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# Making a Scene Love Friendship Solidarity

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# Making a Scene

## Love, Friendship, Solidarity

NOSIPHO MNGOMEZULU and
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ABSTRACT Responding to an invitation to engage subaltern critiques of dominant universals, the coauthors of this essay reflect on the role of postcolonial national narratives of so-called color-blind multiculturalism in addressing historical and contemporary tensions between Black and Indian communities in South Africa. Through three intimate scenes—(1) making a cup of "impossible tea," (2) unpacking the miseducation of Model-C(itizens), and (3) exploring the fraught construction of collective political nouns—the authors offer a generationally specific reading of Black and Indian solidarity. Staging a collaborative writing experiment, the authors play with form, offering an exploration of the epistemological, methodological, and affective challenges to reading Black and Indian relations in the wake of the July 2021 "unrest." This intervention aims to contribute meaningfully to the effort to answer a complex question: "What are we seeing here?"

KEYWORDS: postcolonial nationhood, political nouns, multiculturalism, Black and Indian relations

### Setting the Table: Situating the Inquiry

In March 2023, Youlendree (Len) Appasamy (YA) and Nosipho Mngomezulu (NM), the coauthors of this article, presented a performance-paper at the Other Universals conference "Race and Caste: Hierarchy and Universality," held at the Johannesburg Institute for Advanced Study. The collaborative performance-paper was inspired by ongoing conversations we had been having about ancestry, belonging, and interracial solidarity in the aftermath of the "July 2021 unrest."

The July 2021 unrest, sometimes known as "the Zuma riots," saw episodes of widespread civil unrest in Johannesburg and Durban, resulting in over three hundred deaths.[1] According to the report compiled by the South African Human Rights Commission and the Cultural, Religious and Linguistic Rights Commission,


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> The material and social lives of South Africans in July 2021 were characterized by patterns that largely resemble their colonial and apartheid origins. South Africa not only has some of the highest income inequalities globally, but the people who fill [the] ends of the inequality spectrum largely belong to the same subjective categories of privilege or underprivilege which they occupied in July 1981.[2]

The report argued that the fallout of grave inequality, the costs of the COVID-19 pandemic, tensions that spread through social media platforms, and political upheaval in the wake of the trial and possible incarceration of former head of state Jacob Zuma created the conditions of possibility for the violent uprisings that followed Zuma's arrest on July 7, 2021. Between November 15, 2021, and June 21, 2022, a national hearing was held in Durban and Johannesburg to ascertain the causes and consequences of the July unrest. Of particular interest for us in the report from the hearings was the question of how to make sense of the allegedly racially motivated attacks and killings at the time.

The July unrest created a climate of fear and tension, prompting many people of all races to take to the streets in an effort to protect their homes and neighborhoods, particularly in the absence of visible policing. Amid this climate, the generalizing notion of "swart gevaar" (the perceived threat of Black individuals) reemerged from its dormant places. The reappearance of "swart gevaar" discourse contributed to a generalized fear and suspicion of the intentions of Black African people during the unrest: "Submissions received by the Hearing Panel suggest that the incidences [*sic*] that occurred in Phoenix and surrounding areas, were/are viewed by some in the Indian[3] community as necessitated by a legitimate concern that African people would, once they had looted all the shops of their goods, descend upon Indian neighbourhoods and homes to rob and steal."[4]

The report has been widely criticized for failing to help achieve a better understanding of what happened in July 2021 and why.[5] Despite hearing testimonies that sought to connect the racialized violence that occurred in July 2021 to racialized events that occurred between African and Indian people in Cato Manor in 1949 and in Inanda in 1985, the report argued: "It does appear from the references made to 1949 and 1985, that the events have been communicated either directly or indirectly across generations, in ways that have the potential of influencing the views of present reality."[6] July 2021 was a violent eruption that recalled long-standing cleavages between these communities in Kwa-Zulu Natal (KZN).

We were both born in KZN, and each inherited the categorical framing of Indian and Black persons. We became friends at university (a historically whites-only institution in Makhanda) as we participated in the Black Student Movement in 2014. There we came to see Biko Blackness as animating Black and Indian solidarity amid the Fees Must Fall struggle. As students, our diverse research paths led us to



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investigate hauntings of colonial identification practices in South Africa, Mauritius, and India. Between 2022 and 2024, we have mulled over what our research could help us "see" in "the scenes of subjection" of July 2021 violence.[7] From a podcast on ancestry to the performance-paper that we presented at the Johannesburg Institute of Advanced Study, to a collage and now several drafts of this essay, each collaboration raised several questions about how to articulate the complex affective, methodological, and epistemic challenge to answering the question: What are we seeing here, and how can we collaboratively talk of what and how we are seeing?

**Failure in the Face of Mundane Violence**

Our autoethnographic accounts emerge from our lived experiences as South Africans raised in the early days of the South African experiment with "the Rainbow Nation" and as scholars with a keen awareness of what it means to present academic work under the conditions of what Kharnita Mohamed calls "the debilitation of mundane violence."[8] Mundane violence emerges from the normalization of the debilitation of the colonized, while simultaneously capacitating settlers. It shows its face in the reproduction of the anti-Black idea of "die swart gevaar"[9] in July 2021. The reproduction of anti-Blackness as mundane, even ordinary, speaks to a scale of horror that is obvious, "that is, if you are ontologically and epistemically able to perceive it as injustice."[10] The structural anti-Blackness of settler colonialism sees the mobilization of "die swart gevaar" as normative, such that it not only becomes available to settler subjectivity but also stages a politics of incommensurability at the level of everyday discourse, foreclosing solidarity among Black and Indian South Africans.

Written in November of 2021, Len's article "'You Came Here on a Fucking Boat'" connected inequalities exacerbated in the wake of COVID-19 measures and the fallout after Zuma's arrest in 2021 to the 1985 events in Inanda and 1949 Durban riots.[11] Len's article shows how the structural violence of indenture and apartheid pierced through the thinly veiled antagonisms between Black and Indian South Africans. To be sure, we were well aware that such events were not unique to South Africa. In Nosipho's research,[12] she heard eerie echoes of these antagonisms in the 1999 Kaya riots in Mauritius and the anti-Black violence that set the tone for her visit to India as she participated in protests against the death of Rohith Vemula in 2016.[13] Well aware of the significant role played by Western imperialism and strategies of divide and conquer under settler colonialism in South Africa, we were careful to not reduce Black and Indian violence to some sort of primordial antagonism, nor to treat our friendship as emblematic of ideal relations. Instead, we wanted to keep our eyes trained on the *longue durée* of the structural violence of colonial categorical framing in shaping the violence of 2021. Drawing on our earlier work, we wanted to think through and link the scenes of violence during the July 2021 unrest



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to the seemingly intractable relations of animus and tenuous solidarity between Black and Indian South Africans.

