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SOUTH AFRICA'S NON-RACIAL FORTNIGHTLY

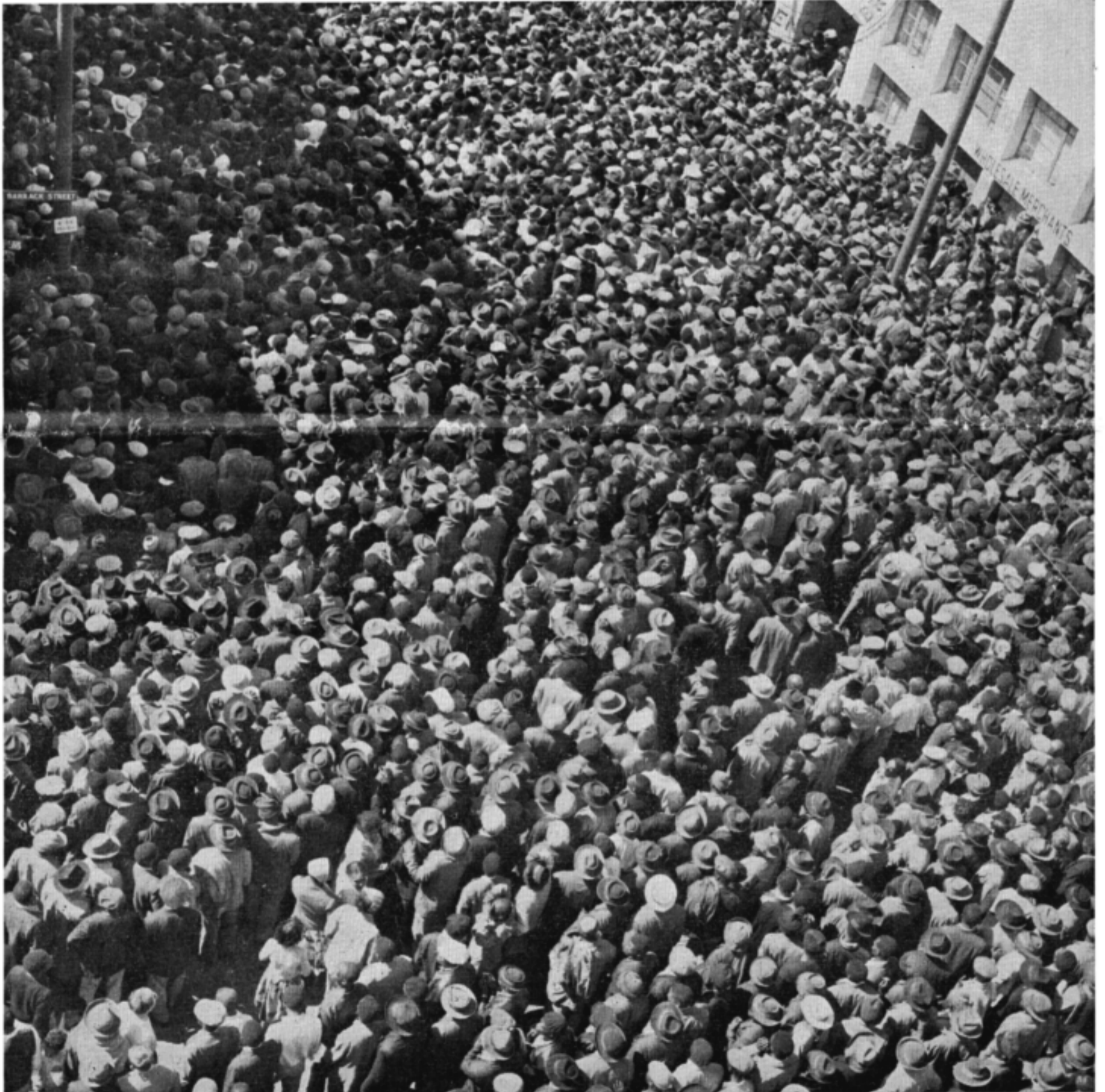
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**P.A.C.
CAMPAIGN
REVEALS THE
POWER OF
NON-VIOLENCE**



The Power of Non-Violence: Part of the peaceful crowd of 30,000 people who collected in Cape Town on 30th March, as part of the campaign of the Pan-Africanist Congress.

The Kgosana Speech

SINCE Monday, 21st March, Cape Town has been shaking South Africa. And the Pan-Africanist Congress has been shaking Cape Town. Their campaign was launched by young Mr. Philip Kgosana, a Transvaaler, who threw up his career at the University of Cape Town (a privilege of great price these days) in order to be able to give everything to the cause.

His launching speech is historical. Its predictions were uncannily accurate. For the sake of history we give it here in full.

LAUNCHING ADDRESS 20th March, 1960

Sons and daughters of the soil, on Monday, 21st March, 1960, we launch our Positive Decisive Action against the Pass Laws. Exactly 7 a.m. we launch. Oh, yes, we launch—there is no doubt about it. (ALL OVER.)

We have reached the cross roads—we have crossed our historical Rubicon—Izwe Lethu!

The choice before us:

At this stage of our struggle we have a choice before us. Are we still prepared to be half-human beings in our fatherland or are we prepared to be citizens—men and women in a democratic non-racial South Africa? How long shall we be called Bantu, Native, Non-European, Non-White, or black, stinking Kaffir in our fatherland? When shall we be called Sir, Mr., Mrs., Miss, Ladies and Gentlemen? How long shall we stay in the squalors of Windermere or the Sahara Desert of Nyanga West? How long shall we rot physically, spiritually and morally—*ema Plangeni*? How long shall we starve amidst plenty in our fatherland? How long shall we be a rightless, voteless and voiceless eleven million in our fatherland?

On what meat doth this our oppressive White Man Boss feed that he has grown so great? Sons and daughters of Africa—there is a choice before us. We are either slaves or free men—that's all.

What we are fighting for:

Our overall fight is against imperialism, colonialism and domination. I want to be properly understood here. Let the world take note, that we are not fighting Dr. Verwoerd, simply because he is Dr. Verwoerd; we are not fighting against the Nationalist Party or the United Party. We are not fighting against Europeans or Indians or Chinese. In short we are fighting against nobody. Our energies and forces are directed against a set-up, against a conception and a myth. This myth—others call it racial superiority, others call it herrenvolkism, others white leadership with justice, or white supremacy. We are fighting against the Calvinistic doctrine that a certain Nation was specially chosen by God to lead, guide and protect other nations.

That is our fight

We are not a horde of stupid, barbaric things which will fight against a white man simply because he is white. No sensible person can do that.

AN ASSAULT

In order to destroy this myth of race superiority, the Pan-Africanist Congress has drawn up an unfolding programme—which starts to-morrow and ends up in 1963 with the realization of the United States of Africa. We start with the Pass Laws, then the next thing and the next, etc.—up to 1963.



Mr. Philip Kgosana being carried back to Langa on 25th March, after being released by the authorities.

THE PASS LAWS

We have decided to secure the total abolition of the Pass Laws. This means that not only the *dom* pass must go, but also the Labour Bureaux and influx control regulations must go with it. The question is how best we can achieve that.

The P.A.C. has made it clear that the first essential is a mental divorce from the Pass Laws. Our people have been so conditioned to the *dom* pass that they have been known to buy it for £15 or risk death in an attempt to salvage it from a burning building. In fact an African does not feel that he is himself if he does not feel the weight of the *dom* pass in his pocket. What is necessary, then, is for every African to make up his mind that from to-morrow he will never carry the *dom* pass.

THE CONDUCT OF THE CAMPAIGN

I wish here to quote the final instructions of the President of the Pan-Africanist Congress, Mr. Mangaliso Robert Sobukwe:

To All Regions and Branches of P.A.C.:

Sons and Daughters of the Soil, Remember Africa!

