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Letswalo, Gabe Morokoe

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Ethics and the Destiny of Being

(a parable)

Gabe Morokoe Letswalo

A dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Humanities at the University of the Witwatersrand in fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

for Mmakgwadi, the Beast…

Declaration: This dissertation is *my work (unaided)*. I submit it for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Humanities at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. I have not submitted it for any other degree or examination in any other University.

Gabe Morokoe Letswalo

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Pre-Thought

Ethics is a question of speech, of saying the unsayable — unless I can relate to the Divine. Ethics is unthinkable outside of hierological apprehension of 'human' life. Hierological apprehension that calls for 'hermeneutic-anarchy', the type that does not engage in a hermeneutic circle, since life is possibly not part of the universe as a whole. The universe is possibly not a whole if it is largely unknowable. I am justified to see in a hermeneutic-anarchy a reading (a kind of dancing) around the negatives — akin to a circularly dancing Virgiliser (a Zionist, say). By reading around the negatives I mean an effort at going through the shadow of life in Black Africa and seeing (and apprehending) in this shadow a 'form' of Misfortune.

Misfortune is a problem-idea — for it may figure a species of evil, in the measure that evil obtains within a historical time. The apprehension of misfortune may entail a theory of the Future, perhaps because a misfortune underway or imminent is more troubling than the one that is past. Still, I must appreciate in the future an existential 'fact' that is already past, also seeing in the past a time yet to come[1]. My misfortune as such obtains in relation to me and my present in Black Africa. My present or my birth is arbitrary, of course, so that the misfortune (of being a colonial casualty, say) is itself in the first place simply an accident. My birth in the twentieth century Africa is non-necessary, I imply: I could have been born in the first century of our common era, and thus avoid the misfortune of being a colonial casualty.

By no means do I imply in misfortune a mere accident. A misfortune need not come about only by way of accident, since it also obtains in relation to the force or necessity of history[2]. It has a life of its own outside of ourselves. It is a necessary accident. Put differently, misfortune is a type of fact, a heteronomous fact that may lead to sorrow, at times an excessive sorrow (grief) without a remedy in sight. This, the sorrowfulness in misfortune, is an obvious fact and an opportune time for the fortune teller (the policy maker). He/she/they that must tell of the conditions of a happiness yet to come: 'only if I can do this or that…only then will 'things' get better and arrest the tide of fortune

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[1] See (Letswalo, 2016; Kierkegaard, 2004).

[2] An African colony in itself or any other colony for that matter is a necessity as it is a contingency. Put another way: colonialism is a necessary consequence of world empire building. Empire building cannot not produce colonialism of some type. Of course, it is possible that there could have been no empire building, in which case colonialism would not obtain, so that colonialism, effectively, is also a contingency. Hence I say colonialism is necessity and an accident at one and the same time. It is what we may call a necessary accident.

gone astray'. I need not disbelieve the fortuneteller, of course. Some things in the future could get better even if other things (in Black Africa) do not (or possibly need not) get better.

All this is to suggest in misfortune itself (alongside its attendant sorrow) a thing beyond measure, in spite of our capacity to measure our losses. And perhaps we have no way of measuring the misfortune of death, for instance. In death we could apprehend a negative form or a no form at all. Death is a defiler, so to speak. It leaves behind "dirt" on the objects of its touch, as if to suggest in death a thing that is always in motion. There is more still — for to defile is to deform, to bring about an interdict. Death as such is a defiling deformer if we consider a moment of touching a corpse, say. A defiling moment: for I cannot touch the dead, and continue to move about in the manner I please. A woman may not wear whatever she likes to wear if she is a widow. And I, defiled, must (not) do this or that, or must wait for a few days to let the 'dirt' become untraceable. A death-defiled 'human' is a scattered 'being', in short. He/she is seemingly incapable of divining or forming anything, incapable of defining (reading) a variety of others misfortunes.

Death as a de-forming defiler (in motion) is a seeming mystery. We do not know why it deforms or defiles. It could become an object of dread or concern for many a 'human'. We could sense the degree of this dread or concern through Khalima Zungu, Eskia Mphahlele's village idiot, the orphan in *Man must live*. An orphan that in time becomes a "railway policeman", seemingly self-assured, among other things full of contempt for the "class that read so much, and know so little how to live", so little if 'man' ought to know how to live simply because "man must live". Zungu, I could say, is in a distant company of Santayana and his followers, for whom "learning does not liberate men from superstition when their souls are cowed or perplexed", for whom "clear eyes and honest reflection can ["without learning"] discern the hang of the world, and distinguish the edge of truth from the might of imagination". He is in the company of Santayana if Santayana's philosophy of life hinges on "only the stars, the seasons, the swarm of animals, the spectacle of birth and death, of cities and wars" (Santayana, 1955: x), as though to celebrate the Zunguian type of audacity:

> *Yes, man must live. Zungu had nursed this philosophy of life since he left the village in Zululand. Let men accuse, deride and ridicule you in your actions; let them complain that you don't respect or fear them; let them say you don't earn your living honestly; but they too, sooner or later, will come down to the hard, cold and indisputable fact that man must live* (Mphahlele,1967:26-27).

'Man must live', a philosophy of life whose force Zungu would experience further the day he thought a way to live entails finding himself a wife, a force he would intensely experience the night

he met a woman (his wife to be) at the train station, desperate for his help if her arrival at the station was a late arrival, so that against the railway rules Zungu sneaked her into his fire placed office till she could catch the morning train.

> *After the [morning] train had left [with the Zungu's wife to be] Zungu went back to his fire. The crackling sound of the fire, the sound of the flames dancing happily and greedily licking the roof of the grate, the radiating gentle warmth, all these, were in tune with his inner emotions. They told him life was like the magic carpet he had read of in school. It carried you over mountain peaks, over green valleys and beautiful streams; through fearfully dark gorges and over rugged ugly boulders; over sharp unfriendly briars, through jungles and dark mysterious kingdoms, where you felt you were being swallowed up into the pit of death; and again you could emerge into the smiling world, swim in the fragrant smell of flowers, taste of the sweet, the bitter and the bitter-sweet fruit; always and forever borne by the magic carpet — whither no one knew. Yet, whatever the end, man must live.* (31).

Zungu's magical proposition ('Man must live') is an affirmation of a philosophy of life, to be sure. Yet it is not philosophy at all, since Zungu (unlike Santayana[3]) will have nothing to do with Book learning. It is as if he knows that book wisdom (a kind of group work) or for that matter any other wisdom may not after all help him avoid the misfortune of being Zungu in a colonial situation, confronting his finitude. It is as if Mphahlele himself acknowledges (perhaps unaware) the limits of book learning, even if it could help him write a short story on Zungu who cannot write the short story in a Mphahlele way. We could engage in some book learning, too, only to lose confidence in what it can do for us when our *finitude* is at stake, only to lose confidence and engage in mere Thought, beyond the Zungu and his 'intellectual' kin.

A Time beyond Method

Weary of book learning (Scholarship), the Zungu kind of characters are hard to meet ordinarily, under regular circumstances. Still, to Think (at times in disagreement) with Zungu in *Man must live* is to betray a hope that the Zungu kind of folk are out there, on our streets perhaps, if we can hear their faint voices, sometimes in the figure of a sincere writer, poet-rapper or a playwright, figures that we could meet (at times) through popular culture, the indeterminate realm that could escape the witchy, greedy captains of the culture industry. The Zungu kind of characters are a win-

[3]Santayana's distrust of philosophy does not go far enough in its potential for a radical break with conventional philosophy. His philosophy of life is a kind of *system* itself, so that it is an object of my suspicion, in spite of his calling his system a different kind of system that is not really his or new, simply because it is a clear expression of layman orthodoxy, necessary if the layman proper, without orthodoxy, is often susceptible to sophistry.

dow (though not a door) way towards a method for Ethics (a form of thinking about Misfortune) that is not method at all. It is a method outside of book learning, outside of Studies per se. Yes, *many* a version of Black or African Studies or any other critical Studies in the Human Sciences is an object of suspicion, for Thought (Mere Thought), *if* they are often an echo of an Episteme or Politicking (hoarsely shouting at the dominator [4]), caught up in dogmatic walking, production of *isms*, the will or desire to know and pronounce this or that about 'black or black-African life/folk, a will that, in the last instance, is itself a *determination* of hate, death-loving 'Babylon'[5] (irreducible to any particular geographical location) as such. Does not Culture (2005), I imply, bring to our attention the limits of an episteme (knowledge claims) and its offshoots? "Babylon you can't, you can\t study rastaman/ (Go back to college and come again)". No, you can't study Rastaman or the Rasta form when this form is a force, so compelling for me (outside of Rastafarianism or the dreadlock thing) if it is a pointer to an age-old struggle for redemption, struggle to rule one's Destiny (Banton, 2007), the overcoming of death-loving folk.

The one that has capacity to Think the problem of redemption is beyond an object of any kind of study, and is incapable, in turn, of engaging in an episteme/politicking-driven studies of black folk when merely (and sometimes indirectly) Thinking about one's Destiny is sufficient in itself to apprehend the problem of blackness in the world. What is more, Studies are an object of suspicion the moment the University gone wrong (gone the path of an industry) is their object of critique, an object of suspicion when they themselves are an industry. I have not an interest in speaking against the University gone wrong. Let industries do industry labours, labours (Black, African or whatever studies) in mass production of 'truths'. Let industries do what they want to do, and I will live (in what follows) the way I (in a Parable) could live and bear whatever the consequences. And I need not become a do-gooder (do good in the world). For Ethics proper, Thinking through Misfortune, is not what we Do if it is what we Live, *what we Die*, ultimately. To be precise, to live or to die is not a form of labour…I have relative faith in mere Thought when Thinking is action/work without doing. I have relative faith in Thought — Thought in or perhaps from Black — the a-epistemological, a-politicking, all the more so when Thinking *quirkily (as you will notice throughout these pages)*, for me, could entail what a moment ago I call Hierological apprehension

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[4] See (Letswalo, 2016)

[5] Babylon for us is less a geographical area than it is a symbolic structure of hatred for life and Thought, everywhere in the world and in much of human history. It is everywhere in the world if not foundational to the very notion of civilization.

(beyond the logical) of 'human life', a kind of fear and trembling at the sight of the 'human[6]' being and its fate, apprehension that, to reiterate, obtains through anarchy. An anarchical-mood that could, by mere Chance perhaps, assume a kind of hermeneutic that may call us to face the facticity of life or death head on, for what they are (even if I need not *know* what they are as such), aware, at one and the same time, that I need not unjustifiably die or kill for anything in the name of being a revolutionary.

Structure/Flow of our Ethics (the Ethical, properly speaking)

Chapter one is the mythological account of death, a Fate (an accrued share), an originary misfortune. It provides the basis for our seeing in death (a mark of finitude) an object of overcoming, a way of realising (playing on/with) Destiny when Destiny is largely an overcoming of the "enemies" of godliness. To realise Destiny, I argue, is thinkable through the idea of living or redeeming the dead, the casualties of Fate. The dead need the living more than the living need the dead, to the extent that the dead have yet to reach their destination, afraid of their enemies when these enemies occupy the destination (a type of "Heaven") in question, enemies that are the living's object of *possible* defeat, even if the living themselves must in time die/perish and await their redemption.

Merely living for the dead is insufficient for their redemption, to be sure. A more compelling way of possibly redeeming the dead is, I show in Chapter two, the path of dying for their aspirations, the path of self-sacrifice, thinkable alongside the problem of suicide. If suicide, justifiable/praiseworthy (or not) a project, is largely a way of dying for nobody, self-sacrifice is a way of dying for the redemption of the dead. Self-sacrifice conditions the possibility of realising Destiny, by way of its form: repetition, if by repetition I imply a measure of the gift of passion (a kind of freedom). Yes, dying for the dead is unthinkable outside of repetition, outside of the expression of passion amid suffering, the kind that could obtain when we struggle against enemies of godliness. By extension, we could say self-sacrifice, a bid to die for the dead, entails the overcoming of the dread of death itself when the dread of death makes it impossible to die for the dead.

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[6] For the most part of this project, I will not enter the now non-interesting debate on whether blacks or black Africans are (or should call themselves) human. What does it matter to call oneself human or not human when such a calling or not calling is seemingly an exercise in politicking? For my present purposes (except when I state otherwise), I will (for ease of reading) use the term human in a descriptive sense, to denote a figure that (in some ways) looks like you or me (outside of universalist thinking), at a biological level different but not too different from an animal. I will use it in yet another descriptive sense, too, the human in its seeming distinctiveness, in its capacity for distinct goal setting, say, attaching relatively elaborate values (often in the name of "my culture") to its actions, among other things.

If self-sacrifice seems a difficult feat to achieve, for the human being, I show in Chapter three another way of trying to realise a kind of Destiny, one that does not entail a 'living or dying for the dead' when it brings about death of the other 'human' itself. Here I explore the problem of human sacrifice, and suggest that to engage in human sacrifice is to take seriously the value of human life, value that is a possible object of appeal when one wants to live, when one wants to escape the drudgery that is the human experience, an experience caught in the misfortune of death. To kill another human sacrificially is to want to live, even if such a living does not amount to the realisation of Destiny itself — in the measure that the experience of Destiny is possible when one lives for the dead, possible when one lives through repetition, through passion proper. Human-sacrifice obtains through a distorted passion, so to speak, so that to engage in human sacrifice is not the realisation of Destiny as it is its simulation, all the more intelligible when human sacrifice finds expression through slave sacrifice or ritual sacrifice in Black Africa.

I could, of course, disavow human sacrifice and engage (as I demonstrate through Chapter four) in animal sacrifice, in the hope of realising my Destiny, by way of the experience of repetition. A hope that is justifiable if the animal, more than the human, under some circumstances, is closer to the Divine. The animal is seemingly the figure that has the capacity for the experience of repetition, in a sense, a form of Destiny. So that animal-sacrifice is an experimental bid to get what the animal has, a bid to experience repetition as such, *experimental* if it falls short of such an experience, since the human being is a figure caught up in the misfortune of existence, his/her capacity to defile others through death. It is merely an experiment if its falling short of such an experience is not altogether a failure — for the animal sacrificer can, I contend, realise an echo of the experience of repetition — merely an echo if one, though animal sacrifice (contra self-sacrifice), does not die for the dead.

The implications of a failed bid to realise Destiny, by way of the animal sacrifice, merit en elaboration if this bid in Chapter five could push the human into envy, absolute envy for anybody that seems to realise his/her Destiny. One could become a witch, say, and appeal to a ware-animal in their bid to destroy the objects of his/her envy. Put another way, the use of a ware animal is the abuse/manipulation of animal divinity, for malicious interests. We could say becoming a witch is closer to animal sacrifice if both appeal to the use of the animal to achieve their purposes, except that becoming a witch is disavowal of the possibility of experiencing repetition itself. If becoming a witch, a way of using the animal to destroy objects of my envy, is unjustifiable for many a human, I could in Chapter six appeal to the animal form, and become a magician instead, in a (non-success-

ful) bid to experience repetition outside of the animal as an object of sacrifice. I could engage in what Freud (1946) calls totemism, the time of honouring, avowing/oathing or performing the animal, so that there is little or no difference between the animal and myself, so that I could assume a divine form, and achieve socially useful feats beyond human capacity. Becoming a rainmaker is a case in point, a feat beyond human capacity — the time of circumventing the misfortune of drought, for example, the time of appealing or making supplication to my lineage (ancestry), an appeal that is possible through my totem, what I call the double honour.

In Chapter seven the difficulty of experiencing repetition, a form of Destiny, is more instructive when it finds expression in a politico-historical situation, the making of a civilized order. This is civilization that consummates itself in the emergence of white domination, what we call a witchy civilization when it is an expression of envy for its casualties and their capacity for the experience of repetition. White domination, I imply, is an effort at the repression of the animal instinct in the human, the instinct that could, under non-repressive conditions, enable the human to honour the animal proper, in the bid to realise his/her Destiny, by way of the experience of repetition. The struggle for the experience of repetition in a white dominated sociality or witchy civilization begins with or articulates the struggle for the expression of instinct. The struggle for the realisation of Destiny in a witchy civilization, suffice it to say, informs many a black revolutionary's sensibility, the kind that I explore in Chapter eight. Here I show in Marcus Garvey the figure that struggles for a new civilization, a figure that will not dread death in his struggles against the enemies of godliness, ready to die for the dead, at times insensitive to the reality that a new civilization may not obviate the repression of animal instinct. To be precise: I do not need a new civilization (what others may also call new humanism) if we can let our animal instincts have their freeway and flourish. I do not need Garvey's new civilization even if I could yield to Garvian call not to dread death and die for the dead, and experience *repetition* as such, a form of Destiny.

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I want to die a stylish death, in the concrete-hope (a type of force) that style (the one form we have in the present life) is much that there is or remains on the other side of my human 'life'.

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Life is a question of style. Hence, in the first place, I dedicate my Ethics to our late cow, the all great beast, Mmakgwadi. We bought her from the Boers, for her milk, to be sure. We bought her for her milk if we also bought her for her colorful form (soul elevating/through her walk an object of my wonder), even if we ate her up upon her demise. White and ochre, she died from drought, sadly. Her demise, for me, is somewhat indeterminate, though. Was her demise, to put it in question form, a demise for real? Is her death the finality of her life? By extension, I dedicate my Ethics to many an animal in the 'universe', dead or alive…I cannot dedicate my work to human beings if such a dedication would amount to a riskier affair. Dedication is a big word. I doubt human beings could ever care about the Thinking I put in the following pages. I think less as a human being than another concrete form, even if my human-being-ness (or what is left of it) is inescapable, for as long I am not dead, for as long as I have not become a defiler of my beloved.

***

Shireen Ally and Eric Worby, thank you so much for all your advice, for patiently reading all that is in this work, *a Hiero-Parable*. Bridget Kenny and Dilip Menon read and commented on the earliest parts of these pages. I am grateful for their generosity.

Chapter 1 (A Quirky Walk)

What follows is a *way* of thinking the problem of Destiny. And to think Destiny is not a call to define it. Rather, it is to read in it processes that may help us think the possibility of overcoming one's 'enemy' (sociologically actual or otherwise[7]).

We could say overcoming one's enemy is overcoming a bearer of finitude, a giant that moves in a certain way, against life itself. The enemy is he/she that could move, and rejoice to see us lose a step, or anticipate our gaining a pointless step (the kind that tires the soul) *en route* to living a joyful life. The idea of an enemy, I imply, could regulate "human" consciousness (in relation to the notion of Destiny) if Destiny itself is unthinkable outside of death, outside of the human *en route* to the grave. I am suggesting we see in the process of overcoming our enemies a condition for our thinking the destiny-death relation. There is simply no way of thinking the idea of an enemy unless I evaluate the state of death (as fate/a mark of finitude) and the dead.

Death, to be sure, is a strange fact, not readily apprehensible, meriting an evaluation through-mediation, a re-telling, at once, of a tale on the origins or the nature of its being a fate (the end of life), finality or the mark of human finitude (the end of life). This tale is nothing much other than a familiar myth that a child could hear at a given night before he or she goes to bed. It is a tale that presupposes the listener's belief in the presence or existence of a God, a kind of a Sovereign if you will, since for a long time the life-and-death axes is God's prime object of concern. Hence God, in our tale, finishes the creation of the universe and, immediately, conveniently, calls on the chameleon, sending him/her to the people, to deliver a great message: *they will return to life after death*. Careless (to our sadness), God speaks louder than God should, it seems — for the lizard hears the conversation, and, excited, distorting the message, runs ahead of the slow 'carefree' chameleon. Death is final, says the lizard to the people: *they will not come back to life once they pass on*. The people accept the lizard's *message* – only to regret when the chameleon brings a different message, the originary message (what we call the *Arche-Hierophon*). They regret when they realise they cannot change much of the lizard's proclamation. In a sense, the lizard becomes the "enemy" of the people.

What we have here is a play of messages. But there is no message or play without a form. The Lizardian message is a fast form — as if the fast pace is nearly always the form that carries the false that becomes a kind of true eventually, a true that is never truth, however. The slow form

[7] The 'enemy' is a sociological (and not an ontological) category.

is the originary truth that becomes false simply because it never says at a proper time what it ought to say. The slow and the fast forms are falses, by implication, and cannot be objects of celebration. The slow and the fast forms have no capacity for Truthfulness, and merit a kind of substitution. They have no capacity to deliver a Life-giving message that is a Need for a soon to be a dead folk.

For now we can defer (until a bit later) the problem or the critique of a slow form, and urgently find a way to live with (or critique) the false (fast form) when it makes itself the carrier of the truth - even if this false (the message of the finality of death) itself may be irreversible. A way to find this way is to make a nominal distinction between a 'good' or 'bad' death. A miner, for example, may regularly fear a death underground or death by Tuberculosis if possibly already he/she dreads the finality of death as such. He/she could quit his/her job, and thus avoid the risk of dying such a death. The miner may simply prefer a "natural death" in sleep, say: a *possibly* 'good' death, *for him*. The miner would remind us of the reality that death in general (in its finality) is methodical, that it may choose war or disease or famine or some accident to accomplish itself. Let us illustrate our point through literary type of death, the palm-wine tapster's dying method in Tutuola (2015). His is *possibly* a 'good' (if heroic) death — for it finds him on the *call* of expert duty: for a long while (fifteen years and six months at the wine drinkard's palm tree farm) the tapster (the human being that must serve the drinkard) does nothing except for wine tapping, with a sense of pride, wine tapping for the drinkard, an *individual*[8] that, in turn, spends his time (days and nights) drinking wine and nothing else. His is a death on duty if the drinkard and his wine drinking friends find his lifeless body by the palm-tree. They had gone to search for the tapster, who (they thought) kept them waiting, for hours wine-tapping for them at the farm. The tapster's death is possibly a good type, albeit an inconvenience, a sad state of affairs, for the drinkard — for the tapster dies at a time when the drinkard can no longer live without wine in the plenty.

At the same time, however, the tapster's death is *possibly* a bad death. Overall, accidental deaths are unacceptable in his (or many an African) polity. Nonetheless, to die a 'bad' or 'good' death need not have a bearing on the tapster getting a burial. We could find it praiseworthy that the tapster receives a drinkard burial, a fitting burial under the palm tree on which he had fallen and died. It seems praiseworthy, since anybody else can do the burying, anybody else that may know little about the tapster's life. We find it praiseworthy, for no reason other than that the

[8] The drinkard is an expression of individuality, refusing to get caught up in the mundane (eking or labouring for a livelihood), refusing to yield to cultural expectations. I explore further in the seventh Chapter the problem of individuality vs individualism.

drinkard is the tapster's true next of kin if no one else seems to know the tapster better than the drinkard himself. Still, the drinkard must do first things first. Before burying the tapster, he must go up another palm tree, tap some wine for himself, and drink it to his satisfaction. This is acceptable, lest we harshly judge the drinkard. It is permissible for him to satisfy his needs before he cares for the dead. It is permissible to remain in a state of joyfulness (in wine drinking), if, in the first place, mourning the tapster is simply unnecessary. The tapster's death, for the drinkard, is falsely final, and does not merit a tear. The tapster is still within reach, to be precise:

> *When I saw that there was no palm-wine for me again, and nobody could [regularly] tap it [in the requisite quantities] for me, then I thought within myself that old people were saying that the* ***whole people who had died in this world****, did not go to heaven directly, but they were living in one place somewhere in this world. So that I said that I would find out where my palm-wine tapster who had died was*
> (Tutuola, 2015:5, my emphasis)

Put differently, the drinkard is full of a *confident* hope: he will see the tapster once again. So that privileging his own needs (wine drinking) prior to the burial is a way to gather strength, a necessary strength to start on the search for the dead tapster in the dead's town once the burial is complete.

The road to the dead's town is trouble-filled, to be sure. The living must be willing to go through "much difficulty in the bush" (101), must travel from bush to bush every day and night", at times may need to walk from tree branch to tree branch "for many days before touching ground" (101), for fear of dangerous creatures on the way. There is no proper road with clear signs towards the dead's town — aside that some people "at every village and town" (100) that the drinkard passes are unwilling to tell of the tapster's whereabouts unless he helps them with this or that. In fact, the drinkard goes as far as accepting one man's promise: the man will tell of the tapster's whereabouts on the condition that he, the drinkard, brings Death to his house, as if to suggest that Death him/herself does not reside in the town of the dead, as if to say Death moves his/her casualties to a town in which he/she does not want to live.

By implication, the dead tapster and Death him/herself possibly live in separate places, and Death is possibly closer to the drinkard than the town of the dead. Not surprisingly, the drinkard is ready to face Death before he gets to the dead's town, even if he does not know which road (*en route* to Death) to take. He must get help from the ordinary folk – the market going type

– that could know of Death's whereabouts. He will pretend to lie dead by the side of the road, so that the market goers could make remarks about death and give him a sense of direction. He need not talk directly to the villagers, if only to avoid (it seems) the possibility of sounding weird, and thus explaining himself. No normal person goes out of his way to find Death, since Death, as the drinkard soon finds out, is never satisfied and is full of tricks, at once vicious as he/she is inhospitable.

The point is: the drinkard's move towards the dead's town is doubly intentioned. First, he must get the wine. The second intention seems secondary, albeit equally instructive: the will to see the tapster before the tapster enters the heavenly bliss or joyfulness. Wine drinking (the first intention) for the drinkard is a source of his joyful living, perhaps a part analogue of the heavenly experience. Part analogue, since it does not approximate the heavenly experience. The drinkard, we could say at once however, experiences heaven-proper before he (alongside his wife) meets the tapster. For, en-route to the dead's town, he is forcibly brought into "Unreturnable- Heaven's town" (56), and thus begins to make sense of how and why it is a longer process to get to heaven in the first place, why the dead cannot get to heaven (directly) without camping at the dead's town, and apprehends that it is not readily a form of bliss. He will apprehend in heaven (as the destination for the dead) a realm that (from a distance) hides reality more than it reveals it — for on his search for the tapster, he is forced to witness and survive the horror of Heaven's town, full of "unknown creatures, both adults and children…very cruel to [earthly] human beings" (57) who mistakenly enter their town. In short, there is no place for human beings in heaven — and the drinkard, who (for us) is not (but has an appearance of) a human being, will not escape the torture from the "unknown creatures". Through the experience of torture the drinkard apprehends the full status of the unknown creatures: indeterminate enemies of God, many of whom the drinkard will destroy with fire, in his bid to self-defend. Not the human being that God's enemies think he is, consequently, the drinkard becomes the redeemer of "Unreturnable-Heaven's town". It is in his forced experience of the harshness of this town and its reality that he cleanses it of much that is sinister, as if to make heaven ready for the dead that are in the dead's town — the dead that had to wait for the redemptive moment when heaven will be a place of kindness or joyfulness, say, the time when they could, without much conflict with anybody else (God's enemies) in heaven, see the false finality of death for what it is.

Moving into a heaven's town could be a tragic situation for the dead if the drinkard suffers defeat in the Heaven's town. It could amount to an endless suffering for the dead, since the

town as such is unreturnable, a suffering that only the living (that are largely not or are beyond human or are a-human as such) can lift when they defeat God's enemies. Victory over God's enemies in Heaven's town is what we may call Destiny (for the living), and at once, on the other hand, see in this town a possible destination for the dead. It is Destiny for the drinkard, even when (post victory) he leaves Heaven's town for the dead's town, to check up on the tapster, as if to signal that Heaven or the tapster destination is ready. Destiny is not destination for the drinkard, even if Heaven would become his destination, too — to the extent that he has an appearance of being human, and in this appearance must one day die, and camp by the dead's town, and await someone else (the a-human) to defeat God's enemies on his behalf. Destiny is not a destination for the living if we take seriously the possibility that the task (under some conditions) of fighting for or redeeming the dead is a necessity, a kind of *call, always calling the* living folk to itself. It calls them to exit the banal and prosaic (survivalist or pitiful forms of eking out a living, say), and engage in a kind of struggle that they must win before getting a chance to see the desperate dead in the dead's town.

In the response to the call of Destiny lies, and this is our point, a moment, a form of an ethical practice, for the living — a long or a brief moment of practical solidarity with the dead. The response to Destiny proper is not different from a sincere acknowledgment that human life will pass, the realization that heaven is not readily a realm of peace unless the living (beyond human) in their response to Destiny enter heaven before they die as human beings, and engage in a type of warfare against all that is anti-Godliness. Human life will pass, and enter the dead's town, which is a type of fate and not Destiny, since none is exempt from it. Fate that could, contra heaven (full of god's enemies) interestingly, show empathy to its visitors, empathy that is a kind of compassion perhaps, not natural or immediate — for the dead in the dead's town, through a representative, are willing to consider their visitors' position or situation, and hear them out, listen to the reasons for their visit. Hence, the dead's representative could accept the drinkard and his wife into the town, even after the representative shares with them the town rule: *the living humans are not allowed inside the dead's town*. The dead's empathy towards the drinkard and his wife betrays the dead's thoughtful need to see in the drinkard a figure that is possibly beyond human. What is more, it betrays a thoughtful need to apprehend the drinkard's reasons for visiting: his need for joyful life (wine drinking) that culminated in a victory over the enemies of godliness, a victory that (for us) implies a redemption of the dead as such.

Still, the dead's empathy for the (possibly beyond-human) living (visitors) does not tem-

per with the ‘reality’ that fate (dead’s town) is the realm of the non-order, distinct from the order of the living. Everyone in the dead’s town must walk forward in reverse. The problem of the blind leading the blind in the dead’s town does not obtain, since everyone dead never has a need to see where they are going. It is as if the dead-as-the-former-human-living have had enough of walking forwardly forward in the town of the (human) living, an experience that is the condition for walking forward reversely in the new town without much effort of looking ahead. Walking reversely forward is a form that affirms the dead’s confidence, assuredness that they have seen it all, that there is not much ahead of them that is uncertain, except the uncertainty of getting to heaven, owing to heaven being a realm of trouble, under the influence of God’s enemies. This is the confidence the living, drinkard and his wife (in their appearance of humaneness), need not have: for they try and fail to walk like the dead when they stumble on a “sharp stone” and begin to bleed, and thus offend the dead, since the dead are not allowed to see blood. The dead, after all, have no blood in their bodily system, the very condition (we could say) that makes it possible for them to walk successfully in reverse.

Without blood in the bodily system, the dead in their walk can afford to stay composed, and thus sense obstacles or traps on the way, without looking ahead. Theirs is a walk that shows a good way of marking their place in the universe, a distaste for seeing blood, so that the drinkard’s blood (on our reading) reminds them of the (human) living: the ones who walk forwardly forward. We may see in this ‘painful’ memory of human life a condition that drives the dead, in spite of their empathy for the (possibly non-human) living, to drag the drinkard out of the town, refusing them (in their supposed humanness) to proceed and locate the tapster, not yet fully aware that the drinkard is beyond human and is their redeemer. Sensitive to their town standards/rules, the dead cannot do much for their living visitors (in their supposed humanness), except to drag them out of town, and leave them at the border. The best the visitors can do is to sit, wait to talk to the dead by the border-gate. The border gate, by implication, is a moment of the actual encounter and dialogue between the living and the dead. It is not, in the first place, a space of necessary conflict as it is a place “to catch up”, where the dead (tapster in our case) can tell or share on the manner or ways of their deadness, the manner of making peace with the impossibility of ever returning to their old life. They could share on the form of their gratitude, the contentment that comes with what/who they are: the reversely forward walkers, for example — or, same thing, the poetic movers, in the measure that their moves depend on the exercise of memory of the prosaic form of human life.

Of course, the dead's memory in general is not without limitations. The dead (akin to the living) find it hard to remember (and not distort) the past events. The tapster's reverse walking, I imply, is less a full exercise of memory of human life than an exercise of thinking the border between life and death. He does not remember "what happened to him before he died…" (102). He merely remembers going back to the drinkard's "house on the very night that he fell and died at the farm" (102). He had looked at and talked to everyone in the house. None in the house could see or answer him. Disappointed, he walked away. He could see from the beginning of his death that the living (in their humanness) are an ignorant folk, and have little capacity to hear or understand the dead. Unable to remember his life before death, he is aware, nonetheless, that the living (in their humanness) and the dead have *little* in common, and can only meet at a kind of a borderless border.

By no means is the border-gate of fate, for the living and the dead, an equidistant per se, since the living (and not the dead) must make an effort and travel long distances to get to the gate itself. The living must be willing to take as long as a decade to get to the dead's town — even if the dead, in reality, need the living (redemption) more than the living need the dead (the wine[9]), even if the living must triumph over the God's enemies in an unreturnable heaven's town, the triumph without which the dead cannot enter heaven as a destination. Living as such is serious if a hard thing to do whenever the living want to go on living and, at the same time, meet the dead in their town. Living is serious the moment it takes a form of living for others: the dead whose destination is at stake. Or more precisely, living for the dead, however indirectly, takes precedence over living for the living.

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Suffice it to say, living for the living is one way of yielding to finitude. This is apprehensible to a person with a near death experience (or in a death situation), say, one who (post-this experience) could change his/her mode of life the moment he/she, for some reason, realizes the possibility of having not seriously interrogated his/her finitude. He/she may suspect they have not

[9] The drinkard could have as much wine as he needs when tapster gives him an 'EGG' that could, at the drinkard's command, produce whatever he likes, so that he will no longer need the dead. This is an egg that could feed "the whole world" in a famine situation, except when it breaks and produces only what it likes that does not feed the world — so that famine remains a threat to life in the world. This is a famine that the drinkard and the elders in his village stop through fowl sacrifice, a supplication to heaven or the Heaven's unreturnable town. The heaven that would 'safely' be occupied by the dead tapster when the drinkard defeats the enemies of godliness.

paid their dues or have not experienced a kind of Destiny, the overcoming of God's enemies (enemies of godliness henceforth), the redemption of the dead. Put another way, to be in a death situation is a condition of taking one's life seriously, a condition of opting for a mode of life (amongst a few we evaluate in the coming Chapters) that could help one circumvent or navigate finitude. Yes, it is not always clear what course of action one should engage in to experience Destiny. It is not for certain that one (in the pursuit of the experience of Destiny) will overcome the enemies of godliness. The road to or in Destiny (overcoming enemies of godliness) is somewhat indeterminate. The path towards Destiny *may* merit a kind of Hiero-geography, an enquiry that ought to help us evaluate further the time of overcoming the enemies of godliness.

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By Hiero-geography, I imply, a reading of the world that is unthinkable outside an interrogation of the cross-roads (*en route* to one's experience of Destiny) — in the measure that this interrogation is a way of thinking the destiny-fate 'relation', the time of reading a lyric-poem at the present stage of our enquiry. A reading of the idea of the cross-roads in Bone Thugs and Harmony, at once seeing in a thug a figure beyond the human being. The thug is a type of an idiot, *the individual*, for whom the crossroads is inevitably part of anti-social living.

> *While you laughin' we're passin', passin' away*
> *So y'all go rest y'all souls*
> *'Cause I know I'ma meet you up at the crossroads*
> *Y'all know y'all forever got love from them bone thugs baby*
> ...
> *See you at the crossroads….so you wont be lonely*

The crossroads are the point of encounter between the living and the already dead, the dead that forever have love from the living "bone thugs".

> *I only roll with bone my gang look to where they lay*
> *When playing with destiny, plays too deep for me to say*

The love obtains when the living thugs, the anti-social/a-human, play with 'destiny' – even if they are also "human", to be sure, and one day will die, and join with the dead that are awaiting the living at the crossroads.

Lil' layzie came to me, told me if he should decease
well then please Bury me by my grand-grand
and when you can, come follow me

If Lil' layzie should die, he must, underground, lie beside the grandparent that cared for him in his youth, it seems. At once we ask of the conversation Lil' layzie would have with his grandparent. We wonder what it is that that gives Lil' layzie the confidence that the grandparent will be "happy" to see him. We wonder whether such a happiness betrays in Lil layzie's play with Destiny a play perhaps similar to overcoming the enemies of godliness in Tutuola, whether it betrays the redemption of the dead grandparent if the thugs have a love for the dead. We cannot attend to our wonder unless we first interrogate the thugs' conception of heaven, the conception that has a bearing on the problem of living (as mere human or beyond human) in the world.

Living in a hateful world sending me straight to
heaven That's how we roll (AZ Lyrics)

In the phrase "straight to heaven" we have two related readings. First, we enter heaven before we die and meet the dead at the crossroads, the time we overcome their enemies, the enemies of godliness. It is similar to our view of Toutolaian heaven: a critique of the commonsensical idea of heaven, readily a place of bliss, always a place we only get to after death, after having left the town of the dead. This reading suggests we see in the longing to enter heaven an affirmation of a *second reading* in "Straight to heaven". To think of "Straight to heaven" could imply an acknowledgment that living in "a hateful world", suffering as such, may very well be similar to experiencing a near death experience, and this experience may nearly be a daily problem in a hateful world for thugs if daily they face up to the possibility of a violent death (among many other forms of death) in an American setting, so that going straight to heaven or "how we roll" is in fact a critique of the world in its capacity to decide how they die. And a critique of how they die can only obtain after a thug first tries to establish why we die, why we end up at the crossroads, possibly awaiting our redemption from the living.

And I'm asking the good lord with a
sigh It's I he told me we live to die

"We live to die" is not significantly different from saying we "die because we have lived". At first, we live to die is an answer (to why we die) beyond comprehension, for the thug. We live to die is an unsatisfying answer (to why we die) for the thug, and much that he could do perhaps is

simply appeal to the myth on death, the myth we rehashed at the beginning of our essay. Unsatisfied with (or rejecting) the answer to why we die, Bone thugs (supposing they have yet to hear of this myth, or that this myth would be of no interest to them) may simply say (as they do) dying is "wrong" and that "I don't want to die", without suggesting the wrongness of death helps us know why it is wrong in the first place. But to say I don't want to die because death is wrong becomes serious when it is linked with the critique of how thugs live in a hateful American world, how they (their grandparents) could die and end up at the crossroads. It is serious when we are unwilling to accept the ways persons die, leading us to investigate the real cause of their deaths. We may want to know of the person who is likely to bring about their death: an enemy of the thug, or the police, whose reasons for killing in the first place may remain unknowable to us. Knowing the cause of death (or of the person who brings it about) is merely a way of finding a kind of closure. And yet, finding closure (whatever its merit) will not obviate the position 'I don't want to die the way my grandmother may have died'. So that the critique of how persons die in an American situation (the time of going straight into heaven, for the thug) articulates why we die in the first place and move into the crossroads, why (what is related thing) we live for the dead, why we play with Destiny, the time we possibly overcome the enemies of godliness, our thug love for the dead, when "God is who we praise/even though the devil's all up in my face".

We could say, then, that the enemies of our love for the dead (or the enemies of the dead we love) in general are similar or related to the haters in the hateful world. So that a war against these enemies in the heavens is also a war on the hateful world. The extent to which we find haters a difficult group to overcome in the world expresses the serious deadliness of the enemy of love for the dead at the cross-roads. There is simply "no mercy for thugs" at the crossroads or in the hateful world — for there is no mercy for thugs or anybody that wants to live anyhow *en route* to overcoming the enemies of love for the dead. And yet there is no need to fear these enemies, says the thug – for God is "keeping me safe" from them, a moment to "say grace", an expression of gratitude. The play with Destiny (the thug "will not budge"), the thugs' overcoming merciless enemies at the crossroads, betrays the presence of the God that is nonetheless merciful to thugs. The God that is different from an objective God, different from a God that is impartial and subjects everyone to abstract standards. The thug may not want to be judged alongside all people. In short, thugs merit a preferential treatment, regardless of what they share in common with humans who will die in time. It is the experience of God's Mercy that conditions the possibility of our overcoming the enemies of love for the dead. We are re at the mercy of Mercy, and

not at mercy of the haters that are difficult to overcome in the hateful world. The haters have not a final say, however strong and lizardian they are in their expression of hatred.

To be clear, our overcoming the enemies of our love for the dead is not the same thing as overcoming these enemies as haters in the hateful world. At the same time, I do not imply a crude separation between the defeat of the merciless enemies of our love for the dead in our play with Destiny and our suffering defeat at their hands (as haters) in a timed reality (the world) — for Destiny itself finds expression within the heaven and world articulation, suggesting our play with Destiny is in (but not of) the world. We could say a play with Destiny, a play in Mercy, in but not of the world, is the condition of apprehending what we feel when we are at the crossroads. Under duress, playing in but not to the hateful world, I can only be restive, as though the crossroads is point of hearing many a voice at one and the same moment, of hearing voices of the other thugs and the dead if one is a thug, voices of the dead and the haters of love for the dead. So that Bone Thugs and Harmony, helpless, could try to harmonise their voices with the dead's, leaving out the voices of haters simply because they do not matter. They could engage in the harmonising process, in a bid to move in some kind of unity that is necessary if they should, through Mercy, overcome the enemies of love for the dead. To create music under duress, for Bone Thugs and Harmony, amounts to taking a proper turn at the cross-roads, in the sense that music is unthinkable outside chords or notes and their struggle, progressions or regression (and their resolution), betraying the thug-musician's anxious negotiation of the difficulties that come with a play with Destiny. Music in Bone Thugs n Harmony, by way of Mercy, is a resolution or movement of feelings (affectivity), helping the listener apprehend the stakes involved in the life of a thug, that a thugs' play with Destiny is a serious form.

It is a serious play when we hear in the 'Cross-roads' an element of conflict, say: the alternation of thunderstorm sounds (cosmic disturbances that go on till the end of the song) and the instrumentation form, a tension that obtains alongside a play of thug voices that, throughout the song, struggle for a kind of unity. At stake in Bone Thugs' struggle for harmony, the struggle for vocal unity alongside the tensions in instrumentation and the sound of thunderstorms, lies the struggle with the cosmos, it seems. The struggle for harmony in Bone Thugs is not simply internal to the music-as-music, since the thugs relish the inclusion of cosmic disturbances in the music, suggesting at once that the possibility of the struggle for harmony in the music is also the thugs' musical struggle for harmony with what lies beyond or exceeds the music. Their musical struggle for harmony with the outside, the cosmos, is the reverberation of their merciful play with

Destiny, the taking of proper turns at the Crossroads, as though the failure to achieve harmony with the cosmos implies a defeat at the hands of the haters of love for the dead.

Suffice it to note, though. The idea of harmony constitutes Euro-American musical sensibility. Bone Thugs n Harmony is an expression of this sensibility. Possibly, then, Bone Thugs' use of harmony in relation to the cosmos is an index of much that they know (as Black American musicians), the condition of their thriving in an American popular culture. To be sure, their music could be different if they would privilege non-harmony forms in their dealing with the cosmos. In any case, the cosmos is beyond measure, unknowable, in the first place. And possibly, the cosmos is the very realm of chaos, undermining the view that the two are necessarily opposites or are at war — in which case the struggle for harmony with the cosmos need never imply the absence of turmoil *en route* to (or even after) Bone Thug's overcoming the enemies of love (care) for the dead. Chaos in itself may not be a necessary enemy of care or love for the dead, and may be a condition or an outcome of overcoming the enemies of love or care for the dead if the struggle over enemies of love for the dead is dynamic as it is indefinite.

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The problem of harmony and cosmos-chaos relation merits an elaboration, beyond Bone Thugs. We could think of the harmony-music relation in music making as a type of ritual exercise, in which chaos may not always be an enemy of love-care for the dead. I have in mind the ritual exercise in Black-Africa — even if ritual lives (and the associated mythological paradigms by implication) in Africa are heterogeneous. For instance, in passing let us think of Yoruba ritual life in Wole Soyinka, in the measure that it *may* articulate the common theme of black African aspiration to pass through chaos and its consequences. Chaos — an abyss — in Soyinka is thinkable alongside the inner world of persons, individuals as actors and the music they create.

> *The means to our inner world of transition, the vortex of archetypes and kiln of primal images is the ritualised experience of the gods themselves and of Ogun most especially…Nor is Ogun's identification with the innate mythopoeia of music fortuitous. Music is the intensive language of transition and its communicant means, the catalyst and solvent of its regenerative hoard.The actor dares not venture into this world unprepared, without symbolic sacrifices and the invocation of eudaemonic guardians of the abyss (Soyinka, 1976:35).*

Music is a ritual exercise, a "mythopoeia" moment in the accumulation of spiritual resources — "of archetypes and the kiln of primal images" — that condition the possibility of transiting the inner (psychic) world, abyss, or chaos[10]. Music making, a ritual, is a dramatic scene, an appeal to chaos' "eudaemonic guardians", by way of symbolic sacrifices. In short, music is a "mythopoeia" through which the actor in Soyinka can speak to the Divine. The actor makes individuated incarnations, and yet these remain commensurate with the incarnations from the common (communi-incantations, so to speak), to the extent of his/her dependence on archetypes and images.

Soyinka's archetypes and the manner of their expression in an actor have a political value, for the notion of an archetype is an object of suspicion in the history of an anti-colonial critical mood. His archetypes are a rival to Jung's archetypes that (for Soyinka) smack of "distortions of structure" (34) of the so-called primitive psyche. For Soyinka, primitive archetypes in Jung are mere consequence of the morbid mind, a mind without historical sense. Jung in Soyinka fails to see in archetypes-proper a formation of a cyclical struggle in chaos, shaped by way of a people's "moral and historic experience" in the world (35). Jung cannot see in the "moral and historical experience" of a people the regulative element of archetypes, and that their morality, more important, is a way to "create harmony in the cosmos" (156).

Contra Jung's primitive archetypes, archetypes in Soyinka, by way of musical expression through our moral experience, could beget a cosmic equilibrium. In a sense, chaos and the struggle for harmony in Soyinka are a kind of a dialectic if passing through chaos is nearly no passing at all, since chaos re-emerges in time, betraying the restive form of the individual's struggle for "harmony in the cosmos", the individual's effort to "harmonise with his/her environment, physical, social and psychic" (1). Yet, harmony in the cosmos, for Soyinka, is achievable if by harmony he implies a moment that is bound up with the "reparation for disjunction within the individual [the actor's] psyche", the individual who is able to pass though chaos, even if momentarily. Reparation within the psyche in Soyinka implies "the retrieval of the protagonist's ego…reflected in the destiny of being" (36), unthinkable outside of his/her people's archetypes, the moral creation of harmony in cosmos.

The question is: Is the ego retrieval, the time of achieving a 'destiny of being' (a moment of living through harmony in the cosmos), realisable in actuality? It suffices to interrogate the very idea of being in Soyinka, unthinkable outside of the fact that it is being itself that prefigures

[10] I suggest we see in the abyss a synonym of chaos. We could see in the abyss an expression of an individual (human)'s inner world in Soyinka, a pointer to the dynamic human-cosmos relation.

the drama of the gods, "Ogun most specially", to the extent that they are a "product of the conscious creativity of man" (2). Being is unthinkable outside its capacity for or givenness to consciousness and creativity, as though to say being in Soyinka is (on our reading) an expression of subject-object/idea (actor-god) relation through chaos. Put another way, to read "the dramatic or tragic rites of the gods" is to sense the figures that are "engaged with the more profound, more elusive phenomenon of being and nonbeing (3)". The gods (idea-objects) inform the extent to which the actor (subject), in the struggle through the abyss, may move from non-being to achieve a 'destiny of being', the mark of disintegration and the retrieval of the *ego* or capacity for desire, living through harmony in the cosmos.

In this move, from disintegration to the retrieval of the ego, the actor specifically can "shelve and even overwhelm metaphysical uncertainties by epic feats, and prolong such a state of social euphoria by their constant recital", aware that "this exercise in itself proves a mere surrogate to the bewildering phenomenon of the cosmic location of his being. The fundamental visceral questioning intrudes, prompted by the patient, immovable and eternal immensity that surrounds him. We may speculate that it is the reality of this undented vastness which created the need to challenge, confront and at least initiate a rapport with the realm of infinity" (2). We could say rapport with the infinite in Soyinka is the mark of the achievement of 'destiny of being', a destiny which, for us, could amount to a victory over one's enemies, the "forces which challenge [one's] efforts to "harmonise with his/her environment, physical, social and psychic". Rapport with the infinite is a mark of the 'destiny of being' as it betrays a being that experiences harmony in the cosmos.

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Now, it is unclear whether the achievement of the 'destiny of being', the time of experiencing harmony in the cosmos, is realisable, simply because we are uncertain of what Soyinka means or implies by infinity. In the absence of certainty we could see in Soyinka's formulation of infinity (realm to which he can appeal to have his actor achieve the 'destiny of being' and experience harmony in the cosmos) an ideological pretext. Infinity in Soyinka is incoherent, so that the struggle for a 'destiny of being', the moment of experiencing harmony in the cosmos, is incoherent, too, possibly un-achievable, discrediting the very possibility that being has a destiny as such[11]. We need something other than the notion of infinity or harmony to think the idea of being

[11] We have not a reason to think being has Destiny. Rather, we are justified to say the human being has fate: death.

or Destiny (the fact of overcoming enemies of love-care for the dead). You will recall that the idea of harmony (by way of Bone Thugs) has the garb of a Euro-American Ethno-sense. Not surprisingly, "tonal harmony", more than rhythm and melody, is a prime colonial ruse of domination, the cultural domination of local (African) music sensibilities (Agawu, 2003:47). For this reason the idea of harmony is largely non-transparent as a concept, non-transparent object of appeal in my reading of the chaos-cosmos relation — so that we are justified to leave it behind, and appeal to less heavy-laden a form, less heavy laden akin to polyphony, suggesting the possibility that polyphony (more than harmony) can help us move beyond musicological squabbles, a suggestion that Agawu would readily accept.

To think of polyphony is to think of a *play* of at least two sounds in the 'cosmos' that entails chaos, the sound (perhaps a cry, wail or aspirations) of the hopeful living and the desperate dead, say, one immediate and the other immediately distant. The former sound is beyond apprehension if we (the living) are making it already. It is beside meaning, even if it is significant. The kind of significance that makes the latter sounds an object of wonder and dread if it is the sound or an echo that comes from a distant town of the dead. A form akin to a polyphony could, in a sense, enrich our doubt on the value or conceptual traction of the infinite when "initiat[ing] rapport with the realm of the infinity" in Soyinka is a condition for achieving 'destiny of being', a moment of living through or experiencing harmony in the cosmos. Thinking a form akin to a poly-phon puts less pressure on our grappling with what we can never apprehend(infinity). Thinking a form akin to a poly-phon is apprehending a *sound more* than one at least, or, same thing, one sound and more that is an expansion of this very one. Here the more does not emerge when another one is added to the one that is already there. The more is not the many or quantity and cannot be a mark of the infinite. The more is what it is, a quality of sound, expressing at once the relation between chaos and the cosmos where harmony is unnecessary, simply because the cosmos is beyond measure and is itself indeterminate.

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Our form that is akin to a polyphony is, in fact, more than polyphonic. It is what we may call a hierophon, the quality of sound as weight, a kind of 'force' over us. And, ultimately, apprehending a hiero-phon, when it is a critique of the infinite, obtains under conditions of Mercy, if I could re-appeal to Bone Thugs. Properly hearing the Hierophon conditions the possibility of overcoming the enemies of our love for the dead at the crossroads or God's enemies in Tutuola. The hierophon, *the One when and only when this One is expecting the More*, is a pointer to our

apprehending the Sovereign, God as such, as if to say God in the first place, the placeholder of Sovereignty, is the very form that makes possible the play (and our hearing) of the sounds of the living and the dead. It is as though we cannot hear and experience the weight that is the hierophon outside of our capacity to hear God. For God in some ways is what we can hear, hope to touch and have already touched *with our hearts if we are aware that godliness has enemies, the harbingers of finitude. God is what we hear if always* "God is who we praise/even though the devil's all up in my face". God is who we praise and can hear even if the enemies (it matters little whether we call them devils or agents of evil) of our love for the dead are ever present around us, seemingly more real or positive than God if God is not an 'object' of our vision, not a being or a becoming. Put another way, we cannot hear the hierophon unless we have the capacity to hear the Sovereign (Godly) message, the Arche-Hierophon that is the object of lizardian distortion: *there is life after death: redemption of the desperate dead, when the dead are forms worth our love and care, the time when the living play with Destiny, a play that cannot obtain if the living do not assume a form beyond the human being.*

It is hard, to be sure, to tell how God could not anticipate the dangers of a lizardian, fast walk (walking forwardly forward), a speedy (or for that matter a slow) distorting-carriage of the Arche-Hierophon. It is fairly easy, nonetheless, to see in the dead's walk in reverse, the realm of nothingness/poetry in way, a critique of any form of walking forwardly forward, a critique of our lacking a capacity to hear Arche-Hierophon properly unless we live for the dead, a critique of our inability to stand the weight of the Arche-Hierophon, and hear the hierophon. In a sense, it is a critique of a rushed lizardian walk when this walk is the absence of courage. The kind of walk that is not praiseworthy when a slow walk, a form of walking forwardly forward too, on the other hand, is blameworthy and an object of our sympathy at the same time. Sympathy, since a slow walk could owe its existence to the heaviness of the Arche-Hierophon itself, alongside that of being in our humaneness. Blameworthy if it is an impression of our failure in being to beat the lizardian form, blameworthy for slowly going on and on even when we could see the odds, for going forward slowly when we could sense the Arche-Hierophon would not in time make it to the dead.

