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Black Death and Mourning as Pandemic

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Abstract

Black bodies have been the site of devastation for centuries. We who inhabit and love these bodies live in a state of perpetual mourning. We mourn the disproportionate dying in our families, communities and the dying in the black diaspora. We are yet to come to terms with the death that accompanied the AIDS pandemic. Tuberculosis breeds in the conditions within which most of us live. We die from hours spent in the belly of the earth where we dig for minerals to feed the unquenchable thirst of capital. Malaria targets our neighbors with deathly accuracy. Ebola stalks west Africa where it has established itself as a rapacious black disease. It kills us. In the black diaspora, African Americans are walking targets for American police who kill and imprison them at rates that have created a prison industrial complex. Africans die in the Mediterranean ocean and join the spirits of ancestors drowned centuries ago. With South Africa as the point of departure, this paper stages a transcontinental examination of black death. It is animated by the following questions. What are the dimensions of black death, what is its scale and how is it mourned? What does the COVID-19 pandemic mean for we who are so intimately familiar with death?

Keywords

Black death, COVID-19, mourning, grief, pandemic, funerals

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I begin with Brand's (2020, p. np.) provocation: "I know, as many of you do, that I've been living a pandemic all my life; it is structural rather than viral; it is the global state of emergency of antiblackness." A structural pandemic of antiblackness requires the seeds of catastrophe to be nurtured in the everyday life of capitalist production. We are lulled into forgetting the magnitude of disaster by the ways in which we absorb catastrophe into social reproduction (Matsumoto & Hobso, 2017). If antiblackness as pandemic is unending, this suggests that the catharsis promised by mourning is endlessly deferred in a climate of ceaseless mourning. The black condition becomes one of mourning and memorialization (Rankine, 2015). We who are black are caught in the endless cycle between mourning and raging. This paper is a thesis in defence of mourning. It is an insistence on the space for enactments of mourning in a time when the very act of grief is being constrained to thwart viral contagion. Animated by Hudson et al.[1] (2016) conception of grief as a chronic condition, this paper thinks through how we live with chronic negative affect.

But to moor black death to its historical anchor, we must recognize that the dying began centuries ago when human cargo fuelled empire building through the slave trade. Ships traversed the wide expanses of the world's oceans bearing black bodies to harvest cotton, hack sugar cane, bear tree trunks, pave roads in chain gang formation, and fetch and bring in the private homesteads of Brazil, the Caribbean, Europe, the United States, and on the African continent. In Africa, millions died in the dungeons before the ships arrived to measure, weigh, and prod bodies. Before the exchange in cash, trinkets, and bodies. And then the bodies were stocked in the hold of plagued ships. Those who died and those killed on board were thrown into the ocean (Hartman, 2008). Once on the plantation, those who spoke back were hung and strung on branches like strange fruit. We have come to know this as lynching.

Political and Performative Dimensions of Mourning

Grieving is a politically necessary act. Mourning has a rebellious register that insists on a number of things. It insists on the value of the dead, the importance of cultural practices, and it calls for the disruption of business as usual. Public grievability is a profound act of community resistance. The power of congregation and public gathering assembles a collective demonstration of force and promise of renewal even in the face of death. Public witnessing affirms that something of significance has occurred. An affective charge that moves from body to body is ignited in public assemblies of the bereaved (Anderson, 2009). In the context of the unequal valuing of life and death, mourning is a contested space. This calls for an attentiveness to how epidemic expediency seeks to dismantle cultural practices that have evolved for

our survival. To close the space for mourning is to dismantle the possibilities for resistance. Memorials and funerals provided a collective space for assembling black affect of grief and rage in the anti-apartheid movement (Canham, 2017). With reference to African American funerals, Stanley (2016) asserts that "From their earliest incarnations, black funerals were political, subversive—a talking back to the powers that be" (p. np). Here in South Africa, instead of bowing our heads, we sang out loud and chanted sounds of renewal and refusal. Reflecting on how black congregation was always prohibited during periods of formal state oppression, Cann (2020) contends that funerals provided an opportunity that nurtured the practice of "sitting with the body prior to its burial, and the importance of the participation of the corpse in the funeral itself" led to extended mourning time "through extended care of the body" that "allowed the black community to come together and strengthen social bonds and kinship ties, under the guise of mourning" (p. 3).