We elected to stage a performance-paper, a genre of performance art that allowed us to take ethnographic refusal seriously and capture the complex ambivalence of our generational positioning—that is, the "locus of our annunciation."[14] We refused the boundary between art and academia and refused to think that there could be easy answers to wicked problems.[15] We drew on aspects of staged performance that went beyond the academic format of the lecture.[16] By placing the intimate quotidian practice of care (of making a cup of tea and being in conversation) alongside the presentation of an academic paper, we sought to "resist extractive logics pervasive in academic research; refuse disciplinarity; demand attention; and offer possibilities for repair by channeling feeling, desire and the erotic."[17]

In crafting this essay, we wrestled with form and have often felt like we were failing on several fronts. We felt we were failing at making sense of the obvious tropes that circulated around July 2021 (a fate to which the teams at the Human Rights Commission came). We felt we were failing at offering up a coherent set of epistemic and methodological hooks to hang on to. We felt we were failing to name the significance of our friendship in helping us understand Black and Indian relations. We realized, however, that we did not need to resolve all the complexity of these relations in and through our relationship. A slight relief set in when we began to think about what failure may point to. Mohamed characterizes this as "valuing failure as symptomatic of epistemic relations and refusing the hyper-ableist demands of the academy."[18] Like Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang[19] and like Audra Simpson,[20] we see such refusal as a matter of methodological assertion, a way to invert the game. Nomalanga Mkhize and Mathe Ntšekhe offer a dialogue "with no pretensions to finding a concrete set of appropriate concepts for the ongoing search for women's equality in Africa."[21] We take our cues from them; social science faculties around us might hail closed concepts, but we maintain that ours is not a definitive conceptual and theoretical framing of Indian and Black relations in South Africa. Rather, drawing on our research as well as autoethnographic reflections, we engage the affective politics of attempting to name ourselves beyond the received narrative of primordial antagonisms between Black and Indian people.

To undertake a collaborative autoethnographic project on an already complex set of relations in South Africa required us to take care of one another in this process. For Christina Sharpe, care is complicated, "often mobilized to enact violence, not assuage it," yet we, like her, cannot surrender it. We resonate with her formulation of care as "shared and distributed risk, as mass refusals of the unbearable life, as total rejections of the dead future."[22] For us, care became the bedrock for how



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we consider enacting solidarity. We are coconspirators, sharing the risk of opening ourselves up to naming the normalized epistemic debris of apartheid's hauntings. Maggie Nelson's work on care and aesthetics emboldened us to claim our freedom to refuse as a form of love, reminding us that "we have the freedom to question whether arguments that emphasize our disempowerment, domination, deprivation, exclusion, marginalization, invisibilization, silencing etc. offer a full or uninterrupted description of our lives."[23] We reserve the right to ethnographic refusal, to protect our memories, to protect our sanity against race-talk, and to resist the encroachment of arbitrary forms of meaning making that permeate writing about contemporary hauntings of racism in South Africa. This is to say, as Steve Biko put it, "we write what we like."[24] Because to refuse neat boxes of identification, no matter how much we may be interpellated into them by forces within and outside the academy is to refuse to offer a linear story about love's ability to resolve what happened in July 2021 or our reflections after that.[25]

We incorporate dialogue and autoethnography because we feel strongly that this project could not be undertaken by one person. We found the process of thinking out loud together to be the best way to show, rather than tell, our readers about our friendship. To do academic work collaboratively breaks with the vision of an omniscient, disaffected, objective researcher. As in Jelke Boesten and Lurgio Gavilán's work on the limitations, validity, and ethics of knowledge production about violence,[26] we are faced with several questions: Who is our audience? Do we write only for each other? Or do we choose to speak to the "born free" generation raised in early 1990s South Africa? Or to an international reader, unfamiliar with mundane South Africanisms and specific uses of racialized categorical terms? Or do we focus on members of our categorical communities who are still processing what took place in KZN in July 2021? We decided to brave sharing a collage of our voices, moving across contexts (South Africa, Mauritius, India) and historical moments in ways that make sense first and foremost to us. We invite our readers to imagine how we, the supposed "born frees," might make sense of July 2021 as young people confronting shifting understandings of "freedom" and attachments to the ideals of South Africa's democratic and multicultural "consensus."

By weaving together the scenes we stage to think through our memories, we try to work through epistemic and political dead ends. The language of our witnessing is deliberate. We code switch from academic prose into which we have been educated to speaking in South Africanisms and African languages and slang because we speak these languages and we wish very much to sound like ourselves. We have italicized stage directions, but we have not "translated" our writing in other ways.

In what follows, we reproduce the "recipe prompt" that we devised for the performance. Thereafter we offer reflections in the form of a dialogue.



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**Scene 1: Thirteen Steps to Make a Cup of Impossible Tea**

It's July 2021, and Nosipho is in Johannesburg, hearing about the "unrest" in KwaZulu-Natal. She wrestles with what to make of this moment, which seems to stretch across history. She blinks, and it's 2023. She invites her friend Len over to spill some tea! She gathers some materials and prepares for the tea ceremony with Len.

*Materials*

- One pair of white gloves.
- One white tablecloth. A white pillowcase will do.
- One chipped red teapot.
- Two glass mason jars.
- One teaspoon.
- One stick of incense and an incense holder.
- One lighter.
- Four brown hands.

*Ingredients*

- One small jar of black ink.
- One 100-gram sachet of Huletts SunSweet brown sugar.
- One 0.5-gram sachet of Cerebos salt.
- One tea bag of Five Roses Ceylon tea.

*Method*

- Step 1: Invite your friend over for a cup of tea.
- Step 2: Place a white glove on your dominant hand.
- Step 3: Lay the white tablecloth and two mason jars opposite one another.
- Step 4: Light some incense.
- Step 5: Boil some water and place it in the red teapot.
- Step 6: Add a pinch of salt to the boiled water.
- Step 7: Add a teabag to the boiled salt water.
- Step 8: Steep the tea bag for five minutes to fifty-five years.
- Step 9: Pour the salty brown tea water into the clear mason jars.
- Step 10: Add a teaspoon of black ink into each mason jar.
- Step 11: Stir in two teaspoons of Huletts sugar into the inky black tea.
- Step 12: Discuss the history of indenture and anti-Blackness across South Africa and Mauritius.
- Step 13: Pour the tea onto the tablecloth, making a Rorschach test.

