

THE BUSHMAN'S STORY

A fiction by Michael Picardie

THERE IS A DREAM DREAMING US.

I was found on the doorstep of a doctors' surgery in a cardboard box wrapped in a jackal *kaross* in August 1946. It was a dog, the household dog, an intrepid guard dog, a Rhodesian Ridgeback called Sheba, still nursing her puppies who discovered me in my humble improvised cradle. Apparently she, Sheba took a fancy to me. She licked me clean of the amniotic fluid still sticking to my Bushchild's skin. I cried, and she got into the box, thinking perhaps that I was in some way a hybrid between a human and a strange kind of brown, hairless puppy. Like Romulus and Remus and the wolves who reared them, her teats even squirted milk into my face as a kind of unconditioned reflex because at least she and I were mammals and she was tuned in to infantile squeaking. *Semper aliquid novi Africam adferre: Africa always brings us something new.* Bontle their Bozambwean maid discovered me, shooed out my canine mother-substitute, put me on the kitchen sink, wiped dog-milk off me, cleaned my *kaross* with a light solution of washing-up liquid which she carefully dried, and took me into the Maimons' bedroom saying: "*Mpho, neo, thelesetso, kabelo*" all of which mean "present." Startled, Jessica and John jumped out of bed. Sheba and her puppies, sensing the alarm in the atmosphere barked furiously. Jessica instinctively looked into Mordechai's nursery to see if he was alright. Jessica and John jumped into the Land Rover and drove around the streets of the little town shouting to startled early-morning commuters: "Has anybody seen *Basarwa* bring a baby to our doorstep?" That's what the Bozambweans call Bushpeople. Everybody laughed. The white man's burden: his guilty conscience, his sense of duty, his medical ethics. To this day they never really understood why Africans sometimes laugh at the bizarrely tragic. Not that this was the start of a tragedy. But the bizarre.... Africa is bizarre. Everything is improvised and hybridised. Naturally doctors are trained to sort out a balls-up. A cock-up. I never found out who out there in the Naga Wilderness didn't want me.

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They proved to be as kind as their dog and showed me nothing but love and acceptance. They saw to it that I was well-educated, better than the average San or African person or even many Southern African whites. But what is education compared to love and respect, dignity and truth? A few years ago I would perhaps have been strangled and buried at birth. When faced with incomprehension or rejection I developed a dignified smile. *A Bushman boy in nice European clothes!* My adoptive father and brother taught me how to fight, bare-fisted if need me, but better still, how to box in the ring. Cricket, rugby, swimming, tennis, running – fight them with their own sporting equipment on their fields of "play"!

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San in the Khoi-Khoi (Hottentot) language means those who live from the earth and are poor. In fact, we were once reliant on a life of hunting and gathering where the game and edible vegetation were abundant. Now, besides having been the victims of a genocide in the 18th century, we are all suffering from climate change producing frequent drought and desertification. The arrival of a capitalist system of cattle-ranching intrudes on our hunting and gathering. The great and wonderful beasts of Africa are dying out and only a few activists seek to protect them. I teach ecology and philosophy at Bozambwe University and

volunteer as a game ranger. Profiteers, not Bushpeople poach rhino, selling powdered horn to customers, often in China, who, superstitiously, believe that the erect horn aids potency. If the poacher fires at me, I fire back, shooting to kill before he kills me. This is in aid not really of us the *Basarwa*, but to keep the tourists coming in spending their pounds, euros, dollars to see our “unspoilt” Naga Wilderness.

I pity them. But how is one to save the planet if places like the Naga Wilderness are plundered of trees and bush so as to drive out the animals for the profit of gangsters, increasing carbon dioxide, and heating up the earth to the point where climate change, global warming will bring about the end of civilisation?

The Wilderness is already afflicted with drought. We have to bring in irrigation from mobile four-wheel drive tankers drawing from boreholes to save billions of dying bushes and trees. Many of the Bushpeople I know in Bozambwe have become a rural proletariat surviving on wage-labour because the game have moved more or less permanently north to the Okavango Delta. Cattle-ranching, and diamond-mining and have enriched the black and white elite whilst climate change has disturbed the balance of hunting-and-gathering in relation to the natural environment which sustained us since human time began - if you trace us back to the original *homo sapiens* which evolved in the Rift Valley of East Africa about 250,000 years ago. Then the savanna was verdant enough to capture carbon emissions from Bushpeople’s and Africans’ fires and methane from their cattle.

All our ideas about the universe were steeped in mythology and science has shattered our old cosmologies. For the better.

I am aware that time and possibly space in our universe began about 13.75 billion years ago. The universe may have begun with a singularity, infinitely small and dense, perhaps the result of a previous contraction of stars, planets and gaseous matter. Now we know how to split the atom the civilized can destroy the world many times over whilst descendants of “primitives” like us

Bushpeople are at the mercy of mineral and fuel prospectors and have to teach them civilization: do not exhaust the earth to build cities which will produce more carbon emissions.

Now in a still expanding universe, its individual stars like our sun within its galaxy, the Milky Way, will explode when its nuclear fuel nears exhaustion, heating up and wiping out life in a nearby planet like Earth and virtually destroying its other nearby planets in about five million years' time.

Why? Where is there God to answer this question?

Some exploding stars, supernovae, as our sun will become, may contract into black holes swallowing everything near them. No one really knows whether a collapse inward of an entire universe formed our original singularity. And there may be other universes obeying the same or different laws of physics. Might "open" universes swallow each other up? Or collide, being young enough to avoid the fate of being swallowed eventually into a multiplicity of black holes which collapse into singularities? But as the kids say there is no planet B.

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But we, the stone-age hunter-gatherers inherited a cultural belief in an eternal after-life which in ancient days meant we would never leave the only environment we knew even after death, and in which we were deeply and profoundly immersed, despite all its dangers, despite tribal wars, despite diseases, despite droughts and poverty. Now I have to persuade the insurrectionaries who try to save the planet – the philosophers and the game-rangers and the politicians who remain human in a full sense – that it is worth putting themselves "on the line" – whatever that is.

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With us there was division of labour but not on the terrific scale found in the industrial state. Not a class or caste system of universal proportions, run by bureaucracies. *At first* it did not matter to us that our cosmology was culturally at odds with the modern world and scientifically *wrong*. Now it does matter. The modern world will swallow us up like a black hole if we remain as we are - the remnants of stone-age hunter-gatherers living on the fringes of modern societies, liable to alcoholism and family breakdown and ill-health and poverty and not well versed in advanced experimental science. We were and are well-versed in the plant and animal biology of the Naga, knowing a huge amount about animal psychology and the zoology and the ecology of the region. We knew that before western education arrived.

Before the Europeans arrived in numbers to settle in the Cape from 1652 onwards - Dutch, French and German farmers brought here by the Dutch East India Company, we, stone-age people, lived in small groups with no national institutions. We felt at home in our world which we tried to share with the taller, tribal, Iron Age military cattle-keeping nations, the Bantu-speakers, the Nguni like the Zulu, Xhosa, Swazi, Ndebele; the Herero, Nama, Sotho, Tswana, Pedi, Tsonga, Shangaan, Venda and Shona who immigrated into Southern Africa from the north, and were settled here about 1500 years ago, some say later. Now the Africans are dominant.

We were hunters and gatherers but we lived alongside the Bantu-language speaking Africans, and the animals. We did dispute land rights and there was fighting before we ourselves were hunted almost to extinction in South Africa itself in the 18th century in a genocide as a retaliation for what was alleged: that we stole and mutilated the European farmers' cattle. This happened in South Africa itself, where our remnants were absorbed into the "Coloured" group in the apartheid hierarchy alongside our early neighbours, the cattle-herding nomadic Khoi-Khoi, the Hottentots, some of whom became slaves of the white farmers, or at least serfs. They killed us as less than the animals which they could at least eat.

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They roasted us on spits but some instinctive nausea stopped them from eating us: they were civilized enough to for the most part to blow out our brains instantly and not so uncivilized as to cannibalise us although they offered our roasted bodies to their servants.

Now only perhaps 60,000 of us Bushpeople or San survive on the margins of society in the Southern African states bordering South Africa and Namibia. Some of us serve in legislatures, because we have become trained, educated, therefore occupy positions of power in modern parts of new societies. I don't see them laying down their lives to save mankind which used their forefathers as slave labour to fire up their factories and work their farms and plantations for profit.

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In immemorial time according to the legends recorded by Wilhelm Bleek and Lucy Lloyd, I would have felt that I, as a Bushman, could be incarnated as a spirit in an antelope who might visit my grave.

Think of it. Looking after my own grave. Respected as me, //Xhabbo /Xam.

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During my life I would have been felt embodied in clouds which mimicked my white hair as I aged. I would have been able to gaze upon water-flowers which would have symbolised or even incarnated young girls who were killed by the Lightning which we concretised as a personification, as a literal, embodied metaphor, as we did Rain. I would have believed that death would be signalled by shooting stars, and spoken about by woodpeckers which would bring news of mortality to fellow San, news which was magically contained in reflections in a deep river into which shooting stars (meteorites) and woodpeckers would deposit and retrieve news of human fatality.

In fact woodpeckers simply attract their potential mates' attention to insect-ridden, dead trees, enabling survival for the chosen mate and their hatchlings. When we go and investigate, the cunning old bird draws us on to further exploration – “peck-peck-peck!”, because for 250,000 years and longer, the bird which pecked loudest and harvested well would pin-point for us more fuel from dead trees, and chopping them open would release more insect-food for them to forage. A symbiotic relationship with evolutionary consequences.