The events leading up to and including the African funeral are not given to being staid and moderate. In my own experience of attending funerals in Lusikisiki, Eastern Cape where I was raised, funerals are sites of intense action, ritual and affects. While there is peace represented by the constantly lit candle and dignity in the chief mourner who sits on the floor in the days leading up to the burial, deaths are the site of frenetic activity, with constant meetings, delegations of people arriving at the home of the dead to comfort and commiserate, constant serving of tea and food, a drawn out wake that begins the day before the funeral and continues through the night, an elaborate process of viewing the body, and an extensive funeral service that typically ends in the late afternoon. The wake and funeral service allow for multiple speakers that represent various phases and aspects of the life of the deceased. Political rhetoric is a prominent register of speech. For those who were religious, funeral pageantry is represented by various denominations attired in the uniforms of their churches. The singing and dancing often circle the coffin, sometimes at death defying speed and "other worldly" states where the singular I collapses into the collective we. The burial is followed by breakaway groups where some participate in "after tears" through the consumption of alcoholic beverages and libations. Afterwards, we talk about the beautiful send off and remark on the size of the crowds, the warmth of kin and the generosity of community. We also whisper about the conflicts and scandals that are almost inevitable at funerals. African traditional rites show continuities with indigenous Maori burial and bereavement rites. Nikora et al. (2012, p. 401) describes these as inclusive of "encounter, lamentation and cathartic mourning, oratory, dirges, the recitation of genealogy, prayer and speeches of farewell". Mourning operates along two planes—the ancestral realm and that of the here. The recitation of genealogy connects the living

to the dead but it also bonds those congregated through emphasizing kinship.

We see the infection of black affect in the wake of George Floyd and Breonna Taylor that has birthed the 2020 resurgence of the BlackLivesMatter movement initiated by the killing of Trayvon Martin in the United States. Collective mourning works against capitalist atomization and individualism and insists itself into history by foregrounding sedimented waves of dispossession. It resists the move to drive mourning underground and render it private and shameful (Langstaff, 2016). Black death evokes the power of assembly. In both geopolitical spaces of South Africa and the United States where a climate of antiblackness prevails, mourning strengthens our solidarity and vision. As a negative emotion, grief can help to build empathy and learning about the pain of the other. At a more micro level, death reminds us that our lives are constituted by others. The loss of loved ones disorientates our relationship to ourselves and we flounder as though lost. Butler (2004) captures this state of disequilibrium in the wake of loss thus:

> If I lose you . . . then I not only mourn the loss, but I become inscrutable to myself. Who "am" I, without you? When we lose some of these ties by which we are constituted, we do not know who we are or what to do. On one level, I think I have lost "you" only to discover that "I" have gone missing as well. At another level, perhaps what I have lost "in" you, that for which I have no ready vocabulary, is a relationality that is composed neither exclusively of myself nor you, but is to be conceived of as *the tie* by which those terms are differentiated and related (p. 22).

Loss is therefore not a private matter. If we understand our lives as a series of social entanglements, death ripples through various networks of sociality and causes pain. Sometimes we are moved on behalf of those we love who mourn more acutely. This entangled network of grief is a stark reminder that we are not singular insular beings despite capitalisms insistence (Langstaff, 2016). Communities that live under siege of white supremacy are reminded of their mutuality whenever one of them is killed. And so, something is evoked when Breonna Taylor is murdered. We are moved to imagine her final moments. In South Africa where we live in a haze of toxic masculinity, those strangled by patriarchy are moved to mourning whenever a woman is murdered. In Palestine, where the regular bombardments murder thousands, mourning becomes a total climate, a pandemic that exceeds the site of death.

Affects can be transnational (Canham, 2017). For instance, Black—Palestinian solidarities are nourished by our intimate knowledges of death at the hands of white supremacy by those driven by an ideology of separate development and extermination. Erakat (2020) details the organic solidarities

that grew out of the Gaza bombardment by the apartheid Israeli state in 2014 and the protests that emerged out of the police murder of Michael Brown in Ferguson, Missouri in the same year. But there is an older axis of white supremacy and anti-blackness that is represented by imperialist North America, and apartheid South Africa and Zionist Israel. Solidarities that grew in response to black death in the 1960s can be traced to resurgent relations between the Black Panthers in the United States, anti-apartheid activists in apartheid South Africa, and the Peoples Liberation Organisation in Palestine. Solidarity can be a catalyst for resistance and change. The Haitian revolution is a salutary example of how pain can transform to collective rage, and rage can turn into a rebellion. How do anxiety and fear coexist with rage? Can we see the feverish protests in the United States and battles for housing and dignity in Khayelitsha, South Africa as produced in the cocktail of dread and rage in the context of pervasive antiblackness? How might we see mourning as a humanizing pathway? Through comforting those who grieve, we come to face our own vulnerabilities and incomplete mourning. We weep in remembrance of those long dead.