*It's 2024, and Len and Nosipho engage in a free-flowing dialogue, prompted by the performance-paper they delivered in 2023.*

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**NM:** It is an awkward scene to make a cup of impossible tea. This quotidian ritual is rich with subtext. I still feel pretty tongue-tied when talking about the relationship between anti-Blackness and caste oppression. I think being unrehearsed for how personally implicated we are in these abstract categories is exactly how we come into "history" doing the best we can with the ingredients we have on hand to work with. Making a cup of tea can be a surreal experience when you pay attention to the process of how these ingredients come to be available to us. A cute little packet of Huletts sugar with a quote from Mandela. Hidden in plain sight in this sweet treat is the heavy history of Indian indenture and Black land dispossession that makes such a product available to us.

**YA:** Bro, I know! And what do we do with all this "knowing"? Or rather, where do we feel this knowing? When I gave the performance-paper, I was hypervigilant about how I chose my language as it pertained to religion, race, and ethnicity. I noticed one of the audience participants leave, and I started to wonder if I had said something wrong. Afterward I learned that it was our lighting incense as part of our performance that chased her away. But your wry smiles and reassuring nods kept me going. Silly me: I thought it would be the deep reflection on the significance of Ceylon tea (a black tea originating from Sri Lanka) that would provoke our audience to think about the impact of the British imposition of indentured labor, sugar plantations, and land dispossession in KwaZulu-Natal, but turns out it was this thin sliver of aromatic material that got under people's skin.

**NM:** It's the unexpected things that all happen at once! We were so aware that our presentation may evoke strong emotions for people who've lived in KwaZulu-Natal and are deeply familiar with Black-Indian tensions. We were so busy trying to focus on creating a legible performance that things happened that we didn't and couldn't anticipate.

**YA:** Like when I saw you pouring the black ink into the salt water—our metaphor for the racist one-drop rule and also a reference to the *kala pani* taboo enacted when indentured laborers crossed the ocean to come to South Africa—you spilled some of the ink on the makeshift tablecloth, I panicked, thinking: "This isn't the plan, is it?"

**NM:** Yah, no. I was improvising, a shaky hand as an intentional action. Now, a year later, when I look at the Rorschach test we made from all these unintentional and intentional spills, I try to make sense of the inkblots left behind. I can see why this test would have been an early diagnostic test for schizophrenia. I slip into magical thinking and wish for a definitive diagnosis that could offer some psychic relief from the palpable restlessness we feel when we call ourselves South Africans. Feels like a child's reading of science and politics, a desire to think that if only we could accumulate enough evidence, really know, we would somehow find the antidote to our collective unease.

**YA:** I don't know, friend, South Africa has had its fair share of pathologizing. It is as if the spectacular scenes of violence in July 2021 could be framed as a psychiatric malaise that



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comes out of thin air instead of relating to valid moral and political complaints about contemporary inequalities. I think we both are struggling to figure out what to do with the "evidence" of dysfunctional relationships between Black and Indian people in South Africa. It's difficult to tell a story that makes sense when we are the beneficiaries of the narrative of the Rainbow Nation, and now we're clutching our pearls, dysregulated because the violence and animosity didn't vanish from Tata's South Africa![27]

**NM:** It's the desire for regulation for me! There are so many messy feelings that the image of Tata's South Africa left out. As in so many other places in the world, COVID-19 forced us to reckon with contradicting desires. It's like all our tools for making sense of the mess we are in are overdetermined and symbolically burdened.

**YA:** Kuningi, issa lot homie! So how do we want to play this without speaking as if we are representative of some kind of coherent collectivity?

**NM:** I think we play it as we feel it, just like our performance? Maybe instead of pushing our messy feelings to the side, we start by acknowledging they exist. Honestly, you and I don't have anything novel to say about the hauntings of colonialism and apartheid that hasn't been said more eloquently and more persuasively countless times already. Your work on the echoes of indenture in Verulam and my work on the afterlife of enslavement and indenture in Mauritius have been submitted to academic scrutiny already.[28] We passed and got the degrees. And with all this education, we sit facing the reality that clever words spoken in ivory towers aren't nearly persuasive enough. Folks don't walk around the world thinking their experiences in disciplinary terms, but they do think and theorize their reality. It doesn't take a PhD to understand how racialized prejudice, being outcast, and being treated with suspicion affects people's ability to imagine themselves collectively.

**YA:** And what a ragtag collective we are! We'll never know if different configurations of us would have existed in this way without the pesky meddling of colonialism. And now we're stuck, with these white gloves, a paltry stand-in for so much discontent. To think about Model-C schools in the early 1990s, which gave us so many nervous conditions, on some bonding over trauma tip, that allowed for the possibility of our friendship . . .

**NM:** Yoh, these white gloves were a wild choice that ended up being so potent in the performance. Remember when I wore these gloves at a Halloween party we went to at the tail end of the pandemic? The white gloves at once exaggerating my hand gestures as I gesticulated, and also hiding my skin underneath. This glove made me so very conscious of my hand as something "other," alien to my body. We could write a play called *Black Skin, White Gloves*!

**YA:** Would it be a comedy or a tragedy? Maybe a work of horror? There is a twisted beauty in the violence of the white gloves. I have such conflicted feelings about what the white glove has represented historically. It's a protean symbol that allows for multiple



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readings, but recognizable as an item worn by English butlers. Also worn by minstrels and vaudeville artists to make their hands stand out. In South Africa, its associations with power and wealth are necessarily racialized. I would even hazard to say that the gloves also serve as a potent symbol of untouchability: literally a hand that cannot touch! Seeing the body as a polluting force, needing to be covered, lest it touch anything. The association with colonial servitude is complex here, bringing to mind the waiters the British brought over from India to serve them in the hotels of Colonial Natal![29]

**NM:** It's uncanny how easily the Fanon and Ambedkar references come to mind.[30] Like how can one think questions of racialization and caste without thinking of Fanon and Ambedkar! I really wanted our performance to bring up these multiple, intersecting histories without collapsing caste into race. I really don't think we can simply draw a straight line between race and caste as "motivations" for July 2021.

**YA:** Especially if Adam Smith's invisible hand enters the chat! Capitalism and its colonial roots in South Africa are often brushed off in so much popular and academic literature on Black and Indian relations in South Africa or centered in a way that denies these groups of people agency—as if we only knew each other through prejudice and conflict. As if capitalism didn't reproduce racialization and caste status. As if caste status were something primordial and theocratic, existing outside the clutches of class systems made and remade in colonial encounters. Even when we get to stage and direct a performance about Black and Indian relations, we still have to do the emotional and intellectual labor of figuring out what to do with settler colonialism.