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Mordechai my natural-born brother and I, //Xhabbo /Xam adopted by his parents, studied Latin amongst other subjects for our university matriculation 17 years after our births in 1946 and came to the hair-raising conclusion that *fortuna* was arbitrary.

The ancient Greeks called it *moira*. Fate.

The Jews called it *mazel*. Luck.

If Mordechai's mother, who was my adoptive mother Jessica, had not been saved by the *Kindertransport* at 16 in 1939 she would have been worked to death or gassed in a German concentration camp.

The rabid poison of ethnocentric discourse came partly from being born just after the days of Hitler's unspeakable war, from which the British Empire in 1946, despite its divide and rule racism (think of Hindu-Muslim mass-murder in India-Pakistan in 1947 after Partition) was a haven.

We were just over the border from the toxic environment of the Union, then the Republic of South Africa which never fully transcended apartheid even after Nelson Mandela, great man though he was, came to power as leader of a liberation movement which knew nothing about representative parliamentary party politics, a skilled civil service, an independent judiciary and the rule of law.

We lived in the British Protectorate of Bozambwe where the art of political civilization was a little better known but there was no democracy until independence came just before diamonds were discovered in 1966 / 1967.

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The first word I uttered was "Mordy" – so they told me when I started talking at about 2 – pointing at him. Simultaneously Mordechai called me by my San name //Khabbo. We slept in adjacent cots.

Authentically, it should be spelt and pronounced //Khabbo according to Dr Wilhelm Bleek and Lucy Lloyd who first recorded our ethnology and orthology. But the // click, the lateral click, is hard for Europeans to learn because it doesn't exist in European languages nor is it written as such in African languages, so my parents and Mordechai and Africans called me Xhabbo, and my birth and adoption certificates say Xhabbo – virtually the same click in Xhosa and easy to recognise and write.

With our five clicks we are not ashamed of sounding like bird-people and insect-people. If the world stopped dead in the old stone age life would have been more nasty, brutal, poor and short, than it is already but the world would have had a future – until the sun blew up in five million years' time.

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Mordechai and I played together protected by !Ka!karo and !Gae on the shady veranda of our parents' house in Hanzi town.

!Ka!karo and !Gae were teenage brother and sister, also San who both worked for our parents, the doctors John and Jessica Maimon.

A kind and beautiful Bozambwean woman, Bontle, helped with the baby-sitting so that !Ka!karo and !Gae could go to our parents' school and attended John our father's church where he was the Anglican priest.

Bontle went to school as a child and an adult and spoke good isiZambwe and English. She was interested in women's rights. Her husband or ex-husband had paid dowry *kobela ya mosadi* to her father and was treating her like a chattel until she got him jailed for assault.

It was the winter school holidays, in July. !Ka!karo and !Gae talked to us in the local San language, /Xam, with its five click sounds, specific gutturals, and intonational vowels. The click sounds make our speech in the bush sound like insects, or birds, like aural camouflage. Putting the prey off-guard.

Perhaps this was its evolutionary rationale. The older boys and the men would be hunting with bows and arrows poisoned with the lethal juice of a certain grub, and the women and children gathered roots, shoots, leaves and nuts. In fact, many had also to work for farmers as labourers and herders, kitchen maids and some would be fortunate enough to be educated. As for me and Mordechai, education did not turn us gutless.

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In the school holidays, when Mordechai and I were 7 in 1953 our parents and the local San who lived outside the town in the Naga Wilderness let us go hunting with them. We carried bows and poisoned arrows and spears.

I was not as used to the sun despite all the melanin in my brown skin and was not as practiced as the "real" San in barefoot and sandal running. I had to wear trainers to protect my soles from the rough grass and stones, a long-sleeved khaki shirt, long trousers, a sun hat. My brother Mordechai, came with, dressed the same, with sun-block on his hands and face.

If the San knew who my birth parents were, they were not letting on. They certainly knew and respected the medical expertise of John and Jessica Maimon, who, conversely, also learned veld-medicine from the San. There are hundreds of plants with distinct medicinal properties including hallucinogenic agents which aid the religious ritual of the trance-dance.

San hunting usually involves wounding and chasing the running prey although they will wait patiently all night at a porcupine hole. They also set traps and snares. The poisoned arrow leaves a superficial or a deeper wound. The poison is made from the larva and pupae of chrysomelid beetles in the genus *diamphidia*.

It may take hours to run down and kill a small buck just wounded with a poisoned arrow, and even a day or more to kill a large antelope like an eland, which we would have to follow by tracking footprints over miles.

We, the two youngest of the boys and men, had shot a small springbok. Typical of enlightened liberals of the time John and Jessica had brought us up to eat little meat.

Making sure they had no cuts in their mouths or lips Ka!karo and !Gae showed us how they sucked out the toxin from the springbok without swallowing it and how to sterilise the wound with a paste of veld-medicine. We tied up the shocked and exhausted springbok who, amazingly, survived its slight poisoning and the trauma of capture.

That winter's evening we were brought home by !Ka!karo and !Gae dead tired but alive. San boys and girls had previously taught us how to follow our tracks home recognising our footprints. Besides, we had our own household dog Sheba to sniff the way home. John and Jessica put Bokkie in a pen with our other pets including porcupines, armadillos, hares, guarded from aerial and land predators by our dog and vertical fences, open to the sky. Our dog would share the pen with the menagerie to deter raids from the air and land.

Fed and watered, the pets became tame. We tried to find mates for them and help them breed offspring. If they seemed unhappy we would drive into the Naga Wilderness and camp out with them, shepherding them into safe havens and helping them dig new nests. It was impossible to keep a springbok which can leap 12 feet. So, when Bokkie recovered from his wound he leapt over the 6 foot fence and, we followed him in the Land-Rover till he caught up with a herd and waited to see if another group of springbok would accept him.

Hunting it and the cure of its wound and freeing it had been a kind of initiation ordeal. How could one kill and eat something so beautiful? But of course, another culture dependent on hunting would find us strange or sentimental.

That night we joined in a San trance dance to celebrate the freeing of the springbok and our first hunt. The moon was full. The truly indigenous /Xam San knew this prayer but we had to learn it from the old Cape Colony ethnologists and orthologists, Bleek and Lloyd:

“O Moon yonder! Take my face! Give me your face! Take my face! It does not feel pleasant! Give me your face! When you have died you return. When we think we will not see you again you return!” Of course, it is a prayer for eternal life. But even the moon will be destroyed by the exploding sun in 5 million years’ time. Therefore, dear people, show *uBuntu* which means humanity, now.

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Mordechai and I must have been attached to each other as a kind of twin-entity, separated in age by only a couple of months. When we were still toddlers, a favourite game was looking at each other in the mirror of our parents’ bedroom, and chatting with the reflection of the other in the mirror. We took it for granted that the significant Other one to me Xhabbo (apricot-brown), was Mordechai (olive-white) and vice-versa and this was in the order of things.

Mordechai and I wanted to be like our parents. When we were very young we were not conscious of being white and brown, European and San. It soon dawned on us over the years of adolescence, reading our parents medical, history, philosophy books, their novels, poetry and plays with a dictionary and encyclopaedia to fill in what we didn’t understand, that our relationship was virtually unique in Bozambwe or at least in Hanzi in the late 1940s. Western knowledge eventually made sense to us. And African anthropology. And even the bible and post biblical commentaries in Hebrew and English.

The tribal Hebrew God mellowed in the writings of the rabbis. It took us time to realise what a kaleidoscope of cultures we inhabited. Just growing up, even going from day to day, things that we took for granted as part of our rich complex mixed world would, through the eyes of the average African, European or San person in Bozambwe, seem extraordinarily difficult to negotiate.

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When the school holidays were over at the end of July, our mother, Dr. Jessica Maimon, would be running the medical surgery in the front rooms of the house. Our father would be teaching us, the juniors, English, or geography, maths or history in the school next to the church. If the English of individual children wasn't up to it he would switch to /Xam or isiBozambwe or Afrikaans. He was a profoundly intelligent, wise and ethical person. She was loving, resolute, kind, strong, loyal and superbly confident.

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At night the sight and smell of our parents' bodies, arms over each other in a double bed made us feel secure whilst the sun set and jackals and hyenas could be heard calling their mates and young outside the fence surrounding and protecting the town from the Naga Wilderness.

A European NGO had put up the money for the engineers and the materials, and volunteers from the Southern African universities came to work-camps in their holiday time so as to help erect a fence with gates and animal-grids negotiable by people and drivers so making the townspeople safe from predators but evidently not from baby donors.

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Just after independence in 1966 after diamonds were discovered the town council laid on water-borne sewerage in a facility on the side of the town where the prevailing breeze took the smell away.

This happened when Bozambwe became rich: officially diamonds were discovered just after the time of independence in 1966 – actually 1967. Perhaps those in the know already understood before 1966 that diamonds were likely to be present in kimberlite deposits.

We were 21 and away at university in Johannesburg. In Hanzi a water-works was installed with pipes to individual houses, even ones which could not afford the rates and taxes of the town council. The rate of endemic diseases, like intestinal infections fell. The next epidemiological threat was AIDS which arrived in the 1980s and 1990s, brought in by lorry drivers and liberation fighters who used sex-workers based in small towns and villages along the roads running through Bozambwe to and

from South Africa, South West Africa (later Namibia) and what was still Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and Angola.