Mourning Rites Lost in the Pandemic

We are agreed; we die at disproportionate rates both historically, in the present and into the future. The second National Burden of Disease Study that explored mortality trends in South Africa from 1997 to 2012 observed that black Africans mortality was 2.2 times higher than that of white South Africans (Pillay-van Wyk et al., 2016). For this period, males died 1.4 times more than females. Black people know death intimately. Washington (1995, p. 59) long observed that "[t]he trouble with us is we are always preparing to die." We have become habituated to dying. We take out funeral policies while young because we know that our deaths do not wait for old age. We know the indignity of the pauper funeral. The black condition is to sit with dying. We live in a perpetual wake. Sharpe (2016) has characterized this condition of mourning and witnessing as wake work. Langstaff (2016) similarly points to the radical possibilities of mourning by suggesting that a "depathologized take on melancholia may point toward a radical politics of mourning, toward forms of survival which are always in excess of the dispossessions through which they are given, and which hold out the possibility of genuinely ethical and transformative coalition" (p. 311). This is to suggest that death can never quite wipe us out. We learn something of ourselves in our mourning. We cleave together to fashion new ways of being in relation. We practice Glissant's (1997) poetics of relation that fosters solidarity and empathic communities. Our mourning can therefore be conceived of as a poetics of relation.

But before we really take stock and measure the extent of our loss, the next wave of dying crashes upon us without much warning. And so, when the murmurs coming out of China spoke of a virus, we sighed knowingly. We know how viruses attach to black bodies. But China is faraway. When Europeans began to die, some of us marvelled at this equal opportunity virus that infected princes and prime ministers and did not fix its target on black bodies. On social media, others even suggested that with all our other vulnerabilities, we had become immune to this latest contagion. Our bodies had finally built up resistance after centuries of black plagues, diseases and earthquakes. Like we did with AIDS decades ago, we watched a distant disease quickly become a local reality. We now think of AIDS not as a white gay North American disease as was initially imagined, but as an African disease. It has made a home here more than anywhere else in the world. Mortality statistics in South Africa show that death rates doubled in the period between 1997 and 2006 (Statistics South Africa, 2019). AIDS related mortalities were the leading course of death for this period. The regularity of death means that each of us know the dead.

With the advent of COVID-19, we have joined the world in locking down borders, gates and doors. Our long and elaborate African handshakes have abruptly ended. First a middle class disease, the virus was carried by those with funds to travel by air and ship. They spread it among themselves as they travelled. But because we clean and service their lives, in the early phase of the pandemic we awoke to the news that the first person in Khayelitsha, the sprawling working class and informal settlement of Cape Town had been infected. And now in August 2020, the virus has worked its way into more than 700,000 people. The state does not keep racialized patterns of infection and death. We might learn this information retrospectively when mortality statistics are released long after the fact. But we know what we have always known. We know who has been designated the death bound subject. Before the virus became a black condition, fears of contagion had become racialized and classed. In the northern suburbs of Johannesburg, black domestic workers and gardeners—people whose job is to clean, were being trained to wash their hands in large scale tutorials by old white women. Before we got the virus, we were cast as already contagious. Roy (2020) helps us to expand our thinking by considering India, a country with 1.3 billion people. She illustrates how COVID-19 has fed into existing fissures in that society. For example, we see how Muslims have come to stand in for the virus. To be feared like a virus that must be conquered and eradicated. In the same way, the early phase of the pandemic revealed a reprehensive pattern where Africans living in China came to stand in for COVID-19. The irony of course is that there is universal consensus that the virus began in China but in the logic of racism,

Africans were a convenient scapegoat. Those most loathed in society are seen as always already infected. What does it mean to always be infected by viral plagues? To always be death bound? Now we have formally joined the global community as an infected people.