**NM:** Capitalism for sure is important, from plantation commodities to land dispossession to inventing and reinscribing tropes of identification. To elide capitalism's role is to read indenture simply as a matter of migration, as in the idea that Indian South Africans "came on a boat" on passages of privilege and as if that were categorically the same as settler colonialism. We can't ignore the symbolic and political potency of the invisible hand that comes across the salty sea water.

**YA:** One thing that stood out to me is that when we finished the performance and I rinsed our mugs of undrinkable tea, I saw the inky water creating a mini *kala pani* that drained down into the Joburg water system. The tablecloth *cum* Rorschach test that sits tucked away in your apartment makes me think of our spills from our performance as some kind of libations for our ancestors. Over time, the black ink has morphed into a deep sky blue color. The brown tea stains, leaving something like islands of land amid the sea, and when you step back, it looks a lot like a dreamy sunset seen through the clouds.

**NM:** Yoh, our language as South Africans is so trained on big national moments! Just saying "sunset" brings to mind the "sunset clause," this now decried transitional period



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of power-sharing baked into the CODESA negotiations to appease white politicians.[31] The sun doesn't seem to have set on this concession because our generation continues to wait (now impatiently) for structural redress from apartheid and colonialism.

**YA:** Crazy how our national narratives encompass rainbows and sunsets, ideas that hang up in the sky when solidarity needs to be happening down here on the ground. Urg, spatial metaphors are frustrating. And I wouldn't have done this without you, right? That's where friendship and trust comes in, because this is a sacred and heavy thing, you know, to ground each other.

**NM:** This is heavy work for sure, attempting to translate our very particular experiences informed by our research trajectories into a performance that doesn't linger on spectacle alone, or fall into the trap of ignoring the tensions that exist in trying to tell the stories of Black and Indian relations in South Africa and Mauritius. I think our performance was trying to read the vibes or what Raymond Williams called "structures of feeling."[32] Love and trust matter when there is such doubt about whether they can be realized. I feel so much of our work feels autoethnographic because we are so implicated in this process and its healing to trace some scenes where such intimate experiences lock eyes with history with a big H.

**YA:** I think Édouard Glissant's idea of solidarity as not predicated on becoming the other is helpful here.[33] Too much narration of official South African history flattens the work difference does, because for so long our diversity was weaponized. So now we neuter it into some kind of costume, and then we don't know what to do about difference when we're not celebrating it as part of some temporary jingoistic euphoria. Like, what do we do with difference when it shows up in scenes of subjection?

**NM:** Glissant's insistence on opacity is so helpful to work with when we think about who calls for solidarity and how they do it. When he talks about opacity, I think about how intimately we are connected with each other, even when these sets of social relationships are ensnaring, antagonistic, and uncomfortable. I keep thinking that maybe this performance wasn't so much about having answers or being naive about love and friendship,[34] but that maybe love and friendship allow us to go to some of these uncomfortable experiences together. Maybe they are what offer up new questions about the staging of making some impossible tea.

**YA:** Yeah, because whether we like it or not, the tea is made! But we can make a different brew; we can choose to spit it out or pour it out; we don't have to drink the Kool-Aid.

The Rainbow Nation Kool-Aid had in fact already been drunk. Len and Nosipho are reminded of their childhoods and learning to be "other" in their respective Model-C schools. More than twenty years after leaving school, scene 2, about "the miseducation



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of Model-C(itizens)," takes us from July 2021's unrest to an effort to make sense of the Rainbow Nation experiment, which provides the conditions of (im)possibility for Len and Nosipho's friendship. To time travel in this way requires us to band our arms together. We are no longer speaking in a dialogue but very often in concert, playing out the "we" of a newly created shared South African polity.

**Scene 2: The Miseducation of Model-C(itizens)**

We were born during the "state of emergency" in "Natal," five years apart. In KwaZulu-Natal, Black and Indian relations have produced moments of intergroup solidarity against colonialism and apartheid.[35] In KwaZulu-Natal, Black and Indian antagonisms are spoken of as commonplace in everyday terms.[36]

Though we grew up in different cities, we would become part of the first cohort of Black and Indian children to be assimilated into Model-C schools, which were historically white. The advent of 1994 did not significantly alter the spatial apartheid of schooling; rather, it allowed those who could afford to send their children to highly resourced historically whites-only schools. These prohibitively expensive schools created a new buffer class of aspirational-elite Black and Indian children, who would ideally be assimilated into maintaining a colonial, hierarchical, racial logic.

Undine Kayser argues that for the younger "Rainbow" generation, the transition to democracy was at least "partly about making sense of the situation they have grown into, inherited but not completely understood and yet which fundamentally shapes their possibilities for choosing and inhabiting alternative identities to those permitted by apartheid."[37] Our experiences in the 1990s and early 2000s would only become clear much later; only later did we come to understand that schooling integration actually meant assimilation. We became model minorities—the exceptions who confirmed the rule that only the trappings of European social capital allowed one to be deemed a well-educated person in South Africa.

The model minority is necessarily a suspicious character. According to Jessica Walton and Mandy Truong, the model minority myth describes "the systematic construction of people of Asian descent as representing successful assimilation into a white dominant society" and as "living examples of advancement (i.e. academic achievement) in spite of the persistent colour line and because of their racial (often coded as cultural) differences."[38] The "model minority myth" is a stereotype that emerges from a North American settler colonial context and is rarely applied to persons of African descent there or in South Africa.

Though we did not know it then, apartheid's shadow loomed large in our schooling, especially in the early years of South Africa's transition to a democracy, which embraced multiculturalism under the banner of a "nonracial" democracy. Terence Turner defines multiculturalism "an ideological stance towards participation by "minorities" in national cultures and societies."[39] Turner points out that the



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recognition of the existence of dominant and minority groups is central to multiculturalism. Our very presence in historically white schools interrupted the status quo of racially homogeneous schooling, suddenly compelling us and our white peers and teachers to contend with the fact that Black and Indian people constituted the majority population outside of the school. At these schools, we learned to perform the paradoxical roles of "model minorities." We were not a particular racial minority but rendered an accepted and acceptable minority within majority white schools.

Multiculturalism at our schools was articulated through the idiom of "the Rainbow Nation," enacted in and through a "color-blind" philosophy. The overt aim was to "celebrate diversity" while the institution sought covertly to ensure minimal disruption to the dominant, white-centered culture that persisted in these schools. We had to learn quickly who constituted the "other" in these spaces. From official school policies around language, religion, and hair to unofficial aspects of the hidden curriculum that underscored whiteness as the unquestioned normative frame, we learned to look toward whiteness and rarely consider what these schools were teaching us about reading Black and Indian relations. Whiteness was rendered invisible in its ubiquity, and rarely did we deepen our knowledge of one another outside the white gaze.