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White liberals like Mordechai and Jessica had a job explaining Cecil Rhodes "gift" to the natives through the Colonial Office and with the agreement of his friend Joseph Chamberlain the Colonial Secretary of State in Westminster and Parliament, of what never belonged to the British government – the Protectorates - in any other sense but as geo-political facts: land-grabs – yet with a moral purpose: to "protect" the indigenous.

It became a kind of genuine Protectorate which in 1966 mutated into an independent Bozambwe, and thus an autonomous member of the British Commonwealth. The British originally needed the Protectorate to abut and defend the railway, and the road leading to the next territory of the Empire going north – Rhodesia – named after one of the few men in world history to have a country named after him in his lifetime.

Jacob was re-named Israel by a dark angel of God with whom he wrestled all night long. And America was named after Amerigo Vespucci. I liked those facts. They seemed to ideologically humanise what were otherwise just landmasses belonging since time immemorial to – who? *Homo sapiens* and the other animals? God? The cosmos? Now even huge abstract entities can "own", "let". "invest in" millions of square miles of what we saw as animal and human space - like "our" Naga Wilderness.

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Rhodes would have left his huge wealth to a young man called Pickering who died prematurely. Pickerania doesn't have the same classical aura. Rhodes. Crete. Sicily. And then Zimbabwe. It had its own Iron Age ruins dating from the empires of Mwene Mutapa and the Rozvi.

Mordechai and I had to study for our Cambridge "O" and "A" levels privately tutored by our parents. The alternative was to study at Gabone High School 800 miles away to the east and full of children of the black and white elite who might have looked down at me as San. There were a handful of Jewish boys and girls – children of traders and Israeli academics whom we had met at Passover time in Hanzi and Gabone. We found their own suffering as Jews made them sympathetic to us.

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My adoptive parents, who originally named me //Khabbo, then changed it to Xhabbo to make the spelling easier for Africans and whites. It means “dream” in /Xam. Jessica had a dream before I arrived on their doorstep, just after Mordechai’s premature birth. In the dream she gave birth to a San baby as a kind of delayed twin.

I imagine post-puerperal mothers often have strange dreams. Although they had lived amongst Bushpeople and Africans only since 1946 their unconscious minds were being permeated by Southern Africa. Perhaps San people overheard the gossip about the meaning of the dream. Africa is like that. Everybody knows everybody else’s intimate business. They intuited or had overheard Jessica talking to John about the wish fulfilment dream – a San “twin”.

And so, I had to confront the possibility that amongst other possible reasons I was given away to partly to fulfil Jessica’s dream. And I was named “Dream”, “Xhabbo” in /Xam.

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John and Jessica had trained at Oxford and in London in the early 1940s and served in North Africa towards the end of the war.

John Maimon’s father, now retired, had also been a missionary-doctor living in Hanzi before the war. John inherited the house, the general medical practice and had an ardent desire to follow his father old Dr Maimon as an ordained priest in the Anglican church built next to the house in Hanzi.

Old Dr Maimon owned the church building and the school which he built after having inherited a large fortune from his father who was a trader in diamonds. Generations ago the Maimons came from the Netherlands from which they had emigrated in the 17th century to England. Before the Netherlands they were Spanish Jews evicted from Spain in 1492. They were related to the great and famous philosopher of the medieval period, Maimonides – Moshe ben Maimon.

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1946. The younger Dr and Mrs Maimon, our parents, had finished their medical training in Oxford and London, and John completed his ordination at Harvard. They had served Up North in 1944. They sought out teachers in Johannesburg, and learned isiZambwe, the main language of Bozambwe and the San dialect /Xam, spoken in Hanzi.

The old Dr and Mrs Maimon had retired to the capital Gabone. They had come to Bozambwe before the war, from London where the Maimons had worked as missionaries and he as a doctor amongst the emigrant and refugee poor in the East End where they had a house and surgery.

In London the old Maimons made friends with rabbis from Eastern Europe, imams from Pakistani, Iraqi and Yemeni mosques, Brahmin priests from Hindu temples. Old Dr Maimon had even acquired a specialisation in psychiatry.

Old Mrs Maimon had been a social worker working with Nicholas Winton to rescue Jewish children from the fate that awaited them in the death camps. It was in this role that she met her future daughter-in-law Jessica Kahn, rescued by the *Kindertransport*.

In fact, the young Dr Maimon, starting his medical training in Oxford, met Jessica at the Maimon's house in Hackney. He was 20 and she was 16 and it was, so they said, love at first sight. They were and are quite handsome and beautiful and learned and wise.

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At the University in Johannesburg the young Maimons found a remarkable African linguist, a lecturer in African Languages, Dr Moloi, who gave them lessons in the languages of Bozambwe and how to pronounce the clicks in /Xam such as /, the dental click ("c" in Zulu and Xhosa) and // which is the lateral click, equivalent to the Xhosa/Zulu click "x". And the gutterals. And the *intonation* of the vowels in words and sentences. "!" is the palatal click – "q" in Zulu/Xhosa. Capital "X" is a guttural in /Xam but the lateral click in Xhosa.

As long as they didn't actually call me "Dream" in English which has quite a different connotation – making people laugh.... Which just shows how the two cultures differ. We, the San took our dreams seriously.

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Abe Abrahams, the Hanzi shopkeeper and pharmacist, had come to Bozambwe before the war and also served Up North in Libya and Egypt in the 8th Army. His wife Lydia and their grown sons and daughters-in-law and their grandchildren had a farm locally, and his family helped with Abe's general store and pharmacy. As a qualified pharmacist Abe sold medicines or made them up in a tiled, easily cleanable, hygienic part of the shop. He had sons, Ike and Zac who like their father had gone to Johannesburg to train as pharmacists and worked their small farms as well.

They had made such a success of their farms and the shop that they had bought a light bi-plane so they could fly to Jo'burg and import drugs and medicines which otherwise arrived from pharmaceutical wholesalers by train and lorry. Taking weeks from when a telephone order was made.

There was a telephone line looping along on poles lining the rough red-earth roads connecting the country and South Africa. The farmers also used short-wave radio as did Abe Abrahams.

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Our parents, John and Jessica, in their 20s-30s, had to get baby-milk powder. It proved too difficult for Jessica to suddenly have to cope with a couple of babies breastfeeding, one totally unexpected.

There was, besides the shop / pharmacy in Hanzi, an hotel, a few other grocery and clothing shops owned by Asians, garages run by Afrikaners, and farmers' agricultural supply stores.

Eventually modernity arrived in the form of a police-station, a post-office, a local government office responsible for rates and taxes and the water, electricity and sewerage services after independence.

There was a mixture of stone and corrugated iron roofed houses for the local professionals and shopkeepers, and on the outskirts, still traditional mud and thatched huts and *kraals* for cattle, sheep and goats. All protected by the invaluable town fence and animal grids and farm gates across the roads keeping the Naga and its wild animals out and the humans and domesticated beasts in.

Abe Abrahams the pharmacist, was, he said of himself, when the 1960s arrived, the most *far out* Jew in the Protectorate. By this he meant he read and wrote modern poetry, played modern jazz on a saxophone to the accompaniment of Stan Getz records at parties. *And* he and his family were the *farthest* Jewish people out westward going towards the remote border with what was South West Africa which had been German West Africa in pre-World War One days.

Abe didn't feel at home with Germans. The war. One street, in Windhoek was named after Herman Goering's father. Plenty of Abe Abrahams had died in the Holocaust. Six million if you reckoned that all Jews are actually or symbolically descendants of their father the biblical Abraham.

The war. Jessica and John told us about the war. Then there were the Gypsies. And the political and religious dissidents. Oh, so many more died. They say 20,000,000 Russians. And innocent Germans, and the French Resistance. In the 20th century perhaps 80 million died in wars in Europe and the Far East. Why do people call us primitive or refer to the pre-modern mentality as "The Savage Mind" – anthropologists too?

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I looked indubitably like a San person. Could the Maimons cope with that as well as a white child of their own? I can just imagine them thinking of all the complications likely to await us. For one thing Jessica Maimon (née Kahn) also a doctor, wasn't a Christian but, as I said, was Jewish. John Maimon had Jewish origins but was an Anglican minister, a convert to Christianity like his father and mother who were proud of their Jewish origins in Sephardi Spain and Protestant Holland before they emigrated to England to escape Hitler.

They tried to explain all these cultural complexities to me and Mordechai, bit by bit over time, until we were old enough to grasp it and, and the need to be against race prejudice and discrimination by teaching us to be brave, strong and proud of our own and their cultural and biological heritage.

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Mordechai as the naturally born Jew of a Jewish mother was not so burdened by anything like a mysterious birth. Yet we came to love each other as brothers should. The shadow of what we called the Cain /Abel and the Ishmael/Isaac and the Jacob/Esau complexes seemed to escape us.

I developed a neurosis about sudden death in the very early morning. As a teenager I would awake before dawn with morbid thoughts. I would feel for a stick or a gun underneath my bed. As if I was re-living the birth event and the foundling experience. In the very early morning, coinciding with the time I was discovered on the Maimon's doorstep. With the imagined threat of scavenger or hunting animals who could walk or fly into the town. There was no fence then. Hyenas, vultures, eagles.

We had Sheba sniffing the dawn air for predators watching over the pets' pen. We needed her in the night if John and Jessica were called out by a farmer's family when someone was suddenly taken ill 10 or 20 miles away on the limestone ridge.

