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## **EDITORIAL**

# O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME

**REALITY** in its desire to work for a more just order of society, and its desire to encourage all those who reach for the distant shore, however dimly seen, has been more than generous to the United Party.

It is hard to be generous any longer. The attempts to explain away the federation policy have been cowardly in the extreme. Mr Steyn's ugly attack on Mrs Helen Suzman was distasteful, and impudent too, because she is in a class to which he cannot aspire. Mr Mike Mitchell's solicitude for the imperishable right of his messenger "boy" to carry Mr Mitchell's messages without interference can only be described as nauseating. Mr Mitchell's solicitude for other rights, such as the rights of messengers to live with their wives and children, is not much in evidence.

And now the Schlebusch Commission. First there was the error of judgement that allowed the United Party to serve on the Commission after having been refused a judicial

enquiry. Second there was the support of the United Party for the Schlebusch findings, and the tacit concurrence in the banning of the students. But worst of all is the possibility that the United Party will agree to the setting up of a permanent commission, not of judges but of parliamentarians, who will decide on the guilt or innocence of people suspected of subversive activity.

We ought to know by now what the Nationalists mean by subversive activity. They mean the political activity of those who radically disagree with them. They mean the activity of those who demand radical change. If these opponents act and dress unconventionally, their subversiveness is thereby increased. The intention therefore is to give a body of parliamentarians the power to inflict severe punishments, extending even to the denying of education, the destruction of careers, the extreme restriction of liberty, on those who radically disagree with them.

The United Party is on the verge of agreeing or of not agreeing to take part in this totalitarian farce. It is torn between two fears, the fear of still further alienating its more liberal supporters and the fear of still further alienating its more reactionary supporters. A party whose policy is dictated by fears of this kind has no future. It certainly has no part in making the future. The Nationalists sneer at the United Party for having no policy, and this to a large extent is true. The United Party is an all-white party that knows there is no all-white future, but has not the guts to act on its knowledge.

The United Party has one grave and apparently incurable weakness. It is in opposition, and it is its duty to examine critically the actions of the government and the arrangements of society. But let the Prime Minister blow the security whistle, and the Party comes to heel like an obedient dog. There may be no danger in sight, there may be no danger at all, but the whistle has gone and the Party must come to heel. The Prime Minister and the Nationalists know this well, and they know exactly when to blow.

So the smell of consensus is in the air and a nasty smell it is too. The whistle blows and the UP-ites come running into the laager, some of them hoping, you may be sure, for a job on a waggon, the greasing of an axle, the wielding of a whip, the chancellorship of a voorloper

university. Let the others howl outside, the students, the supporters of the world churches, the pro-veritates, the innocent instituters that at first didn't know a schlebusch when they smelt one. Let them all be eaten up by the ever-vigilant reds that prowl eternally outside. Inside here we are safe and sound, and so jolly to be together again.

And what about you, Catherine Taylor, and Japie Basson, and Harry Schwarz? Will you be happy inside there? Will you go inside there to convert the UP-ites and bring them out again? Wouldn't you be happier outside with Helen Suzman and her sproccassian friends? Wouldn't that be better for us all?

It's hard to believe that Rabbie Burns knew the U.P. but he must have, because he couldn't possibly have written these lines if he hadn't.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

And up there on the ossewa sits my lad himself, looking as satisfied as can be. And why shouldn't he be, after having eaten the U.P. for breakfast? □

# **BLACK CHRISTIANS MUST LIBERATE WHITES**

An address entitled "Christianity in South Africa: A Serious Look by a concerned Black Believer", delivered to The Christian Institute of Southern Africa. (Natal Regional Conference, May 19th 1973, Edendale Lay Ecumenical Centre).

by Manas Buthelezi.

I am a Christian and hope to remain one because in the Christian Gospel I have discovered an assurance of the fulfillment of possibilities for the realization of my true humanity. However betrayed by fellow Christians I very often feel, I have never experienced betrayal by the Gospel itself. Had it not been for the Gospel, I would already have had every reason to believe that whoever created me is the enemy of my humanity. In the Gospel I have discovered hope for my liberation towards true humanity.

It is against the background of this expressed faith in the Gospel that you should try to understand what I am going to say. For my part, it is out of this Gospel hope that I have mustered courage to say what I am going to say about the pathology of christianity in South Africa. Listen to me as to a fellow believer speaking out of the depths of his overflowing and believing heart. If in taking South African Christianity as a spiritual pathological case, my diagnosis and prescription here and there smack of