YA recalls some conversations that took place with white peers around Heritage Day. This holiday, on September 24, was known as Shaka's Day in KwaZulu prior to democratic transition.[40] The move to change this holiday to include the celebration of all South Africans has not been without contention. It marked one of many compromises to alter holidays celebrating Afrikaaner nationalism and British imperialism. For everyday South Africans, Heritage Day becomes an occasion for "talking with" and not "talking about" the politics of reconfiguring national conventions. Jon Fox and Cynthia Miller-Idriss explain that talking with the nation allows for "an unselfconscious disposition about the national order of things that intermittently informs talk."[41] Thus, instead of overtly articulating (talking about) the tenuous terms of "reconciliation," Heritage Day offers an officially sanctioned script for the staging of multicultural harmony.

**YA:** I recall a white peer exclaiming when I wore a sari, "You are lucky to have cultural dress. I never know what to wear at these things." Without needing to say so explicitly, my British–South African peer intimated that she had no culture. This came as a surprise to me because I was so aware of the cultural world at the school, so skewed toward whiteness. Everything here was so consistent with her culture that she didn't need to name it as such. On this day, students at the school were asked to wear their "traditional" attire in celebration of the diversity of cultures in South Africa. I had felt this discomfort keenly on a previous Heritage Day, at an Afrikaans-language medium primary school. I had decided to dress as a Voortrekker,[42] much to the surprise of my parents but to curious, amused response from my white teachers. I had dressed as a



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Voortrekker because I did not want to be hypervisible as the only Indian student at the school, but I hadn't realized that I had broken an unwritten rule. An Indian child couldn't be a Voortrekker. Unlike the white, English-speaking kids who dressed in their civvies [casual wear rather than a school uniform], I had a culture that I was expected to perform every Heritage Day. It was then that I realized that whiteness was the default setting, and I was "other" whether I decided to dress to fit in or dress to stand out.

Despite apartheid's obsession with racial categorization, attempting to ossify categorical frames into essentialist terms recognizing difference, it simultaneously promoted an epistemological ignorance among its beneficiaries. Our white peers did not read themselves as cultured or racialized subjects. On the contrary, whiteness's ubiquity became invisible to itself. This is what Charles Mills defines as a core tenet of the racial contract: epistemic ignorance.[43] South Africa's founding as a settler colony continues to have profound effects. The four-tiered hierarchy in apartheid South Africa placed white settlers as the normative ideal, while Indian South Africans came to occupy the middle level above so-called Coloureds and above those racialised as Black people. The marker of being African rested firmly on those racialized as Black.

**NM:** Two years into democracy, my parents were desperate to escape the clutches of Bantu Education that stifled their aspirations for social and class mobility for most of their lives. My mother and I had moved from a sleepy, majority-Afrikaans town to a predominantly English-speaking city, where I attended a historically English medium school. It was the first time that I would be in a classroom with Indian, Coloured, and white students. I remember my family oscillating between calling these schools "multiracial" or Model-C schools. Although at the time I did not have a language to name "microaggressions," I was aware of the fawning of teachers at "how well I spoke English." None of my teachers dared imagine the child of university-educated teachers would be articulate. None of them paid my white peers such backhanded compliments. These microaggressions made me hyperaware that I was different. Although it was never overtly articulated, I came to think of myself as having something to "prove" in this school. The lessons in "otherness" occurred in relation to whiteness, rarely considering what it meant to be educated among other Brown students. Unconsciously, I resolved that if I was not going to be embraced as a precocious student, then I wanted to wear my difference as a badge of honor. To be exceptional in such spaces meant becoming fluent in white-centric culture, ensuring that "how well I spoke" was not followed by "for a Black child" but rather by the understanding that I spoke well because I was raised at home to be diligent and precise in my language. Being marked as "other" felt shameful as I learned to read my place in this bubble provided by Eurocentric rules I was never allowed to forget.

In both our experiences in historically white schools, our cultures and religions were treated as addenda to the dominant institutional cultures. Unbeknownst to us, our families and our schools understood that these spaces remained unequivocally



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white despite some sprinklings of Black, Indian, and Coloured students. This shaped how we came to critical consciousness of our own racialization, how we came to read the meaning of being Africans.

It was no mistake that schools became crucial spaces for socialization and the cultural reproduction of settler colonial logics. Indeed, Émile Durkheim famously described how schools serve to inculcate the skills and subjectivities and disciplines that undergird the modern nation-state.[44] Schools are habitus-shaping mechanisms, attempting to produce and reproduce cultures of the dominant classes.

It would be some time before we would acquire the language to name white supremacy as the animating force that shaped our desire to counter alienation with excellence as defined by assimilation. This lack of language for naming our experiences is precisely what David Theo Goldberg argues is the consequence of "colorblindness," which eradicates the very language that makes it possible to name racial antagonism. Goldberg defines nonracialism as a "born again racism, . . . a racism without race, racism gone private, racism without the categories to name it as such. It is racism shorn of the charge, a racism that cannot be named because nothing abounds with which to name it. It is a racism purged of historical roots, of its groundedness, a racism whose history is lost."[45]

Underscoring the historical context we were educated into is important in understanding how we come into relating not only to ourselves as "other" but each other's otherness as seen by hegemonic white institutions in the 1990s and early 2000s. South Africa, however, would not remain static, nor would relations between young Indian and Black people educated in formerly Model-C schools. As we transitioned into tertiary education, we began to ask new questions about the values and value of our social capital and what it meant to be constituted as an "elite" buffer class without any of the economic capital to bolster these aspirations. These schools could not save us from experiencing prejudice; they only allowed for a tenuous apprehension of what it meant to move within a subaltern status.

*Len and Nosipho enter into another dialogue, now bringing us to present-day South Africa and the quotidian effects of historical and contemporary injuries sustained by Black and Indian people.*

### Scene 3: Collective Political Nouns in Contexts of Prejudice

**NM:** I think theorizing ourselves is really key, because in South Africa you need to name yourself, do what my dear friend, Athambile Masola calls *ukuzilanda* (fetch[ing] yourself), so you can locate yourself in community with others. If Rabih Alameddine is worried about being a purveyor of comforting myths,[46] I think South African public discourse often leans toward discomforting truths, a relentless need to speak to the continuities of racism, without a tender place for these radical experiments in "telling it like it is" to land.