In the 1980s and the early 1990s there were ex-soldiers from the liberation armies based in Namibia and Angola who became criminals. The liberation armies produced mutinous and AIDS infected soldiers. It was a job getting them to take anti-retrovirals and use condoms. Across the border in South Africa a President banned anti-retrovirals because he thought AIDS was a disease of poverty alone. Tens of thousands died because of the President's apparent propaganda ploy. Then, also across the border, another President enriched himself with bribes from arms companies cultivating the South Africa military, naval and air-force for new weapons like frigates and the latest in fighter planes bought from Britain and France.

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It wasn't just early morning waking with morbid thoughts. At times I felt vulnerable as if someone was waiting to steal my body at anytime, anywhere. Perhaps my San mother and father hurried me away from their camp outside Hanzi for that very reason and left me with the white doctors. Perhaps she was aware of children being kidnapped for body-parts: *muti* for witchdoctors. This happened in Bozambwe. This is not a racist lie.

*

A Mrs Alice Halliday, a half-retired university lecturer in anthropology who published research papers overseas, protected an elderly lion. Who could not keep his place in the pride. Leo had learned to growl outside her front door on the outskirts of the town. This was beyond the protection of the town's fence, gates and animal-grids. She fed him haunches of dried and salted buck which she had shot on expeditions in her four-wheel drive to parts of South West Africa, later Namibia and the Naga Wilderness and over the border in South Africa where it was legal to hunt.

We, the Maimons, also animal lovers, in Hanzi, kept an ear cocked for Leo's roaring in case his secret hiding place, accessible to scavengers like vultures, was discovered. A gang of vultures might bring him down for the hyenas to finish him off. He would be crouching in a baobab, miles out of town where he concealed himself in the high branches in dense greenery into which he was strong enough to climb after a meal of a few haunches of dried and salted hartebeest and a drink from Mrs Halliday's tin bath filled to the brim with fresh slightly treated water outside her front gate. She had her own borehole.

She was on the town council and cooperated with Abe Abrahams' pharmacy in getting the local authority to buy government subsidised water-purifying tablets for the African, San, Asian and European populace given that the aquifer water pumped up through boreholes was not altogether safe. Eventually there was a water-works with a borehole serving the whole town and waterpipes running under the pavements and under tarmac roads to the mud-huts and *kraals* watered through taps. There was even a borehole for the San miles into the Naga Wilderness. Until the Bozambwean People's Party government shut it down to keep out the San who frightened the game away by hunting at the expense of lucrative overseas tourism. They wanted tame animals to photograph. The primeval and the modern had coincided.

Leo would have not lasted long, terrifying the locals not used to the English love of animals. Leo was already under sentence of death for hunting pet cats and dogs who had escaped the town's protective fence. Without Mrs Halliday's near-miraculous relationship with the lion, Leo would probably be shot by a resident emerging from his farmhouse on the limestone ridge if his dogs scented Leo. Or the dreaded scavengers would tear him to pieces.

The English lady regarded it as a duty to save donkeys, mules and horses, abused or neglected by the very poor Bozambweans. A petition was organised and the Queen was written to recommending that Mrs Halliday be given an OBE or at least an MBE. She did in fact get a medal. At Buckingham Palace. It just goes to show. There is such a thing as respect for life, even the lives of the humblest animals. We respected hares, lions, ostriches, porcupines, giraffes, wildebeest, buffalo, duikers, dassies. And the secretive leopard. And the swift cheetah.

Mrs Halliday was incensed by cruelty to chickens being marketed in the streets, their claws tied and hanging upside down *alive*. She would buy bunches of them and put them in a hen-house where they could live out their days in peace before humane slaughter by Mrs Halliday herself who would then give the chickens away to the poor, after the birds were plucked and gutted, and their heads and claws removed by her rubber-gloved hands.

She had a field for the elderly, or ill-treated donkeys, mules and horses. She was the nearest thing to a Doctor Doolittle. She lent Mordechai and me the paperback novels whenever we visited.

*

Rather more dramatic than Dr Doolittle's animals was Mantis, a god-man with gossamer wings, goggling eyes on stalks, and razor-saw teeth as hands who swayed as if praying. There I was, a Bushman child, adopted by Europeans, learning about my culture from a white anthropologist.

*

This was our Ur-myth: so as to fool the children, Mantis reassembled himself after they had chopped him up when they found him as an apparently dead hartebeest lying in somewhere in the old Cape Colony without a wound on his body. They had cut him into parts to make it easier to carry the large animal home to roast and eat. But he was a god, or perhaps even God.

He became himself no matter how many times the children cut him up. Mantis=Mantis. He was himself, was identical with himself, infinitely compressed into himself. Not a trace of Nothingness seeped out of him, as Sartre would put it. He resurrected his dead son, killed by baboons who played with his eye which sees all things and having washed the eye, Mantis brought his son back to life, by cloning him from his eye. Which tells you about San ontology and epistemology, a prelude to science.

*

I once questioned my adoptive father about the unconscious substrate of the Christian myth - of the naked torment of the man Jesus and the resurrection of Christ. He covered his face to conceal his own conflict between his medical science and his religion: the only religion which has a tortured and humiliated man as its central icon.

My adoptive father John said all religions faced the issue of suffering, death and the hope of real or symbolic resurrection – the symbolic but cathartic forgiveness of sins, painfully regretted and confessed. Jesus the Jew was one of many Galilean charismatic healers.

Forgiveness of sin was our father John Maimon's central idea: it came about as the effect of prayer to and meditation on ethical Being-In-The-World as a transcendent, what Sartre called the *pour-soi*. It was transcendent but one could grasp it as an idea. Doing good didn't necessarily mean doing God. You had to address the in-itself, the *en-soi* also, which was the good deed, the particular thing, the phenomenon "in-itself". It was infinite by its very nature as a not fully graspable "thing-in-itself". He was, unusually for a missionary, a liberal Christian. He did a Ph.D. in philosophy and theology in his 70s driving or flying to Gabone University where the head of department was a very eminent Kenyan, originally a bishop.

Compared with the average minister of religion he really knew that the essence of Man was existence, and Being was always to be interpreted, not given as a dogma in the world or in a doctrine of substantiation or reincarnation but rather as a symbolic resurrection of Jesus as the Christ. Sometimes he would give a sermon on Buddhism and invited the Hindu and Muslim shopkeepers and their educated children whom he taught at the junior school to come to the church. Or to ask another clergyman to give the sermon in Gujarati or Koranic Arabic. They would make their discourse more practical focussing on good works as the fully understandable basis of faith. As his father the old Dr Maimon did in London.

In his own mind I think he accepted Freud and the anthropologists who suggested the Communion meal of Christ's body and blood was a symbolic enactment of the earliest pre-historic experience of the sons banding together to challenge the father's monopoly of the women, and the Ur-god's jealousy of his own children. There was, he thought nothing wrong with benign forms of ritual and symbolism which we call religion if it led to charity, kindness, brother- and sister-hood.

It was not necessary to fill the minds of believers with the gory details concerning the sons' guilt after castrating the Ur-father as happened to Uranus. At the hands of Chronos. They, the sons, Time and the Planet-Gods – Mercury, Mars and Jupiter-Zeus, emasculated and cannibalised the jealous father who ate his children and then by displacement, the sons ate his son's blood and flesh, re-enacting a ritual common in post-prehistoric religion. But this was just Greek myth. Even then good could come of it. From the drops of Uranus' blood in the foam of the sea-shore Aphrodite appeared – goddess of love.

There was a *sacred* reminder in the Communion of how Abraham nearly killed his own son Isaac by contrast with Cain killing Abel. The serpent in Eden wrecked God's heaven and earth, but brought about a human understanding of good, evil, obedience, disobedience, truth, by teaching us the meaning of guile, corruption, death and work in the world.

Messianic figures taught wisdom - Moses, Buddha, Socrates.... Later Einstein, Hubble, Hawking taught science. For John Maimon it was not necessary to plunge too deep into the connections between science and religion through the Unconscious when there were so many pressing issues to do with sheer poverty and cruelty suffered by his congregants.

*

Abe Abrahams' pharmacy was like an information exchange so my adoptive parents asked him to put up a notice up to the effect that a Bushman baby had arrived on the doorstep of the Hanzi doctors, and did anybody know who his family might be....?

There was no response. Some people laughed, so I was told years later, most people sympathised, but no one said I was the son of some identified person or they knew something about my real origins. Some commiserated with the Maimons as if having a Bushman child would be taking on someone whose stigma was so universally inflicted. The very poorest San unable to form hunting bands lived in the past as slaves working for the wealthy stock farmers in Hanzi or in distant cattle-posts.

Why were we, faced with modernity, still stone-age hunter-gatherers? That was the question. Like Humpty-Dumpty on words: words mean what you want them to mean: the implication of "still" as backwardness.

To which we replied: why not still be hunter-gatherers? Words mean what Humpty-Dumpty chose them to mean: it was a question of who will be master (of words and everything else including the contemptuous use of the idea of hunter-gatherers "still" being at a "primitive?" – level of economic development). What could be more primitive than having enough nuclear weapons to destroy the world many times over?

*

The real question was: why had the civilized committed genocide against us? As the Dutch farmers did in the 18th century Cape Colony. Survival. Survival of the "fittest" – the more technologically advanced. That was it. Where was God? Where is God after Auschwitz? What is mankind going to do to make up for God?

*

With many of Jessica's Khan's family gassed in Auschwitz, Sobibor and Treblinka or shot by the *Einsatzgruppen* of local Lithuanian, Polish, Ukrainian, Belarussian Nazis under SS command, she knew how to stand her ground as a Jew in a Jew-hating world. She would show me and Mordechai our family tree and who were killed in what camp or shot by a death squad in the outskirts of a what particular village or town.

