

AFRICA SOUTH

Vol. 2 No. 3

April-June 1958

Special Features:

THE FIGHT IS ON

by The Most Rev. Joost de Blank, Archbishop of Cape Town

ZEE Rust: A PROFILE OF RESISTANCE

by James Fairbairn

ALGERIA AND FRANCE

by Claude Bourdet



THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA 3/9
GREAT BRITAIN AND AFRICA 4/-

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 75c
INDIA AND CEYLON Rs. 2.50

africa south

VOL. 2 No. 3

EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL

APRIL—JUNE 1958

CONTENTS

EVEN WE — — — — —	1
CARTOON by <i>David Marais</i> — — — — —	5
THE FIGHT IS ON by <i>the Most Rev. Joost de Blank, Archbishop of Cape Town</i>	6
THE WIDOWS OF THE RESERVES by <i>Phyllis Ntantala</i> — — — —	9
BETHAL CASE-BOOK by <i>Ruth First, with drawings by Paul Hogarth</i> — —	14
AN EASTERN CAPE POSTSCRIPT by <i>Christopher Gell</i> — — — —	26
ZEERUST: A PROFILE OF RESISTANCE by <i>James Fairbairn</i> — — — —	30
THE MULTI-RACIAL CONFERENCE by <i>Leslie Cooper</i> — — — —	39
THE FIERY CROSS OF JOB RESERVATION by <i>Alex Hepple, M.P.</i> — — — —	42
SPORTSMAN BOSS by <i>W. Miller, with a tail-piece by William Papas</i> — —	48
THE UNENDING STRUGGLE FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS by <i>Sir Linton Andrews, LL.D.</i>	53
NORTHERN RHODESIA AND FEDERATION by <i>K. D. Kaunda</i> — — — —	61
TAKE IT EASY, SIR ROY by <i>Reginald Reynolds</i> — — — —	67
GHANA: THE MORNING AFTER (II) by <i>Ian Colvin</i> — — — —	69
ALGERIA AND FRANCE by <i>Claude Bourdet</i> — — — —	75
TANGIER DIARY: A POST-COLONIAL INTERLUDE by <i>Paul Bowles</i> — — — —	83
THE FACT OF AFRICAN HISTORY (II) (<i>with illustrations</i>)	
ISLAM IN WEST AFRICA by <i>Thomas Hodgkin</i> — — — —	89
SHAMBA BOLONGONGO: AFRICAN KING OF PEACE by <i>Dr. Morris Siegel</i> —	100
ETHIOPIA by <i>The Hon. Thomas Pakenham</i> — — — —	107
TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE (IV) by <i>Dr. A. C. Jordan</i> — — — —	112
JUST A TSOTSI by <i>J. Arthur Maimane</i> — — — —	116
CHRISTMAS EVE by <i>Moyra Caldecott</i> — — — —	124
BOOK REVIEWS: ON RACE RELATIONS by <i>Julius Lewin</i> — — — —	126

AFRICA SOUTH is published quarterly by Africa South Publications (Pty.) Ltd. Editorial and Advertising Offices are at 2 Vlam Gebou, Parliament Street, Cape Town, South Africa. Price per issue 3s. 9d.; 15s. per year, post free in the Union of South Africa. In the United States, promotion offices are located at 320 W. 87th Street, New York, N.Y., and subscriptions should be sent to Mrs. S. Pauley at that address. Price per issue 75c; \$3 per year, post free. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Price per issue in the United Kingdom 4s.; 16s. per year, post free. Representative, Miss R. Ainslie, 25 Cambridge Gardens, London, W.10. Price per issue in West Africa 4s; 16s. per year, post free. Representative, Mr. E. Mphahlele, P.O. Box 517, Lagos Nigeria. Price per issue in South Asia Rs. 2.50; Rs. 10 per year, post free. Representatives, Messrs. K. V. G. de Silva & Sons, 415 Gasle Road, Colombo 4, Ceylon.

EVEN WE

ON THE ragged fringe of Cape Town, a safe distance from the road that runs to the factories and shops of the new northern suburbs, skulks Windermere. It is not a slum, for a slum is something human. And Windermere is a corruption of the very earth, an eczema of shacks made from rusted tins, boxes and newspaper, without lights or drainage, and with the rubbish dump of the city rotting round it in the sunshine. When the rains come to the Cape in the middle months, the water lies in swelling lakes on the sunken ground, gathering itself to sweep through the shacks and leave only a wall or a piece of roof swirling behind. And afterwards, in the still heat of the Cape midsummer, the thin tin walls of the shacks suck up the sun, till the air locked inside them scalds wherever it touches. All the year round, day and night, the decay collects, till every breath is sour with the rot in the air. And stronger in the nostrils than even the decay is the fear and the waiting, the smell of a people crouched in hiding with its ear to the door.

Windermere is not for men and women, there is a defilement and a distraction about it that deny humanity. And yet there are 15,000 people who live there in gladness, clinging frantically to the thin ledge of their possession. For Windermere is an escape-route from the interminable starvation of the Reserves, a passage-way to the factories and kitchens of the Western Cape. And Windermere is a reconciliation.

In the policed locations of Langa and Nyanga a few miles away, single African men may find quarters in huge concrete barracks, or a man and woman together be permitted to patch a shack if they have both lived long enough in the area to qualify for residence under the Urban Areas Act. But only to Windermere, and a fistful of squatter camps like it, can the wives and the children come, in flight from the famine and the desolation of the rural Reserves, to live with their husbands and fathers and help keep each other alive a little while longer. For they are "illegal immigrants", smuggling themselves into Cape Town past the barriers of police and Native Affairs Department officials, and their right to live and work in the city lasts only as long as they can escape administrative scrutiny in the confusion of their shacks.

And that is why those who live in Windermere do so in

gladness and in great fear of the day when they will be able to do so no longer. For Windermere is a little money in the pocket and the first taste of milk. And Windermere is the living together of a husband and wife and the growing up of children under the eyes of their father, and Windermere is young men and women meeting together and the thrust of a people.

And now Windermere is to be destroyed. On the orders of the Minister of Native Affairs, the City Council is sending its servants to tear the shacks apart and the families inside them. For the women and children have no right to be in Cape Town. The Minister has said so. They must return to the Reserves, to the corner of the country that has been set aside for them to die in. And if the men would remain because of the money and because there is no work for them in the Reserves, they may do so, for the factories need them, and the farms, and the wheels that their owners have long forgotten how to turn. It is for them that the locations have been built, the sterilized concrete barracks of the "bachelors".

Windermere is to be destroyed; but not because it is a defilement of humanity. Its destruction has been ordered because some humanity still manages to survive in spite of it, because in the poisonous eruption of its shacks a people yet lives and perpetuates itself, and the Government would not have it so.

#

In the lush oak country of South-West France, in the Department of Limousin, lies unburied the body of Oradour-sur-Glane. Once it was a community of 650 people, a village like all the other villages of France, with a few shops, a café where the men could sit through the long evenings around a bottle of wine, and a Church built high to stand guard over the squat, sturdy houses. And then war was declared, and the Nazis fell upon France.

One hot summer afternoon—Saturday, June 10, 1944—the German S.S. Division 'Das Reich' entered Oradour in a column and marching from house to house, ordered the villagers to gather in the Church. And when they had all gathered there, the doors were barred lest any should escape, and they were shot, 642 men, women and children, all who were in the village but for one, a woman, who hurled herself from a window and survived. Then, having done at last with the people, the soldiers marched back through the street, blowing up the houses and shops, one after the other, till only the Church remained standing with its dead inside.

When France was set free, the new government declared the body of Oradour-sur-Glane a national monument. Another Oradour has been built a few miles away, while the dead one has been left unburied, a stone skeleton cold in the sun-light and so still that one's feet make small explosions on the cobbles of the street. And the Church itself, with the bullet-scars on its walls, stands as the only grave-stone, an invisible accusation written indelibly upon it.