Seemingly, there is no way of hearing the Arche-Hierophon/hierophon unless we confront or put off the weight (or the heaviness) of our humanness/human-beingness. The heaviness of humanness itself is the enemy of the dead. Or, similar thing, the weight of human-*beingness* is the enemy of Destiny. For being, we have hinted already, has not a Destiny, and this does not

surprise us, since being[12], in fact, is the very mark of dying, of finitude. Without a Destiny, without the possibility of carrying the Arche-Hierophon, being, rather, has a fate: nothing, by way of a slow or a fast forward walk. The question is, then: what kind of a walk or a movement (even if not a walk) do we need to hear or carry on the Arche-Hierophon? What kind of movement do we need to experience Destiny, to live or care or express love for the dead? What kind of movement if we should know by now that a walk in reverse as an expression of the hierophon[13]), too, cannot carry on the Arche-Hierophon? For only the living have the capacity to carry the Arche-Hierophon, for the sake of the redemption of the "*whole people who had died in this world"*, for the sake of the dead who need the living more than the living need the dead. Only the living, when they have put off the weight of human-beingness as mark of finitude, can engage in an alternative kind of walking or movement, neither fast, slow nor *crudely* a movement in reverse. I imply a quick kind of walk or movement that may perhaps, nonetheless, slightly reference a walk in reverse, quirkiness per se, conditioning a possibility of friendship or kinship with the Sovereignty, a condition of our volunteering to carry Arche-Hierophon, in the sure hope that we will (akin to the palm-wine drinkard) make it to the dead in time, and that the dead in their desperation will recognise and receive our message, and make their way to their destination, a kind of heaven.

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[12] We could yield to the Soyinka's conception of conscious being: the "product of the conscious creativity of man" (Soyinka, 1976:2). Still more: we could include in Soyinka's formulation the "unconscious" contents of the human so called, supposing the unconscious (in Freud, say) have the capacity to move into the conscious realm. In being, for us, is much that constitute and perhaps at the same time regulates desires of the living humans. Of course, to include in being the "conscious creativity" and unconscious contents is to imply a level of indeterminacy, to the extent that we have yet fully to grasp the realm of the unconscious contents even if we are to accept their 'existence'. The conscious creativity of man is not fully transparent, by implication. The human being, we could say, is hesitant in its self-disclosing. The indeterminacy of being need not imply we cannot talk about it, of course. We can talk about a "conscious creativity of man" or 'subjectivity' without engaging in any kind of ontology (Levinas, 1981). And if we cannot fully grasp the nature of being, we are nonetheless certain that the human being must perish, must die. In a sense, the partly graspable nature of the human being is that he/she must live and die.

[13] A forward walk in reverse is an expression of the dead's wager, originary wager, that the living will defeat the enemies of their redemption.

Chapter 2 (Play on Destiny)

I explore further in what follows the moment of 'living for the dead'. In this moment, I contend, lies the possibility that the dead merit a *dying-for,* too. Or to be precise, I interrogate in the double movement of living/walking (beyond human) and dying for the dead the possibility that they could be an articulation of the same form: the moment of self-sacrifice, say: the time of losing my human life voluntarily, at my own hand or another's. The time of voluntarily foregoing my *being* as an impression or a mark of my conscious labour/creativity in the world, of the subject-object relation that in time must perish anyway, the time of foregoing my being for the sake of the dead's vitality: their redemption.

Dying for the dead is, I imply, a kind of a struggle against death/finitude per se. Dying for the dead, akin to 'living' for them, is, I show, a critique of the lizardian message ('death is final'), as if it is a way of getting to the dead's town, walking forward in reverse, and reversing the force of the lizardian message itself. Dying for the dead is different from dying an *ordinary* death, violent or otherwise, the time of merely staying in the dead's town, merely awaiting redemption and nothing more. Possibly then: death is not an equaliser. The dead are not equal or the same, in the measure that that you could die to redeem the dead, get them out of the loop of dirtiness, to the extent that others (folk that live for their stomachs) die for the sake of dying[14], and somewhat parasitically await for their redemption.

To die for the dead is a critique of dying for the sake of dying, and it could be a benign critique of a conservative form (a form that is no form at all) of this dying, a form of dying for nobody: suicide[15], say. Suicide, of course, is outside history per se — for we have no record of a first suicide. What is more, it is difficult to determine whether the first suicide precedes the first homicide. So that the writing of a genealogy of suicide may be a fruitless exercise. By extension, defining suicide or giving an account of its nature coherently may get us nowhere. For our purposes, though: we may see in suicide a mere dramatic consummation of our fate, of death itself or the loop of dirtiness, and that possibly it does not always obtain owing to the decision of its casualty. We do

[14] To die for the sake of dying could very well include dying for things that (on the face of it) appear worth dying for. It could include dying for one's children, scientific, political, religious ideas, nations or countries.

[15] Perhaps the call of suicide is a sheer call to absolute anarchy. It is time when we obviously neither live nor die for anybody - not even for ourselves if we would have lost our sense of self by the time we kill ourselves.

not always opt for or commit to suicide before it chooses whom it wants to choose. It is a force or an existent that is not of this world even if it hovers in the world. Suicide is a force or a spirit, independently of the one that commits to it, just as the call of death is an agent (an I) of death itself, just as death could come to us of its own accord. At stake is neither our choice nor our non-choice to take our lives, contra Camus' appeal to his brand of authenticity[16]. Not to take our lives need not altogether be our choice per se. After all, we could suspect that suicide is a spirit of witchcraft (our concern in the fifth Chapter).

Suicide is seductive as it is authoritative in its self-representational manner. It tells its potential casualty a nearly incontestable 'truth': *you are wretched, you need me and must therefore commit to my call*... Suicide, put another way, is possibly a kind of proto-obligation (a thing I need, a thing to which I must commit under some circumstances) – an obligation I need not keep, nonetheless, supposing I still prefer to endure an unendurable suffering in the world. It is nearly indeterminate, and of itself, by implication, not blame/praiseworthy. Of course, the act of its seducing its casualty may very well be unfair – for we do not have an equal chance of being its object of choice, owing to the heterogeneity of suffering in the world. It calls as many but chooses a few who, in turn, may or may not yield to it as a proto-obligation. Somewhat paradoxically, it could make itself less a proto-obligation than a critique of the idea of obligations, of duties towards others in the world, the others who expect us to continue living when our lives in being slaves of object-oriented consciousness or determinations of self conscious living are simply unbearable. Suicide could be a critique of de-ontological ethics (its call to duties), in the last instance — for, to continue living is not an obligation, since one possibly in the first place did not choose to be born.

Living through being is an object of preference (a commendable or 'good' thing to do, possibly), preference to enjoy this or that or simply endure the misfortune of finitude. Preference here is a type of deference to the familiar, to the familiarity of breathing, so that living in being becomes

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[16] Camus (1942) is insensitive to the power of suicide when if he implies (in his rejection of suicide) that that suicide is always the human being's object of choice, that one is always in a position to accept or object to the call of suicide. We could agree with Camus that the pursuit of creativity could be an alternative life form to committing to suicide, only under some circumstances, the time when the call of suicide is not force beyond its potential casualty. We could agree with him, except (in other words) to reject in the pursuit of creativity a kind of artistic singularity, a type of aestheticism that could always obviate my committing suicide itself. To be sure, suicide need be neither praiseworthy nor blameworthy. Blameworthy may be my preferring to live/suffer a life that is simply unbearable.

a habit, at a basic level. My life in being, then, is akin to a gift, a surprise that is neither strange nor determinate. It is akin to a gift that I can never reject, even when I commit to suicide, since suicide itself is an affirmation of my being, to the extent that it implies a reality that my life in being could be better. Choosing or committing to suicide is the recognition that my life in being has ceased to *appear* like a gift to myself, and thus does not merit gratitude, and that, at one and the same time, I need not to go on complaining about my ingratitude[17].

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A way of thinking life in being ceasing to appear like a gift is through figures that kill themselves, incapable to bear the seemingly *loopy* experience of *being* in a financial debt. After all, we borrow money to express a dissatisfaction (complaint) that our lives are not what they could be, that are our lives could be less burdensome. Having money through debt in this sense is an optional tool of 'social' reproduction, for better or for worse. At the same time, failure to pay my debts (absence of money) makes life in being as a gift a possible drudgery, an object of no-gratitude, and may, consequently, inform my resolve to yield to the call of suicide. This yield need not surprise — for the degeneration of a life-as-a-gift through the drudgery of being a debtor is less a degeneration than it is an illumination of death as a type of Debt itself, an originary Debt as such, so that to live in general, awaiting death, could be a burdensome experience. Failure to settle my debts may push me towards suicide, may fasten my walk towards the settling of the *original Debt*, an accrued share (the consummation of a loop of dirtiness), the time when we defile the living we leave behind, the time when our being must perish or rot in *nothingness*, the time we enlist in the dead's town, and poetically await for our redemption. It is as though nothingness itself is a kind of a creditor, a claimer of the gift of being (being that must settle debt of death).

We should mention in passing that our nothingness-gift-debt relation is not without an analogue, even if merely in part. Consider an 'African village' that thrives on gifts-as-debts, where someone always owes someone something. Some villagers (women in the main) could welcome a visitor/stranger (a neighbour) with gifts, "two ears corn, one vegetable marrow, one chicken, five tomatoes, one handful of peanuts" (Bohannan in Graeber, 2011, 104). The gifts are returnable,

[17] Committing to suicide is understandable. After all, to keep on complaining about a gift-like life that has ceased to appear as such is a kind of insincerity. And to suggest life-in-being can never cease to be gift and thus always merit gratitude without complaint is hypocrisy – for one ought to be aware that the gift of life in being is not always "honey-pot" or a thing worth our keeping at all costs.

though — returnable in different forms, in the form of money, for example. At an appropriate interval, the visitor could return the gift in the form of money that approximates the value of the gifts received. To return nothing is to be anti-social. To return the gift in the form of money that is *exactly equal* the value of the gift is to end the relationship of reciprocity (Graeber, 2011). Appropriate return of the gift— the consummation of reciprocity — is the measure of progress in the struggle against a mechanical (non-intimate) kinship, so to speak.

Reciprocity, put another way, is the absence of bankruptcy — for I cannot be bankrupt when my debt is formerly a gift to me, when the value of what I need to give back can slightly be less or more than what I had received. Equally significant, reciprocity, the absence of bankruptcy, betrays human beings in need, of having nothing in the first place. One has nothing, and thus must receive something, and must, out of having nothing/having received something, give back the giver something he (the given) does not really have in the final analysis. For a something is what is always becoming a nothing if it must perish in time. I can never be bankrupt when always, or by definition, I always have the coming-of-nothing to give back or when, in simple terms, I (always having nothing) was never ever in a position to settle my debt[18] in the first place. The absence of bankruptcy is simply a lesson: everyone has nothing, and must receive something that is becoming nothing, something that he/she must give back to the giver. The absence of bankruptcy betrays a difficult life to lead, betrays a village figure/being caught up in attaching value to things that are nothings, things that must perish, and possibly have him/her experiencing a kind of melancholia.

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[18] Then: I can only have the stigma of a bad giver-debtor, the anti-social (he that will suffer the punishment of receiving no nothings or help from anybody), if I fail to give back a gift in an appropriate manner, in a non-mechanical, intimate kind of way. Of course, failure to give back the gift at all is not failure, since to give something that is becoming nothing in time is not to give anything. The point is: there are no gifts (free lunches) as such, in so far as human relations obtain. And gift exchange is simply a euphemism for debt settling. For this reason, the Mausian anxiety to retain in the *gift* a category of thinking reciprocity or human solidarity is unjustified. The Mausian option of still seeing in gift-giving an *(apparently)* disinterested (free) practice that is equally *(or in reality)* obligatory among humans (Mauss, 1925) is simply a false solution, since human solidarity can obtain through obligations proper (debts payments) among other things without their being types of gifts. (The point is that we could do away with the concept of the gift altogether in thinking human relations, to the extent that there is such a thing). These obligations need not become impersonal, lacking in a possibility of facilitating affection between humans, for time and again we borrow this or that from friends or close associates. Time and again we return the same things and express our gratitude.

The absence of bankruptcy implies the absence of a sheriff, since sheriffs imply a possibility of attaching my assets, and leaving me alive but destitute. Bankruptcy implies the bankers' belief that he/she could get something from me when, properly speaking, he/she will get nothing, since my assets, in reality, are becoming nothing if they are perishing in time. Bankruptcy implies the banker's false belief that he/she has something to claim, to the point of severely (through a sheriff) assaulting me, the debtor, the debtor that may search for an escape, a suicidal form say (the point we have been waiting to make all along), expressing a yearning for a sociality of reciprocity (in Graeber), where bankruptcy is an impossibility.

Of course, being indebted to humans (in a non-reciprocal sociality) and their institutions may be avoidable by simply not getting into debt in the first place, the condition of possibly evading suicide itself. Still, for some folk, evading the call of suicide seems impractical. For a moment, let us think a black 'South African' suicide:

> *Dan Ngomane, who failed to support his dependents and was hopelessly unable to meet his debts, asked his mother, 'If I die, please take care of my children.' That night he climbed out of bed, and told his wife that he was going to the toilet. Instead, Dan entered his children's bedroom, tied a noose around the beam of their roof, and hung himself. The children were asleep and only saw his corpse dangling from their roof when they woke up in the morning. The location of Dan's suicide alludes to the circumstances of his distress. He reportedly left a note, 'I'm sick and tired of living. Life is financially too trying for me. Younger brother, look after my children for me. Control my assets. I have worked hard for 18 years.'* (Niehaus, 2012:225)

The image of a man "dangling from [the] roof" is commonplace in South Africa. And it is negatively impressive if we imagine in Dan's corpse the first 'thing' his children see the moment they wake up from their sleep. It is hard to tell the first thing each of the children would do upon seeing their dangling father. What we sense is that they might get sick from the dead father's breath hovering the room, and forever find the experience hard to forget. More concerning, it is unclear why the children figure in this reportage. An object of suspicion, the ethnologist's reporting method smacks of a sensationalist element, his will to have us see in Dan a kind of a mad black-man who nonetheless merits our empathy.

Still, the story (the method of suicide) is believable. More so if we think in Dan's spectacular method of suicide a way that is commensurate with the manner of his suffering: the burden of

debt that cannot be shared, to the point of his saying: "I am sick and tired of living"(225). Sick and tired, by implication, of being responsible for you, 'my children'. Dan does not blame his children, to be sure – and yet they form part or contribute to life's burden-ness. Hence, it seems fitting for them to see him *up* the roof, and that they need not, however, despair in the final analysis, since someone else (Dan's brother) henceforth ought to care for them. This is someone else, for whom, life remains a gift-like form in which the subtle game of living for others remains an object of preference. Dan cannot go on preferring life or pretend that his life is a gift, unless he wants to live a lie, express a type of insincerity, unless he wants to go on complaining endlessly about his debts without ever expressing gratitude.

There is little hope, for Dan, on the ethnologist's account.

> *No matter how hard Dan worked, his income remained insufficient to meet his domestic obligations. He simply had too many children to support. Dan was given custody over three children from a previous marriage. His current wife, Ester, had four children from her previous marriage, and together she and Dan had one child. In addition, Dan had undertaken to provide for his deceased brother's two children, one of whom also had her own baby. To make matters worse for Dan, three of his dependents attended institutions of higher learning. Because Dan had been unable to pay their fees, the institutions withheld the results of their June examinations, and threatened to refuse them re-admission. Dan could no longer tolerate their pleas for money and borrowed R 8000 (£667) from a 'loan shark' at the exorbitant monthly interest rate of 50 per cent. Dan was confident that he would be able to repay the loan—as soon as he received his annual bonus. Failing that, he could use his pension money. In November, Dan discovered that Ester's son had lied to him all along. The young man never registered at the technical college in Johannesburg as he had claimed, but instead misused the money. Dan began to doubt that he would ever be able to pay the loan shark, and feared that his interests would forever accumulate* (217).

The accumulating interest will in the long run, to be precise, make it near impossible for Dan to service the actual loan. And the interest and the actual loan would turn life into an absurdity if this life turns it into an unbearable burden (a debt of a type), an absurdity when life in being, you will recall, is a gift-like form. Life would become an absurdity unless we propose that a gift-like form as

burden is not unusual, since life akin to a gift is akin to an inherited debt, in the sense that we are often forced to sort out or deal with problems that we find in and inherit from the world. At any rate, the interest and the actual loan are a dangerous burden, for Dan. For they do not simply amount to a debt. They are a way towards his death (originary Debt/accrued share), perhaps dreadful death at the hands of a loan shark — supposing none is willing to come to his rescue, and help him pay his debt. His is an accrued debt that the shark will not simply write off, since he is not a 'legal' entity and has no access to a sheriff. He cannot attach Dan's assets, for which he (Dan) has worked for 18 years (Dan's children should, without legal harassment, remain beneficiaries of what he leaves behind).

The Shark, in other words, is aware of the unique risk of never recouping his money, aware of an accrued debt becoming a bad debt that can only be written off by the 'blood' of the debtor. So that the key problem, for Dan, becomes less about the impossibility of paying back the loan than living in fear of a possible death (an instance of Death as an originary debt/accrued share) at the mouth of the Shark. At stake for Dan is the preference to live in fear of death at the mouth of a shark (a complaint-filled preference for a life in being as a gift that is becoming tasteless) vis-a-vis facing the call of death (originary debt) at his own hand. Dan is aware of the pointlessness of preferring life in being as a gift like form while regularly thinking about death at the mouth of the shark. Dan will rather face death, originary debt, albeit at his own hand. Committing to and becoming a suicide is the point or moment when life-as-a-gift is made of debts or obligations to the living others (to children, friends, family, to society, colonials, to loan sharks, etc.), life-as-a-gift ceasing to be an 'object' of gratitude or complaint. Dan's death by suicide betrays a no need to continue living for the living others.

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Now, to die through a rejection of living for others could elicit their contempt. For we are aware, in the first place, that *moipolai ga a llelwe*—'there is no need to mourn a suicide': an ideo-contemptous-proposition, whose truth-value is difficult to establish and, for this reason, significant in our bid to think the 'I/the figure' that cannot stand a seemingly looped experience of living in debt. Not mourning the suicide is not, of course, the time of being indifferent to the suicide. It calls for a ritual, a way of treating his/her corpse. You could wash the corpse, send him/her to the morgue. Back from morgue, though, he/she is not allowed to enter the homestead: otherwise, you could invite misfortunes, more deaths in your family or lineage. Prudently (and in a vengeance manner), you do not mourn the corpse of the suicide, by doing unto him what he did to others, his

refusal to live for his relatives. You refuse to live for him as a suicide. Merely not mourning the suicide is not enough, though: *Moipolai ga a llelwe. Sello sa gwagwe ke moropa ge o lla re a bina*: ('there is no need to mourn a suicide: his louder cry (a wail) is a drum, to which you can dance, perhaps (we could add) anyhow – for you no longer really care about him/her'. Yes, you can non-mourn and dance at the same time, as if by listening and dancing to a drum-sound is a kind of celebration, as if the listening and dancing[19] to the cry (drum-sound) is an affirmation of the possibility that the suicide is no longer human, since dead-humans only merit a proper mourning.

What form is the cry or wail of the suicide, though? Or, rather, how is the wail thinkable? At once we acknowledge in a suicide-wail a form that is somewhat repetitive, in the manner of (or even different from) an ordinary drumbeat. It may not be long before you cannot wait to have it stop, as if to say the wail is less repetitive than it is merely a loop. Or you may want the wail to go longer if it brings you pleasure, supposing the suicide was an anti-human life (serial murderer) figure, say. Still, you could suspect that there is more to the loop of the wail. The wail is also fact of variation[20]. How many variations can there be in the danceable drumbeat, though? How many variations can you hear in a wail when a loop is simply a force that variation cannot surmount? A loop is the primacy of the wail, despite variation. It is the loop nature of a wail that makes a wail a wail-in-general. The loop in the sound of the wail merely betrays the dynamics of the looping pain in the suicide, the manner of the suicide's emotional/bodily struggle against a tasteless life, in a related way that the variation in the ordinary (repetitive) drumbeat depends on the drummer's emotional state. By no means do I imply in a wail a kind of composition per se. Yet the wail has a signature, a quality that merits recognition, so that the proposition - Sello sa gagwe ke moropa ge o lla re a bina - may also betray in the suicide a unique figure: no suicide is ever the same as another suicide.

We could, in a sense, 'respect' the suicide, even if he/she is an object of non-mourning, even if a suicide is seemingly a non-mournable casualty of life in being. A suicide, you will recall, is honest about his/her unique situation, neither given to insincerity (complaining about life that has now become a kind of an absolute curse, a life he/she could simply get rid of) nor hypocrisy (being grateful for tasteless life or curse without complaining). So that a dance to the looped sound of sui-

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[19] To yield to the call to non-mourn the suicide is to be convinced that the suicide is 'unreasonable' being. And yet, it is to be unsure whether an unreasonable being amounts to a non-human being. Unprepared to say verbally the suicide is not a human being, we say it in dance, in case we are in error and are required to 'apologise' to the suicide. Dance can be a safe way of circumventing skepticism (unsureness of things) that leads to an indecision or keeping quiet. Dance, in a sense, is a way of tentatively finding closure, asserting a truth of what we want to believe in the world.

[20] This is commonly an accepted fact of African drumming, of course (Snead, 1984:68).

cide is at once, unwittingly, a kind of celebration of his/her honesty. A suicide merits respect even if his/her wail, suffice to it say, is also an echo of an absence of joyfulness, the absence of a play with Destiny, so to speak, the absence that is a determination of dying for nobody, except for oneself (what, in reality, is no self at all, since one loses a sense of self when one commits to suicide). This dying *is neither praiseworthy nor blameworthy*, seemingly. It is the absence of dying for the dead, a condition of the possibility of his becoming a ghost, a kind of nothing: he/she that may roam the world, and possibly trouble the living, simply because he/she has suffered defeat at the hand of a seeming loop of pain. I say seeming if only to see in the *loop* of pain a *false repetition*, however serious or unbearable the pain is in itself.

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The loop of pain is a false repetition if we think repetition proper (the cycle of eternity) in Kierkegaard. Kierkegaardian repetition is an object of saintly experience or *choosing*. And saint-hood in Kierkegaard is accessible to all: we all have a chance of accepting trials or pains for what they are. He lets us think the figure of Job in the Torah, for instance. And we take for granted that the book of Job's literary form articulates the Babylonian literary style (Woodward, 2021), so that Job the book is less Hebraic book than it is a story of 'human' experience in relation to trans-civilization in general. Job is a pointer to a proverbial man (a trans-historical figure) that loses it all: sons, daughters, health and wealth. A man who, for all his afflictions, neither receives empathy from poets (friends or wife), affirming in the book of Job (for Kierkegaardian poetics) a specie of aesthetics that articulates the religious. For much that a poet (with the pretension of a capacity to read the Divine) can say to a Job kind of figure is: "repent of your sins, Job". And Job, on this poet-pseudo religious admonition, must stop babbling and turn away from the sins that have brought him affliction. Or, on his wife's advice, Job must opt for an easy but difficult solution: Curse God and die: commit to suicide. It is as though committing to suicide and repenting are one and the same way of evading life in being, the same remedy to suffering or misfortune, except that the former is more helpful than the latter, so that Job's wife is more poetic than the poets. After all, suicide is simply the fast and surer end of all suffering/affliction/temporality, the end of the need to repent continuously, since sinning or falling off the Divine path is part of life. It is always around the corner. Repentance is tiring exercise.

But Job will have none of the poetic solutions, attitudes that pretend to apprehend the nature of affliction. Life in being is an affliction, and affliction is not altogether a horrible experience, not horrible when it is thinkable through God's ways of disordering human reality. God has the preroga-

tive to give and take things from us, things that will perish in time. “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord”. A simple but a non-prosaic Jobian saying. A type of a poetic gesture that is less poetic than it is a prophetic (declarative) saying, betraying in Job a figure more perceptive than the human poets (his wife and friends). And yet Job’s prophetic saying in Kierkegaard need not in itself be the reason Job often gets our ‘hermeneutic’ attention. The saying is a pointer to a greater reality: “the greatness of Job consists in the fact that the passion of freedom within him is not stifled or tranquillised by a false expression…dread that made [human poets] believe that he suffered for the sake of his sins, when such was not the case at all…” (126). Job kind of great men in Kierkegaard need never dread the consequences of their moral failures. They are spiritually free, and their destinies cannot be judged on moral grounds.

Beyond being objects of moral evaluations, these great figures are not immune to error of judgement, of course. There is, in fact, a common error among them. Aware of their always non-moral rightness with God, and accepting of their afflictions in general, at times they still go on (and quite often) question God’s fairness, God’s distribution of afflictions among humans, as though God owes them an explanation. The case of Habakkuk, the prophet (in the Torah), for instance, complaining over the ‘absurd’ prosperity of the wicked vis-a-vis the afflictions of the righteous (Habakkuk, 1). In a related way, Job in Kierkegaard accepts afflictions and, knowing that they could not have come to him owing to his moral standing with God, demands (from God) explanation for his afflictions. He demands an explanation until God says *No, Job, Stop it.* Job, on God’s instruction, must simply and passionately accept God’s ways of disordering human reality, acknowledge in God the God that is under no obligation to please any human being. The best (and permissible it seems) that Job can do is what he does at the beginning of his affliction: curse (or, as we say, question the stigma of) his very being: curse the day of his birth, the day that conditions the coming of his misfortune. Blameworthy, I imply, is historical time itself (and not God), the very condition of Job’s being, as if time (a God-created ‘creature’) is relatively autonomous from God’s wishes, as if historical time can (with or without God’s permission) have evil or misfortune befall human beings.

Historical time *can* (and at all times must), however, obey Divine command when this command wants to be obeyed. Divinity in this sense cannot be forced to do anything ‘it’ does not want, and yet can do as it pleases. Hence, Job must yearn for Mercy, the emergence of God, the Re-

deemer[21], the time he is rescued from his misfortune, the God-ordained misfortune that is not a determination of his moral failure. And he, the prophet that he is, could express his yearning in verse, of course:

> *I know that my redeemer lives,*
> *and that in the end he will stand on the earth.*
> *And after my skin has been destroyed,*
> *yet in my flesh I will see God;*
> *I myself will see him*
> *with my own eyes—I, and not another.*
> *How my heart yearns within me! (Job 19:25, NIV)*

"I will…I myself will". This is an "I" that is thinkable through a Kiekegaardian I: Subjectivity that is always Truth, beyond the demise or the rot of the skin (the mark of living in being). This is a subjectivity without a subject, since (through Mercy) Job will see God who is not an object. To say I will see God who is not an object (of vision) is perhaps another way of saying I will hear from God, and that God and Voice are one and the same form. So that the experience of Mercy is, in fact, an experience of a Divine speech. So that, what is more, a yearning for Mercy (expressed through a poetic form) is yearning for time of the flesh and not the skin, the flesh (the mark of life beyond being or nothingness) outside of history, outside of the subject and object dialectic.

Now, the 'reality' that the merciful God could meet Job in the flesh (expression of Subjectivity) outside of history, and give him double everything he had lost could be a timely event, for theodicy mongers. Timely but disappointing. For a theodicy in the case of Job — that God is fond of trying humans' faith, and uses our afflictions to do better things for us — is unsatisfactory. And Kierkegaard is aware of the un-satisfactoriness of such a theodicy. He is aware that Theodicy-mongers do not understand the category of a trial, a "trial of probation". Yes, "the fact that a great many people have this category ready at once on every occasion, the gruel needing only to be heated, merely proves that they have not comprehended it…[for] it is neither aesthetic, nor ethical, nor dogmatic, it is entirely transcendent…". And a trial in Kierkegaard is less of a temporal concern as

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[21] Job yearns for Mercy, in the measure that Mercy is God's prerogative. Job's misfortune, in the last analysis, is a determination of God's ways of ordering/disordering the human experience. One must appeal for Mercy even if one's suffering is not a determination of moral failure. In short, God's mercy is not about what Job is or does or has done as it is about what God is (a Redeemer, say) and can do for God's pleasure.

it is of eternal significance, without saying it is a category that must "erase and suspend reality as a whole by defining it as a trial with relation to eternity". It is temporal in the measure that it obtains within time, the condition of life in being and its suffering, of the human being as a prisoner of objects (object-oriented consciousness) or being in its movement within the subject-object dialectic. A "trial is temporary [and for this reason] it is eo ipso qualified by relation to time and must be done away in time" (131). It is temporary if it is done away through Mercy, temporary in a related way that being is — a way that being itself must perish in time.

Yet, saying it is temporary or that it must be done away in time through Mercy need not have us see in the aftermath of the trial a form that obtains in time. Through Mercy a trial suffers defeat in time when (in Job) it confronts what is stronger than itself: the force that is of eternal significance: Passion, the force that persists throughout the trial, the force that persists after its defeat. The expression of Mercy is less significant than the reality of Passion if Passion is never lost to Job and always is its own real reward post winning the war against a trial. Passion is constant while Mercy is what the afflicted experiences at the end of a particular historical time. Mercy is the expression of the end of a particular affliction. Passion is repetitive, just as the Lord gives and takes, gives and takes (blessed be the name of the Lord). The Lord (a mark of Passion, too) gives and takes anything, except for Passion: Repetition. The Lord is in no position to take away Job's Passion of freedom (however useless it may be to him to achieve this or that in the world), for as long as he lives. In short: we must see our trials or afflictions for what they are. They do not test us. They do not make us better or stronger folk. Their end through Mercy merely illuminates Passion (Repetition) that finds expression through a tempo-eternal articulation, Passion that could have the measurelessly-afflicted Job evade suicide and, by extension, abase himself.

It is not farfetched to see in Job (the non-suicide), I imply, a figure engaged in a kind of self-sacrifice, supposing self-sacrifice need not always amount to crude martyrdom or an act that amounts to one willingly having his/her body/skin perish. One could kill the self, and simply die or have the body or skin rot by itself over time.

And after my skin has been destroyed,

yet in my flesh I will see God;

In Passion/Repetition Job (we know this already) will let the body die of itself (by way of affliction) over time. He will kill the 'self' when the sensible thing could be the killing of the body-self, self in the body/body in the self, when the sensible thing could be a committing of suicide. He will merely

self-sacrifice so that he can in the flesh see God, a Merciful moment when Passion/Repetition in Job is the experience of God, when Passion/Repetition in Job and God are seemingly or nearly one and the same form.

Suffice it to ask, though: does the Merciful moment (when God gives Job children and riches) imply the end of self-sacrifice or the absence of affliction for Job? Job's lost children or livestock are irreplaceable even if God blesses him all the more (double what he has lost). *What is lost is really lost, and does not merit or is never an object of recovery or recuperation*. Job (a significant point largely absent in Kierkegaard) would not experience the end of his trial in his life time, since the memory of his children till death could afflict his state of life in being, in the measure that being, for us, is a prisoner of objects (object-oriented consciousness). The coming of Mercy is unthinkable outside of the permanent memory of the dead — as though this memory (when it causes affliction) illuminates the intensity of the Passion or Repetition that expresses one's capacity for self-sacrifice. And we could say having memory of the dead is also the memory of self-sacrifice (the refusal of suicide in the time of a measureless affliction) until our actual death, as though the memory of the dead is an instance of our living (refusal of suicide) for their aspirations or vitality. In a sense, living for the dead (the condition of experiencing 'Destiny', as we call it in the previous Chapter) is somewhat an instance or an expression of self-sacrifice, through Passion/Repetition — as if self-sacrifice (refusal of suicide *under some circumstances*[22]) never ends till our actual death, and that in general it is an index of my commitment to living for (or the memory of) the dead that may or may not even be my immediate relatives.

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Let us think further the problem of suicide (1), the moment of self-sacrifice (2), Passion (Repetition as such) and living (beyond human) for the dead (3). If Job (unaware) lives for the dead, we could return to Dan and recall his refusal to live for the living (familial and social obligations). We recall, too, that he is, through suicide, at risk of being a ghost, a reject of the dead. Dan, seemingly, refuses to live for the dead when he refuses to live for the living, the dead (not the kind of Job's dead) who could, on the face of it, frown upon Dan for leaving behind the living, the young dependents. The dead need not frown upon Dan, though, since to continue living could put Dan's children at risk, at the mouth of a shark. In short, to continue living in affliction (for the sake of the living) may in no way amount to Dan living for the dead — for I doubt the dead want to see chil-

[22] We need not discard the possibility that some suicides can index our commitment to living for the dead, too. This caution is beyond the scope of our current concerns.

dren suffer threats from the loan-shark, owing to their father's terrifying situation. Dan is in a trap… We are short of saying Dan is not in a position to self-sacrifice in a Job kind of way, for a Job kind of self-sacrifice (that does not amount to killing the body willingly) obtains when one is in no way responsible for his/her affliction[23].

Against the indeterminacy of Dan's suicide—self-sacrifice relation, I attend to self-sacrifice that comes with the very end of the sacrificer's life, the self in the body and body in the self. I imply the end or actual death that he/she orchestrates deliberately. It is self-sacrifice that expresses a *fullness of joy* if the self-sacrificer dies for the dead, betraying the complexity of the dead's aspirations, the complexity of their need for redemption. Let us take the case of the dead and their aspirations in Soyinka's *Death and the King's horseman*, the time Death calls upon Elesin to take his own life. Elesin must *quirkily* kill himself to be with a dead king, for the king, *desperately* alone, cannot for long be alone on the other side (in the underworld) when he did not live alone on earth. Elesin must die *within a month* of a king's passing, so that he is an object of mourning before the *actual death: the time of self-sacrifice* (Soyinka, 1975).

We may call this chief-king relation a type of 'friendship', a royal or aristocratic 'friendship', an antidote to loneliness in death, at once more valuable (for the chief and the king) than the chief's human life, implying the possibility that friendship with the dead king (a pointer to a kind of Sovereign) is already an expression of living for (or redemption of[24]) the desperate dead that are worth dying for. Of course, this friendship is confounding. It confounds colonial liberals (Jane and Pilkings), for whom friendship is possible among equals, for whom the act of dying for an African king (an illegitimate mark of Sovereignty, after all) is simply a senseless project. It confounds colonials in Soyinka not because colonialism primarily drives Soyinka's account of self-sac-

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[23] We could say Dan is in no way responsible for his afflictions. We could blame his afflictions on post-apartheid economic woes and their articulation of Divine or evil as such. Still, to blame his afflictions on post-apartheid economic woes would imply everyone in a similar situation would end up borrowing money from the load shark. Dan is not the only economically suffering black South African and not every suffering black ends at the loan shark. Are we to blame Dan for his decisions? No. Dan's conditions of his decision (committing to suicide) are somewhat indeterminate, such that we cannot tell whether Dan is in a position to self-sacrifice in a Job kind of way.

[24] We could call a chief-king relation a type of redemptive friendship, too, a mark of unequal relations of power if the dead king needs the living chief more than the chief needs the dead king. It is a friendship that can only be consummated the moment the chief rescues the dead king from his loneliness.

rifice. In Soyinka "the Colonial Factor is an incident, a catalectic incident merely"[25] (6). The antagonistic "confrontation in the play is largely metaphysical, contained in the human vehicle which is Elesin and the universe of the Yoruba mind – the world of the living, the dead and the unborn, and the *numinous passage* which links all: transition" (6) The relation between "the living, the dead, and the unborn" is unthinkable outside the idea of an aristocratic friendship as a metaphysical category, a confounding or terrifying friendship that leads to self-sacrifice: the dying of an "unknowable death of death". It is confounding (but apprehensible to the Yoruba mind) if the reality of a king in Soyinka is an irreducible idea, irreducible to the 'human' drive for domination. A Kingdom is not simply a question of rule over others (a fact that escapes colonial liberals) or, rather, a mechanism of command without the requisite forms the kingdom's subjects may readily apprehend and accept. A Kingdom is not a Kingdom proper unless it is legitimate, unless the king has a messenger (the chief), he that can mediate the distance between a king (a pointer to the Sovereign) and his subjects. The King has a messenger, the horseman, the human vehicle, the man on a horse or the man that is a horse, the messenger that can traverse the "numinous passage" or the transition that affirms the triad in the "Yoruba mind", the link between "the living, the dead and the unborn".

Thus, a kingdom without a messenger that is willing to live or die for a king is an expression of war or misunderstanding between "the living, the dead, and the unborn". This is a misunderstanding that could lead to a Kingdom's destruction. A king with a messenger embodies the strength of a Kingdom. And, of course, the king must have the strength to direct the messenger. Hence, a king who exhibits weakness (ill health or old age, say) may soon lose his life at the hands of his subjects, in their bid to save the Kingdom, in a related way a chief that does not fulfil his obligations is an object of their scorn. The scorn for a chief or a messenger that fails at his 'duties' betrays the Kingdom subjects' anxiety over the successful workings of the numinous passage, the movement of the message that affirms an understanding between "the living, the dead and the unborn". Hence the messenger is an object of praise-encouragement/ singing the moment he expresses a willingness to put his life on the line:

> *PRAISE-SINGER: In their time [my forebearers] the great wars came and went, the little wars came and went; the white slavers came and went, they took away the heart of our race, they bore away the mind and muscle of our race.*

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[25] Let us extend Soyinka, and see in 'Death and the King's horseman' a catalectic moment in which Elesin is the expression of the metaphysical call for life beyond human, a metaphysical critique of the human being if the human being in Soyinka is he/she that dreads death.

The city fell and was rebuilt; the city fell and our people trudged through mountain and forest to found a new home but - Elesin Oba do you hear me?

ELESIN: I hear your voice Olohun-iyo.

PRAISE-SINGER: Our world was never wrenched from its true course.

ELESIN: The gods have said No.

PRAISE-SINGER: There is onlv one home to the life of a river mussel; there is only one hoe to the life of a tortoise; there is only one shell to the soul of man:there is only one world to the spirit of our race. If that world leaves its course and smashes on boulders of the great void, whose world will give us shelter?

ELESIN: It did not in the time of my forebears, it shall not in mine (10-11).

Encouraged, Elesin, must make a promise to the praise singer: I will die and not sink my kin into a void from which they might not safely emerge. Elesin, to be precise, must *quirkily* respond to the call of death as matter of necessity, the survival of "his people" and their Kingdom.

Still, responding to the call of death is not a past time. For Elesin will summon a song, for help:

Death came calling
Who does not know his rasp of reeds?
A twilight whisper in the leaves before
The great araba falls? Did you hear it?
Not I! swears the farmer (11).

Death in this song calls him in the twilight, if only because the death-call is the twilight of life — even if twilight calling does not guarantee the human hearing of the call of death itself. For humans on the whole have not a time to listen to the call of death when they use their time to listen to other things – the call of labour time, say. The 'Not I' farmer-human, for instance, is incapable to hear death, since harvest time is his/her object of concern. His/her concern are the things he/she could sell at the market. The "Not I" farmer, for Elesin, is a being for the labouring, living for the living,

so to speak. For this very reason, he is not an I proper. He is much of a nobody to hear the call of death except *indirectly* through the poet, Elesin, the time when

> *He [the farmer] snaps*
> *His fingers round his head, abandons*
> *A hard-worn harvest and begins*
> *A rapid dialogue with his legs* (11-12).

"A rapid dialogue", an anxious conversation with himself-as-a-farmer concerned with labour time on earth, as though the call of death through the poet catches the farmer off guard, and calls for the farmer's dramatic re-evaluation of his living for others on earth. The call of death in the poet makes possible a struggle in the farmer's doubled consciousness: the call of labour time as a call to living for the living vs the call of death as an object of dread.

The problem of labour time call vis-a-vis the call of death is a problem for the hunter, too. Death is an object of dread for the hunter — on Elesin's account. So that the hunter, asked whether he has heard the call of death, must, following the farmer, shout:

> *Not I'*
> *...but —*

Not hearing the deadly call, however, the hunter, somewhat ironically, could have the capacity to sense the coming end of the hunting day itself:

> *It's getting dark, and this night-lamp*
> *Has leaked out all its oil. I think*
> *It's best to go home and resume my hunt*
> *Another day (12).*

Another day when he is dead, perhaps. A thought he would not entertain. Short of hearing the call of death, the hunter sees darkness, *for us* a symbol or a pointer towards the possible coming of death, tonight, the end of struggle between an I for labouring and the I for the call of death. Tonight (the coming death) will give in to another day when the hunt is no longer for game hunting in the world.

What will the hunt's object be if not game, though? Elesin is silent — except to say the hunter-Not I tonight must simply have courage to face the possibility of death for what it is: the end of hunting life. And "forwards or backwards he dare not move/to search for leaves and make *etutu*...". He need not engage in sacrificial act (the spilling of any blood), appealing to ancestral assistance. He dare not engage in this act, in an effort to escape his fate, the night-lamp en-route to going out.

To face death for what it is would, for him, become nothing other than an escape from being a Not-I, an affirmation of the coming of an I. The I, I imply in passing, is a kind of play, an instant between being and its fate, a critique of being itself. This I is not self-consciousness. It plays on the notion of the person, 'the-personal'. I say the-personal and not personhood (the possible realm of self-consciousness or being), since in the-personal I do not imply a quality. In the-personal is a sense of sheer intimacy, the somewhat inaccessible. The-personal is what a profiler-journalist tries (but fails) to get when he/she profiles a superstar, say. The absence of or incapacity for the intimate is the expression of "Not I" (somewhat paradoxically a mark of self-consciousness or mark of the prisoner of objects/object-oriented consciousness). In a sense, it is the case of the farmer's or hunter's Not I, the case of beings caught up in the need to live for and feed the living.

To be sure, the call of death itself is a type of a Not I, in the final analysis, in the measure that death is a mark of nothingness. Put another way, the dread of death in the "Not I" farmer or in the "Not I" hunter is dread of a Not I. To speak of "Not-I" (human)—"Not-I" (death) encounter is to see in them different forms. The Not-I of the call of death is singular, independent, to the extent that death (unlike the "Not-I" of the human) can at the same moment and without anybody's permission call many to itself. The "Not-I" of the call of death is singular when the "Not-I" of the human (the farmer or the hunter) is being as such, dreadful of death or nothing. The Not-I (of the human) and the Not-I (of death) are different and commensurate at one and the same time. The Not-I (human)'s dread of the Not-I (death) is the mark of the comical, the case or time of nothing dreading death, a nothing.

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It takes an I to-not dread nothing. It takes an I to say I will die for what is *really* worth dying for, if only because one cannot afford to die for what is not worth dying for[26]. It takes an I to hear the call of death, and walk quirkily towards (and live) for the dead. To be precise, assuming the form of an I is a serious or tedious affair when such an assuming demands an act of self-sacrifice for the dead, for a dead and desperate (if lonely) king. It is a serious affair when this act itself is the higher form of expressing the I, the-personal. And what, for us, is self-sacrifice, once again to appeal to our Job, if not a determination of Passion? The I itself, a play, a critique of being, is Passion

[26] To die for something when one is in the realm of Not I is sad and quite unfortunate. This obtains in various types of political or religious martyrdoms — the case of dying when one has not heard the call of death directly. This is the case of being a casualty of propaganda, say — dying for cause that one does not fully comprehend.

per se: Repetition. It is the basis of self-sacrifice (the condition of overcoming the fear of the call of death), a self-sacrifice that (perhaps differentially from Job's) is possible through a ritualised practice. By ritual-as-a-preparation for dying for the king I mean Elesin's enactment of an elaborate ceremony. Reciting the Not-I song, Elesin must pass a social field, must pass "through a market in its closing stages…" when "stalls are being emptied, mats folded" (9). He cannot pass through the market in its busyness unless he is willing to risk distraction and lose the focus of his mission or Destiny. The market (the realm of Not Is) can be a distraction if it is a meeting point of souls (with different economic interests) that want to go on *living for the living*, souls whose sum of life-cherishing experiences may derail anyone from dying and living for the dead.

The market is a platform for the exchange of human interests, and as such possibly an abysmal platform for a play of human illusions. The market is not reducible to a mere exchange of economic objects or concerns (and these need not be commodities). Market activities are social as they are cultural[27]. We do not always buy or sell things as mere things or objects. Some things express ideas of what is symbolically praiseworthy or otherwise. We could attach some things (mere use values) a value (an illusion) that is informed by an aesthetic taste or educational background. The market in its busyness is indeterminate in the final analysis, a mix of illusions as distractions and the real (use values). To pass through it with less distractions is to condition the possibility of overcoming a troubled self (a being for the market vs the I for the call of death). It is to condition having the last word of critique of being when such a critique is *collective* (but not collectivist) as it is *individual* (and not individualist). For Elesin, an individual, is "pursued by his drummers and praise-singers. He is a man of enormous vitality, speaks, dances and sings with that infectious enjoyment of life which accompanies all his actions" (9), a man that dances and sings passionately (Repetitively we could say), gathering all the strength necessary to face death as nothingness.

Still, Elesin, the I, needs more before he can fully embrace death itself. He must contend with the unborn, since (you will recall) they are (alongside the living and the dead) part of the Yoruba mental triad he must vehicular-ly mediate. He meets a new bride, a 'virgin', on the other side of the market, the virgin as place-holder *of originary* innocence. He makes an appearance to jovial

[27] The Culture and Economy (as domains of human action) articulation need not surprise. After all, the idea of an economy as separate domain from other domains of human actions is largely a bigoted invention (Graeber, 2011). For this reason, it is conceivable that the idea of a market in Nigeria under colonial conditions need not imply an economy separate from other domains of 'human' action. The market (as a colonial effect) could still reflect indigenous forms of 'sociality'.

women, facilitators of his wedding. He appears "in wrapper only. In his hands a white velvet cloth folded loosely as if it held some delicate object. He cries out" (40). He cries out and speaks: "It is no mere virgin stain, but the union of life and the seeds of passage. My vital flow, the last from this flesh is intermingled with the promise of future life" (40). The virgin, on Elesin's fleshly seed of passage, will bring forth a child, a future life that will assume or participate in the present Life, Presence per se. The virgin, as soon as Elesin takes his own life, must yield to the call of maternal care, must "forget the dead, forget even the living [and] turn [her] mind only to the unborn" (76). Neither a living nor a dead, the unborn child is substitute for Elesin, as though privy to all that Elesin 'knows' and will 'know' upon meeting the lonely dead King. The unborn child would receive maternal care that is commensurate with feminine care for Elesin *en route* to dying for the dead. And the cares are commensurate on the condition that Elesin's dying for (redemption of) the dead and the conception of the child need not obtain far apart in time. To take one's life without the immediate conception of the child would amount to mere suicide, a failure at self-sacrifice and dying for the dead. And to conceive a child without self-sacrifice would amount to wallowing in the redundancy of souls, the new and the old.

Elesin's death is a form within a kingdom caught up in a kind of an interregnum, a time that could lead to its demise if the child is conceived but does not emerge alive from the womb. And yet, a Kingdom in an interregnum, the time of maternally forgetting the dead and the living by thinking or hoping for the unborn, is the actual renewal of a Kingdom itself — on the condition that the renewal obtains till around the birth of the child, till around the fulfilment of the promise of "future life". In the renewal of the kingdom is a period when the living (alongside Elesin's bride) and the dead forget themselves, too, since already they are objects of maternal forgetting anyway. It is a period when the living and the dead could forget themselves, and solely pay attention to the soon to be born. The unborn merit all the care, and cannot afford to remain unborn. The very thought of a child possibly dying in a womb could send a chill down their spines, the living and the dead. The dead and the living differentially need a kind of "evidence" or, better yet, a symbol that the Kingdom is new as it deserves to be. The birth of the child is a symbol (and not a cause) of Kingdom vitality — without which the dead are unsure if the living would lead vital lives and eventually die for them (and come to their rescue). The birth of the child is a symbol of Kingdom vitality, without which the living are no longer in a position to hear (through the child that is privy to Elesin's affairs) a cry or call (an expression of the Hierophon) from the dead. The living and the dead need a concrete symbol that, in time, could, in the figure of the child or his/her siblings, repeat the path of self-sacrifice.

The point is: Elesin, the I (a mark of Repetition), need not die for and redeem the dead in their desperate loneliness without a symbolic substitute. This is a kind of substitute that is beyond a substitute, since the promise of future life that will assume a present Life - Presence per se - is autonomous, similar but distinct from the seed giver. This future life is a measureless gain. Elesin's death is less a loss than a (re)vitalisation, a kind of gain, for the Kingdom. We could see in this vitalisation the reason for the fullness of joy that brings about the near-absolute boldness in Elesin, fully purging in him all that is cowardly, any lingering fear of death as a mark of loss. It takes an I to overcome the fear of death when the I does not *always* see loss in the fact of death, the time when the dead merit a dying-for. The I, the Passion, the realm of the intimate and, contra being, does not wallow in sorrow. The expression of the I is not a mark of mysticism — since it apprehends that there is always a *promise* of what is similar to (but escapes) its form. A grounded promise of future life, the new life already underway (an instance of present Life) or simply conceived (but unborn) if the I makes sure the fleshly (blooded) seed goes forth before the moment of self-sacrifice. The I moves quirkily, recreating through the unborn but exceeding itself, so that self-sacrifice or dying for (redeeming) the dead is *less* its end than it is a possible reverberation of its power, Repetition, a form of Destiny as such.

Chapter 3 (Repetition, a Simulation)

What follows is a further (but an indirect) illumination of repetition (a form of Destiny), a condition of redeeming the dead, the disavowing of a loop of dirtiness/defilement. It is an expanded illumination if (at this stage) our object of interrogation is the problem of human sacrifice, the time of turning to nothing (end or kill) another human-being. And human sacrifice is obviously non-analogous to an ordinary form of self-sacrifice, we could say: the case of Soyinka's Elesin in the preceding chapter. In human sacrifice the sacrificer betrays a figure caught up in the loop of human living, perhaps akin to a suicide potential. The human sacrificer is caught up in a seeming non-readiness to self-sacrifice, is yet to experience a kind of repetition, yet to live/die for (or redeem) the dead. Helpless in his non-readiness, he/she could, I argue, have in this experience (through human sacrifice) an object of simulation. So that human sacrifice, in the last instance, is (if indirectly and self-defiling) an expression of the dread of death itself, a self-belying effort at circumventing the stigma (misfortune) of being (humanness) *en route* to its demise: death.

Now, the wish to simulate the experience of repetition or circumvent the stigma of being need not imply a sacrificer foolhardiness. After all, human sacrifice is a type of self-help exercise that could appeal to a kind of quaint humanism, the kind in which the human is the best of all beings. So that human-sacrifice, for the sacrificer, is justified if it is the highest form of all sacrifices[28]. And this form of sacrifice is all the more instructive, for us, when it entails a moment of slave sacrifice (in monarchical formations), only because the slave is the base for the development of many a kingdom or human sociality (civilization). The slave, I imply, is a pre-historical category, and has us see, in his/her historical expression, the making of a particular kingdom (a purported-sign of Sovereignty), that a kingdom may less be a kingdom because of its subjects than it is a determination of slavery, of the slave and his/her relation to death (Patterson, 1982).

A beast of burden, the slave in a black African setting, for instance, is at the risk of dying violently/sacrificially. He/she is a possible sacrificial casualty if he/she must continue to work for the kingdom in the afterlife. This slave-value, the beast of burden, of course, need not imply in the slave a figure that is alive at the point of being a sacrificial casualty. *En route* to the sacrificial platform, this slave is already nearly good as physically dead (he is more than "socially dead"). For, in the first place, this slave is an object of capture (during war or a raid), say, and is merely

[28] And, over time, for better or for worse, this form contests for prominence among the highest of all crimes.

spared execution for as long as he "acquiesce[s] in his powerlessness" (Patterson, 1982:5). This slave (the realm of the dirty and the clean or blameless[29]) in sacrifice, then, is not a figure that lives to rehearse the giving back of a being to its originary owner, nothingness: the realm of death (already expounded in the previous chapter). He/she has nothing to give back (offer) to nothingness at the point of his being a sacrificial casualty if already he is as good as dead. Nothing to offer nothingness if in sacrifice he/she is violently forced to rehearse the settling of originary debt, the debt of death that he/she has already paid. He/she is forced to settle a false debt, forced to die a death that he has already died, becoming debtor beyond a debtor, so that nothingness (the realm of death) is not simply his/her creditor as it is his/her master.