*

As a very young woman, still an adolescent girl really, before she took up medicine, Jessica our mother was a literary prodigy. After she came back from her training in Oxford and the war she went on writing novels and short stories about Hitler's Germany and the *Kindertransport* as a miracle which saved her as a girl of 16. She had them published in South Africa and London. Some royalties still came in. She loved the wild, unspoiled Naga Wilderness where she and John and friends from London and South Africa would go on camping holidays and see the wild-life.

*

I have the photographs John and Jessica took with their Leica camera of the Union Jack flag in Mafeking's central square outside the pre-independence British Protectorate's office, quite different from the South African flag. They had taken the plunge.

They registered both my and Mordechai's birth in Mafeking in late August 1946 and legalised my adoption after an official procedure. Mafeking was where the colonial Protectorate had its capital before it became independent Bozambwe in 1966. There were no race laws prohibiting inter-racial adoption in the British Protectorates.

Sometimes in adolescence and early adulthood the same thoughts would go round in my mind. Who and what was I really?

My mother wanted me to be Jewish. And a San person. If I could happily combine both. She found old Hebrew prayer-books but delayed the *brit milah* – the initiation into the covenant of Abraham. They could not find 10 Jews to form a quorum for my and Mordechai's circumcision. The Jews only came to Hanzi for Jessica's sake at Passover time in April or thereabouts. So they delayed the ceremony till then, although we were much more than 8 days old, the ritual requirement. Our father

John could and did perform the operation. He used a local anaesthetic so we didn't feel the pain at 8 months old. No doubt I would be mocked as a Jewish San person. Unheard of. The only one in the Naga Wilderness, capital Hanzi. Perhaps the only one in the world.

*

The same obsessional thoughts went round in my head in adolescence: it became a mantra for me which is why I had to repeat it: Bushman prisoners first taught Wilhelm Bleek and Lucy Lloyd the Cape San language and its folklore. Their homeland was the Northern Cape – actually originally the whole of Southern Africa was their hunting and gathering land. Then in the 19th century the Northern Cape was banned as a hunting-ground for Bushpeople. Hence their conviction for hunting giraffe. And punishment by hard-labour building the breakwater in Cape Town harbour and sleeping in a prison.

White civilization. Jessica my adoptive mother and Mordechai were good therapists when we were adolescents. There were advantages to civilisation.

We – John, Jessica, Mordechai and me – decided my brother and I would go on being Jews rather than Christians. We would have a delayed *bar mitzvah* in 1966 when we were already 20 and at the university in Johannesburg. The service would take place in the house of one of the Israelis in Gabone where there was a congregation. He was a trader called Avner Bloom who had built the first supermarket in what was to become the capital city. This coming of age ceremony was not a crisis for the family although John had his hands full with the church and the school and the medical practice. Additional teachers and nurses were paid for by the Anglican church, the British government and Anglo-American Diamonds which was revitalising Bozambwe.

Jessica would teach us Judaism and the biblical Hebrew so we could read from Avner's Torah scroll.

*

In 1994 a government of liberation came to power and apartheid was abolished

across the border. Mandela was democratically elected and the African National Congress ruled in a South Africa overcome with crime and corruption.

By the 2000s General Peter Kgosi, the king of the BaBatho, the ruling tribe, headed the government of Bozambwe on behalf of a democratically elected Bozambwean Peoples Party.

One farmer who came to John's surgery liked to talk politics and would say to him: *"Oooh Magtig, van wat praat jy? Vryheid in daardie land volgens vier-honderd jaar van apartheid? Miskien in Ghana. Miskien hier. Maar nie tussen die Oranje en P.E. Ag! 'N miljoen jaar voor regtige vryheid kom in daardie vervloekte land!"*

"Heavens, what are you talking about? Liberation in that land after four hundred years of apartheid? Perhaps here. In Ghana, or here perhaps. But not between the Orange River and Port Elizabeth! A million years before real freedom comes in that damned country".

*

A Labour Government under Clement Atlee in the post-war period banished the heir-apparent to the deceased king of the BaBatho, the ruling tribe. He had trained as a barrister in London, but married a white Englishwoman, a secretary, in London, thus upsetting the apartheid government in South Africa. It had banned interracial marriage and sex under the Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act, none of which could possibly apply to the still British territories on its border – the Protectorates.

But the U.K. government needed to pacify the Afrikaner Nationalists' government: they needed uranium for their nuclear weapons. And other precious metals. Their financiers had billions invested in gold and diamonds and other forms of mining.

So, the traditionalist uncle of the heir-apparent became regent in place of his colour-blind nephew and became paramount chief of the BaBatho and thus *de facto* co-ruler of Protectorate with British officials under the Colonial Office in London. Only the discovery of surface diamonds in the east of the Naga rescued the legitimate heir from racial and tribal stigmatisation because now the Protectorate didn't need either South Africa or Britain to prop it up as one of the poorest countries in Africa. It was rich.

Independence came in 1966 and eventually diamond mining taxes enabled services and infrastructure. There would be eventually some hundreds if not thousands of fully literate San out of a total of about 60,000 in the Protectorate, South West Africa (later Namibia), and millions of literate Africans in Southern Africa because of state and business-funded education and modernisation.

The Afrikaner Nationalists had tried to teach a degraded apartheid-type education in state schools producing a near-revolution in Soweto led by school students in 1977.

*

So, Mordechai's grandfather, John's father, and John's grandmother were descended from the 17th century Sephardi Jewish immigrants invited into England by Oliver Cromwell from Holland where they had taken refuge from the edict of expulsion decreed in Ferdinand and Isabella's Spain of 1492.

My brother Mordechai's middle name was Baruch – after Baruch (later Benedict) Spinoza, a 17th century Sephardi Jew who was excommunicated by the Amsterdam synagogue for deconstructing the Hebrew bible as legend and wisdom literature and went on to become a philosopher admired by Descartes and offered a university chair by the German Hapsburg Emperor on condition that Spinoza did not undermine the state-supported Lutheran and Catholic faiths of the old Holy Roman Empire.

Needless to say, Spinoza turned this offer down. He made his living grinding lenses for spectacles and died of a lung disease, phthisis, caused by ingesting glass particles, but happy that he had altered European philosophy for the better, although he never fully succeeded in reducing Descartes' ethics to geometric formulae.

Mordechai and I looked up Jewish philosophy and history in our parents' Encyclopaedia Britannica and for our B.A.Honours and later our M.Phil. reading. Not long after Spinoza, three hundred and seventy years ago, the Dutch Jews under Menasseh ben Israel were invited to return to England by Oliver Cromwell. Their predecessors had been expelled in the 12th century and their goods confiscated and their community in York committed suicide in their hundreds in a castle tower rather than be converted or murdered.

So, this Jewish non-conformism kept on having a history. Jessica and John Maimon were not married according to the rites of the American Episcopalian church (they studied anthropology where they first learned about the San at Harvard), Nor were they married by the Church of England or the Anglican church in South Africa. Our mother Jessica refused to have even a nominal baptism and our father cared for her so much he defied his family and the Anglican bishop and married a Jewish woman in a civil ceremony.

She could have been like Galileo when faced with torture by the Roman Catholic Church for promoting a heliocentric solar system: she could have converted and muttered a disavowal under her breath.

But she didn't. She was a *Kindertransport* girl, rescued from the Nazis at the aged of 16. For being Jewish she would have been shot or gassed like the rest of the Kahn family.

So, she couldn't – *wouldn't* - be baptised even for John. Her maiden name was Kahn. She was descended from the priestly caste of Israelites, the *kohanim*. The Maimons into whom she married were originally Spanish or Portuguese Jews so John Maimon's Christianity was really Judaeo-Christianity.

That she was alive was enough of an acknowledgment of *her* Being-In-The-World as she put it – adding "...One in the eye for Heidegger who became a passive Nazi when it suited him". She cursed him in Yiddish: "*Er zol vaxn vi a tsibele mit zeyn kop in genem.*" ("May he grow like an onion with his head in hell ..."). Being-In-The-World was Heidegger's, indeed modern sociology's and psychology's basic assumption refuting Descartes separation and re-joining of mind and body – *cogito ergo sum* - and the medieval separation of essence and existence.

She had read Heidegger who joined the Nazi party in 1933, the year Hitler became chancellor of Germany. She turned Heidegger on his head, literally towards hell, as Marx did to Hegel. Freedom was not the German state. The German state was wage-slavery. But Heidegger with his Bavarian peasant background valued *heim*. Some sort of Jewish existence would be home for her, Jessica – part of her essential or existential being-in-the-world. Not due to Heidegger. The Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Proverbs put her in touch with a metaphorical "God" who was already in-the-world as a symbol.

That is perhaps why she loved the Naga Wilderness. This was the world ready-to-hand not the alienated world of urbanisation which was only present-to-hand if you had money and technological know-how.

Her father Professor Hans Kahn was a pupil of Heidegger whose concepts of Being these were.

*

He, Jessica's father - and her mother - were murdered in Auschwitz, suffering the fate of the medieval citizens of York, later Speyer, Worms, in the 13th century - God knows where else – practically everywhere in Europe.

For after all, didn't the Jews constitute a world-wide conspiracy, as outlined by the Protocols of the Elders of Zion (a Tsarist Russian anti-Semitic forgery which inspired Hitler) and didn't Arthur Balfour – he of the famous pro-Zionist Declaration in favour of a Jewish homeland in Palestine – also believe in giving the Jews what they wanted since, allegedly, in every philo-Semite's mind – the Jews ruled the world anyway?