At the beginning of 1953, in the city of Bordeaux, the French government prosecuted 106 men for the murder of Oradour. 85 were not present in Court, for some had been killed in their turn on the beaches of Normandy, and others lay lost in the cellars of post-war Europe. But there were 21 men present to stand their trial, 7 Germans and 14 Alsatians, and about their guilt and the degree of their guilt there raged a long legal battle.

13 of the 14 Alsatians had been forcibly enlisted in the German army after Hitler's annexation of Alsace. And their Counsel declared that 'they had in effect been prisoners of the Waffen S.S. and could not therefore be held responsible for the actions of the latter. The contention that the accused should have deserted from the S.S. took no account of the instant reprisals that would have been visited upon their families. As for refusing to obey, two Alsatians in Italy had been hanged simply for raising an objection to an order'. For the 7 Germans, the Court heard another plea. 'Was it really the guilty who were on trial?', their Counsel asked. 'Was it not necessary to go higher? Surely Hitler was the real culprit. Was it possible that these young men were intellectually capable of disobeying barbaric orders?'

The Prosecuting Officer replied that 'no one ought to forget the pressure to which the Alsatians had been subject, but they were Frenchmen stationed in France and if they had wanted to they could have deserted, as most of them did in the Normandy campaign, when they were under a deluge of fire and steel.' 'If Hitler disposed of their bodies', he asked, 'did he dispose of their will?'

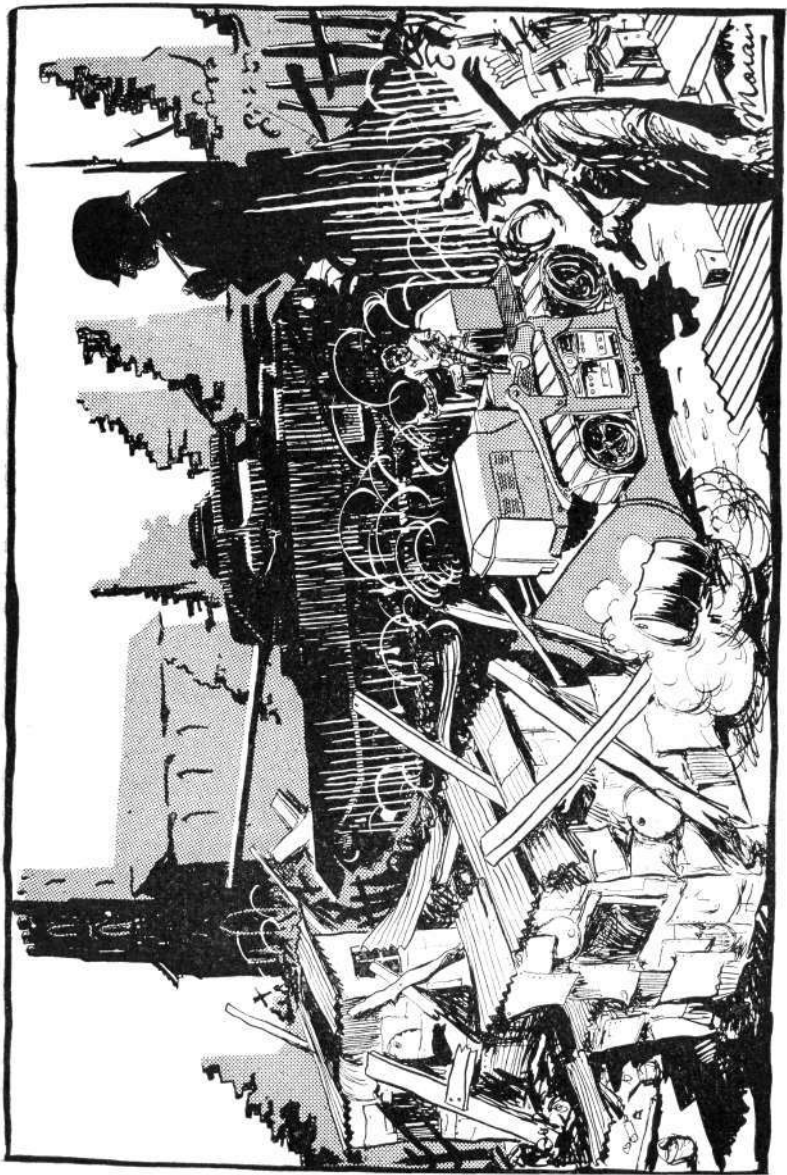
And Gustave Ochs of the S.S. Division 'Das Reich', when questioned by Judge Marcel St. Saens on whether he had known what he was doing at the time, said, 'It was abominable. I wept'.

There are many ways of killing a man. Shooting him is just quicker and cleaner than most others. He can be starved to death, slowly, so that the dying is hidden away in the years. Or he can be held fast in the sort of life that rots his body and his heart together, till even his capacity for wanting is worn away, and he fumbles his own way to the grave. No one has killed him with a twitch of a trigger, no one but those dying about him has seen him die. And no one feels any guilt, for so many are guilty, and guilt sufficiently shared lies as lightly as innocence. Yet he has been killed for all that, and his murder demands an accounting.

The killings of Windermere will be neither so quick nor so clean as were those of Oradour. And many more will die, men, women and children, than died on that hot summer afternoon in the village Church. Nor will the bodies ever be counted so that a man may say, "Here died so many men, women and children, on such a day". For who can tell the number of the women sent back to the Reserves who will shrivel up inside with the sterile land, the children who will scratch in the dust outside the hut in the morning and lie there in the dust with the flies under the same sun, the men who would have been men in the thrust of their time and who will grow instead an ageless old, imprisoned children, in the bleak labour barracks of the "bachelor" camps.

If there is any meaning at all in being a man, then are we guilty, all of us, of the massacre of Windermere, since we will watch it happen and, watching it happen, will do nothing to stop it. We have not ordered the murders, nor, once they have been ordered, have we busied ourselves strenuously to obey. Yet we, even we, who say to each other, it is a cruelty and an ugliness beyond sanity, it is not men that do these things, and we would not do it or help in the doing of it, even we are guilty also.

Like the German who watched from his window the Jew being beaten up in the street beneath him and cried in his heart, it is wrong and I would not have it so, but if I run downstairs and throw myself between, surely I will be taken to one of their camps or be killed here below, in the street, with the Jew—as the German at the window was guilty, of the death of the Jew and all the deaths that followed, of Belsen and Oradour-sur-Glane, so are we guilty also. For what is done is done because we let it be done. Surely, it is we, even we, who by our silence and our quiet bodies are destroying the shacks of Windermere and the living and the not yet living that they guard.



THE FIGHT IS ON

THE MOST REV. JOOST DE BLANK

Archbishop of Cape Town

I have come fairly recently from what used to be called the East End of London. Although it housed some of the finest people in the world—the Cockney Londoners—it used not to be a very salubrious place in which to live. There was serious overcrowding; much of the property was badly in disrepair; there was little in the way of green grass; and the drains and the sanitation left much to be desired.

Then came Hitler. His bombing of London laid waste much of the capital, especially on the East side, and a great part of the slum area was demolished. Now, twelve years after the end of the war, the East End of London has been almost entirely rebuilt. First, the war damage was made good; and then, the little slum property that was left too was pulled down, and decent flats and houses put up in its place.

So London's 'East End' has ceased to exist: that is to say, the use of the term as signifying squalor and ugliness. You can be as proud of your flat in Bethnal Green as in Belgravia, and your villa in Mile End is a match for any residence in Mayfair.

It has been a wonderful transformation and it was forced upon London by the Nazi "blitz". Does that mean that today we thank God for Hitler because he was instrumental in getting rid of London's slums? Certainly not—go and ask the widow whose husband was killed in an air raid or the orphaned child whose parents were buried under the ruins of a blasted house.

The end of London's East End was undoubtedly a good thing. But neither in London nor anywhere else can ends ever justify means.

Cape Town is right to want to see the end of Windermere. Nothing could exaggerate the desolation of that appalling mass of wretched pondokkies erected cheek by jowl all over a lifeless waste of land.

How right and proper, we say therefore, that good and well-intentioned men should take it in hand to demolish these miserable shacks and should work to clean up this breeding-ground of poverty and discontent.

