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One does not need to be a political scientist or a philosopher, and I am neither, to conclude that much that has been going wrong in our country the last few years is due to a lack of strong, visionary leadership. Sadly, this is also true of many of our institutions, our universities, schools and trade unions.

Most of the academic material on political and other leadership available right now comes from outside Africa, especially from the West. Africans should be forgiven when they're sceptical about learning about leadership from societies that until fifty years ago had occupied, exploited and deeply damaged most of Africa as colonial powers.

When confronted with the leadership failures on their continent, many Africans angrily point out examples of corrupt and destructive leadership outside the continent. At the same time, Africans seem to be very slow or reluctant to seek leadership models in their own past, especially during the period just before and during the early phases of colonialism.

Two hundred years ago a leadership academy operated in central South Africa with at least one student who proved that it was a very successful school. The leader of that academy did not study in the West, nor did he seek advice from the East. In fact, in his entire life he never even met a single person who was not indigenous to Southern Africa. His wisdom and insights were entirely original and African. His name was Mohlomi.

This philosopher and teacher wasn't the only African with remarkable wisdom to emerge from pre-colonial South Africa. I think of Makhanda, an extraordinary man who is not well known outside the Eastern Cape and even there is hugely misunderstood and under-appreciated. He is mostly honoured for his military prowess, and yet he was the first liberation theologian in Africa and a man with a complex personal philosophy. He was one of the first to try and make sense of the challenges that the arrival of settlers from Europe with their different technologies and imperialist tendencies posed to the people of southern Africa. He opposed them, on occasion violently, but he also took from them knowledge which he merged with the traditional wisdoms of his own Xhosa-speaking people and that of the Khoisan to come up with a

sophisticated understanding of life as it was going to be after the invasion from Europe.

But Mohlomi is one of the best examples of the brilliance of pre-colonial African leadership exactly because he never set eyes on a European and was thus not in any way influenced by their thinking, and because we have the example of one of his students who became a great leader, king and nation builder by following the teachings of the Mohlomi Academy.

The extraordinary thing about Morena Mohlomi and his student was the gift of counter-intuitive leadership; leadership that is daring and visionary; leadership that does not simply do the obvious. In an insightful piece on leadership in Africa, Professor Njabulo Ndebele, one of our foremost public intellectuals, wrote that Nelson Mandela's supreme gift to us was to expose us to the notion of counter-intuitive leadership and its immense possibilities. This is how Professor Ndebele defines it: "The characteristic feature of this type of leadership is in the ability of a leader to read a situation whose most observable logic points to a most likely outcome, but then to detect in that very likely outcome not a solution, but a compounding of the problem. This assessment then calls for the prescription of an unexpected outcome, which initially may look strikingly improbable. Somehow, it is in the apparent improbability of the unlikely outcome that we can derive principles for its sustainability. A leader then has to sell the unexpected because he has to overcome intuitive doubts and suspicions that will have been expected. In this act of salesmanship is the content that crucially counts."

But allow me to tell you the story of Morena Mohlomi first. I hope one day there will be a Mohlomi Chair of Philosophy at this university, because he was from these parts.

Mohlomi's story starts with his grandfather, Monaheng, the great chief of the Bakoena who first led his people into the Mohokare Valley, now called the Caledon Valley between Lesotho and the Free State, in the 1600s. Around 1720 Monaheng's grandson, Monyane, had a child that really pleased the old king. He named him Mohlomi, the Builder. Monaheng predicted that his grandson would be a great leader one day.

Somewhere in the 1730s, when Mohlomi was about thirteen or fourteen and undergoing his initiation, he had a strange and powerful vision while sleeping in his initiation hut. Basotho elders explain that this wasn't just a dream, a *toro* in Sesotho, but a vision, a *pono*, a kind of psychic

connection with the ancestors. I suppose in today's English we would call it an epiphany.

He told people later that in his vision there was a strong hurricane and it became very dark. Then he saw a bright light descending on his hut. The roof opened up and a giant eagle landed inside. Mohlomi got on its back and the eagle took him over the mountains to the highest peak, where he dropped him off. Mohlomi noticed that he was surrounded by a multitude of old men and women.

In his vision one of these elders welcomed him and told him they were the souls of his departed ancestors, the Balimo. This old man then told him that he was destined to become a great leader and they were there to advise him on how to live, to lead and to rule.