Lloyd George thought that. Ernest Bevin hated the idea of a Jewish Palestine. Was he an anti-Semite or just a trade-unionist who identified the Jews with the capitalist class? Like Stalin executing all the Jews originally on the Politburo which led the Bolshevik revolution condemning them as "rootless cosmopolitans".

Jessica had read Sartre and De Beauvoir, and knew that De Beauvoir worked as a broadcaster for the Vichy pro-Nazi regime. They had to eat. De Beauvoir wrote not of "authenticity" (Heidegger the Nazi collaborator did) but of the "ethics of ambiguity".

Who is without sin, let him or her throw the first stone – was Jessica's philosophy. And De Beauvoir's.

Camus thought it was all totally absurd. There was no escape from absurdity except courage to bear it.

Sartre thought "hell was other people". It was certainly hell for Jews in Europe from 1939 to 1945. Most of my fellow San knew dimly by family legend of their forefathers' 18th century genocide by the farmers of the Cape and the attempted genocide of the Herero in German West Africa (Namibia) before the first world war. The educated San knew. The product of rational enquiry had to be made known. Otherwise it might happen again. It kept happening again: Cambodia, Rwanda.

*

There was joy as well as melancholy. A few Jewish professionals, academics, skilled tradesmen from Israel, mainly based in the capital after independence in 1966 made the long trip to Hanzi from Gabone, which had become the main city, for Passover and stayed over with Abe Abrahams and his family and with the Maimons. They drank wine and sang the age-old songs celebrating the Exodus from Egypt – mythical in part – with a symbolically truthful core. It intrigued them that John called himself a Judaeo-Christian.

In later years we all crowded into a Piper Cub plane - John and Jessica's. They became known as the Flying Doctors and the Abrahams family as the Cruising Chemists. We flew to Gabone for Passover. The plane could be adapted to take two crew and four passengers or space for medicinal equipment and supplies. John and Jessica had trained as pilots in the last year of the war in North Africa, Libya and Italy.

John knew Hebrew from his theology training which he did at Harvard after his medical course at Oxford and London so that was all right: – he could read and sing from the *seder* book. The *Haggada*. A *seder* was a Passover meal. Like the Last Supper of Jesus. He and Jessica had been to *sederim* in Oxford held by Jewish dons and their families. It often coincided with Easter.

*

Liberal non-racism was constantly being explained to us as soon as we could talk and think. So was kinship. Each equally important: exogamy and endogamy. Marrying out and marrying within. Adoption and marrying out crossed over kinship boundaries. One might have to learn two identities.

But then modern life involved divorce, separation, re-marriage, broken families, “illegitimacy” - so thousands, millions, perhaps billions of people have to manage to integrate multiple identities in the modern city or even in what was a largely rural state like the original Protectorate, but even when it became independent in 1966 and diamonds were discovered and modernisation ensued with all its “pathologies” and benefits.

*

Six hundred and more miles away near the border of South Africa in its museum there were still relics of the famous siege of Mafeking dating from the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 - proclamations and posters, and statues and portraits of Queen Victoria and her successor King Edward VII: “Bertie”. This was the original Protectorate's capital.

They took a flashlight photo of another photo in the Mafeking museum, of Solomon Plaatje, founder of the African National Congress, and a famous translator, at the *ad hoc* trial inside the besieged town presided over by (later Lord) Baden-Powell.

The accused was a thin, terrified African indicted for treason and sentenced to death because he had been ordered by the Boers to transport (steal) arms and ammunition and food for them during the siege of Mafeking when the Boers on the outside of the town were hungry and short of military supplies.

He too was starving. They paid him. The Boers. To the British it was treason. Treason to feed his starving family let alone the Boers.

I only discovered the photograph years later when Mordechai and I were teenagers. We asked about it. John and Jessica had kept it so as to never forget what imperialism really consisted of – at least in part.

Imperialism also brought a unifying language and an infrastructure for positive aspects of modernisation: education, health care, sanitation, education, transport, equality before the law, representative government. But negatively crime and corruption and pollution – at least in the on-coming New South Africa. But not so much in Bozambwe. Not that we could see.

*

For a Christian minister, with a Jewish heritage two generations earlier, and a doctor, to be married to an unbaptised Jewish woman, even if she was also a doctor, was difficult to accept.

But this dissonance was nothing as compared with the clash between the idea of the Protectorate and later the democratic state, and the *actual* status of some of the Bushpeople. The San, were sometimes literally slaves of the dominant African tribes. They experienced

multiple forms of prejudice and discrimination. Some of the farmers of Hanzi in the ex-Protectorate, now Bozambwe, were good employers. Some were not.

A photo of me obviously a Bushman child, shows a tiny infant in our mother's white Ashkenazi Jewish arms, attracting attention from passers-by on the pavement in Mafeking in 1946 in the clear winter sunshine with the sun pouring down. The adoption and birth certificates were photographed too. Mordechai was strapped with a blanket on !Gaeu our servant / school-pupil's back. He had caught up, filled out, was responding like a full-term baby.

In Mafeking, later Mafekeng, the hotels and public bars, were frequented before 1994 by whites and black in segregated facilities. And even after South Africa's democratic elections (after 1994 with separate bars charging divisive prices) these places were open at lunch-time. There is another photograph of a burly Boer in khaki shorts, shirt, heavy boots and wide-brimmed leather hat confronting me and my adoptive parents, and with an inscription on the back in Afrikaans:

"Magtig, wat doen julle mense? 'N Boesman kind? Maak seker hy nie weghardloop nie om met die diere te lewe. Doop julle hom in die kerk, met n' teken van die kruis op sy voorkop!" ("Almighty, what are you people doing? A Bushman child? Make sure that he doesn't run away to live with the animals. Baptise him in the church with a sign of the cross on his forehead!").

I'm pleased they kept this photograph and the inscription on the back because it showed what I would be up against, although the farmer was well-intentioned. It was taken in August 1946 on the day of my legal adoption. The English-speaking wouldn't say as much openly, but from their looks, seemed equally amazed – so John and Jessica admitted. The Afrikaners were open with their three-hundred and fifty years of experience fighting for their land as white settlers who felt they belonged to Africa, had nowhere else to go.

*

Time flies. Our parents aged 80-90 now live in a *rondavel*: it is a circular African hut, with a bathroom and all mod. cons. in the garden of our house in Gabone, now capital of an independent state.

We would have had a grandparent still alive, John's father, who had lived to be 100 and then died. As it was he received a letter of congratulation from the Queen when he turned 100 in 2000. He would have been 119 now, just like Moses the year before he died. He lived and died as a Jewish Christian, a true descendent not so much of Moshe ben Maimon but Baruch/Benedict Spinoza.

*

When we were not in our farmhouse and small plot of land in Hanzi, we lived in a colonial house in Otse Village in Gabone. The department of religious studies and philosophy was where we worked and still did part-time teaching side-by-side with African theologians and philosophers whom we trained years previously. The University let us stay in one of their houses near the campus which we rented because we were still part-time lecturers. Our childhood carers, !Ka!karo and !Gae lived in the *rondavel* in the garden of our Hanzi farmhouse on the western border and are old. They also have mod.cons.

Mordechai and I became anthropologists and then philosophers, and acquired doctoral degrees.

*

Our mother Jessica Khan, seemed unscarred by the terror of World War 2 and the Holocaust. But of course she was. She had met John Maimon at Oxford when she was about 18 and he about 25 both of them doing science and then medicine, she starting and he nearly finished his course. Then, after the war in North Africa, they went to Harvard to study anthropology and for John to be ordained as I told you.

I told you when we crawled as infants into John's and Jessica's room we saw ourselves in the mirror of the wardrobe opposite and touched and stroked our parents' faces, reflected back in our imaginations and in reality. Or at least I often assume that Mordechai and I had a kind of joint identity.

For of course we were different from each other and our worlds were different given the colour difference and the stereotypes other people had of a white child and a San child, differences which we internalised because our socialisation experiences differed, despite John and Jessica being scrupulously careful in treating us as "the same".

*

We told *each other* what they had been telling us ever since we started to think and talk. *Why* it was that I was brown – apricot brown with pepper-corn hair – and slanty eyes and high-cheekbones – and *why* Mordechai was blond (like John), and a bit like Jessica who had red hair and green eyes.

Mordechai had a reddish beard when he grew up. We learned about genes and culture. About Darwin. About evolution as dynamic.

But *they had* white skins, bronzed or inflamed by the Southern Africa sun like Mordechai. With a straight, high noses. My nose *was* flat and we differed in other different physical features. They explained how I was found and adopted – an *extra gift* from some generous person in *the same humanity* – as well as Mordechai being yet *another gift* born of two known parents – their birth child but me their social child were exactly equal in *being loved*.

We had the photos of John and Jessica in Libya and Egypt in front of us. But what if he had been killed? Was this what we later would learn to call Thanatos – the death-wish, the partner, complement and opposite of Eros, desire and love? We thought Freud was both right and wrong in this respect: we certainly never, ever wanted him to die – although the Unconscious mind might have thought differently. For he was at times the forbidding father.

But the Gabone University students we taught purported to want *positivist* social and moral “sciences” without knowing what positivism really was: it would have entailed the betrayal of the whole idea of a humane university. Even in physics, “meta-physics” entered by way of the big bang, Einstein on space-time as curved and relative, which had become the new physics and then there were quantum mechanics, and Hawking’s ideas about the oscillating universe.

*

We had seen pictures and films of tanks and planes and artillery. What if a German bomb or shell had hit John when he was near the battle-field receiving the wounded soldiers? What would have happened to Jessica if she hadn’t been rescued by the *Kindertransport*?

