all-too-human agency which the film foregrounds.

In *Miners Shot Down* the faces and the voices of the miners find a place on stage where they may be seen and heard, in interviews, archival footage and moving testimonies: they speak of basic human solidarity and equality – “You are black like us”, one of the miners says confronting the police officers at Marikana – in contrast with the impassive masks and hollow words of the 'system' (including women in power: the recording of the public interventions and unofficial phone conversations of the National Police Commissioner, Riah Phiyega, are a particularly harrowing example). Through the space which the documentary opens up for them, these faces and voices invite a re-assessment of the rainbow nation twenty years into democracy and, above all, they force a reflection on the meanings of 'the human' starting exactly from Marikana, where men in power thought they could turn other men into disposable things with impunity.

The reflection encouraged by the film is now enfolded in a green blanket of resistance and hope that has since become the symbol of the never-ending South African struggle for rights. Although at the time of the killing the identity of “The Man in the Green Blanket” was not known (the blanket he wore draped around his shoulders being his only distinguishing feature), he was eventually identified as Mgcineni Noki, affectionately known as 'Mambush'. The thirty year-old miner, who was a spokesperson for the strikers, was among the 34 killed when the police opened fire with automatic rifles. Even though he was shot fourteen times, including two fatal wounds in the head, the Man in the Green Blanket has not been silenced by such violent death: on the contrary, he has morphed into a sign of the power of speech over silence, and of the right to be a human being and a citizen. By taking up the voices of the faceless miners during the strike, he has in fact given a completely new face, and new momentum, to the vast movement for rights that Mandela served in his lifetime and still represents. Two years after the massacre Mambush's live presence continues to be felt thanks to the many South Africans who have picked up his image and replicated it in various forms, so as to remember and re-voice the miners' concerns. Reproductions of the figure of Mambush made with green spray paint have appeared in the streets of Johannesburg,¹³ while a variety of materials can be found on the Internet – including a genuinely fresh two-minute video recently posted on YouTube, “The Man with the Green Blanket”, which is a tribute to the “memory of the 40 miners who lost their lives due to the exploitative economic system in South Africa”.¹⁴

¹³ I wish to thank Pier Paolo Frassinelli (University of Johannesburg) for kindly providing pictures of the Mambush spray-painted image.

¹⁴ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_lUjapnL6Ds> (8 October 2014).



Poets and artists have further contributed to the process of revisionist memory-building symbolized by Mambush and set in place by Marikana.¹⁵ A special contribution is the volume *Marikana. A Moment in Time* (2013), which promptly recorded the strike by creating a space where to reaffirm, in the best South African literary and political tradition, the power of the spoken and written word as tool of consciousness-raising, denunciation and reflection. Edited by Raphael d'Abdon and published by the independent Geko Publishing, this collection of essays, articles, poems and photos, by South African and international contributors, includes texts by South African artist and academic Pitika Ntuli, as well as pictures of The Man in the Green Blanket from Ntuli's sculptural exhibition titled *Marikana Hill to Constitution Hill*.¹⁶



The “Marikana! Marikana!” sculptures, hosted at the Women’s Jail at Constitution Hill in Johannesburg in February-March 2013, are assemblages of recycled hoes, wheelbarrows, spades, corrugated iron and old chairs, and were conceived as an artistic response to the violation of human and egalitarian values in the massacre. By making Mambush with the green blanket and his fellow miners ideally travel from the koppies of Marikana to the Constitution Hill in Braamfontein, Ntuli effects a re-positioning of the strikers’ story inside the national narrative; he gives ‘non-persons’ the place of active citizens, and works to reconfigure the meanings of the heroic pantheon that the memorial place exhibits. Constitution Hill, once a ruthless penal institution, today records for posterity some of the worst excesses of apartheid and holds the memories of Mahatma Gandhi, Walter Sisulu, Nelson Mandela and thousands of other men and women, ordinary and extraordinary, who were jailed there for the crime of campaigning for freedom and a more human future.

On the Hill, as in Rehad Desai’s documentary, *The Man in the Green Blanket* stands symbolically side by side with Mandela: as a victim of the incomplete realization of the grand dream of liberation and democracy, Mambush passes severe judgment on post-apartheid politics; as a contemporary agent of urgent change, he joins Mandela as an emerging figure of the rights-bearing person.

¹⁵ Among the most recent examples is *Marikana-The Musical*, which premiered at the South African State Theatre, Pretoria, in October 2014. The work is presented as an adaptation by Aubrey Sekhabi of the novel *We Are Going to Kill Each Other Today: The Marikana Story* (2013) by Felix Dlangamandla, Thanduxolo Jika, Lucas Ledwaba, Sebatso Mosamo, Athandwa Saba and Leon Sadiki.

¹⁶ The last of the following pictures is from the Ntuli exhibition as featured in *Marikana. A Moment in Time* (2013). My thanks to the editor of the volume.



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