Very soon, now, we shall be launching. The step we are taking is historical, pregnant with untold possibilities. We must, therefore, appreciate our role. We must appreciate our responsibility. The African people have entrusted their whole future to us. And we have sworn that we are leading them, not to death, but to life abundant.

My instructions, therefore, are that our people must be taught NOW and CONTINUOUSLY THAT IN THIS CAMPAIGN we are going to observe ABSOLUTE NON-VIOLENCE.

There are those in our own ranks who will be speaking irresponsibly of bloodshed and violence. They must be firmly told what our stand is.

Results of violence: Let us consider, for a moment, what violence will achieve. I say quite POSITIVELY, without fear of contradiction, that the only people who will benefit from violence are the government and the police. Immediately violence breaks out we will be taken up with it and give vent to our pent-up emotions and feel that by throwing a stone at a Saracen or burning a particular building we are small revolutionaries engaged in revolutionary warfare. But after a few days, when we have buried our dead and made moving grave-side speeches and our emotions have settled again, the police will round up a few people and the rest will go back to the Passes, having forgotten what our goal had been initially. Incidentally, in the process we shall have alienated the masses who will feel that we have made cannon fodder of them, for no significant purpose except for spectacular newspaper headlines.

This is not a game. We are not gambling. We are taking our first step in the march to African independence and the United States of Africa. And we are not leading corpses to the new Africa. We are leading the vital, breathing and dynamic youth of our land. We are leading that youth, NOT

TO DEATH, BUT TO LIFE ABUNDANT. Let us get that clear.

The government, knowing that they stand to gain by an outbreak of violence, may most probably stoop down to the level of employing certain African renegades, political or by throwing a stone at the police from a distance. Our Task Force will, therefore, have to move on either side of every batch and to make sure they deal with saboteurs. Anybody who agitates for violence or starts violence whether he belongs to P.A.C. or not, we will regard as a paid agent of the government. Let the masses know that NOW.

The principal aim of our campaign is to get ourselves arrested, get our women remaining at home. This means that nobody will be going to work. Industry will come to a stand-still and the government will be forced to accept our terms. And once we score that victory, there will be nothing else we will not be able to tackle. But we must know quite clearly, NOW, that our struggle is an unfolding one, one campaign leading on to another in a NEVER-ENDING STREAM—until independence is won.

This is not a game. The white rulers are going to be extremely ruthless. But we must meet their hysterical brutality with calm, iron determination. We are fighting for the noblest cause on earth, the liberation of mankind. They are fighting to retrench an outworn, anachronistic vile system of oppression. WE represent progress. They represent decadence. We represent the fresh fragrance of flowers in bloom; they represent the rancid smell of decaying vegetation. We have the whole continent on our side. We have history on our side. WE WILL WIN!

The government will be ruthless. They will probably try to cut us off from one another, censor the Press, use their propaganda machinery to malign the leaders, mislead the people and spread falsehood about the campaign. Let nobody depend on either the Press or Radio. I, myself, MANGALISO SOBUKWE, one of the P.A.C. leaders, acting on my behalf, will call off the struggle, after our demands have been fully met.

FORWARD THEN, TO INDEPENDENCE NOW. TOMORROW THE UNITED STATES OF AFRICA!

Yours for emergent Africa, Mangaliso R. Sobukwe, President, Pan-Africanist Congress."

What we are not going to do:

We are not going to burn or damage any part of the Pass Book in any manner. We are not going to fight or attempt to fight, insult or attempt to insult provoke or attempt to provoke the police in their lawful duties. We are not going to throw stones at the police or do anything that is going to obstruct the police. Any person who does all these things shall be dealt with by the police of course and we, as an organisation, shall further deal with him. Nobody is carrying money, knives or any dangerous weapon with himself to-morrow.

People are not going to join this struggle with evil personal interests in it. Nobody is going to burn any building, office, school or any property of the government. Nobody is going to cut

wires or make attempts to cut the railway lines. Nobody is going to burn any bus or threaten anybody.

If anybody does all these things and the police begin to shoot, any person who will die or receive injuries shall be demanded on the head of the mischief maker. The Gods of Africa shall pass judgment on such a person.

The same applies to the police. We do not want to be provoked in any manner. We do not want to be given impossible instructions such as—disperse in three minutes—or some such mumbled orders. If the police officer wants us to disperse we shall disperse. Our leaders will always be on the spot to tell us what to do. We do not want to be tossed about. If you baton charge us we shall not run away but we will not fight back. We shall leave you to the judgment of the eyes of the world and to the great Gods of Africa.

In short—we know what we are doing and we know how to do it:

My Prediction!

My prediction is that these police will not arrest us to-morrow. What they are going to do is to arrest the leadership—the so-called agitators or inciters.

The people will be told to disperse and go to work. In that case, the President's order is that you peacefully disperse, without making any noise or interjections. You go home, sit in your houses and paint the house or dig the garden or even play drafts.

NOBODY GOES TO WORK

You know our demands: Abolition of Pass Laws, minimum salary of £35 and no victimization of leaders or the people.

Sabotage:

Be careful of *New Age*, *City Post* and possibly the *Argus*. Let us close our ears to what the newspapers say and continue with our dynamic programme. We shall win.

We said that "those who are not with us are with the enemy"—at least Mr. Nokwe told us where he stands in yesterday's "City Late". You know what is happening to the Hon. Adv. Duma Nokwe. Yes, it is the work of the good white man—umlungu oshandayo. Perhaps Duma Nokwe is not carrying a pass—we do not know.

Who is to blame:

Whether the struggle fails or succeeds, somebody is to blame for to-morrow's country-wide uprising. Strictly speaking, the campaign is not of our own choice. The hardened stubbornness of the oppressor-group has driven us to a point of desperation. Whether the oppressor likes it or not the Pass Laws must go to-morrow. The myth of white supremacy must be blown to oblivion by the avalanche force of African Nationalism which sweeps the entire continent.

I request the Senior Police Officer in charge to phone Dr. Verwoerd after this meeting and tell him that, "Hey, Okaffe! baphambene ngoku!" (Hey, the kaffirs have gone mad!)

Fellow Africans, the hour for service, sacrifice, and suffering has come. Let us march in unison to the United States of Africa. Let us march to a new and independent Africa with courage and determination. Let us unite and fight relentlessly for a noble cause.

Forward to Independence!

Forward!!!!!!

The Monday Beatings

By THE EDITOR

CAPE TOWN: At 9 a.m. on Monday, 4th April, I was a passenger in a taxi at the big central intersection of Darling and Buitenkant Streets a few hundred yards from the Cape Town City Hall. The taxi stopped for traffic lights to turn green.

I noticed a good many White police, in uniform, standing at the intersection on the southern corner. Suddenly two of them started rushing across Darling Street to the corner near the Castle. I noticed a small group of African men—say, two or three—running for their lives away from these police who had just noticed them and were chasing them.

Before the chase began the African men had been walking quietly towards the City Hall on the pavement.

The police ran very fast, and easily caught them. They began beating them on the head, neck and shoulders with sticks. The sticks appeared to be about 2½ or 3 feet long. One of the victims screamed.

There were many pedestrians and many cars at this busy intersection. The assault was done in front of them all.

Suddenly another policeman, on our side of Darling Street, began

came up to me, and said: "Ah, we know you," and went away.

This was only one out of countless incidents in Cape Town on that day. At Claremont I learned that the police collected a large group of Africans at the Police Station, and thrashed them in full view of the White, African, and Coloured onlookers. Many telephoned the press, and swamped the incoming lines of the two big dailies.

Here are some of their stories: An African nurse called friends outside to beg for supplies of bandages and antiseptic. Her first aid station had run out as injured flooded in.