What does another wave of dying mean for us? What does containing a virus entail for an imprisoned community like that of the Cape Flats, where a shack fire imperils the entire community? How will we bury our dead when we cannot take their bodies home to the village? What does it mean to have a funeral when we cannot travel and congregate in our numbers around the dead? As the pandemic peaked in the Western Cape, we came face to face with the meaning of death for those whose ancestral homes are in the Eastern Cape. Since contagious bodies have to be buried speedily and interprovincial travel is the subject of law and police enforcement, many were buried in migrant zones rather than at their ancestral villages. In other cases such as that of a family in the Eastern Cape, the wrong body was buried because the contagious body cannot be viewed and verified by those who knew it.[2] Now that we have to turn away from the dead, the ancestral ecosystem has been disrupted. Our dead are interred in strange lands and are estranged from those who love them. What does it mean to not be able to visit the graves of loved ones? How do we rest when we are not certain if the correct body was buried at the foot of the garden? I pause on Maori death rituals in order to consider things we have lost in the pandemic. Nikora et al. (2012) notes that funeral proceedings consist of displays of artifacts including hand-woven textiles and jade weaponry to adorn the coffin. Like our own practice, among the Maori, the deceased are never left alone. The interment is followed by ritual cleansing of the deceased's household and feasting before the family is released to the rhythms of everyday life. COVID-19 has disrupted community and ritual. In its place, is an incredible loneliness where custom is replaced by regulation. Are our dead quieted and released? Will the spectre of lurking spirits return us to other struggles with the dead—those murdered and burned by apartheid warlords and police?

Will this iteration of dying continue the tradition of black death as excess bodies that do not matter? How will this epoch of dying (Als, 2019) further complicate our mourning when even the mourners die?[3] How will we mourn our dead? What does it mean not to attend the funeral of a loved one because we cannot travel under state enforced lock down?[4] Do we keen on the other end of the phone? Do we dial into the funeral? Some funerals are streamed live on YouTube. Funerals have gone viral. The dying and the funeral have literally succumbed to viral logics. A death archive is rapidly amassing online. Cultural practice is changing overnight. Family and friends that cannot travel and those who do not want to risk contagion watch from electronic

devices. The impoverished are forever closed off by the costly digital divide and cannot access the funerals of loved ones. In some rural areas, the recording of funerals jars and the "spectacle" of recording devices is at odds with the culture of respect and gravity required by death. Times, cultures and practices collide during a pandemic. The extent to which rules bend and practices evolve is wedged in class fissures and geospatial divides. This season of dying reminds us of Haiti, the celebrated first black republic constituted of formerly enslaved people who overthrew their colonial oppressors. Now we think of Haiti less with chests swelling with pride and possibility but as the place of apocalyptic earthquakes and shrivelling freedom dreams. Two hundred and thirty thousand dead bodies. One seismic quake that rocked the black world on a January afternoon of 2010. Their dead are ours too.

This moment has continuities with other mass dyings like the devastation of malaria in sub-Saharan Africa, floods that leave bloated bodies in the reeds of Mozambique, draughts that stalk our drying subcontinent, and the massacres that are part of the fabric of our history—from Bisho to Boipatong. If COVID-19 leads to overwhelmed lungs, how different is this from death through being submerged and drowned in floods or in the deathly Mediterranean crossings by Africans reaching for Europe? Death is death and we are all destined to its stranglehold. But black death has a particular logic. It is always in excess. Black people always die disproportionately more. Currently, in the United States which is also the evolving epicenter of pandemic deaths, black and Hispanic communities are dying disproportionately more than Caucasian people. Death always latches onto existing social fissures of inequality. In the calculus of death, health outcomes are racialized.

We are still gathering the bodies of our dead from the reeds in the aftermath of cyclone Idai in Mozambique. We locate them from the smell of their decomposing flesh. As drought spreads like a dark stain in the horizon, what death and forms of dying await us? How many more Live Aid concerts and images of emaciated and starving Africans? Will the world fatigue of the spectacle of flies buzzing around our decomposing faces? Climate change batters us with a punitive ferocity reserved for those whose humanity is always in question. How do we mourn when others forget? In addition to all the dead we know of, Hartman (2016) urges us to revisit the Dead Book in order to give form, feelings and a story to those killed in the long years of the slave trade. Enstorying through Hartman's critical fabulation is an act of ethically witnessing, marking, and recognizing those whose stories have been misrepresented or disappeared from the black archive. How do we sit with the depth of mourning when black death spreads out ahead of us in the pits of the ocean and far into the misty horizon across continental boundaries? And

now, in this present instalment of mass death, how do we mourn if grief and mourning require witnessing, time, seclusion, rites and weeping? How will we mourn when we die without pause?