The slave has two masters, in short: nothingness (the realm of death) and the human master. The latter is a means towards (being the slave of) the former, obviously, a means that may use the method of sacrifice. Consider slave sacrifice in late nineteenth century Nigeria, say. Now and again a Yoruba *chief* in the Ondo state, for Ojo (2005), could engage in slave sacrifice[30], for the purposes of o`rı`sa worship and communal health. At least two annual festivals obtain for the worship, one for Esu and another for Oramfe. A slave woman could be sacrificed to Esu (a god of "benevolence and protective ability") who could also figure as the mediator between any other sacrifier and other divinities (Ojo, 2005:384;Awolalu,1973). A male slave is sacrificed to Oramfe ("associated with the foundation of Ondo's political and economic systems as well as with the Yoruba gods of thunder and fertility: Ogun, Sango and Orısa Oko" (Ojo, 2005:384). We should say at once that the clear "gender" distinction (expressive of social reproductive roles in the Ondo polity) in the sacrificial process does not imply a lack of overlap between the festivals. For "Esu (July/August) coincided with the harvest of farm crops, the new yam festival and the wet season while Oramfe (September/ October) marked the commencement of planting and preparation for military campaigns" (385). It is a moment when a farmer could make an offering to o`rı`sa as he prepares his farming tools, a moment of thanksgiving offering when the harvest has gone well (Awolalu, 1973). In a sense, the end and the beginning of these two seasons (respectively) must favourably obtain, if only because these seasons – the time of benevolence/ protectiveness and political/economic setup – form a base for Yoruba livelihood. They favourably obtain when agriculture is the main economic form of life in the Ondo State.

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[29] He/she is dirty in the sense that he/she is unwanted. He/she is clean at one and the same time, in the sense that one cannot sacrifice the unclean.

[30] By no means do we suggest in a slave sacrifice the only form of sacrifice. Slave sacrifices could obtain alongside the sacrifice of criminals (Ojo,2005:381).

In short, the two seasons express a time for the re-fashioning of the Yoruba kingdom. Or, what comes to the same thing, the hope for a favourable ending and beginning of two seasons need not surprise, for sacrifice associated with these seasons is concerned with a possibility of renewal of life, a forward return to a type of innocence. The type that articulates a ghastly reality: no farming begins or ends well unless the slave sacrifices associated with farming seasons would take on a seeming spectacular shape. For the slave, chained, becomes an object of 'street' parade, *possibly singing for the last time* (Awolalu,1973:88), absorbing the dirt of the "community" and, finally for Ojo (2005), taken to a priestly scene of decapitation. The slave in Ojo is a type of a scapegoat that in a spectacular way fashions or makes possible a 'community' innocence.

If the slave in Ojo is type of a scapegoat, he/she can never be one for us, however. He is not a goat for us if we suppose a scapegoat in sacrifice implies "the employment of a divine man or animal…" or when sacrifice is "the custom of banishing evils only in so far as these evils are believed to be transferred to a god [divine man or animal] who is afterwards slain…" (Frazer, 2009:448). The slave in sacrifice cannot be a scapegoat, for us — for he is a non-divine figure. He or she is dirty and a defiler of other humans when (in his/her so called social death) he is (as we say) already committed to physical death (only spared execution at the point of capture). And by virtue of his/her physical death, the slave defiles the master as such. Put another way, it is not (to tilt Orlando Patterson's thesis) simply social or physical death by itself that constitutes the institution of slavery. Slavery is constituted in the slave's death and the slave's defiling of the master. So that the master (and not the slave), defiled, lives on the margins, between life and death when the slave, on the other hand, is simply past death even if not yet divine.

We ask then: what is this thing in the slave (already past death and yet not divine) that is worth sacrificing? Thinking the thing in the slave that is worth sacrificing entails the interrogation of the moment the slave breathes out the last breath. The slave, an object of street parade (as we say through Ojo), is taken to a *priestly* scene of decapitation. A late decapitation — for (you will recall) the slave is as good as dead (decapitated already). A late (sacrificial) decapitation of the slave that is merely a consummation of a legal operation if the master (slave owner) loses ownership of decapitated head. Yes: the slave's severed skull is the "property" of the priest. So that sacrificial decapitation — the change or transmutation of slave-head ownership — implies in the slave he/she that remains the cornerstone of the master/chief's polity or the possibility of its innocence. Sacrificial decapitation is nothing other than a transference of all the dirt of being a master

(defiled by the slave) to the priest, since the priest is the master's agent, and as such already defiled by the same master, and yet periodically capable (by virtue of his position) of cleansing himself. Re-defiled through the sacrificial decapitation (transference), the priest is capable of re-cleansing himself, albeit nominally since the dirty head remains in his possession. The sacrifice of the slave (without his/her being a scapegoat) through the priest – the manager or economist of dirt and the owner of a skull that, outside his ministry, keeps defiling everyone in the polity — makes possible the nominal cleansing of the master's dirtiness.

The nominal cleansing of the chief-master's dirtiness (through slave sacrifice) merits a further reading. We could acknowledge in the nominal cleansing of the master a near analogue of slave manumission (to appeal to Patterson, 1982). For manumission is the master's self-cleansing effort. It matters little whether the manumission is the master's or the slave's initiative. Manumission obtains on the master's decision, in the last instance. It is a determination of his benevolence, the giving of a type of Maussian gift, on Patterson's account, all given to the slave's distant kindred, supposing he/she (the slave) and these kindred wish for a reunion. Of course, the Maussian gift is not a gift at all, for us, since the human (you will recall from the previous chapter) has not the capacity for gift-giving, all the more so when the human giver in question is a master, always defiled by the slave him/herself. The master is incapable of giving freely, or is never 'free' except in a nominal way. So that the so-called gift of manumission is nothing but the paying of a debt the master can never (fully) settle, the debt of owning (or being defiled by) a slave.

Manumission, the consummation of debt paying, is also a ritual exercise – akin to slave sacrifice when the priest (in possession of the slave-head) washes away the chiefly dirt. It betrays in the manumitted slave a movement between his/dirty self and the now nominally clean master, servitude and nominal freedom, a transitional movement (in Patterson, 1982:215) that necessitates mediation, the mark of chalk on the body of the slave. "The chalk is…a symbol of death, which the slave [continues] to experience socially". Possibly, this chalk mark is put on the head — for, at any rate, putting the chalk mark on the head of an African slave is commonplace. Chalk-marked on the head or anywhere, the slave would be an object of dread. This chalk, the symbol of death that is at once symbol of transition in the time of manumission, indexes the moving fact that the slave is never really clean, and for this reason continues in his marked-ness to defile the master who is the manumitter (or the sacrificer) himself, the master who nonetheless is still stuck in being a pompous being. After all, slave manumission historically (suffice it to say) is also a show of force, a show of prestige and power for the master. A show of false force for us if

the master is still an object of defiling. So that the chalking of the slave betrays in the master and the slave two relatively desperate positions: there is not much of a way out of their dirtiness. Chalking the head of the slave amounts to the slave's "half" (incomplete) self-cleansing effort, alongside the cleansing of his master, albeit nominally or for a short time, since (what is more) manumission in Patterson (for some religio-cultural formations in Africa) need not imply or lead toward the slave's original status in the kindred's polity. The slave is suffering from the stigma of becoming a ghost-like wanderer when manumission (however desirable for the slave) does not entail the full slave and kindred integration, the slave's finding of closure. Manumission is thus not altogether in his/her best interest.

Manumission – a "ritual of redemption" in Patterson's phrase– is self-undermining, for us in other words, less because it is the master's failed gift giving effort than it is the slave's living like a ghost-being, a haunting of a master that is not really the slaves' show of power. Manumission could thus express the slave's show of force or advance the slave's best interests only if it entails, I imply, the (somewhat reactionary) possibility of achieving full kinship integration, his/her original kindred status. How, then, is full kindred integration possible? How is it thinkable? The case of a Tanzanian slave is instructive: for "in addition to the usual compensation (one cow), slaves had to send a gift of a hoe or a goat to the omukama, or chief" (Patterson, 1982:215). In short, the road to loss of servility is costly, if one must paradoxically give away that which in fact approximates the value of one's very head: a cow. And it is through giving away a cow that the slave (a nobody already) becomes a nobody proper, a double negative. He/she can start all over again (we will say more on the cow-human relation in the next Chapter), on the condition that he/she shaves his/her head, "a common symbol of transition and death…[or] the double negation implied in the death of the social death of the slave". And "this [double negation] is reinforced by the crossroads", where "the person being released from servility…is shaven to symbolize the loss of servility…The crossroad [is] another symbol of transition and a common location for ritual events the world over… [The] symbolic meaning of the crossroads [is] a sign of free choice…".At the crossroads, the slave moves between social death (and the non-consummated physical death he could have suffered at the point of capture) and death of social death *en route* to loss of servility (215). This is a moment of attaining autonomy, for Patterson. And "[no] slave, of course, took all this [ritual process] literally" (218), however significant it might have been to him/her. So that the ritual of redemption (an effort at the slave's full kindred integration) need not be redemptive as such. For redemption proper, for us, would imply the absence of the master's role in the slave at-

taining autonomy.

Then: redemption or full kindred integration — the moment of the possibility of autonomy – is a largely metaphysical question, thinkable alongside the human head that, at one and the same time, cleanses and defiles the other human heads. Freedom or redemption of the slave is thinkable even if (seemingly) it does not exist. It is thinkable if it is a form to which the slave could appeal when he shaves or lives in his head, for as long as he/she is conscious of his former social or non-consummated physical death. And this is a dirty-consciousness (the thing in the head) that continues to defile the master, in a sense – just as the head of a sacrificed slave in the chief's polity entails the defiling of the chief-master head, an object of ongoing priestly cleansing[31].

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I want to press on the problem or the significance of dirty consciousness, a defiling/defiled head, by way of another type of human sacrifice: ritual murder. The problem of ritual murder first comes to my attention (earlier in my youth) through a rumour, I recall. 'There lies a human head beneath the *stoep*, the shop facade of such and such cafe owner. And that's why he attracts so many a customer'. A frightening rumour. Frightening for an obvious reason: in time I may be a casualty, too. We could talk on this possibility, my peers and I, each warning another to walk circumspectly when any one of us would move about the bush. We could take cover whenever we hanged about the village outskirts, and saw the cafe owner's van. At one and the same time, the frightening rumour of ritual murder could give us a sense of pleasure, the kind you get out from envy. One develops a disliking for the cafe owner, and derives pleasure from the conviction that he is not as great a businessman as he thinks he is. In fact, we could (perhaps unconsciously) anticipate to laugh at him, the day we hear he has fallen from the hills of an unjust profiteering. Until then, we could keep going to his shop for this or that, primarily during the day or when there are people around, for fear of being the next casualty.

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[31] My point is: to engage in manumission or slave sacrifice is to betray in the open the stigma of being a master – a being caught up in the positionally defiled and the nominally/temporally clean (the transparent). And these two moments (part of the mastering process) could, suffice it to add, inform our thinking the very question of the Sovereign. The Sovereign (the desirable), for the master, is victory of the clean/transparent over the defiling. The master wants the transparent (or symbol of divinity), and the slave in his/her nothingness or dirty consciousness refuses the master's bid for the transparent, and has him/her remain a defiled being. Sovereignty is simply non-attainable for the master.

We would have no monopoly over the experience of pleasure, to be sure. Pleasure (a different type to ours perhaps) is an also an 'object' of the cafe owner's experience if it is true he is involved in ritual murder. And the intensity of the pleasure depends on the type of the human head involved in the sacrifice itself. For it matters whether the head is of a child, teenager, young adult, an adult or a pensioner, whether it is of an albino, of a man or a woman. The younger the victim, the more intense the pleasure — the better the sacrifice. And the better the sacrifice, the more profitable of the business. The head of an older pensioner (a human without vitality) beneath the cafe facade, on the other hand, could imply the business' modest (poor) success. For an older pensioner, however venerated a human being, is near the settling of the debt of death, good as nearly dead under some circumstances. There is possibly not much to sacrifice in the elderly, except the fact of his/her possibly 'good' reputation.

Now, it is one thing to think the vitality of the head beneath the cafe facade. It is another to think of a headless body. What, in other words, do we make of a ritually murdered body itself, recovered, headless and lying on the ground? Is it merely a scandal, incapable of achieving anything of life-giving value (vitality) and thus not fitting to go beneath the cafe facade? It is a restless body, it seems. For back from the morgue and prior to its burial, it is the body that must remain outside the homestead if it is a casualty of murder. A body akin to a suicide. Yes, we could reluctantly inter it a day later, aware that its head lies in an unknown elsewhere for someone's material gain. The headless body betrays, I imply, the difficulty of mourning a sacrificial/ritual murder casualty, since mourning a sacrificial casualty is different from mourning a casualty of a fire situation (accidental or otherwise), say. A casualty whose head/body burns to ashes, and thus merits our bold saying 'Rest in Peace'. We say 'Rest in Peace' if we suppose the fire casualty's relatives have a modicum of control on the use of the ashes — in their bid to find a kind of closure. And by 'Rest in Peace' I 'mean' a command, an acknowledgement or affirmation of fate in/of death, in anticipation of the end of sorrow or mourning for the casualty.

To mourn a headless body is a nearly an unimaginable procedure — for the mourning period for such a body (a wandering soul) is possibly indefinite, if only because we find it hard to see in the death of the body in question over time an object of celebration or commemoration. Of course, commemoration for the death of a sacrificial casualty is still a possibility. A perverse possibility, nonetheless. We could erect him/her a tombstone, supposing an average (but contemporary) tombstone comes with a head-stone, the front side of which we could write this or that about the deceased: their date of birth, their full and praise names etc. Thus, a head stone atop a no-headed

body can only inaugurate a crisis of signification: the sign without a signified, and thus the impossibility of an official signature on the grave, a sign of closure – the time when our commemoration of the headless body is, in fact, our failure to domesticate a wandering soul. The crisis of signification is simply an expression of a lonely and never-ending wail in the wilderness, the soul of the sacrificial causality, isolated but at work in its possible production of value for the businessman sacrificer. We have a haunted sense or a suspicion that the wailing mouth of our wandering relative is the source of someone's profit. We have this sense when this mouth, wailing, could call a passerby, the type that is willing to buy goods he/she may not even need.

Alongside the crisis of signification, then, we have a problem of value when we see, through the greedy businessman, the de-valuing of the body and valuing of a severed head at one and the same moment. The head, for the businessman, is valuable simply because a headless body is of no value. And the inverse – the headless body is of no value simply because the head has value – obtains, to be sure. The value of the head is unthinkable outside the negative (the headless body) if we have no conception of a bodiless head, if the head is already part of the body. By no means do I imply in the notion of the value of the head a kind of an essential positive. It is in itself neither positive nor negative. It only gets its positive status the moment the businessman knows the head (from which the wail emerges) appreciates over a definite time.

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In any case, the severed head's value (and this should be obvious by now) itself constitutes the sacrificer's dirty consciousness. Profiteering on the back of a severed head implies, to be precise, a defiling of the profiteer, a kind of 'master-wanna-be'. And what is a defiled sacrificer but a betrayal of impressionistic figure, just as the chief as slave sacrificer is given to exhibitionism? Defiled, the profiteer (the master) is an impression of a drive, it seems, a desire for *singularity that would, for us if he could have his way, assume a form of the sovereign.* This singularity is prestige, an experience of a kind of pleasure, by way of the power of greed. Prestige, obtainable through greed, is a kind of an offer to sacrificer, the thing that is subject to a possible non-fulfilment. And the offer of prestige comes through an offer of wealth, by way of its symbols: free time, money,

cars, houses, etc.: symbols that may become a fetish, a source of the pleasure itself[32]. An offer of prestige that would not have the profiteer assume a sovereign form if the profiteer is an object of defiling or has a dirty consciousness. An object of defiling, and thus fearful, in need of a malicious medicine man who must (on his/her behalf) make offerings to the occult, since the defiled profiteer needs cleansing — even if nominally.

At stake in ritual sacrifice is the sacrificer's singularity and its failed assumption of sovereignty. Or, to be precise, ritual sacrifice self-expresses within the profit-singularity/Sovereignty matrix. A still underdeveloped matrix that merits an illumination, through our thinking the sacrificer's dirty consciousness' analogue, say: a murderer proper's consciousness. I have in mind a murderer for profit (profit at all costs), a gun-murderer, for instance — best exemplified in the 50 Centian poeticism (2003), through the phrase/album title: "Get Rich or Die Trying". Or, same thing for us: *get rich or deliberately defile-your-kin trying*, or *become a gangster and have much money by all means possible*. Such murder makes it possible for us to think about the value of the Other (another person, the potential murder casualty) vis-a-vis the value of being Rich, in the measure of Gang star "I" that will often want to exhibit to others (beneficiaries of his riches or not) the rich figure or the singularity that he is or is becoming. The two values may constitute the value of a Gang-star life, the "I" gang-star who may also lose his/he life in the process of trying to kill, and defile his kin.

We recognise these values at work if at once in passing we listen to 'What up gangster' in "Get rich or die trying", and hear gun murder, a collective pursuit. The gang must decide who must die:

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[32] An offer has a power of its own. Think of a pyramid scheme operator, making offers of overnight wealth, making himself an idol, a being of super-ordinary power. The case of Charles Ponzi, say. He writes: "Hope and greed could be read in everybody's countenance…To the crowd there assembled, I was the realization of their dreams. The idol. The hero. The master and arbiter of their lives. Of their hopes. Of their fortunes. The discoverer of wealth and happiness. The "wizard" who could turn a pauper into a millionaire overnight! That scene spelled success for me. It couldn't spell anything else. The crowd in School Street was fairly representative of the millions of men and women who were ready to do exactly the same thing. Ready to invest with me. To give me their money. All they had. As soon as I made it possible for them to get to me. Nothing could stand in my way of the most complete achievement of my ambitions. I had won!" (Ponzi, "Chapter XXIV", para.25-26). Ponzi wins, by way of the form of an offer of wealth for the first batch of investors, an offer that in reality was an offer to the second batch of investors. Merely an offer if the second batch of potential investors would not recognise the reality that he is not making a promise. Ponzi could use the second batch of investors' capital to fulfil his promises to the first batch of investors. The second batch get little or nothing. Ponzi is perceptive, in short. He understands the power of an offer when it is combined with the force of the promise. Still, we could say his promise of wealth to the first batch was less a promise than a fulfilled offer. For a promise as such need never depend on an offer for its expression or existence. A promise cannot be broken and is always sure of itself — always fulfilled, come whatever may come.

G Unit, we are here

We can get the drama popping, we don't care it's

going down' cause I'm around

50 cent, you know how I gets down

50 cent: a leader of the gang: G Unit [33]. A Gang Unified in the pursuit of 'Rich,' even if it means going down — getting ready — to murder, a moment of being defiled. The kind of murder that is careless at once, necessary to get "the drama popping", the drama in which the emergence of a hero-hunter becomes a possibility.

...

But I'll hunt a duck nigga down,

like it's a sport

Front on me, I'll cut ya gun-butt ya or bump ya…

The hunter will 'cut ya', and become an object of gang praise. The gangster's potential victim ought to be aware, in a sense: 'there is little or no chance of cheating death when I am an object of a 50 Cent's hunt. It is hard to cheat death when I am in debt to folk that want their money at their earliest convenience, when hunting is an effort that goes on until it gets results'.

A kin to a loan-shark. The hunter never quits until he gets something, however little.

Jux me, I'll have your mama picking out your casket, bastard I'm

on the next level…

Next level. Perhaps the level at which some kind of privy-ness to his prey's movements could obtain, as though to assume a kind of proto-god-position, affirming in hunting a religious endeavour (Evans-Pritchard, 1953). So that hunting itself, though permissive of careless killing, is a

[33] A gang he helped emerge when his career was on a down-hill, after being dropped by Colombia records. It was a way of getting up again on his feet, if only because he would not want to go back to the hood/ghetto. Music - and not crime — was all he needed to do. Still, he must rap about the crime in the ghetto. He must touch on the question of Murder, since he is a living casualty/survivor of nine bullets, according to 'legend'. Rapping about the ghetto would be one way for him to get rich or die trying (Burlingame, 2015).

ritual, and thus a careful procedure. A successful hunt for 50 Cent (a pseudo-religious affair) may, for us, imply a struggle for oneness with the gangster type of divinity (a struggle to assume a sovereign form), in spite of or beyond the tears of the casualty's mother, tears over a bastard body that dies at the hand of a careless gangster.

A ritual gang hunt betrays a terrifying pattern, a struggle: care-less gangster versus a careful mother of a bastard. A struggle, a flow that merits a flawless coordination: mastering.

This flow's been mastered…

Jux me, I'll have your mama picking out your casket, bastard

The ritual (the music itself, suffice it to add) could end when it does away with the bastard. Carefully, it must go through a mastering process, affirmative of the reality that no one hunts unless there is a type of value at stake — even if the killing (of a bastard) itself is a careless undertaking, even if the bastard child, an 'object' of maternal care, is possibly conceived under careless (sexual) circumstances. Ritual Gang hunt is a careful effort when it must get as much money as possible, a move towards a kind of Rich for the benefit of the gang on the whole.

Where, though, does the ritual gang hunt leave the caring mother of a child possibly born under careless circumstances? Or, asked differently, what is left of maternal care when the enterprising/gang-ritual care has done away with the bastard, when enterprising care has solidified the future of the gang? Enterprising care, lest we forget, is money towards 'Rich' that benefits the now and future of the gang. The gang's present and future are at stake, in the measure that the gang, in fact, is a filial order.

What up, Cuz? (What)

What up, Blood? (What)

What up, Gangstaaa?

What up, Blood? (What) (50 Cent, 2003)

Gang-blood: a mark on the making or the origins of a filial order, an order whose future (becoming Rich) depends on the disruption of a maternal order. A disruption that does not, nonetheless, amount to destruction of maternal care since maternal care does not end with the death of the bastard. It is a disruption that does not obviate the expression of the maternal memory of the bastard, does not stop the flow of maternal blood if maternal blood (the mother-bastard relation) *is thicker than time.*

Maternal blood is thicker than time, as though maternal care is one instance of an eternal love, an eternal touch or a kind of a caress, for us — as though maternal care is a caress that does not stop even when the child (the bastard) dies and defiles the mother. A caress that self-expresses in maternal memory if caress (in Levinas, 1969:257-258)"like contact, is sensibility" — even when, at the same time, it "transcends the sensible". A caress if caress "is not that it would feel beyond the felt, further than the senses, that it would seize upon a sublime food while maintaining, within its relation with this ultimate felt, an intention of hunger that goes unto the food promised, and given to, and deepening this hunger, as though the caress would be fed by its own hunger". Caress when it "consists in seizing upon nothing, in soliciting what ceaselessly escapes its form toward a future never future enough, in soliciting what slips away as though it were not yet. It searches, it forages". Caress when it is unthinkable outside of *what we have and yet do not possess (what we have and lost and hope to gain),* outside of seizing or the promise of pure 'nothing', in reality a nothing that is more than nothing and, at the same time, not an expression of being. This is a caress in a maternal sense when (through memory of the child/bastard) it amounts to an expression of searching and eternally waiting for a promise of pure nothing, for a "future never future enough", in spite of the mother being an object of bastard's defiling. In fact, maternal caress through memory, for us, is the very expression of circumventing or overcoming the defiled status itself, the expression of living beyond human when the maternal memory of the dead child, we could say, is no different from living for the dead, so that the future never future enough betrays the possibility of the time of overcoming the enemies of godliness.

It need not be a stretch to see in a maternal touch/caress or care (I imply) a critique of gangster (gang-blood-based) kind of care. Maternal caress is a determination of maternal blood (you will recall) and must, by extension, acknowledge in the gang-blood based sociality a possibility of gangster care, the possibility of gang members caring for one and the other, expressed through the habit of gang members touching and hugging one another, say. A gangster kind of care-through-hugging articulates a form of caress as such, since a hug in general could express a possibility of "foraging", of longing for a pure nothing or a "future not future enough". Yes, a touch, a greeting that ends in a hug is 'contact' and thus a 'sensibility'. A hand touch that ends in a hug (in general) and a caress are possibly two sides of the same coin, since the former wants to

transcend the sensible, too — even if the hug is short-lived. The hug could transcend the sensible even when it does not, contra caress, linger on, when it escapes itself, expressing a longing for a future that is not really the future. Nonetheless, the gangster kind of hug is different from a hug in general if it is an expression of a desire for an actual (known) future, the time of getting Rich. So that the gangster pre-occupation with the future (getting rich by way of murder) ironically hinders the possibility of apprehending the promise of pure nothing itself. A gangster kind of hugging would thus not imply a transcendence of the sensible, would not express a blood relation that is thicker than time. Or, rather, a gangster kind of hugging can be self-undermining when the gangster is overly preoccupied with the temporal, the time of being defiled by a bastard's death.

What is more: gangster hugging (the difficult/impossible expression of a blood relation that is thicker than time) obtains when simultaneously the end of time (his death as such) is the gangster's possible object of dread. The gangster's dread of death compounds because dying poor is highly probable — as if to say hugging, for the gangster, is an expression of a possible escape from the curse of poverty in the bloodline[34]. The sense or dread of dying poor (and not dying Rich) is possibly the key basis of a gangster kind of touching and hugging. Poverty is all the gangster 'knows'. Dying rich cannot be the *prime basis of* (even if it may articulate) the gang kind of dread of death if the gang does not know what it means to be Rich.

The point is: the possibility of a gangster kind of touching/hugging or gang (blood) solidarity is bound up with fact and fantasy. I imply the fact of poverty and the open-ended idea/future (fantasy) of being Rich, all articulating the moment of death: an accrued share/fate. The fact-fantasy articulation expresses less a problem of *how* gangsters die (by gun, accident etc.) than a question of *what* they want to look like when they die. The gangster must not look poor upon his death. A rich gangster *could somewhat* have a say on or control of what he will be wearing (an expensive attire) when he dies than how he will die. How we die is largely at the mercy of death

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[34] Dread of dying poor is not unique to gangsters, of course. A struggling musician/artist/writer could dread dying poor without wanting to be rich. The case of one writer is instructive: "I don't have a lust for wealth, but it would be nice to lead a life no longer dictated by debt. I do not want to die poor, but if all else fails, I'll make sure to get life insurance so that in the event of my untimely death, I won't have to deal with letters going to my tombstone. I suspect Discover Student Loans, my arch nemesis, would find a way to contact me on the hour every hour even in my death. I'd rather be safe than sorry" (Arceneaux, 2020:161)

itself if what we look like *en route* to dying could largely be a determination of our decisions. How we die, in different terms, is not a question of style when we have little to say in it. A question of style is how the gangster looks or wants to look like *en route* to his death. A question of style is how each "blood" looks like *en route* to a gangster's death — even if this look can never (lest we forget) obviate the gangster's difficulty of caress, the absolute impossibility of attaining the promise of pure nothing, the impossibility of transcending the sensible.

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The blood-gangster (or hustler) kind of touching/hugging complex is a familiar problem in South African hip-hop*, too*. Blood: the condition of filial care in symbolic terms, an expression of living our time together. Care that entails the possibility of hugging, the kind that could begin with a simple touch. 'Touch my blood', a South African could say to another, signifying a greeting that is a pointer to their oneness, always in the making. Touch my blood, Gaz' lam: my brother/dear friend/dear blood/my blood/blood of my own/blood of my blood), or my hommie. We are together, gaz'lam, he could go on. We come a long way.

> *Gaz lam yazi k'dala s'zabalaza*
> *(My hommie, you know we've been in struggle (hustling)) [translation]*
> *Yaz' k'dala s'zabala*
> *(You know it's been a while we've been struggling/hustling)*
> *Namhlanje ngithi kwaz' ban (Who*
> *knows, today)*
> *Maybe s'jaiva kwamalas*
> *(Maybe it's our last time dancing)*
> *Maybe s'jaiva kwamalas (Maybe*
> *our last instant of dancing) Uphila*
> *kayi one, phil a kati one (For we*
> *only live once)* (KO, 2014)

The dancing articulates the hugging, since 'it's been a while we've been struggling' implies a lot of hugging, as if to say hugging is, in fact, an expression of struggling together. It is as though

hugging is an insufficient form of expressing a collective struggle. As if the dancing in KO could redeem the insufficiency, illuminating the blood struggle even if the dance, clearly, is part of the struggle when the struggle is in the dance.

The struggle is a kind of dance in K.O: *we have been at this struggle and, this time around, it could be for the last time*. It is a question of quality and number, of the One and the more: one struggle or life and more dances when one has the possibility of dancing more than once. Dance (a struggle through life and a mode of aspiration akin to hugging itself) is at once a movement or the more of One-ness, expressed through my blood: the same blood as another's, gazlam. In short, it is One blood plus One other blood that is at play. Blood in my own body, and another's blood that at one and the same time is my blood (gazlam). It is another's blood that dances through me when I am in a dancing situation. So that dancing becomes a movement, a trial moment of living together when this living together is an expression of one-to-more-ness that is always underway till I dance or aspiration-ally move or dance for the last moment. For the last moment when our dance is an object of disruption (owing to my being a death casualty), when we look (dressed) the way we like.

Of course, our dancing for the last time could obtain when our look (our dressing) is determination of our decision — articulating the degree to which the dance itself obtains on our terms. And dance, I could say, is not an expression of how we look. And yet how we look illuminates the dance. It illuminates the possibility that dance obtains on our terms as it is its own determination, too. What is more: dancing together (conditioned by touch, you will recall) on the dance's terms, dressed the way we want to dress, is an expression of a struggle between bodies quirkily in the air and on the ground (earth) that is the measure of their fate. By ground I imply a pointer to the grave, fate, towards which we appear, dancing and looking the way we like. So that dance becomes a kind of refusal of the grave when dread of death ("Uphila kayi one") marks the contours of life *en route* towards the grave itself. This is a refusal that can successfully obtain if the dance transcends the sensible, the earth, in spite of the way we look. Dance as such, to be precise, could betray a *possible* move towards the attainment of the promise of pure nothing when the dancer disavows (among other things) murder for profit or the deliberate disruption of maternal care — a move that could continue till death itself, the time of dancing for the last time.

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We may at once elaborate on the dance-death relationship when the death (that stops the dance) at stake is a violent figure. Dread of a violent death for profit is, we could say, more serious than dread of 'natural' death — for natural death, however defiling of my kin, is an acceptable stoppage of my dances. Dread of the violent end of my dances is unique if it obtains at the hand of the one who wants to profit, and continue dancing at the expense of my dance. This is the one whose dance is not a move towards the attainment of pure nothing. It is a dance that is already encumbered since it is structured within a Poverty-Rich axis (fact and fantasy). Here we revert to the lyrical prelude in *Whatup gangster*, the mastered flow:

> *We can get the drama popping, we don't care It's*
>
> *going down' cause I'm around*
>
> *50 cent, you know how I gets down*

The gangster gets down: dances, carelessly. A celebratory dance that would go on and on post the killing of the bastard: a defiled or a dirty dance in a fantastic mode.

Now: a gangster's dirty dance (in a fantastic mode) is not (a point we have been driving towards) without precedent or an analogue. The dirty dance is an echo of ritual murder proper — supposing the ritual murderer (the sacrificer) too could dance his way to the bank. It echoes a ritual murder proper when this murder entails a head beneath the ground, say, the *cafe-facade*. The head that attracts the passer-by — as though this head is on a dancing mode, a cry: a kind of critique or defiler of the sacrificer's dancing 'all the way to the bank', caught up in fact and fantasy. The sacrificer's fantastically dirty dancing (a determination of dirty consciousness, suffice it to say) that he would try to cleanse through the medicine man (bogus ritualist) who wants to have a share of the sacrificer's profits (made possible by the dancing head beneath the facade), betraying in the sacrificer a being in a kind of loop[35] if his dance is always defiled.

A dreadful loop, to be sure. Dreadful if the dance does not (we should be aware by now) express a repetition. Akin to a gangster kind of dance, the dance does not participate in the possibility of the sacrificer's attaining the promise of pure nothing, of gaining what he/she has, albeit

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[35] It is a case of a defiled but fantastic dancing that needs cleansing, one which (in reality) cannot obtain unless the head beneath the facade stops dancing.

already lost. Helpless if locked in a dreadful loop (an instance of the stigma of being/humanness, suffice it to say), he can only simulate an escape. Or, to be precise, the experience of a loop (through human sacrifice) is an experience of a simulation of repetition (a form of Destiny). His/hers is a looped singular dance, all caught up in the mud of fact and fantasy. He/she is a being that simulates[36] (or plays on) a play on/with Destiny, perhaps (unwittingly) envious of a player-proper on/with Destiny, the one that could willingly engage in self-sacrifice (the previous Chapter) and not human sacrifice, and *possibly* participate in the Sovereign form, for better or for worse.

[36] We could say more on ritual murder and its relation to any other kind of murderer's resultant dances. One does not only have to murder for economic profit to participate in a fact-fantasy loop. Many a murder has, for its goal, a murderer's fantastic future and a resultant dancing or a kind celebration. And many a murder could lead to concrete benefits or troubles for the murderer's kin. They, too, become objects of defiling, by way of his/her defiled status. Defiled, murderers (and possibly their kin) may need to find a way to cleanse themselves. Whether or not a murderer or his/her kin can ever be clean is an object of contention. Ritual murder illuminates the problem of murder in general, to the extent that murder in general is somewhat (or metaphorically) 'sacrificial' *when* it entails a kind of a benefit for the murderer or his kin — so that the beneficiaries, defiled too, could find it hard to participate in or experience repetition. Murder's sacrificial nature is serious if we appreciate in murder a foundational condition of any civilization. The modern human being is a 'beneficiary' or casualty of originary murdering processes….And this is serious if one appeals to a Cain-Abel type of myth (or its correlates): Cain killed his brother (Abel) to found a city. Abel who killed an animal (subject for the next Chapter) when he could kill himself… The human being, caught up in fact and fantasy, put another way, is seemingly unable to participate in repetition unless he/she is prepared to engage in a kind of self-sacrifice.

Chapter 4 (Repetition, an Echo)

In the disappointment (the failure to experience repetition) that comes with human sacrifice lies a faint 'human' hope for a way out. A hope that human sacrifice could lead to the experience of repetition when the human sacrificial casualty is the sacrificer's beloved. This is a hope we could sense in Job when we recall Job and his trial in Kierkegaard (Chapter two), Job's loss of children (beloved) that results in his gaining more than his losses (children that, for us, are nonetheless irreplaceable). Job's children are, I contend, a kind of a sacrificial causality, just as his refusal to commit suicide is a type of self-sacrifice. Job's children are a sacrificial casualty, a reality that escapes Kierkegaard, who (by extension) cannot see that the sacrificer, *in the first place*, is God as such, and Satan is only a hit-man, that the God of Job needs a hit-man, since God (in his/her holiness) cannot *directly* carry out a seemingly evil act[37]. God needs a hitman to defend his/her honour, to teach the hitman (the evil one) a lesson, and beyond doubt to show us that Job's uprightness (commitment to God) is non-utilitarian, that God for God's sake (Goodness as such) is worthy of Job's love. Love that obtains in spite of Job's blessedness turning into an irreplaceable loss.

Job's loss is a loss for God, too — for God has love for Job and Job's children. God has love for Job's children, even if it is less than God's love for God's honour, as though God's sacrifice of Job's children is seemingly a halfhearted sacrifice, since one (on our thesis) must sacrifice one's Love if he/she will stand a chance of experiencing repetition. Seemingly halfhearted if in reality it is full-hearted, to the extent that God's sacrifice is a sacrifice on Job's behalf. It is Job, in the last instance, who engages in the sacrifice of his children, his loves. For God does not and need never engage in sacrifices for his/her own sake, need not engage in sacrifices to experience repetition, since God (it seems to us) is potentially his/her own Destiny anyway, a kind of an expression of repetition. If, put differently, God has not a need to convince him/herself that he/she has a hold over (or is an expression of) repetition or Destiny, 'humans' could simply acknowledge that God is God. And to acknowledge that God is God's own Destiny is to acknowledge he/she has enemies, figures that want to assume his/her position, so to speak. Humans, by implication (if they are God's creatures), become potential pawns, God's *autonomous* pawns if they could think for themselves, if (on God's encouragement) they could move beyond the human form, and overcome God's enemies and accept

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[37] Yes, God can and does bring about evil in the world, a reality that Job's sisters and brethren acknowledge when (at the time of his receiving double what he had lost) they "eat bread with him in his house", comforting "him over all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him…" (Job 42:11, NIV). An evil that God does not, nonetheless, bring directly if Satan is his agent.

the possibility of a trial, of suffering and enduring measureless misfortune, Loss (the loss of the beloved that escapes any theodicy), the mark of their experience of repetition itself.

The implications of losing a beloved (through sacrifice) are all the more instructive in Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, his evaluation of the Abrahamic sacrifice. I have in mind Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his beloved son simply because God commands him to do so. "He must love Isaac with his whole soul. Since God claims Isaac, he [Abraham] must, if possible, love him even more, and only then can he *sacrifice* him…" (Kierkegaard, 1983:74)[38]. We may very well add that Abraham's love is a vicarious type, loving Isaac on God's behalf, in the measure that he must love God with his "whole soul", too, otherwise the sacrifice of Isaac as obedience to God becomes impossible, pointless. With a "whole" soul, he must express love for the Divine, over and above the ethical. This is love that can lead Abraham to the status of a knight of faith, the highest of human passions, the time of experiencing a kind of repetition. Put differently, faith in Kierkegaard (the expression of love for the divine) implies an expression of a faith movement when "the single individual as the single individual is higher than the universal, is justified before it, not as inferior to it but as superior—yet in such a way, please note, that it is the single individual who, after being subordinate as the single individual to the universal, now by means of the universal becomes the single individual who as the single individual is superior, that the single individual as the single individual stands in an absolute relation to the absolute" (55-56). The passion or the singularity proper of the individual (of Abraham) obtains when the individual is above the universal[39], above the ethical, an encapsulation of social morality. The universal, the ethical, is only functional. It is a tool that could be an object of faint-respect, one that a human figure (nonetheless) could use to climb towards an absolute position (a type of a-human realm), *en route* to "the eternal divine order" (27*)*. And this "position cannot be mediated, for all mediation takes place only by virtue of the universal; it is and remains for all eternity a paradox, impervious to thought. And yet faith is this paradox, or else (and I ask the reader to bear these consequences in mente [in mind] even though it would be too prolix for me to write them all down) or else faith has never existed simply because it has always existed, or else Abraham is lost" (Kierkegaard, 1983:56).

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[38] He must let go of his beloved in a non-related way that someone may let go of his money and give it to the poor, say — "to the son the father has the highest and holiest" obligation, after all. In a sense, we have no ethical obligation towards money" (Kierkegaard, 1983:28).

[39] Kierkegaard's use of the term universal is rather unfortunate. Objective would perhaps be the best term, since no one knows what the universe is.

Faith, a movement between the ethical/universal and the Divine (in Kierkegaard), is impervious to thought as a mediator, even if it needs thought as its condition of possibility. For one, at any rate, can only move in faith once one has done some thinking on the very idea of the universe. And one must move into faith, and ultimately come back to the ethical — for faith is not a type of mysticism. The movement of faith has an appearance of worldliness, says Kierkegaard. We may easily take Abraham for a crass materialist or proto-bourgeois Philistine —for Abraham, wielding a knife over a beloved son, must hope that God will save Isaac or, once the sacrifice is complete, give him back his Son. Abraham must (on his account) have an Isaac in the end. So that faith for Abraham is a movement that makes it possible for one really not to lose what one is about to lose, simply because losing one's beloved would not amount to loss if he/she is gainable in the end. So that faith, for us (contra Abraham), is a *sorrowful moment* that makes it possible to lose a beloved, and let go – not hoping to get him/her back, simply because to lose a beloved through sacrifice is a condition of gaining more of beloveds that can never replace the lost (sacrificed) beloved. Faith through sacrifice is a way of gaining more (new) beloveds that make it possible for one to keep a vital memory of the lost (sacrificed) or dead beloved.

Our version of faith aside (for a moment), Abraham is thus caught up in the seemingly difficult relation of time and eternity, being/becoming and passion. Being/becoming if he (with his whole soul) loves Isaac the way an ordinary father loves a son. Passion when loving a son could imply loving a son with the love of God, or could imply loving God who has love for the son. The latter loving may be hard to obtain. Loving the son with the love of God may be difficult feat to achieve. For no one knows how much God loves the son. One must thus aim for the Love for God, aware that Love for God entails one's Love for the son in a God kind of way. You need to have love for God and for the son in a God kind of way for the sacrifice to obtain. In this Love movement (faith or passion as such), for us, lies the possible[40] movement beyond being, in short, the experience of repetition, for Kierkegaard, a form that God can never take away from me.

Un (der) specified in Kierkegaard, nonetheless, is the significance of faith in the moment the beloved son (Isaac) is spared from sacrificial death, the moment God provides the so-called sacrificial surrogate (the 'object' of God's love, too). Underspecified is the status of God's provision, the animal, the ram. And we need not, through Kierkegaard's under-specification, yield to a dated read-

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[40] I say possible if it is not clear that human beings can always achieve the Love movement. Achieving the Love movement is simply a struggle, akin to the struggle against God's enemies, a struggle that may end in victory or defeat or neither.

ing of such a status: *God's provision of a ram betraying the importance of human life over the animal counterpart, and that human sacrifice is the highest form of sacrifice*. After all, we do not know how much Love God has for the animal. Much we can wager for is that God's Loves for the animal and the human (the son or the father) are possibly of the same type. So that Abraham's human Love for God could also be Abraham's love for the ram, so that love for the animal is the very condition for a surrogate sacrifice.

Why, though, would God have the same type of Love for humankind and the animal-life but only have humans (and not animals) engage in surrogate sacrifice, in their bid to deal with misfortunes (absence of a Blessing)? Animals experience misfortunes, too (at times losing their lives or suffering at human hands for no good reason). And I cannot imagine the kind of sacrifice they could practice to address their misfortunes or suffering. Or could it be that animals need not overly dramatise their suffering, and that already they experience repetition? Could it be that animals accept suffering or their impending death for what it is, if only indirectly to teach humans the simplicity of faith, that surrogate (animal) sacrifice in the last instance betrays 'human' helplessness, the human difficulty of experiencing repetition or expression of passion as such? This is a significant question, for us, if Love for God (or the Divine) as Love for the animal, or animal sacrifice, is not unique to Abraham, in the possibility of his experience of repetition.

The problem of love for the animal in animal sacrifice is present in readings of non-Hebraic religio-cultural formations. It is present among the Africanist readings of sheep sacrifice in parts of Black Africa. In de Heusch (1985:90), for instance: "the exceptional killing of a black sheep is all the more readily interpreted as the equivalent of a human sacrifice because the latter, among the Thonga, is an alternative solution". Though the sacrifice of black sheep in de Heusch is autonomous from the human sacrifice, for him it obtains with the sacrificer's acknowledgement of the possibility that the black sheep may symbolise a divinity. So that to sacrifice a black sheep is to sacrifice an object of love (the symbol of the divine) [41] in the first place. To be precise, the sacrifice of black sheep, an object of love, is possible only when the divine, in the first and last instance, is (as it should be) the sacrificer's object of love as such. To sacrifice the sheep without having love for the divine would amount to sacrificing a non-object of love, in which case the sacrifice would amount to nothing other than murder.

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[41] To sacrifice a black sheep could imply, under some circumstances, black Africans have love or preference for black sheep than a white one, as if to see only in black sheep (and not a white one) kind of divinity.

More, a black sheep (or any sheep) sacrifice is at risk of being no sacrifice at all when, after all, the black sheep is not an "accursed share", to the critique of Battaillean formulation. Its carcass is not "destined to a violent consumption" (Battaille, 1988:59), since the dead sheep is buried on the ground, akin to a human being (de Heusch, 1985:62).The black sheep is not an object of consumption, since becoming an accursed share or object of violent consumption would in it imply a thing. Only a thing (an object of sacrifice) in Battaille is "destined to a violent consumption", ensuring "the return of the thing to an intimate order…" (59). By intimate order Bataille implies a system through which a sacrificer could commune with the divine and obtain an "interior freedom", an existential release, the very basis of religion (58), for Bataille. If, in other words for us and not for Bataille, the carcass of the black sheep is not destined to violent consumption, and thus not a thing (and is outside Battaillean sacrifice), already or by definition it belongs to an intimate/divine order.

Black sheep sacrifice, I imply, is without mediation when it is never (at any stage) an expression of a secular time, a non-intimate order. And what is secular time (the time of things) if not the time of being a labourer, a time that does not apply to the animal as such? Battaile:"From the start, the introduction of *labor* into the world replaced intimacy, the depth of desire and its free out breaks, with rational progression, where what matters is no longer the truth of the present moment, but, rather, the subsequent results of *operations.* The first labor established the world of *things,* to which the profane world of the Ancients generally corresponds" (57). This is the first labour before (and will continue after) slavery or capitalism. The labour process that is not simply measurable by way of the time of commodities. The time of commodities could end even when the time of things remains. The time of things is a disastrous time for the 'human': "Once the world of things was posited, man himself became one of the things of this world, at least for the time in which he labored" (57). A thing, an object, he/she is aware (preoccupied with) and, by extension, dreadful of the future, of his/her finitude (the end of his/her being) whereas the animal (we could add to Bataille) continues to express the "depth" of its "desire" and its "free out breaks" (57), concerned with the now and not the morrow. The human (in his/her being) would thus want to escape his thing-hood through animal sacrifice, compromise the freedom of an animal, the moving of a thing (through violent consumption) into an intimate time.

To reiterate, this moving does not obtain with sheep sacrifice, calling us to abandon Battaile's theory of animal sacrifice, except for the part with which black African could resonate: the fact of sacrifice as a form of a labour, and that, for this black African nonetheless, it can cease being

a form of labour, and become work as such, 'modiro', because he/she need not see in the black sheep a thing. So that sacrifice, a form of work, the refusal to see in the black animal a thing, is kind of supplication unto gods/divine/God to have the sacrificer's sacrificial efforts acceptable (non-nullified) — an expression of love for the sheep, without which his/her sacrifice is unacceptable. The refusal to see in black sheep a thing, and only see in it a form that, by definition, belongs to an intimate order, is an expression of love for the divine, without which the love for (and the sacrifice of) black sheep is unthinkable.

Most instructive, the black African's choice of a black sheep over any other sheep, its white counterpart (say), is deliberate. It is deliberate not because it is merely within an intimate order and or simply never a thing or an object. The choice is deliberate if some Zulu speaking people (for Ngubane, 1977) could see in the colour-black a symbol of a type of absence, form without content: a symbol of death or misfortune per se. The black sheep (in its non-thingness) is an absent animal, symbolically already dead — as if to say the divine is somewhat bound up with absence. Through sacrifice in the night, the black sheep, an empty life-form, has the capacity to cancel a curse or a misfortune, the concrete absence of a blessing. The sacrificer is engaged in a battle of negatives. He/she fights a concrete absence (misfortune) with a symbolic absence (black sheep). Symbolic absence is a form of vitality, in short — simply because the symbolic[42] is not static. In a colour symbol of absence is a possibility of a free play, since you could (with/in a symbolic absence) think what you like. You could put on black, a symbolic absence to attend a funeral or a wedding. And, if you wish, you could put on black for no reason…

Of course, doing or thinking what you like with a symbolic absence when it is bound up with the divine is not in itself an expression of the symbol's sufficient vitality. Symbolic absence could merit an amplification to carry out an effective sacrifice, by way of using black medicines on the casualties of the lineage curse (misfortune). "Black medicine, consisting of a mixture of chopped up fresh roots, bark, stems and leaves, is prepared by the doctor. The mixture is boiled in water to produce darkish liquid stuff, which is placed in a clay pot. Before dawn, the homestead head stirs the medicine with a twig until it froths. All the adult members of the homestead drink their fill of this and vomit over the dead sheep". They empty themselves of their unhealthiness over an absent divinity, we could say. "This is repeated for three days. During those days the people con-

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42 The empty power of the black sheep is visible in other contexts, too. A symbol of dark clouds, sacrificed black sheep could drive out lighting, and, for rainmakers, could bring about a "'soft and penetrating rain' " (Berglund in de Heusch, 1985:43).

cerned withdraw from society and abstain from pleasurable experiences (ukuzila). They are considered as having an intensified form of pollution". The secluded must "abstain from pleasurable experiences", refrain from "quarrelling and fighting…and wearing any finery". They are "to speak in low tones and when necessary…They are dangerous to other people, as this form of pollution is transferable". They closely resemble a new corpse, the most polluting of polluters — a corpse when it is an effect of an accidental death, and thus not allowed to enter a homestead, and is buried with minimal mourning. At the same time, they resemble people that touch a corpse, in need (afterwards) of "elaborate cleansing rites". And any other people "are also dangerous to them [the secluded]", since "in their vulnerable state they could contract diseases from those people" (1977:78). Seclusion is necessary, since without it a use of black medicines (in Ngubane) could move the polluted into a neurosis or psychosis that borders on madness. They could talk when they should be quiet, sing when they should talk. And this would be a just punishment since failure to seclude is an offence to the blackness of the sheep and the medicine, as a symbol of absence and power, the divine as such.

Blackness, through sheep *and* medicine, is vehicularly sufficient unto itself when it carries its purposes (cleansing or purification of defiled contents). In fact, it may refuse a mix with any other colour. It may resist the accompaniment of red, say. Hence the black sheep sacrifice, for some Zulu speakers, suffice it to add, could obtain through suffocation, the refusal to see the redness of its blood. To mix red and black would amount to a pre-mature end of the sacrificial ritual itself or seclusion, and thus a premature move out of darkness of the curse, the concrete absence. Of course, suffocation need not simply imply the refusal to engage in pre-mature exit from the work of seclusion. Suffocation (over blood spilling) implies sacrificer's sensitivity to the type of an animal a sheep is: a figure in weakness, the condition of its being an easy target/'object' of abuse or tyranny. There is little difference between the sheep and the sacrificer that is in a position of weakness, a casualty of misfortune, lacking in his/her capacity to fight for him/herself, and thus in need of divine redress. The sacrificer is or ought to be relatively tender with the (suffocation of the) sheep, in an associated way that he/she could be tender as a shepherd. In this sense, sheep sacrifice through suffocation betrays a type of fear and trembling in the sacrificial work, anxious that the sacrifice better be a sacrifice as intended, failing which the sacrifice may not be a sacrifice at all.

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If black sheep sacrifice by itself is a risky and careful affair, it could merit a more dramatic consummation. On the fourth day of the black sheep sacrifice, a Zulu speaker could engage in a

goat sacrifice, a symbol of "turbulence" (de Heusch, 1985:91). A Zulu speaker need not mind the wail from the goat in pain when the goat is an object of sacrifice. Goat blood spilling and not suffocation is necessary. However, goat-blood spilling need not obtain under the conditions of seclusion… "the people rejoin society and resume normal life again" (Ngubane, 1977:111). In a sense, the willingness to see the redness of blood or meat could, for us, signify the certainty of moving the patient (the casualty of a lineage curse) into a new state of 'being'. After all, red, for the Zulu speaker, could be an affirmation of the move from night to dawn, or dusk to night. After all, the killing of the goat itself (and the seeing of red) obtains after dawn. Red is the mark of pure movement or "transition" (156), the possible emergence of vitality, the overcoming of the lineage curse.

Now, the killing of the goat (a white goat suffice it to add) at dawn obtains alongside the use of "white medicines as an emetic. There are also herbs, that are chopped up, pounded, and steeped in a cold water. Such a mixture of white medicines is never boiled. The homestead head stirs the medicine, which is clay pot, until it froths. While doing so he speaks to the ancestors, telling them of his problems and requesting them to look favourably towards him and his dependents. Every adult member smears the white froth on the face or limbs, and they all use the white medicine to vomit to the cattle byre or anywhere else within the premises". This is analogous to the "use of red and white ubulawa medicines to remove the type of umnyama known as isidina, a condition of people who feel they are unpopular or even that they are looked upon as repugnant….." (111). The seeing of the red blood, by way of killing the white goat and using white unboiled medicine, is a positing of the coming of a post-curse and/or a post-repugnance like sociality, a moment worth a celebration. Hence, the goat sacrifice itself includes goat-meat eating for three days, a form of feasting.