"Police are beating up everybody," she sobbed over the telephone when I called her. "Blood is everywhere."

White Capetonians too began to complain angrily. As the morning wore on—it seems that the "operation" on the townships began before dawn—police parties began tumbling from riot

members of the South African Police were using undue force in dealing with African intimidators were unsubstantiated.

But Colonel I. P. S. Terblanche, Deputy-Commissioner of Police, Cape Western Area, said in a statement: "Under the new regulations Natives who cannot account for themselves where they might cause trouble can be dealt with on the spot. They are being dealt with. Our aim is not to make arrests, but to deal with trouble-makers on the spot."

Apparently walking down a pavement is now to be regarded as "trouble-making"—if your face happens to be Black.

Under the emergency regulations it is not possible for the daily press to handle this sort of news, but investigations in and around Cape Town which have been made known to *Contact* have revealed that the following persons were being medically treated:



Seen at Langa, Cape.

chasing another African whom he had seen. He had a heavy 3-ft. sjambok made from a motor car tyre. He chased the African past the front of our taxi. I put my head out and roared: "Stop it, you swine", in a voice that reached several hundred yards.

The policeman did stop it, and came to me in a menacing and extremely angry spirit. He shouted at me and asked me if I knew there was a state of emergency, said I was obstructing the police, and threatened me with imprisonment. He was joined by a Sergeant, who said much the same. I said to him, in a peremptory tone: "Your men are behaving like swine. Call them off."

At this the first policeman walked off cursing me in a selection of four-letter words.

I asked the Sergeant to listen, and to stop his policemen from being obscene. A third policeman

trucks and beating up Africans in the city's suburbs.

"I can't stand the screaming," telephoned an Englishman from Maitland, a middle-class suburb. He reported seeing policemen slashing at Africans with sjamboks right outside the police station.

Eye-witnesses agreed that in many cases there was no doubt that entirely innocent and often elderly Africans were struck by khaki-clad youngsters, who had obviously been told to get tough and not to worry about the consequences.

A local newspaper reporter, Douglas Alexander, was arrested for trying to take pictures of incidents in another white area. He was later released with a caution.

In a statement on the evening of the 5th, Minister of Justice Erasmus said that allegations that

(These injuries have been described conservatively.)

Shot on Monday, 4th April BULLET WOUNDS

1. Athwell Gale, bullet entered back and lodged near liver. Condition serious. He also had weals across his stomach. Mr. Gale died of these injuries on 7th April in hospital.
2. Wilson Fakela, bullet wound in left shoulder.
3. Amos Numsa, bullet in buttock.

Names of Injured Obtained on Tuesday

OTHER WOUNDS

1. William (last name unknown), head injuries.
2. Coloured woman, Kouloun Ceres, weals on head.
3. & 4. Her two sons, names not known, aged about 17, both had weals on their bodies.
5. Ethel Ganyaza, multiple weals on head and body.
6. Malungwa Mfabe, large bruised lacerations on the head, bruised laceration on left arm, compound fracture left arm.
7. Ben Madoc, bruised lacerations on right jaw, weals left forearm, fractured left arm.

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Mr. Miamli Makwetu, Pan-Africanist leader, asks the two thousand to go home quietly on 25th March. He is standing in front of the Caledon Square police station.

The Two Thousand

By THE EDITOR

CAPE TOWN, 26th March: On Friday (25th March) I played some part in the Pan-Africanists' anti-pass campaign here. It wore the face of Gandhi, not of Hitler.

Thursday, the day before, about one hundred workers from the Langa township threw away their passes, then surrendered themselves at the central Cape Town police station at Caledon Square. In accordance with the pass laws they were locked up in cells.

On Thursday most of the other workers from Langa reported for work. Nyanga, the other big township here, has had a stay-at-home strike since Monday.

On Friday most from Langa stayed away. A decision was taken that "all the people", having seen from the Thursday arrests that the police had room for pass resisters, would surrender themselves at Caledon Square.

And so several thousand men set out from their satellite township for Cape Town. Many of them travelled by train.

At about half-past nine I got a telephone call from Philip Kgosana, the Langa leader, telling me what was happening, and asking me to come. It took me some time, as I had thought that the whole crowd would collect on the Grand Parade, near the station, and then go in a procession to the police headquarters. In fact they had wisely decided to filter up in small groups.

Soon a large crowd had collected in the street outside the headquarters. The alarm siren was blown.

Mr. Kgosana and another leader, Mr. G. Ndhlovu, gave themselves up. They were put in cells under a warrant for arrest, but, I understand, not charged.

The heavy gates of the building were closed in the faces of the crowd, which continued to grow in size.

I arrived at about 11.20, and chatted to the small group of Africanist leaders at the big gates, who were waiting for something to happen. The man in charge was a tall, svelte young man of about 20, with the air of a university lecturer, named Miamli Makwetu. By profession he is, as he told the police, "a casual labourer at the docks". Many of those standing in the street were stevedores, and their absence from the port made the day a trial to the harbour authorities. Mr. Makwetu carried himself with quiet authority, and was completely relaxed. Runners conveyed his instructions to the crowd, which was, like himself,

good-humoured and relaxed. The runners, whom they call their "task force", industriously kept the crowd from blocking the pavements and traffic.

As I chatted to them Mr. van der Westhuizen, head of the Cape Town Security Branch, greeted me, and tried to overhear what I was saying. He then asked me why I was there. I parried his questions.

Shortly afterwards Colonel Terblanche, Cape Town police chief, came out and stood near us with some of his top brass. He came over to me and spoke to me by name. He asked me if I had organized this demonstration. I said I had not. He seemed agitated, and told me that a very dangerous situation was building up. He intended to order the crowd to disperse. He said he did not want anyone hurt, but that he would do his duty, and use force if necessary. I asked him to discuss the whole thing inside, away from a small crowd of eavesdroppers. We went into his office.

I told him that I had no connection with the demonstration, that I was there because Mr. Kgosana had asked me to come; that it was a purely African initiative; that I did not want a Sharpeville here in Cape Town, and that I wanted the affair to go off peacefully. He assured me that he was a man of peace. I said in that case, and to this extent, I was his ally. "So are those leaders out there. They and their followers have come in an absolutely peaceful spirit. If you want this crowd to disperse there is only one way to do it peacefully, and that is to talk it out with the leaders, who have complete control of this crowd. Find out what they want, and try to meet their requests."

This was done, and, in a few minutes, at 11.40, Mr. Makwetu and four others were in the office, but not before leaving the second echelon in charge.

I was deeply impressed at the

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contact

The Power of Non-Violence

MAHATMA GANDHI wrote a book called *The Power of Non-Violence*. This power was demonstrated in India, where the Indians got their rights virtually without using the terrible weapons of hatred and violence against the British. To-day the relations between British residents in India and the Indians, and between the British and Indian governments are better than they have ever been. By this good fruit the goodness, and the strength, of non-violence as a weapon has been proved.

Many have urged the oppressed people of South Africa to look to Gandhi, and to model their freedom fight on his. One of the latest to do so is Mr. Mangaliso R. Sobukwe, President of the Pan-Africanist Congress, for his call to launch the present campaign against passes was based on "absolute non-violence".

But others have said "no". They have alleged three principal reasons. The first is this: "Non-violence may have worked in India. But the Indians are people of an old, gentle culture. Their religion teaches non-violence. Africans are wild barbarians with no culture. They cannot use this weapon."

This reasoning has been utterly disproved by the March days in Cape Town, by the two great demonstrations outside the Caledon Square police barracks. No one could mingle with that great crowd of 30,000 people (see our front cover) without being overwhelmed by respect for their peacefulness, gentleness, good humour, and non-violence.

The same holds good of the great funeral in Langa, which was attended by 50,000 people. There the Pan-Africanist leadership preserved the most perfect calm, and there were no police there at all.