In its stead, in due time, respectable sanitary dwellings will replace the rotting hovels; the drainage will be adequate; every house will have a tap; and overcrowding will be a thing of the past.

Is this not cause for congratulation? For there is no war in South Africa and there is thus no reason for man and wife to be separated or for a child to be bereft of its parents.

So you might think. Nevertheless, this is precisely what is happening. In its perfectly proper zeal to clean up Windermere the City Council feels itself compelled by the regulations laid down in Section 10 of the Native Urban Areas Act as Amended to screen all who live in Windermere. As a result a few families, very few, will

be offered alternative accommodation in the neighbourhood. These are the fortunate ones. But, in general, men with permission to work here will be offered accommodation in Langa's "bachelor" barracks, and their women-folk, whose passes have run out or who have come here illegally (*sic*) to be with their husbands, will be told to make their way back to the Reserves whence they came.

There is no alternative to this. And it is not surprising that for hundreds of people this makes life in a Windermere pondokkie far more desirable than any move. While they stay, they stay together; when they are moved, man and wife know that they will be separated.

A cruel riddle might be asked: "When is a slum not a slum?" And the answer is: "When it is a *home*". For a man and his wife would far sooner live together in such a hopeless, down at heel district as Windermere than live apart in hygienic, well-built quarters.

And who will blame them?

What is the City Council to do? Its best and bravest course would be to leave Windermere as it is until accommodation is made available to which the inhabitants would be encouraged to go without official screening.

But, say its spokesmen, this means the Government will step in and start to do the screening itself, and the Government will do it much more ruthlessly and inhumanely than our officers.

This may be true. But the City Council has itself unfortunately awakened the Government to the state of affairs in Windermere by preliminary clearing action before its alternative accommodation was ready. To save its soul, it should at least refuse to do anything more about it at this juncture and should resist inhumanity with all the resources at its command.

Because NOW THE FIGHT IS ON. Christian people everywhere are bound by virtue of their faith to fight the evils of a migrant labour force. We can no longer tolerate a state of affairs where family units are deliberately broken up by Government decree. The family is the basic Christian unit—in truth not Christian only, it is the *natural* biological unit—and any body that of set purpose wrecks the family is fighting against God.

Christians (and with them will be all men of goodwill) have to withstand the enemies of God's Law by every legitimate means. The sanctity of the family is as fundamental to Christian obedience as resistance to the blasphemous 'Church Clause'.

Like Luther, "here we stand; we can do no other".

As a result of certain investigations in which I took part at Windermere, leaders of some of the English-speaking Churches met with City and Government officials in Windermere itself.

We were told that the City Council officers could not but obey the law. This meant in most instances offering men accommodation in Langa's "bachelor" barracks and ordering the women and children back to the Reserves.

The Government representative agreed that this must unhappily lead to the destruction of family life. Whereupon I asked him what

would happen if, rather than consent to this separation, the man travelled back to the Reserve with his wife and children: would there be work awaiting him there?

I had to press the question home, but the decent and honest Government servant had to admit that the chances of the man finding work in a place where the family could live together were exceedingly remote. Almost certainly he would have to leave his family behind; and he would have to go away from home to earn a living for himself and his dependents as a migrant labourer. Thus there is hope for him neither in the Cape nor elsewhere. His family is condemned and home life anywhere an impossibility.

In other words, the encouragement of migratory labour, with the infamous pass laws for women as well as for men, means that it is almost impossible for the African to live in a stable family unit either in the Cape or in his home Reserve.

Any Government that deliberately promulgates such a policy and seeks to implement it is fighting against God and His laws. The whole system of migratory labour has corrupted the Union and should be rooted out. It has degraded the African, but not nearly so much as it has degraded the European who condones and encourages it.

I am prepared to believe that there is a good deal to be said for a just and equitable distribution of land between the races on a basis of common discussion and mutual agreement. *Apartheid* on such terms may even be justifiable and sound. I am not so wedded to a materialistic Western civilization as to believe that it is the saving Messiah for all men everywhere. Many may one day thank God that they were never contaminated by it.

But an equitable division of territory has nothing in common with a devilish policy that breaks up homes, that refuses to recognize the family as a unit, and that works to create a cheap migratory labour force with no rights of its own.

Such a policy is damnable. Christians must resist it by reason of their Christian faith. I speak for them. Furthermore, I speak for many thousands of people who, if not Christians, have been brought up in the humanities and who will stand shoulder to shoulder with us. To demand a man's labour without allowing him to have his family with him is immoral and indecent. It is our avowed purpose to slay this ungainly Goliath of migratory labour that has encumbered our fair land far too long.

THE WIDOWS OF THE RESERVES

PHYLLIS NTANTALA

WIDOWHOOD—a life of void and loneliness; a period of tension, unbalance and strenuous adjustment. And what can it be to those thousands of African women—those adolescent girls married before they reach womanhood, thrown into a life of responsibility before they have completely passed from childhood to adulthood; those young women in the prime of early womanhood left to face life alone, burdened with the task of building a home and rearing a family; those young women doomed to nurse alone their sick babies, weep alone over their dead babies, dress and bury alone their corpses? What can it mean to those young brides whose purpose has been snatched away, overnight, leaving them bewildered and lost, leaving them with a thirst and hunger that cannot be stilled?

And yet this is the daily lot of tens of thousands of African women whose husbands are torn away from them to go and work in the cities, mines and farms—husbands who because of the migratory labour system cannot take their wives with them and, because of the starvation wages they receive, are forced to remain in the work centres for long periods—strangers in a strange land—but equally strangers at home to their wives and children.

These women remain alone in the Reserves to build the homes, till the land, rear the stock, bring up the children. They watch alone the ravages of drought, when the scraggy cows cease to provide the milk, when the few stock drop one by one because there is no grass on the veld, and all the streams have been lapped dry by the scorching sun. They watch alone the crops in the fields wither in the scorching sun, their labour of months blighted in a few days. They witness alone the hailstorm sweep clean their mealie lands, alone they witness the wind lift bodily their huts as if they were pieces of paper, rendering them and their children homeless. Alone they bury their babies one by one and lastly their unknown lovers—their husbands, whose corpses alone are sent back to the Reserves. For the world of grinding machines has no use for men whose lungs are riddled with T.B. and Miner's Phthisis.

For miles around throughout the country one sees nobody but these women—young and yet stern-faced with lines of care on

their faces. This one climbing the slope with a bucket of water on her head and, if lucky, a baby on her back; that one going up the hill with a heavy bundle of wood on her head; another following behind a span of six oxen drawing a sledge with ploughing implements and only a youngster of ten or twelve years as her help; and yet another driving home a scraggy herd of cattle or a flock of sheep numbering twenty at the very most, with yet another small boy by her side.

In the ploughing season they are to be seen behind the span of oxen, holding the plough, leading the team of ploughing oxen. In the cold winter months, alone with young girls and boys they reap the fields, load the waggons and bring in the harvest. A poor harvest! What else could it be? "Bad farming methods of the Native", is the official attitude of South Africa. But how could it be otherwise when the farming is left to women and children, when the whole task of home-building is on the shoulders of these young women and children?

At home in the morning these lonely women see to it that their children get ready for school—those under-fed and scantily-dressed children whose breakfast is a piece of dry bread, mealie-pap without any milk, and for many just cold samp and beans. Their desire to see their children educated is so great that the women themselves go out with the stock in order to keep their children at school—to give them the education that will free them from poverty, the education that has given the other races so much knowledge and power.

At the close of day they light their fires to prepare the evening meal. The fortunate ones milk and shut in the stock, but for most there is no stock to shut in, and their children do not know the milk from the family cow. For some there is a letter of good news from the father and husband far away in the work centre—the long-awaited letter with money has come—part of the debt at the trader's will be paid off. There will be bread, sugar, tea and a few extras to eat for at least a few weeks. For others it is bad news. The loved one far away is ill, has met with an accident, has been thrown into jail because he failed to produce his papers when demanded by some government official. Not that he did not have them, but just that by mistake he forgot them in the pocket of his other jacket. A Black man in South Africa cannot forget! It is a sad day for this one. Her children look up anxiously in her face. They fear to ask her any questions, and she does not know how much to tell them.