Here we return to Bataille, since feasting on the white goat for three days in some ways affirms his view of the necessity of violent consumption in sacrifice. Feasting on white goat for him would imply a moving (or turning of) a thing into a place of intimacy. The question is: what would this feasting, the daylight moving or turning of thing into an intimate time (alongside the use of white medicine), signify? Or, properly asking, should we see in the white goat a thing in the first place when its consumption accompanies the use of white medicine? Perhaps there is no way of telling. Still, the utility of white medicine may lead us into a kind of tentative closure, if again we follow Ngubane's lead. She goes as far as reading in the rawness of white medicine vis-a-vis cooked black medicines a now dated Levi-Straussian culture-nature complex. Black is heated and is culture. White medicines are uncooked, and thus remain natural, so that the cooking of a white

thing, by extension, is a kind of taboo. The use of uncooked white medicine neutralises (or naturalises) the cooked white but blood-red-looking goat, so that it is not a thing in the first place, not a thing to be moved (through violent consumption) into an intimate time if (neutralized) it is already within an intimate order. The uncooked white medicine has the final say. It asserts the need to bypass the moving of a thing into an intimate time, and simply have the sacrificer consume it in its originary position, in the intimate order.

What is more, one could consume the white goat, and use uncooked white medicine alongside cooked red medicine, all on the same day. Cooked, red medicine is in fact closer to white. By implication, "red medicines in themselves contain sufficient goodness to bridge the gap between red and white" (127). Cooking good red medicines, for Ngubane, is a way of moving the medicine towards white, towards rawness, as a symbol of nature, vitality or intimacy[43]. Cooked red medicine does not temper with the power of white medicine in its capacity to naturalise the cooked white but blood-red-looking goat. Red medicine is sufficiently good, *as though* cooking it, moving it towards rawness, is a way of bringing rawness to goodness, a way of validating or sanctioning the rawness of the white medicine, a necessary way of asserting the innocence or intimate position of the goat. White without red is natural but insufficiently good. Red without white is good but distant from nature. To emphasise, in short: the consumption of the white goat need not, for us, imply the thingness of the goat (moved into an intimate order) when this consumption obtains alongside the use of red and white medicines.

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Then: what happens to the goat when it is never a thing? At stake in being an animal (a potential sacrificial casualty), phrased another way, is less a question of becoming a thing than a move towards its fate, death, on its way towards perishing and becoming a nothing. In this nothing is the basis of asking a precise question: does animal fate imply the absence of animal Destiny? We ask this question if animal Destiny is seemingly indeterminate for many a human being[44]. To engage in animal sacrifice is, on the one hand, to play on the indeterminacy of animal Destiny, as it is, on the other hand, to deal with animal fate (or animal nothingness). Animal sacrifice could be an

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[43] Beyond Ngubane, though: we need not carelessly read animal sacrifice through a nature-culture complex. A dated complex if no one seems know what the natural really is. The complex is an object of critique, beyond the scope of our current concerns.

[44] Perhaps debates on the nature of animal soul or soul-lessness betrays the human anxiety to determine whether animals have destinies as such.

index of 'humans' vague determination of animal Destiny, in the measure that the sacrificer could see in the animal (black sheep, say) a symbol of divinity or a mere messenger to or from the divine. The animal becomes a messenger, a vehicle akin to the reptile (a chameleon whom God uses to tell the people about their 'infinitude'), and has a capacity to pass the divine a human message, a request for the reversal of his/her misfortune. The human bets on the animal to deliver the message (curse reversal) in the quirkiest if a quickest way possible. And, by implication, the humans' choice of animal casualty in sacrifice could depend on the size of this message itself. He/she need not give a goat a message that is appropriate for a sheep. He/she need not give goats or sheep messages that are fit for cattle. In fact, cattle (our concern henceforth) are rarely a sacrificial casualty. They become casualty under exceptional (and perhaps desperate) circumstances, the time they need to carry heavy messages that other animals may not be in a position to bear. They are also a rare sacrificial casualty when *the* black African seemingly has more love for cattle than any other animal.

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At a basic level, possession of cattle is seemingly a symbol of wealth, incommensurate with money/currency, wealth that is irreducible to an economic fact. The black African in the Transvaal could (Beinart, 2008) overstock cattle, less a sign of economic wealth than for religious purposes. The amount of cattle he/she has is an index of his/her status in the polity, perhaps an index of ancestral blessing. One would thus not easily engage in cattle slaughtering for mere meat eating's sake. And not surprisingly, cattle (in Kikuyu land) are rarely used for sacrifices, on Kenyatta's account (1961, 64) – except on occasions when bulls stand in for rams or bull-goats, figures that could (in addition to their sacrificial value) be used as a medium of economic exchange. Reasons for this rarity are unclear, except to hint that cattle are a sign of non-economic wealth, and that only a minority of Kikuyu speaking people (at the time of Kenyatta's writing) owned or could own cattle. For a long time, cattle in Kikuyu land had little economic value, if only in the twentieth century could they assume such a value, in the measure that they are, for example, a source of milk for sale or, whenever killed (for whatever reason), a source of skins useful for the making of sandals.

In cattle, a symbol of non-economic wealth, a murderer could compensate the victim's family. A murderer cannot compensate with goats or sheep, even if a certain number of goats or sheep in value could equal a certain number of cattle he/she needs to pay for the murder casualty. The victim's family would rather have ten cattle than a hundred goats or sheep, supposing ten cattle could equal hundred goats or sheep in value. And, of course, the murderer's cattle compensation need not

imply in the value of cattle a value equal the value of the murder casualty. Paying with cattle for a lost life approximates a form of sacrifice, we could say, a gesture of wanting to pay with what is possibly more valuable than oneself (and possibly more valuable than the casualty), an acceptable symbol of remorse and the necessity of justice. In this sacrifice is a release of oneself from the murder victim's ancestral anger and the resultant curse.

The gesture of paying with what is possibly more valuable than oneself (cattle) does not surprise. It is similar to paying a bride-wealth. Bride-wealth payment implies loss of life among the bride's kin — for a change of surname is a form of dying, a journey from one world to another. Hence, the bride's ancestors could express anger at her when bride wealth-cattle are still in arrears (Ngubane, 1977:68) — *as if* to affirm in cattle lives *possibly* more valuable than the bride or the groom (this is the kind of anger that may result in sickness of the couple's young children). Nonetheless, the bride's death from her kin does not imply a full integration in her husband's family — for she is still connected with her ancestors, since they could still make a claim on her becoming a healer, say. Only her children fully take on her new surname. She herself is in between, as though the cattle as bride-wealth symbolises or reminds us of this in-betweenness, as if the cattle themselves (as a place holder for all cattle) are in between (or perhaps beyond) life and death. Hence women or cattle[45] (if a mediation of the living and the dead), for some nobility in parts of Africa, *seemingly* constitute a form of wealth (Herskovits, 1926:261) that is as an index of ancestral blessing.

Cattle (mediators of life and death or an index of the blessing/s), by implication, could be an aristocratic technique of governance. This could obtain when aristocracy sees in itself a sign of the express-will of sovereignty. Consider Moshoshoe's apparent consolidation of power in the use of cattle, for instance. Post Lifaqane, "Moshoeshoe drew together pieces of fragmented polities from across Southern Africa, and tied these to him through strategic loans of cattle. Moshoeshoe's mafisa system became one of the defining features of his nascent chieftaincy. Mafisa (singular: lefisa) was in essence a system of clientage in which Moshoeshoe lent out cattle and [in some cases] sheep to help would-be followers rebuild their depleted herds. In return, clients (bahlanka; singular: mohlanka) repaid Moshoeshoe a portion of the milk and/or their herds' increase, and pledged their labour and/or political and military support (Thompson 1975: 53)" (King, 2017:613). It is through his

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[45] Suffice it to add, woman and cattle are forms of wealth that nonetheless *seem* to repel one and the other — for women in Lesotho in Coplan(1994), the ones prone to pollution (through 'menstruation'), should and do not engage in the milking or slaughtering of cattle.

lending system that Moshoeshoe could increase his wealth, and bring about a unified polity. Moshoeshoe could lend what in reality could not be paid back once and for all — for to pledge one's labour or military support is less a paying back the debt (as a mere transaction) than an expression of an unending commitment to his 'sovereignty'.

Moshoeshoe the sovereign, through cattle (a type of wealth), could demand, I imply, a kind of love from his subjects and small chiefs alike. "Moshoeshoe also used cattle as a means of securing support from junior chiefs by placing them in charge of cattle posts, and of establishing marriage-based alliances through bridewealth payments in cattle (ibid.: 211). Moshoeshoe's nation building can thus be seen through two broad but interlinked institutions: systems of obligation embodied and signified in cattle; and a newly forged ancestral mandate placing Moshoeshoe at the head of a lineage that solidified this constituency of cattle-based relations under the heading 'Ba-Sotho'" (613). In and through cattle, Moshoeshoe could see and facilitate a link between ancestors and his subjects, a link, I mean, between the living and the dead. Cattle here, for us, is an expression of divinity, a type of power. Or, in proverbial terms, kgomo "ke molimo o nko e metsi": a cow/ox[46]for Sesotho speaking people is a divinity with a wet nose. An expression of divine wealth, cattle could sense (or smell) what is non-sensible to humans. Moshoeshoe's lending of cattle is, I suggest, a way of having a sensing cattle, on his behalf, divinely guide and monitor his subjects' affairs. Privy to his subjects' activities, by way of cattle sensibility, Moshoeshoe could better apprehend/experience the 'divine' form of his sovereignty.

What, then, is a kingly rule through a wealth-like way but a Moshoeshoe method of making cattle a vehicle of *popular sovereignty*? A popular sovereignty[47] if cattle, wealth-like divinity/godliness, is nearly foremost in his subjects' consciousness. Of course, to speak of the popular in the sovereign is to say the obvious, seemingly, wallowing in a kind of linguistic redundancy. The sovereign through wealth as such is always the popular even if the popular is not, in all cases, the sov-

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[46] Translating this proverb could become a contentious effort. A translator could have in it an 'ancestor with a wet nose'. Another could have a 'god with a wet nose'" (Landau 2010: 84;King, 2017:7). In any case, modimo is not a human being. Modimo is the figure that is privy to forms that are inaccessible to human beings.

[47] Moshoeshoe's is a popular sovereignty, and for this reason effective in its self-defense against the rival sovereignties of its day, rivals that privileged aggression as strategy of war, a strategy that could advance a form of cattle raiding. It withstood Mzilikazi's aggression/offensive, for example. The very Mzilikazi that he gave cattle when his aggression amounted to nothing, as if to say: *may you divinely prosper in the mist of your foolhardiness. I understand: you, like everyone else, need cattle as gods for your own survival. You could simply have asked for cattle without making yourself a cannibal, without trying and failing to feed on my people and thus making a fool of yourself.*

ereign or the wealthy. This redundancy is a helpful babble for us, though, if only to affirm in wealth-proper (a vehicle of the sovereign) itself an instructive, albeit on face value an indeterminate, form. It is a form that merits elaboration, through Moshoeshoe's metaphysics in Dlomo (1985). Wealth, for Moshoeshoe in the first place, is "neither work, result, nor just reward, but is returns only. Wealth is the indescribable return of effort. Not all effort has returns, and little effort may have enormous returns". Even if you are a hard worker, you "cannot be certain of success, of wealth. We are rich or poor in proportion, not to what we put in, but what comes out of what we put in" (259). What is at stake is not hard or, for that matter, smart work in our pursuit of returns. What we need to put in is not effort or work in the first place. At stake is "[not] our efforts, but the will of the Spirit" (259). Work is merely a kind of crust of what we put in. What we need to put in, phrased differently, is "the will of the Spirit" through this crust, in anticipation of a return. Where there is a Will there is a return on the condition that *Will* appeals to work, and perhaps in some cases, decorates the work process itself. Will of Spirit in Dlomo's Moshoeshoe is an illuminator of effort, and not an element in the chain of what brings the effort into being. Will of Spirit would be a visible or concretely detectable form if it were part of the causal chain of effort. The indescribable return of effort (effort as Will of Spirit's object of illumination) is less a return of effort than it is a return of the Will of the Spirit itself, in the last instance, to the extent that effort itself is not a determinant of returns, wealth per se[48].

How, then, does wealth (the return of the Will of the Spirit) articulate the wealth-like divinity/godliness(cattle)? Will it be a stretch to see in cattle a kind of return, too, a return of the Will of the Divine? Yes, to see in cattle a wealth-like divinity is not substantively different from seeing in it wealth as a return of the Will of the Divine. It is a return of the Will of the Divine if it is what the Divine, through the sovereign that is Moshoeshoe, could create order in a Sesotho speaking world. Or, rather, it is the divine gift to the sovereign, a gift-cum-technique of popular governance. It is the gift that makes it possible for him to apprehend the form of his relationship to the Divine. In a sense, we could see in cattle, divinity with a wet nose, a possible vehicle or return of the (express) Will of the Divine as it is a vehicle or return of the Will of the Spirit, too, the spirit in Moshoeshoe if this spirit in him is not altogether different from a form of divinity. After all, Moshoeshoe is a pointer to or embodiment of the sovereign when the sovereign, using cattle, is a pointer to divinity.

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48 Put another way, return of Will (as a return of effort) will be describable (to Moshoeshoe's chagrin) if Will is a cause of effort.

The nature of cattle, a return of the Will of the Divine, is all the more instructive when it is an object of slaughter, when such a slaughter does not imply their death. We could consider Moshoeshoe's attitude towards cattle slaughtering, the time of dealing with cannibals in Lesotho, say. I have in mind the emergence of Rakotswane's 'cannibals', eating human flesh in response to Lifeqane hunger. Moshoeshoe could sympathise with the cannibal, seeing in the cannibal a being worth rehabilitation and not an object of capital punishment. He could rehabilitate the cannibals that had attacked and ate his grandfather, and, for him, made their stomachs a kind of graves. Capital punishment would be self-defeating, since killing them would, it seems, amount to the destruction of the grave holding the dead human remains. He would rather slaughter an ox for food, and offer it to the cannibals, and win their allegiance in turn (somewhat akin to the winning of allegiance through a 'mafisa system').

Of course, we are tempted to accuse Moshoeshoe of neglect: his failure to see the pitfall of keeping the cannibals alive by feeding them cattle. The cannibals' stomachs would become graves of the very ox he would slaughter for them. But this accusation need not obtain — for cattle never really die if they are a kind of a divinity. There is no such a thing as cattle grave even if we bury them. Moshoeshoe thus seems justified to suggest to us and the cannibal: *It is better to eat cattle than humans* (Coplan, 1994). *It is better to eat a divinity that never dies and knows (senses) it all than eating your own blood (gazlam) that will one day perish*. Or, to temper with a Sesotho saying, 'ha le fete khomo le je motho': there is no need to eat or consume a 'human' when you can eat cattle, for us - as if, we could add, the eating of cattle/an all sensing divine type (and not the human counterpart) may make one self-sufficient, divinely vital[49]. By implication, the eating of humans, for cannibals, is a simulation of eating the all sensing divine type, is to see in the human, to be clear, a type of divinity (pseudo-divinity for us) that is worth eating, so that one could become a kind of pseudo-god, a monster in reality, a new false sovereign. Hence, a cannibal proper in Lesotho is called Ledimo: monster (a perverse-ugly-god, I could say), a kind of fallenness that is nearly incapable of redemption. Nearly beyond redemption or rehabilitation, since human-eating is an addictive practice, so much that Rakotswane (not a cannibal proper, having ceased to eat humans in prin-

[49] Eating of cattle while one does not have his/her own (the case of the cannibal) is not by itself desirable, though. 'Owning' cattle suggests one could just eat them without much hassle when eating them becomes necessary. The pursuit of cattle ownership is a lesson the cannibal in Lesotho could in time absorb, if life bereft of cattle ownership is life without power, without a relationship with divinity.

ciple, according to one legend) would now and again continue eating human flesh[50].Though repentant for human eating, Rakotswane would remain caught up in cannibal habits (a kind of a loop) that are simply difficult to break, would still emulate a monster virtue, addictive eating, the eating of things for no reason other than for the sake of eating them.

The point is: The cannibal in Lesotho is not a cannibal-proper. The cannibal in Lesotho is less a cannibal than merely a destitute or hungry man. After all, a cannibal-proper is a human eater that finds in human eating an honourable practice ,and is thus unlikely to heed calls to cease his being a cannibal and become a cattle eater. The cannibal in Lesotho (or the monster that is less of a monster) only does what he has to do. For "Men make cannibals of men, and man-made cannibals prey on men who make them cannibals", says Moshoeshoe in Dhlomo. Eating human flesh, however unjustifiable, is a rationalised response, one that obtains when there is famine in Lesotho. "Everyone has a right to the soil and its blessings. Every person must eat and laugh and play. No chance have cannibals to do these things. Give them these things and they will cease to do what they do and be men like ourselves. Why should we fight them? To fight is to admit inability. Who fears — let him fight. Who's inferior — let him fight. Who is uncertain of his power and place in life — let him fight. Send them cattle. Win them back. Death's no defeat" (Dhlomo, 1985:243). The human is certain of his/her power if, in other words, he/she has cattle (as wealth), and is in a position (under some circumstances) to eat them or give them away. By way of cattle as wealth (vehicle for will of the Spirit or the Sovereign), Moshoeshoe, certain of his power, could rehabilitate the human from circumstantial cannibalism without doing away with cannibal tendencies. Cattle as wealth and divinity are rehabilitative or useful to the sovereign in relation to the human's positionality (being a cannibal) and not in relation to his/her actions (cannibal deeds)[51].

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Suffice it to say, Moshoeshoe's sovereignty (expressed through cannibal rehabilitation in cattle) is unthinkable outside of his being a cattle raider. A raider of minor chiefdoms in his kingdom (a longstanding practice in southern Africa), dispossessing them of their cattle (a return of the

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[50] He found white flesh potentially tasty, and killed a white prisoner of war and ate him up.

[51] Cattle-kind of rehabilitation is concerned with being in action and not actions through being. It need not be concerned with actions in the first place, since actions (effort per se) by themselves, anyway, do not (you will recall) guarantee return or wealth. It is less the actions (cannibalistic) than the bad will itself that makes a cannibal. It is not what we put in but the return that is at stake. What merits rehabilitation is the person himself, and have him/her have a proper 'Will of the Spirit.

Will of Divinity), increasing his wealth, at the expense of these chiefdoms. In a sense, "Junior nobility, minor chiefs, or commoners who accumulated too many cattle on their own account were feared by their superiors, who were not above seeing to it that a significant proportion of a successful follower's wealth ended up in their own hands" (Coplan, 1993:90). Loss of cattle through a raid could obviously be a blow — a misfortune — for the commoner or junior nobility, more so when the commoner loses a type of cattle that he/she needs the most. For one cow or ox is more useful than the other even if all cattle are divinely necessary, so that losing the most necessary cow or ox through a raid could compromise the commoner-divinity relation.

Of course, cattle loss through a raid need not be the only type of loss with Destiny implications for the commoner/chief. Cattle loss through non-raid related cattle murder, say, could be quite significant for the commoner/chief-divinity relation, for better or for worse. And it could matter little whether the commoner is Moshoeshoe's subject. Consider Ntsikana, the Xhosa speaking commoner-cum-junior nobility in the nineteenth century Eastern Cape, for example. Ntsikana — for whom the caring for and admiration of cattle would mark or regulate the form of his conversion to 'Christianity'. Ntsikana, in the manner of Moshoeshoe, has us apprehend in cattle a figure of divine significance. Standing by his kraal at dawn, watching and counting his cattle, he spots Hulushe, his favourite ox: "an ugly-looking animal of large size, dun coloured, but here and there spotted white, with large horns". On the side of Hulushe he sees a bright light (Bokwe, 1914:18). A light whose origins he could not explain. "What is this?" somewhat in a trance he is still able to ask the young boy beside him. The boy sees nothing. The same day he goes to a dance/music ceremony, a festival. A festival where everyone is a participant and an audience. He finds the people singing, clapping and dancing…Ntsikana's entourage joins in the festival. He follows them. There is, nonetheless, an eruption of a strong wind every time he joins in the festival. Recalling the bright ray he had seen earlier, he remembers the white missionary preacher's sermon he heard a long while ago. A sermon he listened to without hearing[52]. If he heard anything it is because some sound bites could have a way of penetrating human consciousness, against one's will. And if he remembers the sermon, he commands his entourage to exit the festival. They leave, passing by the river on their way home. He gets in and washes off his red ochre about his body, red ochre the symbol of dawn (a beginning) or dusk (the end) or earth. He experiences a spiritual transformation. This is Ntsikana's self-baptism that moves him into a type of white Christianity (a type of platonic light).

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[52] For a while, the white missionaries had preached the new gospel without Ntsikana seriously considering it.

A white-type of a Christian though he is becoming, he cannot forget the significance of cattle. He cannot forget the light he had seen: the transformation of an ox, Hulushe. This is the ox (in Dhlomo) he would lose through death during the festival, the actual moment that precipitated his conversion. Dhlomo (1985:35-36):

Crowd: *Hulushe! Hulushe!Hulushe*

Messenger: *He suddenly got wild and ran amok, gored several people, killed one child, and was going to do more damage when the people, amazed and afeared, killed him in self-defence.*

Ntsikana: *Is it my Hulushe you speak of? It cannot be.*

Messenger: *Hulushe, he of wide-spread horns!*
Hulushe, he the sacred beast
Hulushe, 'pon whom eyes all feast
Hulushe, who our herds adorn

Ntsikana: *It is the Voice, the Vision, the Challenge. I disobeyed….*

He has disobeyed God, so to speak, the demanding God as or through a sacred beast (sound and image at the same time), so demanding that he could go mad and kill a child, even if he himself must suffer death at the hands of a self-defending people.

But Hulushe can never die, in reality: 'it cannot be', it is "sacred beast", and Ntsikana is aware. And he could continue in his utterances:

Ntsikana: *I thought: now I see, hear, feel. I will go into solitude and meditation. Transformed, I will return and live, let live. O hurting, healing Voice and true, speak, lead… I come!*

(A chord of sacred music as)[53]

The Curtain Falls

He could return and live with the beast that never died. And this return is not reactionary, though — for Hulushe, being transformed through light and death that is not death, is no longer the old beast, if he could turn out to be a different sacred form: 'A poll headed' ox (an ox without horns). Now an horn-less ox, an ox without conventional weapons, Hulushe, for Ntsikana (having gazed at hornful Hulushe in the past) is purely divine, a way of ceasing to resemble human beings' penchant for a crudely weaponised war. Hence, Ntsikana's followers would never carry arms if they have to confront their enemies (Dodgson, 1984:23). They have no fear (to appeal to Moshoshoe's formulation) when they are certain of their power. Neither are they inferior nor unsure of their power, and thus have no need to fight in a conventional manner. Instead, they would engage in a bodily-spiritual warfare, prayer, song and ritual: dance and song proper, the kind of ritual that in form could resemble the 'traditional' festival he could not fully join before his conversion to white Christianity. Ntsikana, akin to a Sotho commoner's experimentation with sefela [54], say, is not (I imply) opposed to 'tradition'. He is pro-tradition even if his return and 'live, let live' post his conversion is not a reactionary mark of traditionalism. He could, in his *return*, temper with his tradition, by way of cultural innovation, inclusive of compositional manipulation or recalculation of 'foreign'/European musical elements.

For all its controversy, this return, this manipulative struggle has us see in Ntsikana a genius composer. We sense the genius in Ntsikana's hymn, "bell", say, even when it is unclear what bell in particular is its referent. It is seemingly not a church bell, since Ntsikana may not have heard a church bell before. "Of interest [however] is the bell stone, intsimbi,(6) on the hill above the site where Ntsikana lives at Thwatwa (near Hertzog in the Seymour district), which (it is said) it uses to

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[53] What would it signify to have Hulushe die through a raid, though? Would Hulushe run amok, gorge the raiders and get them to kill him in self-defence? Difficult to tell, except to say Ntsikana would assume a state of a shock if Hulushe's death were to obtain in a raid. And it would matter little weather or not he had seen any light on Hulushe the days before the raid. He would mourn Hulushe simply because Hulushe is his favourite ox, the most useful ox it seems if he is possibly the kind of an ox through which he, Ntsikana, could most experience the divine. He would mourn in a related way that he mourns Hulushe when Hulushe dies during the festival, post his seeing the light on Hulushe 'side. And he will live and let life be. He will live and let Hulsuhe live since a sacred beast cannot die.

[54] And to be sure, the commoner in a seemingly democratic Lesotho could express his grievances at the court even if he is aware that the "mouth of a commoner is not listened to" (Coplan, 1993:91), so that he could resort to writing a song (sefela), a form metaphorically critical of domination that sees itself as a pointer to sovereignty.

summon his followers to worship (7). He could strike the bell stone with another stone, and its sound can be heard from a distance, interestingly (if incidentally) resembling the sound of a white church bell (8)" (Hodgson, 1980:37). Ntsikana could sound the bell, and call his congregation to a new and continuous form of purification, could make a compelling call in a way of a Ntsikana kind of hymn or chant in Johnny Dyani and Abdullah Ibrahim. And the bell I hear in Dyani and Ibrahim (2013) is a distant bell, akin to an ox bell: a sound through an ox, grazing in slow motion. An Ox that could go missing in the middle of a forest, so that we could trace it through its bell sound. An Ox similar to Hulushe. Yes: Ntsikana's bell stone has us remember Hulushe and Hulushe's being Ntsikana's seeming object of loss that calls for Ntsikana's 'return and live, let live'. Ntsikana's bell sound is kind of a voice, a way of remembering the dead Hulushe that in reality is not dead, since he is alive, a sacred beast, so that he (Ntsikana) himself could live and not engage in weaponised warfare. Or conversely, the sound bell may be expressing the reality that Ntsikana himself is the one lost or dead to Hulushe (owing to a disorientation that comes with religious conversion), and is thus a wandering spirit. So that the sounding bell is a way of having Hulushe locate Ntsikana's whereabouts, a locating that conditions a *return* of a transformed Ntsikana, the great composer.

Now, to speak of a sacred beast (an expression of divine time in space), conditioning Ntsikana's return, losing and locating Ntsikana the commoner-nobility (or to speak of the sacred beast being Ntsikana's 'object' of memory), is to recall in wealth, for Moshoeshoe, "the indescribable return of effort". And wealth, if it is an indescribable return, is less a return of effort than a return of the (or the express) will of the Spirit (259) in Moshoeshoe, the return of the Will of the Divinity for us, a pointer to the Sovereign. Where there is a Will, for us, there is a return on the condition that Will appeals to work or effort, and perhaps in some cases, decorates the work process itself. Where there is a Will of Sprit there is, by implication, a return of wealth as a sacred beast or a return of Ntsikana the genius composer when his return is a determination of Hulushe, the sacred (living and transformed) beast. Ntsikana is the return of Hulushe. And Hulushe is the Will as he is wealth, in short, the Will of the Divine. And where there is a return of Ntsikana is, you will recall, the overcoming of the tyranny ("loop") of traditionalism, the creation of the "new", the fresh. Ntsikana's return is a pointer to what we call repetition (a possible 'object-form' of experience or object of simulation in the previous Chapter) if traditionalism is, obviously for us, reactionary, the absence of passion, the mark of the 'same-old'.

Ntsikana's return, the mark of same-new (the fresh), is a pointer to a possibility of his experience of repetition, if repetition is a form of Destiny, if his return, in the last analysis, betrays a redemption of Ntsikana himself. The seemingly forcible killing of Hulushe implies his own death, a metaphysical death he must overcome, return, and live and let live, death he overcomes if Hulushe (through death beyond death) is the basis of his return. In fact, the killing of Hulushe is not different from a sacrificial killing. It is unwittingly sacrificial when it implies Ntsikana's own death, a metaphysical death and resurrection that obtain for the sake of overcoming the loop of traditionalism, an overcoming that is no different from dying for the redemption of tradition (a dead thing) itself. We could take a leap, and see in Hulushe sacrifice a moment of Ntsikana's return, the moment of the emergence of a genius, the time of disavowing the use of conventional (or any traditionalist) weapons, the time of committing to *tradition* just so he can overcome the tyranny or loop of *traditionalism*. A difficult struggle, to be sure — so that we remain ambivalent on whether his struggle against traditionalism amounts to a victory.

Then, in Ntsikana, the genius composer, we may (owing our to ambivalence) sense less an experience of repetition than the experience of its echo perhaps, an echo of/in repetition if the genius still obtains by way of the death of the beast that is no death at all, as though the beast itself (and not Ntsikana) is the figure that experience repetition. Or, same thing, the echo of repetition obtains when Hulushe is a sacrificial casualty, when this sacrifice is effective but does not guarantee redemption of tradition (the dead), does not guarantee victory over the traditionalists, the loop lovers, enemies of the same-new. In the return of Ntsikana we could sense his experience of an echo of repetition when a crudely weaponised warfare is unnecessary. An echo of repetition (fighting against the enemies of the same-new or the tempering of tradition and manipulation of foreign elements), by way of a sacred beast sacrifice, is, of course, quite intense a process, since the sacred beast is that which in reality cannot die. It should matter little the exceptional circumstances (of misfortune) under which such a sacrifice could obtain. It matters little whether it obtains under lineage curses or not. And obviously by now, a sacred beast sacrifice, a condition for the possible experience of an echo of repetition, would be distinct from any form of sacrifice to which we have referred before, distinct from sheep or goat sacrifice under circumstances of ancestral curse, say. I imply in sheep sacrifice a form similar to human sacrifice, just as I imply in goat sacrifice an animal sacrifice proper, you will recall. The distinct sacrifice of a sacred beast is, in fact, the point, for us, at which the move from an experience of an echo of repetition to the experience of repetition proper

is a *possibility*, simply because the return of cattle (post sacrifice) could imply likeness between the returning cattle/ox and the transformed sacrificer (unwilling to engage in conventional warfare).

Still, such a possibility remains distant, it seems, since the sacredness of the beast (or the fact that it is possibly more valuable than us[55]) need not mean the value of the beast is determinate. There is no way of telling whether returned cattle and the transformed sacrificer assume the same form. However highly valuable the sacred beast (in the measure that life without this beast, for some folk here in Southern Africa, may be unthinkable), it is not obvious, put another way, that we can measure the highest-ness of its value. We do not fully apprehend what it is that we are engaging in when we engage in cattle sacrifice, a nearly always an experimental process. The little we could sense if we engage in cattle sacrifice is that we desperately want to live (through cattle that never die), we want to overcome death itself or participate in the redemption of the dead.

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[55] At no point, for us, should human beings be equated with cattle. At no point, in contradistinction to Evans-Pritchard's equation of cattle and humans, for example. "When Nuer give their cattle in sacrifice they are very much, and in a very intimate way, giving part of themselves. What they surrender are living creatures, gifts more expressive of the self and with a closer resemblance to it than inanimate things, and these living creatures are the most precious of their possessions, so much so that they may be said to participate in them to the point of identification" (Evans-Pritchard:1954:27). Put another way: "It is of course true that cattle are by far the most valuable possessions of the Nuer, and there is no need to emphasize their economic, social, religious, and emotional significance or that their herds are small, but, though doubtless their high value is an important consideration, we have to remember that it is not merely a question of relative value but also one of religious tradition and convention. Men and oxen have a symbolic equivalence in the logic of sacrifice, so that whatever is sacrificed is an 'ox' (26-27).

Chapter 5 (The Witchy Way)

Cattle sacrifice (seemingly the best of sacrifices) is a condition of a possible experience of an echo, a mere echo of repetition (a form of Destiny). It is possibly a condition of despair when the sacrificer wants it all, when he/she longs for (but unable to have) the actual experience of repetition itself, unwilling to engage in self-sacrifice — in the measure that self-sacrifice is an optimal method in the human bid to experience repetition, even if it does not guarantee this experience.

In cattle sacrifice (the most instructive of animal sacrifices) the human could still experience the limits of being 'human', that the stigma of being or the loop of dirtiness is nearly inescapable. In the best of animal sacrifices, the sacrificer could appreciate the reality that he/she is a human being, for all his/her sacrificial efforts, and lacks the capacity to experience repetition, a lack that could lead to desperation, to the point of wanting to commit to suicide, say. The impossibility of experiencing repetition (and only sensing its echo) in animal sacrifice could propel the sacrificer into a despairing mode, an abyss of *loneliness,* the point of almost seeing in misfortune a cruel fate when he/she suddenly entertains a new train of thought, imagining there is an alternative way (to animal sacrifice) of using an animal to achieve the unachievable in the world. One could recognise the impossibility or difficulty of experiencing repetition in animal sacrifice and thus become a witch, in short — not to experience repetition but to interdict the daring ones, the type that go all the way in their bid to overcome the enemies of the dying for the dead. Losing confidence in animal sacrifice and the possibility of experiencing repetition, a black African can assume the figure of the witch if in witchcraft he/she still recognises the power of the animal. There is rarely a witch[56] in his/her craft without a double, an animal double (for our purposes), a familiar[57]: *thuru:a messenger.* This is an animal that carries the witch in his/her busy-ness, the witch in the thick of the night, prowling and seeking whom he/she wants to devour.

Of course, witchcraft that obtains in the night and on the back of an animal (betraying animal power) is its casualty's object of contestation, through animal sacrifice (appealing to ancestral help, say) itself. And an animal sacrifice type of confrontation is akin to fighting fire with fire, a

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[56] A witch is an enigma. Rarely does a researcher of witchcraft report having met a witch even if his/her research subjects could report being its victims. The witch is a real figure that is not real, so to speak, real enough to get us going in our thinking the problem of being, the near (im)possibility of the experience of repetition, a form of Destiny as such.

fighting that could result in an impasse if the sacrifice is less potent than the witch's machinations. Worse, misfortune from the witch could become quite lethal to paralyse its casualty, to the point of his/her not wanting to counter it with animal sacrifice, for the casualty could sense in his/her appeal to sacrifice (to deal with the misfortune in question) a solution that would simply amount to nothing — not even an echo of repetition. The animal sacrificer could come second best to the lethal witch since the animal in witchcraft is fairly a sophisticated (if a fast paced) figure. Or, put another way, using an animal for witchcraft is possibly an impression of a deceptive spiritedness (consciousness), a mode of Evil proper.

Animal witchcraft is the case of a human being (a witch) playing on the possibility of animal authenticity (the animal becoming what it is). It is the case of the authentic animal soul possessing/carrying the human being (he/she that dreads death) as a witch. The case of the human soul carrying/appealing to its animal counterpart, too, betraying the powerlessness of the human soul when it is simply by itself, unable to manipulate or apprehend the seeming arbitrary workings of objects, space in time, to the extent that the human is a being given to an object-oriented consciousness. The animal is not a prisoner of objects, seemingly. The animal does not objectify or (make a fetish) what it senses in space. The animal seems unbiased about thinking the arbitrary arrangements of objects in space, and sees them for what they are, navigating space with relative ease. Somewhat tenacious or more perceptive than the human being, it lives through the arbitrariness of things/objects in space without much of a murmur.

Failing to accept or move through the arbitrariness of objects/things (and their locations) in space without a murmur, the human is (I imply) relatively incapable of moving as fast as he/he can, relatively incapable of directly bewitching the Other when the Other is often at a long distance. Directly bewitching the Other is a difficult procedure, unless (perhaps) he/she is your kin, unless she is nearer, closer to you in "blood": your aunt, uncle or their children etc.[58]. Bewitching the distant non-kin Other requires mediation[59], the animal messenger that could, without tripping, traverse the long distance full of arbitrary things, and reach its casualty. The difficulty of bewitching the other directly points to the witch's lack of talent. By him/herself, the witch lacks the talent necessary for

[58] Bewitching your kin is (I could learn through hearsay in a village) comparatively easier than bewitching non-kin, if one is privy to the kin's strengths and weaknesses…

[59] Mediation is also necessary when the witch would evade risk of being caught in the act if he/she were to do it him/herself.

efficiency, for him/her to have a successful run at his/her anti-social pursuits[60]. I mean talent in an ordinary sense, appealing to its animal analogue, the way I am called a cow if I am supposedly "bad" or lack talent at football (soccer), say. I lack talent (or I am a cow) owing to the clumsiness of my timing, my first touch of the ball, and the gracelessness with which I pass it along to a fellow player. The witch needs an animal with talent, the kind that can arrive and timely harm its target.

The witch's lack of talent by him/herself need not imply a lack of skill, of course — the manner through which talent (the animal) or lack thereof could find expression. In fact, any witch worth the name is necessarily skillful. The animal in the witch cannot function outside of a craft, so that witchcraft for us is a skill through which the animal (or talent) in the witch can advance the witch's intentions, if only because the animal (in its authenticity/largely not a prisoner of objects) can easily move through the arbitrariness of life, and get the intended results. And what can the witch's intentions be if not the destruction of assets (talent/genius) in another human-Other (casualty), assets that are lacking in him/herself (the witch)? The witch's intention is an expression of a desire for someone else's possession (talent/genius[61] or its product), something he/she, the witch, can never have, for whatever reason. He/she relishes a time when this someone else is deprived of this very possession, the time when the witch will destroy either him/her or this possession itself. What the witch lacks (in spite of his/her skill) is the condition for the emergence of his/her attitude from evil, the anti-genius. The desire to practice witchcraft (as a skill) may be a determination of talentless-ness when this lack of talent produces the time of envy[62], a kind of covetousness.

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[60] You may tell at once that the animal familiar is an echo of the lizardian figure, the figure with which we begin the proceedings of this project, as if to imply in the lizard an Evil's originary familiar: he that is able to intercept and distort the Divine message (from life after death to no life afterwards) and take it to the people.

[61] To desire someone's talent is to acknowledge in the talented someone's capacity to move (succeed) through the world. Through talent (being a fully capable animal-human with the capacity for timing within and outside the soccer game), I have a chance of moving anywhere possible, avoiding this or that pitfall that may compromise my play in the Game of all games: a play with Destiny. And we know by now a play with Destiny is a struggle against the enemies of care or godliness: my willingness to live and die for the dead.

[62] It is not only envy that marks the emergence of a witchy being. Jealousy, too, makes witchcraft possible. This is the time of wanting something I do not have while I have the capacity to have it. Jealousy could have a productive claim: I am better than you, and for this reason I (and only I at this moment) should have what you have or want to have. Jealousy could turn me into a witch, a petty thief that transforms himself into a baboon, say, and steal another's agricultural produce (Frederick Golooba-Mutebi, 2005:946). "There is another form of witchcraft motivated by a desire for wealth that is even more threatening to non-kin. Like ekong witchcraft in Cameroon (Geschiere, 1999), it involves killing people and turning them into zombies, which are then used to cultivate witches' fields at night or to do other income-generating work for them. Unlike ekong, however, it is not activated by the sacrifice of a relative".

It will not surprise that a witch (in parts of Black Africa) would have a hyena for a mercenary spirit. For he/she knows that a hyena is a "talented" figure, in the measure of its capacity to move easily, and hide behind the dark, a figure of the night: he/she that can destroy objects when no eye is watching. More than talented, too, the hyena figure is a figure that eats what is more than enough, a figure that eats and leaves nothing (edible) behind. It matters little whether the object of its destruction is blood-full or bloodless — such that the expression of envy in the witch, by way of the hyena, smacks of an absence of Mercy. Yes: "hyenas would cut you up into pieces quicker than the gods could put you together. They would devour you, your shoes, bracelets, linen and anything else you had touched. " (Mezlekia, 2001:82). The witch through the hyena, in short, could destroy its casualty in a fabulous way. Consider:

> *"Once upon a time a lion, a leopard, a hyena and a donkey got together to solve a riddle, to discuss the bad conditions that plagued the land, to discover why the rains had stopped coming and why food was so scarce.*
>
> *"Why do we have to suffer like this? How long do we have to go on without food?" they asked, over and over.*
>
> *"Maybe one of us has sinned and God is punishing us," one of them suggested.*
>
> *"Perhaps we should confess our sins out loud, and ask God for forgiveness," another added.*
>
> *To this all of them agreed, and the lion began:*
>
> *"I am sorry, for I committed a very terrible sin. I once found a young bull in a village, broke his back and ate him."*
>
> *The other animals looked at the lion, whom they all feared because of his strength, and shook their heads.*
>
> *"No, no," they protested, "that is not a sin! That is exactly what God would have liked you to do."*
>
> *The leopard followed:*
>
> *"I am very, very sorry, for I committed an awful sin. I once found a goat in a valley that had wandered from the herd. I hid behind a bush, caught him and ate him."*
>
> *The other animals looked at the leopard, whose skill at hunting they all admired, and protested:*
>
> *"No, no, that is not a sin! In fact, if you hadn't eaten that goat, God would have been angry with you."*
>
> *"The hyena then spoke:*

"Well, I think I am the sinner. I once snuck into a village, caught a chicken by surprise, and ate it all at once."

"No, no," the animals protested, "that isn't a sin. God would have liked it if you ate two of them."

Then the donkey spoke:

"Once, when my master was driving me along a trail, he met a friend and stopped to talk. While they were talking, I went to the edge of the trail and nibbled at a few blades of grass."

The other animals looked at the donkey, whom no one feared or admired. After a moment of silence, they shook their heads sadly and said:

"That is a sin! A very terrible sin! You are the cause of all our misery!"

And so the lion, the leopard and the hyena jumped on the donkey, cut him up into pieces and "devoured him".

We children lived like the donkey, careful not to wander off the beaten trail and end up in the hyena's belly" (Mezlekia, 2001:14-17).

The hyena is a predator as it is a scavenger: careless, it seems to eat for the sake of destruction, and need never be satisfied: for (on the other animals' evaluation of the hyena's behavior) "God would have liked it if you ate two of them". A terrible animal, the hyena, clearly, when its belly is different from any other belly of a beast. To find oneself in the belly of a hyena implies the time of having perished, a moment of being laid to waste, a useless being or a non-body proper.

The belly of a hyena is a type of a grave, so to speak. It does not surprise that a hyena could (for Sesotho/Sepedi speaking folk) be a proper name of (or metaphor for) a gravedigger. What, after all, is the bold (even if not a courageous) grave digger[63] or a grave builder but a being or messenger that attends or symbolises the end or the destruction of the human being[64]? He digs the grave in the dark, in the night to the earlier hours of the morning — for the grave (a kind of a belly) must never go stale, must never lay idle overnight before it receives the body of the deceased. Otherwise, witches may fiddle with the grave itself, so that the deceased will have not a proper rest in the underworld. Otherwise, what it is more, the witch may have a chance to cast a spell of bad luck on the grave, by way of marking/measuring the depth of the grave, fantasising or brooding over the idea of

[63] "Hyenas, although cowardly and sheepish individually, are so fierce in a pack that no one would dare to confront them" (Mezlekia, 2001:39).

[64] We may see in the grave digger a man that eats the body of the corpse, in a related way that "[t]he victim [of witchcraft in "Chavuma district of northwest Zambia,"] is said to die twice: to his or her relatives, who will bury the corpse at the cemetery; and to the gluttonous witches, who will butcher and devour their prey at the cemetery" (Silver, 2015:33). There is a sense in which a witch is a kind of a cannibal.

exhuming and eating up the corpse that would have become a carcass. Grave digging in the early hours of the morning, and burying the deceased once the grave-as-a-belly is ready, betrays the gravedigger (a hyena)'s fear of witches or hyenas proper: the witch familiars, hyenas/witches who want to eat up the flesh of the deceased, and thereby participate in the consummation of the deceased's transition to becoming a nothing. The very phrase 'dust to dust' towards the end of the funeral is a way of saying only dust must eat up the corpse, a protest against the possibility of hyenas or witches doing the eating.

Of course, to see in the gravedigger a kind of hyena is to see in the digging act itself a hyena's tearing/eating of dust, ground that, in turn, will swallow the corpse. Devouring the ground, the gravedigger simulates the ways of hyenas proper, the ways of tearing and eating of things. After all, the gravedigger (once he is back at the homestead after the burial) must swallow the meat of the slaughtered bull or cow, the meat that many a mourner will eat after the burial. Mourners (including gravediggers)'s bellies are graves, too, in short. Meat eating after burial is nearly similar to the grave-proper (ground/belly, dust)'s swallowing of the corpse[65], even if funeral meat *may* be a bit different from the corpse if funeral meat (contra human corpse from the morgue) does not merit a make-up (spicing up or salting, say), to the extent that mourning is antithetical to eating tasteful food. Tasteful meat eating would amount to a celebratory disrespect of the deceased, a disrespect that, in reality, is an act of bad faith towards oneself, a bid to "enjoy" and forget or disavow the call of death upon one's life, a bid to disavow or fear death, a nothing in the last instance. It is an act of bad faith, expressive of a false enjoyment, an expression of gluttony — in related way that the hyena proper is a "gluttonous" figure, as though to imply in any meat-eating mourner (at the funeral) a kind of hyena or a figure in cahoots with hyena tendencies that a witch could find useful in his/her envy or anti-life driven endeavours.

Let us say more on grave digging and tasteless meat eating if saying more could illuminate the gluttonous nature of the hyena. Let us relate them to an old Kenyan practice of non-grave digging, the abandoning of corpses to hyenas — corpses of the non-elderly or non-respectable elderly (the old without noticeable status) folk in a polity (Jindra & Noret, 2022:7). Abandoning non-respectable corpses to hyenas implies, for us, a refusal to slaughter and (as a result) to eat a tasteless cow or bull, a refusal to become a mourner type of hyena (or a figure that is in cahoots with hyena

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[65] Grave digging (a form of hyena-ing) is thus an illumination of pure envy, since a dug grave is a grave statement: you cannot do what I (ground) do not do. You cannot walk all over me when I cannot do the same. I must simply swallow you up.

tendencies), a critique of hyena proper even when Kenyans offer it the corpses of non-elderly/non-respectable elderly. And a critique of the hyena proper is a critique of grave digging (in general) itself, and, by implication, a critique of the witch when the witch, the envious figure, is he/she that takes advantage of the hyena's longstanding hunger for human flesh or destruction. A critique of a hyena that is recognisable in a Sepedi-speaking adult when he/she tells a child, euphemistically: 'so and so is a hyena casualty', implying that 'so and so is dead'. It is a euphemism that is the child's object of immediate appreciation if the child, to appeal to our fable, already 'knows' he/she must " be careful not to wander off the beaten trail and end up in the hyena's belly". It is an object of his/her appreciation if he/she is fearful of witchcraft (through hyenas), if in play, by implication, he/she must not freely self-express or overly engage in 'show-boating'.

The child, put a better way, must use his/her talent circumspectly, conservatively, must show his/her talent without showing much of it or simply act as though he/she lacks it, and behave like a donkey, an object of non-admiration, a beast of burden and only an object of human adoration when it does the biddings of human beings. A debilitating conservatism in the child, on the face of it, debilitating if it hinders the utmost expression of a child's talent — to the witch's (in the hyena) satisfaction. The child may not amount to much in this life even if he/she never becomes the witch's actual casualty. And yet, we could see in the conservatism a potentially helpful form for the child — for it betrays an age old (open ended, for us) sagacious mantra: "Moja sa gagwe o a iphihla, a bonwa a se lotwe": One must eat or do nice 'things' in secrecy, and thus become non-traceable to witches or the envious. The child's helpful conservatism (the will to self-preservation), a game of hide and eat[66] or hide and privately self-style, is a game in which he/she (perhaps unwittingly) cannot eat "nice" things for the sake of their (sheer) destruction, cannot do nice things for the sake of doing them, we could add, since doing so could have him/her look like a hyena proper. Eating in secrecy need not amount to a time of destructive or noisy eating, simply because one must eat vigilantly. You simply take your time doing what your are doing. You simply learn how to 'eat well', how to 'perfect' your eating. It matters little whether you eat the whole thing or eat it in parts. At stake is not whether you save the thing or not. In the game of hide and eat (secret eating) is paradoxically the full experience of tastefulness, of non-gluttonous pleasure, to the point of forgetting

[66] Of course, the game of hide and eat is partly similar to a hyena kind of game. For the hyena's mode of eating destructively is a determination of a capacity for hiding. It is partly similar if it is not quite different from hiding and eating for the child. The act of hiding and eating in the child is the act of hiding from the one that is 'naturally' given to hiding. The hyena in the first place, unlike the child, hides so that it can seek that which is not already in its space, a determination of envy as we say.

you are hiding from the witch in the hyena, till you forget the possibility that you could perish in the hyena's belly. The child could enjoy the food, forget he/she is hiding from the witch without implying an absolute complacency or feeling of safety from the witch. The child could enjoy the food and forget he/she is hiding from the witch without forgetting the existence of the witch, that the witch, by way of the envious hyena the messenger, is always indefinitely on the prowl, foraging for the self-styling figure, indefinitely at work (in labour), always on the lookout for a figure it could devour.

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The hyena, contra fellow predators (the lion or the leopard, say) not surprisingly, is an object of contempt in many a polity. Hence, it may not or rarely be associated with royalty (in Black Africa), aristocracy per se – for aristocracy simulates a kind of perfection of life when the hyena, for all its mercilessness, is (you will recall) seemingly far from perfection, an enigma to its creator (on the account of its fellow predators). The hyena does not always conform to its form, to the frustration of everyone around. It catches "a chicken by surprise, and [eats] it all at once" when it is supposed to eat two. A hyena is an object of contempt if its merciless work (the expression of envy) is random, without order. Hence, the lion's or leopard's skin and not the hyena's forms part of the royal men's sartorial sensibility, if only because the lion, say, is a Godly creature, it seems, as if to affirm in royalty a form that has not a time for scavenging or labouring without order, has not a time for living on the fringes, since living on the fringes (and without order) is (on an aristocratic account) a determination of powerlessness, perhaps a curse.

To put on the lion's or leopard's skin is to say to everyone else that is clad differently: *I am blessed and elegant, have no capacity for hyena kind of errors: recklessly eating one chicken when one is supposed to eat two, and thus staying in a hungry mode*. It is to say *I judge correctly, and incapable of bringing drought or misfortune on the land. You have to admire and respect me, failing which I could showboat/excessively exhibit my power, and destroy you*. Thus royalty must purport to have not a time for practices of envy and, at the same time by implication, must engage in talent or power showboating against the envious, the non-talented. An Attack on the envious is royalty's best way of defending itself, an attack on the witch who (in South Africa) can only be a commoner, to the point of *confiscating* his/her assets, and *excommunicating* him/her from the polity. It is a showboating attack on the envious in a bid to instill fear in the commoner, in a bid to interdict the emergence of the witch on the prowl, through the order-less devourer, the hyena.

Of course, royalty need not go the way of direct destruction of the envious witchery in the defence of its polity. After all, the way of a direct destruction may not always guarantee victory over the enemy. Instead, royalty could "bear the [envious witchy] attacks with the greatest composure.… [in the hope that] "their very source [Aristocratic glamour/grandeur]" will "neutralize… them" (Schopenhauer, 1974: 431). But this stoicist-cum-mysticist—like mode of defence may not go far, since there is still no guarantee that royalty power in its grandeur will neutralise envious attacks. Not to attack and destroy the witch in a direct way could express a royalty's blind (bordering on a superstitious) faith in aristocratic grandeur's capacity to neutralise envious attacks, in time eliciting contempt from the onlookers, the subjects of royalty itself. Royalty, then, could alternatively go the Moshoeshoe route, of a sagacious king aware that royalty, in reality, is subjected to its subjects' wishes, where (we could add) "his life is only valuable so long as he discharges the duties of his position by ordering the course of nature for his people's benefit. [For] So soon as he fails to do so, the care, the devotion, the religious homage which they had hitherto lavished on him cease and are changed into hatred and contempt; he is dismissed ignominiously, and may be thankful if he escapes with his life. Worshipped as a god one day, he is killed [or treated] as a criminal the next" (Frazer, 2009:138)[67]. Worshiped as a god and, for us, possibly a kind of miracle worker, a pointer to sovereignty, royalty (in a Moshoeshoe kind of way) must appease its subjects, and remain a life affirming entity. Partly akin to the lion or the leopard in our fable, royalty must actively show power and, to exit our fable, quell the envious witch's activities if they are a real reason for misfortune (drought, say) in the polity.