The second reason given by opponents of non-violence is this: "Non-violence may be all right against a good, civilized people like the British. But against Nazis, or semi-Nazis like the Afrikaners, it just won't work."

Perhaps the brutal floggings in the Cape Town streets of 2nd April have given force to this argument. But in our view it is as baseless as

the first. For all nations, including the British act brutally in "the national interest". One only has to think of the surrealist brutality of the massacre of about 400 people at Amritsar in India, by General Dyer in 1922.

Secondly, despite all that has happened here, it is our considered judgment that the Afrikaners are no worse, if little better, than the British or any other people. Like other members of the human race they have a conscience, and want to do the right thing. At the moment they believe that they are facing a brutal and cruel enemy, and this has induced some of them to become abnormally brutal. But they, like any other human beings, have a good side which non-violence can appeal to. The fact is that the largely Afrikaner authorities at Cape Town replied to these demonstrations with concessions.

It is lastly objected that non-violence is a weapon for the weak, and a weak weapon. It is not suitable for winning big fights.

This argument was conclusively disproved to anyone with the fortune to be among the great crowds in Cape Town's streets. The very quietness of the vast throng of 30,000 was its greatest strength. The guns in the hands of the police, their very armoured cars and machine guns, looked as if made of cardboard in the face of this giant power.

It is our view that it is this power which is destined not only to win the oppressed people their rights, but also to strike their weapons of murder from the hands of the White supremacists, and to melt their hardest hearts, and to show them that what is right for the oppressed people is also right for them and their children.

Betrayal (1)

ON 25th March, as reported elsewhere in this issue, the following pledge was given by the Cape Town police chief to the Cape Town Pan-Africanist leadership: "Until things return to normal I will see to it that in this area no one is asked to carry passes again."

On the evening of the same day the suspension of the pass laws was made country-wide by General Rademeyer, our Commissioner of Police, with the approval of the Minister.

On the morning of 7th April Minister Erasmus announced that from that day the police would again ask for passes (or reference books, as they are officially called).

But the state of emergency continues; hundreds of leaders remain in prison; things have clearly not returned to normal. Another solemn pledge has been dishonoured.

It is because human society is built on good faith and an instinctive revulsion from treachery that *Contact* has recorded these plain facts.

Before a fresh start can be made these facts will have to have been acknowledged and taken account of.

Betrayal (2)

IN 1838 Dingane lured Piet Retief and his party into a trap. The Boers put down their arms, and were then dealt with, and murdered, by the Zulus. This was treachery.

One hundred and twenty-two years later, Mr. Philip Kgosana, a young South African, aged twenty, negotiated from a position of strength with the Union authorities. He, too, was induced to put down his weapon, the presence of a peaceful and orderly crowd of thirty thousand Africans. In good faith he asked them to go home, for he had been promised an interview with the Minister, Mr. Erasmus.

When he had disarmed, after he had willingly put away his only defence, when he came for the promised interview, he was seized and gaoled.

Mr. Erasmus had only two honourable courses before him. Either he might decide that the police officers who had given the pledge to Mr. Kgosana had acted beyond their authority. In this case nothing less than a public reprimand could make known the Government's displeasure and refusal to accept responsibility for the promise. Or he might decide to honour the pledge made in his name by an honourable official, and to give Mr. Kgosana the interview.

In the event Mr. Erasmus did neither. To the best of our knowledge the interview has never taken place.

In our view Mr. Erasmus is as guilty of treachery as was Dingane.

For ten thousand years at least the human race has regarded treachery as the basest of all crimes.

Contact therefore appeals to Mr. Erasmus to erase this foul blot on his Government's and his own reputation and to see Mr. Kgosana.

If Mr. Erasmus were to do so he would, in our view, also take an important step forward in the solution of our difficult problems.

Contact is independent. It works for non-racial democracy based on adult suffrage. It is against all forms of totalitarianism such as fascism and communism.



A MAN CALLED BROWN



Alan Paton, National President of the Liberal Party, does duty on this page in the absence of Peter Brown, the National Chairman.

DURBAN: Speaking at Long View, Kloof, Alan Paton said: "I happened to be looking through old numbers of *Contact*, and was struck by the coincidence that two years ago to the day, April 5, I wrote about Peter Brown, the "Crusader on the Polo Pony". What better time than to write again? A. E. Housman wrote that:

*Of my three score years and ten,
Twenty would not come again,
And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room.
About the woodlands I will go,
To see the cherry hung with snow.*

I am not in such a happy situation; more than fifty of my years will not come again. Therefore I must write while I can. Nor do I write of cherries hung with snow, but of another kind of beauty, namely, the honour and courage that do so adorn a man.

Brown would not thank me for writing of his honour and courage. Therefore I shall thank him instead for having them.

Courage does not prevent calamity, but it transfigures it. Although the future of our

cause is dark, we in the Liberal Party can regard ourselves as fortunate that we have a leader of this mould.

Every society formed by man has its leaders and followers. They depend upon one another. An army is twice an army when its leader is resolute, and a leader is twice a leader when his followers are resolute. There is a time when a leader must, by his courage, enhearten his followers; there is a time when followers must enhearten their leader by theirs. This second time is now.

We in the Liberal Party have no leader cult, and are not likely to have one, this not being our nature. We are proud of our Ballingers, our Mngadis, our Langs. We are proud of our Browns. But they need more than our pride in them, they need our courage also.

They do not need us to say: "The night is dark," for they

know that already. They need us to say: "The night is dark, but this is a journey that we will at all costs continue."

My friend Brown—and his associates—have a courage with a strangely natural quality. It is not fierce, or inexorable, or consuming, or steely. It is merely resolute, than which no adjective is stronger. Thanks be to God, in whose hands are our times, for his resoluteness.

It is quite usual in South African politics to refer to God and to be happy that one is doing his will. We do not usually refer to ourselves in this way in the Liberal Party, but I do it on this occasion. I do not imagine ourselves to be the representatives of God, ourselves therefore of unspeakable majesty, omnipotent and all-knowing.

Nevertheless we imagine ourselves to be his servants, and will humbly do what is

required of us. This is not to seek to exercise unbridled power; but to cherish justice, practise mercy, and fight for the dispossessed, whatever may be the consequences to ourselves.

I should like to add a word about Brown's wife, Phoebe, and other women. They share their husbands' qualities of honour and courage, and are an example to us all.

The key word to-day is courage. The key action is to stand as resolutely as ever for our ideal of a South Africa which shall use, without let or hindrance, the gifts and skills of all its peoples.

When a man has a cause, and calamity overtakes it, he may grieve a while. But if he stays grieving, he clearly no longer has a cause. I say to my friend Brown, wherever he may be, "We shall try to prove ourselves men and women who have honour and courage also".

PREPARING FOR THE RETURN OF KENYATTA

KENYA'S STRUGGLE FOR LEADERSHIP

TOM MBOYA was seriously heckled for the first time in his career when he attended the inaugural meeting of the Kenya African National Union. Members of the predominantly Kikuyu crowd shouted: "You have sold us on the constitution," and "We don't want American money."

This was the second shock for Mboya. The first came when the new K.A.N.U. party was formed by ten other African elected members before he was told anything about it.

The Chairman of the party is James Gichuru, ex-President of the banned Kenya African Union, ex-colleague of Kenyatta and recently released detainee. The Secretary of the party is also a Kikuyu, the American-trained Dr. Mungai Njeroge, a man who was thought to be in close association with Tom Mboya. (He has lent him his American car for personal use since his return from U.S.A.) Another prominent member of the party is Mr. A. O. Odinga Odinga who has carried on a sustained campaign for the past few years to establish Kenyatta as "leader of the African people".