They told us many times until we finally realised fully what Hitler and the Nazis were. But where was God in all this? God hid his face because he could not, would not interfere with the freedom of the will he gave his creatures to choose evil as well as good! Dear God....

OR “GOD IS DEAD”. SIGNED: NIETZSCHE? OR “NIETZSCHE IS DEAD?”. SIGNED: GOD?

If not for the *Kindertransport* Jessica would have died in a concentration camp with her parents. She showed us photographs of them, of Hans and Mathilda Khan. Only later, when our personalities were strong enough to assimilate the horror, did they let us read about and see films about being

gassed and who and why Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Goring, Eichmann, Streicher, Rosenberg, Heydrich were the way they were.

Rommel who was not a Nazi, did not attack defenceless Jews in North Africa and transport them to the death camps, although Nazi SS regiments did, we learned later.

Rommel was involved in a plot to kill Hitler, and was forced to commit suicide. Tragic. *Treurig*. For him, his wife and children and the rest of his family.

*

!Ka!karo means “moon” in the San language of their “tribe” (and they soon adopted us into the /Xam and made it our “tribe”). !Gae means “morning”.

Perhaps they had other San names but these were the names John and Jessica could manage. !Ka!karo and !Gae were only too happy to be known by their picturesque new names.

I remember quite clearly !Ka!karo and !Gae cooking us all scrambled eggs and toast. They were about 14 and their families were farm-Bushpeople, but still San. They sat

in on our lessons at school and at home. Jessica taught them about play and child development. We called !Ka!karo and !Gae uncle and aunt.

*

!Ka!karo (“moon”) was born in the light of a full moon and !Gae (“morning”) took all morning to be born, hence their names or the names John and Jessica gave them. Actually, as they were from a farm-Bushpeople family, my father delivered them in their parents shack on an Afrikaner’s land. We learned Afrikaans from the farm-San and the Afrikaner farmers and the local African language from the BaBatho who visited the church and the clinic, and from the teachers in the primary and junior school attached to my father’s church which *his* father had planned and built after the First World War. He, our grandfather, Dr Moses Ben Maimon had worked with Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene.

We were always aware of contradictions. Was Joseph Conrad corrupt because he allowed his narrator Marlowe to express racist ideas about the Congolese in *The Heart of Darkness*? What about Jane Austen and the slave trade which enriched her heroes and heroines? Not a mention of it. But in the silence, the rotten corruption and evil was definitely known.

*

My *birth* mother may have known they, the Maimons, wanted a child in the year just after they left Oxford following the war and came to the Protectorate. In 1945 Jessica didn't conceive.

The rumour *may* have reached my Bushpeople's parents, that Jessica was trying to conceive a child, and although she finally succeeded, perhaps they thought she wouldn't mind twins.

Whereas she, my unknown birthmother already had perhaps three San children – one every two or three years – as each child was weaned she would conceive again. Perhaps she had died in childbirth. Perhaps they were farm-San or hunter-gatherer San, or a bit of both. In my own mind I made a clear distinction between my San mother and my adoptive mother. I loved them both, whatever unknown event had happened to my birth mother – and father. It wasn't as if a Nothingness haunted Being because I knew what and who I had become. Even if I was to become *muti* for a witchdoctor. I swear this is not racist propaganda.

Sometimes the six of us, !Ka!karo and !Gae , John and Jessica, me Xhabbo and Mordechai would go on round trips in Land-Rovers equipped with medical equipment and drugs to various villages attending to the sick and those who wanted to become one of John's Christians, whereupon he would hold an outdoor service and baptism during which Jessica would keep quiet. Later we flew in our Piper Cub.

*

There was occasional violence. We learned about it but never witnessed it.

If a farmer or shop-keeper in Hanzi or in the villages caught an African or a San-person stealing or even suspected him of some other crime or misdemeanour, or just an arrogant attitude, he wouldn't

bother with a formal referral to the police or to the offender's Christian minister or chief or San clan leader.

He would with his reliable servants tie up the supposed evil-doer or "cheeky" non-white person and publicly flog him or even her with his *sjambok*, his whip. Or chase after the accused with his whip and "give him hell" – as they put it.

If John got to know of this he could go to the Dutch Reformed Church white minister or a Coloured DRC churchman in the non-whites (previously) segregated church and there would be further discussions and a temporary cessation of violence and / or alleged stealing and / or alleged insolence. He counselled his Anglican congregants if they came to him with private complaints about racial violence. Often a victim would be too afraid to go to the police for fear of more repercussions.

So that is what it was like then. When independence came in 1966 people had to be more careful about inflicting violence, but there was always the latent threat of violence within a racist hierarchy with the San near the bottom. There were other minority tribes and groups of Southern Africans who also experience poverty and violence to this very day but dare not revolt for fear of the secret intelligence personnel who torture, kidnap and kill them, but not in Bozambwe. This happened in Zimbabwe under Robert Mugabe. Who, under the guidance of North Korean officers, directed his Fifth Brigade to kill 20,000 Ndebele in their villages in the early 1980s after independence, and brushed it off 40 years later as a "mistake". The Ndebele conquered Matabeleland and Mashonaland in the mid to late 19th century. This was their mistaken punishment. Their pacific descendants suffered.

*

BaBatho, the ruling tribe church elders, or ordinary Bozambweans took the services in John's absence. We had grazing land and vegetable gardens the produce of which we shared with !Ka!karo and !Gae and their families as well as paying !Ka!karo and !Gae wages. As "farm Bushpeople" they were semi-proletarians working for wages and payment-in-kind, for many reasons not able to do full-time hunting and gathering: as I reiterate: there were droughts, occupation of the Wilderness by the cattle ranchers who put up fences to keep out the spread of rinderpest, fences which stopped the game finding water and grazing.

It was a delight to see the windmill turning by the borehole which was situated by a distant fence protecting our grazing land and vegetable garden. One could turn the piping around to fill a stream running into a small pan or dam where, on the other side of the fence in the drought, the Naga

animals could come and drink, usually under cover of darkness in case some other farmers less altruistic and ecologically minded took it into their heads drive out of the town across the animal grid and beyond the fence to shoot a buck or poachers wanted to kill an elephant for tusks.

There were a few game rangers employed by the government. Even before independence the game were protected by law in the Naga Wilderness, even in the vicinity of Hanzi. They would arrest alleged poachers who might go to gaol in Lobatsi after a trial or at least be fined.

The San were allowed to hunt but only in some of the game reserves and only with bows and poisoned arrows. Gun were absolutely forbidden. Hunting and gathering full-time became ecologically and economically more and more difficult. Because of the cattle-ranchers using fences and the recurrent long droughts. The game went north to Okavango.

Jessica and John supplemented our and !Kalkaro's and !Gae's learning at home. We had medical reference books, other textbooks, encyclopaedias, novels, poetry, histories, theology books, atlases, the great philosophers and a radio which could pick up the BBC World Service. So, we knew what was happening before the South African weekend newspapers and the British weeklies arrived late. The post arrived from the nearest railhead by train and then by road through a national service with other mail. There was a post office in someone's house.

As we grew older we would play rugby and cricket in the holidays with the African and Afrikaner and San boys on the sports fields of Hanzi town, also kept green by water from the limestone ridge being sprinkled. The girls and young women would organise tennis and netball, but that was in racially segregated teams in the early days of the Protectorate. In ethnically mixed rugby and cricket after independence in 1966 there was plenty of racism, "sledging" – verbal insults - but usually a "sensible" adult teacher or parent either black or white kept things under control.

The Afrikaners usually sent their children to junior and senior schools in South Africa as boarders. They would call me not Xhabbo, but "Bushy". I took it as a compliment and just played harder.

Except on one occasion when one hefty prop forward tackled me and called me a – "*Vergiftig dier!*" as we both hit the ground. I didn't want to talk about this at first after the match. It means "poisonous animal"

The referee heard it though, and awarded a penalty to our side and the boy who swore at me was sent off for ten minutes. Mordechai took the penalty kick and added three points to our score. Ten

minutes and three points to assuage the feelings of a poisonous animal disguised as a human being, humiliated beyond measure.

*

In this remote place in the middle of Southern Africa one sometimes met the most extraordinary people. A new District Commissioner arrived with his wife and they both had relatives in South Africa. My father roped them in to start evening adult education classes - the basics: English literacy, history for new learners, world geography and politics.

Actually, the new D.C. wasn't an Englishman (it was pre-independence), but an educated, liberal, white Afrikaner who wanted to pioneer a new kind of post-colonialism: Pieter Labuschagne. He would encourage liberal students from South Africa to join work-camps to help build a high school/agricultural college next door to the primary and junior school which the Maimon grandparents had founded before the war. He was helped by a German volunteer community worker Stephan Schlegel.

*

In 1960 when we were 14, and studying at home with our parents, we heard on the BBC World Service news of the Sharpeville shooting in a township south of Johannesburg where on 21st March, 69 demonstrators throwing rocks and stones protested against the pass laws which required internal passports controlling the movement of black men and later women. They were shot dead by the police who panicked in their police-station and fired on a crowd without orders.

The campaign was led by the Pan African Congress and taken up by the African National Congress. The ANC urged the people not just to leave their passes at home when protesting (an offence) but to burn their passes which might have meant terms of imprisonment for breadwinners whose families would suffer. So, this was apartheid and this was the nature of the Afrikaner Nationalist government. And the resistance was potentially very damaging to those heroic enough to take part in what became known as "the struggle".