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Not only is sagacity expected of royalty when it is a direct object of an envious attack. You can expect it when the possibility of witchy/witch-related practices obtains between or among commoners themselves. More so when commoners readily see in witchcraft a cause for any of their inexplicable misfortune, when, what is more, a commoner is a casualty of witchcraft accusation, say. I have in mind Paramount Chief Sekoto's attitude towards this kind of a commoner-casualty in Bessie Head*:* an old woman healer in *When rain clouds gather.* Sekoto's attitude the moment he rejects the witchcraft accusation, soon as he realises his subjects/commoners are merely haters of the elderly woman, Mmabaloi. "People of Bodibeng…It seems to me you are all suffering from de-

[67] Assuming the role of a king is a burdensome feat. So much that, for Frazer (2009), one may refuse the call to become a king, if only because one is not prepared to yield to the taboos that come with the kingly office, taboos or kingdom subjects' expectations (the practice of democracy, so to speak) that at times are counter one's best interests.

rangement of the brain…Your children die of pneumonia…and to shield yourselves from blame you accuse a poor old woman of having bewitched them into death. Not only that. You falsely accuse her of a most serious crime which carries the death sentence", a crime against royalty itself, we could say, nearly equal to treason if royalty should never take it lightly. To accuse another "human" of witchcraft baselessly is nothing but an expression of madness or, at worst, an expression of what borders on a kind of a murder, since it precedes the actual killing of the accused. Sekoto could ask, to put it differently: *Don't you know that a false accusation of the crime of witchcraft is not different from a planning of a murder?* Put in his words: "How long have you planned the death of a poor old woman, deranged people of Bodibeng? How long have you caused her to live in utter misery, suspicion, and fear? Oh no, people of Bodibeng, today you will make payment for the legs of the old mother who has fled before your barking. I say: The fault is all with you, and because of this I fine each household of Bodibeng one beast. From the money that arises out of the sale of these beasts, each household is to purchase warm clothing for the children so that they may no longer die of pneumonia…" (Head, 1995:48-49). Yes, baselessly accusing another human of a serious crime ought to carry a fine, a serious fine in a beast, since a beast, for us, is possibly more valuable than the human per se, in a related way that the selling of the beast (valuable enough) can safe-guard the life of a human-child in Bodibeng.

Royalty, by implication, ought to safe-guard all human life in the polity. Royalty, specifically, ought to mind and protect Mmabaloi kind of folk: "As for you, mother…I cannot allow you to go and live once more among the people of Bodibeng. It is only hatred that the people of Bodibeng feel for you, and this has driven them out of their minds. As hatred never dies, who knows what evil they will not plot against you?". And what, for us suffice it to ask at once, would be the source of hatred for the old woman if not envy for her healing practice? Hatred, a determination of envy (that leads to madness), is a slippery slope to becoming a witch proper. A witch is a mad person, ego-centric figure that has lost his/her mind, reasonableness (kindness or all that is life affirming), so that Sekoto is justified to reach out to the old woman, perhaps in a way she could not anticipate: "I have a large house, and you are welcome to the protection it offers". The old woman must *nominally* become part of royalty and secretly live in a mansion while the other commoners, the hateful commoners, must stick to their huts.

There is more to the protection of the talented (if a healer) old woman, of course. To protect her is to protect royalty itself, in the measure of Sekoto's health needs: "…I suffer from an ailment for which I am always given penicillin injections at the hospital. Now I am tired of the penicillin

injections and perhaps your good herbs may serve to cure me of my troubles" (49). Troubles that compromise the effective running of the royal office, perhaps. Bodibeng commoners, put another way, are under a mysteriously ailing royalty, and it could be in their best interest to see value in a healer living side by side their paramount Chief. After all, it is possibly common 'knowledge' to Bodibeng commoners (as it is in parts of Black Africa) that a healer and king ought to live side by side[68], and that, in fact, a healer could figure as a kind of king, perhaps a pointer to sovereignty than the king himself. A healer is not a commoner, for us, in short. Hence, the healer as a pointer to the sovereign (albeit subject to royalty) has the capacity to tell why there is misfortune or illness in the polity. The healer could tell of, or "perhaps" cure, illness in a polity. Of course, the healer need not have absolute control over misfortunes in a polity to merit respect from commoners. Bodibeng commoners could repent of their prejudice, and thus ask the elderly woman (Mmabaloi) about chief Sekoto's ailment, royal misfortune. They could ask whether the ailment is possibly a case of witchcraft proper, a possibility that Head underplays. Whatever the case, Mmabaloi is the figure that has capacity to restore royal vitality and, by extension, help maintain stability in the polity.

At once we wonder why MmaBaloi in *When rain clouds gathe*r is a minor figure, only mentioned once, as the accused, and a receiver of royal protection. Mentioned once and unjustifiably so when she or the villagers, suffice it to mention, inaugurates Head's critique of royalty itself, royalty and its limits. We are justified in our wish to see more of Mmabaloi in Head, more of her than the paramount chief perhaps, more of her as a pointer to the sovereign, the sustainer of life, since Sekoto's kingdom throughout the novel is riddled with potential instability, a determination of envy and hatred: madness. And yet, for all her underplaying Mmabaloi's influence in the kingdom, Head is perceptive when Mmabaloi's witchcraft trial becomes the time for the emergence of Sekoto's potential nemesis, the polity destabiliser or key troublemaker (Sekoto's brother)'s entrance at the royal court. Head is perceptive when she has us see that "Nothing upsets Chief Sekoto more than a visit from his [minor Chief] brother, whom he had long classified as belonging to the insane part of mankind" (46). The minor Chief/brother, Matenge, is insane, just as the accusers of Mmabaloi are mad. Insane when he enters the royal court to lodge a senseless complaint: *there is a refugee in the village, Golema Mmidi*. A refugee that must leave the village, failing which he will resign as a mi-

[68] The healer-royalty relation is longstanding in parts of Black Africa. The "Makhosi" appellation, for instance, could inform the ritual of greeting among some healers in South Africa. "Makhosi" (a mark for a kingly character) could suggest in healers' works a form ultimately sanctioned by embodiments of (or pointers to) sovereignty.

nor Chief of Golema Mmidi."How can people feel safe with a criminal and murderer in their midst…Why should Gilbert [young British white man/farmer-agrarian reformer/expatriate] take in such a man unless it is his intention to murder me? There is no other reason why Gilbert should associate with a murderer. He is doing nothing at the farm." It is as though Matenge sees in the refugee, Makhaya, a type of witch. After all, Makhaya (a name betraying homefulness) is a refugee from South Africa, and could very much look a witch if he was once imprisoned for participating in Sabotage of a South African State. He could resemble a witch if out of hatred, on apartheid propaganda's account, "he is a criminal and murderer who walks around with bombs in his pocket", if he can "get up at night and batter people to death" (50). Makhaya merits nothing other than non-recognition/banishment, since a figure of the night cannot suddenly become a figure of the day, for Matenge. A witch is a witch, and is beyond redemption.

Makhaya could reject the 'witch' appellation, of course, aware that he is "not dangerous and [he is not] not a saboteur", that he is well meaning in his revolutionary activities in South Africa, now homeless and in need of refuge. A lonely figure, in desire of what in reality he cannot have: an "illusion of freedom" or, better put, an ever receding freedom. Rejecting the appellation of a witch proper, Makhaya could acknowledge in himself a failed revolutionary, now an ever-hungry scavenger for freedom, akin to a type of hyena that never finds its prey. A freedom that is worth a pursuit — a fact Makhaya himself readily appreciates when he admits in freedom (even if elusive) a form for which he could kill Matenge. Makhaya is dissimilar to a witch proper, I imply, to the extent that a witch is he/she that says: you can't have what I can never have. Makhaya is unlike a witch, since he is not envious of anybody, believing he can have freedom, even if he is aware that freedom in reality is possibly a type of an illusion. Not a murderer and, by extension, not a witch, Makhaya merits a kind of royal protection against his accuser, the mad Matenge, if royal protection is necessary for MmaBaloi.

Sekoto, to be clear, need not move or protect Makhaya from Matenge in a similar way he protects Mmabaloi from the mad commoners. There is not much of a need for Makhaya, in his loneliness and danger, to live in his large house. Already Makhaya and Gilbert live side by side. Already Sekoto senses Matenge's possible fall by the hand of Gilbert, a man that has the "habit of referring to the poor as though they were his blood brothers…" Sekoto is sure Gilbert's 'concern' for the poor will "either [have him] completely destroyed, or he could completely destroy his brother [Matenge], and he wanted his brother destroyed for all the family feuds and intrigues he had instigated". Gilbert is likely to destroy Matenge if Matenge is man of "overwhelming avariciousness and unpleasant

personality" (18), incapable to govern his subjects, for whom he is an object of contempt. Matenge would unlikely survive if he "really believed he was 'royalty'", so much that "he had acquired a number of personal possessions to bolster the image. One was a high-backed kingly chair and the other was a deep purple, tasselled and expensive dressing gown. In this royal purple gown, he paced up and down the porch of his mansion every morning, lost in a Napoleon-like reverie" (58). He would pace up and down in the 'presence' of his slaves (or onlookers), obviously, and their 'presence' would give him a sense or feeling of security. A not farfetched feeling, to be sure, since chiefs in general could be chiefs because they have slaves [Sekoto, however reasonable in his dealings with his subjects, had slaves, too]. Not farfetched if, what is more, "chiefs had always lived in the mansions while the people had lived in the huts". Matenge believes in his royalty, and "the old men whom he had elected as advisers on village affairs were not so much advisers as messenger-boys who had to transmit his deeply resented orders to the villagers" (39). Accountable only to himself, given to self-aggrandizement or pomposity, Matenge is a kind of a lonely figure, and would dig 'his own' grave if the villagers' resentment of his orders is a consequence of Gilbert and Makhaya association.

Matenge is a lonely figure, in a way that Makhaya is not. So that the less/differentially lonely Makhaya could, through Gilbert, prevail over a deranged Matenge. Yes, Makhaya is less lonely than Matenge if Makhaya's loneliness is "a self-protective loneliness, and he [has] the sun inside him all the time". In fact, Makhaya is brighter or bigger than the sunlight that is in him. He could penetrate where the sunlight cannot — for "there [are] shut-away worlds where the sunlight never penetrated, haunted worlds, full of mistrust and hate, and it was this side of life that Makhaya was particularly well informed". Makhaya is privy to the world of mistrust and hate, in a way that the light itself can never be, as if sunlight itself, for Head, cannot at any stage have intimacy with hate, since the light-hate relation is one of antagonism, and not merely a contra-diction. The Makhaya-world-of-mistrust/hate relation is immediate to him, and he apprehends the world of hate in a way that escapes a Golema Mmidi villager or a British man, in way that can, nonetheless, have an effect on the villager's view of royal oppression [Makhaya knows and has kind of 'justifiable hate' without wanting (albeit failing at times) to be hateful]. After all, he is the product of a hateful world of political ideologies in Africa that "gave rise to a whole new set of *retrogressive ideas* and *retrogressive pride",* articulating ideologies that you could only reject at the risk of being an object of contempt among the "many pompous, bombastic fools", the many retrogressive ideologues that together could see in you a "traitor to an African cause". A traitor-label you could reject when they are the

real traitors, committing your efforts to naught. For no matter what you try, "no matter what kind of a fool you made of yourself, people in southern Africa [of whom he is part], were still oppressed". So that Makhaya, discouraged by the regressive pride and ideologies (nativism or false radicalism, so to speak), on the one hand, and persecuted by the world of hate, apartheid (oppressor) kind of royalty on the other hand, would, following the sunlight in himself, set on his own and contribute to a renewal of Golema Mmidi. He would set on his own, a lesser form of foolishness it seems, leaving behind the worst kind of fools, haters per se, caught up in group thinking where "everyone tended to cling to his or her precious prejudice and tradition" (76).

Still, he would acknowledge that it "was just chance that had brought him to Golema Mmidi". *Chance* gets him to Golema Mmidi, only for him to encounter and see yet again another world of hate, the world that he apprehends more than his contemporaries, a Golema Mmidi villager or Gilbert. The world of Matenge's hate, the kind that betrays a man "devoured by the intensity of his inner life, and [that] the tormented hell of that inner life had scarred deep ridges across his brow and down his cheeks". And this tormented hell of inner life, an expression of loneliness per se, is a life "on which the man…had only experienced the storms and winters of life, never the warm dissolving sun of love". It finds expression in Matenge's envy for Makhaya's new life/influence over villagers in Golema Mmidi. *Chance*[69], in short, brings Makhaya yet again to the enemies of good sense, the world of envy, the source or cognate of hatred, a retrograde force when it is a determination of sheer madness. The envious and hateful Matenge is retrogressive in way that a witch is, the way of a witch-hunting commoner. He is a kind of witch if a witch or a witch hunter him/herself is a retrogressive figure, a witch when Makhaya, warmed by the sun of love, is a praiseworthy idiot who could set out on its own, looking for what is possibly an unrealisable freedom.

Tired, over time, of his pursuit of the unrealisable, then: Makhaya, a *failed revolutionary*, must, somewhat faithful to his name, settle for a *domestic* life that will nonetheless (and somewhat paradoxically) be the precondition for Matenge's demise. Makhaya must go on a home-building pursuit, and find comfort in the disciplinarian arms of his lover, Paulina Sebeso, a leader of a women's agrarian initiative, an initiative to reduce the levels of poverty in the village, against Matenge's witchy will that in time will summon her to account for her disobedience. Matenge will summon her, to her women-colleagues' chagrin and their defence of her leadership, backed up by

[69] We could recall that the palm-wine drinkard in (Chapter two) does not know the road to the dead's town, and that on this road, as though by chance, he realises his true mission: the need to overcome the enemies of godliness, the best way to live/die for the reception of the dead.

many a man in the village, signaling the beginning of the end of Matenge's reign. Many a villager could, I imply, come to Paulina Sebeso's defence if they see in her a capacity for autonomy, resourcefulness or self-reliance, as if they echo or see in her Makhaya's new attitude: "Poor people are poor because they don't know how to get rich. I also live in this small dark room and I have counted the change over and over. Now, I'm tired of counting the change. I'm going to be a millionaire. But poverty is like glue. All poor people stick on me and they have to become millionaires with me. By this I mean that there will be no poverty left in Africa by the time I die…sometimes, I think I am God. I don't see why God, who owns the whole earth and heaven, should starve. He'll use his brains, won't he?" (39-140). It is as though the villagers see in Paulina Sebeso a Makhaya kind of attitude if he, appealing to the Sovereign/God that he thinks he is, betrays a figure weary or wary of being a commoner. He need not be a commoner, akin to many a villager. He need not be a commoner, in the manner of Mmabaloi the healer (in Head), suffice it to add. He is more than a healer if he is correct that he is a form of the Sovereign, and "owns the whole earth and heaven", more than a healer if he will become a home to the destitute, the day they assume the form of millionaires, less the form of having money (as an object/mere possession) than the form of merely having (in and through him) more life than enough[70].

Related thing, the villagers 'support for Paulina Sebeso is, for us, an echo of Makhaya's attitude if this attitude is an echo of Gilbert's wife's (Maria, a fellow villager) faith in the force of the human heart: "you may see no rivers on the ground but we keep the rivers inside us…That is why all good things and all good people are called rain. Sometimes we see the rain clouds gather

[70] Makhaya could assume a form of Arche-Hierophon (Chapter two) if he is correct that he is God who "owns the whole earth and heaven ". No longer a commoner, he could assume the Hierophon that commoners could hear and escape their common and commoner (if pitiable or as good as dead) existence. The Hierophon is the more than enough, the more that is not the many (quantity). Hence, Makhaya's millionaire status is less a pointer to money than it is a mark of quality of life, a home and a quality of sound, to speak. Makhaya, if he is correct that he is God, is the great message: there is life after being a commoner as a kind of death status. All Makhaya would need are the messengers, the quirky figures that could deliver the message to the commoners, unless the commoners themselves think (as they seem to when they gather around Matenge's house) they are God, too, so that they do not need anybody to deliver them the message, so that their assuming the form of millionaires is less because of Makhaya than it is because of themselves. They are the Arche-Hierophon. Put differently, their village, Go lema mmidi (the land/village of corn farms), is a land of the Sovereign if it is true that they are God as such. But they are not God, obviously. After all, Makhaya is aware that he (and by extension any other human) is going to die one day the moment he acknowledges that ("there will be no poverty left in Africa by the time I die")— as though to imply (in his thinking that he is God) that his Godness can only obtain for a moment. To be precise, he is less a God than he is God's child that can only be fully God (Arche-Hierophon) when he is no longer in a position to die or perish. Possibly, then: Makhaya could less assume the form of Arche-Hierophon than a mere Hierophon, the voice or the message that the commoners would hear out and become millionaires, and live beyond the commoner status.

even though not a cloud appears in the sky. It is all in our heart" (165). These are the rains we could trace in the clouds, the good forms that could gather at an appointed time. In a sense, "no matter that this was a country of two years of good rain and seven years of drought, the rain clouds always gathered in September". They always gathered in September even when they could decide otherwise, the case of one "September" when the villagers do not see "rain clouds in the sky", a time when "at the cattle posts, far out in the bush, the spade-dug wells" would begin "drying up…"(142). All this would imply "no food or water for a man" as there would be no food for "his cattle either", since "both were as close to each other as breathing, and it had never been regarded as strange that a man and his cattle lived the same life" (143). The non-gathering of rain clouds in September could thus lead to a kind of cattlemen "disbelief" when their "cattle began dropping dead before their very eyes". Yes, "there were always droughts. There had been many in each man's lifetime, but never in the memory of man had the cattle dropped dead. By the time the men panicked, hundreds and thousands of cattle had died" (143). The cattle died and their carcasses became a feed for vultures, creatures with hyena kind of traits, we could say. Still, rain clouds' failure to gather or appear in one September need not imply their non-existence. Drought as such — absence of rain per se — does not obviate a cloud existence, since existence is not reducible to appearance, just as appearance (when it is an illusion) does not betray an existence. Rain clouds exist in the human heart even when they are invisible. Rain clouds exist in the heart, and, at times, could take a visible form or make an appearance, the time of the villagers' saying no to Matenge's hatred if this hatred implies "their cattle were dying while his cattle were safe, way up on the northern border where a river flowed the year round and the grass was good and salty and green" (172). They could say no to Matenge's hatred if this hatred betrayed a man "who [at their expense] had never known a day of starvation in this country of two years of good rain and seven years of drought" (172).

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The Makhaya-Matenge relation betrays a battle of tempo-realities, of seasons, the rainful and its alternative, the retrogressive (the hatred/the envious that produce a witch). And this battle is all the more instructive if a witch could use rain or rain day to practice hatred, just as he/she could use an animal, a hyena. Yes, envy could appeal to a form of the good to pronounce its envious statements, the case of a witch inventing rain time, only to strike his/her enemies with a lightning, only immediately after to run to the river or well to cleanse him/herself. The witch betrays the age-

old concern with the 'nature' of evil, the extent to which it is parasitic of the good, and thus merely a negative category while the good is a positive entity, a concern that Schopenhauer (1974) could settle by way of a type of an inversion, affirming in evil a positive entity when the good obtains in the negative. We accept the first part of the inversion, the positivity of evil, and reject the negativity of the good, if only to affirm in the good the non-positive or non-negative, if only to affirm in the good a presence, an invisible form that could nonetheless make an *appearance* when it is time to do so, seemingly taking on negative form (the absence of evil for Schopenhauer). Good (for us), in reality, is not a negative at all since an appearance (the form it could take) is merely its echo.

I do not imply in the good a Kantian noumenon that becomes a phenomenon. In the good is simply a reminder: presence in its appearance/echo can be an object of evil abuse. Evil as a positive thing could manipulate or appeal to the good, the human heart, an invisible form, the moment the good wants to make an appearance, the moment the human heart (rain cloud) begins to move and encounter other hearts, in a bid to bring about Matenge's demise. Evil is a positive thing, and could come by way of envy and hatred if, on Schopenhauer's account, hatred in the first place "comes from the heart" when envy is at work. So that "hatred never dies" and leads to madness or is simply out of "our control" since we cannot "alter our heart" when the "basis [of hatred] is determined by motives" (Schopenhauer, 1892:408). We have no chance of altering our hearts when already envy leads us to a kind of madness (the case of Matenge or Bodibeng witch-hunters you will recall), when envy in our hearts is a determination of Egoism (Schopenhauer) or, for us in the final analysis, a determination of being, cognate with "the spirit of persecution, hardness of heart, revenge, pleasure at the sight of suffering, and cruelty" (Schopenhauer, 1915:275).

Then: the human heart, in part, is a causality of being *en route* to its perishing, a casualty the moment the ego (the site of motives) overtakes/overshadows the heart in its invisible goodness, the moment the ego moves in or produces egoism, the production of evil as a positive entity. The positivity of evil is commensurate with being when being is an impression of a weakened heart, and thrives through positing itself. And being cannot not posit itself, since positing itself is an expression of its fear or dread of its fate. It cannot not posit itself, anxious that its motives can suffer defeat to overshadowing the invisible goodness. It cannot not post itself, anxious that its motives can suffer defeat the moment the invisible goodness of the heart is on its way to making an appearance, the moment the heart is in a gathering mode, the move to meet other hearts, a reminder to the world that goodness, though neither negative nor positive (as we have said already), is always Presence. This is a gathering mode that evil would want to thwart, only to allow for its destructive expression

in the world when hearts already have become the casualty of being and its motives, and have gone weak, cold or hard, the impossibility of their gathering for the purposes of raining on drought ridden land. Evil prevails when hearts have become the same source as the source of the spirits that "find pleasure at the sight of suffering and cruelty". Evil, by way of the witch, thrives on the 'failure' of the heart when such failure amounts to human beings meeting up to celebrate or nod to suffering or affliction.

Put another way, the witch is an impression of being, unthinkable outside of malicious human gatherings, if only because they condition the possibility of the optimal expression of evil, a positive. This does not surprise if much evil in the world could come by way of human gatherings/ regression: religious systems or party politics[71], for example. The witch, by way of animal familiar (to revert to the beginning of our concerns), destroys the individual talent, the human heart or rain cloud as such, to the point of making him/her believe that his/her Destiny or redemption lies with a political party or a religious entity. Aware of the power of gatherings under some circumstances, nonetheless, the talented individual that escapes the witch could in time gather with his/her equals to sharpen the style with which he/she could shine and possibly experience repetition, the moment he/she engages in self-sacrifice. This is a possibility that the witch cannot stand, if prior to becoming a witch he/she could not him/herself experience repetition, perhaps having tried animal sacrifice or human sacrifice. Being or becoming a witch, by extension, is nothing other than an expression of fear of perishing alone as a non-talented figure, nothing other than a *conscious* will to interdict a multitude of figures *en route* (at times by chance) to a possibility of joyful living.

[71] It is no accident, then, that witch hunting is often a collective project: the case of hunting for Mmabaloi, you will recall. The time when evil through hatred gets to the human heart, and allows for their meeting when hearts have gone cold and the minds are deranged. The witch hunter, in other words, is the witch as such.

Chapter 6 (The Double Honour)

Becoming a witch need not be the only a way of living when I (in being) am unable to experience repetition, the form of Destiny, an experience that is possibly or nearly realisable through self-sacrifice. Becoming a witch need not be the only way of living when I am unable to find satisfaction in the experience of simulation or echo of repetition, by way of human or animal sacrifice. I need not give up on life, and commit to suicide when I can become something else, a magician (a dabbler in hierophanies). I need not, out of envy/hatred, stoop too low, invent a false rain time, and destroy the talented when I could 'simply' raise the bar, participate in divine processes proper, in a bid to experience a kind of repetition.

Magic, put another way, is the polar opposite of witchcraft if it is possibly a determination of an instance of (socially acceptable) jealousy when witchcraft in the previous Chapter is a determination of envy. To engage in magic is a case of saying 'I wish to (and will) have or do what you (the divine) have or do', or, on the extreme end, 'I wish to do what you can do for me that I can't do for myself. I can do what, in the final analysis, I sense I can never do but will try do anyway. Jealousy obtains at the moment of an unanswered prayer (akin to an unrequited love), the coming of my anger at the divine's *slow* response to my situation, the coming of anger that pushes me to take the law or matters into my own hands. By extension, jealousy obtains when I simply wish to have extra-human capacities to deal with a situation without resorting to prayer, say, perhaps because I do not (in reality) or I no longer believe in gods/God or in their effectiveness. In a sense, magic is nearly comical, self-belying when it is an expression of a bid to achieve the nearly unachievable, an expression of impatience, possibly justified when I am in a situation/danger, bordering on my death — as if to say patience (for the magician) is less a virtue than an exercise in self-degradation, a type of cowardice.

Of course, the near comical form of magic is quite palpable when the magician is a professional entertainer, an illusionist. It is evident when such an entertainer is "expected to present tricks as tricks to audiences eager to be deceived, but not so credulous as to mistake illusions for reality"[72] (Jones, 2017:11). It is a case of the audiences' seeming wish that the illusionist could do what he/

[72] This kind of magic could take the form of a circus, 'maselamotse' — or the production of the non-substantial, the production of objects that may entertain a child, in a related way that an ambulance or police van may be a child's object of fascination, betraying in the child a figure less interested in the urgency of the situation per se than the workings of the siren, the car and the figure of a police officer or paramedic. This childish interest may very well echo an age-old anthropological interest in magic, an interest in the magician as an entertaining figure more than the magician's situation itself.

she cannot really do, a case of saying to the illusionist, 'do it anyway even if you can't really do it'. So that we are not surprised when these entertainers ("by the turn of nineteenth century" Europe) could "agentively carve…out associations with science, exposing the public to new technological advances in fields such as optics and electricity, even adopting the performative conventions of scientific lectures, experiments, and demonstrations (Jones, 2017:11)". The comical form of entertainment magic is its will to deceive deliberately — in spite of an illusionist's and his audience's deep-seated wish that this magic was a scientifically legitimate endeavor.

With a deep-seated desire to be a scientist he/she can never be (an expression of jealousy), the entertainment magician is an envious figure, however – as if he/she is a type of a witch. He/she is envious of the "primitive magic" from the colonised world, magic that he would want to destroy if (in its "awe-inspiring artifice or displays of superhuman prowess, and inspired oral traditions attesting to ritual experts' paranormal feats" (12)) it betrays an anti scientific temperament. At the same time, an anti scientific temperament in primitive magic is "particularly susceptible to illusionists' increasingly well-honed tactics of disenchantment" (12). The illusionists are envious figures of the 'primitive' magic as they are an embodiment or performance of jealousy of this same magic, for they "also seemed to revel in distinctly counter-Enlightenment [primitive] antics when it suited their interests". The illusionist affirms the scientific atmosphere or form without giving in to its content, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, affirms a primitive magic sensibility without yielding to its content, since this type of magic for them, to appeal to Frazer's formulation, is a Bastard science, a "child of error" that is also the "mother of freedom and truth" (Frazer, 2009:43), the realm of science proper.

The illusionist is not given to errors, if his/her practice is sheer entertainment, in a non-related way that the primitive magician is given to errors, and is aware of his/her errors but would not have his supporters see them as such. The illusionist is not given to errors when deceptive-error in primitive magic, pseudo-science, could bring about more good in the community than it could bring about evil. "For more mischief has probably been wrought in the world by honest fools in high places than by intelligent rascals. Once your shrewd rogue has attained the height of his ambition, and has no longer any selfish end to further, he may, and often does, turn his talents, his experience, his resources, to the service of the public" (2009:42). Errors, through an intelligent primitive rascal, could give place for knowledge when the rascal does not want to go on being a rascal, when the rascal (a practitioner who is aware of his error-producing ways, the character that is more likely to flourish and maintain his realm of authority) is tired of his deceptions. In fact, the rascal, having

been aware of his errors, could in time abandon the rascal (error producing) ways, since he/she knows that to continue in error producing ways is to risk death from his supporters the day he is unable to explain away his deceptions. In a sense, the rascal is not an illusionist, though the illusionist, akin to a rascal, may very well give up on his tricks (and possibly pursue legitimate science) before his supporters get tired of his tricks or entertainment.

To say the illusionist could, *akin to the primitive rascal*, give up his/her tricks is not to suggest that the primitive rascal is self-determining. To be an illusionist (not given to errors) is to be a self-determining figure (if it obtains on his/her decision/volition) whereas the primitive magician (in Freud), a figure that is aware of his errors but would not have his supporters see them as such (Frazer), is a casualty of his pathology. Not a function of a self-determining figure, primitive-magic (as techniques of animism) is an expression of the 'psychological' (Freud, 1946), in the measure that it articulates a kind of neurosis or narcissism in the magician (Freud, 1946), the pathological, sheer self-aggrandizement. A pathology that is an European illusionist's object of mockery, we could say — in the measure that the illusionist is not given to errors, and his/her audiences are under no illusion of his/her own comical intentions, of his/her will to perform illusions that they know have no bearing on reality, even when unwittingly he/she wishes they do. To emphasise: the illusionist's audience is under no real illusion, aware of his/her intentions, of his will to perform "tricks to audiences eager to be deceived, but not so credulous as to mistake illusions for reality". Not credulous, in a non-related way that the primitive audience would, as we say, mistake the primitive magicians' illusions for a reality, to the primitive magician's satisfaction. In sum: European illusionism only obtains as an ideology in spectacle-performance, giving space for ambiguity, a multiplicity of interpretations. On the other hand, primitive magic, if you appeal to Freud and Frazer, could easily assume the most comical a form, more than illusionism, since the former is a mark of a rascal or a mark of a neurotic figure that is aware of his/her own illusions, and yet wants his/her audience to see in them a real thing. Errors in primitive magic, put another way, amount to believable images when his/her audience sees reality.

They amount to believable images, parallel or in keeping (Freud could say) with the long-standing tradition of the primitive's givenness to images: totemism, the necessity of self-imaging by way of (or identification with) the animal when the animal is a symbol of authority. A necessity for adults (in Freudian mythology), unthinkable outside of their child-likeness, since a child "probably feels himself more closely related to the animal than to the undoubtedly mysterious adult, in the freedom with which he acknowledges his needs" (Freud, 1946:164). The child acknowledges that

he/she is, in the first place, created more in the image of the animal than a human being, the adult, an acknowledgement that the child is unable to sustain for long when the child begins to experience a disjuncture between his/her self-image and the animals ("sometimes animals which are known to the child only from picture books and fairy stories…" (165).This is an acknowledgement that the child cannot sustain for long if "the child suddenly begins to fear a certain animal species and to protect himself against seeing or touching any individual of this species. There results [in other words] the clinical picture of an *animal phobia*, which is one of the most frequent among the psychoneurotic diseases of this age and perhaps the earliest form of such an ailment". The child's animal phobia in Freud is nothing but a betrayal of the child's displacing of fear of the mysterious adult, the father, the symbol of authority if the child is a male figure. It is a fear triggered by the child-father rivalry for the mother (the father's wife).

To be sure, this fear "could not permeate the boy's psychic life without being inhibited" (167). For, in the first place, "he had to contend with the tenderness and admiration which he had felt for his father from the beginning, so that the child assumed a double or ambivalent emotional attitude towards the father and relieved himself of this ambivalent conflict by displacing his hostile and anxious feelings upon a substitute for the father", the animal (65). The child moves towards overcoming or moderating his fear of his father, and sees his image in the animal (the image or placeholder of the father), a move that will seem insignificant, seemingly repressed when the child becomes "the undoubtedly" mysterious adult himself, only to have the animal image return (in his adulthood) as a totem when the "totem is [aptly] called ancestor and primal father" (170). In a sense, humanity as such is a creation after the primal image, the image of the primal figure, in the measure that the primal figure's origins are the very origins of sociality itself. Totemism in Freud, in short, is an expression in a play of images: the child-self, the self-image in the animal and the self-image in the father who is at once a friend and an enemy. It is a play of images that obtain in so far as mastering the world (civilization) is possible or necessary, to the extent that the father is he that is a dislikable/likable figure of authority, capable of establishing order.

And the mediator role of the animal (mediator between the father and child) does not surprise, for one (the witch say), after all, needs an animal (technology) like him/herself to realise his/her intentions in the world. One, Freud could imply on the face of it, is justified to see in totemism a living-tactic that obtains in relation to establishing order, mastering the world or one's enemies (Frazer, 2009:70). One is justified, if, better put in Frazer's terms, "tribes are divided into a number of totem clans, each of which is charged with the duty of multiplying their totem for the good of the

community by means of magical ceremonies" (Frazer, 2009:20). A totem that could nonetheless become an enemy, just as a father in Freud could become a child's enemy. A totem that could become too authoritative, and thus a threat to the polity's autonomy, and, through a special ceremony, get killed in a solemn manner, killed (by the whole 'tribe' since no one should take the blame as an individual) and mourned, inaugurating a holiday, so to speak (Freud, 1965). So that one would be justified to see in totemism (if Freud is correct) a parallel to magic when magic as a production of images is, suffice it to say, also an effort (albeit pathological) at taming the world, a bid to circumvent the existence of a threat or an enemy in a polity.

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The point is: we can best apprehend totemism (child-animal-father/enemy complex) in Freud if we interrogate further the 'form' or an idea of an enemy. We could apprehend the relation between the father as an enemy and the enemy in general when the enemy (of the polity) in general is an object of magical destruction. To proceed in our apprehension is first to acknowledge that the magician is in a position to destroy an enemy (of the polity) when he/she has access to his/her image. The image of the enemy in the primitive's magical practice is an object of destruction by way of homeopathic magic when the primitive magician in Frazer could "injure or destroy an enemy by injuring or destroying an image of him, in the belief that, just as the image suffers, so does the man, and that when it perishes he must die" (Frazer, 2009:17)[73]. The magician could even draw the image of the enemy (he or she that brings about misfortune) if he cannot get it any other way. He could draw and destroy it if he/she cannot get to the enemy's shadow, supposing the shadow is a kind of bodily image. The shadow, properly speaking, is the image of the soul, so that whatever image the magician draws approximates the soul of the enemy, of the witch, for instance. The drawing will have to depend on the magician's memory, in the absence of the enemy's photograph, say. In fact, for Freud, "the [actual] likeness [between the image and the enemy] counts for little,… any object may be "named" as his image" (103).The magician need not worry about the possibility of drawing

[73] We could here appeal to a distinction between magic and witchcraft, and say at the core of magic is some kind of transparency (however secret the ritual) whereas witchcraft is a dark endeavor. Freud seems perceptive when he sees in witchcraft a manipulation of spirits or, rather, "the art of influencing spirits by treating them like people under the same circumstances, that is to say by appeasing them, reconciling them, making them more favourably disposed to one, by intimidating them, by depriving them of their power and by making them subject to one's will" (102). And he sees in magic "something else; [that] it does not essentially concern itself with spirits, and uses special means, not the ordinary psychological method. We can easily guess that magic is the earlier and the more important part of animistic technique, for among the means with which spirits are to be treated there are also found the magic kind, and magic is also applied where spiritualization of nature has not yet, as it seems to us, been accomplished" (103).

an incorrect image, since the correct enemy's image, possibly for Freud, is already in place in the unconscious, bearing a relation to the magician's father anyway — betraying in magic, in some ways, a projection of the magician's Oedipus complex. The enemy in general and the magician's father resemble one another, in the measure that they are a threat to the magician or his/her polity's wellbeing.

The magician's enemy in general/enemy proper, in the last instance, is, we could say at once, the enemy of the totem. In reality the killing of the magician's enemy is, in the first and last instance, beneficial (however indirectly) to the totem (the whole community) and not to the magician as an individual. At stake is the totem's interests, the wellness of the community, so that the killing of the enemy, through magic, may necessitate the cleansing of the community, or may necessitate rituals for mourning the enemy, if only to stay clear of the enemy's spirit, in a related way that killing an enemy at war could necessitate a cleansing of the killer, the case of saying to the enemy: "Your spirit may now rest and leave us at peace. Why were you our enemy? Would it not have been better that we should remain friends? Then your blood would not have been spilt and your head would not have been cut" (Freud, 1946:65). The killing of the enemy in magic need not obtain in hatred as much as it is simply a determination of necessity, the need to survive in the world. And the absence of hatred in the killing does not surprise, since one, in any case, is always in an ambivalent relationship with the father, a relationship that does not betray hatred per se. This is the father who is at once an ally and an enemy, you will recall, a father who is a sign of a totem, so that the relation between the father and the enemy in general betrays the possibility that the enemy in some ways or in realty (perhaps unconsciously) cares for the wellbeing of the polity, and could become its 'ally', and that his/her enmity with the polity is a determination of mere politics, opportunism. The implication here is that the enemy is possibly the totem's object of care, as if the totem understands the 'form' of the enemy better than the magician does, if only because the totem (akin to the father or the enemy of the polity) could also, under some circumstances, be an enemy, an object of killing.

Now, we need not accept the Freudian psychoanalytical (the totemism as determination of the oedipus complex) or Frazaian anthropological account of totemism, in the measure that they are primarily mythical/abstractions. There is no need to accept their accounts for us to apprehend their seeming parallel, magic itself. And we need not reject them either, if they could simply be an object of our indifference, partly at least or except to emphasise that the origins of a totem remain a mystery, and that the idea of a totem itself is puzzling, and will remain so even if it were to be an object of revisionist explication. It is as puzzling as magic itself (seeing in magic a bastard science is thus

unjustifiable, if only because magic and science are incommensurable when the object of science, contra magic for us, is *clearly* the mastery of the world[74]). Puzzling even if we can think further the possibility (we do not need psychoanalysis to apprehend this) that the totem cares for the enemy of its polity, the possibility that the totem and, by extension, magic are ethical categories. Hence, a totem (we will return to magic later on) in its irreducibility, suffice it to add (even if we do not accept Freud's psycho-mythological account) is an object of honour, "the most elusive of social concepts" (Patterson, 1982:80). Yes, to ask what your "totem" is amounts to asking you of the animal you honour or, what comes to the same thing on the one hand, the animal to which one "swears an oath" or, on the other hand, the animal you dance, the animal you perform (Letsoalo, 2009:9).

A totem or the primitive figure's double (the puzzling figure that is an ethical category), what henceforth we will call the double-honour (your double that you honour), is simply an honourable figure when "Honor is never evaluated in teleo-logical terms…", when honour implies a kind of autonomy in the honourable object (Patterson, 1982:80). To honour a figure that cares for its enemies is to see in this figure an autonomous or free form, if it is not given to undue prejudices, not given to vengeance. It is to see a figure that merits the honour in question. The double honour is an object of wonder, I imply, since many a human, living in a loop (given to prejudices/vengeance), may not care for his/her enemies. The double honour is honourable and honoured because of its autonomy and its caring attitude towards enemies, respectively. This is not to say the double honour is honoured because it is honourable. That "one is honored [does not] make one honorable". One may be honoured without being honourable, just as one may be honourable without being honoured. To be honourable is to have honour if to be honoured may obtain without having honour. Put another way, "honor is nothing except the honorable will" (80), even if this honourableness may never ob-

[74] We need not yield to Mudimbe's sympathetic reading of the Magic-Science relation in Lévi-Strauss, a relation that is not an expression of opposition or contradiction, by implication critical of Frazer and his followers. Magic in Lévi-Strauss (through Mudimbe) points or amounts to a science of the concrete if Science proper is concerned with the abstract. They appeal to different methods in their evaluation of reality and make claims that are falsifiable. They are "two different and parallel systems of knowledge" (Mudimbe, 1988:43). In Lévi-Strauss is a figure that possibly or "presumably… indicates a radical project of providing a body of knowledge that simultaneously could undermine a totalitarian order of knowledge and push knowledge into territories traditionally rejected as supposedly nonsensical" (45). I depart from Mudimbe's sympathies for Levi-Straussian epistemic relativism, in the sense that magic need not amount to an episteme in the first place. It need not if its primary object is neither the mastery of the world nor a pursuit of relative certitudes/validities. It need not, if (through the totem) it is unthinkable outside of the idea of honour, honoring an animal, honouring that "is never evaluated in teleo- logical terms…" (Patterson, 1982:80). It is not a body of knowledge, even if it has the capacity to produce or accomplish much that is necessary for human survival, the case of rain making, say. Magic need not be nonsensical, to be sure. And yet, it is somewhat or partly beyond sense, if many of us can never be magicians, even if we wanted to, a fact that does not apply to Science per se. Hence, Science is concerned with mastery of the world if it can call many to itself as a profession.

tain on its own. For honour is unthinkable outside of power or status…so that an animal's or the double honour's will is honourable in relation to its power or status, beauty, say. Honourability in relation to the double-honour (animal) is nearly tautological. It obtains when the double honour (an animal) is an expression of a will to live as an animal, a living that is nothing but living a life that need not be determinate, a life that need not be meaningful or meaningless (to us or to itself), even if it possibly cares for its polity and its enemies. The animal expresses what the animal is if it is possibly an autonomous figure, in a related way that to see in a person an honourable figure is to acknowledge in him/her an autonomous entity (Patterson), an entity that, by implication, is a figure of his/her "word", a figure whose "oath [is] inviolable", and can assert his/her will.

It need not surprise, then, that to have a double honour is not different from having it as an object of folk oathing, not different from an appeal to"guard against… man's unpredictability, deceptiveness or deceitfulness, and the conscious or unconscious manipulations of man" (Asekhauno & Ugbaja, 2001:228). The human is simply unreliable in how he/she deals with other humans or living entities, friends or enemies. So that having an object of appeal or oathing has "very useful consequence … [in the sense that an] oath is both preventive (for persons fear the wrath of an oath) and curative (as past injustices or hidden truths could be discovered). Oath, like divination, is a sure link to mysteries, a sure attestation to the limits of human rationality and power and it reveals obscure truths, not only about the case at issue but also the exigency of human nature. In this way, it could be stated that oath and oath-taking is a vehicle for assuring justice, peace, truth, order, cohesion, and development of society" (228). By implication, for us: this assuring need not imply the commensurability of truth/peace/justice and order/cohesion/development of society, as if to say the former obtains by way of the oath in its curative expression when the latter obtains as an impression of oathing in its preventive form. The former express concrete ideals if the latter is an impression of 'socio-political' goals of mastering or taming nature/the world, goals that could be at odds with the concrete ideals themselves. Concrete ideals are beyond the human, even if they could (for us) obtain by way of oathing or appealing to the double honour. An appealing that could, to reiterate, inform or guide in the creation of (socio-political) tactics that help humans to tame 'nature'/the world, even if this creation may be contradictory to (or undermine) concrete ideals themselves, owing to human being's "unpredictability, deceptiveness or deceitfulness" or "the conscious or unconscious manipulations of man". The double honour is a bridge, a concatenation of concrete ideals (truth/peace/justice) and socio-political goals of mastering the world (order, cohesion, development of society). The double honour is a trustworthy figure, and has the capacity to dispense with curses, "a threat of

calamity ["associated with magic powers"] in case of misdeed or breach of the terms of an oath laid on the oath-taker(s)" (222), the mistreatment of friends or enemies, for example. It is a reliable figure if its curses or blessings are largely unquestionable as they are justifiable.

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The double honour, in short, is a figure to whom we can appeal if we wish to commit to the fullness of life. Let us illuminate this commitment by reading the Sepedi speaking folk's praise lyric-verse in relation to their double-honour — Nare (Buffalo or the wild Bull).

> *Ke banareng ba ga letswalo la mmatau'amagasha. Re bowa kwa ga*
> *mmapelega batho, gammathari'a namane.*
> *Re balaudi ba mmatsela tswako ba bo*
> *mmamotopo'a noga machosha le mohla e hwile. Ba bo mma-a re-hlale- mo*
> *tho, motho re hlala moloi. Ke rena ba bo mmashila, malesela le*
> *marothi'a*
> *mmafefere, nkadime leselo bana ba ka ba letje ka tlala*
> *maleng.*
> *Legadima morwa' maboke diatla di hlaba ka makgolo marumo o tla swara*
> *bjang?*
> *Banareng wee !!*
> *Ke bohlabirwa motlokwabahwa pele*
> *babulela bangwe dibaka.*
> *....agee Monareng ageee…(Banareng National Platform, Facebook)*

Untranslatable to be sure, this verse betrays in the buffalo-oathing folk a lineage that could find and pick up a dead serpent lying about. It matters little whether the serpent died by their hand or the hand of the other folk. Dreadful though it is, the serpent is not an enemy per se. It is an enemy that is not an enemy, to be precise. It could be an ally in the time of war, and is thus an object of care, in death or in life, just as a human, for these folk, is an 'object' of care, never divorceable, in a life or death (we could say), unless he/she is a witch, as if to say the witch is an enemy that is really an enemy, and must be ostracised without losing his/her actual life, as if the human witch in the last analysis is not a person per se. The witch, you will recall, is the regressive figure, madder than mad, a figure that finds "pleasure at the sight of suffering and cruelty" (Schopenhauer, 1915:275). Human life is an object of care, and the human child, by extension for Nare oathing folk, merits extra care, and must never experience cruelty or suffer by way of going hungry. These are a fighting folk if they are prepared to carry spears, and put themselves first…they fight for their honour, it seems,

just as a buffalo, to the bitter end, seems to fight (its enemy) for its honour, too, an honour that is unthinkable outside of caring for the seemingly uncarable, outside of caring for the serpent, the enemy that is not an enemy, outside of caring for the witch, an enemy that is an enemy, enemy that may not altogether merit death when he/she is an object of ostracism. The point is: Nare, the double-honour (mindful of enemies), is worth an object of appeal or oathing when committing to peace, justice and truth, the measure of the fullness of life, is at stake, a commitment that betrays a careful relationship with one's enemies.

To illustrate further the form of the double honour, let us say more on the Nare-oathing folk's enemy (the destabilisers of their polity) when this enemy is he/she that could bring them the misfortune of drought, say, misfortune that could border on a catastrophe. Yes, it is not uncommon for some folk in parts of Black Africa to associate drought with witchcraft, a craft that amounts to a dishonour of the double honour, a dishonour that merits an objection through (to return to our first concern in this Chapter) a *magical* ritual, rainmaking to be precise. And if the witch is a harbinger of drought, their chief could be their enemy, too. It is not uncommon, I imply, for folk to "impute drought and death to [the chief's] culpable negligence or willful obstinacy…[and] punish him accordingly. Hence in Africa the chief who fails to procure rain is often exiled or killed" (Frazer, 2009:72). Un-abating drought could betray a failed chief, a figure (akin to a witch that brings drought in the land) that has dishonoured the double honour if he is incapable of rainmaking. A failed chief is seemingly or nearly a divorceable figure, akin to a witch if he, the chief, is exiled, worse than a witch or enemy in general when he is an object of killing. He is the enemy of the folk if he tempers with their aspirations. In a sense, the rain making ritual is a touchstone of being a vital royalty, a royalty that is in right standing with the double honour.

We are thus not surprised that the rain making ritual (an instance of 'magical' practice), a way of circumventing drought (a kind of enemy of folk in itself), could be at the centre of Nare-honouring folk's royal succession disputes, the time when a certain Makoma Letswalo, "after Kgosi Podile [her King father]…passed away [having taught her rain making]], returned…to her place, Modikone, and took the rainmaking charms safe under her care…, not willing to give it to anyone. Makoma saw an opportunity to keep the sacred [rainmaking] pot", in her bid to disempower any reigning king and, eventually, become king herself (Letsoalo, 2009:23). She kept the pot, having learned rainmaking from her father when her father disregarded tradition, refusing to initiate her son into rainmaking, simply because his son would not care for him in his sickly old age. He refused to initiate his son, aware that Makoma's becoming king would likely not obtain owing to her being a

woman. He pushed his folk/lineage into a crisis, betraying in himself and his daughter, Makoma, enemies of their folk if they expose the folk to the threat of drought. They are enemies of their folk as they are enemies of the double honour when they act in a non-buffalo way, in which case the gods or ancestors, by way of the double honour, have reason to express their anger at the polity. Enemies that merit a kind of care, on the one hand, even if they are possibly Nare-honouring folk's objects of divorce[75], in the measure that their crime equals the crime of the witch that brings about drought in the land. Enemies that are possibly no enemies at all if they could merit forgiveness and care, on the other hand, if they seem justified for refusing to hand over a kingdom to Makoma's brother, since he could not bother caring for his sickly father. No sane person would appreciate a king (Makoma's brother) that is not given to caring for the dying.

What, then, happens when folk are at the risk of drought, when they have not access to rain making charms, and are in no position to bring down the rain, when the gods are angry at the polity itself? It is not farfetched to say the possibility of experiencing drought for the Nare-honouring folk is not, *in the first place*, a time to worry/panic about their livelihood. At stake, most important than worrying about their livelihood, is the need to re-establish a conversation with the dead (in their rain expert capacity), the ancestors, if this conversation could condition the possibility of healthy folk-buffalo relation, the time of re-leaning the rain making ritual itself, supposing Makoma does not return the rain charms. A healthy folk-buffalo would imply the folk's possibility of invoking the rain:

> *a ene pula ya medupi !,a ene pula ya medupi! tlhatlha medupi ya bo podile,wa bo ramatau ramatau wa bo kheapea, kheapea wa bo marothi, marothi wa bo legadima, legadima la bo makaepeya, makaepea, wa bo mosohli Mosohli wa bo thathane , thathane wa bo serokolo sa bo matheta pula ya medupi a ene pula a ene!!* (93)

One calls upon the ancestors, the royal heads of the past (Podile,Legadima,Marothi, etc) to help bring about the 'true/good' rain, "medupi" (not the false witchy rain). A good-true rain/medupi, without the thunderstorms, a sign that all or much is well in the theatre of double-honour—human relation, the relation between oneself and the object of oathing — a good sign that could call for a thanksgiving ritual. A good rain if a bad rain, full of thunderstorms, is a sign that all is not well be-

[75] There would be no need for the Nare-oathing folk to kill king Podile (their enemy) if the king is already dead.

tween the folk and their double honour, their image, calling for an appeasement of the gods that may obtain by way of animal sacrifice, say.

Now, rain making/'a e ne pula'(let it rain) ritual in itself, a magical practice, merits an elaboration if "magic", you will recall, is an expression of a play of images. Rain making for buffalo oathing folk, in the first place, is a secret form. No one participates in the ritual unless they merit an invite — perhaps to keep possible enemies at bay. An uninvited participant is at the risk of losing their mind, and diminishing the quality of their life, or fail at performing or honouring the buffalo in everyday life. The secret form of rainmaking betrays its seriousness or sacredness when this sacredness obtains by way of the dry hand of a royal child (an object of care for buffalo honouring folk), the hand that gives the ritual expert direction as he approaches and praises the dead ritual experts. Children are closer to the living dead, you will recall from Chapter two. It is a secret in which the ritual expert consummates the cleansing of the participants that are already in a state of self-denial, a kind of *momentary* 'asceticism' necessary when rain making, we imply, participates in a regime of rites of passage. Rainmaking is similar to rituals that could inform the human's *passing* from life to a post-humous sociality, in the sense that rainmaking could be an inauguration of life after drought (a kind of death itself).

Rainmaking is a call to life if we recall the devastating consequence of drought in Bessie Head's *When rain clouds gather*. We recall that there "had been many [a drought] in each man's lifetime, but never in the memory of man had the cattle dropped dead. The cattle whose carcass became a feed for vultures…." (Head, 1995:143). Put another way, the absence of rain, possibly a determination of the enemy of the people (a witch or chief in his negligence of the folk's best interests), is the beginning of the death of life forms, death that merits a ritual of mourning. Hence, buffalo-oathing/honouring ritual experts "bring ashes to the chosen people [participants] that are mixed with muti to smear their hands, face and legs… [so that] one will blow the horn of impala/lenaka la phala that has muti inside and the other one will be beating drums, the other one will be busy stirring water/mapotu in an African pot. The rest of the people would kneel down and clap hands as a sign of showing that they are in agreement of what is happening at mosate" (Letsoalo, 2009:41). The ritual enacts transformation or, better put perhaps, animation of water, by way of the sound of the horn, drum and hand clap, all in expression of an open unity that is an expression of a resolute folk power, not different from the powerful image of the buffalo figure. The rain making ritual is an oathing/performative form if the buffalo or the lineage itself is an audience, the Judge.

The ritual betrays a performative process, akin to an "e a na pula" (it is raining) ritual in Sello Galane (percussion man)'s folk-sonic experiment: "Pula". "Pula" (Rain), calls Galane (2011). "A e ne" (Let it rain), shout the people (audience). "Ya medupi" (Good rain), Galane goes on. "A e ne", affirm the people, and they continue to do so not long after the beginning of the instrumentation, not long before the bass, the time keeper (in a 4/4 time signature) and guitar riffs give into to Galane's shakers. They do so through a simple, minimalist progression (IV-V-I), pre-figuring the simplicity in Galane's call and the backing vocalists' response, simplicity that continues even when "A e ne" (let it rain) gives in to "e' a na pula" (it is raining) in Galane, expressing in his supplication an already answered prayer: rain is underway when the music is playing, even when in places (Galane) would punctuate "e'a na" with "a e ne" appeal, as though to say the answered supplication is yet to receive its proper answer still – as though the supplication, to be precise, is an ongoing form, whether or not rain is underway. In short, the supplication and the answer to the supplication is a kind of 'dialectic'.