Many versions of what Mohlomi heard the ancestors say survived in the oral traditions of the Free State and Lesotho. What all of them have in common, was that Mohlomi was told to be a man of peace and love; to be fair and just; to see all people as his brothers and sisters; to have compassion and patience; and to give special consideration to children, women and old people. He was also told to study medicine and to become a healer of bodies and minds.

Mohlomi did become a chief in his early adulthood and he was soon well-loved and respected in his region and his great herd of cattle made sure his people were never hungry. His unorthodox philosophies started showing very early on. Unlike every other chief in central South Africa, he did not build a strong armed force. Instead he disbanded his fighting units completely, telling his able-bodied men to get involved in agriculture and to be better husbands and fathers. He also delegated much of his chiefly duties to his counsellors. This was radical behaviour in those troubled times. It was counter-intuitive leadership.

Mohlomi was starting to live according to the instructions he believed he had received from his ancestors. By his forties he was an ascetic with a high degree of self-control. He was extremely fit and ate very little, certainly no rich foods. He never drank alcohol or smoked tobacco or dagga – in fact, he lectured everybody with whom he came into contact against smoking and drinking. He wore large earrings and a brass collar around his neck. Later in life, admittedly after fathering a number of children, he opted for celibacy so that he could purify his spirit – he did not even have sex with his favourite wife, Maliepollo. He loved spending time with children – the young are the better, he used to say, explaining

that their minds had not yet been corrupted and they could still understand the natural truths.

Mohlomi's favourite pastime was to have long philosophical discussions with other wise men of his region. Long after his death, people remembered that he often pondered questions such as: Where does the universe begin and where does it end? What is the essence of life, and how is life created? He strongly argued that there had to be one Creator of all things and that souls were immortal.

In some respects his beliefs corresponded with oriental beliefs and the law of karma, despite never meeting anyone but fellow Africans. Conscience, he said, rather than pressure from society or norms dictated by others, was man's only guide and monitor of his behaviour. He called it man's inner guide. If you are kind and generous to others, especially the unfortunate and weak, fate will be your friend, he said.

Mohlomi lived during the same time as the famous Western philosophers Montesquieu, who died in 1755, when Mohlomi was 35 years old, and Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who both died in 1788, when he was 68, and Immanuel Kant, who died sixteen years before Mohlomi. After researching Mohlomi's life for years, I can easily imagine the four of them sitting around a table arguing about Voltaire's statement that if God didn't exist, man would have had to invent him, or Rousseau's statement that man was born free, but everywhere he is in chains.

If Mohlomi had the ability to write about his thoughts and philosophies in books, I personally have little doubt that the whole world would have known about him and that he would probably have been as famous as Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire and Kant.

Our universities teach our students learn about all these Western philosophers and turn out books on every –ism in the book. When will we start teaching African philosophies; where is the international book explaining what ubuntu means?

Mohlomi's teachings were aimed at the community he was living in and the problems of his time. Voltaire, Rousseau and the others of course did the same; only their communities and circumstances were radically different. The problems Mohlomi's people struggled with at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century were the abuse of power by kings and chiefs, armed conflict between clans and tribes, the abuse of alcohol and dagga, witchcraft and the weak position of women and children. Most of the

Mohlomi sayings that have become a part of Basotho morality and survived until now had to do with these issues.

It is better to thrash the corn than to shape the spear, was a proverb that was repeated long after his death. As was “Peace is my Sister”, a sister being a person who was in a fragile position in society and to be looked after, protected and nurtured. Another was “A knobkerrie is far more valuable when used to thrash the corn than to kill men on the battlefield.” His advice to chiefs and headman was: “When you sit in judgement, let your decisions be just. The law knows no one as a poor man.” It was Mohlomi who started the custom, still alive to this day, that one should greet a stranger with an open, raised hand and the exclamation “Khotso!” (peace).

But possibly the most famous saying of all, now proclaimed by some Basotho historians as a call to democracy, was: “A chief is a chief by the grace of his people.”