Practically all Kenya's prominent politicians in and out of Legislative Council have become members of the party.

At the first meeting in Kiambu—in the middle of the Kikuyu reserve near Kenyatta's birthplace—Mboya's name was put up as an office-bearer, but his third shock came when he was passed by and had to be content with a post on the executive committee.

Mboya's refusal to accept a

from
Alan Rake

ministry in the Kenya government can be attributed to these new moves in African politics. He has said he could not accept a ministry because he is too busy as Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labour. He has also said that his job would clash with his responsibilities as Minister of Labour. But the real reason must be that he is afraid to identify himself with government at a time when his rivals are trying to undermine his political position.

Thus Mboya has allowed other elected members to take on the ministries. Dr. G. Kiano will become Minister of Commerce and Industry; Ronald Ngala, Minister of Labour, and J. N. Muimi, Minister of Health and Welfare.

The sudden political combination against Mboya took him unawares.

The most significant thing about the formation of the new party is that it is deliberately preparing for the return of Jomo Kenyatta to active politics. There is no

information that the government is considering Kenyatta's release. In fact, the Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, said that this would endanger security when he made a statement last week, but the Africans are nevertheless preparing for that eventuality. The new party with a name similar to Kenyatta's old Kenya African Union (K.A.U.) has been created to keep the seat warm for his return.

The Luo member, Mr. Oginga Odinga, has long been a personal rival of Tom Mboya and he has found that the best way to weaken his position as leader of the African elected members is to insist that "Kenyatta is the real leader of the African people".

When Odinga first made these comments in Kenya's legislative council some years ago, he spoke with a lone voice.

He was attacked by Kiano and other African elected members for making rash statements about a man who was (rightly or wrongly) detained. But Odinga maintained his campaign and won the reputation of being Kenyatta's champion. One by one the other African members began to realize that Odinga was winning the sympathy of the Kikuyu and winning the propaganda war even against Mboya who was

working hard in Legco to take up the grievances of ordinary Kikuyus.

Recently Odinga intensified his campaign and these are some of the tactics he has used:

1. Though he has never been a trade unionist in his life, he attended Dr. Nkrumah's All-African Trade Union Federation conference at Accra in November, 1959, choosing the same time that Tom Mboya was calling an I.C.F.T.U. conference at Lagos.

2. At the time of the misunderstanding between Mboya and Nkrumah, Odinga made the acquaintance of Mr. Peter Mbiu Koinange, who fled Kenya at the beginning of Mau Mau, and has become a member of Nkrumah's Africa bureau.

3. He insisted that Koinange should be allowed into the Kenya constitutional conference in January, 1960, as a special adviser in addition to Dr. Thurgood Marshall who was Tom Mboya's choice. The conference was deadlocked for over a week on the question of admitting Koinange, but he was finally admitted and Odinga's boast was vindicated that the "voice of Kenyatta would be heard at the conference".

Odinga's last move was to work for the formation of the new K.A.N.U. party. All Kikuyu were keen to join it as it supported Kenyatta. Members of

the declining Kenya National Party had abandoned their non-racial experiment and were glad to join a stronger party.

Members of Mboya's Independence Movement joined K.A.N.U. without informing him. Thus Odinga seems to have won a major victory. Mboya joined the party himself and later declared that "Kenyatta is the leader".

He is in a difficult position because Odinga has formed a predominantly Kikuyu alliance in the name of Kenyatta. Mboya has always struggled against tribalism and is not likely to try forming other tribal combinations against the Kikuyu. He will have to find other means to show he is indispensable as a leader.

His position with the debilitated Nairobi electorate is not in danger, but if he wants to be recognized as a Kenya leader in his own right he will have to show he is indispensable and yet not anti-Kenyatta.

Our Detainees

The thoughts of all liberals, indeed of all democrats, go out to our ten members, including our leader Peter Brown, now detained under the emergency regulations.

No sympathy is in place: only congratulation and joy that their, and our, potent opposition to diabolic apartheid has received official recognition.

The 30,000



Mr. Philip Kgosana leaves part of the crowd of 30,000 on his way to Caledon Square, Cape Town, on 30th March.

By AN EYE WITNESS

CAPE TOWN: At the foot of the unfinished Athlone power station, looming larger than Table Mountain from the Cape Flats, came the first of the men from Langa. In their work clothes, tribesmen fresh from the Transkei and newspaper boys, University students and domestic servants, builders and schoolteachers, the crowd was a whole: the men from Langa walked, in peaceful informal formation, unarmed and unarrogant, towards Cape Town. They came to tell their troubles, trusting and still friendly, believing that non-violence could not provoke violence, and that they would be heard. Police had driven them from their homes in the early morning and spontaneously the men came together, walking towards Cape Town. This was no organized demonstration—P.A.C. plans had been to move in twos and threes on the next day, 31st March, meeting in front of Caledon Square Police Station, to wait in silent protest until their leaders were released.

Unexpectedly, P.A.C. Regional Secretary Philip Kgosana slipped from the crowd. In blue running shorts and frayed brown jacket, spattered with yellow-red mud, he halted them at the railway crossing. They heard him plead for complete control: no shouting, no violence of any sort, no trouble; he spoke in English and in several African languages. The 21-year-old boy who had explained P.A.C. aims to me on Monday (28th) had become a man: his control of the situation was faultless. Again the crowd moved forward.

The atmosphere was warm, hopeful—there was a belief that at last one of their leaders could tell the Government of their difficulties and ask for a new system: no passes and a fixed minimum wage—everywhere.

Past the golf course, through shopping areas, past white men's homes—there was no violence. Shopkeepers came out to watch without barring their windows or doors, unwieldy double-decker buses were waved through the crowd, cars moved among them. They walked fast, through Athlone and Mowbray, up on to the De Waal Drive. The sun shone—there was no fear or bitterness: it was a friendly, almost joyful atmosphere. The idle docks, the unfinished buildings on the foreshore far below—these were their protests. No one man

carried a stick or stone.

At the foot of the De Waal Drive, Mr. Kgosana again stopped them: seated in the shade they listened to him ask for peace—they must wait for him, he would walk on with five others to ask for an interview with the Minister of Justice. As he was leaving the people he was asked if he was not afraid of arrest; he expressed complete confidence in this attempt to achieve a just solution of legitimate grievances through consultation with the authorities.

In front of Caledon Square was a crowd that had assembled from all over the city. Mr. Kgosana was promised his interview.

Still quietly, the men were led back to Langa.

Mr. Kgosana did not get his interview: in place of it he was arrested.

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THE MARCH ON DURBAN

From Contact Correspondent

DURBAN, 7th April: Up to Friday morning last week Durban showed few signs of trouble. Cato Manor was in an ugly mood but trouble there now was almost endemic. The "Day of Mourning" had gone off quietly with Indians and Africans heeding Luthuli's call to stay at home, which contrary press reports stated as having not less than 40 per cent response. Pickets were active in the locations at Chesterville, Glebelands, and Lamontville, and urged workers not to return to work before the release of the leaders. Later the pickets were active at Clermont and Kwa Mashu.

On Friday morning a crowd of over 10,000 marched from Cato Manor towards Durban and endeavoured to reach the Central Gaol, demanding the release of the leaders. Below Howard College they were met by the police who ordered them to return to Cato Manor.

The main body returned but part way a wing broke off past Howard College and went back into the city and succeeded in reaching the gaol. I covered these.

The first column moved peacefully down West Street to gaol. The police were ready for them—some armed with guns. The crowd was addressed by a police

officer and by an Indian after which they dispersed peacefully. There were two Europeans and about six Indians with the demonstrators.

