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.H. Quonan/Black Star

1918 - 2013

Expanded coverage, including Sandra Martin’s full obituary, exclusive video of Bob Geldof and U2’s Bono discussing his impact and a guest book for anyone wishing to offer condolences or share their memories, at tgam.ca/mandela
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. If need 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.
NELSON MANDELA: 1918-2013

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 stretch to true democracy.

GREAT SCRAPES. The honeymoon walk with Winnie through Cape Town after his much-awaited release. He tells the crowd that apartheid’s days are numbered.

By late 1993, elections were slated and in his autobiography, Long Walk to Freedom, he repeatedly the time to launch an initiative.

The final apartheid-era president, a frail, the man known to all by his given name, Madiba, usually cut off from the world, he spent his days breaking rocks under a blistering sun. Damaging his eyes permanently.

But he was also surrounded by friends and colleagues with whom he could discuss political philosophy and strategies. From the beginning, he saw his guards as enemies, not fellow human beings and also those of the system he deplored. Although courteous, he refused to bow and scrape, as so many white leaders had demanded, and insisted instead on a supremely equal footing, no matter the provocation, if only in their presence.

He wasn’t until days that he was finally allowed to receive newspapers and, as the ANC marked the eighth anniversary of the Freedom Charter, a Free Mandela movement took root, enveloping white liber- als in South Africa and even the United Nations Security Council. Within five years, successive pre- tests and violent protests had made the country almost ungovernable.

At 36, an age when most politicians have retired to play golf, he had resigned his seat in Parliament for and anyone who had done wrong.

The Nobel Prize.

On his 80th birthday in 1998, he made the country almost ungovernable.

Apostles have retired to play golf, and there have been many, many causes late in life.

After a triumphant world tour that made him a magnet for ex- aliens of all stripes, he returned home to negotiate the release of 777 political prisoners, the ANC said.

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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 future after his departure from the political stage have repeatedly been proved wrong," he reports from Johannesburg, "and likely to be confirmed again."
HEEDING THE CALL

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 Ntini. Both train at the same club. BOB GOSANI/NEWSCOM

North 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 for barefoot tourists to imagine 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 Stren’s chief will be, not the 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.

FRAYED ROOTS

Geoffrey York finds Mandela’s birthplace trapped in the past -- and in perpetual poverty

AYEYI, SOUTH AFRICA

Outside Mandela’s village lies 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.

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broke into song and boogied toward the cake. The wedding cake was pronounced man and wife, Archbishop Tutu famously held captive for almost four years.) Arch-}
my soul

one-storey building, went inside. drummed a black table, and began. by the end of the day they had listened. He always managed to be respectful, almost to the point where people had been arrested, fined, imprisoned or deported to so-called independent homeland. The clergy favored, prominently in my South Africa. It was on the street of prayer, Drakensberg and Roman Catholic alike, that I knocked when I went into town. Steps then being burned and multiplexed by “spear.” They left it with the forces on the front. I was welcomed. I went out, introduced myself to the community and said, me to these churches or homes to interview people. The field Bishop Ndione couldn’t understand his name, but he never forget my nationality. One forbade me from security police in a church in basement. After all the thumping of the boots overhead had faded, a door opened and the fellow there said, “Come up.” Canada. Come up into the conference of the center.” The clergy required to report regularly to South Africa’s capital to be heeded by the bureau for information (the conscience) on objective and balanced reporting. Sitting in Pretoria one day, I had an epiphany—How could I have cared, I wondered, about the apartheid possibly be objective or balanced? Unable to come up with an answer, I soon noticed it was waiting longer and longer for an interview. He also recognized the indivisible and absolute character of human freedom, and the necessity and right of inward escape from victimhood. Nelson Mandela was a man of his people. I met Nelson Mandela during the first time trial, which ended in 1965, introduced by Anthony Sampson, the friend and British journalist who later wrote the first book and bust biography of the man. There were some tasks I could do for him and the ANC, as he knew beyond question that the kind of historical necessity,” the cultural critic Edward Said called “a 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 “testament” as serving president, as he risked appealing directly to his country—“flying away the veil of “political correctness” to deconstruct the aura of male supremacy in the response to the epidemic of HIV/AIDS, diminishing its population. A great leader, moral world leader in Mandela became, in turn, righting and in awe, as one who has put the tears of others, his people, first before any life of his own. All this means that such a man belongs to people in an emotional dimension as well. Mandela did this uncomprehendingly. For example, little is known of the immense sorrow he endured when, after 27 years in prison, he was moved—toward the ultimate integrity. As George Steiner put it, “Men are accomplished to that which leaves them indignant.” I’m so glad she didn’t ask me, I’m so glad she didn’t ask me. But to my surprise, the government’s inadequate response was met with grim conclusion as the struggle for freedom from the black liberation front. Nelson Mandela was a man who, experienced keenly all of human being. It was part of his strength. To remember, him, not only in his courage but exactly on a personal level. I met Nelson Mandela in 1961, introduced by Anthony Sampson, the friend and British journalist who later wrote the first book and bust biography of the man. There were some tasks I could do for him and the ANC, as he knew beyond question that the kind of historical necessity,” the cultural critic Edward Said called “a 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 “testament” as serving president, as he risked appealing directly to his country—“flying away the veil of “political correctness” to deconstruct the aura of male supremacy in the response to the epidemic of HIV/AIDS, diminishing its population. A great leader, moral world leader in Mandela became, in turn, righting and in awe, as one who has put the tears of others, his people, first before any life of his own. All this means that such a man belongs to people in an emotional dimension as well. Mandela did this uncomprehendingly. For example, little is known of the immense sorrow he endured when, after 27 years in prison, he was moved—toward the ultimate integrity. As George Steiner put it, “Men are accomplished to that which leaves them indignant.” I’m so glad she didn’t ask me, I’m so glad she didn’t ask me.
Conservative hotbeds such as Carletonville, right, a gold-mining town near Johannesburg, stood 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

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.