And so we count the dead with bated breath. Daily, we call home hoping the viral spread will miraculously pass by our parents and grandmothers homes. How will we mourn when we cannot say goodbye? How much more dying can our collective psyches take before we succumb to the sweet temptation of forgetting and madness? Will our nightmares allow forgetting? Will we ever pause to take stock of black death and its sedimented traumas? How do we brace ourselves for the deadly tsunami about to overtake us in this iteration of dying?

Epidemic Expediency and Feverish Insurgency

Epidemics are not new. The 1918 influenza epidemic or Spanish flue killed about 300,000 people in South Africa. A song composed by Reuben Caluza states "*Ngonyaka ka 1918, saqedwa ukufa esikubiza ngokuti kuyi influenza.*"[5] If one listens and reads closely, traces of the 1918 season of dying can be found in family narratives and biographies. For example, Ntantala's (1993) autobiography recalls the deaths of her older siblings to the influenza epidemic. Since my own grandparents were born during the influenza epidemic, I wonder about their families and what a wave of death meant for the community. I wonder too, how the colonial State dealt with black people during that iteration of death. What does mass death allow? The role of the State is enlarged and it is emboldened to take full control and pursue actions that are not possible during "peace" time.[6] Referring to actions taken by the colonial government in 1918, Phillips (2012) has called this epidemic expediency. Epidemics provide cover for government to act ostensibly in the public interest but in ways that entrench inequality. In a society like South Africa where segregation has always been the central organizing principle, government has used public health concerns as a cover to enact authoritarianism. Epidemic expediency allowed the City of Cape Town to finally evict refugees who had taken shelter in the Methodist Church (Times Live, 2020). In Durban's Kennedy Road, enabled by "national disaster" legislation to remove the community, the State has again attempted to use its power to relocate the people. The epidemic expediency of the moment conceals the last two decades of the communities struggle to remain on land that enables them to live close to the city and employment prospects (The Mercury, 2020). Elsewhere, we saw plans circulating to reduce the density of sprawling informal settlements like Khayelitsha and Mdantsane. If we imagine people as already contagious, we can justify actions that purport to be in the public interest. We who have been

on the vindictive side of the public interest however know that the real interest is not black and working class.

If epidemic expediency is capitalized by the State and corporate interests, pandemics also fuel insurgency. We bond together in mourning in order to refuse expediencies that render us surplus beings. Langstaff (2016) reminds us that our grief is restless and does not accept surrender. If we accept Rankine's (2015) characterization that the black condition is one of mourning, what does this mean for a dogged grief that resists surrender? While Rankin was describing the African American condition, this aptly describes the global black condition. We use grief to awaken us and to maintain resistance even in death. The condition of black people is joy too. Black culture is buoyant, joyful and vibrant. But exuberance does not shut out or replace the stench of death. We need to hold livingness in productive tension with death (McKittrick, 2014). Following Winters (2016), we might term this a melancholic hope. This might be understood as an intimate knowledge of death that allows us to anticipate dying while simultaneously neutralizing some of the effects of death. To think of this epoch of dying, we have to read it in relation to the endless dying that we have to accommodate in the black psyche. Marikana, Bisho, Sharpville, Langa, Mpondo.[7] These black revolts and massacres are not separate from epidemics and pandemics. I have found myself weeping over old traumas. This has occurred when I have read books or watched some films on the Rwanda genocide, American slavery and apartheid. The passing of an event does not mean that we have mourned that event. These tears suggest that the work of mourning is never quite done. The tears also suggest that in the debris of grief are embers of resistance. Ricco's (2019) theorization of neutral affect/neutral mourning is useful here for it allows for a depathologization of ongoing mourning. Working with Luciano, Ricco sees open memory as a sign that is not of "failure in the subject but a strategic gesture of resistance by minoritized and queer subjects" (Luciano, 2007, p. 272). Mourning is a queer feeling because it is an affect that is out of time. It moves against given teleological planes and assumes the position of hovering weather. Therefore, despite the epidemic expediency that governments and corporations exploit during pandemics, these moments also fan embers of resistance among those who live in climates of mourning. The protests currently fanning throughout the United States and Nigeria, even as their governments violently repress them, are testament to the fact that even COVID-19 cannot stop resistance. In South Africa, the police murder of Nathaniel Julius, a sixteen year boy with Downs syndrome has stoked outrage and protests in the middle of the pandemic (Aljazeera, 2020). These protests are a demonstration of a restless grief that will not be quieted even when we literally cannot breathe in pandemic conditions (Bowman, 2020).