"Tata sends his greetings", she manages to say at last, "but says we will have to be patient about the money we asked for; he has had some trouble and has used up all the money". The rest of the evening is spent in silence. And when they kneel down to pray, this lonely woman sends to heaven a prayer without an "Amen". Small wonder most of them are old women at the age of thirty, emaciated, tired and worn-out.

Sometimes, in despair, they get caught up in the snares of unscrupulous men of means—the only people in the whole community who can relieve them of their burdens. These men alone are well-fed, full of energy to satisfy their sexual desires; these men alone have the money to satisfy the material needs of these women, clothe them and feed them and their children. Prostitution! Call it what you may. But if they be prostitutes it is not of their own choosing. It is the system that has kept them on starvation wages so that they and their children can perish slowly but surely; a system that has made them barren and their men impotent; a system that has demoralized and dehumanized a whole people—making the ratio of women to men in the Reserves as high as 8: 1 and so enabling the man who has the energy and the means to have as many women as he chooses; a system that has kept the men in the towns in a perpetual state of war, in battle-camps where masturbation, homosexuality and rape are the order of the day, turning otherwise decent human beings into beasts which see a woman not as a human being but as a source of sexual satisfaction alone.

Three things break the monotony of their lives. First is the Church where at least they can take a few hours off from their work, where they can sing and unburden themselves in prayer to a God who never seems to hear them; the church which promises them an abundance of life in the next world.

The other is the ceremonial feast—the marriage feast where they can sing and dance and laugh, rejoicing with the young couple. But it is a joy mixed with sorrow, for they know that the joy of the young people can but be short-lived, that they are entering upon a life without a future, a journey's end. And the initiation feast and the beer party—at one time occasions of great pomp and rejoicing—are today poor imitations of the ceremonies of the days gone by. For now the women sing and dance alone, with but the aged men, the blind and the cripples to join in the dance and song, and all miss the rich deep bass chorus of the men.

The third is the funeral—yes, the funeral—where they come together to weep and mourn over their dead, where again alone, except for the Mfundisi, the teacher, the cripple, the blind and the very aged, they accompany their husbands and fathers and brothers on their last journey. The countryside is today so empty of men that it is these women who keep vigil over the dead before burial—a thing once quite unknown in African society.

Tired of their hard life in the Reserves and in despair, they resort to all sorts of ways whereby they can get to the work centres in order to join their husbands. But the pass system which is used to control the movements of the whole African population throughout the country makes it well-nigh impossible for them to do so. Under the influx control regulations, all the railway stations have been instructed not to sell tickets to Africans proceeding to any of the major cities in the Union, unless such Africans produce exit and entry permits from some government official granting right of entry or exit. If it is for the purpose of consulting a specialist in the major cities—the only places where such specialists are to be found—a doctor's certificate to that effect has to be produced. But sometimes even with the doctor's certificate, the official may refuse to grant such right of entry, if he is convinced in his own mind that the woman does not need specialist treatment. If it is for the purpose of tracing a lost husband, brother, or son, or rushing to the sick-bed of a husband in the city, all relevant information—no matter how private and intimate—has to be given, and again it is the official who has to decide whether the matter is urgent.

To by-pass the refusal of tickets at railway stations, these women fall victim to unscrupulous men who offer to carry them in their cars and lorries to the cities where they can join their husbands. Is it the lure of city life that makes them abandon their homes—homes they have struggled hard to build; leave alone the lambs and calves they have brought up by hand; leave their children behind in the care of relatives and friends? Is it the talk of an easy life in town; is it the thought of the cheap jewels they will wear on their ears and round their arms that makes them pay huge sums of money to racketeers, run the risk of landing in jail for entering a proclaimed area without a permit? It is merely the will to live!

In the towns new difficulties arise. The police hound them and, should they catch them without the necessary papers, fine them or lock them up in jail and then truck them back to

the Reserves. If they cannot get the papers legalizing their stay in the towns by fair means, then they get them by foul. Would-be helpers are not wanting here too; men who batten on their agony. These are willing to "help" them by selling them the papers at a sum of £15—£25 a piece, though, for a woman with good looks, it may be much less—£5—£10—if she is willing to add herself to the price.

Those of them who are lucky to get jobs on arrival in the city are tied down to their employers under unbearable service conditions. The pass laws, the influx control regulations and the contract system which give their employers the right to cancel their permits and have them endorsed out of the area, give their employers also the power to bully and blackmail, to offer them low wages and the worst of service conditions.

Even at this very moment in the Western Province, those of them who have slipped through are being hounded out and sent back to the Reserves, leaving their husbands behind. And those of them who are in service are required to "sleep in", while their children are sent back to the country whether or not there is some one to look after them after they get there.

In this way many African homes are broken up, families are split up. No wonder the people term the Women's Registration Office in Langa the "Divorce Court". And yet Mr. Rogers, Superintendent at Langa, can say that he and his men will carry out this breaking-up of families as "humanely" as possible. And the Mayor of Cape Town, Colonel Billingham, when the matter was brought to his notice, said he was satisfied that Mr. Rogers and his men would carry out their work "humanely". But how can the splitting-up of families, the separation of wife, children and husband, be carried out "humanely"? How can anybody speak of acting "humanely," when the breaking-up involves so many thousands of women in Cape Town alone? Would these men consider it "humane", no matter how sweet and gentle the officials in charge, if it was their own wives and children who were being torn away from them? It is only in South Africa and when dealing with the Blacks that anybody can speak of carrying out such a breaking-up "humanely"—an action that has brought suffering and misery to so many people—young and old. Back to the Reserves all these must go; back they must be sent to join those hundreds of others to whom each day is like another—one monotonous song of droning flies, sick babies, dying stock, hunger, starvation and death.

BETHAL CASE-BOOK

RUTH FIRST

Editor of "Fighting Talk."

Now undergoing Preparatory Examination on a charge of High Treason.

THERE are some choice bits in my Bethal file. The daily press headlines of late June, 1947, screamed in heavy type, "NEAR SLAVERY AT BETHAL", and then followed the account by the Reverend Michael Scott of what we had seen and heard of forced labour and compound conditions, beatings in the mealie fields and sjambok-carrying farm "boss-boys." Top score for being quick off the mark must surely go to the manufacturer of steel heaters who placed the following advertisement in the press:

"NEAR SLAVERY AT BETHAL

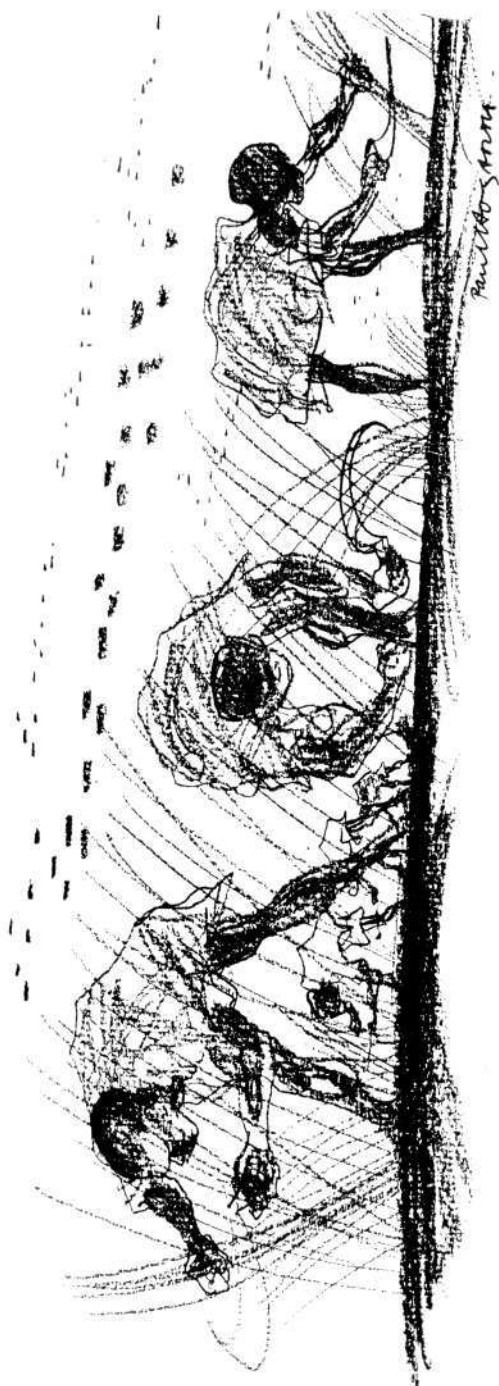
Be Kind to Your Native—for Only 75/-

Keep them warm with an all-steel - Economic Heater."