In the meantime the main column from Cato Manor entered the city. The reports of what actually happened were conflicting. Some white observers say that some Africans approached a garage where an African chauffeur was filling up his employer's car. The mob demanded that he join them. He refused and the mob dragged him out, threatening to burn the car and the garage, whereupon the police opened fire. Other accounts say that the

crowd was trapped in Syringa Avenue, which is a narrow street, and could not move back quickly enough when the police ordered them back whereupon the police opened fire.

The first reports said that seven were shot dead; later the press announced four. After these incidents tension mounted rapidly in African areas. There were clashes in Cato Manor over the stay-at-home call between supporters and opponents, the result of which was that one African was shot.

Pickets were exceptionally active at Lamontville, where they stopped thousands going to work.

contact

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**SAM
SLY**

A Television Note

Scribblers feel a bit helpless when a real fight is on—the first casualty is truth, and the sword (non-violent, of course) is mightier than the pen. I was in Cape Town for the Sixteen Days. It was good to take part in a little side-issue, nevertheless, which may prove the TV camera, like the pen, a power for us.

We first persuaded a live, free P.A.C. spokesman to come with us to South Africa's Grandest Hotel. Being just after the mass of arrests and the violating of Kgosana's truce flag, this persuading was the hardest part: the rest was entertaining but less solid.

The purpose was to get the P.A.C. case put over during the one-hour £10,000 television programme on South Africa that the Granada Company from Britain were busy compiling here. The TV team had already "done" Johannesburg (where John Dugdale, M.P., interviewed a masked A.N.C. fugitive), and were recovering from Dr. Verwoerd at his most charming, twinkly and unstoppable the day before. In the hotel garden, Sir de Villiers Graaff, Dr. Steytler, Mrs. Balingier and the Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town had been interviewed by the M.P.s, Sir Ivor Jennings and Messrs. Dugdale, Critchley, and Hooson, when we arrived. For the hell of it, our party of three Africans and one White strolled through the hotel to meet Mr. Dugdale, with whom introductions were exchanged in the middle of a very full, goggling lounge.

The P.A.C. man was a TV natural: fluent, smiling and relaxed, and for the 11 million expected British viewers, his agreed name, "Mr. X", must have added to his charm. Shooting over, we sat in cane chairs on the hotel verandah—the Archbishop and his chaplain, the British M.P.s, the TV men, the editor of *Contact*, the P.A.C. man and we three who brought him. A pleasant conversation failed to be ruined by the stricken hotel manager, who had already harangued us all in turn on the importance of the Africans not walking through the hotel again, and who now, through our waiter, cheated the two "unexempted" members of the party of their gins and tonics. At last, with much backslapping and good wishes, John Dugdale even sending his compliments to "Mrs. X", we drove off from the side entrance, into reality, the dying P.A.C. campaign and our colour-bar hell.

But it was good that millions of British people, then Americans, Australians, Canadians and more, would see the programme. It was good that we South Africans, blacks and whites, entered South Africa's Grandest Hotel together, without its actually falling to the ground about us. And I suppose it was good that this was television, the "little bioscope in the home" our rulers fear so, that recorded the presence and words of a black South African who means business.

It was a very little engagement, but I think we chose our weapons rightly.

Rocking Edifice

THE UNIFICATION OF SOUTH AFRICA: 1902-1910. By L. M. Thompson (Oxford University Press) 50s.

PROFESSOR L. M. THOMPSON'S book on the *Unification of South Africa* appears very appropriately in this sombre and stormy jubilee year. The period 1902-1910 has long demanded intensive study, and Professor Thompson has given us the facts in scholarly and readable fashion with a minimum of intrusive comment.

Three points emerge very clearly from a reading of his volume. The first is the complete ignoring of the non-Europeans by many of the framers of Union, the second is the bankruptcy—as early as 1910—of English-speaking South Africa, the third is the dishonesty and superficiality of the propaganda for unification as against federation and for a flexible as against a rigid constitution.

That the Transvaal and Free State representatives should have stood for an all-white union does not surprise me. But it comes as a surprise to find that Lord Milner wrote in November, 1899: "The ultimate end is a self-governing white community, supported by well-treated and justly governed black labour," and that Alfred Lyttelton, of all people, said in the House of Commons in 1909 that the House should "face the real facts and . . . acknowledge that the black races are not the equals of the white". Even Sir Matthew Nathan, the Governor of Natal, who represented the imperial factor at the Opening Session of the National Convention, said: "The whole people of South Africa are looking to you to devise a scheme which will unite them in a great nation, a nation of White people . . . ruling themselves and a contented native population in the common interests of all."

These curious sentiments may be written off as being of their time, but nothing can excuse the misleading propaganda in favour of legislative union and against federation put out in the two years before Union. General Smuts was one of the chief offenders in this regard, but Milner's Kindergarten went heart and soul into the same distortion of facts. Lionel Curtis's *The Government of South Africa* came down heavily against federation. Sir Henry de Villiers, as he then was, said that the Canadian Constitution had by its federalism prevented the merging of the French and British Canadians into a single nation, though the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, had written to General Smuts: "My opinion is very strong that with the duality of races, such as they have it in South Africa and such as we have it in Canada, the form of union should be federative. Even if there were homogeneity of races I would still favour the federative system. . . . Our Constitution has worked remarkably well." A series of articles in the *Cape Times* in 1908 suggested that most Australians considered that their federal Constitution was a failure, but this was immediately and strongly denied by W. H. Moore and R. H. Garran, two of the leading authorities on Australian Constitutional Law. An earlier Professor of History than L. M.

Thompson, John Edgar, asserted that history showed that federations were, in general, short-lived, and there was none to say him nay.

Nowhere were federal feelings stronger than in Natal, and yet nothing can exceed the ineptitude and inefficiency of the Natal delegation to the National Convention. Not only so, but British South African opinion generally showed an extraordinary political bankruptcy. It was divided, it was over-influenced by material considerations, and it was often incurably sentimental. "Trust Botha" was a cry that was not only popular but justified, yet it should have been easy for any clear-eyed statesman to see that by no means all of Botha's supporters agreed with his friendly and inclusive attitude. The British South Africans were out-manoeuvred by the more resourceful Afrikaners, assisted as they were by the researches of the "Kindergarten" and by the generous and uncritical attitude of the Liberal Party in England.

Thus the Union came into being on the basis of a formal equality between the two white groups, to the virtual exclusion of the non-whites, and of a unitary and flexible constitution instead of a rigid and federal one. "The Constitution of the United States" as Professor Thompson rightly says (page 483) "would have been a better model than the British Constitution." All the seeds of our present discontents are to be found in the debates of 1908 and the legislation of 1909. We built on a wrong foundation. No wonder the "wind of change" is rocking the edifice.

EDGAR H. BROOKES

From the Third World

DRAWN IN COLOUR. By Noni Jabavu (John Murray) 21s.

IN a prefatory note to her book, Noni Jabavu writes that she belongs to "two worlds with two loyalties; South Africa where I was born and England where I was educated", but her book makes it clear that she belongs to a third that is shared by the very few. It is a world where distinguished African families like the Jabavus made a bid to join Africa to what Basil Davidson has called "the mainland of humanity" through education, religion, and a genuine affinity for Victorian-Edwardian liberalism. Not many South Africans, black or white, will recognize this world as their own present-day one, but I cannot think of anyone who could fail to be interested in this account, both overt and oblique, of what it was like. The book tells of things that happened in our time, of course; yet the voice comes unmistakably from one of those big rooms in the rambling Jabavu house where family pictures, all mutton-chop sleeves and whiskers, look down on the comfortable solid furniture where dignified elders in navy serge suits and watch-chains sit discoursing with exquisite, interminable courtesy on the finer points of Xhosa orthography.