Brand's (2020) assertion that we have always lived in structural pandemics of violence means that we are acclimated to pandemic conditions of living.

Of course, mourning is also gendered and as Millward (2016) reminds us, to study the lives of black women in North America is a long study in mourning. Against a longer history of slavery and ongoing police brutality in the USA, Millward (2016, p. 162) contends that we have to read black women in relation to their children: "Children were sold. Children ran away. Children died. And children were killed." And yet this history is a global history of blackness because in Africa, children were sold too, children ran away, children die and children are killed. In a white supremacist world where blackness is disposable, who mourns our dead? Reflecting on the African American diaspora, Berry and Morgan (2014) note that black people are disposable to everyone except the "families and communities who mourn them" (np). In the climate of pervasive anti-blackness, this mourning takes on heightened significance as the very meaning of black life comes to hinge on how we stake a claim to mattering. Mourning is therefore a humanizing force when life is rendered disposable. Mattering in death is an act of reclamation. We make it matter by assembling together in an affective explosion that has elements of pageantry, performance, celebration, weeping, laughter, storying, prayer, food, alcohol, libations, political speeches, recriminations, and collectively establishing an imagined journey and future for the diseased. This holding in mind after death is an act of defiance against disposability, forgetting and white sponsored capitalism. Mourning calls together and assembles affects that mark the significance of those killed. Mothers are often at the center of mourning and bereavement. Mourning mothers do the gendered work of calling attention to daughters lost to death when popular culture and masculinized narratives tend to omit girls and women from sanctioned ways of dying (Millward, 2016). However, despite the important labor of mourning, like care work has become women's work, the gendered labor of mourning should also be seen as a gendered burden of negative affect. Women are thus cast as the carrier of tears, memories, and suffering. This also means women are the carriers of revolution and resistance. To separate women from revolution by assigning them the status of mourners, is to misrepresent the enmeshed nature of mourning and resistance.

The world has changed irreversibly. With this change we should not lose sight of the value and need to grieve and mourn our losses. We have known other ways of dying but how will we prepare ourselves on this precipice? As we have in previous pandemics, black people will lose much in this pandemic. However, the knowledge that we carry across pandemics is that our mourning is entwined with and births our resistance. We are caught in a mortal dance of death and revolting.

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Notes

1. Here, Rankine was in conversation with Hudson and Price in Hudson et al. (2016).
2. News24 https://www.news24.com/news24/southafrica/news/yet-another-family-buries-the-wrong-person-after-eastern-cape-hospital-bungle-20200724
3. Hilton Als (2019) termed the AIDS pandemic the "dying epoch."
4. Restricted movement gazetted in the law of national disaster and supported by curfews, regulated movement and policing. Many African governments have adopted this practice to curb movement and the spread of the coronavirus.
5. In the year 1918, we were killed by a disease named influenza.
6. Errant and absentee governments who diminished their role of public care, can spring to action during pandemics.
7. For more on these massacres, see: Lodge, T. (2011). *Sharpeville: an apartheid massacre and its consequences*. Oxford University Press; Frankel, P. H., & Frankel, P. (2001). *An ordinary atrocity: Sharpeville and its massacre*. Yale University Press; Magaziner, D., & Jacobs, S. (2013). Notes from Marikana, South Africa: The platinum miners' strike, the massacre, and the struggle for equivalence. *International Labor and Working-Class History*, 137–142; Victor, S. (2015). The Politics of Remembering and Commemorating Atrocity in South Africa: The Bhisho Massacre and its Aftermath, 1992–2012. *Journal of Southern African Studies*, *41*(1), 83–102; Kepe, T., & Ntsebeza, L. (Eds.). (2011). *Rural resistance in South Africa: The Mpondo revolts after fifty years*. Brill; Dubow, S. (2015). Were there political alternatives in the wake of the Sharpeville-Langa violence in South Africa, 1960? *The Journal of African History*, *56*(1), 119–142.

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