The sensational disclosures of 1947 kept Bethal in the news for quite some time. There were weeks of accusation and counter-accusation.

Michael Scott detailed the gruesome assaults documented in Court records and described the compounds surrounded by high stone walls: watchmen and watchdogs on guard outside; the barn-like buildings often without windows or chimney and only a hole in the roof through which the smoke from the braziers could escape; cement blocks doing service as beds. It was a description of Bethal that has become familiar over the years: men whose clothes had been taken from them lest they should try to run away; the rows of labourers strung out in long lines across the fields, backs bent, clawing out potatoes with their nails; cut and calloused hands; weals and scars across backs subjected to the sjambok.

1947 was not the first time this tale of Bethal had been told, and farmers in the district under fire for their treatment of their African labour were quick to complain that they were a much maligned group and that the Scott reports were highly exaggerated. "Publicity harmful to Bethal would harm the good name of South Africa," they reminded the public. The week Scott was challenged to repeat his accusations before a meeting of farmers, Bethal was rather like a small town in the Deep South



Farm Labourers

just before or just after a lynching. At the meeting itself, Scott could read no more than a few paragraphs of his speech. "Tar and feather him," came the shouts from the audience, and then, "He is an Uitlander."

Africans from Bethal Location clustered round the hall during the meeting, then held their own meeting and collected £17 to send a deputation to Johannesburg to state their views to the press in support of Scott's allegations. If the Scott report was so exaggerated, why the scores of desertions from the farms, they asked? Why the padlocks on the compound doors? Deaths on the farms were being explained away by pneumonia cases in winter. "This pneumonia of which the farm labourers die is a wonderful thing," commented one old man. "It leaves scars on the backs. If only the government people could see . . . people are being murdered here, whipped, lashed, so they live no longer. . . ."

In July, 1947, one month after the Scott exposures, a conference in the Prime Minister's office in the Union Buildings considered on-the-spot reports by the police and directed that the force should act at once to clean up unsatisfactory labour conditions on certain farms in the Bethal district. Nineteen days later, the then Minister of Justice, Mr. Harry Lawrence, told a mass meeting of farmers in the Bethal Town Hall that the police investigations had completely vindicated the large majority of farmers. By November, 1947, it was judged that the situation had sufficiently improved for the Government Labour Inspectors to leave the Bethal area.

Yet that December, at the annual conference of the African National Congress in Bloemfontein, two delegates from Bethal insisted that conditions had not improved. Farm labourers were still driven to work under the whip, squatters who complained suffered severe victimization. In some cases, they said, police investigations had done more harm than good. "The police inspectorate does not seem able to get at the facts."

A year later, at the 1948 Congress conference, a delegate said, "I am from the Bethal 'jail'. Never before have I seen so much convict labour, so many removed from Johannesburg by the workings of the pass laws. I now see women working in the fields for the first time."

#

The shock of Bethal is almost as regular as the phases of the moon. For a while the public conscience is outraged.

Each new exposure brings back painful memories of the one before that, and many of them are written into the Court records of the day.

On April 12, 1929, in the notorious case of *Rex v. Nafte*, the Circuit Court found a farmer guilty of tying a labourer by his feet from a tree and flogging him to death, pouring scalding water into his mouth when he cried for water.

In January, 1944, a labourer was beaten to death for trying to escape, and in May, 1944, Justice Maritz commented on the flogging of a farm labourer to death by an 'induna' or 'boss-boy', "It is not so much the 'induna' who is to blame for the killing of the labourer as the system which subjected him and those in his charge to such conditions." In 1947, the local newspaper, the *Bethal Echo*, repeated the comments of a magistrate who described the spate of floggings and assault cases as being "tantamount to slave-driving." That year Balthasar Johannes Brenkman was found guilty of having two labourers stripped and beaten and then tied to one another with donkey trek-chains and left to sleep the night out in the compound. In 1951, at Delmas, farmer Max Mann and his 'boss-boys' were tried on 78 allegations of assault. A 17-year-old recruited at Durban said labourers on the Mann farm were driven to work by 'indunas' on horseback. Another who had been on the farm for eleven days said he had been assaulted on every single day, including the day of his arrival. "No matter how hard we worked we were assaulted." The cases make grim reading. And for every conviction through the years there must have been a score or more of unreported cases of whipping.

There are other areas where African labourers work for a pittance (where, on the farms, do they not?) and where the only law is that of the sjambok. But Bethal is always starker, uglier, somehow it never fails to make the headlines. While Europeans recall Bethal only when another nasty incident attracts publicity, Bethal is a by-word among Africans. It is the dreaded trap for those who fall foul of the pass laws; there is always the husband, the son, the neighbour, the man from Alexandra Township, who was missing for a while to be heard of at last on a farm in the Bethal-Delmas-Kinross district. The Bethal exposé regularly occupies the front page of newspapers with large African circulations, and about all these reports there is a horrifying sameness.

#

#

#

Why Bethal? Are the farmers right when they complain that the reports are grossly exaggerated for the sake of newspaper scoops? Unfortunately not. The accusations against the district as a whole must stand. For the evidence is overwhelming. The reasons are to be found in the fact that while the Bethal area is one of intensive cultivation, it suffers from an acute and perpetual shortage of labour. Look at a map of South Africa and you will see why. Bethal is plumb in the centre of the Transvaal farming area furthest from any African Reserve. The Free State draws seasonal labour from Basutoland, and the squatter system is extensive; Natal's wattle and sugar plantations are close to Zululand; the Transvaal citrus areas in the north of the province are fed their labour from the great trust areas in that vicinity, the Western Transvaal borders on Bechuanaland. But for Bethal's maize, wheat and potato lands there is no ready-to-hand source of labour.

The east side of Bethal is farmed chiefly by squatter families, but the west side, where the farming is even more intensive, is ever panting for labour and is forced to recruit it from further and further afield.

#

In 1946, just before the Scott exposures, there were some 40,000 foreign labourers contracted to farms in the Bethal district, the majority from Nyasaland and the Rhodesias. Bethal's Arbeidsvereniging existed largely to recruit labour for its members, and illegal immigrants from across the Limpopo were screened at Messina and then again at Bethal, at a depot just outside the town, and given the choice between signing on for work on a farm or mine, or being deported back across the border. Thousands signed contracts for farm work, hoping that Bethal would be a stepping stone to work in industry and commerce on the Reef.

Already in the late 'forties, though, this source of labour was beginning to dry up. In 1948, of the thousands of Africans crossing into the Union, only one in seven accepted work on farms, the rest preferring to be sent home, and year by year the regulations for the recruitment and employment of African labour from outside the Union were tightened up, and Nyasas and Rhodesians were sent packing. The round-up of "foreign Natives" in the towns and their transfer to farm work did not help either; these men soon left the Union altogether rather than remain farm labourers.



Farm Squatters

September 9, 1949, was a red-letter day for Leslie, said the *Bethal Echo's* headline of that date, when the Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, opened the private jail for farm labourers in the area. (The Bethal newspaper reported the opening as though it were an official garden party.) The Minister invited farmers who wanted to build private jails to see "this beautiful building" and he reminded the farmers that he had always been conscious of their labour needs. It is worth noting that the plan for a Bethal prison out-station had been first conceived by Mr. Swart's United Party predecessor, Mr. Lawrence, who had spoken of it at a farmers' public meeting in July, 1947.