"E'a na pula…E nele mafase ohle…A e ne, bana ba je ba kgore ba swane le nna le wena…", continues Galane, calling for rain to fall on all the earth, so that the children, akin to self-fending adults (Galane's ensemble and the audience, we could say), can eat to the fullness of their bellies. Children in Galane could look forward to their meal since the rain is underway when the music is on play. They could look forward as they could remain hopeful that the healthy (true/good) rain will go on and on, and secure their livelihoods. Galane's supplication ritual cannot amount to much, unless it is grounded in children's needs, just as the buffalo folk's supplication/sound design — the time keeper (drum), the hand clap and medicine-filled horn and water sound articulation — would fall flat unless it grounds itself in the dry hand of the royal child. Galane's ritual, in effect, illuminates delicacy in the buffalo folk's ritual process, a performative or oathing process that in some ways reverberates a necessary gulf between folk and their double honour. I imply a gulf that, in the last instance, is unbridgeable as it is nonetheless child-ly mediate-able, if only because a child (as we point out in Chapter two) is closer to the dead and, perhaps by extension, closer to the double honour. So that to honour the double honour, their image, is, in fact, a form of 'honouring' the child.

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The rain-making ritual/performance, on the face of it, has a semblance of what Frazer calls homeopathic magic, possible when "like produces like" or effect resembles its cause" (Frazer,

2009:35). It has a semblance of homeopathic magic, if the child's hand (used in rainmaking), for the buffalo-oathing folk, *possibly* resembles the hand of the double honour, as though such a hand would be responsible for bringing down the rain[76]. It is tempting, in a sense, to see in the buffalo an object of mimicry when rainmaking is underway, when a child's hand possibly resembles the double honours'. After all, double honour oathing in general is possibly a form of mimesis if folk (in Freud) "on the solemn occasions of birth, initiation into manhood or funeral obsequies" engage in "[d]ances in which all the members of the tribe disguise themselves as their totem, and act like it, [to] serve various magic and religious purposes" (Freud, 1946:137). It is tempting to see in the buffalo an object of mimicry even though we need not yield to the temptation — for disguising and acting like a double honour need not amount to mimesis, I contend, since the buffalo or the animal per se is an indeterminate reality, even if or precisely when it is an object of honour or oathing or performance. To act like something when one cannot define it, or does not *really* know what it is, cannot amount to mimesis. Disguising and acting like a double honour, oathing per se, cannot amount to mimesis if oathing is "like divination", you will recall, "a sure link to mysteries, a sure attestation to the limits of human rationality". Oathing cannot be a form of mimicry, for double-honour oathing folk, if double honour is nearly a divine figure that receives a praise-supplication "a ene pula ya medupi! a ene pula ya medupi! tlhatlha medupi ya bo podile,wa bo ramatau, ramatau wa bo kheapea, kheapea wa bo marothi, marothi wa bo legadima, legadima la bo makaepeya, makaepea, wa bo mosohli, mosohli wa bo thathane, thathane wa bo serokolo sa bo matheta pula ya medupi a ene pula a ene!!". So that praise-supplication is a *seemingly* human language-form that is the buffalo's object of apprehension, even if the buffalo would not speak it — as if to say mimesis between folk and their double honour can never obtain when they live in different linguistic codes that are nonetheless commensurate.

The a"e ne pula" phrase itself is not a human or folk language proper. It is huma-folk to the extent that it proceeds from their mouth. It is beyond human-folk if it is the double honour's object of apprehension. Hence, we need not (contra Evans-Pritchard) see in a 'magic utterance' (the "a e ne pula" utterance in our case) a form or a spell that does not have power or is ineffective in and of

[76] The rainmaking ritual/performance could resemble homeopathic magic if putting water in the pot, for buffalo-oathing folk, implies (what is more believable) water as a form that resembles rain, the case of the cause being the image of the effect, so to speak.

itself[77]. Spells in Evans-Prichard (1976:177) lack essential power, since they "are [primarily] never formulae:…the magician chooses his words as he utters the spell", an "incantation" (that may include the mention of the name of the enemy, 217) if the object of destruction is a witch (199), say. They only become formulae owing to magicians simply rehashing what they have *repeatedly* heard in the past. They are nothing but a kind of epiphenomenon, unless (to depart from Evans-Prichard) we expansively interrogate the utterance phenomenon itself, unless we see in a rain making utterance a type of a code, always more than what it says. 'A e ne pula' is more than itself, even if it is impractical to measure the more that it is. It is more than what it says, and, in fact, merits the non-formulaic expression or the realm of the non-orderly. It is more than what it says if it is made or uttered in history but is present outside of history, outside what humans can achieve or readily apprehend, in a related way that the double honour is almost a divine (and not a historical) figure. The utterance, we could say, is a type of a necessary but anarchic command, one that is not a commandment. It is a performative form of command, addressed to a kind of a sovereign will, the will of the double honour[78].

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[77] One works out medicinal procedure and utters a spell: let the witch perish (Evans-Pritchard, 1976). This is to say the procedure itself creates the conditions under which the spell is utterable. One does not utter a spell unless there is a medical procedure with an aim, the cancelling of an impending danger, say (178). Otherwise, the spell will be superfluous.

[78] To drag an utterance into the historical through formulaic delivery is to make it a relatively prosaic, albeit effective, word. It is to push it into a religious system or dogmatism, we could say, in a related way that … a magician (in Ancient Egypt) could utter a prayer or word to bring about a desired effect, a word from a writerly source (demotic or hieratic script or funerary/pyramid texts): "Hail, Thoth, who didst make Osiris to triumph over his enemies, snare thou the enemies of Osiris, the scribe Nebseni, the lord of piety, in the presence of the great sovereign princes of every god and of every goddess…Horus is mighty, the northern and southern halves of heaven rejoice, Osiris is content thereat and his heart is glad. Hail, Thoth, make thou to triumph Osiris, the scribe Nebseni, over his enemies in the presence of the sovereign princes of every god and every goddess, and in the presence of you, ye sovereign princes who passed judgment on Osiris behind the shrine" (Budge & Wilson, 2016:78-79). One appeals to Thoth (who knows the mind of Ra, the benefactor of the literati and the originator of knowledge of everything), through a recitation of the written, if only to avoid arbitrary utterances or utterances without an order, suggesting at once that magic under this writerly conditions is less magical than it is para-magical, powerful (in its possibility to bring about results) as it is powerless, incapable to be an object of interest to ordinary folk. Ancient Egyptian magic does not interest the ordinary folk if they, the general populace, the marginal or the non-literate, apprehend a non-ordered utterance better than they do the contents of book learning, content from Thoth, a messenger that has access to (or is a servant of) solar (Ra) and the lunar eye (Horus). Ancient Egyptian/writerly magic is largely the realm of the priesthood (David, 2002), and the magician's recited words are an object of fellow magicians' evaluation, subject to checks and verifications, to check whether or not the magician has said the right thing, since saying the right thing implies the reciter is a sincere figure, the vessel of truth. And by no means do I imply in writerly recitation—non-historical utterance relation a kind of opposition, since the writerly recitation is an utterance, too, to the extent that it is, akin to a non-orderly utterance, performative form, still.

The a‘e ne pula’ utterance is a performative form, in a related (but perhaps non-comparable) way that an utterance in general (in Austin) need not be a statement, since statements must either be true or false. An utterance in Austin, taking the vow “ ‘I do…’ as uttered in the course of marriage ceremony”), for example, is performative (Austin, 1962:5) if it lacks truth-value, similar to saying “Damn” in a moment of frustration. By no means, of course, does Austin imply in “I do” an utterance that constitutes marriage as such, since one can live a married life (by simply cohabiting, say) without saying I do. “I do” is an “indulgence in” and not a “report on marriage” (6). Implication: “performative utterances”, though they are actions of a kind, do not complete the intended goal (marriage) even if they complete the act of beginning the declaration of the realisation of the goal itself.

We have a reason, then, to go beyond Austin, and sense a kind of power in the “I do” utterance itself, yielding to the reality that it is not a statement or a proposition, and that, nonetheless, it is (and here we depart from Austin) a pointer to a truthful state of affairs if marriage (whether or not we approve of it) betrays a need, a general need for humans to commit to or live with others for the sake of one’s survival. Marriage, akin to friendship, betrays, I imply, the necessity of human solidarity or alliance in a world seemingly full of enemies. Put another way, in a kind of statement form: a significant number of human beings in the world have ‘enemies’ (actual or potential or imaginary), and need an ally or allies to withstand or overcome such enemies. A statement form that is less a fact (if unverifiable) than it is an expression of truthfulness/truthful (possible) state of affairs, an expression of truth without a truth/false value. The “I do” utterance, in a sense, is a pointer to the utterer’s (unwitting) acknowledgement of the *possibility* that he/she (for whatever reason) has or will have an enemy, too. It is a form of oathing, in short, a public performance of the *idea* of commitment — committing to another, for the sake of one’s survival, a performance to which witnesses may nod, less owing to the fact of the utterer being married than the symbolic reality of the utterer’s ‘good’ performance, praiseworthy if humans see a need for human solidarity. The performance is praiseworthy even if the utterers may not be truly married (for whatever reason) or may divorce the following day. “I do”, to be precise, is symbolically praiseworthy, more so when it appeals to (or expresses) the general need for human solidarity than when it is merely about the institutional from of marriage per se.

The “I do” utterance is an ethnocentric non-statement, to be sure. Not everyone in the “world” says “I do” when they indulge in marriage. Nonetheless, “I do” is a performance-utterance that is possibly an object of apprehension for many a human in many parts of the world, parts that

have no use for the utterance itself, simply because human solidarity is pre-historical, beyond itself, articulating the solidarity that others in other parts of the world betray when they indulge in marriages — ones that may fail or succeed, for better or for worse. An "I do" is an echo of what other folk do in other parts of the world, parts of the "world" where marriage is less a solidarity between individuals than it is an alliance of families, a world where human solidarity through marriage expresses a longing or faith in a union that should bring nothing but a blessing to the lineage, to the folk. An "I do" performance (even if the utterer-performer is insincere) articulates 'the voice of the heart'', a performance that, in the final analysis, betrays a human capacity for an expression of a longing for a blessing when this blessing is a time of overcoming much that stands in the way of life itself.

The "I do" utterance, in its expression of the longing for a blessing to the lineage, articulates the saying "a ene pula ya medupi!a ene pula ya medupi!" ("Let there be rain"). Yes, to marry in one "African" setting may not be too different from saying "let there be rain or a blessing". I have in mind a setting where "a woman about to get married is given a clay pot by her father's sister… [when] the clay pot stands for the womb that is expected to be filled and blessed with many pregnancies…", since "the main purpose of marriage is procreation" (Asanter & Mazama, 2009:179), and that the readily justifiable reason for divorce is one of the spouses' infertility. The clay pot is expected to be filled with water to "bless her with a fertile marriage", since "water is intimately associated with fertility in Africa"…To say let there be rain/water or marriage is to say let there be more folk. Ultimately, and perhaps most instructive, to say let there be rain, let there be marriage, let there be a blessing, is to commit or recognise the source of the blessing itself, the originary rain giver: one's double honour.

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Though not a statement, and thus without truth value, let there be a blessing, let there be marriage or children, is an expression of the folk 's longing for a healthy relationship with the double honour, the mark of truthfulness if the double honour is nearly a divine figure. And this is a longing for the Blessing when the appearance of the blessing begins with a "rain cloud", the heart in the 'human being', the river inside of us, if we recall or appeal to Bessie Head's *When rain clouds gather*. A being that could, lest we forget, make utterances in bad faith, to bring about false rain, just as an "I do" utterance (utterance without truth/false value in itself) could institute a false marriage. Saying "let the rain clouds gather", let the rivers or kindness flow against the tide of human deprav-

ity (humanity in a loop), is to express longing or an appeal to an ideal, a performance of the double honour – only when the saying comes from a wet human heart, when the heart is rainy itself. Only rain performs the call of rain, not because (we know by now) this call amounts to homeopathy in magic but because it points to the impossibility of hate in the heart (a dry heart) to move the double honour to care for the lineage. More instructive, rain-calls-for-rain points to a kind of blessing that is a form of repetition, since the call or utterance itself is made more than once in a non-orderly way. And this non-orderly way does not surprise us, since the human heart or rain cloud itself, independent of the human being that could corrupt it, is relatively anarchic. The human heart does what it wants to do anyhow, anarchic if (through rain) it could fall or care for all, the kind and the not so kind, if only because the unkind, too, the witch (divorceable) as such, merits a caring.

What is more: rain-calls-for-rain is repetitive if rainfall itself is a repetitive form. Its fall on the kind and not so kind betrays a repetitive rhythm, akin to a heartbeat. The rhythm of a blessing is not a loop. For a looped-rhythm (in the manner of a bass loop on an electronically performed music) of a rainfall is simply a form of a false or a dissimulation of repetition. And we recall that a witch can bring about false rain, a false blessing, just as one can say “I do”, indulging in a non-existent marriage. This is to say a false blessing, a curse or misfortune, is a kind of a dead form (however exciting), akin to looped music. The blessing proper must go on and on, and move in a timely kind of way if it is determination of a double honour. The blessing proper that falls on all (even if it can be an object of abuse) is never too late nor too early, or is never too slow or too fast. A blessing is a quick and a quirky form. In a sense, the task of the rain-maker or a magician or an oather of the double honour, the oather with a rainy heart-beat, is a figure that quirkily makes repetitive utterances, "a ene pula ya medupi !a ene pula ya medupi”, let there be good rain, let there be good rain, in a bid to benefit the double honour oathing folk (alongside enemies that he/she could *carefully* exile or destroy in time).

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Now, a beneficiary of a rainfall (the blessing/repetition) and the figure that experiences repetition as such are not necessarily one and the same form. Only a figure that is neither being/becoming nor nothing can experience or express repetition, just as rain, an expression of repetition, is nether being nor becoming, in the measure that it has not a capacity for self-consciousness or capacity for prejudice when it falls on anyone (the kind or the not so kind), as though in an arbitrary way. Perhaps the rainmaker him/herself is the figure that can approximate the experience of repetition if

rainmaking is an instance (or perhaps an echo) of self-sacrifice. The expert rain maker, you will recall, is a figure with the capacity for a kind of temporary self-denial, is somewhat or momentarily/tactically 'clean' if he/she can cleanse other participants in the rain-making ritual, a secret/sacred affair. The rainmaker is momentarily cleaner when he/she oaths the double honour, the primordially clean (since the animal is a pointer to or mark of divinity and is not a prisoner of object-oriented consciousness), as though to say the double honour, the animal, is the figure that actually experiences repetition. Only the double honour seems to experience repetition per se, so that to oath the double honour is not an experience of repetition as it is an *oathing of the experience of repetition itself or, as I say,* approximation of the experience of repetition. Only the double honour seems to experience repetition per se, without which it becomes unreliable, un-oathable, non-autonomous, subject to humans' "unpredictability, deceptiveness or deceitfulness, and the conscious or unconscious manipulations of man". Yes, to honour the honourable or perform or say an oath to the animal is a way of wishing or wanting to overcome one's humanness, a wish to experience repetition/joyfulness, a form of Destiny.

Chapter 7 (Passing Note on Thought)

The struggle for the experience of repetition is all the more apprehensible when it articulates the human being's politico-historical situation, the specificity of evil, the modernizing world. The struggle for the experience of repetition is the measure of Thought (beyond the "human being") when Thought in Black (nearly akin to the sacrificial works on black sheep), say, is a disavowal of a political misfortune, a disavowal of a witchy state of affairs. Witchy in the sense that this misfortune obtains on the back of white envy (and by implication white domination), a determination of ignorance: a time (in Freud): when "the progress of [European] voyages of discovery led to contact with primitive peoples and races", leading to an "insufficient observation and mistaken view of their manners and customs", so that "they appeared to Europeans to be leading a simply, happy life with few wants, a [superior] life such as was unattainable by their visitors with their superior civilization" (Freud, 1931:34). Superior if it is a bid to master or "protect man against nature", a civilization proper, a constellation of human achievements, *aesthetics, science/philosophy and politics*. Or, to be precise, it is an edifice advanced in the pursuit of its "beauty, cleanliness and order" (39). An edifice, a determination of a witchy state of affairs, that would, we could add, go on and on, as if for its own sake, indifferent to its critics, non-reactionary when it betrays the impossibility of going back to a primitive life, *the terrible, awfully-dirty, and the arbitrary.*

It would not end when it betrays envy that finds expression through the civilizer's admiration-cum-hatred for the primitive life form: *'I will destroy you if I cannot have (or if I repressed) the life form you have. I detest you if I am better than you, for no reason other than that I am simply better than you. And what (in Freud) is primitive life proper but an expression of human instinct? White envy, I imply, betrays an instinct* gone wrong, mad, the impression of a neurotic, a fact that would, of course, be familiar to Freud, for whom the repression of instinct (as a condition of civilization or as its foundation) is not without danger. White envy, for us (if we appeal to the Freudian

account), betrays a repression of a European-colonizer's sexual and aggression instincts[79] — the latter a repression of the will to destruction of a fellow human (through murder, say)[80], culminating in kind of guilt, bound up with the displacement of this (frustrated) will on to the primitive Other. The guilt and displacement obtain alongside the compensation for sexual repression: pursuit for an economic gain, in the measure that the white civilizer is propped by *"*Modern bourgeois society, with its relations of production, of exchange and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, like the sorcerer who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells" (Engels & Marx, 2004, Chapter 1, para 27). The displacement of repressed aggression (and the attendant guilt), bound up with the *uncontrollable* compensation for the repression of a European-coloniser's sexual instinct, is an expression of white envy, a determinant of the irreversible white/witchy civilization, the mark of white labour (murderous) time: imperialism and colonialism, so to speak.

To speak of colonial white civilization, by way of the murderous, guilt-ridden and irreversible white (or witchy) labour time (the imperialism and colonialism), is to sense a figure that rides on the back of a fast animal, a white figure: civilization's ware animal-human, thirsty for the blood of the primitive. Akin to a hyena in Chapter five, the white figure is the creature of the night even though he/she claims to work in day light. He/she could talk of the dignity of labour for all humans while in reality it sucks the blood of his primitive, a dirty Lekompo (compound man/

[79] The repression of a European-colonizer's sexual and aggression instinct is intelligible, if we appeal to Freud's theory of child sexuality, a position that could have us believe "children at that early age [up to 5 years] do not yet distinguish between sexual and purely aggressive actions so clearly as they do later on; (the "sadistic" misunderstanding of the sexual act belongs to this context)….The theory says that, contrary to popular opinion, human sexual life or what later corresponds with it shows an early blossoming which comes to an end at about the age of five. Then follows the so-called latency period lasting up to puberty during which there is no further sexual development; on the contrary, much that had been achieved undergoes a retrogression. The theory is confirmed by anatomical study of the growth of the internal genitalia; it suggests that man is derived from a species of animal that was sexually mature at five years, and arouses the suspicion that the postponement, and the beginning twice over, of sexual life has much to do with the transition to humanity (Moses and Monotheism) It must be significant psychologically that the period of infantile amnesia coincides with this early blossoming of sexuality" (Freud, 1939: 121). In a sense, sexual and aggression instincts are nearly one and the same quality.

[80] "It is a reasonable surmise that after the killing of the father a time followed when the brothers quarrelled among themselves for the succession, which each of them wanted to obtain for himself alone. They came to see that these fights were as dangerous as they were futile. This hard-won understanding as well as the memory of the deed of liberation they had achieved together and the attachment that had grown up among them during the time of their exile led at last to a union among them, a sort of social contract. Thus there came into being the first form of asocial organization accompanied by a renunciation of instinctual gratification; recognition of mutual obligations; institutions declared sacred, which could not be broken — in short the beginnings of morality and law" (Freud, 1939: 132). In short, the development of morality and law is an expression of the repression of instinct.

labourer) on the mine or a planation. He/she is not different from a hyena as he/she is similar to a lizard, fast in its murderous/ labouring movement, in the measure that the witch is a paragon of efficiency. Lizardian, it carries with itself (in its labouring process) the message that a witchy civilization is the authority/sovereign, and that the dramatic death (owing to silicosis in mines, say) of the primitive that comes with it, the great misfortune, is simply inevitable.

Suffice it to clarify, white labour time itself is not reducible to a murderous/guilt ridden economic process (by way of proletariat labour time, say, the ground of Modern bourgeois society), the efficient-violent kind we see in a colonial situation or slave driven formations. Beyond an economic process, it obtains within the realm of cultural or knowledge production, the need to engage in scientific, guilt-ridden or murderous observations of primitive life, and develop correct views of the primitives' way of life, "manners and customs". It could take the psycho-analytic form, say, and (on Freud's account) see in the primitive a figure civilized in his/her own way, engaged in the repression of sexual instinct and aggression, too — for the primitive, on the Freudian account, is also in the practice of civility if "we [could] go back far enough [and] find that the first acts of civilization were the use of tools, the gaining of control over fire and the construction of dwellings. Among these, the control over fire stands out as a quite extraordinary and unexampled achievement, while the others opened up paths which man has followed ever since, and the stimulus to which is easily guessed" (Freud, 1931:37). Sexually repressed, the primitive in Freud is civilized in his/her own way, and sadly in many parts of the world is unable to take his/her civilization to greater heights (akin to a civilization in many a European country), lacking in his/her capacity to master and protect him/herself from the dangers of nature. Lacking if his/her primitive instinct repressions are still a determination of the privileging of totems and taboos, and, by implication, dependent on gods, so much that his/her repressions are often more severe than their European counterpart.

The Freudian observation of the primitive life (primitive civilization beginning with tool/fire making, and bound up with totems and taboos) is puzzling, to be sure. At once I try to imagine (without success) of a time when humans beings did not use tools of any kind — for the human body itself in the first place is, for the human, an object among other objects (including the ones he/

she creates), and, by implication, a tool or an instrument to further his/her interests[81]. My body, put differently through Sartre, is "this among other thises" and "by a reasoning process" do I refer to it as "being mine". "It was much more my property than my being", and an instrument through which I can accomplish "my possibilities" (Sartre, 1943:304). It could work in a similar way that a fire, a kind of an object, is an instrument for my possibilities, my interests. In a sense, we are tempted to see in civilization a process that is as old as human beings or the human use of the body. We are tempted to believe that civilization and human living are one and the same thing, so that civilization is conceptually redundant, without much value. Still, I need not abandon the use of the concept that is civilization. I need not abandon it simply because I see in the body itself a kind of a tool. The idea of civilization seems practically indispensable, if I am to give an account of white envy/white labour time, and lessen the possibility of our talking past one and another.

Further, not to abandon the use of the concept is to say the Freudian idea of civilization merits a side-stepping (short of rejection). We could sidestep Freud, and see in civilization proper the actual values/meanings (the realm of culture[82]) that humans attach to their achievements or advancement. Scientific achievements (when they are about the use of tools) in themselves should be less a measure of civilization than the meanings that are their accompaniment. The use of my body to accomplish my possibilities is less significant than the symbolic value that it is, the symbolic value I attach to my achieved possibility[83]. Freud will thus be correct to see in "primitive life" a civilization, to the extent that the fire ceased being a mere fire, and became a symbol of this or that, of power, say, to the extent that the achievements through fire became aesthetically pleasing or morally praiseworthy, for whatever reason. He will be justified to suggest in some branches of philosophical anthropology (or aesthetics or normative ethics) an index of civilizational progress. So that primitive life forms merit the category of "civilization" when it thrives on totems (among other

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[81] My contention (the body as a tool) is what Freud himself could readily accept…"With every tool man is perfecting his own organs, whether motor or sensory, or is removing the limits to their functioning. Motor power places gigantic forces at his disposal, which, like his muscles, he can employ in any direction; thanks to ships and aircraft neither water nor air can hinder his movements; by means of spectacles he corrects defects in the lens of his own eye" (Freud, 1931:37).

[82] It does not follow, analytically speaking, contra Freud, that "all activities and resources which are useful to men for making the earth serviceable to them, for protecting them against the violence of the forces of nature, and so on" (Freud, 1931:37) are necessarily cultural and thus an index of civilization. They are cultural only to the extent that they are objects of symbolic attachment. To be precise, to create a fire so that I can with it cook myself a meal is not in itself a cultural act.

[83] After all, the body as an instrument for my possibilities in Sartre is not simply a body for itself. It is a body for others, the others who can name or attach meanings to its existence.

symbols) as an elaboration of meta-ethics, not simply in the measure that it produces tools (fire) for the fulfilment of a primitive's economic needs.

Now, thriving on totems as an index of primitive civilization is contestable if we appeal to our interrogation of the problem of the totem in the previous Chapter. The totem, you will recall, is an impoverished category, and that in an African setting it makes way for the notion of a double honour, seemingly a divine figure, an object of the African's oathing, performance. And, of course, the double honour-African relation is an object of a "superior" civilization's repression, the time of a superior civilization's substitution of new totems (white figures) for the double honour, in its bid to gain or assume a moral legitimacy among the primitives, new totems that become objects of primitive performance. In a sense, I am justified to go as far as seeing in white civility itself (through a witchy state apparatus) the work of an animal (a divinity), a new totem for the "primitive", an object of honour/oathing for the black African. White or witchy civility in a colonial situation becomes the work of an animal, the white figure, just as the white figure is its ware-animal, the labouring figure of the night. White civility is the work of a divine animal that the black, instinctually repressed seemingly, could perform (by way of mimicry, for example), perhaps as a way of coping with his/her newly repressed sexuality and aggression.

'Divine', the animal (the white figure/a new totem for primitives) could self-express in any form, for as long as white civility thrives or goes on and on, for its own sake. It could take on the garb of Christendom, in Bloke Modisane "probably the most un-Christian act of all" when "Man's spirituality has come to a state of decay", when Christendom is "divested of its spiritual nobility and to be thus shaded with….fearful overtones" (Modisane, 1986:184), when it called me to "seek for peace and comfort in bondage…[and]revealed to me that 'man was made in the image of God' [and] then proceeded to dehumanise me…[teaching me] to repeat-the Ten Commandments, with particular emphasis on, 'love thy neighbour as thyself', but in practice…[showering] denunciations on me, [defining] me as a savage and classed me among the beasts…." (183). A savage given to an expression of an animal instinct that merits repression, as if Jesus himself (for us) is not an animal, the lion and the lamb, the meek of the royal family. The Christendom garb is the most un-Christian of all, so "that I [opted to] carry my Jesus in my heart and turn my back from the Church" (184).

The white totem is divine/powerful enough if in Modisane "the white man petitioned history to argue his cause and state his case, to represent the truth as he saw it; he invoked the aid and the blessing of God in subjugating the black man and dispossessing him of the land" (41). The white figure, white civility's ware-animal, invokes a blessing of his God, the bearer of truth, to repress the black figure's instincts, his/her capacity for happiness, we could say — in the measure that white civilization cares little for the European's happiness too, since it is the sacrifice of European human's "happiness" for white "security". White civility, the pursuit of white security, by way of the white figure's invocation of God's blessing, is the play of sacrifices, of black and white unhappinesses, the former more necessary than the latter for the guaranteeing of white security. Black unhappiness is the base of white unhappiness, in short, as though to say white unhappiness and white security are one and the same thing[84], *propped* up by white liberalism. I have in mind liberalism in its British orientation, say, Jeremy Bentham/John Stuart Mill's Utilitarianism: the pursuit of the greatest amount of happiness in the world, pursuit that is nothing but a longing for happiness that can never obtain. This is a liberalism that is nearly the most bigoted of all ideologies in the history of political aberrations, if Bloke sees its hypocrisy in dealing with the native/'primitive'. In Bloke "the favourite question liberal [and for us leftist] South Africans love to answer is: Are you race prejudiced? Whereupon the answer is: I have no race prejudice at all", an answer that is an impression of a bigoted over-simplification, if only because "the question which should be but never is asked, is: How race prejudiced are you?" The possible question we should ask the liberal (and for us white leftist) is: in what ways does your race prejudice contribute to the maximization of your false happiness in the world? Through liberalism or Christendom, the white figure (a totem for the black figure) or witchy civility could guaranteed its security, sanitize its/his/her false happiness, the false blessing of his /her God, a blessing akin to a false rain if it leads to subjugating the black figure or repressing his instincts (capacity for happiness), as though (akin to a witch) striking him/her with a *lightning bolt.*

To be sure, the serious form of un-happiness or sadness in its black impression is uninteresting, fairly uninteresting an object of commentary in the twenty-first century. It is now common awareness that the idea of black sadness or unhappiness is often a determination of white/distorted sense. It could (as it does in Bloke, too), for instance, come across (by way of white experts) as an

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84 The primacy of black/primitive happiness, an object of sacrifice for white security, does not surprise. For this sacrifice entails (we know this by now) murder in principle, the kind that is intelligible if we recall the problem of human sacrifice in the third Chapter.

impression of black happiness in the colony, in a related way that the native in Freud, you will recall, could (for the white tourist) look happy in his primitive state. The white anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists in Bloke could have us believe that black sadness is a kind of happiness, that natives "are always smiling, they're a happy people". The white experts could disavow the reality that natives are "oppressed and miserable", and that any sign of black rebellion (for an Afrikaner) is nothing other than the work of rubble rousers, "the work of Communist agitators" (161). Crafty ware animals of a witchy civility, the white experts could conflate the private feeling of happy (a gratification of this or that desire) with happiness as a state of wellness. It is one thing to feel happy, and is another to experience happiness as wellness, just as one could feel sad even when one is experiencing happiness, just as the black could feel happy (gratify some of his/her desires) when he/she is experiencing sadness as sorrow [85]. To be precise, the white conflation of a happy or sad feeling with the condition/experience of happiness or sadness-sorrow respectively could easily pass without notice if we do not see in black life a form that is "decep- tively happy", if we do not see in this form a cover for sadness-sorrow as such. A form similar to"[t]he penny whistle music spinning on eternally with the same repetitive persistency", in reality expressing "a structure of sadness into a pyramid of monotony", of sadness if its "rhythm [is] unchanging in its thematic structure, oppressive, dominating and regulating the tonality of the laughter and the joy" (117).

The "same repetitive persistency" of the penny whistle music (*as* a mark of the deceptive happy feeling or sadness-sorrow itself) is, for us, less repetitive than it is a pointer to a loop of black life, an objection to repetition proper itself or its possibility, restricting "the laughter and the joy" that could, given a chance, mark a struggle against white civility itself. It betrays a loopy sound that emerges on the back "of the pressure of political stress and the endlessness of frustration" of the black figure's instincts — to the point of producing in him/her a penny whistle music (kwela)

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[85] Schopenhauer falls short of making a distinction between feeling happy and the experience of happiness as a social fact. Yet, he is instructive to see in a child a figure that lives in a kind of Eden of the mind. Many a child is not readily given to much feeling of sadness, simply because they are less willful and more knowledgeable. They exercise a capacity for understanding the 'nature' of reality, a capacity that prepares them to navigate their growing will in world full of trouble. In other words, a child can live in a sad country and still show a feeling of happy, as though relatively indifferent to sadness as a social fact. Hence, for him, childhood, in its "naïveté and sublime simplicity", and genius could parallel each other (1906:163). The genius or the child is generally happy character (at the level of feeling) even when the child experiences sadness or lives in sadness structured society. It is for this reason that Bloke, too, could wish for a return to a kind boyhood or wish he had been "born in a bush surrounded by trees, wild flowers, vales, dongas and wild life; to have grown gracefully like the seasons, to have been spring's simplicity, the consciousness of summer". It is a misfortune for him that he became "a man before [he] was a Boy" (Modisane, 1986:20).

dancer, not surprisingly, dancing and "screaming noises almost as if to convince ourselves of our existence, in a glorification of our living at a feverish pitch, on our nervous system" (117). A dancing (to a loopy sound) that could entail a happy feeling, could betray a deceptively happy black figure in reality, a way of demonstrating beyond doubt the evidence of his/her existence as a measure or an impression of sadness-sorrow, a determination of a repressed instinct.

Then: to dance in sadness-sorrow is not a black figure's ruse to sublimate his/her instincts. The black figure cannot sublimate what he/she can no longer access, what is already repressed. The dance is a condition or vehicle for their forceful appearance, a kind of return of a repressed instinct, we could say, the time of yielding to ghetto "nice-times, to the orgiastic rhythms of the kwela" and morph into a "into an incestuous society where sex becomes promiscuous". This could be a time of the forceful appearance of aggression, too, the time of "incestuous society where friendship explodes into murderous hatred" (117)[86]. The dance is a yield to the loopy sound, a sign of a desperate time, a moment that could propel Bloke's invention of new-temporary or "short term" morality, say. This is temporary if it could, after all, allow for a kind of Blokian hypocrisy, an objection to murderous hatred while justifying his sexual hatred, allowing himself to live "life of extravagance", a life of sexual expression without restraint, in relative keeping with Sade's approach to sexual life, among others. An approach exemplified (for us) in Sade's dying man, aware on his death bed that Nature is a "power more divinely inspired by far", aware that he "was created by Nature with the keenest appetites and the strongest of passions and was put on this earth with the sole purpose of placating both by surrendering to them" (Sade, 1992:149), aware of his sole purpose, and thus regretful that he did not satisfy every passion of his, owing to being "blinded by the absurdity of your [priest's moralist] doctrines…". Appealing to Sade's or sadist morality, Blokian dance is *en route* to a reversion, a return to a seemingly primitive happiness (on his account) or natural self, life beyond wrong or right, the time before the primitive "human" became an African (full of African moralities) or black African later on, the time of practical living when sexual relations between kin or killing others anyhow is not readily a moral offence[87]. So that Bloke could justify why he could see every woman with a sexual eye. He could justify why every "woman" he meets could be "valued in sex symbols…nothing more than naked bodies I caressed with sweaty lust; [why] none of the

[86] This is the kind of hatred that is no different from the one that we see in the murder (the multiple stabbing) of Henry Nxumalo (Bloke's friend) (Bloke, 1986).

[87] Of course, it is hard to tell whether taboos are proactive or reactive moral injunctions, such that we are not sure whether the so-called promiscuity was ever sanctioned in a pre-primitive 'sociality'.

women was an individual personality" (209). Bloke's temporary morality articulates his dance, in short, betraying in Bloke a figure wallowing in sadness-sorrow (repressed sexual instinct), an impression of a kind of madness if Bloke (through his morality) is not much different from a bewitched figure, "driven by a Tikoloshe into an intense drive to prove myself" capable in the "art of seduction", so that any woman who refuses his advances would become an object of his contempt.

Let us say more on the Blokian dance-temporary morality articulation (marked through the experience of sadness-sorrow), in the measure that it helps us apprehend primitive morality or primitive happiness itself if primitive morality (in Freud) too is repressive of "primitive" instinct, by way of creation of totems. By no means for us (contra Freud), of course, should the invention of a totem, a double honour for us, imply contempt for instinct as such (the kind we find in a witchy civilization and its moralities). The invention of the double honour, the divine animal, could very well betray the primacy or the honourability of the sexual/aggression instinct (in its indeterminacy and multi-dimensionality), since the animal in its divinity remains the figure that expresses instinct anyhow. So that Bloke's temporary morality is, on the face of it, a bid to mimic (in part) primitive morality itself, a way of transforming himself into a kind of an animal in its state of nature. This is an animal that in time he could make his double honour, the ground of his temporary morality, the object of his performance — in a related way that a divine animal, the double honour proper, is the "primitive"'s object of oathing or the ground of its morality. Bloke transforms himself into a unique animal species (*en route* to becoming his own double honour), we could say, unique if it is full of sexual hatred, unique since each of the many animal species (as potential double honours) have unique forms of aggression and sexual temperaments, different eating habits, sleeping etiquettes, styles of dreaming and crying. Bloke, a natural man that (as an animal) is his own double honour, is a law or an authority unto himself, commits to (performs) himself as a unique animal, as though he is the only black/sufferer in South Africa. An animal into which he transforms himself when his temporary morality emerges on the back of a dance to a loopy (self-indulgent) sound.

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We could say at once that Blok's temporary morality does not approximate primitive morality itself — for primitive morality (unlike his) makes an analytic distinction between animal-man and animal proper, however related they are. The animal proper in the "primitive" is a mark of the divine if it could become a double honour. "Primitive" morality is seemingly an effort at imputing

sacredness to the animal instinct, so that the "primitive"'s repression of his/her instinct (so called) is not really a repression as it is type of (semi)transference/delegation of an instinct or an effort to have the divine animal engage in the expression of its instincts on his/her behalf. The "primitive"'s expression of all his/her instincts and the happiness that is attendant to this expression is a vicarious experience (the "primitive" experiences happiness if the animal experiences happiness), so that the semi-transference of instinct is not a cause of sadness-sorrow — as though to see in dancing or oathing the double honour a kind of sublimation, primitive sublimation that is not really sublimation if the expression of instinct is not undesirable per se. It is sublimation beyond sublimation, of which Bloke, you will recall, is incapable, since his instincts are whitely or witchily repressed already, as though by a Tikoloshe. Bloke's temporary morality, contra primitive morality, betrays debased figure, a black figure with a one-dimensional (informed by literary Sadism) sexuality, incapable properly of properly mimicking primitive morality, properly oathing the animal, the double honour (a sexual/divine form). Bloke's sexuality, on the back of dancing to a loopy sound, is a performance (or seeing) of himself as an animal or his own double honour, a performance that, in the last instance, is less a performance of himself than it is a performative acknowledgement of the seemingly all powerful, divine white, witchy Tikoloshe, the white totem that is behind the repression of his instincts.

Now, it is not farfetched to see in the witchy repression of Bloke's instincts an exercise similar to the defacing of Bloke, the repression of the face, in short. A defacing beyond repair. For how can he or any other black figure not be nearly beyond repair when "white man has laboured earnestly, sincerely and consciously to deface the blacks, with the result that the black man has *ceased* to be an individual, but a representative of a despised race" (36)? The black figure has long "ceased to be an individual" and, in turn, is incapable of seeing in a white figure an individual as such, "trained and conditioned" to see each and every white "as 'baas' and 'missis' …signal of authority, a symbol

to be hated a feared" (243)[88]. A defaced figure is the absence of individuality, in a related way that a repressed figure is desperate to be an individual, becoming a dancer in sadness-sorrow, creating temporary moralities that in the final analysis compromise his very individuality. To be precise: Bloke in the colony is a dancer without a face, repressed beyond repair if white men "hate me, not as an individual, but as a collective symbol" (242). White men hate him not as an individual because the individual for them is insignificant. They hate him not as an individual or a figure with a face that (for us) has its own Destiny, even if it must confront an accrued share/misfortune: the fate of all human beings[89]: death. Not an individual, Bloke or the black figure in general is incapable of experiencing vicarious happiness, the delegation of the expression of his instincts (libido and aggression) to the divine animal, the authority, the Sovereign. Bloke is not a form beyond the human being if he is unable to dance or properly perform the animal authority as separate from himself, the animal as a double honour (divine and sexual at the same time).

The incapacity to dance in happiness, the incapacity to express the animal instinct (through the divine animal, the primal father in Freud), and wallow in temporary morality, is all the more intelligible if Bloke, faceless, is as good as being fatherless much of his life. For he cannot remember his father's face the moment his father dies a violent death. He does not remember his father's face

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[88] This hate (the impossibility of seeing whites or blacks as individuals) is reasonable, since it is "humanly impossible to hate…million[s] of people individually" and perfectly within reach to "hate them collectively" (Modisane, 1986: 243). All this need not surprise us — for you will recall in Head (in Chapter five) that a hateful world is a world of political ideologies in Africa that "gave rise to a whole new set of *retrogressive ideas* and *retrogressive pride"* (Head, 1995:76), alongside the kind of ideologies that you could only reject at the risk of being an object of contempt among the "many pompous, bombastic fools", the many retrogressive ideologues that together could see in you a "traitor to an African cause". A traitor if you think the longings of the individual, if you preoccupy yourself with the Destiny of the individual (even if it is unthinkable outside of folk) and not a collective thing, simply because the collective has fate and not a Destiny. A traitor if in time I could, suffice it to say, see (following Makhaya through Head) in myself/individuality a possibility of God, an object of honour that "owns the whole earth and heaven", the God that will not have anybody die of hunger when God makes everyone a millionaire (beyond money and what it can buy). Retrogressive ideologues (alongside the white man) find it easier to see in me a collective thing, since it is impossible to measure an individual when every individual has or is more than enough, when all individuals are beyond measure, when everybody has a form of God, when everyone is a kind of his/her "object" of honour, an object that (for us) is indirectly apprehended, by way of an animal, through the double honour that, instructively, is an object of individual as it is an object of collective oathing.

[89] Doubts or assertions that the Black (a symbol of a collective thing) is a human being smacks of past time, datedness. There is nothing particularly elegant about the human being in general, if the human being is an entity that must perish any way. At the same time, there is nothing particularly embarrassing about calling a black figure a kind of a human being (a different kind of a human being) if a human being for us (with Soyinka) is a figure with conscious/creative activities or a figure given to object-oriented consciousness, a figure that for us must nonetheless perish, like any other human being.

the day he sees his father's lifeless body, battered, a "swollen mass of broken flesh and blood, which was his face", without "definition", neither having "eyes nor mouth, nose, only a motionless ball" (26). Seeing a faceless body, he has no reason to cry, no reason to "break out and collapse at his side" (27). He could not bring himself "to cry [and he has] never cried since when [he] was fourteen" (27). There is no need to cry for his father if he does not remember his face, if at some point in time he had ceased to pay him any attention, the time his father is a casualty of apartheid police's contempt for black men. He cannot remember his father's face if his father is a defaced figure the moment the young white police treat him like a little boy, the moment the image of his father as a hero begins to "disintegrate…, crumbling into an inch high heap of ashes" (24), the time he could "resent" his "father, question… his integrity as a man" (24). He cannot remember his father's face if he had long been faceless, the moment his "harsh hand of authority" could no longer be an object of respect, the time of merely "fear[ing] him, keeping out of his way", seeing "only the cruelty, never the man" (25). Bloke cannot remember his father's face if his faceless body at the point of death is a consummation of a longstanding status of facelessness, a status that obtained the moment he ceased being a symbol of authority proper, an object of fear and admiration. Not remembering his father's face is regrettable for Bloke since remembering it would, we could say, betray a figure that need not wallow in a temporary morality. Remembering his father's face would imply remembering a father proper, an individual that could oath the double honour or dance in happiness, an individual that in turn could teach him the form of oathing the double honour itself.

Suffice it to say, not remembering his father's face, alongside the reality of his father's faceless body, would imply a no-need for Bloke to see his father's face in the coffin, just before the burial, as a way of paying him some respect, a way of saying 'my dear father, you are an individual and thus worth my remembering…'. There is no need, in the first place, to pay homage, if the battered head in the coffin could be a terrifying object of sight. Looking at a faceless head, the figure that has long ceased being an individual, is quite terrifying or dreadful, not far removed, I could claim, from looking at a headless body in a coffin. You recall (from Chapter three) that a buried headless body signifies a wandering soul for the family of the dead, a wandering soul if domesticating or commemorating it betrays a crisis of signification. A head stone atop the grave of a non-headed body betrays the sign without a signified, and thus the impossibility of the family's finding closure. Thus, to look at and bury a faceless (battered) head, the head of a man that was never an individual (an un-rememberable face), is less to anticipate or dread a crisis of signification than to dread the

pointlessness (or perhaps the impossibility) of commemoration[90] when commemoration itself (the absence of crisis of signification) is an act in remembering. To look at and bury a faceless head, the absence of the individual, is a kind of paradox, the pointer to the difficulty or near impossibility of commemoration (by way of tombstone unveiling), since commemoration proper obtains if its object (the dead) was an individual prior to their death. To commemorate Bloke's father or any faceless dead figure would be pointless if it amounts to commemorating a figure we do not remember. To commemorate a faceless figure would amount to a celebration of a father that is not an 'object' of memory, a nobody, not an individual that could oath a double honour, and teach him the oath itself.

By extension, commemorating a faceless figure would amount to a celebration of Bloke's incapacity to perform the double honour, his depravity, being a casualty of his temporary morality. There is simply no need to engage in commemoration if there is no need to look at the faceless head in the coffin, if one does not remember the face of the dead, and is faceless, too. Bloke cannot do much for the desperate dead father unless he finds a way of re-facing himself, a refacing that is impossible, unless he finds a way conjuring or thinking the face of the dead, as though through a magical formula, as though to say the defacing of the face in itself does not push the face into a void. The face as such, I imply, is always there (even if not here), a face for itself, so to speak, beyond an object of mere sight. The face is the mark of what is outside of history, the mark "of the absolutely other" in Levinas (1969:25), a mark of "what always overflows thought", as though to say the face is not reducible to an object of memory or remembering. It overflows thought without making it unthinkable, for us. It overflows or is greater than thought even if, for us, it does not betray a kind of transcendence, "the relation with infinity". Infinity is unthinkable and thus unhelpful in our thinking the notion of the face, so that the face for us is a pointer to a kind of Sovereign, a thinkable form that has the capacity to restrict the defacer's defacing hand.

Our kind of face is not, we could say, a Simmelian face, by which "we know consciously or instinctively of a person's being, of their inner foundations, of the unchangeability of their nature [when] all of this inevitably colours our momentary as well as our lasting relationship to them" (Simmel, 1997:112). The face in a Simmel "is the symbol of everything that an individual has brought with him or her as the prerequisite of their life. In it is deposited that which has dropped

[90] To be clear: in this impossibility I do not imply the impossibility of commemorating every faceless dead individual (factually speaking). Not every faceless figure in general implies the absence of the individual as such.

from his past to the bottom of his life and has become permanent features in the individual" (113). The Simmelian face is the mark of what comes with the individual and not the mark of the individual himself/herself. A mark of being, it is not the mark of the individual as it is a mark of their personality, or character, a thing that now appears fixed (the mark of "being"), now appears like a flow (the mark of "becoming"), a personality that must, for us, come to an end with death, simply because being and becoming of the human anyway must come to an end through death as such. The Simmleian face "brings about a situation in which a person is already being understood from his or her appearance, and not first from their actions" (112), actions that could have us subject the individual to our prejudices, "mistakes and [resultant] adjustments" (113) that cannot discredit the credibility of the face as the primary symbolic object though which we grasp the being of an individual. The Simmelian face, credible for our grasp of the being of the person in relation to his fate (death), is, for us, not credible in our grasp of the individual beyond being. It is not credible for our grasp of the Destiny of the individual if we are justified to see in the Simmelian face, for all its metaphysical implications, a historical object, to the extent that history constitutes the human being-human becoming relation, the relation that constitutes the production of culture or the making of civilization. The Simmelian face can only give us the glimpse of all that the individual is, in so far he/she is a historical figure, to the extent that the face is a symbol of the private 'sins' and 'virtues' or all that is attendant to his/her object-oriented consciousness, all that he/she brings with him/herself into the public realm.

A face in Simmel cannot be our concern if our aim is to the *think* the defaced face that never dies, the face that could, even in its seeming absence, give us a glimpse of individuality, his/her capacity to dance or oath his/her double honour, his/her capacity to semi-transfer or delegate his/her natural instincts to the divine animal, aware that he/she would become divine, too, the condition of his/her experiencing vicarious happiness. The defaced face that never dies conditions, I imply, a glance into the possibility of the experience of happiness per se, the glance or entry into hearing the proper "tonality of laughter and the joy" in he/she that has a capacity for a proper dance. The thinkable face is an entry into hearing the "tonality of laughter and the joy", the undefiled, the expression of repetition/dance that is always a target for sadness-sorrow and its penchant for loopy sounds. The face that betrays a kind of innocence if innocence is the mark of the non-defiled. Hence Bloke, suffice it to mention, could appeal to his daughter's innocence in a bid to re-face himself or, what is a related move, a bid to *Think* the face of the defaced dead father he no longer remembers, a bid (by implication) to "restore his [father's] honour, restore-in my own estimation-his manhood", a "link-

ing" of his "destiny with that of my father" (Modisane, 1961:66). This is a daughter that (in his time of moral depravity) had "gradually begun to fill the emptiness of my life" (42). A daughter he must get out of the "life of servitude, into which life I had inadvertently com- mitted [her]", out of 'South Africa', "out of Sophiatown". So that she can "breathe the air of the free" and "not learn the morality of the slave, that life is sustained by hatred, that the purpose of life is to outlast the master, to survive to the day of the beheading", a day that is not that different from the day of defacing. He need not have in his daughter an "individual contribution placed at the foot of the master…investment towards the maintenance and the continuance of the slave dynasty", a contribution to the nourishment of the cosmic life of the slave". She need not become a "per-sonal offering to the jackals [or hyenas, we could add] of South Africa" (74), an offering to hateful ware-animals that must eat her for the sake of eating her, in the first place. She need not be an offering as he is already a dancer in sadness-sorrow, casualty of a witchy civilization, one that could sacrifice his happiness for the sake of security, a simulation of repetition. To stop her from becoming an offering is to defend her innocence/dance in happiness, to interdict the defacing of her face.

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To succeed at this interdiction would imply the establishment of the link of his "destiny with that of [his] father", would imply the beginning of honouring his father, as though her living daughter's innocence/dance in happiness, her having a face, is a substitute for the dead faceless father. It would have his dead father's face (only the face) assume a position that is analogous to a double honour's. The face would assume the position akin to that of a divine animal, an honourable figure. Bloke must put his life on the line, in the hope that he could become an individual, for the sake of the face of the dead, for the sake of protecting the innocent-living, the individual dancers in happiness. And to Think the face of the dead through dance in happiness/daughter's innocence (always a potential target of forcible if witchy deflowering) is all the more intelligible or apprehensible if we read it against Elesin in Soyinka (Chapter two). Elesin: the "man of enormous vitality", a man that "speaks, dances and sings with that infectious enjoyment of life which accompanies all his actions" *en route* to begetting a child before he honours or dies for the dead, for his friend-king (a friend that is a mark of sovereignty). Not dreadful of death, Elesin must beget a child that would substitute him, the child in the womb that merits maternal care to obviate a stillbirth. Care that could only obtain if the child's mother would "forget the dead, forget even the living [including herself]…". A necessary care if the born child would be privy to dead Elesin and his affairs, to the extent that

Elesin is privy to the dead king's needs. The unborn cannot be unborn, since only the child is the mediator between the living and the dead. Otherwise the kingdom would collapse, since the living would no longer be in a position to hear messages (cries) from the dead. Then: Elesin's death (for the sake of the king) and the child's birth are symbols of the kingdom's vitality.

The joyful/dancer Elesin is justified to overcome the dread of death if his child ("life"), in his absence/death, is the mediator between living and the dead, so that we are justified to see in the Elesin-child relation a near parallel of, or ruse for our apprehending, Bloke's obsession, the intense wish to restore his father's individuality, a wish to have a figure that is his object of honour or oathing. A wish unthinkable outside of paternal care, his daring bid to preserve the innocence of his daughter (substitute for the faceless father), his plan to get her out of 'South Africa', "out of Sophia-town", and have her remain a dancer in happiness. A plan possibly realisable if first he gets out of South Africa, illegally, and leave behind his daughter with the possibility of or a faint hope for their re-union, faint if it is possible he may never see her again, in which case his bid would amount to a complete failure. This is a plan that will not receive his mother's support. She is fearful of what would become of him "in a strange country with people" he does not "know". She asks: "Who will look after you?", to which Bloke replies:"Mama, I'm not going there to die…Soon our country will be right, all will be well and I will come back. You will see, Ma-Bloke. It won't be very long". He comforts his mother, aware of the "terrifying "possibility that he might "never see her again", the possibility of nearly dying to her, "for so long as South Africa shall remain white, for so long shall I be an exile from the country of my birth". Bloke's motherly love is bound up with his love for his daughter, and he is prepared to disorient the former for the sake of the latter, even at the risk of failure, of tragedy, the possibility (which in time becomes a reality) that he is betraying his daughter. He is aware that there is no guarantee that he will succeed in his bid to interdict the defacing of his daughter's face. If he himself leaves South Africa, he must contend with the possible defacing of her face[91]. In fact, he does not succeed in his bid to interdict the defacing of her daughter's face.