The early European Christian missionaries of the nineteenth century, who arrived in the region too late to meet Mohlomi, were confronted by his legacy and spoke highly of him, despite their prevailing view that the indigenous people of South Africa were primitive or, at best, children needing education. The Swiss missionary Dr David-Frédéric Ellenberger, to whom we owe much of the written records of Mohlomi’s life, reflected that some men are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them, and said: “Mohlomi was born great.” He wrote that Mohlomi was famous for his love of peace, his charity to all and his wisdom. “He was a teacher of men, and his teachings had far-reaching effects in humanising all the Basotho tribes. He established confidence between man and man, and chiefs and people with one voice sought to honour Mohlomi for his wisdom and for the love he bore to all men.” The French missionary Eugene Cassalis referred to him as a chief of great benevolence “whose name is often invoked in times of public calamity”.

Mohlomi took it upon himself to spread his message of peace, love, tolerance and good governance to the other peoples of the African subcontinent. At the same time, he studied these societies and analysed what made them peaceful and prosperous or struggling and failing.

With only a walking stick and a calabash of water and accompanied by a few unarmed men, he regularly traversed the areas north and south of the Vaal River. He walked as far as present-day Kwazulu-Natal, Eastern Cape, Northern Cape, Mpumalanga, Limpopo, even visiting parts of

Botswana and possibly even Zimbabwe. On several occasions he undertook journeys that kept him away from home for several years. He must have travelled tens of thousands of kilometers in his full life of about 95 years.

Mohlomi could be called southern Africa's first Pan-Africanist. Other Africans of the time rarely if ever visited other chiefdoms, especially those who spoke different languages. He saw all African people as one, and proclaimed all his brothers and sisters. This was very unusual for the 18th century.

Mohlomi's reputation and positive attitude were such that he never feared for his safety during his travels. He was well received everywhere and was consulted as a kind of oracle. He was a brilliant medicine man and his services were welcomed all over.

Marrying young women or the daughters of chiefs he visited became Mohlomi's strategy for ensuring peace and good relationships. It is generally believed that he had forty wives, but that number excludes the wives he did not take back to his village. He would pay such a woman's dowry and build her a hut, but allow her to choose her own "protector" and sexual partner in the village. In other instances, he would find wives for men who could not afford to pay a dowry and pay it on their behalf. He never claimed these benefits, but there were a lot of men over a wide area that were indebted to him.

The white missionaries of the time condemned Mohlomi's polygamy and saw his multiple wives as rampant lust, because they did not understand that it was actually a sophisticated political strategy.

When Mohlomi was in his seventies and too old to undertake such long journeys, he retreated to his village called Ngoliloe near today's Clocolan in the Eastern Free State. There were always long queues of people waiting to be healed or advised or wanting disputes settled. It was during this time that he set up a Leadership Academy to train young aspirant chiefs.

In about 1804 the father and grandfather of a troubled young man from the small Bamokoteli clan took him to this academy. The grandfather, Peete, was also related to chief Monaheng, Mohlomi's grandfather. The young man, later called Moshoeshoe, was very ambitious and very aggressive and stubborn and his grandfather feared that he wouldn't make

good leadership material when he had to take over the leadership of the Bamokoteli.

Mohlomi must have sensed the boy's alertness and leadership qualities, because he took him in and gave him special attention, teaching him his own philosophies and beliefs on how a great chief should rule. When he was done, he gave Moshoeshoe one of his earrings as a symbol of authority, a black cow as a symbol of hospitality and a knobkerrie as a symbol of power. Then he took Moshoeshoe's face in his hands and rubbed his forehead against the teenager's, saying: "All the experience, knowledge and wisdom with which Molimo and our ancestors have enriched my mind with, shall now also be in you and enrich your intellect for the great work you are to perform."

When Mohlomi died in about 1815, Moshoeshoe was inconsolable. But he soon proved that he was a worthy disciple.

A proper modern analysis of Moshoeshoe's life as a chief and king reveals a remarkable and complex leader with an unusual philosophy of leadership and counter-intuitivity, a surprising grasp of the realities and challenges facing his and his people during the mid-1800s, and a vision equal to that of Nelson Mandela more than a century later. He was a nation builder, a diplomat, a strategist and a pragmatist at least on par with the best leaders in Europe, Asia and North America during his time. And in all his actions one could see the influence of Mohlomi.