When we were 17 in 1963 I, Xhabbo, and Mordechai passed our overseas Cambridge senior school-leaving exams for which our parents had tutored us. !Ka!karo and !Gae also passed but preferred to go to the newly opened Bozambwe university college linked to the two other British Protectorates' university colleges. The Bozambwe university college was in the capital Gabone. They received government scholarships and wanted to become school teachers.

*

Our father John Maimon had learned to fly a plane as an army doctor in North Africa during the war and taught my mother Jessica on the Piper Cub we bought second hand from a local farmer who was selling up and going back to South Africa. So, they were both licenced pilots. When we were old enough they trained Mordechai and me. The plane had a powerful radio tuned in to local and nearby airport wavelengths which would help us navigate and avoid bad weather.

We could fly all over independent Bozambwe. As long as the self-governing administration or local farmers built landing strips near the larger villages where small clinics were being set up and were staffed by trained nurses, we could get to remote areas in response to telephone or local shortwave radio messages.

Now that diamonds had been discovered in the eastern Naga Wilderness, Bozambwe would become a rich, technologically connected African state, instead of remaining one of the poorest in Africa.

*

We did some of the other humanities subjects but the anthropology department at Witwatersrand University had accepted us when we were 21 for a fourth Honours year in 1967. And then a fifth year writing an Master's dissertation.

Because in South Africa segregation and apartheid pervaded all avenues and aspects of life the university authorities at Witwatersrand University had seen to it that we were accommodated in the men's residence for students. We each had a room to ourselves but next to each other. On the campus there was a Students' Liberal Association which had lunchtime talks from anti-apartheid activists and demonstrations against apartheid laws. Inevitably the Special Branch began to take notice of us. Reactionary white racist students in the Engineering Department attacked our demonstrations and tore up our placards. We fought back.

On Saturday nights we went to parties in Sophiatown, a multi-racial freehold township where Africans could still own houses and land. We had to hide the liquor because officially Africans were forbidden alcoholic drink in those days. We stuck to soft drinks and danced with "Coloured", African

and white girls who were very interested in our history, and who had never met a San person before.

We went home to Gabone by train. Mordechai said he was Coloured and showed his British passport and so was allowed to travel Third Class with me in the South African Railways coach! In our parents' small plane, we flew from the new Gabone airport to the even newer Hanzi airport for the long summer holidays in June and July of the late 60s.

Philosophy, theology and anthropology had become ruling passions in our lives. Most pre-modern African religions could be studied as a branch of anthropology. They were animistic and differed from traditional and contemporary European ideas, and from existentialism, and from the theologies of the Abrahamic religions. Given nuclear weapons and world wars who was to say that western philosophies "sophistication" was preferable to animism?

The professor of philosophy was a German-Jewish refugee from Hitler and a rabbi as well who knew Anglican and Catholic, Jewish and Muslim clerics in Johannesburg whose pastoral counselling sessions we were sometimes allowed to attend, bound by a promise of confidentiality.

In the summer holidays we met white and African and Indian students at Pieter Labuschagne's and Stephan Schlegel's work camps in Hanzi. We had read widely in social anthropology and philosophy. We saw the two subjects as linked.

We had become familiar with Levi-Strauss, Malinowski and other theorists of "primitive" or "savage" societies – later Franz Fanon, Aimé Césaire on *negritude*, on Hitler's and Nazi policy towards Jews as extreme colonialism.

We met communists who tried to persuade us that capitalism inevitably leads to brutal exploitative and genocidal colonialism and that we should look to the Soviet Union for a humanist upliftment of mankind. But we had done two years of political theory and government in our B.A. degrees and we knew very well what Stalin's USSR was like.

There was the surface and the unconscious meaning of a folk-tale.

Sorcery and magic gave a transcendental meaning to animal and astrological deities as happened in other Palaeolithic, Neolithic, Bronze and Iron Age cultures.

Sometimes even modern ideologies had a folkloric substrate open to critical theories. Marxism had been degraded to serve Soviet communism.

So, given that there was a class struggle between good and evil *within* the proletariat and between the proletariat and the rentier / capitalist class *within which* there was also good and evil, what followed? Given liberal Christian, Jewish, humanist values.

Marx and his wife (Jenny Von Westphalen an aristocrat) were from the wealthy classes, Marx from an “aristocracy” of rabbinical Jews. Engels was a factory owner in Manchester and without him the Marx family would have starved – actually did live in poverty. As it was Jennie and Karl Marx lost children to disease brought on by malnutrition.

So, for example in 19th century San folklore amongst the Cape /Xam in South Africa itself – good and evil, cunning and innocence, exploitation and escape – as well as Marxist class-struggle between the wealthy chiefs of powerful tribes and the impoverished – were the dominant themes. Marx would have called this false consciousness. Freud would have regarded the telling of myths and legends as sublimation of the *Id*, the *It*.

*

Mordechai and I in our research tried to find out by probing the San folk-stories. We took half the stories each in our Masters degrees. And then our Oxford B.Litt or D.Phil. dissertations combined critical theories in different ways as seemed appropriate. So we moved on to critiques of autobiographical and fictional accounts of Jewish and San genocides. We found it originally impossible to completely separate the interpretation of the story from the “pure” narrative since the very presence of a European or a Western educated African researcher recording and translating the story or simply understanding the story or the history behind the story was, as Nietzsche understood, already an interpretation. Everything was an interpretation although there was also a narrative and there was also a history. We both used Wittgenstein’s pictorial and games-theory and Aristotle’s *Poetics* and Lacan’s work on the Real, the Symbolic and the Imaginary which interpenetrate art and life without confusing them.

*

The Rain appeared in the form of a bull. He courted a young woman who was ill lying in her hut. She must have scented him, because the smell of rain is fragrant.

She had her and her husband's child with her, although he, the husband, was out – hunting.

And here was an animal deity courting her. In the original /Xam and in the translation of Bleek and Lloyd, the young woman refers to the Rain Bull as a "man". This god-like creature both animal deity and man brings mist and rain. It is as if he is courting "me", and it is important that "we" have mist and rain otherwise we shall have no grazing for the wild animals or water for the veld-food to grow, so "I" must not seem ungrateful to him.

Besides, if I do not pacify him he might kill "me" and turn "me" into a frog.

So, she got hold of *buchu* which is a fragrant herb and pressed it down on his forehead.

She pushed him away.

This fragrant herb makes one sleepy.

The Rain Bull became sleepy. She wrapped herself in her leather *kaross*. And she laid her child gently on one side covering the child with a *kaross* for her husband's return.

She was afraid of dying as a human being and becoming a frog.

And she also knew that if the Rain Bull was not pacified, he might not return to the water pit in which he lived. The pit would dry up and the clouds go away and the people and animals would suffer and die of thirst and drought. So, what should she do?

She mounted the Rain Bull who woke up and she asked him to take her to an enormous tree which grows in the bottom of the ravine, the *kloof*, which is a red bush when it is small.

The Rain Bull who felt she was on his back, was happy because of the smell of *buchu* with which she was still rubbing him. He set her down on the /*kuierriten*-/*kuirettiten* tree. The Rain Bull fell asleep again. But now *she* smelt not only of *buchu* - the smell of the *buchu* herb had made him fall asleep so that she could creep away – she also smelt of //*khou* which grows on the /*kuierriten*-/*kuirettiten* tree. *She must have rubbed herself with //khou from the /kuierriten*-/*kuirettiten* tree and rubbed it on the sleeping Rain Bull's back.

So, because the smell of //khou is very much like the smell of the human being, when the Rain Bull woke up he still thought he smelt her and thought she was on his back. But she had stolen away. He couldn't now tell the difference between the /kuierriten-/*kuirettiten* tree and the girl.

So, this time he didn't know if his "beloved" girl had gone, gone back to her and her husband's and her baby's hut.

He thought he smelt her but it was impossible to find his own way through the mist that surrounded him. But the girl could follow the Rain Bull's tracks back home. And he, the Rain Bull after wandering around all over the place, at last returned to the pool in which he lived, and so the waters from the spring still continued and there was no drought or dying from thirst and no famine.

So, the woman because she smelt now of the fungus //*khou* which grows on the /*kuierriten*-/*kuirettiten* tree, in fact had rubbed herself with the fungus - she was able to escape whilst the Rain Bull thought the woman was still on his back although it was only the smell of //*khou* which came off /*kuierriten*-/*kuirettiten* tree.

The old women who had been gathering saw all of this and burned horns so that the smoke should go up so that the Rain should not be angry with them when he discovered that the girl had finally gone.

*

What was amazing was that despite the 18th century genocide of the Cape Bushpeople at the hands of the Cape Dutch farmers and their Griqua commando forces, the survivors in the 19th century still tried to live in peace and harmony with the natural world, still concretized animals, still gave divine personalities to astronomical bodies, and they still deified the weather.

They were pre-agricultural Stone-Age people who were made to feel ignorant. The British official who introduced the book by Bleek and Lloyd on the Bushpeople's folk-lore regarded them as "childish", forgetting how his own ancestors behaved and what *they* believed in the British Neolithic and the British Bronze Age and the British Iron Age between 2000 and 7000 years ago

(1) Bushman saying: from *The Girl Who Made Stars and Other Bushman Stories* edited by Gregory McNamee (2001) Einsiedeln, Switzerland: Daimon Verlag p.5, originally collected and translated from the /Xam dialect of the Cape San language by Wilhelm Bleek and Lucy C. Lloyd in (1911) *Specimens of Bushman Folklore* London: George Allen & Co.