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**YA:** I remember when Mbongeni Ngema's song "AmaNdiya" came out and how my father, a voracious Sunday paper reader, spoke about it as a hate crime.[47] It was like a family secret about how Black people felt/feel about Indian people in KZN was out of the bag, playing out on the national stage. As if to say: look, folks in KZN harbor only deep hatred for each other. Already the stereotype of regressiveness is projected onto Zulu people. Already Indian people who have been here for over eight generations are considered not indigenous enough, outsiders. When I was older and found the song on YouTube, the lyrics themselves did not shock me as much as the comments under the video, of regular people expressing their palpable rage against Indian people, disavowing them as conationals.

**NM:** I saw a similar thing in Mauritius—the disavowal of shared citizenship and the reading of contemporary antagonisms as having no colonial precedents. Unlike education in Mauritius, South African education rarely speaks of indenture. It is as if Indian South Africans arrived on the East Coast of South Africa under the same terms as European settlers, as if placing Indian South Africans as a buffer group was natural and not by the colonial design of a hierarchical labor regime that designated social roles, mandated modes of identification in relation to race, and exploited unfree labor in the service of conquest. Eliding this reality makes it possible and commonplace to employ derisive language against Indian people. Black people within and outside KZN whom I spoke to as we worked on this project shared that they didn't understand why I took issue with the use of slurs against Indian people, who "thought they were better than Black people." The commonplace use of slurs and mobilization of stereotypes among Black and Indian people makes it difficult to address the affective power of racialization. One becomes interpellated by everyday race-talk, which attempts to deal with the realities of racism and inequality by reifying race as a social category. In Zulu, you have terms like *isimomondiya*, meaning a dark-skinned beautiful woman who resembles an Indian woman. This is a term of endearment. These two realities of endearment and hatred speak to a knotted intimacy. And yet, while the ideology of the "Rainbow Nation" tells us that race isn't a scientific fact, it does not offer equitable access to antiracist experiences and a shared vocabulary for opposing racism. In many ways, our friendship isn't representative, which is not to say that it's an ideal model, either. We met as equals, peers at university who had experienced similar schooling. I feel a deep sense of grief at our miseducation as the "born frees." It felt like we were sold a bill of goods of nonracialism and harmony that didn't correspond to the unequal social positioning and feelings of the greater society around us. As aspirational as that intention was, it feels like we got a kind of sentimental education that would make you believe that "repair" of deeply violent ingrained stereotypes emerging from three hundred years of divide and conquer is possible and "easy."



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**YA:** Ah, that just brought back some Fees Must Fall (FMF) trauma. Being called a coconut because I attended a Model-C school, it felt like I was being asked to account for my accent, which folks presumed signaled a class position. Being a part of the Black Student Movement at Rhodes University opened my eyes to the cracks in the Rainbow Nation because the movement centered Blackness in our politics. Although we read Black Consciousness theorists, the idea of being Biko-Black, sharing this political noun that included Indian and so-called Coloured people, was highly contested. In the student movement, the terms of sameness became smaller and smaller. Building a lexicon of difference became my personal mission after FMF; it took a long time and a lot of therapy to realize that repair, and moves toward structural redress can't happen if we are so invested in difference as a problem that needs to be solved.

**NM:** These really are the issues of "near and far" relations between Black and Indian South Africans,[48] which emerge from how to read differences that have historically been presented as incommensurable, perhaps even primordial. Yet, as Akhil Gupta and James Ferguson remind us, "cultural difference is produced and maintained in a field of power relations in a world always already spatially interconnected."[49] The prejudices Indian and Black South Africans have about one another can *only* be born of close proximity to one another. These differences need not be a ticking time bomb, ready to explode at the slightest echo of the haunting of the past.

**YA:** Exactly! Despite apartheid looming large in all our lives, it's wild that South Africans often forget that the 1994 consensus was reached after hundreds of years of struggle. We have been trained to both be fluent in and resist the language and grammar of apartheid, its racial logics and hierarchies—for survival, pretty much. Ashwin Desai and Goolam Vahed explain that in the 1970s, racial identifications were reformed through the Black Consciousness Movement, which destabilized the Indian political organizing by the Natal Indian Congress (NIC), led by middle- to upper-class Indians including Ela Gandhi, Mahatma Gandhi's granddaughter.[50] I want to think about this Gandhian position in South Africa and India, because there's a connection to caste hierarchies and how oppression circulates through its organizing principles. According to Sumesh Sharma,[51] one of the primary schisms between Gandhi and Ambedkar was a different reading of caste, and this shaped their understanding of possibilities for global Afro-Asiatic alliances. While Ambedkar reads "the caste system as not merely a division of labour, but also a division of labourers," Gandhi's position on caste often reified primordial readings of identity.[52] Offering a radical class analysis that unsettles colonial renderings of caste as an immutable core of Indian subjectivities, Ambedkar's position is echoed in Biko's Black Consciousness in South Africa.



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**NM:** Because the language of caste is rarely spoken of among Indian South Africans, let alone among Black and Indian South Africans, it becomes difficult to tease out how caste shapes anti-Black racism in South Africa. In 2023, while supervising a master's degree research report on the racialization of Indian South Africans, my Indian South African student informed me that she had no memory of discussing caste growing up, only feeling its shadow through veiled conversations around colorism. I was hesitant to open up this can of worms for someone who was not well versed in the processes of sanskritization, which I only came to really understand when I visited India in 2016. While in India, a man approached me with my Indian colleagues and brazenly asked: "Excuse me, are you a Negro?" I laughed, not because it was funny but mostly because it was uncanny to be interpellated into such a Fanonian moment. The question itself was unclear: Did he mean, was I African American? I did not get a chance to respond, as my colleague began to chastise this intrusion in Gujarati and the man left shortly thereafter.

**YA:** This is such a wild story. I'm so sorry you experienced this. I came to an awareness of anti-Blackness through colorism, too. Caste knowledge, in my family at least, is adrift somewhere in the Indian Ocean. No one can give me a clear answer about our caste position, and, to be honest, after studying the history of indenture, I understand a bit more. If the majority of the Indian indentured laborers who arrived in South Africa were of seemingly dubious caste origins, either Bahujan or Dalit, then it checks out that no one would want to speak of their or our origins.[53] I wonder where apartheid figures in this, and whether the silence about caste is another form of South African exceptionalism and a vestige of the Rainbow Nation rhetoric. So I was curious about your time in Mauritius. When you were doing your fieldwork, did you find that Mauritians had a less fraught collective national identity that allowed Creole and Indian people to identify with one another through a shared political solidarity against colonialism?