Still, the defacing of the child does not commit her face into a void — if only because the face as such is beyond history, you will recall, an expression of individuality, beyond the face of child in any particular country. At stake for our purpose here, I imply, is not the success of his interdiction of the defacing of his daughter. At stake for us, put differently, is the possible success or the

[91] And this would imply the continuation of his own defacing, failure to restore his father's honour.

possibility of our Thinking a defaced face of the dead, a thinking that obtains through the notion of dance in happiness/innocence/face proper of a child, any child. At stake is Bloke's love for his daughter, bound up with his experience of his mother's love, bound up with his care for the dead man whose face he does not remember. Bloke could Think the face of the dead even if he cannot remember it. He could Think it through the notion of innocence, worth preserving, to the point of risking it all, overcoming dread of the possibility of a tragedy or failure of not preserving this innocence, of failure that, for us, is not failure if there is always a child to be born in the world, so that innocence is indestructible. He could overcome the dread of possible failure, and live for the honour of his father — in a related way that Elesin must overcome the dread of death, and die for the mark of the sovereign, in a related way that the Elesin saga in Soyinka is a metaphysical feat, if the colonial background in the saga is merely a catalectic incident, making possible our apprehension of the "human vehicle which is Elesin and the universe of the Yoruba mind – the world of the living, the dead and the unborn, and the *numinous passage* which links all: transition. (145)". The Elesin saga illuminates the Bloke's tragedy, catalectic moment, too, making it possible for us to apprehend in Thought (or Mind in Black) a power beyond memory (as psychological fact), a capacity to Think the un-rememberable (the face/individuality beyond the human being that must perish in time), the un-rememberable that never dies. It is a capacity to see in innocence (dance in repetition/happiness per se) or the child everywhere a living message, quick and quirky, a transitional link between living adults (the defaced) and the dead.

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Quirkily, the Child-like, everywhere in the world, move the way they must move, in the critique of the fast, lizardian or slow, chameleon messages. Neither late nor early, are they an immediate condition for Thought, what others may inappropriately call imagination when imagination is a fact of Idealisms, largely concerned with creation of images of reality, at the risk of wallowing in illusions. To be sure, our kind of Thought entertains images or ideas. After all, it reads the literary, it engages in parables, to give an account of the truth that is the Sovereign. Privileging the literary outside of idealism, Thought is not an expression of mysticism, either. It takes the child-like seriously, as though they care for Thought more than Thought cares for the child-like. It takes the child-like seriously, the child-like in the power or force of their there-ness, neither self-assertive nor given to self-immolation. Thought is attached to (but not a slave of) the child-like (animal or otherwise) everywhere on Earth. The child-like are the necessary condition of Thought and its capacities, and

remain so even when the child-like could potentially suffer our betrayal, even if we are civilization's sacrificial casualties, unable to dance for them in happiness. In short: the loss of individuality (at the hand of the envious, the murderous/defacing, a witchy civilization) does not make individuality and its possible realisability unthinkable — as if to say Thought itself, for us, is more important than our individuality, as if to say Thought obtains in an instant, always, and precedes individuality, even if individuality overflows Thought itself. Thought precedes individuality when individuality (though innocence) is greater than the (human) being (everywhere in the world) that must perish and await for redemption.

Chapter 8 (Without a Resolution)

I want to press on the question of the lost individual/individuality, the I proper (Chapter two), thinkable through the face of the child everywhere in the world. To say lost individuality is thinkable is not, it should be clear by now, to say individuality is an object of knowledge or it is a figure given to studies/human sciences. It is not to say individuality is readily determinate, in a related way that the animal could, for the animal sacrificer, become an indeterminate value. In the lost individual (or, correctly put, the individual I am lost to) is the figure akin to an animal (Ntsikana's Hulushe, for example), a double honour, an oathable form. All that I, violated by a witchy civilization, can do is to respond to, and oath, the thinkable individual, in a related (but not the same) way that the groom could say "I do" to his bride, the "I do" that is supposed to make them one 'flesh'.

To say 'lost' individuality is thinkable, and merits my commitment, is to say the individual can assume a form that has the capacity for the redemption (and not salvation[92]) of the dead, if only because redemption implies the dead, however desperate, are in a kind of struggle. Helpless and desperate, the dead do their bid, in a *poetic* realm, engaged in reverse walking forward, you will recall. The individual, I imply, is a form to which I can oath, if I (by no means a Messianic figure) am eager to contribute to redemptive processes, the redemption of the dead. The individual is a form to which I can commit if now he/she can take on a human form, now a god-form, not too different from the palm wine drinkard in Tutuola, if he has the capacity to overcome his/her enemies, enemies of Godliness, the ones that seek to deface the 'human'. Put another way, the lost individual merits my commitment if I must move or play on his/her Destiny, appealing to its form, a kind of repetition, aware at the same time that the journey towards my participation in the redemption of the dead is a journey through the cross-road(s), and that it is necessarily a perilous process.

A perilous process, redemption of the dead (for the 'lost' individual), what is more, is no different from the lost individual's seeing in the dead a kind of friends as such— for what is a redemptive process if it is not a time of radical solidarity between the redeemer and the redeemed, solidarity against the enemy of their friendship, a witchy civilization? The individual, now human, now a kind of god, is willing to engage in a kind of self-sacrifice, a form of sacrifice that is more effective than humans engaging in animal sacrifice, even if animal lives in general may be more valuable than their own. Animal sacrifice, cattle sacrifice to be precise, may not be the best tactic, simply be-

[92] Salvation implies rescuing someone without his/her having to engage in any kind of struggle.

cause the animal must remain a form that merits honour, and need not die willy-nilly. In a sense, the lost individual is an individual precisely because he/she, alongside his/her kin, honours the animal that is often an object of contempt in a witchy civilization. Not given to cattle sacrifice, the individual must (nearly akin to Soyinka's Elesin) overcome the fear of death, and engage in a kind of self-sacrifice to bring about new life, a kind of a child, as if to say the redemption of the dead is the condition for bringing about a type of innocence. The lost individual could come across as a type of "magician", we could say, to the extent that his/her works are simply incredible, so much that the human onlookers, the living, could see in him/her their own saviour or messiah, and thus construct a religion or an ideological structure around his/her efforts.

If I can Think of an individuality form, I do so aware that this form could make an appearance or could reverberate through a 'larger than life' figure, a Marcus Garvey, say. I mention Garvey, so that I can disavow any possible belief that there is nothing more to think about Garvey and his efforts. My intention is not so much to know Garvey as it is to think or apprehend his form. We could have a multiplicity of (more) thoughts about Garvey even if there is not much to say about him, even if much or enough has been said about him. There is more to think of and through Garvey, a kind of an Elesin we could say, in keeping with the magical form he assumes in the twentieth century, a form that merits a marvel in Peter Abrahams. Garvey in Abrahams is strange force, a kind of an animal for us, not readily determinate. He seems to chart a unique path for himself, quite distinct from his contemporaries: Du Bois and other Pan Africanists. Men of their time, Garvey's 'peers' could only follow and wallow in this or that ideology, a Marxism, for example (Abrahams, 2000). Garvey, on the other hand, is out of time or partly outside of history. He is a man that does not seem to follow ideologues even when he seems to cut the cloth of an ideologue, a defect from the back to Africa movement, the "colonization of the African" by the black Diaspora.

We ask, in a sense, how is Garvey apprehensible? Or, rather in our language, what kind of a defaced form is Marcus, and how does he help us apprehend the figure of the individual as such? How is Garvey apprehensible when he is an object of honour to many an African nationalist, as though he is a kind of a double honour, the kind we could find in a Rasta musical sensibility (reggae)? To ask how he is apprehensible is a question more instructive than asking how Marcus Garvey is possible. To *Know* how Garvey is possible is seemingly beyond reach, and biographical details by themselves (however useful) cannot come to our rescue. To ask how Garvey (the indeterminate figure) is apprehensible (or what type of an animal form he could assume) is to pass through

the charge of his enemies, that he and his followers are a "crazy" folk (Garvey, 1969:68). It is to pass through their psychologising judgement, that he is a kind of psychotic, if by a psychotic we imply a figure mentally afflicted, given to "memory returning from the forgotten past…with great force", given to the power of "piece of forgotten truth, which had at its return to put up with being distorted and misunderstood, and that the compulsive conviction appertaining to the delusion emanates from this core of truth and spreads to the errors that enshroud it" (Freud, 1930: 136-137). He is a kind of psychotic, akin to a neurotic given to a type of Freudian 'omnipotence of thought', a figure suffering the loss of Reality, a determination of the predominance of the Id. To think of the seeming 'magical' name (Garvey) is not, on his enemies' account, different from thinking of Garvey's loss of objective (social) reality.

To be sure, nearly no one seems to know what objective (social) reality is on the whole. Still, we can say that one and perhaps obvious way of thinking the loss of reality in Garvey is by route of seeing through him a reverberation of a kind of a proto-Prophetic character, if only to interrogate the now dated media tendency of associating him with the Moses figure. An association to which he objects, on the one hand, seeing in it a determination of media sensationalism, of mere prejudice when it finds expression through the white or negro-enemy media. An association to which he objects, possibly out of modesty, or, on the other hand, acknowledging in Moses a distant relative, nonetheless. He could see in Jewish blood a negro blood in part (Garvey, 1986:15), and go as far as calling for a black figure to remind Jews (whenever he meets them, whenever they show a sign of arrogance) that they are his/her former slaves, as though to say Jewish enslavement in Egypt is not an expression of racial subjection as it is an expression of a brother-on-foreigner-brother kind of domination. Short of yielding to the Freudian supposition that Moses is possibly an Egyptian and not Jewish at all, Garvey by extension (if Jewish religion comes through Moses that has a trace of negro 'race') may not object to the possibility that Jewish monotheism/religion in part is a type of 'negro'/African religion. He could yield to the position that Jewish monotheism as a negro/African religion in part is unthinkable outside Egyptian monotheism, that perhaps it is (in Freudian terms)

"an Egyptian religion though not the Egyptian one"[93] (Freud, 1930: 34), whether or not Egyptian monotheism is (as Freud would want us to believe) a determination of Moses's immediate past, the time of Akhenaten's monotheism.

Garvey could see in the Jewish religion (a problem we will come back to later on) a trace of a negro/African religion if religion is a civilizational fact, and civilization itself begins in negro/ Africa's Egypt, a civilization repressed through the white ware animal's kind of ways, a bid to fashion "civilization that is highly developed ; a civilization that is competing with itself for its own destruction; a civilization that cannot last, because it has no spiritual foundation; a civilization that is vicious, crafty, dis- honest, immoral, irreligious and corrupt.…[a civilization in which] only a few or white men are "happy and contented" while the masses of the human race [are] dis- satisfied and discontented" (Garvey, 1969:68). This is a modern civilization, "highly developed", a "world that is scientifically arranged in which everything done by those who control is done through system; [through] proper arrangement, proper organization…[through] organized methods used to control the world…[namely,] "PROPAGANDA" " (15), the systematic propagation of all that is anti-life, we could say, so lethal that if a black man "is not careful he will drink in all the poison of modern civilization and die from the effects of it"[94] (13). And the poison of modern civilization is a type of an enemy of the black figure, the enemy that he/she must read, and carefully understand through his/her educational processes. Yes, education in part enables you carefully "to see your enemy and know him", and thus approach him/her as your brother by "the feeling of your own humanity", if

[93] In a sense, "an Egyptian religion" and "the Egyptian religion" need not, in the last instance, amount to contradictory systems, if the former is always an experiment. An Egyptian religion that would in time give form to Christianity, so that Garvey seems justified to see in Jesus Christ a figure not without Negro blood. Moses is caught up in the struggle between Egyptian tradition and its modern counterpart, the struggle between pantheism and monotheism. `This is a struggle that he could navigate through a new kind of "omnipotence of thought", to use a Freudian term, the time of being an arch-magician (a magician that is not magical at all), if he is able (on the Biblical account) to thwart traditional magic, and call his own the work of Jehovah, the time of being anti-magic, possibly appealing to a distant past, the time of Akhenaten, the father of Egyptian monotheism and its contempt for "myth, magic and sorcery" (Freud, 1930:40) or even ideas of miracles. So that the feat of exodus obtains solely on Moses's authority and his fear of becoming nobody at the death of his master. To save himself and remain a somebody (a significant figure), he would organise and lead foreign people to a new land. Moses could organise foreign people for his self-redemption if there is no Pharaoh to watch over him, to the extent that "Exodus happened during the interregnum" (79). Garvey, of course, could reject the Freudian kind of version, and follow the biblical account, and simply see in Moses a Jewish figure without this obviating the 'reality' that Jewish religion is part of an Egyptian religion, even if it mutates over time after the Jewish folk's departure from Egypt.

only because "education…softens the ills of the world and makes us kind indeed" (17). A condition of the possibility of our wellness, education carefully makes us know our enemies, and know how to treat them, how best to respond to their hatred or envy (including our being kind to them).

To know the enemy is merely to 'identify' him/her, merely to say there he/she is, even if one is in no position to know his/her nature per se. It is impossible to know the nature of the enemy as such if the enemy is a human being, impossible when we can only know the enemy through his/her "historical character" and "behaviour" (Garvey, 1986:11). Possible, though, is the apprehending of the enemy's form. And to apprehend his/her form is not to focus on this or that (particular) human being, for the will to read the human in Garvey is to read a kind of an abstract, so that one resorts to the realm of myth, that the human being in general is but a sinner. By extension, then, one apprehends the form of the enemy if the 'abstract 'human being is untrustworthy. One is aware that the enemy is the modern civilizer if one could read his/her tricks, his/her pretension of or half-hearted friendship with the black figure (the revolutionary type in particular (1986)). For few a white man (in Garvey) could assume a kind of friendship with the black figure, believing he has noble intentions towards his/her well-being. And yet such a belief is not a sufficient condition of friendship per se. "I feel it my duty to make a real appeal to conscience and not to belief. Conscience is solid, convicting and permanently demonstrative; belief is only a matter of opinion, changeable by superior reasoning". Belief is a slippery slope towards self-deception, unless it is in keeping with the 'nature' of reality proper (the sense of which Garvey has supposedly lost according to his enemies), unless it is in keeping with superior reasoning, education proper. I imply education (in Garvey) that obtains "in soul, vision and feeling, as well as in mind" (Garvey, 1969:17), and makes for the cultivation of conscience – as though conscience, much better than mere object-oriented consciousness (the mark of human being), is better prepared to determine the form of the enemy, even when my enemy, in reality, may believe him/herself to be my friend. Through conscience, one must apprehend the intricacies of the form of enemies in order to apprehend a form of a friend or the figure that merits friendship[95], even if identifying the former is impossible outside of apprehending the form of the latter. And conscience for Garvey, we could say, obtains when you "understand your fellowmen, and interpret your relationship to your Creator", as though this interpretation is the condition of appreciating in the creator "God Almighty" the Form that "created each and every one of us for a

[95] Of all the destitute in the world, the Black figure in Garvey merits friendship, preferential treatment if I am his/her fellow Black figure. I must never "leave him stranded and friendless". I must "put an arm of protection around him and keep him from going wrong and feeling absolutely friendless" (Garvey, 1986:11)

place in the world" (17), created us for the expression of my individuality. So that the enemy is he/she that, through civilization as we say, could manage to have me lose my sense of place in the world.

Still, making a distinction between a friend and an enemy (by way of interpreting your relationship to your creator) could make for "good diplomacy" in racial relations, for Garvey. One must know the enemy and treat them as though you want to be their friend, only because friendship wins much. Yes, "the idea is to make friends and to get results, rather than make enemies and lose results" (Garvey, 1986:77), and unnecessarily end up in my premature demise, my death, since my demise, ultimate, is the enemy's object of desire. The certainty of having and thus knowing (identifying) your enemy is bound up with my need to prevent him/her from bringing about my demise, my death[96]. Then, part of the complete education of the black figure is to have sense of the conditions under which his/her demise or death could obtain by the enemy's hand, if only for him/her to stand a good chance (perhaps with the help of a friend) of preventing such a demise. Put another way, a bid to circumvent death by an enemy hand (or a disavowal of modern civilization) is the condition of pursuing education: science, art and literature, a way of vigilantly and perceptively reading the moves of the poison carrier itself, the ware-animal, in a non-related way that the pursuit of education for the oppressor or the ware-animal (in his or her being) is knowledge and mastery over nature[97].

Suffice it to say, the black figure's bid to prevent premature death need not entail the fear or, in our terms, dread of death, simply because dread of death implies an unwillingness to fight for my place in the world[98]. Death as such is not an enemy, to the extent that it is the continuing of life for the individual, the figure that "lives well". It is the time when he/she "transforms himself from that which is mortal, to immortal" (Garvey, 1969:4). You have to face death for what it is, and die "like a man because you are not lost [yourself as an immortal individual]. You are still there" (Garvey,

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96 We could read an echo of this death-enemy relation in Paul Ricœur (1976). In him two things in life must obtain for certain: nearly every human being has an enemy, and every human being grows old. To accept the latter is to bear the fact of mortality. These two certainties are foundational to his account or version of 'human' experience, human motives and aspirations.

97 Nature here partly implies the "infant Life that Thou [God] gavest to all mankind", the life that others "in their sin, in their wickedness" want to destroy and will fail since "We in our simplicity shall find refuge for Thee even in the land of Egypt" (Garvey, 1969:68).

98 One need not resemble the figure in Tosh (1977) that wants to go to heaven without the readiness to die.

1986:46). There is no reason to dread death if it is merely "the end of all life in the individual or the thing" (Garvey, 1969:4) when this individual or thing is a physical entity, betraying "the crumbling of the body into dust from whence it came (Garvey, 1969:4). Matter, the body "changes from living matter in the man to other matter in the soil. It is always the same matter. It doesn't die in the sense of how we understand death. It changes. When man sleeps and passes away in the flesh he goes to earth that lives on, out of which, other men and things are formed. All matter is related, so man is related to the earth and the earth is related to man. We eat ourselves over and over again. When we eat the apple, the banana, the fig, the cherry, the grape; when we drink the water, we are eating and drinking ourselves over and over again" (Garvey, 1986:46). In a sense, we find satisfaction in our eating human beings like ourselves, so that our dread of death betrays the dread of the stoppage of our eating. You dread or fear death "because you are a glutton, because you think that you will not get anymore to eat and drink. You think that you will not get anymore happy times" (47). We eat human beings in the form of corpses, as though to say the dread of death is an expression of gluttony-short-of-crude-cannibalism. It is unjust cannibalism if one does not want to die — for "[j]ust as you have been feeding up on things and other beings who came here before you, so someone else must feed on you to make creation true; otherwise, God would not be fair to everybody and everything. God is fair and just to everybody" (47).

Gluttony-cum-crude-cannibalism, the will to false happiness, betrays, in our language, a kind of survivalist attitude, not so much different from a hyena kind of figure that eats for the sake of eating, the Kenyan hyena that finds pleasure in the eating of corpses, say. Crude cannibalism, the determination of the dread of death, betrays the will to eat the dead, continuously, and celebrate being a kind of a grave that reburies them. Dread of death, crude cannibalism, betrays a witch-like attitude, for us, unwitting envy for the dead when one lacks the courage to die, the will to say *I wish I had the courage to die. But I cannot afford to die now, or in the future*[99]. I cannot afford to die, and for this reason I must continue or unnecessarily prolong my life, and destroy dead bodies[100], those

[99] This figure wants to live forever without dying. He/she is different from the figure that wants to live eternally even after death. The former thinks of the future nearly all the time, hence it is (alongside death itself) an object of dread. The latter does not dread death if he/she is not obsessed with thoughts of the future.

[100] Rumours of some African folk's or witches' eating corpses abound in Anthropological literature. "The Fang and other interior tribes", for example, are contemptuously said to "**eat** any **corpse**, regardless of the cause of death. Families hesitate to **eat** their own dead, but they sell or exchange them for the dead of other families" (Nassau, 1904:11). "Tswana witches are believed to be out at night", are believed to "go naked, exhume and eat corpses, and to have owls and hyenas as sentries" (Brain, 1982:378). Also see (Turner, 1964).

whose status I could assume if I had the courage to do so. The dread of death by crude cannibalism (way of wanting to go on eating corpses/an expression of gluttony) is a determination of hatred and envy for the dead, a determination of the heart (akin to a self-tormented Matenge's heart in Bessie Head) that has gone mad, and built a castle on a sand.

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All this, gluttony or crude cannibalism, continuous eating of (and hatred for) the dead as the pursuit of false happiness (living in a kind of sadness as such) does not surprise, since it is the very foundation of modern civilization. You will recall that modern civilization is the sacrifice of happiness for security. Crude cannibalism, the dread of death in general, is a will to living a secure life that is not secure at all, if modern civilization, to reiterate, is "highly developed", a "world that is scientifically arranged" to prolong human life that it kills through its poison, a world given to "PROPAGANDA", the propagation of the dread of death itself. This is a propagation of envy, hatred for the dead, for us, if such a propagation is against our courage to eating the dead, prudently, the eating that is a measure of our living for them – for we will, in time, courageously die or perish and be eaten, too. The propagation of the dread of death is an objection to our seeing death or the enemy for what or who he is, death as a misfortune and yet a threat that is an object of overcoming, by way of proper education, an opportunity to overcome the enemy[101] itself.

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[101] Crude cannibalism, foundational to a poisonous civilization, makes it harder for the Black figure to fight the enemy, only because he/she does not want to die in battle, unaware that to yield to an enemy's structure of oppression is to die a kind of premature death. Crude cannibalism in a poisonous civilization is a function of poor education, failure to apprehend the form of the enemy, his/her use of the threat of physical death to discipline anyone that objects to his/her doings. Dread of death is the refusal to die like a "man", an individual that knows the enemy. It betrays an illness, an expression of the will to *happiness* at all costs, false happiness that is the will to continue eating more than what is enough. In the dread of death one lives to eat, one lives to eat the dead for the sake of eating them. In a sense, the propagation of envy and hatred for the dead, objection to our love for the dead or casualties of death, is the real threat to the Black figure *en route* to his/her Destiny. The Black figure could, if he/she is not careful (*en route* to dying from this poisonous civilization and becoming a hater of the dead), hate his enemies, too. Hence Garvey is very careful to stay clear of hate for his enemies, only because he cannot afford to live like his enemies, figures that dread their own death, and must thus murder and enslave the Black figures, and through propaganda (the greater weapon) disorganise these figures, just so that they (the enemies) can go on and on and eat their copses.

Now, the Garvey life, in its struggle for the possibility (through education) of overcoming a poisonous civilization, is not without an ideal typical precedent, to the extent that Garvey has, you will recall, an interest in Jewish sociality. Garvey could have us recall the figure of the Jew-Christ (with Negro blood). The far reaching or ideal typical challenger of civilization[102], this figure, the Messiah to be precise, is the real master of everything, of forming of life and disordering of all that is anti-life when he *does not dread death*, the figure that has lived and "conquered death, the grave and hell" (1969:84). A conqueror through the Cross that the plain "Black Race through Simon, the Black Cyrenian, who befriended the Son of God…, and bore it alongside of Him, up to the heights of Calvary" (1986:46). Friend of the messiah[103], the black figure is the arch-witness of the Calvary saga, the one who, above all, can testify of Christ's sufferings, and that his resurrection betrays in Christ the *master* over all, the Prince of peace, "sitting at the right hand of God, the Father" (1969:84). Of all 'human' figures, the black figure ought to 'know' the master's qualification, the master qualified to be the 'ideal-typical'[104] or chief educator on what it entails to have an enemy (civilization), and that the educator must redeem all humans from its poison into glory. The messiah that knows the form of the enemy, to the point of perturbing his followers, asking them to have love for their enemies, an asking to which Garvey yields without a murmur when such a love implies in these enemies objects of overcoming. This love, in short, informs Garvey's struggle for "redemption of Africa", one that could obtain through the shedding of a black figure's blood.

We could say redemption[105] from poisonous civilization through education (the absence of the dread of death and knowledge of the enemy) is a double movement in Garvey. First, Redemption through the Calvary is a general form, bordering on an abstraction (however concrete it may

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[102] We could emphasise that the distinction between classical and modern civilization is not helpful as such, since the two inter-articulate. We could say modern civilization is not a question of periodisation as it is a question of an anti-life rationality, the presence of the idea of a slave in its operations, the privileging of an anti-human instinct.

[103] We bear in mind that Jesus the man in Garvey has Negro blood in him, too, traceable through Jesse, Moses and Abraham. Jesus has different "bloods" in him. Otherwise, he could not be the redeemer of all humans.

[104] I say ideal type if Garvey could hesitantly entertain the possible legend of the Christ: "If Christ as man never existed, but was only an assumption, it would have been a glorious assumption to set man a high spiritual example of how he should live". He hesitantly entertains the possible legend of Christ when he is anxious to convince himself that Christ is not a legend or myth: "There is no cause to doubt that Christ lived. Because you did not see him and feel him yourself as Thomas did, why should you doubt his existence?" (Garvey: 1986:50).

[105] Emancipation and redemption are not one and the same thing in Garvey. The former is a kind of release from bondage. The latter is a type of 'recreation' of a new life for the Black figure (Garvey, 1969:4)).

be), a Redemption of all people. It is general if it entails sufferings and persecution of the arch-educator-redeemer, by way of Calvary, all in the bid to attain the resurrection of his brothers/sisters. Redemption in the abstract implies less a redemption of space than it is redemption of time if Garvey could yield to a Pauline theological sense of the redeemer. Redemption of time implies Christ's immediate followers[106] have a straightforward model to emulate: they must privilege the spiritual form above matter, a privileging partly akin to a Kierkegaardian existential thinking. And Redemption of time, redemption in its abstract-concrete (spirit over matter) manner, could very well be thinkable alongside its 'parallel' or counterpart, redemption in the second sense/movement, redemption in a concrete way: redemption of space, we could say. Redemption of time is thinkable alongside the coming redemption of space (of the 'universe') if the redemption of time already is underway. A redeemed space is a kind of Zion[107] to which the black could hope to return (a point that will become clearer in the final stages of this essay).

The point is this: education, the determination of an enemy-friend relation, is necessarily a key instrument in the redemption of space. And, to the extent that this kind of redemptive process is as old as the history of revolutions itself and perhaps muddier or more administratively intense than the redemption of time, it necessarily needs its own concrete symbolic guides. It cannot and should not rely on near-generalities, Christ through Calvary or God as symbols, since they (full of love for the black man, to be sure) will or do not participate (at least directly) in the redemption of space as such[108]. Perhaps this is why Garvey must create a new culture of redemption, why he must create a contemporary symbolic guide (if the Cross or the Christ are seemingly distant symbols, for the black), the Star through the figure of the Black Star Line and its ships, say, the carriers of "freed" blacks from the new word, as part of the redemptive process. Garvey or any other black figure must

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[106] The follower of Christ redeems the time because "the days are evil" (Ephesians 5:16, NIV). The days (within which "human" activities find expression) are anti-life. Hence, Paul elsewhere makes a related edification: everyone must be careful of how they 'do' what they 'do'. Everyone's 'work' will be tested through the fire, and that it is possible for the 'work' to fail (Corinthians 3:13, NIV), as though to say failing 'work' is 'work' that is unable to redeem the time. And yet, the failure of the work need not imply the condemnation of the soul of the worker if this soul merits absolute love from the Messiah.

[107] We could sense in this Zion a Zion proper, if it should be without hatred, akin to the proverbial Zion that must be sensitive to the needs of the orphan, the widow and the foreigner. Garvey: "I pray God that we shall never use our physical prowess to oppress the human race, but we will use our strength, physically, morally and otherwise to preserve humanity and civilization" (Garvey, 1969:11). Whether or not this prayer will be answered is difficult to tell, since God in Garvey rarely intervenes in humans' earthly activities.

[108] To emphasise, God in Garvey does not directly get involved in human affairs/or squabbles.

look toward the star, partly in keeping with a Star (horoscope) reading figure that could predict his/her client's future fortunes. Of course, Garvey's assigning a star to the redemptive process is seemingly less to predict its outcome than an assertion of the dazzling form of an elevated black figure when this figure begins to have a "truer conception of life". In fact, it is an assertion that the black as-is (in reality) is a dazzling figure: the black man's "place in the world is fixed as a star and as such it is incumbent upon him to maintain the dignity and pride of his own manhood" (1986:158), his individuality to the extent that (you will recall) he does not fear death.

Still, we could wonder why the Line in 'Black Star Line' in particular is significant. We wonder what kind of a line it is: is it a straight-line, the shortest distance between two points? Or is it curvilinear? Whatever the case, the line makes possible the navigation or manipulation of space, in the measure that the line could demarcate a friend from an enemy, redemption (life) from servitude (death from the poison of civilization). At the same time, the line (whatever its form) provides a kind of direction Garvey must traverse if he is to enter into life (redeemed space) itself. The line in Black Star Line in Garvey is the path he must traverse under the star *guide*, his own dignity as a mark of (lost)individuality, a form he can witness or sense immediately (even if from a distance), a form to which he can oath, so that he need not for guidance overly rely on a bigger God ('universal intelligence') that certainly cares for him but has his/her own life or businesses to mind, too, and is not as interested in humans' redemption activities in the world. The line, the demarcator, is subject to the star that the black figure ought to be, aware of who is the enemy or the friend. The star (an expression of individuality) is the form the black figure would *fully* assume in a redeemed Africa[109].

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Careful to privilege redemption of space over redemption of time, Garvey's appeal to the star line is a sheer experiment, and is without an analogue, even if at times he thinks of it in relation to redemption of space in Jewish communitarianism. The Jew in Garvey is an "argument" as such, valid and sound to use in the justification of the black redemptive process. The Jewish figure in

[109] My reading of Garvey and the star line finds an echo in Boris Gardiner (2010):

"Every nigga is a star
Every nigga is a star

Who will deny that you and I

And every nigga is a star?"

America, for Garvey, has double education, his/her own and the state's or general education, making him/her know the Gentile (the other) in ways that the Gentile does not apprehend him/her, if only because the Jew is interested in bettering his/her own race. To emulate the Jew need not imply the Jew is better or more special than everybody else. The Jew need not assume an unjustified (or excessive) self-congratulatory demeanor, if he/she is not altogether self-made, if Jewish progress, historic-mythically, is, you will recall from Garvey earlier on, unthinkable outside of black/African influence. Yes, not more special than everybody else, the Jew in Garvey in some ways is an object of comparison or worth emulating when he/she takes his/her interests seriously, when he/she makes his/her interests singular, to the point of seeing in him/herself (by way of his/her own "propaganda") the God's chosen one. The Jewish figure in his/her own way (more so if he/she is an affiliate of Judaism) could understand the redemption of space vis-à-vis (or over) redemption of time.

It is not surprising, then, that one or more non-Christian Jewish figures could find unsatisfactory the notion of redemption of time when it is the mission of the Christian faith ('the Christian way'), when it is merely an abstraction in relation to the crisis of world history. I have in mind Franz Rosenzweig, a Jewish figure, a figure that converts to Christianity, only to re-convert to Judaism, seemingly realising Christ will not help him much with the project of the redemption of space. Christianity in Rosenzweig (2005) is primarily a religion of faith whereas Judaism is primarily a religion of hope. Christianity has its answers already, by way of their Messiah on the Cross, the Cross that brings everybody (all nations) into a pseudo-abstract (or, to use a contemporary term, virtual) community. One becomes Christian not because one belongs to a people or a nation. One becomes a Christian because one is reachable by the Christian missionary processes, reachable because of the existence of the Roman Empire. Full of faith, they have no reason to be hopeful for the future in a Jewish kind of way since they do not have any land in particular to claim or particular space to redeem. If they are hopeful at all, it is not hope proper. It is hope for a new world, a world for All, which is not really a sharing of space as it is sharing of time, as though to say All is everything and nothing. The destiny of a Christian is tied to the whole world *in general* when the destiny of the Jew, too, is tied to the destiny of the whole world, except that this finds expression through hope proper.

Judaism in redemption (in Rosenweig) looks far into the future, the moment of the redemption of space, of the now disenchanted world, inclusive of the Jewish Holy land that in reality does

not belong to the Jews if it belongs to their God. The land nominally belongs to the Jews in so far as they are 'a' people, distinct from a people of the world, in so far as this land is the 'object' of their longing, as the people connected through blood. Redemption is a generational project, to the extent that the "community of the same blood alone feels even today the guarantee of its eternity running warmly through its veins" (2005:317). Time in this community is not, contra time in the Christian community, an enemy to be restrained. That which is the future for other communities is, for this community alone (Jewish), already present. Redemption obtains in the future when this future is the present, so that the future is "nothing foreign, but something that is its own, something that it carries in its womb, and it can give birth to it every day" (318). The future in the Jewish community is the form of the present and, by extension, of the present in the past. The son is in the grandfather, so that redemption obtains by way of tradition, a fact of blood relation. There is thus no need for anxiety or worry over who will work out the redemption process, contra the Christian who must improvise or plan (through proselytizing) who must take over from him/her when he/she dies, who must continue in the process of the redemption of time.

Looking towards the non-foreign future, the redemption of space, the Jew need not look for the Cross if he/she can look at the distant Star of David (itself an intersection of triangles). This is the "emerging star-shaped form [that] transforms the geometric elements of which it is composed back into configurations", to the extent that the points and lines in the star-shape do not point to "universal relativity" (275). They are configurations, beyond mathematical principles, and pointers to (or echoes of) the realm of absolute associations, the association between God, (hu)man, and the world, for example, giving the Jew (as human) the confidence that the redemption of space or the world through their living in the Holy land is necessary as it is the will of (or, in the last instance, originates from) their God, in the measure that this God "sits "above" in governance, and world and the human are subject to him in an eternal order" (278). The star is the image of truth when truth is God's face, the Countenance, as if to say the star, in the last instance, is the configuration of this very countenance and, by implication, the power of Divine governance.

To be sure, the emergence or the appearance of the star, God's countenance, is an 'object' of revelation when revelation is part of the work of redemption, the realisation of the Divine governance, the future Kingdom that already is underway in the world. There is no redemption of space unless the star is revealed to the Jew, unless God's glory envelopes him/her. Hence, a Jewish figure could say to another Jew: "The Lord turn his face toward you/and give you peace" (Numbers 6:26,

NIV).The bright star in space shines on or glorifies the Jewish figure's work of redemption, the love for the nearest and the neighbour, conditioning the time of peace for the individual and the blood community. Redemption, in the last instance, is the work of God in the eternal order, and the Jew "knows neither the day nor the hour" (259) this redemption would obtain. How can he/she know the day or hour when redemption itself is the time of God redeeming himself, too, the God who does as he pleases without the necessity of consulting the human? The Jewish figure knows neither the day nor the hour, if redemption is more for God than it is for the human. The Jewish figure needs to wait, and in waiting for it he/she must simply concern him/herself with loving "always that which is nearest and the neighbor" (259), primarily the nearest he/she is connected by blood, land and Holy language. He/she must love the nearest and the neighbour, as though he/she is God's agent, in other words — for God redeems the world/his people/the community indirectly, by way of the human agent.

The work of redemption (for the human) obtains in time, in the Holy land and the world, even if in reality it obtains in eternity. It is hard work that requires patience, so that the Jew, guided by revelation (the star as symbolic of absolute associations or relations) and loving his/her neighbour, could work on redemption while awaiting in prayer. And prayer "essentially [is] nothing more than a prayer for illumination and hence illumination is also the utmost that can come to the worshipper through the power of prayer…Illumination seems to come only to the one who is praying, his eyes are illuminated— but what does the world care? The world of course does not have to care about illumination. Illumination does not immediately take effect. That which is simply effective is not this, but love. Love cannot do other than be effective. There is no act of love toward one's neighbor that falls into the void" (286). A redemptive process without love is unthinkable, just as love for the neighbour must end in illumination, eventually, necessitated by the revelation of God's countenance. Prayer for Illumination without love for the neighbour is simply pointless, the evidence of the absence of God's presence, the absence of revelation of God's countenance.

The Revelation-Love-Illumination complex (a precondition for redemption of space) in the Rosenzweig would not surprise Garvey, we could say, for redemption of space in Garvey is also unthinkable outside confraternity (a kind of Love) among Black figures. Garvey hopes and works for a time when Black figures all over the world can serve each other first before they serve anybody else. And this is a time that cannot obtain unless they go through a kind of illumination, unless they look at the "Universe as looking through a crystal" (Garvey, 1986:111). To look at the Uni-

verse the crystal way is necessary, since it is to move beyond yourself, your current, pitiable position, and apprehend all that is "bright and beautiful.… [It is to] Bring down the light and knowledge into your soul and flash it through your mind like the spark from the thunderbolt, and all creation will ignite in one glorious illumination, and you will pass through the mysteries of the Universe with the knowledge and eyes of a God…". The Universe could become relatively transparent, could express its beauty, and help the Black figure through the maze of hate in the world, the move towards the redemption of space. And looking at the Universe as though through a crystal, apprehending its iridescent beauty, is in keeping with our reading of the Black Star Line, for us, since the Garveyian Star, you will recall, is a symbol of a dazzle, the elevated form of the Black figure *en route* to having a "truer conception of life". Garvey could experience a kind of revelation, the time of apprehending his/her "place in the world", a place "fixed as a star" that participates in the iridescent beauty, betraying the "dignity and pride of his own manhood" (158), the cover of his/her individuality.

To think of him/herself an individual, in the form of a figure resembling a Star that participates in iridescent beauty, is nearly similar, suffice it to point out, to seeing his/her face proper, countenance, the kind we explore in the previous Chapter. It is to think of one's face indirectly, through a kind of mediation, in a related way that Bloke/or Thought, for us, could think the face of the dead through the innocence of the child. Otherwise, he/she would only see in him/herself a defaced figure, the realm of the ugly, the terrible. Otherwise he/she need never utter the now seemingly embarrassing phrase, 'black is beautiful', if the black as merely black, outside of the star metaphor, does not participate in any kind of iridescent beauty. Thinking himself/herself through the Star is to see, in the final analysis, the impossibility of death of faces (his and her neighbours') proper, the impossibility of their forms as objects of obliteration, just as Thought in Bloke could see in the face, sheer innocence, a Sovereign. Garvey's capacity to see in the Universe a transparent entity, the realm of the bright, the beautiful, is his capacity to see his position in the Universe, capacity to see himself as God ("universal intelligence") sees him. It is to see in his nearest neighbour the face proper, face beyond the defaced, the mark of glory. It is to see the nearest as God sees him/her — as though caring for the neighbour, and seeing in him/her a figure akin to a Star is one and the same form, as though Garvey and his neighbour make up a constellation, the kind of an earthly Con-figuration among many a configuration, Jewish, say, the one that is unthinkable outside of the star being the countenance of God.

To be precise, the constellation in Garvey obtains when Garvey (contra the Jew in Rosenzweig) need not look at a star, and immediately see in it God's countenance. Garvey is not aware of star-God's countenance relation prior to being aware of the Star-Black relation. To look at or think the star is to see a figure like himself, and only then could he recognize (if he prefers) the possibility that he, alongside his nearest (when they are individuals), resemble the countenance of God. Put another way: there is no need for Garvey to see in the star (in the first place) God's countenance when he can first see *himself* through the Star, the time of seeing the Sovereign, the face, the time of Seeing God's countenance. To think of himself a figure that resembles the star is to look at his/her own countenance, and then see the Sovereign, and this seeing would be the source of his confidence, the confidence he needs if he is to stay the course of his path, on the Black star line that the enemy or the envious witch could cross to interdict his/her move towards the redemption of space. This is a path that could entail the possibility of becoming a type of "hero" and self-immortalize, since this path must necessarily betray a will to invention. For "[a]s man before you discovered many things, gravitation, the fixed positions of the stars, the regular movements of planets, and such heretofore hidden facts, you may in the search, find out new truths upon which your race and civilization might climb to the highest pinnacle. Therefore, always carry an observant eye and an analytic mind. You may suddenly stumble upon some truth for which your world is waiting" (109).

Garvey is a potential hero if is he is the analytic/brilliant mind, the star-like thinker that could stretch the limits of thought itself, stumbling upon a kind of truth, an 'idea' that the world needs desperately, the possibility of the redemption of space (under the guidance of the star line). This a *truth* that is the "answer to the cry of our fathers, who cry out to us for the redemption of our own country, our motherland, Africa" (Garvey, 1967:100). It is the kind of truth that could overcome (it seems) what we have called a witchy/repressive civilization, a kind of truth that could "triumph over the slavishness of the past, intellectually, physically, morally and even religiously" (88), possibly by way of the rebuilding of Africa's fallen walls, of building an Africa grounded in "freedom, human liberty and true democracy" (31), the time when Garvey is the "master of his own destiny, and architect of his own fate". This is a time when "the Nile shall once more flow through the land of science, of art, and of literature, wherein will live black men of the highest learning and the highest accomplishments" (19), the time when Black folk shall enact new proper civilization…

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What, then, can we say of the form-content of Garvey, the enigma, the potential (comic or tragic) hero? What do we make of Garvian Thought, alongside his efforts at the redemption of space, a building of a kind of new civilization (a version of living for the desperate dead) when these efforts seemingly have yet to amount to much? Could they amount to much, if the very idea of civilization (through artistic practice, scientific enquiry or literary fabrications of reality or arbitrary cultural values) is seemingly unthinkable outside of the repression (in some ways) or sublimation of instincts? Can a new civilization escape the dirty loop (defilement) that forms human life? Can we make a radical separation between building a new civilization and living/dying for the dead? To answer these questions is to ask the more pertinent question, perhaps a question without a direct answer: What do we make of the Black Star Line, if it is, as he calls it, a small experiment (232)? It is an experiment, and none, by implication, can say whether the Star-Line or Garvey will certainly or successfully have Black folk build a new civilization or have the Black figure move towards or, as we could say, play on his/her Destiny, move towards living or dying for the desperate dead (forefathers), and overcome the enemies of godliness, during which time he/she can become an architect of his/her path towards the grave (the misfortune of death that he/she need not dread), fate as such.

More: one cannot blame the Star or Garvey if some black figures are unable or unwilling to look at it, for whatever reason, and become participants in the iridescent beauty, and begin to play on/with their Destinies. In fact, looking at the Star is possibly an insufficient condition of appreciating iridescent beauty, and playing on/with Destiny. Perhaps we could look beside the Star. Perhaps we could briefly look at the Star, and look longer at the animal, say, and recall Hulushe in Dhlomo and Ntsikana, a figure caught up in the redemption of space, the manipulation of tradition, if Hulushe in Dhlomo, for Ntsikana, is the sacred beast, and in reality does not die even if you kill it. It is as though Hulushe, “an ugly-looking animal”, is fixed as a star. So that we are least surprised it could become a target of the bright light, becoming, for better or for worse, the base of Ntsikana’s Christian conversion, the redemption of time that could not, nonetheless, obviate Ntsikana’s need for the redemption of space — a need that we witness in his musical sensibility, in Diyani and Ibrahim. Hulushe, perhaps akin to a buffalo, is an ugly looking animal that in reality is a figure that participates in iridescent beauty. It is a figure we could behold (whether or not it is marked by bright light) and experience a kind of illumination — as if its ugly look is nothing but Hulushe’s bid to dissimulate its intentions, the refusal to have the philistines apprehend the workings of the redemption of space. Yes, we could look at the animal, and experience a kind of illumination, in the measure that Hulushe (or any other animal), the bearer of instinct, sexual or aggression (Huleshe kills a

child, you will recall), is a kind of double honour, to whom we could nominally delegate the expression of some of our instincts, if we stay put, and *listen* to its bellows: callings. There is simply no need to repress or sublimate my instincts or create a new civilization, if the animal as such is there for me to behold or hear out, an object beyond an object, a *nominal* object of my oathing.

To oath an animal or appreciating iridescent beauty, is not, I imply, a bid to create a set of aesthetic values. Iridescent beauty is not an aesthetic category. It is, for lack of better phrase, a hierological form, a-civilizational if the "human" (black or any other type) is in a pitiable position, of living in the loop of dirtiness (defilement). I cannot, to emphasise, accompany Garvey all the way, if he cannot stretch further the limits of Thought, in the measure of his seeming/possible aloofness to the animal line. There is no need to erect a civilization as such, if I can behold the Star, a non-aesthetic form, and witness the beautiful proper, and move on the animal line as I should, the time of looking at myself or my face (or other's) *indirectly,* by way of thinking through a childlike innocence, the mark of truth, and forcefully obviate the possibility of becoming my own fetish, the possibility of my being obsessed with my (suffering) humanity or lack thereof when a human being is simply a figure that will necessarily perish. This is the coming time (and that time is almost past), the moment of playing on/with my Destiny, appealing to its form (repetition as such, repetition over a looped existence or civilization). A possible moment of overcoming the enemies of godliness, and contributing to the redemption of the desperate dead, poets proper, the ones that move forward in reverse. And by no means, to be sure, is beholding/hearing out the animal, oathing the double honour or moving on the animal line, alongside looking at the Star, the only way of thinking the possibility of overcoming the enemies of godliness. There is more besides the Star and the animal line, if only because space has its own resources for the purposes of its own redemption. By resources I imply more forms that could stand somewhat still (akin to a Star) for long or for a while, forms that could move here or there (akin to an animal or myself), for whatever reason, forms that obviously move in time, as if to say the redemption of space is the only way to apprehend redemptions of time, of any kind. Redemption of space is a way of apprehending calls to redemptions of time all over the 'world'.

Redemption of space, a determination of the play on/with Destiny, seems a kind of mystery, of course. And yet it is a form of and for Thought. Redemption of space is much that we are trying to say and Think throughout this project/Form, Hierology/Ethics, thinkable through the (comic/tragic) drama of the human (all over the world) that must perish, he/she that has the capacity to self-sac-

rifice or sacrifice his/her fellow (‘human’) or the animal, has the capacity to become a witch (envious) or a ‘magician’ of any type, all in a bid to experience repetition, a form of play on/with Destiny. A form of Thought, redemption of space is seemingly more possible, less mysterious than the redemption of time, the object of a one-dimensional Christianity. It is less mysterious since it is more *possible* (even if not clearly realisable), and does not depend on the Messiah for its possibility, if space has its own resources for the ‘purposes' of its own redemption, and is thinkable in spite of the present time-under-siege.

Post-Thought

> *"Is there any individual, reflecting on his or her finitude, who does not experience the sense of being or, at any rate, of belonging to an endangered species? Death, as a closure of existence in the world, sanctions the absurdity, or – if one prefers – the mystery of life and forces the observer to evaluate existence from the background of a culture and its a prioris. My sense of belonging to a group reflects a degree of my insertion into its culture, and what my death might signify when I am gone would be my ways of witnessing to the arbitrariness of my culture. The plurality of cultural a prioris is an empirical fact. That it has nothing to do with races is today a matter of debate only for those who, in the wake of some nineteenth-century presuppositions, still confuse biology and culture* (Mudimbe, 1997:199)

I wish to die a stylish death. It is a wish that presupposes my need to assume or decide on a form of life, a type of lifestyle, colloquially speaking. And what is a lifestyle (becoming a gangster, a priest, murderer, animal sacrificer, witch or magician, say) if not a mediator, the middle finger between me and my troubles, between me and my aspirations (whatever they may be), *en route* to my death? To decide on a life form or an idiom is to express my mood, my attitude towards death itself, unthinkable outside of one's 'cultural a prioris', the workings or determinations of the mythical, our concern in the first Chapter ('A Quirky Walk') of the current project.

My attitude towards death could, I have tried to illuminate, come by way of thinking its very origins, the time of desperately determining why it is final, or how human finitude, in the first place, is possible, betraying in this finitude the first of human misfortunes, the problem of living through a kind of formless-ness. One determines the origins of one's finitude to get a sense of why death is a deforming defiler of life, articulating a 'human' tendency to look at this defiled life, and ask whether there is such a thing as a 'life worth living'. A pointless tendency perhaps, to the extent that humans seem to have no capacity to know whether a defiled life is worth living. Helpless, they could try to purify and define it, and give it some meaning, to which life itself responds:'No: I am beyond any analyses'. Whether or not a defiled life is worth living is beyond human apprehension, and for this reason humans may as well defer determining its worth, and simply (what is also a difficult task) find out whether death as a defiler (and under what circumstances) is worth an object of fear or dread. I imply death that seems present anywhere on earth, closer to us all, and seems to defile

us without our touching a dead body, say. So that the human being, possibly, is always de-filed, and cannot be otherwise even if he/she tries to be pure. Trying to be pure would amount to a reactionary move.

Always defiled, then, the human being seems justified to dread his/her death in general, in the measure that his/her death makes him/her a defiler of others, in turn. To be human is to be caught in the *loop* of dirtiness, eliciting a bid to disavow the loop itself without wanting to self-purify, since self-purification is an impossibility. At stake is the possibility of disavowing the loop of dirtiness (defiled figure that is a defiler), if I am able to overcome my finitude, the time when I am no longer dreadful of death itself, death that makes me a defiler of the living. To think of the possibility of overcoming finitude is a way of accepting that death is our common fate, an accrued share, the consummation of my loop of dirtiness, and that this loop, however, is possibly not my Destiny. For it is "me", a human being, that is an object of defiling, me the human being and not the *form* that could overcome my very humanness. In a sense, the fate-destiny relation that I explore in the first Chapter articulates the human-beyond human (or a-human) complex. The articulation is a way of saying death (if fate or a biological process) is so defiling, so damning to merit a further interrogation, unless it is a pointer to or it articulates my possible Destiny — so that my relatives seem justified to write me an obituary when I die — in spite of the reality that no one knows the meaning of life, whether there is a life worth living[110]. They could write my obituary, if such writing could give them a clue to the form (and not object or purpose or the meaning) of my life. In a sense, to think the problem of Destiny, bound up with the form of my life, is to acknowledge the significance of who I am before I die, whether or not I am mother or a father if being a mother or father determines the type of a defiler or an ancestor I become when I die. It could matter whether I am a teacher or a thug before I die, since who I am before I die or become a *defiler* could become a reverberation of the form of my life, of how far I have come in my disavowing the loop of dirtiness, my expression of the possibility of overcoming finitude, experiencing Destiny as such.

Destiny, what is more, is bound up with a form of life *en route* to my death when this form itself is unthinkable outside of thinking the dead themselves, since they are the defilers/troublemakers (as ghosts or writers or whatever), and thus still caught up in the loop of dirtiness. A bid to assume my preferred form of life, to disavow the loop of my unbearable dirtiness, and express the possibility of my overcoming finitude is simply incoherent, if I do not, at one and the same time,

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[110] They could write my obituary, if such writing could give them a clue of the form (and not object or purpose or the meaning) of my life.

accept that the dead (one of whom I will become in time) are possibly just as needy, in need of disavowing this loop when they (including those who might have overcome their humaneness) are not in a position to do so simply because they are dead. So that the form of my life, the disavowing of the loop of dirtiness/the expression of overcoming finitude, could very well amount to living for what we call the 'redemption of the dead', if such a living is not, in the first place, caught up in living humanly or dirtily. Yes, the dead merit a kind of redemption if, what is more, they have enemies, the ones that seem to make it impossible for them to disavow and exit the loop of dirtiness.

To demonstrate this point (Destiny bound up with living for dead) we think (as we do throughout these pages) in *parabolic* ways (Hierological tactics), the time of reading the death of an expert wine-tapster in Totuola (1994), you will recall, an accidental death, a fall from a palm tree, leaving behind an employer (the palm wine drinkard) in a seemingly desperate need, the drinkard that eats and does nearly nothing else except to drink his wine for his happiness. So that the drinkard must go looking for the dead wine tapster if his "happiness" (life in this world) depends on sufficient wine drinking — as though he needs the dead more than the dead need him. Not to search for the wine tapster may simply make life unbearable, for the drinkard. Unhappy that there is no wine, it is better for him to be on the road, searching for the tapster (in the hope of regaining the lost happiness) than sitting down, and moaning over the reality of his wretchedness. If the drinkard's search for the tapster is seemingly self-seeking, it becomes clear in time that it is not altogether so, that the dead need him more than he needs them, in the measure that he is not, in reality, a human being per se, and that the tapster in his death is in a kind of trap when he is unable to make it to heaven. A heaven he/she need not enter if it is full of enemies, God's enemies that are his/her enemies, too, by extension.