Noni Jabavu is married to an Englishman and she was summoned back to her father's house in the Eastern Cape a few years ago by one of the brutal commonplaces of African life in Johannesburg. Her brother, a medical student in his final year at the Witwatersrand University, was

shot dead by gangsters. But the horror that brought her from London home to the Ciskei has no place in her book. There is a perfunctory, rather vague account of the facts that led up to the young man's death. There are no recriminations on the nature of the society that brought it about, no bitterness. Instead there is a quite remarkable account of the catharsis of sorrow achieved through the traditional African way of dealing with death, an account that not only draws the reader into the experience and convinces him of its validity, but sets at once a unique tone of concern with the positives instead of the negatives in the black man's life. This is no hideously cheerful looking on the bright side. It is simply a picture of what the modern African has, instead of what he has not.



NONI JABAVU

Almost every book I can think of, written by an African, is concerned with the lack and emptiness that bedevil the life of the Westernized black man or woman; this book—without benefit of a self-conscious *négritude* or tub-thumping nationalism—takes for granted a startling fullness of life brought about quite naturally by a synthesis of African and Western ways, in spite of everything. Noni Jabavu may seem oddly out of touch with the raw moment, flicked on the nerve each day by the day's news (soon torn up) of each fresh banning order, eviction or beer-hall riot, but she is in touch with a tough and flexible living continuity that we are too disturbed and distracted to notice. Could she have written this book if she had stayed here? Or was it only possible because she is no longer a South African?

Her book will not attract the disapproval of the censors in South Africa. Its gentle candour, its warmth toward things South African—my country, right or wrong—its recognition of an old bond of understanding and liking between the Africans and what she stolidly, no-nonsensely calls "the Boers"—these will meet with official approval. Yet I would call this book, from a Nationalist point of view, the most dangerous yet written. For its author is that creature from space, that unheard-of impossibility in the concepts of apartheid, an African who has managed quite effortlessly to master and make her own the white man's way of life, and that part of her book (an immensely civilized book that never raises its voice) which deals with South Africa reveals how beautifully the two cultures dovetail, and how, in the really important events like birth, marriage and death, they modify and complement each other, the West bringing reason and an alignment of custom in keeping with the technological and scientific context of the modern world, Africa bringing a psychological under-

standing of man's emotional needs. Did I say "how beautifully the two cultures dovetail"? I should have said how beautifully they *might* have dovetailed, for, as I remarked before, this merging of black and white ways through the intellect and social osmosis belongs to the third world that is now not recognized in South Africa, either by white apartheidists or black nationalists.

Halfway through the book the scene shifts to East Africa, where Noni Jabavu visited her sister, who was married to an African barrister in Uganda. A lyrical humour informs the description of a discovery that will be a common one in the Africa of the future, but about which little has been written so far. Africans from different parts of the continent are as foreign to each other as are the different white nationalities who share the continent of Europe. The feeling of oneness is mostly a political one of reaction against whiteness; the Jabavu sisters—"Southern" women—were as exotic and ill-at-ease among the Baganda as a couple of Hollanders in Spain. Noni Jabavu was horrified as any American tourist by East African plumbing; her English liberal education plus her Xhosa conceptions of the dignity of the individual filled her with forthright if well-bred indignation at the status of women; she was exasperated by "African time", which meant that well-meaning hosts always saw to it that she arrived too late to witness ceremonies that they had urged her not to miss. Baganda customs—social and sexual—proved so foreign to her sister that she divorced her Ugandan husband and returned to South Africa. So does the book. And doing so, rounds off, among other valuable things, a picture of old Professor Jabavu that is unforgettable. What a fitting filial gesture will be accomplished if, by her skill as a writer, his daughter has ensured that he will be remembered for his disarming human qualities instead of his ineffectual politics.

Certainly his daughter has written a unique book, a true original. There are a dozen things to commend it that I realize I haven't even mentioned, though they gave me as much pleasure, in the reading, and almost as much to think about as the themes. Noni Jabavu's ear, for example—she nets every nuance of our South African English speech, and she is able to convey, in English, the subtle complexity of Bantu languages in a manner that makes it all as miraculously clear as a glass of water. No one has ever been able to do this, for me, before. Then there is her way of moving through the familiar landscape: the villages and houses we know too well to see, anymore—until suddenly there they are, new, blinding, through her awareness of them. She is often a clumsy writer, but she has style; one feels it comes direct from life, where, undoubtedly, she has great style, too.

She has written, probably without knowing it, certainly without trying for it, since that is the only way such a wonder can be accomplished, an organic book. It is grown, rather than put together. Such books are rarities.

NADINE GORDIMER

CORRESPONDENCE

Angola Boers

SIR,—In the *Sunday Times* of the 28th February, in an article "Some Angola Boers find it hard to stay in the Union" we are told of a certain Mr. Putter who came from Angola to work on the South African Railways last November.

He later resigned from the railways and went to work on the mines. According to Mr. Putter three things made him resign: Low wages; Working side by side with "Natives" (an unheard of thing in Angola); Hard work.

I would like to tell Mr. Putter that although Angola's Africans are under Salazar's harsh dictatorship at present, they will soon be free and will have a share in the government of their country and that the Africans in the Union will also soon be free.

As Mr. Putter does not like working side by side with "Natives" I would advise him to leave the Union, but he should please not go to Angola as he will soon have to work side by side with "Natives" there.

Mr. Putter must not lay the blame for his lack of education on other people. As a White man if he had education there would probably have been no need for him to find himself in the position in which he finds himself.

ANTHONY MASOETSA
Stilfontein

Inspiration

SIR,—I wish to thank you and your staff for publishing such an interesting newspaper. It is a fountain of inspiration from which I draw.

I hate apartheid because it is designed for my humiliation. It hurts me and disturbs my soul. As a political instrument it signifies indolence, cowardice and self-indulgence on the part of those who believe in it.

Apartheid is ungodly. No one—not even a pure heathen—can expect God to practice apartheid in His House. Christ prayed for unity and St. Paul also; but to-day the Afrikaans press, ministers of religion and businessmen believe in the disunity of apartheid. The ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church instead of fighting against apartheid, as men of God should do, are the chief instruments in its application. It is very strange that the people who brought Bible teachings to us should themselves oppose these teachings.

I am glad that many English-speaking churches are against apartheid because they see that it is contrary to the spirit of Christ—"Be one just as I and my father are one"—St. John 17, 21. How many are we English, Afrikaans, Zulu, Sotho, etc.?

We do not seem to realize that it is by mixing freely in our daily lives in the world and taking part in its affairs that we will acquire knowledge and wisdom. It is by making free contacts that we will form proper estimates of ourselves.

I will not rest until the different races of South Africa live in harmony.

Although South Africa is a multi-racial country there is one

race—perhaps two—in parliament.

The policy of apartheid is sure to bring ruin to South Africa. Why should South Africa be an exception to the rest of Africa which is moving towards freedom?

Many White South Africans do not realize that it is not our intention to "drive the White man into the sea". They should realize that their presence is welcome but their domination is most unwelcome.

There are parties such as the Liberals and the Progressives which have to be honoured for their policies. May they live long and succeed in their aims.

Let us struggle to gain independence.

"ADVOCATE DUST"
Witbank

Church and Politics

SIR,—There is a growing opinion among some people that the churches cannot take part in politics.

To attempt to divorce religion from politics is to divide the indivisible; to subordinate the higher to the lower; to let the part rule the whole.

Certainly it is our religious duty to obey the just laws of the country in which we live; but we are under no compulsion to obey unjust and oppressive laws. It is the sacred duty of every religious man to see that the secular laws are in conformity with the Divine plan.

The church is the highest authority on earth and it should control human activity and our laws should conform with the will of the Almighty.

In other countries the church has taken part in the activities of the people. The Resistance Movement in France during the last war was helped by the clergy and the heroic deeds of Pastor Niemöller in Germany are well known.

It is, therefore, the duty of the churches in South Africa to take part in the struggle of their people.