For anyone who has ever had a quiet thought that perhaps Africa is doomed to be unstable, undemocratic and chaotic, Moshoeshoe's example is just the right medicine – especially because he formed all his philosophies and demonstrated his genius before he was affected in anyway by the white settlers or colonialism. He became chief in 1820 and he first met white people in 1833. It was only after 1836 that the Voortrekkers started invading his land and the British colonial authorities took notice of him. Which means his own environment and culture during the first 47 years of his life made him what he was. Today, 135 years after his death, Moshoeshoe still stands out as a model of African leadership, the king who epitomised counter-intuitive leadership.

Moshoeshoe and his followers left his father's jurisdiction in 1820 to establish himself as chief in the Botha-Bothe area further west. The first four years were peaceful; in fact, life was the same as it had been for many hundreds of years,

But a revolution was taking place on the east coast, in what is today called KwaZulu-Natal. Persistent drought, the first effects of colonialism to the north (Mozambique) and the south (the Cape Colony), the militarisation of society due to the slave and ivory trade further north, and the aggression of strong leaders such as Dingizwayo and Shaka (also born in 1876) led to violent upheavals and military conquests unknown to southern Africa. Groups fleeing conflict moved into the interior, uprooting others as they went along. It was a period of great instability and suffering. During the *Lifaqane*, tens of thousands died in the wars or of hunger, and more were constantly on the move. For a decade or so desperate groups even resorted to cannibalism.

In 1823 the upheavals reached Moshoeshoe when one of the groups fleeing the conflict, the Batlokoa under the great female warrior Mantatisi, attacked him at Botha-Bothe. Moshoeshoe, in no mind to take part in this orgy of blood and revenge, decided to move to a natural mountain fortress further south. He fetched his parents and established himself on top of a virtually impenetrable flat-topped mountain. They called it Thaba-Bosiu, the Mountain at Night.

Thaba-Bosiu, where Moshoeshoe spent the rest of his days, became central to his strategy: to defend rather than attack, to gather rather than destroy. He did exactly the opposite to the other chiefs and kings of the time. He resisted doing the obvious, the predictable. He always contemplated better outcomes.

Unlike those taking part in the conflict all around, he invited refugees and stragglers to join him and gave them food and protection. He even rehabilitated cannibals and gave them a home. On his trek from Botha-Bothe to Thaba-Bosiu, a band of cannibals caught and ate his beloved grandfather, Peete. Moshoeshoe's councillors were adamant that the cannibals should be caught and killed, but the wise chief decided otherwise. Those cannibals were the living graves of his grandfather, he told them, and to kill them would be to desecrate his grave. So he had the cannibals lie down on his mountain and he purified their bellies with the stomach contents of a slaughtered cow, the traditional way to purify a grave. Pure counter-intuitivity.

The outcome? The cannibals eventually joined his chiefdom and became productive citizens. Moshoeshoe's clan grew rapidly as more and more individuals and groups chose to live under his protection, among them many groups of Koranna, San, Zulu and Xhosa speakers. By the mid-1800's he started calling the new nation the Basotho. Shaka formed the



Zulu nation by force and subjugation; Moshoeshe founded his nation through persuasion, protection and prosperity. There can be little doubt that if Moshoeshe had, like all other chiefs of the time, also taken part in the killing and conquest, the chaos of the 1820s would have spread to the Eastern Cape and the Cape Colony. This would surely have decimated the African population of modern South Africa and Lesotho and our histories would have followed a quite different – and bloodier – route.

Unlike Shaka and others, Moshoeshe never insisted that the newcomers to his kingdom lose their language and culture. Besides Sesotho, he spoke isiZulu and isiXhosa fluently, and understood those cultures and traditions. This acknowledgement of diversity, quite rare in a time of rampant tribal chauvinism, helped the region and people under his jurisdiction.

Stability was a rare commodity in those days. Moshoeshe knew it would be a secret to his success as a leader. He knew what the ingredients to this elusive stability would be: the centre of his new state had to be strong; he had to have sufficient resources to use in the execution of his strategies; his subjects had to be loyal and content; he had to neutralise external threats and aggression without becoming an aggressor himself. He remembered Mohlomi's maxim that a chief is a chief by the grace of his people.

So he established a form of government revolutionary for its time, and the closest to full democracy we saw in Africa before and even for a century after him. All the senior men in his chiefdom formed part of his *khotla* (court), and all important decisions had to be ratified by them. He made it clear that they were not his rubber stamp; he actually wanted them to oppose his advice when they didn't like it. It is clear that in the end he mostly got his way, but his *khotla* members also felt it was their decision. Major issues about his people's future were put to a *pitso*, a gathering of all men. He also encouraged lively debate in this bigger forum, because he knew that would be the cure for possible dissent brewing among his people.

