

Woods glanced at them in the mirror. 'They follow you everywhere?' he asked.

Biko smiled. He put his arm out of the window and waved at the car behind. 'They think they do.'

The clinic at Zanempilo was at the top of a hill. The first thing Woods noticed was the church. In addition, there were three long, low buildings made of wood. A line of people queued outside one of the buildings – women with small children, old men, pregnant women.

Woods parked his car. The police waited further back on the road. 'So this is it?' Woods asked, getting out of the car.

'This is it,' Biko replied. 'A clinic for black people, with black workers, and a black doctor.'

Mamphela came out of the door of one of the buildings. She was in a doctor's white coat, some papers in her hand. She paused and stared at Woods and Biko. Then she nodded at them and turned to her patients.

'Was this place her idea or yours?' Woods challenged, looking at Biko across the top of the car.

'It was an idea that came from all of us,' Biko replied. He looked at Mamphela. 'But we were lucky to get her,' he added.

The clinic was an amazing achievement, anyway, Woods thought. He knew that Biko's Black Consciousness group wanted black people to create their own organizations. But Woods himself believed that South Africa needed organizations where black and white people could work together.

'So if you had a white "liberal" doctor working here, that wouldn't serve your purpose?' Woods asked.

Biko became more serious than Woods had yet heard him.

'When I was a student, I suddenly realized that it wasn't just the job I was studying for that was white. The history we read was made by white men, written by white men. Television, medicine, cars' – he hit the roof of the Mercedes – 'all invented by white men. Even football.' He paused for a moment. 'In a world like that, it is hard not to believe that there is something inadequate about being born black.' He stopped again and then glanced behind him at the two policemen watching him from a distance. 'I began to think that this feeling was a bigger problem than the things the System does to us.' Slowly he turned back to Woods. 'I felt that, first, the black man has to believe he has the same ability to be a doctor – a leader – as a white man.'

Woods nodded. He understood Biko's ideas and he was impressed by the man who had them.

Biko looked at the clinic. 'So we started this clinic. My mistake was to write down some of my ideas.'

'And the government banned you.'

Biko nodded. 'And the white liberal editor started attacking me.'

'I attacked you for your racism, for refusing to work with white liberals,' Woods protested.

Biko smiled. 'How old are you, Mr Woods?' he enquired.

Woods hesitated, a little annoyed by the question. 'Forty-two,' he answered. 'If that makes any difference.'

Biko stared at him. 'A white South African,' he said slowly. 'A newspaper man, forty-two years old. Have you spent any time in a black township?'

Woods hesitated again. He had driven through a few townships, but no white South African spent any time in one. 'I've . . . I've been to many . . .'