



## Under fire essay

# From May shame to 2030 or there about: a tale of xenophobia, Zimbabwe and fictive identities

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As per appointment, at exactly 16:00 Mustafa picked me up in his old model VW for dinner at his house in Berea. But first we were going to meet a group of 20 or so children in Cato Manor, a poorer section of Durban city, KwaZulu-Natal. Mustafa had waited for me in the university visitors' car park, playing Busi Mhlongo's superb Afro-jazz album *Urban Zulu*. The rhythm thumped mellow and steady, evoking a relaxed 'Zuluish' mood in me. The feeling was nothing like the discomfort I experience on seeing leaping, stamping, assegai-wielding Zulus in skins on *Shaka Zulu*. The movie has never been my favourite, even when recuperative liberation romance is rubbed into those flayed skins and glistening spears. Busi Mhlongo's husky voice just sounded right in the old model VW which was nearly bare, except for the simple upholstery and the CD player.

There was a big fruitcake on the back seat. Mustafa said it was a present for the kids he was going to do a visionary drawing project with, the following morning in Cato Manor township.

'Cake brings the right vibes; it'll sweeten everything the first time we meet,' said Mustafa.

Mustafa is an architect. He told me that an international conference was being planned to discuss the envisioned city spaces of the future. Thus, for him it was only sensible to include the impressions of the likely citizens of those places and

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