SIDNEY J. MOORKEY
Vereeniging
London

Fr. Huddleston

SIR,—It's now just over four years since I left South Africa, and nearly eighteen months since I was given work by the Community to which I belong in London. One of the best things about London is the way it keeps me in close touch with Africans from all parts of the continent. Nevertheless, as I hope you realize, I can only regard myself as an exile and it is extremely tantalizing to be so near and yet so far. I think it is true to say that there has never been a time when [South] Africa was so much in the picture as it is in England to-day. Both Mr. Macmillan's trip and the Boycott have focussed attention on the Union specifically, and even though the economic effects of the Boycott may not be considerable, I believe the moral effects surely have been.

What worries me, and many of us who care about South Africa, is the fear lest a country like England—so overwhelmingly prosperous itself—should imagine that powerful words and high-sounding phrases are sufficient. It is our job to try and keep the public conscience so alert and alive that "apartheid" is never forgotten, or regarded as a matter of internal South African politics. I am more convinced than ever I was that world-opinion and the pressure it can exert is a vital weapon in the battle for overthrowing this evil and pernicious doctrine. So long as I am here, I will go on with this battle; but I wish, with all my heart, that I could do so from within the continent of Africa itself.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON,
C.R.
London

Hardship Fund

SIR,—The terrible news from South Africa brings back those days of the Hungarian revolt: our wonder at the courage of the oppressed, our deep concern and helplessness, and the incompleteness of news reports.

I have admired *Contact* so much for its uncompromising idealism combined with realism and humour. I hope you can go on publishing.

Is there some fund to help those who have been arrested or their families? I'd like to try to raise some money for you, if I knew where to send it.

Good luck.

Mrs. GRIGOR P. GRIGOROV
New York

[Yes—send anything you can to the American Committee on Africa, 801, 2nd Avenue, New York 17.—Editor.]

[Continued from p. 3]

8. Edmund Mtembu, bruised lacerations on head.
9. Profet Nomngenge, bruised lacerations on head.
10. David Dikani, two stab wounds in front of left ear, weals on body.
11. Selby Katiya, bruised lacerations on head and nose.
12. Atwell Zida, scalp wounds.
13. Gideon Myelele, fractured bone in left hand.
14. Abodiah Mbotsetlwa, lacerations on head.
15. Fanovil Konondile, lacerations on head.
16. Griffiths Mzwanezi, bruises.
17. Jeremiah Sajoingae, lacerations on head and legs.
18. Justice Silwanyana, blow to solar plexus.
19. Victor Rasi, fractured nose and cut in palm.
20. Alfred Tilele, fractured jaw and injuries to right eye.
21. T. Mchelo, abrasions and bruises on buttocks.
22. Yoti Kayer, bruises on buttocks and face.

Names (obtained 4th April) of people mostly from Nyanga

1. Gert Fortuin, head wound caused by a stone.
2. William Sepattela, scalp wound, wounds to right hand and left knee, suspected fractures both forearms.
3. Seymour Potwana, scalp wounds, confusion right arm.
4. Isaac Melini, scalp wound, abrasions and confusions.
5. Godfrey Metubahaba, wound on forehead and nose.
6. David Polenig, head wounds.
7. W. Lufuta, confusion near scapular, left hand and right elbow and scalp wound.

8. Bonisile Bojo, confusions right elbow and left forearm and injured right wrist.
9. James Mase, confusion above eye.
10. John Hawalana, head wounds, injuries to shoulder and other parts of the body.
11. Bigboy Matiwana, blow over nose.
12. Bawo Majhe, gash on back of head, confusions right elbow and wrist and right small finger.
13. Willie Wambi, shoulder injury.
14. Joseph Mogakwa, wound over the vertex, swelling right hand.
15. Wilson Zeka, wound above left orbit, forehead wound.
16. James Maun, wound in pascital region.
17. Maxine Hawana, head wounds.
18. J. Stake, compound fracture right arm, possible internal injuries.

These lists represent, of course, only a fraction of those actually beaten by the police. Many were treated in Nyanga. And many of course did not need medical treatment, or did not get it.

Why Contact is Small

We apologize to our readers for the thinness of this issue which is due to circumstances beyond our control. In particular we would like to apologize to our advertisers. There just was not enough room to include their advertisements.

UNREST IN PORT ELIZABETH

PORT ELIZABETH, 3rd April: The situation here is that the top A.N.C. leadership has been arrested, as well as Mr. A. Forbes Robinson of the Distressed Areas Committee, and Mr. Piet Vogel of the C.O.D.

Under the chairmanship of the Rev. H. F. C. Thorpe of the Liberal Party, a detainees' relief committee is to be formed. The Liberal Party remains in touch with the remains of the New Brighton leadership.

New Brighton is planning to defy Post Office apartheid on Saturday, 9th and 16th April. At present the township is patrolled by Saracens. The people occasionally throw stones and block the road with stones and logs.

Pass burning continues.

LIBERALS AID BELEAGUERED TOWNSHIPS

CAPE TOWN: During the week from Monday, 28th March to Sunday, 3rd April the Liberal Party in Cape Town raised £1,500 to feed the people of Langa, Nyanga East, Nyanga West and many hundreds of families outside these townships. The bulk supply of food, which was distributed by residents of the townships, started on Wednesday, 30th March. It continued with truck loads of food until Sunday when supplies were prevented from entering.

Since then the Party has been feeding families of men arrested in the large-scale round-ups of the past few weeks.

HELP SELL

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total absence of suspicion on the part of the Africanists. They showed no signs of suspecting a trap of any kind. Yet only four days previously many of them had been fired upon in Langa.

Colonel Terblanche spoke earnestly to them. The burden of his talk: "Why have you done this to me? Why do you not take your grievances to the Government through the proper channels?"

I suggested that the moment was not one for arguing the merits of the case. The leaders were in charge of a large crowd which Colonel Terblanche wished dispersed. Would it not be better to hear from them what they wanted?

He agreed and asked them.

Mr. Makwetu, speaking softly in perfect English, said: "We have decided to put away our passes. Since we know that to do this is against the law, we have come to give ourselves up to you, so that you can carry out the law."

Colonel Terblanche: "I have nowhere to put your people. I have no intention of arresting any of you for passes."

Mr. Makwetu then pointed out that the people had sworn never to carry passes again.

Then Colonel Terblanche made the most astonishing statement of the campaign: "Until things return to normal I will see to it that in this area no one is asked to show his pass."

(This concession was made general and applied to the whole country by the Union Police chief, General Rademeyer, and the Minister of Justice, Mr. Erasmus.)

Colonel Terblanche then asked Mr. Makwetu if he would ask the people to go away quietly. Mr. Makwetu said: "There is something else. The people want to know where are their two leaders (Messrs. Kgosana and Ndhlovu). They came with them, and do not want to go away without them."

Quickly Colonel Terblanche said that he would let them out on bail. But the Africanists said: "Our campaign does not allow us to pay bail. Our slogan is, 'No bail; no defence; no fine.'"

Mr. Makwetu said that if it were necessary for the two to appear at a court case he would guarantee their appearance. Some of the junior officers demurred saying that if they ever got away they would never find them again. I pointed out that by negotiating with Mr. Makwetu they were committed to accepting his bona fides, and then Colonel Terblanche sent up for the two of them. He agreed to let them out on their own recognizances.

M. Makwetu then agreed to ask the crowd to go home.

Colonel Terblanche asked him to tell them not to form a large procession, but to go in small groups. We all went out to the crowd, which had become much more excited.

The crowd did not obey the instruction about forming a procession. Two brawny young men hoisted Mr. Kgosana on to their shoulders, and laughing, and talking excitedly, carried him off on the road back to Langa.

He was carried, shoulder-high, all the seven miles home.