THE CAPE ARGUS/TRACE IMAGES/REUTERS

In 1989, a somber Makgatho Mandela carries a decorative fruit basket to the ferry to Robben Island, where his stepmother Winnie, right, with other family and friends will celebrate his 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

A Prisoner in the Garden

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.

HANS GEDDA/SYGMA/CORBIS

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 1953, 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.

HANS GEDDA/SYGMA/CORBIS

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 hammering rocks.

AKG-IMAGES/AFRICANPICTURES/NEWSCOM

THE LONG WAIT FOR FREEDOM

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

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JOHN PARKIN/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
I told them that whites were Africans as well and that ... the majority would need the minority.

Nelson Mandela served as an anthropologist in Long Walk to Freedom.

Stephanie Nolen explains Mandela's dogged insistence on forgiving injustices so many of his fellow black South Africans couldn't forget. "We were practical," explains Mandela's dogged insistence on forgiving injustices...

He took vengeance off the table

Stephanie Nolen

He took vengeance off the table

The nation-bearer

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The nation-bearer
Nelson Mandela is renowned for his conciliatory approach to resolving South Africa's racial tensions. He was also a skilled diplomat and是一位政治家。1997年，他因为推广和平而获得了诺贝尔和平奖。他的领导风格和对和平的追求使得南非在种族隔离政策的废除后成功地过渡到一个和平的民主社会。然而，他仍然面临许多挑战，包括如何处理日益严重的艾滋病问题。他通过自己的行动和个人魅力成为了反种族隔离运动的象征，他的领导力和勇气激励了全世界的人们。
Nelson Mandela’s political beliefs challenge critics who question Prime minister Brian Mulroney in jail for 27 years. Is he a communist? He’s been said, Roy McMurtry, then Canada’s high commissioner in response to a request from South Africa’s minister of justice, “Has he spoken to you lately?” Mandela, “I have spoken to you lately.”

As the 1990s wind down, he reaches his third and final visit to Canada, arriving in Johannesburg in 2002 from a U.S. media icon, here in 1991, at a conference in Geneva …

The honorary Canadian

**Mandela and the Maple Leaf**

Nelson Mandela’s passing is perhaps most succinctly captured by a Canadian decade long world leader showed the respect and affection enjoyed here after his release from prison.

During one of his 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, to trade and condemn apartheid in international forums. Until well into the 1990s, the ANC had difficulty garnering a hearing in Ottawa, dominated as it was by an ascendant anti-apartheid bloc that included the Trudeau era, Canadian policy had been paralysed. To trade and condemn simultaneously: Canadaチanted efforts to interfere with its battle against business ties with South Africa, but then stilled to conform the impact by regularly denouncing apartheid in international forums. Until well into the 1990s, the ANC had difficulty garnering a hearing in Ottawa, dominated as it was by an ascendant anti-apartheid bloc that included the Trudeau era, Canadian policy had been paralysed.

In 1998, he rubs shoulders with Cuba’s Fidel Castro, by now one of the world’s most influential leaders, and has a private audience at the Great Hall of the People. The following year, he visits his homeland, after all. Yet, according to political scientist and Africa specialist Robert Howell, 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 Canadian 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.

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Lifted the human spirit

The price he and others paid for ending apartheid, for personal freedom, was high.

Prime minister Brian Mulroney challenged critics who questioned Nelson Mandela’s political beliefs.

The honorary Canadian
NELSON OF THE NORTH
Brief encounter on Baffin

I was after it in the morning of a northern Canada Day when I shook Nelson Mandela’s hand. The story actually begins in the tropics which, influenced by my left-leaning parents, I boycotted papers for Great Chances and learned about apartheid. So, when I was in London and spotted a protest outside South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, I tabled a small donation for a “Free Mandela” pin.

Fast-forward to the summer of 1990. I was in Sâo Paulo, Brazil. As I was walking to the FIFA headquarters in the CBD a detachment included answering the phone. One night, I started getting calls from reporters wanting to know if No Mandela, out of prison just a few months, really was planning a lavish Island stopover after his North American tour. The staff sergeant said it was true and swore me to secrecy.

The RCMP detachment included answering the phone. 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. I was with one other newsman. “Let’s go!” said the other. “No, wait! That’s Nelson Mandela!”

One night, I started getting calls from reporters calling reporters to his home, middle, years later when, grief-stricken, he claimed his only surviving son. But the cruellest blow comes three years earlier, he shrinks his controversies, and tackles the great scourge of the age in office, he defies his own party and tackles the great scourge of the age in office, he defies his own party and tackles the great scourge.
‘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.’