There is ample evidence that Moshoeshe was indeed opposed quite vigorously at these forums, but in the end a compromise was always found and most citizens left feeling they had been consulted.

But he had another clever method to assure peace and respect for his authority: he married women from chiefdoms and clans in his region – among them San, Zulu and Xhosa speakers. The chief of a clan whose

daughter was married to Moshoeshoe would think twice before attacking him. By the time he was 60, Moshoeshoe had more than 150 wives. He appointed sons born from these marriages as headmen and chiefs in the outer regions of his jurisdiction to ensure loyalty to the central authority.

Moshoeshoe also realised that poverty and hunger were the main enemies of stability and a strong state. Within a few years after establishing himself at Thaba-Bosiu, he had built up vast herds of cattle. Unlike other chiefs, whose men spent their time and energies training for war, Moshoeshoe's men spent their time being agriculturists. In those days, ownership of cattle determined a man's standing, but Moshoeshoe used it for much more. He called his system *mafisa*: he gave cattle on loan to the poor among his subjects. They could use the fruits of these animals, like milk and offspring, but they remained his property. The poor were cared for and thankful, and he was assured of their loyalty – being disloyal could mean he would simply take his animals back. He also paid dowry on behalf of many young men who could not afford it, which meant that these men had to remain loyal because, technically speaking, the wives of these men belonged to their chief.

In 1833, Moshoeshoe heard from a visiting Griqua hunter, Adam Krotz, that white Christian missionaries had brought some stability to the areas around the Orange River where they served. He gave Krotz two hundred head of cattle and said: "Go buy me some of these white men." The cattle were stolen by San hunters, but when the French missionaries Eugene Cassalis and Thomas Arbousset heard of his interest, they went to join Moshoeshoe at Thaba-Bosiu. This had a major impact on the chief. Moshoeshoe's interest in the missionaries was first to use them as a stabilising force – marauders were known to avoid areas where missionaries served, partly out of reverence but also, possibly, fear. But Moshoeshoe knew by then that he would soon have to deal with white settlers, and he wanted white men close to him so he could learn about their culture and mentality.

Soon the young Cassalis became not only his best friend but his *de facto* minister of foreign affairs, writing letters on his behalf and advising him on how to deal with the British and the Boers. Moshoeshoe was wise enough to know and his people had to modernise and get to know new technology like literacy, but he never allowed this to undermine the natural wisdom of his people. Unlike any other chief in his time, he did not allow the missionaries to undermine the structures of authority of his people.

He modernised in other ways too. The first time he saw a Koranna hunter on horseback, he realised the horse's military potential. He quickly started buying horses and launched a breeding programme, and within a decade he had the biggest cavalry in Africa, armed with firearms long before any other African army.

Yet despite his military capacity he preferred not to wage war. He made alliances with powerful kings such as Shaka and manipulated them to deal with his enemies than fight them himself. Thaba-Bosiu was attacked many times, by Sekonyela of the Batlokoa, by the warrior chiefs of Mpangezitha and Matiwane, by the Boers of the Orange Free State, by the Koranna, by Mzilikazi of the Amandebele, and by the British. Moshoeshe was never defeated, because his mountain was virtually impenetrable and his military strategies were devised around that. After he defeated Mzilikazi's mighty army, he famously sent a number of fat oxen after the retreating army with a note saying they clearly attacked him only because they were hungry – here's some food for the road. An astonished Mzilikazi vowed never to attack Moshoeshe again. After the British withdrawal from Thaba-Bosiu he sent them a note congratulating them on their bravery and sent his regards to their Queen.

So Moshoeshe was a military strategist who thought like a diplomat. He preferred to outmanoeuvre his opponents rather than outshoot them. To this end he used appeasement and subterfuge, always based on proper intelligence. He had an extended system of ambassadors and messengers who kept him informed and made friends on his behalf all over the subcontinent.

He was the master of unconventional, unexpected, visionary and counter-intuitive leadership. After him, no African leader can have an excuse for corrupt, authoritarian rule.

More than a century after King Moshoeshe's death another master of counter-intuitive leadership, another brave and visionary statesman also saved his country from civil war and catastrophe. His name is Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela.