**NM:** Pigmentocracy was rife in Mauritius, with participants openly articulating a link between contemporary high social status and light skin pigmentation. Speaking to one young Indo-Mauritian participant, she told me that "some parents will cut contact with you if you marry outside of your religion or caste. It would be difficult to make parents understand. They are not developed like us, they are prisoners of orthodox thoughts." I had gone to India to better understand these "orthodox thoughts" that participants attributed to ideas that traveled across the ocean with indentured laborers to Mauritius. I wanted to better understand the relationship between caste discrimination and anti-Black prejudices, both in South Africa and in Mauritius. Caste showed up as a nebulous open secret in Mauritius. Growing up among Indian South Africans, it was disappeared in interracial relations. Caste, unlike race, becomes an intramural conversation, liable to threaten the tenuous



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multiculturalism promoted in the official narrative of these postcolonial nations. Khal Torabully and Marina Carter's attempts to use Coolitude as a framework for reading Indo-Mauritian identification alongside Creole identification, as "both the reconstitution of the memory of the Creole-coolie conflict and the establishment of a poetics of racial and cultural mixing,"[54] was something only a few antiracist intellectuals made an appeal to in Mauritius. Like Biko Blackness, Coolitude wasn't taken up as a means to break colonial forms of categorical incommensurability into new terms of collective belonging.

**YA:** I've sat with the idea of Coolitude for a while, and even when writing my essay "'You Came Here on a Fucking Boat'" for *Africa Is a Country*, I kept hitting a wall, asking what actually constitutes collective belonging. Initially, the essay was meant to be about the Durban riots in 1949 and similar unrest in 1985, Inanda. Unfortunately, as I was writing, 2021 happened. I couldn't look away. Despite the citizenship they share with fellow South Africans, the notion of indigeneity is reserved for Black and so-called Coloured populations, and Indian South Africans are rarely referred to as indigenous despite their having been here for several generations with no claims to India as a homeland. It seems that in both Mauritius and South Africa, colonial hierarchies loom large in defining postcolonial terms of recognition.

**NM:** Sjoe friend. To write through this with you is deeply vulnerable and scary because it feels like someone is reading over our shoulder, and a misstep comes with a collective history of injuries past, injuries we inherit and are sensitive to because they have literally been deadly. When I read the 2021 piece you wrote and saw my family name listed among the victims of the violence in July 2021, I flinched. Not because he's a cousin; I don't know this young man. But because of the sheer coincidence of sharing his last name, and the dictates of African culture in seeing a shared last name as pointing to possible kinship. When we did the *Academic Citizen* podcast interview in 2022 about ancestors and your master's degree work, it was so rich because it helped me know you better, recognizing how choosing kin is also built on trusting that a relationship can sustain these complex conversations.[55] It doesn't "fix" the macro, structural stuff, but it does something to my capacity to believe I am not engaged in a war against all. I don't think everyone has to be friends to resist the comforting stories prejudice offers us, but I think even the act of trying to be friends helps.

**YA:** That reminds me of a series of photos taken by South African photographer Omar Badsha and writer Heather Hughes, from his 1985 *Imijondolo* series.[56] The images show the everyday life of the working poor in Amouti, Inanda, and I feel they create a lexicon of shared belonging despite discourses and scenes of incommensurability between Black and Indian South Africans. Badsha's gaze takes us to the intimate spaces of Amouti. One image, of a young woman and a man—one



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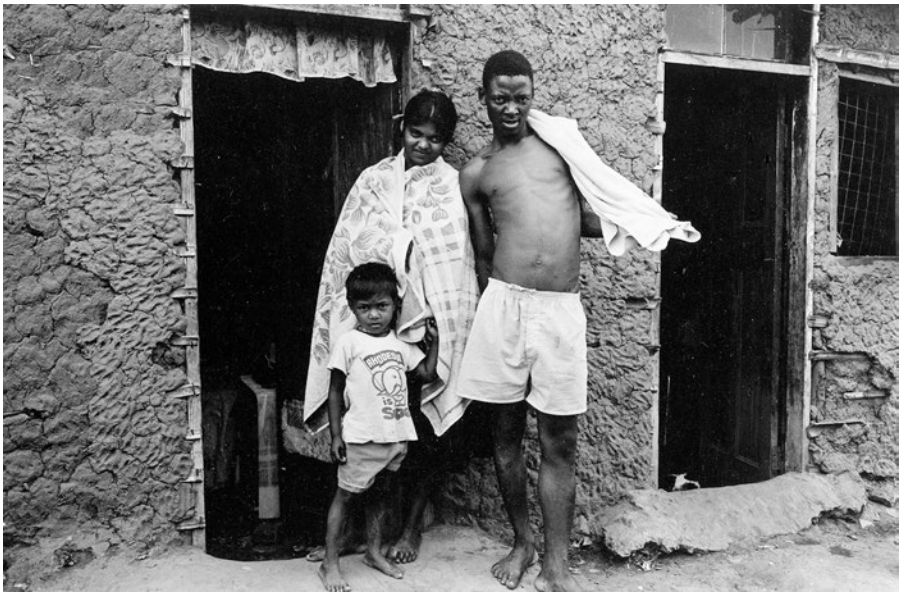


FIGURE 1. Omar Badsha, *Couple with Child, Amouti* (1985). Black and white photograph.

Black, one Indian—stands out. They look like older teenagers, and their child stands shyly in front of them. The couple are holding hands, with the man looking defiantly at the camera, and the woman smiling while looking down. They are all barefoot, standing in the doorway of their home. Inanda is marked by the greater history of forced removals to make way for more housing in nearby Phoenix.[57] However, in this image, we see kinship and community persist; we see gestures toward an intimacy that Ngema and many others said could not exist. One wonders what happened to this couple when violence spread through townships just like it, later on that year. The violence of 1985 replicated the logics of 1949 in Durban.

**NM:** An uncanny resemblance to Mauritius's Kaya riots in 1999.[58] What if we, like Badsha and Hughes,[59] read these moments as scenes of intimacy despite failures of solidarity, rather than as spectacles of irreconcilable estrangement?

**YA:** A vexed intimacy, but an intimacy nonetheless. It feels important to keep resisting the flattening story of incommensurability between Black and Indian people. Our solidarities are tested and toughened through the historical and intimate conflicts we've outlined. I hope that we can keep renaming ourselves; until then, I think "friend" will do.

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**NOSIPHO MNGOMEZULU** holds a PhD in social anthropology from the university currently known as Rhodes University (2015). She is interested in contemporary youth identification



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practices in South Africa and Mauritius in the afterlife of slavery, focusing on three interrelated areas: (1) how young people imagine the postcolonial nation, (2) intimacy and categorical identification, and (3) anticolonial epistemologies. She has been a Mandela Rhodes Scholar (2011) and a visiting fellow at MICA, Ahmedabad, India (2016), and she has taught critical race theory in the Stanford Bing Overseas Studies Program in Cape Town (2016–19). Nosipho has worked as a lecturer at the University of Cape Town and is currently a lecturer at the University of the Witwatersrand. She cohosted the podcast *The Academic Citizen* for seven seasons. In 2020, she was named as one of the *Mail and Guardian*'s "200 Young South Africans." In winter 2022, she was a University of Michigan African Presidential Scholar at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and she is currently a research fellow in science communication at Stellenbosch University, in the journalism department (2022–25).