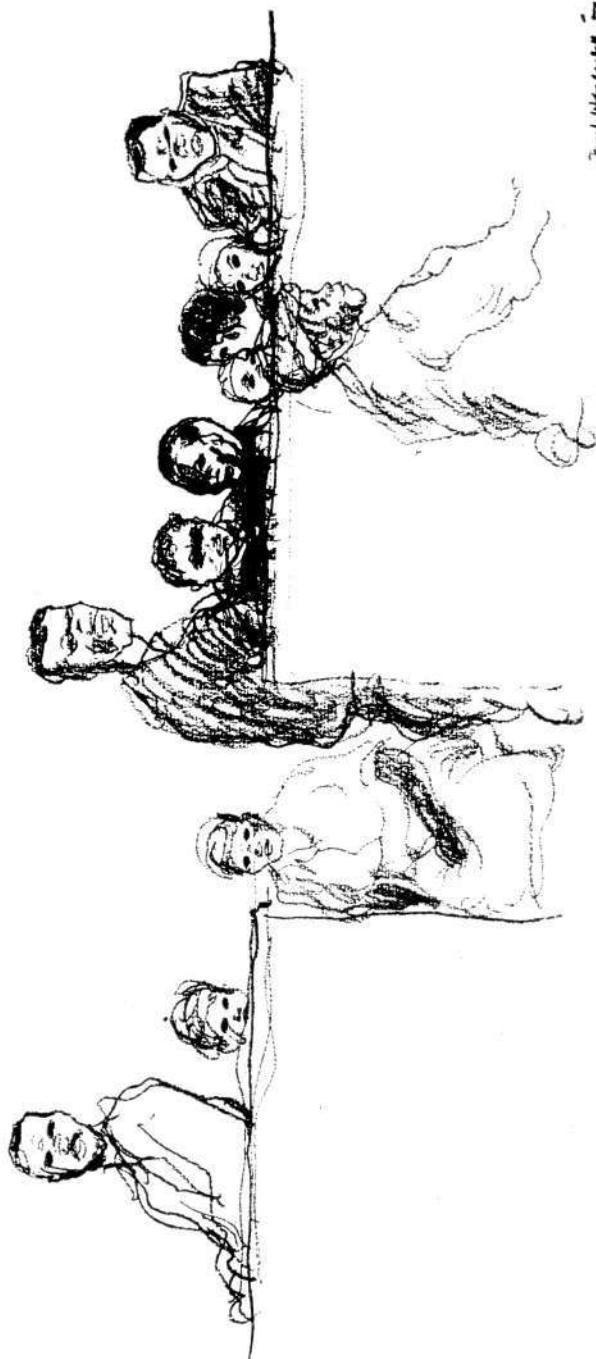
By now convict labour was becoming as important a source of labour as foreign workers, and by 1950 the system of private jails or "out-stations," as the Department of Prisons calls them, was well established, with seven private jails dotted through the Eastern Transvaal close to Bethal, Leslie, Kinross and Delmas. These jails were built by the farmers' associations and then staffed, maintained and guarded by the Prisons Department, which hired out gangs of prisoners to farmers at two shillings a day per convict. Parallel with the system of private jails went the Prison Department's scheme of hiring out short-term prison offenders for work on the farms at 9d. a day. The official version was that men serving up to three months' imprisonment were *offered* work on farms and released under contract to the farmer (who paid the 9d. a day to the jail to be held until the convict's release) for the remainder of their sentences. In 1949, 38,000 Africans were sent to work on farms under this scheme, though its voluntary nature was by no means confirmed by those who were the victims of it.

But forced labour is never willing labour, and the desertion rate in Bethal has always been high. Some farmers reported that they lost anything from a fifth to a half of their labour force in a season, and, said one in 1947, "The matter has got so bad that farmers do not trouble any more to report cases to the police."

The net for labour had to be cast even wider.

#

In 1949 and the following years, allegations were made in the press that Africans arrested for petty contraventions of the pass laws, before any examination by a magistrate, were being pressed to take farm work and promised that the charges against them would be dropped if they signed contracts with farmers. The



Jan 14/1918 76

Africans in Court

matter was raised in the House of Assembly, but the charges were denied. The scheme was purely voluntary, the authorities said. And so year after year it continued to operate. Farmers' lorries and vans (with TAB—Bethal—number-plates prominent among them) could be seen on certain days of the week waiting for their human cargoes outside the Fordsburg and other Native Commissioners' Courts.

In the townships it was common knowledge that the Labour Bureaux of the Native Commissioners' Courts and local Pass Offices were dragnets for farm labour, and in Alexandra Township every year, as the reaping season approached, the police raids for pass offenders became noticeably more frequent.

Men trapped in the net of the pass laws and fearful of being permanently endorsed out of the urban areas because they were unemployed, or had not complied with some small requirement of the complicated Urban Areas Act and Labour Bureau regulations, signed themselves away to farmers for six months at a time in the hope that they would be allowed to re-enter an urban area after that period. Others signed because they thought they would be given labour in factories and then found themselves on lorries bound for the Eastern Transvaal. Still others put their fingers to documents and contracts they did not understand.

This scheme was revealed for the forced labour it was and remains in July, 1957, when the case of Nelson Langa, municipal street sweeper, came to Court. Langa had been arrested on July 4 on his way from work, his metal work-badge bearing his number attached to his belt and his broom still in his hand. To the constables who arrested him he protested that he was employed, but he was detained in the police cells for a night and then taken to the Native Labour Bureau and from there to the farm of Max Hirshowitz in Bethal.

His brother, Innocent Langa, searched for him after his disappearance and hearing of his whereabouts, applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* from the Supreme Court, which thereupon ordered Nelson's immediate release and return to Johannesburg.

In his affadavit to Court, Nelson Langa said that he had told several officers at the Labour Bureau that he was employed, but they had taken no notice. "They said they were going to give me work because I had no pass. My right thumb was pressed on a pad. I was not asked about this or told what it was about. As far as I could see this procedure was adopted

with the case of every Native brought to the pass office with me." Nelson said he had never volunteered for farm work. At the farm he was taken to he found "many Natives who are kept on forced labour at this farm against their will, who often used to speak of their unhappy lot."

The facts in the Langa case were not very different from those recounted many times before by Africans shunted through the same process. But the bombshell burst when during the proceedings an official document countersigned by the Department of Native Affairs, the Secretary for Justice and the Commissioner for Police was led in evidence. This was a circular addressed to all Native Affairs Department officials and magistrates and entitled "*Scheme for the Employment of Petty Offenders in non-Prescribed Areas.*" This document says:

"It is common knowledge that large numbers of Africans are daily being arrested and prosecuted for contraventions of a purely technical nature. These arrests cost the State large sums of money and serve no useful purpose (*sic*). The Department of Justice, the South African Police and this Department (the Department of Native Affairs) have therefore held consultations on the problem and have evolved a scheme, the object of which is *to induce unemployed Natives now roaming the streets in the various urban areas to accept employment outside such urban areas.*" (My emphasis.)

The circular then states that the operation of the scheme is confined to technical contraventions of the Urban Areas Act, Labour Bureau regulations and tax laws.

"The scheme has now been in operation in the larger centres for some time and with certain exceptions necessitated by local conditions the procedure below is followed in dealing with Natives arrested for the above-mentioned offences:

"(a) Natives arrested between 2 p.m. on Sunday and 2 p.m. on Fridays are not charged immediately after arrest but merely detained by the police.

"(b) Natives so detained are removed under escort to the district Labour Bureau and handed over to the employment officer. . . ."

The circular then describes the preparation of a roll on which all the arrested men's names are entered by the police and which is handed over to the Labour Bureau "as a receipt for the prisoners handed over."

- “(c) At the Labour Bureau the employment officer completes card NA 1 in respect of each Native so received, if he has not been previously registered.
- “(d) The Native must be offered such employment as is available in non-prescribed (rural) areas. Priority should be given to farm labour in this connection.
- “(e) Natives who on account of their declining to accept the employment are not released, are returned to the South African Police for prosecution.”