To be a human being that could assume a form beyond a human (a-human), by implication, is the very condition of my becoming a figure that must (akin to the drinkard) possibly live (walk) for the redemption of the dead, the time of experiencing a possible form of Destiny (distinct from the notion of destination), the time of overcoming their enemies or enemies of all that is godly — Destiny that may become no Destiny at all if I fail (which is always a possibility) to overcome these enemies and redeem the dead. And here, to be sure, Destiny does not in itself obviate my death, my fate, the time I will become desperate, too, in need of the living more than they need me. Then, Destiny, if we could extend Tutuola — and read "Cross Roads" in Bone Thugs and Harmony (1996) — is an object of Play, a kind of an *individual* experiment, a time of standing by the cross-roads, looking for the best way to go about living for the dead when this is a way that could be difficult to determine by oneself. So that the cross-roads is a time of encountering the living others, a-humans,

so that playing with Destiny is an individual experiment as it could appeal to a collective (but not collectivist) effort. It could appeal to a collective form if one, by oneself as a kind of a 'thug', is exposed to more risk of suffering defeat at the hands of the enemies of godliness. The cross-roads is a possible place of encountering others, and collectively affirming love for the dead. A Play with Destiny need not be lonely project. There is no 'loneliness' in this play when one is a thug, a music gangster, since (needless to say) gangster life proper in the first place is an expression of life-together. There is absence of "loneliness" in musical gangster life/thug life proper, for Bone-Thugs, if we think loneliness in a more descriptive (less analytical) way — in a related way that there is no 'loneliness' per se in death or fate since death is an accrued share. There is absence of "loneliness" in/through musical gangster life when gang members rarely leave the gang, when no one without a good reason leaves an average gang, and stays alive.

A musical gang-star proper is always in company. Perhaps this is the reason none of the Bone thugs achieves significant 'success' outside the Gang. Life outside Bone-Thugs n Harmony could be impractical, for each of the member stars. Every Bone Thug is a star if none is a star without the others. Leaving the gang proper altogether could be a kind of music-career suicide. Not surprisingly, then: Bone-Thugs' inter-dependence seems to reverberate the gang's emphasis on harmony in their music, a harmony that articulates their solo verses, for instance. Harmony foregrounds their play with Destiny, their love or walk for the dead, alongside their struggle against enemies, haters in a "hateful world", hateful police that could regulate their paths towards our fate, our accrued share. Impossible to think the Thugs outside of Harmony, I acknowledge, at the same time, you will recall, the limits of harmony in our thinking play with Destiny, the time of my reading the Thugs alongside Soyinka (1976), for whom harmony, too, foregrounds the possibility of what he calls the 'destiny of being' or the possibility of the human being assuming a kind of victory over dangers of life. Soyinka seems to make harmony (through the expression of archetypes) a necessity for an 'African', necessary for an African to survive the abyss of being alive. It is a necessity when it is thinkable alongside the fact of the ego and its relation to the psyche, in the measure that the psyche could disintegrate when the ego suffers through the dangers of life, when the ego is on the verge of turning into a nothing. Harmony is necessary for Soyinka, simply because it is under harmonious conditions when my suffering ego may be retrieved, repaired or rehabilitated.

Harmony (through the expression of archetypes), we are aware of this by now, is possibly not an easy feat to achieve. So that we are tempted to doubt whether it is achievable in reality, thinking at once that it is but an ideal type, a child of ideology proper. We are tempted, what is a

related thing, to doubt whether human beings can, in the first place, experience Destiny, survive the abyss of life (the threat of death), if such an experience is supposed to be a determination of seemingly harmonious archetypal conditions, conditions that, for us, are possibly non-obtainable. We doubt such an experience, disavowing the conceptual use-value in the idea of harmony or non-harmony (through the expression of archetypes), by implication disavowing the very idea of 'destiny of being' itself, suggesting a human being has not a Destiny if he/she has a fate, an accrued share, caught up in the loop of dirtiness. So that any bid to repair the ego that suffers through the abyss of life has a not, *for us*, a bearing on the possibility of escaping the loop of dirtiness itself, has not a bearing on the possibility of overcoming his/her finitude, the possibility of engaging in a play with Destiny as such.

What is more, appealing to harmony as a condition of repairing the suffering ego could amount to a non-transparent move if harmony in Agawu (2014) is a pervasive colonial ruse of cultural domination, so much that the notion of African harmony, at least in popular culture, is simply indeterminate. Harmony, for us, must give in to a form akin to the Polyphony, or to be precise, must give in to what we call the Hierophon, the play of differential or non-parallel sounds, the sounds of the living (their aspirations or their love for the dead) and the desperate dead, say. The Hierophon, in short, conditions the possibility of our apprehending the living-and-the dead articulation, the moment when the living (in their individualities), beyond human/the a-human, disavow the loop of dirtiness, the time of play with Destiny. Hierophony, and not Harmony, is what conditions the possibility of navigating the cross-roads, if we return to Bone Thugs. It is what makes it possible for me, alongside others, the kindred (to circumvent the very notion of 'gangster'), to determine the best way possible for living for the desperate dead, the best way of overcoming their enemies if these dead cannot escape the loop of dirtiness, and enter a kind of heaven (a destination that is not Destiny, if Destiny, for us, is only for the living, the a-human).

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Now: if the idea of the Hierophon has any merit (as I think it does), I could explore further the other human ways of dealing with the problem of looped dirtiness (defilement), the possibility of disavowing this loop, and experiencing/playing with Destiny, of living (and dying) for

the dead, and overcoming enemies of godliness, as we say. I could explore, as I do in the second Chapter, "A Play on Destiny", a seemingly enigmatic (and instructive) way in the history of human civilization, the case of Sacrifice, of self-sacrifice, to be precise. Self-sacrifice marks a conceptually generative moment in the possibility of our disavowal of *looped* dirtiness (misfortune), generative when it is, I claim, tantamount to a reverberation of play with Destiny as such.

To think self-sacrifice (alongside the idea of Destiny) is to examine the very notion of the self, the question of the "I", an age-old problem in the 'history' of thought. Hence it could become Dubois's object of appeal at the beginning of the *Soul of Black Folk*:

> *O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,/All night long crying with a mournful cry/As I lie and listen, and cannot understand*
> *The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea, O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I? All night long the water is crying to me, —*
>
> *Arthur Symons* (Dubois, 2007:9).

Dubois's type of I (through Symons) is a sounding flow: water that refuses a hush, it seems. Not a mark of subjectivity or caught up in the subject-object relation, it is simply the voice of the heart, perhaps crying nearly all the time if one participates in Black-American forms of dying in and to the world. And what is the heart except a sign, an unclear sign of a soul and its quality of movement? In the heart is all that pertains to longing or desire, forming the moment of aspiration, beside the depth of affliction, a trial or a tribulation: the night of life. Aspiration finds expression through the voice of the heart, the I, so that the very notion of the I is thinkable through the soul and its capacity for speech or its possibility — for to cry all night is in part talking to a self that one does not fully apprehend.

How, then, is it possible to sacrifice a self or an I that is seemingly beyond apprehension to oneself? Self-sacrifice is perhaps a non-object (or impossible an object) of interrogation unless the movement of the I itself and its possible rests are thinkable alongside the other I(s). For nearly no one possibly sacrifices oneself unless (common-sensically speaking) he/she does it for a good, for others' sake, say: for beneficiaries (humans or divinities). To acknowledge that self-sacrifice obtains for others' sake is, for us, to affirm that it obtains for the sake of the dead, even if its form is a seeming mystery, and perhaps is (as I have shown in this project)

best understood in or by way of its analogue: Suicide. After all, to think of the self in self-sacrifice and suicide is to imagine a moment or a kind of ego-disintegration. And of course, ego-disintegration in the suicide for me need not be an object of moral evaluation. It need not lead to us to evaluate whether people are justified to commit suicide.

We can, nonetheless, interrogate the form of a particular suicide, taking it for granted that a suicide is a figure weary of life in some ways, weary if his/her life is a kind of a *loop,* and is burdensome, full of insurmountable trials. Trials, I imply, have a capacity to elevate themselves unto or above the size of one's life. And it is when trials elevate themselves above my life that I become a potential suicide. I say 'elevate' to suggest a kind of glamour a trial achieves for itself when it usurps my life, an usurping that need not occur without my resistance, to be sure, so that we ask why an elevation of trials above life occurs to some people and not to others, why the *loopy* 'nature' of the experience of a trial obtains in some people, to the point of weariness that leads to suicide. To witness a 'human being' experience a loopy trial, and commit suicide is to question the very 'social time' within which the experience and the suicide obtain. And questioning such a time entails an appeal to the loop's counterpoint: repetition, a significant category in the history of 'Existential' Thought (the Kierkegaardian version, to be precise). Repetition in Kierkegaard (2009) is simply an expression of the gift of passion (a mark of transcendence), in the midst or in spite of a Job kind of trials and tribulations (the loss of his children). It is the condition of the refusal of suicide when this Jobian refusal is, for me, not different from a kind of self-sacrifice. The Jobian objection to suicide is a type of self-sacrifice if continuing to live in measureless affliction amounts to a form of self-abasement, a form that is as 'good' as (non-physical) death itself. Objection to suicide in Job is killing of the self for us, the expression of repetition in Kierkegaard, the time when the killed self is, in reality or paradoxically, alive, overcoming affliction itself.

Now, self-sacrifice (without physical death) is obviously different from the one that entails actual (physical) death, the one that would amount to suicide it if is not determination of repetition. I have in mind the physical death type of a self-sacrificer in Elesin, in Soyinka's *Death and the King's horseman, the* village chief (idiot) that must, by custom, passionately kill himself a few months after the King's passing, the condition of preserving the vitality of the Kingdom. So that failure to self-sacrifice will simply betray his cowardice, entailing a loss of respect among

his subjects. Elesin's self-sacrificing is a determination of a kind of repetition, it seems to me, a kind of repetition or the gift of passion when it is an expression of a commitment to living beyond the human, almost, the time of overcoming the dread of death in a way that the suicide does not. The suicide, it seems, dies for nobody when the Elesin type of self-sacrifice joyfully obtains for the sake of the dead, the king as the mark of the Sovereign. Self-sacrifice betrays the absence of fear of (or a looking forward to) death when, on the face of it, the suicide's relationship to death is an expression of bullet biting. The suicide, a determination of a loop, dreads death but will kill him/herself anyway, will kill him/herself if he/she cannot not kill him/herself, owing to the loop of his/her life itself.

To be sure, our account of the form of the suicide is tentative. And yet it serves our purpose, our thinking the loop-repetition axes, its bearing on the self-sacrificer. By no means, suffice it say at once, do I suggest in the self-sacrificer him/herself a praiseworthy figure. In fact, he /she could be an object of (non-moralist) correcting when, at times, he/she seems tempted to see in the dying for the dead a kind of living for the living if such a dying obtains in the hope for benefiting the living. Our check against his/her unjustifiable temptations aside, the self-sacrificer (not an object of praise per se) is pointer to the intensity of the struggle for Destiny, the struggle to overcome the dread of death, dread that is often justifiable if one is a philosopher/economist, say, concerned with the living or living a life worth living when at stake, for us, is passion in the midst of affliction, the kind that, to add after Kierkegaard, escapes theodicies or scholasticisms/ rationality.

Instructive for us is a joyful dying over the dread of the death. At stake is passionate dying for the sake of the desperate dead, not out of duty or a type of categorical imperative, not because we will be desperate in the future. No: capacity for joyful dying, our kind of Ethics, is not what we Do, you will recall from our *pre-Thought.* Our kind of Ethics does not appeal to a calculus, what I get when I do this or that. The dread of death, a way of wanting to live for the living or merely accepting death because death is inevitable (the case of bullet biting) is not my form of life if this form is not even living a life worth living. This form of life is not the goal, the object of life, whatever the goal maybe. My form of life is indeterminate by itself, unless we appeal to the sacrificer form, and make it partly determinate when the sacrificer form betrays the seriousness or the urgent need to overcome finitude, a need that articulates my wish, my hope, above all,

to die a stylish death or, what is a similar thing, my wish to overcome the enemies of godliness.

Perhaps self-sacrifice is a less pressing an object of interrogation. Less pressing than the moment of sacrificing another 'human' (if we return to the third Chapter, "Simulations of Repetition), of taking another's life, often in a bid to circumvent one's misfortune, a trial/loop that could (should one not sacrifice another) lead to suicide. Self-sacrifice is a nearly always a voluntary act if, on the other hand, it is rarely a voluntary thing to lose one's life by the hand of another. Few (if any) in late nineteenth/twentieth century Yorubaland would accept or be ready to be a casualty of sacrifice when, for instance (what is more), a sacrificial casualty is often already an object of contempt: the case of a slave within a Yoruba chieftaincy, the slave that could simply become a sacrificial casualty when the kingdom is engaged in rituals of seasonal self-renewal. Fearful for his/her life, many a slave could become proactive, could try to escape before he/she becomes a casualty (Ojo, 2005:394). The question is: why would a slave run for his/her life when sacrificial death (however untimely) may be a way of out of his slave misery? What is he/she preserving?

Slave sacrifice betrays in the slave's soul (not subjectivity) a value more than the value of simply being a living property, a beast of burden. This is the value that the master could extract for himself and for his kingdom if his wish is to have his kingdom escape misfortune, stagnancy/ a loop. This is the sacrifice that could obtain through decapitation, the time when the master transfers ownership of the slave's head to the priest. Slave sacrifice is the moment of renewing the kingdom, and the master's transference of slave head ownership is a transference of his dirt to the priest if owning a slave implies being a casualty of slave's defiling, to the extent that the slave is as good as dead at the point of capture. The kingdom's need for seasonal self-renewal is in keeping with the chief's need to cleanse himself from the dirt of owing the slave in the first place, self-renewal that can only obtain nominally, I contend, since the priest, the agent of the master-chief and his kingdom, is in possession of the head, and thus remains defiled in spite of his capacity to cleanse himself.

The value of the slave's soul is somewhat determinate if, I imply, we apprehended it through the head. Or rather, the head is the window into the value of the soul when the head is the seat of the mind. We could, by extension, see in the head the window for our apprehending the soul-I-heart relation in Dubois, say. The I, you will recall, is the voice of the heart, and the heart is an unclear sign or form of the soul and its quality of movement, as if the heart is in need

of the mind to become a clearer sign/form of the soul. The head, the seat of the mind, makes possible our apprehending the value of the soul when the soul is partly apprehensible through the voice of the heart. The voice of the heart is only audible when it speaks or cries through the mouth by the head, the seat of the mind — so that the head could become the sacrificer's primary object of appeal in his/her bid to extract value from the soul of the slave, a bid to escape his/her actual or possible loop or misfortune.

The primacy of the head in slave sacrifice need not surprise if you consider (as we do in the third Chapter still) value extraction from the human soul in ritual murder (an instance of human sacrifice), say. Ritual murder obtains whenever a promise of this or that (riches, for example) is at stake. We hear of it through rumour, often: so and so (shop owner)'s booming enterprise is nothing other than a determination of the human head beneath his shop facade. After all, the head is the seat of the face, the seat of the mouth, from which could emerge the wail that could call/hail to the shop a passerby. The head is the seat of value, unthinkable, what is more, outside the form of the sacrificial causality — to the extent that it matters whether the casualty is young or old, if only because the younger or more nimble the casualty is, the faster can the sacrificer try to move out of his/her loop, in a related way that the value in the slave's head is, for a chief and his priest, supposed to condition the renewal of a kingdom.

It suffices to say that the sacrifice of another (henceforth human sacrifice) is analogous to (or explicable through) a form of murder, since it often obtains without the casualty's consent. Here we consider gun-murder for profit (profit at all costs), for instance — best exemplified in the 50 Centian poeticism (2003). In 50 Cent's "What up gangster", part of the *Get Rich or die trying* programme, we witness the will to get out of the loop of poverty, the will to get rich or have much of the money by all means possible, money from drug sales, for example. We witness the will to *hunt*-to-kill another 'human' (one's debtor) carelessly (most likely by shooting him on the head) for money (Rich), and in turn defiling oneself, one's gang. The killing itself is careless when the hunting is nonetheless a careful procedure, in the measure that one cannot afford not to recover one's money, and escape the loop of poverty. The hunting has to be a careful procedure if value is at stake. It is careful procedure since no one hunts something unless it is somewhat precious or valuable to him/herself or others, just as nearly no one sacrifices something unless it has a type of value and is an object of care.

The careful hunting procedure, through the careless killing, is all the more instructive if this carefulness articulates or disrupts maternal care, the mother's care/love for her son that is the gang's casualty. It articulates a tempering of maternal care when this tempering need not amount to its destruction. In fact, it could imply its intensification, so that the murderer's escaping the loop of dirtiness becomes an impossibility, even when he escapes the loop of poverty. Escaping the loop of dirtiness becomes impossible if maternal care of the dead (child) never stops for as long as the mother lives, for as long as this care finds expression through memory of the dead child — as though to say maternal memory is what makes the loop (for the murderer) in-escapable, a kind of a curse on the gangster. After all, memory is a manipulation of temporality, brings the past to the present. The dead child, alive to the mother, is a type of an apparition to the murderer, besides the reality that the murderer is defiled (by the child's actual death) already. It is an apparition-child that keeps the murderer in an escapable loop of dirtiness, subject to maternal remote control, maternal consciousness, so to speak. Maternal memory could partly amount to living for the dead child in some ways, a struggle against enemies of care proper, a struggle against murderers (head shooters) for profit.

The point is: value extraction, through human sacrifice (by way of the head), thinkable through murder, is a disorientation of maternal care that could nonetheless make it possible for the head (beneath the cafe facade or by the priest's household) without the body to become an apparition. A bodiless head apparition is all the more troubling perhaps, if possibly it could move about easily, dance in a ghastly manner, making a face, troubling the human sacrificer, exposing its real value — betraying in the soul of the casualty Life beyond finitude, for nearly every dead person is an object of maternal birth, born of mother a *capable (technically speaking)* of enduring the affliction of loss, perhaps distantly related to a Job kind of endurance. Maternal memory of the dead is a maternal *gesture* of living for the dead and keeping them alive, in an apparition realm or a realm beyond the human. In a sense, maternal memory does not obtain for the sake of the human mother's interests when it obtains for the sake of the dead child as such — for the dead and not the living merit redemption that could take a more dramatic turn when these deads become apparitions, and in a ghastly manner irritate the enemies of godliness, the sacrificers, supposing the deaths of these dead obtain through human sacrifice. Maternal memory, I contend, is beyond the human or, what is the same thing, escapes the power of being human, the human

being that must simply perish in time, and become a dead (non-human) figure, waiting for the possibility of redemption[111].

We could see in human sacrifice, then, an index of human desperation, the desperate bid to circumvent the loop of misfortune. Human sacrifice is an impression of the seriousness of misfortune (a condition/object of circumventing by all means possible, for some humans) — to the extent that humans may believe in human sacrifice a highest form of sacrifice. They could (in some civilizations) believe that the human is the most precious being or the highest value in the 'universe'. Human sacrifice could, for them, cut a higher form than animal sacrifice, and in some cases figure as the most ethically repugnant when the potential sacrificial casualty is (Chapter four, "Echoes of Repetition") the sacrificer's kin. Repugnant but justifiable to a rare individual in Hebraic religion-civility, an Abraham (on Kierkegaard (1985)'s famous account), for whom the decision to sacrifice his son is a determination or an expression of a teleological suspension of the (normatively) ethical (the mark 'universal' morality). This is a necessary suspension if God is the figure (above the universal) that demands the sacrifice (an opportunity for Abrahams to express his passion). A teleological suspension of the ethical is a determination of what we may call devotional sacrifice if this sacrifice entails the sacrifice of a loved one as a condition of the sacrificer becoming a knight of faith and a beneficiary of divine blessing. A kind of sacrifice that could move the Divine to absolute compassion, the time of providing (as the Divine does) a sacrificial substitute, the figure of a ram whose blood Abrahams could shed on Mount Moria, the Holy ground — as though to affirm, on the face of it, the popular moral repugnancy of human sacrifice and the permissibility of its animal counterpart. Human sacrifice and its animal counterpart (beyond the Hebraic form), in reality, are of the same form or gravity when animal sacrifice, too, betrays the seriousness of human misfortune and the human desperation to circumvent it.

I do not, then, subject animal sacrifice to moral evaluation if I do not engage in moral

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[111] To disrupt maternal memory without destroying it is to betray in oneself a weakness, pitiable weakness that garbs itself in counterfeit 'power' of the human being. It is to betray the counterfeit power of the human sacrificer as it is to betray the counterfeit power of humanity itself, the express type of Gangsterisms beyond the 50 Centian kind, at times finding expression in the name of family, friendship, economic/scientific/academic blocs, nation, politics, religion etc. This is gangsterism that could, many a time, self-express in the name of self-defence when in reality its goal, in the last instance, is to repress (a kind of murdering) the child in their camps. Gangsterism, the key mark of the human experience, is the enemy of care proper, weak if it is caught in a loop of dirtiness, producing in the human being a figure incapable of experiencing the possibility of repetition, a form of Destiny.

evaluations of human sacrifice. I acknowledge, nonetheless, that the manner or style of the animal sacrifice that humans privilege articulates the hierological status of the sacrificial casualty. It could matter whether one kills the animal through suffocation or blood-spilling if suffocation could be an index of the divinity of the animal. Blood spilling could imply the need to eat the sacrificial casualty — as though to say one type of animal blood is more valuable than another's. I acknowledge, by extension, that sacrifices of different kinds of animals point to the form of the seriousness of the sacrificers' misfortune. It matters whether one sacrifices a ram, or goat or cow, in related way that it matters in human sacrifice whether one sacrifices the young or the elderly. A black sheep, say, is closer to human form as it is closer to the divine (more than) than a goat. Black sheep could cut the most suitable mediator between the living and the divine while cattle is not the best mediator if it is simply distant from the human form, and is closer to the divine than the sheep. In this sense, cattle are kind of standard, to the point of naming oneself after their names, the name that one could use in this or that ritual exercise (Evans-Pritchard, 1953).

Cattle could become objects of care more than black sheep, so that cattle sacrifice rarely obtains in many a part of Black Africa. Yes, the black African could have love for cattle more than his/her dog, a love in which Herskovits (1926) (in a disparaging manner) sees an expression of African cattle complex. And this is why some polities — as in the case 'Nuerland' — disapprove of cattle slaughtering for meat-eating, despite these polities' liking for meat eating (Evans-Pritchard, 1956:26). The amount of cattle one has could be an index of one's status in the polity, perhaps an index of divine blessing. To part with one's cattle is to part with a good standing in the polity. It is a possible descent into an abyss of disrespect or dishonour, a descent from a life of wholeness (comfort in the company of cattle) into a life of loneliness. So that the very of idea of cattle sacrifice is not radically different from sacrificing one's honour, perhaps is closer to self-sacrifice than it is to any other type of sacrifice. Perhaps it is closer to self-sacrifice when self-sacrifice obtains for the redemption of the dead, in which case cattle sacrifice would not be too distant from the expression of the possibility of one's dying for the redemption of the dead, too, since killing of cattle, a mark of divinity, could imply bringing the divine closer to dead, could imply bringing the dead closer to the divine or their destination.

If cattle sacrifice is closer to self-sacrifice, by no means would it imply my circumventing the loop of dirtiness. It merely indexes the extent to which cattle themselves are not caught up in

a loop, and have full capacity to experience repetition. Cattle sacrifice would illuminate the difficulty of my circumventing a loop of dirtiness, the *near* impossibility of experiencing repetition, unless I engage in self-sacrifice proper if in this sacrifice I stand a better chance of having this experience. The near impossibility of experiencing repetition through animal sacrifice could become a slippery slope towards despair, absolute desperation — the kind that could condition the emergence of vicious envy. One could become absolutely envious of Others when they try to self-sacrifice, when they are 'willing' to die joyful deaths and *possibly* experience repetition (as a form of Destiny). One becomes envious of others, and quietly say to them: *No, you cannot have an experience of what I do not have. I can't live in a loop while you look joyful*. A determination of a loop, vicious envy is, in fact, an expression of dread of one's death.

The viciously envious, the absolutely desperate must, to be precise, die a pointless death, necessarily — as though suffering punishment from the dead themselves, the dead that could become objects of his/her hate if he/she is not concerned with their redemption, if already he/she is on slippery slope to hating Others that try to overcome finitude, and redeem the dead. The envious figure is on a slippery slope toward being a witch (an object of my concern in the fifth Chapter, "A Witchy Way"), in short, the figure of the night that must quietly say to the objects of his/her vicious envy: *I will destroy you or what you have if I can't have it myself.* Envy through hatred conditions the emergence of a figure that could engage in sheer destruction of human lives or their gifts/talents, destruction without value *extraction*, contra the human/animal sacrificer who sacrifices to get a kind of value from their casualties. Not interested in value extraction, the witch could get satisfaction from her destructive operations, to be sure, could derive some pleasure from seeing the suffering of her casualties. Such pleasure does not amount to extracted value per se, I imply, since it is not en effort at circumventing the loop of dirtiness. We could see in her pleasure a mere psychological value if value proper in his/her casualties is not *immediately* an object of extraction[112].

If he/she cannot extract value from his/her casualty — akin to an animal sacrificer's value extraction from the animal — he/she could pursue a psychological value (pleasure) by all means possible, akin to a bankrupt junkie, he/she that must do anything to get his/her fix. The witch

[112] It could become an object of extracted value the moment she steals and eats the corpses of his/her casualties, the moment she uses the corpses for malicious/medicinal purposes.

could go as far as using an animal to guarantee him/herself the experience pleasures of destruction, pleasure from seeing the suffering of his/her casualties — for we are aware that a witch is often not in a position to practice his/her craft without appealing to a ware-animal/animal familiar, a nimble animal that could carry him/her around or run his/her errands with ease. The psychological fix or pleasure derived from the suffering of one's casualty is not, as we say, a way of exiting the loop of dirtiness as it is way of making the loop bearable. Animal riding, for the witch, must necessarily become an addiction, the pursuit of more suffering in the world. The witch rides the animal, intoxicated, entertained by its nimble moves, pleasured by the impending suffering of his/her casualties, so that we are justified to see in witchcraft through animal familiars a kind of an opium, the most potent opium, psychologically helpful when one is dreadful of the future and death itself.

I can think the potency of this opium if I imagine the witch-kind of laughter — looped, loud, lapping through the streets or the corridors of the potential casualties' house, say, an unbearable laughter for anyone that is fond of repetition, the form of Destiny. In a sense, I am not different from a witch if I do not know how to laugh properly, if I do not contend with the tragedy/loop of the human experience. One is no different from a witch if one thinks life is merely a *crude* comedy. I am not different from a witch if I do not know how to weep and laugh properly at one and the same time. And to weep is not merely to cry or to wail, obviously — for weeping is a mark of a kind of passion, compassion for figures trapped in a hole, and in need of redemption, the dead as we say. To weep is to take affliction of others (the dead) seriously, so that the laughter that this affliction could induce in me is not laughter at the suffering of others but at myself, my pitiable state, my cowardice when I am hesitant to live or die for the dead. This is a laughter (a kind of shame) that I cannot stand if it moves me at once, moves me into struggle against witchcraft, a struggle to overcome folk that have not the capacity to weep or laugh properly.

Where do I start in this struggle? Do I engage in a form of witch-hunting? I have yet to see or meet a witch-proper, in the first place, so that witch-hunting, if we return to Bessie Head's *When Rain Clouds Gather,* is possibly a dangerous expedition. To think of the deleterious 'nature' of a witch is to think of the dangers of witch-hunting, the kind that could obtain in the 1990s, in a South African village, the time of necklacing the elderly man or woman, the time of smelling the

burnt flesh whose sufferings could move Umanji, the folk singer, to a kind of weeping, the penning of the song, *Moloi*:

Ge ba bona mokekolo

a bifile e bile a le yo mo sehla ba a mmolaya wee,

ba re ke moloi-loi…

ba re o a loya-loya…

le eupsa le sa tsebe mo baloi ba tletseng teng naa? ke re ba rutegile thata,

Ba ko dikholetsheng le di univesithing

…

ke ba ba pila thata

ba tlola ka di super-role…

(Translation)

Seeing an old woman, ugly and all, they kill her

and say she is a witch of all witches…

and say she is a witch to the end…

do you know where the witches are?

they are at the college and are the university educated type, I say

…

they are the beautiful type

the skin-lightening cream users

A 1999 release, 'Moloi' set South African tongues wagging — for its lyrical content, obviously, to the extent that the witch is not readily determinate or (in Umanji) never really looks like a witch, if he/she is all pretty, engaged in book-learning/Studies (of all types), at a college or university. The witch is readily a dissimulator, if, for the musically perceptive, *Moloi* the song itself is somewhat

confounding when it is genre-defying, a re-configuration of a folk sound in a dislocated 'nation/country', what amounts to a seeming critique of folk musical habits. To be given to book-learning or studies is to be an object of suspicion, on Umanji's suggestion, a figure of the night, possibly, engaged (for us) in dissimulation, concealment of hate or envy for the a-academics, of hate for the daring old-fresh voices, the *hearty*-Thinkers.

A dissimulator, with the help of an animal familiar (ware-animal), the witch is not readily determinate if he/she is not, for his/her casualty (actual or potential), an object of finger pointing. The casualty, the object of envy or hate, the old-fresh voice, need not become a *labeller*, will not name and a shame this or that particular figure. He/she is too old but fresh (thinking about his/her fate and Destiny) to engage in witch-hunting. The 'object' of hate or envy is simply aware of existence of the witch and its animal familiar (a kind of book-learning), in general, and moves round vigilantly. The witch-hunter and the witch are — and this is our point — one and the same type. The witch-hunter is a Hater, a mark of derangement. A measure of insanity, he/she is not, we could say, different from a witch proper when this witch engages in a looped, maddening laughter, when he/she finds satisfaction in the suffering of Others, when he/she affirms in him/herself a figure dreadful of death. The witch hunter is a type of a witch, and not, in orientation, too distinct or different from a college or university figure if the hunter, too, is a concealer of his/her hate or envy (for the university figure) through some kind of authority. The witch hunter (the hater of the university/activist, say) could appeal to a kind of an impression of power, mob/crowd impression of power to advance his/her objects — as though this impression is his/her animal familiar. After all, mob-impression is a source of intoxication, for anyone that is its casualty, for anyone that participates in it. A lethal if a difficult impression to quell unless I am a mark of the Sovereign, a king or chief, a figure that could, in turn (in Bessie Head), turn a monster, engage in a kind of witch-hunting when one or two of his/her "subjects" justifiably challenges his/her oppressive chiefdom. One or two of his subjects that could seamlessly, qualitatively, increase to three or more (without being a crowd), akin to rain clouds, and bring about the demise of the witch hunter, a type of witch (in reality) riding on an animal familiar, caught up in the loop of dirtiness.

To speak of a witch or a witch-hunter, the enemy, is to point to the seriousness of our struggle, the possibility of our experiencing repetition, a form of Destiny. It is to overstate, out of necessity, the existence of the enemy of care or the enemy of our living or dying for the redemption of the dead. An enemy to defeat even if I do not care to know him/her individually. Enemies of care are

possibly aware of me, an individual, but refuse to acknowledge my individuality, subsuming me under a group-identity (academic, say). The witches or the witch hunters are enemies worth my overcoming, even though I am aware that my caring not to know their names could jeopardise my struggle to overcome their deleterious ends. Yes, how do I overcome what I cannot determine in its particularity, unless I am a-human perhaps? Suffice it to say at once: my chance to overcome enemies of care in part is unthinkable outside of my appeal to an animal, my distant double, just as a witch needs a ware-animal to accomplish his/her ends. I could (as I do in Chapter six, "The Double Honour") appeal to what we call the double-honour, what Freud calls a totem, the primal father when the double honour is an 'object' beyond an object, an object of my oath, a point-form of reference when, in my humanness, I am not in position to determine the particularity of my enemies, and decide the most prudent way of overcoming them, the witches, whoever they may be. The double honour is a kind of a judge, a messenger of the sovereign if the sovereign is competent to deal with crimes and punishments, the figure that could determine who the witch is, possibly an object of care even if he/she is an object of destruction or banishment from the polity. The double honour knows who the enemy is if this enemy is less my enemy than it is the enemy of the double honour. So that my bid to overcome the witch or my enemy is less my struggle than it is, in the first place, the double honour's struggle, a way of its overcoming its enemies through me, my oath, as though I am its messenger (mode), reminding it that it is also the mode of the sovereign. The double honour's enemy, the witch, is the enemy of the sovereign, in the last instance.

And one way of thinking the oath-double honour relation, a condition of possibility of overcoming my enemy (in the first place the double honours' or the sovereign's enemy, in the last instance), is when the enemy of the double honour brings drought in the land. This is the time when the double honour could respond to my oath, and exercise power to bring about a thunder-less rain, a Blessing proper. A thunder-less rain is what we need if thunder-ful rain is an opportunity for the witch to strike me with a lighting. Oathing the double honour is delicate process, and the double honour can only respond to my oath, my supplication, when the oathing is akin to a magical procedure. In rain making we could read, I imply, a kind of magical procedure, if magic[113] is a manipulation of images for the purposes of 'nature manipulation'. The rain maker could use the image or the symbol of water in pot, among other symbols, to call upon rain, since rain resembles or it is referent of water — just as a magician could destroy his enemy through the destruction of his/her image

[113] And we need not get caught up in a conceptual squabbles, on whether or not 'magician' is the correct term to denote the rain-maker. The term 'magic' serves me nominally, when it implies a play with 'images.

(Letsoalo, 2009; Frazer, 2009). To oath the double honour, a way of affirming some likeness between me and my double honour is to determine what I have about me, my heart perhaps, that resembles the Blessing I desperately need, my overcoming the enemy itself. To oath is to engage in a kind of wagering, short of saying it is an act of faith. It is to say 'I have this or that (my talent/gift, my heart, say) about me, and for this reason I could have this or that form (wealth proper that comes with my gift) I no longer have, since the enemy took it away from me. This is a form that my double honour has or is, one I could experience if I oath the double honour as I should.

To oath the double honour is a kind of simulation of the life of the double honour as such. It is to live as if I am what it is or have what it has — in spite of the possibility of never having what it has. It is to live as if I have the form of the double honour without having its content, so that my oathing the double honour and overcoming my enemies, witches, escapes the law of non-contradiction, a trap. It is to move beside the trap, since oathing the double honour, for a village folk anyway, is not different from dancing the double honour itself. I suggest we see in dance, the realm of non-contradiction, a mark of a magical procedure when rain-making ritual, after all, is unthinkable outside a moment of folk-dance, prior to the beginning of the ritual itself (Letsoalo, 2019). A wager, the double honour oathing is a not radically different from an 'artistic' experiment, one that is in no position to harm me even if it may not give me all that I hope to experience from it. I am just never sure what my dance will look like, how it could please or satisfy the double honour. In short: assuming the form of a magician is not without its limitations.

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The possible limitations of the magician form or, same thing, the difficulties of assuming a double honour oather form, in a bid to overcoming the witch/the enemy, are all the more serious when witchcraft is a political category, when witchcraft (in its political orientation) betrays the 'human' situation/loop in a modernizing society, civilization per se. I am justified to see in modern civilization a type of witchcraft that primarily rides and thrives on the back of the white dominator, its prime ware-animal. Modern civilization and the witchcraft we have examined so far are of the same type, if this civilization is an expression of envy, the false belief (On Freud's account) that the "primitive" life, 'sociality' in a state of nature, is a happy form that the would-be dominator desires but cannot have for him/herself, so that the primitive figure is an object of his/her destruction. To be precise, modern civilization is an expression of repression of the "primitive" figure's sexual/aggression instinct, the figure in Freud that is already a casualty of his/her own slow civilization and its

repressive apparatus. The “primitive” in modern civilization is seemingly doubly or violently repressed, in short. And the double repression of the “primitive” does not surprise if modern witchy civilization also betrays the repression of its ware-animal instincts (the white dominator), the sacrifice of its “happiness for security”, to appeal (as we do in Chapter seven, “Passing Note on Thought”) to a Freudian formulation. Modern civilization’s ware-animal is unhappy if the primitive is doubly or differentially unhappy.

Modern civilization is the making of a secured order, the overcoming of the state of nature when this overcoming is a determination of an articulation of differential (incommensurate) unhappinesses. Unhappy, its ware-animal is secured and could dominate the “primitive” as he/she pleases, could conflate security and happiness, could see in his security a type of happiness, a way of repressing his/her ‘memory' of a happy state of nature. Modern civilization’s ware-animal is future looking when the witch proper is immediately dreadful of the future[114], his/her death. Modern civilization’s ware-animal is future looking in its pursuit of security, a new type of (false) happiness. It is future looking, and unstoppable in its tracks when it sacrifices or destroys its casualties for material/economic and psychic gain, pseudo-simulating, akin to the human sacrificer, the experience of repetition, a simulation it could term the experience of ‘manifest Destiny’. It pursues security, new type of (false) happiness, Destiny without its form, without repetition — an empty Destiny, nothing but a loop, so to speak. The pursuit of false happiness is a pseudo-simulation of repetition, the substitution of (economic) rationality/philosophy for Thought, if rationality or love for wisdom is deceptive, in the measure that happiness proper is not concerned with the object of life or the future as it is concerned with the form/style of life itself.

All this, the security or the loop of the ware-animal, leaves the “primitive” in a dire situation, to the point of seeing in this security more than a false happiness. He/she could see in this security, false happiness an object of a worthwhile pursuit, a measure of godliness, so that the secured, rational (modern civilization’s) ware-animal becomes a kind of a new totem if he/she (the “primitive” figure) no longer oaths his/her double honour proper — as though he/she, a casualty of

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[114] Modern civilization and witchcraft proper are of the same type, even if they seem to betray or have different conceptions of the future. In fact, the extent to which modern civilization is future orientated could betray in this future an object of its dread.

witchy civilization, is a sick figure beyond healing[115].The "primitive" is in state of sadness (pure sorrow), in short, a state that is not, on the face of it, the white ware-animal's object of experience if security for him is achievable. Yes, security is the absence of sadness-sorrow even if it is an expression of a false happiness. Security is the absence of sadness-sorrow even if happiness proper is not always an absence of a sad-feeling. The primitive's pursuit of security, false happiness or rationality, is a bid to exit the state of sadness-sorrow. This is a type of exit that paradoxically obviates the possibility of Thought when the casualty of witchy civilization is given to extreme rational calculations of the future, too. Sadness-sorrow gives way to extreme forms of prospecting attitudes when there are no prospects in the first place, a slippery slope to self-roping, to suicide at times or other kinds of 'self-destructions'. It is a slippery slope to the primitive's development of counter/passive envy, the hatred of his/her new totems when he/she does not achieve security — as if to say the envious casualty of witchy civilization is nearly not much different from a witch per se. It is a slippery slope to the production of the casualty's hatred of those (other casualties) who are "willing" to overcome the witchy civilization/finitude, and engage in the redemption of the dead.

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[115] Of course, casualties of a witchy civilization respond differentially to their suffering. Some give in to its poison, to the chagrin of the seeming anti-witchy civilization 'agitators' if the latter, their co-casualties, could in the 1990s (South African high interregnum) sing a protest song:

Majelathoko ke lena!

Le loilwe ke mang?

Le loilwe ke mang? Le loilwe ke maburu!

(Translation)

You selfish ones (Askaris)!

Who bewitched you?

Who bewitched you?

It's the Boers who bewitched you!

The selfish one is overtly a liability, a sick figure beyond repair, for the agitator, perhaps worse than the white where animal if the agitator could see in him a figure that merits a necklacing, a burning to death.

To be a causality of modern civilization (witchcraft) is to contend, we could emphasise, with the problem of sadness-sorrow when this problem is a threat to Thought, and to the possibility of my experience of repetition. Put another way: How I deal with sadness-sorrow is a serious question, if it has bearing on the possibility of my playing with Destiny. We could ask at once: How is the experience of repetition (a form of Destiny) in the midst of sadness-sorrow possible? Can I experience repetition in the midst of this sadness, to the extent that one already has a capacity for a sad feeling? Is it possible without exiting sadness, without pursuit of a lost happiness or false happiness or security? I could answer affirmatively (later on), aware that to experience sadness-sorrow is to experience a kind an intense or extreme form of loop, in a related way that a loop, you will recall, is the potential suicide's object of experience — so that sadness-sorrow in the witchy civilization's casualty is the development of the longest face possible. And the development of the longest face possible is less a symptom than it is the worst kind an illness itself when I am casualty of witchy civilization. One does not develop the longest face possible because one is experiencing sadness. On the contrary: the witch, through the unhappy ware-animal, disfigures the faces when he/she tampers with the casualty's sexual or aggression instinct, the condition of the emergence of sadness. A smile on the longest face possible can only make the face look more disfigured. Regardless of what I say or do, my face in a loop is simply unmistakable, un-hidable, so that it is always an object of witchy (looped) laughter.

Now, to ponder on the longest face possible (sadness-sorrow) is not different from talking about a defaced face, "loss" of individuality in Bloke Modisane's *Blame me on History*, our object of interrogation in Chapter seven. A face in a loop and defaced face are one and the same thing, just as unhappiness (extreme negative) and the pursuit of security (extreme positive) are two impressions of the same figure, the ware-animal. Contempt for the face, the mark of individuality, I imply, is the basis of civilization itself when civilization, in the final analysis, is the im-position of structures of sociality, systematised living, in a bid to making it impossible for me to experience any kind of repetition. To commit my face or Bloke's to a loop is to want to tire or to want to commit it to a state of indefinite anxiety, life on an endless run, afraid of (running away from) myself. And yet, somewhat paradoxically, awareness that my face is disfigured, and I am on the run from myself, could condition (or does not obviate) my *Thinking* my face before the time of its defacing, the face of which I have no memory, nonetheless. It is a face I can never remember even if I could see it

in a photograph, in the measure that the face is presence and is never an 'image', is never representable. The face does not live in the past[116].

To Think my face, as a 'presence', is an impossible task if I am defaced already — unless I appeal to the immediacy of mediation. Perhaps I can Think my face-before-its-defacing when I, on the run from myself akin to Bloke, encounter a child (born into a sadness-sorrow, too), and behold her/his face. I could see the child's face, and see in it the reverberation of innocence, just as Bloke sees in his daughter an innocence worth preserving, the time he could take her out of South Africa's witchy civilization. The child is a mark of innocence, and merits paternal care, just as we can recall the expression of maternal care for he/she that becomes casualty of murder. To meet a child or perhaps a wild (free/non-ware) animal, and see their faces would *immediately* condition my Thinking my face, my innocence. I could Think my face, my innocence even when a defaced face is guilty and a condemned face, to the extent that contempt for the face, the labour of witchy civilization, is an erection of the Law, predictability, or security as we say, so that we are always *guilty* for wanting to express our instincts anyhow, in turn becoming prisoners of a loop, of an objected oriented consciousness, the calculation of the Future and its prospects or lack thereof. The face of the child or a wild animal/or any animal that could become a double honour is the very condition of my Thinking my innocence, my face even when I am declared guilty, even when it is no longer possible to live in happiness. And my innocence is more significant than my lost happiness (un-regainable). To Think innocence through the child (that could agonise its murderers) or an animal is to sense in it a kind of Sovereign form, an expression of power if it could immediately condition my Thinking my face (even if defaced in modern civilization), my individuality, as if to say innocence, the expression of unsystematised living, is an echo of the possibility of the experience of repetition, the form of Destiny.

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By extension: my thinking my face to engage in a kind of struggle against defacers, repressors of instinct, the witchy civilizers, is without engaging (you will recall) in witch-hunting or witch burning if the witch is without a name. There is not even a need to engage in civilizer ware-animal burning if I do not know where I will begin: they are so many, seemingly exercising power that I

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116 The face is a big deal, a form that criminals on the run could try to hide, a form that merits a make-up, veiling in some religious circles. It is the last form that many mourners could see before the burial of his/her loved one — as though in desperation to create a lasting memory of the deceased, memory beyond memory if the face is non-recallable.

cannot exercise. To want to burn them would amount to an overestimation of my power exercises, in a non-related way that leftist agitators could overestimate their strength in their struggle against global capitalism. In any case, to want to destroy the ware-animal would entail my wanting (unjustifiably so) to destroy its casualties, too, the type that have made it a kind of double honour. The difficulty of destroying the ware-animal is a reality that many a revolutionary, in his/her own way, could sense, at times to the point of disavowing violence when such violence could have an unintended consequence of destroying what should not be destroyed. This is violence that, at the same time, could be an effective tactic against defacers when such violence is not violence at all in reality, since to violate is to desecrate, to temper with the sacrosanct. There is nothing sacred about the defacer, so that destroying or killing him/her is justifiable in principle, just as the palm wine drinkard could destroy the enemies of Godliness. It is justifiable in principle, even if not justifiable in practice simply because I am likely to violate its mad casualties, too (those who do not merit destruction), those who hate the daring folk that are willing to die for the dead.

Not to kill the defacers need not imply the impossibility of overcoming them, nonetheless, if by overcoming we do not imply their disappearance from the 'universe'. In fact, not to kill the defacers when I am "powerless" to do so could paradoxically give my innocence, through my Thinking the face of the child, a chance to do my bidding, bringing myself a kind of redress (not reparation), in a related way that the child, casualty of murder for profit, could agonise his/her murderers. This is redress that is akin to one that a Marcus Garvey kind of revolutionary figure in the eighth Chapter, "Without Resolution", could have in mind. Garvey, you will recall, does not want to kill his enemies if he can Think his innocence, and continue to think it even when his enemies arrest him for doing no wrong, finding him guilty of 'mail fraud', and deporting him from 'their' country. He will not kill them if he is not in a position to exercise a power to kill, aware nonetheless, more important, that no one "member of the Jury…could look me in the face" after the guilty-verdict against him, aware that "the innocence of my soul shall rest with them, and haunt their consciences through the coming years", if only because their guilty-verdict is a sign that his "work is just begun, and [that] as I lay down my life for the cause of my people, so do I feel that succeeding generations shall be inspired by the sacrifice that I made for the rehabilitation of our race" (Garvey, 1969:218). Garvey's face is the fore-soul of his soul, we could say — soul before the soul, above the Jury or American 'justice' system, and would on its members pass a proper Guilty-verdict — as though to

say the face as such is the Sovereign, the singular Judge[117] proper or Judge beyond the judge when his work is less "concerned" with the law than it is concerned with "truth". The face, concerned with "truth", is the condition of Justice proper when Justice is "greater and above the law". His truth work is Just and in reality "is just begun", and his face will make judgmental faces at the enemy in the coming years, more so post-posthumously, a slippery slope to his work being future oriented, prospective, unless by coming years he implies a time outside of temporality itself, in a related way that he thinks his suffering at the enemy's hands parallels Christ's when Christ's sufferings free humans from themselves and their enemies.

Garvey's innocence judges/condemns his enemies in the coming years without killing them, through the many that speak and at times questionably *profit* in his name, so much that we are no longer sure if to speak in his innocence is not a kind of defacing of his face, aware that such a defacing cannot obviate our Thinking his face (his innocence) through our encounter with the figure of the child. His face, a condition for the truth work, for Justice above the law, is the judge against his enemies as it is, at one and the same time, less troubling, putting them at ease when it suffers abuse, a defacing. The force of Garvey's face is riddled with ambiguities when we Think his face in relation to the possibility of overcoming the ware-animal. And Garvey would not be surprised at the status of his face, if he knows more about the enemy, the witch for us, than the enemy (ware-animal) knows about him. After all, the purpose of education in Garvey is to know his enemy, and know him/her well, as though to say nothing the enemy does could ever catch Garvey off guard. The question is: How is the Garvey *form* thinkable if his individuality, through his face/innocence and the truth work, could judge civilization as it puts it at ease? The question is all the more pressing if Garvey's struggle entails building a new civilization, we could recall, more pressing if his struggle shocks many of his contemporaries, his political rivals, if they lack his courage, could see in him a kind of madman, a figure given to delusions, and thus the real casualty of what we call witchy a civilization.

His political rivals' objections to his work is, of course, unjustifiable, even he is really delusional — to the extent that delusions in Freud are not without a kind of historical truth. They are

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[117] We could see in his face-as-Judge a messenger (a kind of animal perhaps) of the "one Great Judge [God/'Universal Intelligence']"… [the one] Judge [that] will judge all mankind at the right time", the one that calls figures "placed in the position of this Great High Judge to dispense justice to another as you would expect Him to dispense justice to you" (Garvey, 1969:189). So that his face's judgement in the coming years is a kind of an echo of the Greater Judgement that would obtain at the right time.

made of a forceful return of forgotten truth, a return that is a distortion of this very truth. In Garvey the struggle *for* new civilization, if a measure of delusion, is not farfetched, not without truth or historical precedents, the Christ struggle *agains*t a witchy civilization, say. His struggle for a new civilization is a determination of a distortion of historical truth, historical precedents, so that (if Freud is correct) there is nothing scandalous about the co-existence of delusions and innocence (the mark of the face) if innocence, too, is for us unthinkable outside of truth work, truth beyond the law or history as such. The innocent, delusional figure is more instructive than a figure that does not take his/her innocence seriously, more instructive than the figure that will not see in this innocence a license to appeal to some kind of tradition (historical precedents), and intensely innovate on this tradition. An innocent, delusional figure is less a madman or a psychotic than he is perhaps, on the face of it, an expression of neurosis, given to what Freud disparagingly calls "omnipotence of thought", a calling that ironically serves our purposes (in passing) when omnipotence in a different context could imply a kind of Sovereignty, the very expression of innocence for us. Innocence, Garvey's face, is an *echo* of a kind of Sovereign if it is, for us, unthinkable outside the innocence of the child, the very condition of my Thought, not given to rationality or calculations of the future in a bid to create secured order. It echoes Sovereignty if it has capacity to Judge truly, judge beyond the law, judge beyond judging his enemies and engaging in truth work that is necessarily experimental. So that I need not disavow the experiment even when I can disavow the consequences of the experiment, the very idea of building a new civilisation, a new law. I can disavow the idea of new civilization if it is simply an object of suspicion for Thought, unthinkable outside of the possibility of sacrificing or repressing this or that value for the sake of some greater "good".

If, in other words, I disavow Garvey's proposition/new civilization, I appeal to his Method nonetheless, Hierologically speaking, the method of thinking and achieving such a civilization. I appeal to his Method, an experiment, the figure of Black Star Line (a shipping venture that could transport new world Blacks back to the African continent), to Think the face or his innocence, the condition of the work of Truth as work of the Just. I appeal to his method to suggest in it the work of truth, which, for us, creates the condition for the possible experience of repetition, a form of Destiny. One could, of course, read the figure of the star line in relation to many a revolutionary movement's appeal to star symbol. I could read the star line in relation to Zion Christian Church's star-badge symbol in South Africa. I defer these readings and merely see in the star line a *guide* line, divisive, differentiating between loops and repetitions, friend and enemy. So that I could ask at this stage whether the star is, in fact, symbolically the iridescence of the face, countenance, so to speak.

And what is iridescence if not an expression of movement, the a-substantial, pulling/calling without pushing the beholder, pulling the beholder (a child perhaps) to touch the iridescence that in reality he cannot touch? The iridescence of the face is the glory of innocence, the mark of the Sovereign, so that we are further justified to see in the face a form that possibly merits a kind of reverence, a form not different from an animal form, the mark of the Divine, that merits an oath/honour —an oathmeriting that escapes Garvey (and perhaps many a civilization builder) if he does not (in his truth) consider the significance of the animal, double honour, the animal, the mark of the Sovereign, the form that expresses its instinct without reserve, and is never guilty for doing so. Garvey does not appeal to the figure of the animal in his truth work, as if to say his truth work is partial truth, and thus an incomplete gesture towards the work of 'Justice'.

Does Garvey's partial truth imply I have all the truth when I see in the iridescent face/the star symbol a form akin to an animal form that could thrive without civilization as such? Does this imply many other people all over the terrifying world have all the truth when they take animals seriously, refusing to kill and eat them willy-nilly? Certainly not. Truth is a big problem, dear reader. The size of Truth is beyond the scope of our present concerns if I should say, in passing nonetheless, that my Thinking the animal and the face through the child and the star is by no mean a call to animal rights activism, vegetarianism and other isms. For now I merely sense in the animal (line) and the star (line) an articulation or a semi-circle of my friends if I cannot, except under special circumstances (unknown to me at this stage), befriend human beings, for whom I can weep in their sufferings, humans beings (including my human self) that in time must sadly perish, often violently if they are already casualties of a witchy civilization. In the Animal and the Star I have edifying company, marching to the hilltop in my bid to meet, and overcome enemies of care/godliness and contribute to the redemption of the desperate dead — just as I am all alone *en route* to my death, in spite of the reality that death, the misfortune of all misfortunes, is an accrued share, our common fate.

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