**YOULENDREE APPASAMY** is a charou writer and artist who works in the spaces of zine making, collage, and beadwork. Youlendree has a master's in political studies from the University of the Witwatersrand and is interested in how Indian indentureship in South Africa influenced kinship structures, violence, and gender- and race-making in Indian South African communities. They are a member of the Kutti Collective, a queer art and cultural work collective that supports young African artists of South Asian ancestry, and they are writing a book about the afterlives of indentureship in South Africa (forthcoming).

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**Notes**

1. Davis, "Reports into the July 2021 Unrest."
2. South African Human Rights Commission, *July's People*, 9.
3. In post-1994 South Africa, apartheid racial categorizations are still used in daily practice (as violent as they are) and within some reparative legal frameworks as they serve to give language to the injustices of apartheid's system of racial stratification. (We elaborate further on this in scene 2 below.) When elaborating on notions of "race" and ethnic identification, we employ these categorical terms to show how they work in South Africa. Due to the persistence of structural and symbolic violence that accrues from the use of such labels, our aim is not only to point to South African's acceptance of racialization but also to very deliberately examine practices of inclusion and exclusion in how the mobilization of racial categories plays out in and around 2021.
4. South African Human Rights Commission, *July's People*, 16.
5. Davis, "Reports into the July 2021 Unrest."
6. South African Human Rights Commission, *July's People*, 16.
7. Hartman, *Scenes of Subjection*.
8. Mohamed, "Debilitating Research."
9. Lubbe, "Myth of 'Black Peril.'"
10. Mohamed, "Debilitating Research," 137.



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11. Appasamy, "'You Came Here on a Fucking Boat.'"
12. Mngomezulu, "Re-imagining the Nation."
13. Farooq, "Rohith Vemula."
14. Mignolo, "I Am Where I Think."
15. Rittel and Webber, "Dilemmas."
16. Milder, "Teaching as Art."
17. Niang, "In Defence of What's There," 52.
18. Mohamed, "Debilitating Research," 134.
19. Tuck and Yang, "R-Words," 248.
20. Simpson, "On Ethnographic Refusal."
21. Mkhize and Ntšekhe, "When Amalungelo Are Not Enough," 534.
22. Sharpe, *Ordinary Notes*, 234.
23. Nelson, *On Freedom*, 40.
24. Biko, *I Write What I Like*.
25. Vergès, "Age of Love."
26. Boesten and Gavilán, "Debris."
27. "Tata" is the colloquial and affectionate name for Nelson Mandela. "Tata," meaning "father" in isiXhosa, is an honorific used to refer to an older male figure.
28. Appasamy, "Burning, Breaking."
29. In preparing for writing this essay, Len came across a haunting archival image of two Indian indentured laborers who were considered "special servants" dressed in all white, standing in the background of a photo. In the foreground were three white, British hotel guests reading newspapers.
30. Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*; Ambedkar, *Annihilation of Caste*.
31. CODESA, which stands for the Convention for a Democratic South Africa, were plenary sessions held by political parties in the early 1990s that shaped what democracy in South Africa would look like after the 1994 elections.
32. In Raymond Williams work, a "structure of feeling" describes the different ways of thinking vying to emerge at any one time in history. It appears in the gap between the official discourse of policy and regulations, the popular response to official discourse and its appropriation in literary and other cultural texts ("From Preface to Film").
33. Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 16.
34. Françoise Vergès's "The Age of Love" was central in helping us frame the long history of sentimentalized views of colonial violence and the rational approach to its resolution. In her work, she urges us to be suspicious of the rhetoric of care and love that humanitarian discourse presents in the face of colonial violence.
35. Desai and Vahed, "Fool's Errand?"
36. Baines, "Racist Hate Speech."
37. Kayser, "Imagined Communities, Divided Realities."
38. Walton and Truong, "Review of the Model Minority Myth," 391.
39. Turner, "Anthropology and Multiculturalism,"411.
40. Buthelezi, "Heritage vs Heritage."
41. Fox and Miller-Idriss, "Everyday Nationhood."
42. Voortrekkers were Dutch settlers who participated in the migration from the Cape Colony into the interior of South Africa in the 1830s. The style of dress of the Voortrekkers was typically practical, characterized by durable clothing designed to withstand the harsh



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conditions of the trek (migration). Voortrekkers hold significant symbolic value in Afrikaner nationalism in their resistance to British authority, having sought Afrikaner sovereignty. During apartheid, Voortrekkers were used to bolster Afrikaner nationalist narratives, characterizing their trek as foundational to the creation of Boer republics such as the South African Republic (Transvaal) and the Orange Free State.

43. Mills, *Racial Contract*.
44. Durkheim, *Education and Society*.
45. Goldberg, *Threat of Race*, 226.
46. Alameddine, "Comforting Myths."
47. In 2002, Mbongeni Mgema released "AmaNdiya," a song that would be the first song banned in post-1994 South Africa. The song, which describes Indian oppression of Africans, was characterized as hate speech in the context of the post-1994 government's attempts to build a new nation united by cultural and ethnic diversity. The Broadcasting Complaints Commission of South Africa banned the song after the South African Human Rights Commission lodged a complaint. The Human Rights Commission characterized this as a musical attack on one ethnic group by a member of another. The song opens with the following line: "This song represents the way that many African people feel about the behavior of Indians in this country. It is intended to begin a constructive discussion that will lead to a true reconciliation between Indians and Africans." This song did not in fact achieve the goal of "true reconciliation," but what it did do was usher in numerous debates about Black and Indian relations, particularly in KZN.
48. Hartman and Wilderson, "Position of the Unthought."
49. Gupta and Ferguson, "Beyond 'Culture.'"
50. Desai and Vahed, "Fool's Errand?"
51. Sharma, "Bahujanafrique."
52. Ambedkar, *Annihilation of Caste*.
53. Bhana, *Indentured Indian Emigrants*.
54. Carter and Torabully, *Coolitude*.
55. Mngomezulu, "Ancestors."
56. Badsha and Hughes, *Imijondolo*.
57. Founded by Mahatma Gandhi in 1904, this settlement in Durban features prominently as one of the sites of violent confrontations and deaths during the July 2021 unrest.
58. Vellien, "Rioting in Mauritius."
59. Badsha and Hughes, *Imijondolo*.

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