Langa pointed out in his Court affidavit that the crime for which he had been arrested carried a maximum penalty of a fine not exceeding one pound or fourteen days' imprisonment. The scheme outlined in the Native Affairs Department circular had no statutory justification. Langa's detention was illegal. At no time was he told that if he refused farm work and was prosecuted and convicted, the most that could happen to him was that he would be fined one pound. Work on a farm for three or six months was out of all proportion to the trivial offence, and the scheme for sending Africans to work on farms was sheer forced labour, induced by threats of prosecution.

Langa's release was ordered, but judgment on the application for costs is still awaited at the time of writing.

Not long after the Langa case, a similar petition for the release of a labourer from a Bethal farm went to Court. Isaac Soko applied for the production of his brother Nicodemus Klaas Soko who had not appeared before any Court, it was alleged, or been charged with any offence, but who was being detained on a farm. The application was not heard in open Court but in chambers, where it was decided that it was not an urgent matter. As Soko could leave the farm compound on Sundays, he was not being forcibly detained and *habeas corpus* was therefore not an applicable remedy. The issue of whether Soko had been induced to enter into a contract by unlawful means was to go to trial separately.

If this case sets a precedent, the urgent remedy of *habeas corpus* will no longer be available to the labourer seeking to release himself from detention on a farm. Imagine the laborious procedure involved in his going in search of an attorney to take down his statements, interview his witnesses and then serve papers on his master to release him from service! Litigation is expensive and the pace of the law tortoise-like.

Bethal is not altogether unchanged these days. Public clamour over the years has resulted in fewer fierce dogs and locked compounds; the early morning shifts start some hours later than they once did; the boss-boys on many farms are not as free with their sjamboks; new compounds have been built; and some farmers have no doubt installed steel heaters.

But a system whereby labour is channelled onto farms via farm jails and forced contracts by-passes the normal methods of attracting labour by improved wages and working conditions. It is a vicious arrangement which gives farmers in the Eastern Transvaal—and elsewhere—a vested interest in the pass law machine that turns the unemployed into a “criminal” to be “reformed through labour” on the land.

It does not need padlocks and barred windows to tie the Bethal labourer to the farm. There is always his fear of being prosecuted as a deserter if he runs away; the fear of returning to his home in the town if the pass book he must carry can reveal to the first searcher that his documents are not in order, and that he has not been discharged by his farmer-employer or has been endorsed out of the urban area. And then there is the bewilderment—even if the labourer can show that he entered into the contract not freely, but under duress—with the slow, puzzling processes of the law.

It is rather like a wierd jig-saw puzzle. The misshapen pieces make up the total picture only when fitted together. Some pieces tell of the deportations from the cities under the Urban Areas Act; others of the Labour Bureau machinery; others of the farm jails; others of the so-called voluntary scheme for “the employment of petty offenders.” The total picture is one of forced labour for the Bethal farms. “Bethal”, said one African, “is the worst place that God has made on earth.” It is an eloquent commentary.

AN EASTERN CAPE POSTSCRIPT

CHRISTOPHER GELL

BETHAL in the Eastern Transvaal has collected an unenviable reputation for the maltreatment of its African farm workers. Nor do persistently recurring convictions for assault, unlawful detention and successful *habeas corpus* applications by relatives of shanghaied Africans allow the district to redeem its name. Possibly only its lower density of population and rather less adequate publicity facilities have enabled the Eastern Cape to avoid being tagged with a reputation at least as mean, if not quite so blatantly brutal.

The recent history of this social deformity began two years ago, when Mlonge Tembeni was sentenced to nine months imprisonment and a compensatory fine of £20 15s. 6d. (or two months) for stealing three sheep from his employer. Stock theft is rife in the Eastern Cape, as elsewhere. Recently White policemen and farmers have received prison sentences for it, as well as other non-Whites. In confirming Tembeni's sentence, the appeal judge emphasized that "the legislature had seen fit to visit very severe penalties on stock theft, out of all proportion to the sanctions conveyed in the protection of other classes of property." (Shades of England in 1800 and the death penalty!) In this case the magistrate could have imposed a sentence of four and a half years. The main factor in mitigation, said the judge, was the fact that Tembeni received only £1 a month for his services and a four-gallon tin of mealies per week as a ration. He had a wife and six children, two of whom were babies. "Comment on the inadequacy of the appellant's remuneration and rations is superfluous. That they were hungry (they ate the sheep at the rate of one a week) is a claim fully justified," said Judge Jennett.

He was wrong. A large number of people thought comment anything but superfluous. Individual farmers and the Border Farmers' League filled the correspondence columns of the newspapers with vociferous protests against a fund started to look after his wife and family while Tembeni was in jail. That some correspondents spoke up for decency is true and surely to be expected from a "White Christian civilization." But the bulk of the outcry came from the Farmers' Lobby. There were references to "ridiculous, snivelling, city sympathy,"

“sickly sentiment,” “subsidized theft”; and various specious attempts were made to show that certain free amenities given by farmers to their farm hands brought the value of their real wages up to something like £10 a month. The fact that Tembeni had even had 10s. of his £1 docked by his English-speaking employer for taking Mrs. Tembeni by car to hospital was lost sight of completely in the furor.

A very similar case, with a still more tragic conclusion, occurred a year later. Jim Meantsi, aged 54, with a wife and five children, was also employed by an English-speaking farmer. His wages were 25s. a month, plus 18 pints of mealies and a little salt each week. The evidence was that Jim twice came to the farmhouse to ask for more food and on the second occasion also complained that his wife had run away. His employer eventually became enraged, said he was “sick and tired of his nonsense” and told him to “voetsek” (clear out). Jim drew a knife and killed the farmer. Sentencing him to death, the judge admitted that his conditions of employment were “thoroughly shameful.” Again a fund was opened for the family. Again the protests flooded in. Again farmers drew up fancy budgets “proving” that their labourers earned “the equivalent” of £10-£12 a month.

#

One point repeatedly made on behalf of the farmers in both cases was that there is a shortage of farm labour. Africans, it was said, are therefore free to choose which employers they will work for. This, though once true, is certainly true no longer. A series of bad harvests and near-famine conditions in the large Ciskei and Transkei Native Reserves (1954-56) together with the tightening net of influx control regulations preventing the flow of hungry men to the higher wages available in the towns—this is, in a form intensified by recent legislation and its more drastic enforcement, the classical dilemma of those rural slums, the Native Reserves. The only freely available labour outlets are the mines and the farms. Neither has ever had labour so good as in the last year or two. And the compulsion extends to women, too, seeking work as domestic servants.

Hence the case of Dina Gqwabalala, a girl of 20, employed in the little rural town of Cookhouse on the princely salary of £1 a month plus keep. She was not even given a room of her own, but graciously permitted to sleep in her employer’s kitchen.

Then stark tragedy occurred. She had an illegitimate child. Her employer refused to allow her to keep the baby with her, so she found an African woman in the location prepared to try and look after it for 10s. a month (half Dina's wages). But, not surprisingly, the foster-mother found herself out of pocket on the deal and brought the child back to Dina, who sought other asylum for it in vain. Her parents lived far away, and Dina lacked the means to take the child to them. Eventually, in desperation, she drowned it. Judgment—guilty of murder with extenuating circumstances. Sentence—ten years in jail. If ever a case cried out for clemency, here is surely one.

But Dina is in the hands of our Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, who boasted to the September, 1956 Free State Congress of the Nationalist Party that "not a single Native convicted of raping White women has escaped the gallows." Yet I cannot think of a single White man convicted of raping non-White women who has been hanged. And several cases of great leniency spring to mind "because of the poor upbringing or unfortunate circumstances of the (White) accused." Tembani, Meantsi, Dina—were their circumstances and upbringing not poor enough? Perhaps, since Dina's murdered baby was only African, Mr. Swart will yet relent. After all, he recently released two White policemen who had been convicted of singularly brutal "third degree" methods against an African suspect, culminating in his death and the hiding of the body, when they had served only 18 months of their eight and five year sentences for culpable homicide.