After he was persecuted and torn from his young family for daring to demand full citizenship for the people who had lived in this country for millennia, he was sentenced to life in prison. He spent the best years of his life in jail.

The intuitive thing to do once his jailers were forced to set him free, was to take revenge; to damn his oppressors; to insist on immediate majority rule. Most other leaders would have done this, and honoured for exacting justice.

Mandela must have felt an acute anger and resentment, even a desire for revenge, when he walked out of jail after 27 years. But he knew if he was going to do the obvious, he would probably unleash instability and conflict in his country and cause great suffering. He chose to do the counter-intuitive thing: instead of kicking his enemies, he hugged them. Instead of cursing them, he seduced them into submission.

Most of his followers, most black South Africans, indeed most black people in the world, probably wanted Mandela to punish the whites for their role in his and his people's suffering, probably felt the desire for retaliation. Instead he risked the wrath of his own party's militants and embarked on an extraordinary charm offensive that not only disarmed white intransigents and ensure the end of right wing militancy, but ensured stability and economic continuity.

And he sold his risky endeavor to the nationalists, the communists, the workerists and the black consciousness disciples in his party and in the country through the force of his own personality and his indisputable moral authority. He even went to have tea with the widow of the man who was prime minister when he was sent to jail, Hendrik Verwoerd, right in the heart of the white Afrikaner enclave of Orania. Unexpected. Not the predictable. Counter-intuitive.

When a few white students of this university made a video that sent shock waves through the entire country, the demand was strong for them to be also humiliated, for them to pay dearly, for them to be damned to eternity. But there was a man called Jonathan Jansen who dared not to do the obvious. His solution, controversial as it was, brought a much better outcome. That was counter-intuitive leadership.

So why did I call this address "Of Jacob, Julius, Jimmy and the Dancing Monkey"?

Well, I thought a title like that would have a greater chance of pulling a full hall than if you knew I was going to give you a history lesson.

Jacob obviously refers to President Jacob Zuma, Julius to Julius Malema and Jimmy to Jimmy Manyi. The Dancing Monkey is the name Malema

called DA leader Helen Zille for daring to toyi-toyi on platforms in black townships during the local elections in May in an effort to begin the difficult process of breaking the stark racial divide in our national politics.

I don't want to walk into a political minefield today. All I want to say about Jacob, Julius, Jimmy and the Dancing Monkey is that we should all look at our political leadership with much more critical eyes and decide who is doing the obvious, who is simply following his or her basest instincts, who is simply trying to play to the gallery, and who is showing potential for visionary and counter-intuitive leadership.

The public intellectual Moeletsi Mbeki says in a recent interview: "One of the key weaknesses is that it survives on the lowest common denominator, which means that the ANC is not leading, it is following ... they check out which way the wind blows and that is the lowest common denominator. They run in front of everyone else and they say they are leading, but actually all they've done is reiterate which way the wind is blowing. We see this with the ANCYL and their so-called land grab: that's not leadership; it's just trying to please what they perceive the lowest common denominator wants."

We should ask: what is the quality of leadership of Cosatu, of the SA Democratic Teachers' Union that is messing up our education, of the Communist Party, the Democratic Alliance, the Freedom Front Plus, Solidarity? If they don't live up to our expectations, why do we still tolerate them?

Now that the shouting and cursing of one of our loudest peddlers of intolerance and bigotry has been silenced, hopefully permanently, we should as a nation seize the opportunity to start a whole new dialogue, an honest but sober one, to reinvent ourselves, to redefine ourselves, to re-imagine ourselves as a successful, tolerant, just and equitable society. We should urgently deal with the shortcomings of our 1994 settlement, where we simply dealt with political power.

Denying our past won't get us there, neither will shouting or insults. We need a new search for common ground across race, culture and class.

There is an understandable anger among many people and communities. We should understand that. But I'm afraid in recent times that anger has become an agenda in itself; it becomes the point of the debate instead of taking us somewhere.

We have a long list of proud, brave and visionary leaders in our history: Autshumao, Doman, Adam Kok, Mohlomi, Moshoeshoe, Makhanda, Sekukune, Kgama, Sobhuza, Tambo, Sisulu, Naudé, Slabbert, Mandela and many others.

We should demand more integrity, courage and vision of our present political leadership. We deserve better.