#

#

#

Further information about the *mores* of the Eastern Cape farmers came to light in a social survey. As the inquirer went from farm to farm, he heard of a certain farmer known as a "kafferboetie" (literally, "friend of the African"—a derogatory pseudonym for negrophilist). Eventually he discovered how the title had been acquired. A farmer had lost some fowls and called the police, who thereupon arrested two of his African employees. But since they could establish no evidence against the suspects, they strung them up by their ankles from a bridge over a dry, stony spruit in the presence of a group of local farmers. (This seems to be a fashionable means of interrogation hereabouts. A White police sergeant recently got

nine months and four strokes for a similar offence and his accomplices were also sentenced, an African constable—two months and four strokes—and a White farmer—fined £150.) No confession being forthcoming after a prolonged period of suspension, however, the police proposed cutting the victims down and letting them drop head first onto the stones below. At this, our “kafferboetie” friend demurred, saying he thought matters had now gone far enough. And ever since he has been tagged with the derisory title, which others have also earned merely by engaging lawyers to defend employees accused of petty crimes by neighbouring farmers.

Perhaps the Bathurst district of the Eastern Cape will now at last take its rightful place alongside Bethal of the Eastern Transvaal in the rural hierarchy of brutality and starvation wages.



Paul Hogarth

ZEERUST: A PROFILE OF RESISTANCE

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

South African Correspondent of "Reynolds News"

CIVIL war, police terror, and the withdrawal of social services—these are the blessings which Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, has brought to the Bafurutse tribe of the Western Transvaal in the name of apartheid.

Today heavily armed police columns strike nightly terror into sleeping villages, and a hundred houses lie in smouldering ruins; scores of women serve hard labour sentences, and Zeerust's jail is choked with tribesmen held on murder charges.

Yet only a year ago the 30,000 strong Bafurutse were known as a peaceful and prosperous tribe, and fourteen policemen sufficed to control their 1,500 square mile Reserve. Half the tribe farmed their well-watered land, whilst the rest worked on farms or in 150 mile distant Johannesburg to raise money for the White man's poll tax.

Throughout the country there have been disturbances of one sort or another whenever the Government has tried to move a tribe from its land, whenever a person of standing in the tribal hierarchy has been deposed or banished, and whenever an attempt to issue 'reference books'—i.e. passes—to women has been made.

The Bafurutse, whether by co-incidence or design, have been subjected to all three of these evils, the latter two descending on them simultaneously.

On the whole, the Bafurutse were satisfied with their land, which forms an extensive and well-watered unit bordering on Bechuanaland. Organized in villages roughly corresponding to highland clans, they were ruled by Abraham Moilwa of Dinokana—the land of many streams—as hereditary Senior Chief.

The tribe's overt struggle against the Nationalist Government dates back to the arrival in '54 of a new Native Commissioner, Carl Richter, who determined to put into effect the Bantu Authorities Act which makes a Native Affairs Department (N.A.D.) employee of every tribal chief and which Abraham Moilwa had refused to endorse. On finding, moreover, that the two villages of Leeufontein and Braklaagte were situated outside the Reserve on farms bought from Whites at the turn of the

century, Richter announced that they were "Black spots" in White areas and would have to be moved.

Chief Abraham now headed the resistance of almost all the villagers to the proposed move. He took legal advice and led a delegation which obtained an assurance from a senior N.A.D. official that no move was planned. This constituted a personal setback for Richter, who had already made himself unpopular amongst the Bafurutse by setting up a network of spies and informers in the Reserve, and increased his dislike of Chief Abraham, whose prestige amongst his people had been greatly enhanced.

Abraham, although a shrewd politician with his finger on the tribe's pulse, had a fondness for the bottle, and in 1952 his administration had become so lax that some headmen complained. Richter now arranged for these long answered and forgotten charges against Abraham to be re-opened by the N.A.D., and had some new ones added. The most interesting of these was an allegation of slandering Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, about whom Abraham was alleged to have said:-

"Who the hell is Verwoerd? He is just a minister and there will be other ministers after him. I am not afraid of him, and Dinokana will stand here forever."

The enquiry concluded in October '56, but when no report was published and no action taken, Abraham and his people settled back into their accustomed ways.

The dénouement came early in 1957. On March 22, Government notice No. 421 informed the Bafurutse that their women were to be issued with reference books, the streamlined version of the hated pass system which leads to the daily arrest as criminals of more than 1,000 Africans in the Union.

Abraham opposed the extension of passes to women, and when the mobile pass-issuing unit came to Dinokana on April 1—perhaps a symbolic date—only 76 women out of some 4,000 took out the pass-books. Abraham was ordered to call a tribal gathering on April 4, at which he was contemptuously informed by the Regional Chief Native Commissioner that he had been deposed and had fourteen days in which to leave the area.

The stunning effect of this pronouncement, made on the assembled tribe without any explanation, is difficult to describe, and from that day to this the Bafurutse have known no peace.

Four months later, having ignored continual letters from Abraham's attorneys, the N.A.D. finally condescended to inform

him that his deposition had been authorized three months before it was announced — though the Department had never authorized his deportation.

When news of the Chief's deposition and the attempt to force passes on their women reached 150 mile distant Johannesburg, a Bafurutse Association was formed by the men working on the Reef to investigate these incredible happenings in their homes. Two buses were chartered, and on April 13, the indignant tribesmen returned to the Reserve. That night most of the reference books taken out in Dinokana were burnt, and a tribal meeting was called which rapidly turned into a people's court. Linking the Departmental enquiry, the deposition and the Chief's opposition to the issue of passes, the tribesmen branded four of Richter's informers as traitors and allegedly condemned them to be thrown to their death in the 75 ft. deep pit of Mamokoti.

The police allegedly intervened in the nick of time. Mass detentions followed and, after a protracted court case against 23 Bafurutse, 5 men were sentenced to terms of five and three years' imprisonment with hard labour for incitement to murder. An appeal is now pending.

The events that followed the pass-issuing unit's visit to Dinokana were to become the pattern of the tribe's future. Women arrested for burning their passes were sentenced to fines of £50 or six months hard labour by Commissioner Richter, sitting as a magistrate. Tribesmen meeting to discuss the deposition of the Chief were arrested and fined for holding unauthorized meetings.

When the African principal of the 1200 pupil local primary school supported passes, his school was boycotted for two days. On the third it was permanently closed down on instructions from Pretoria, the names of the 1054 absent children being circularized to prevent them from ever attending a school again.

The local post office was closed down "to protect government property", and the railway bus which is the only link between the Reserve villages and the outside world was withdrawn for the same reason.

Old age, widow's and military pensions have been refused to women without passes. Their dignified response has been to hand in their pension books, thus permanently renouncing their pittance of 17s. 10d. a month. Tax payments have been refused from men unable to produce their wives' passes, young women wanting to marry have been driven back to heathen

him that his deposition had been authorized three months before it was announced — though the Department had never authorized his deportation.

When news of the Chief's deposition and the attempt to force passes on their women reached 150 mile distant Johannesburg, a Bafurutse Association was formed by the men working on the Reef to investigate these incredible happenings in their homes. Two buses were chartered, and on April 13, the indignant tribesmen returned to the Reserve. That night most of the reference books taken out in Dinokana were burnt, and a tribal meeting was called which rapidly turned into a people's court. Linking the Departmental enquiry, the deposition and the Chief's opposition to the issue of passes, the tribesmen branded four of Richter's informers as traitors and allegedly condemned them to be thrown to their death in the 75 ft. deep pit of Mamokoti.

The police allegedly intervened in the nick of time. Mass detentions followed and, after a protracted court case against 23 Bafurutse, 5 men were sentenced to terms of five and three years' imprisonment with hard labour for incitement to murder. An appeal is now pending.

The events that followed the pass-issuing unit's visit to Dinokana were to become the pattern of the tribe's future. Women arrested for burning their passes were sentenced to fines of £50 or six months hard labour by Commissioner Richter, sitting as a magistrate. Tribesmen meeting to discuss the deposition of the Chief were arrested and fined for holding unauthorized meetings.

When the African principal of the 1200 pupil local primary school supported passes, his school was boycotted for two days. On the third it was permanently closed down on instructions from Pretoria, the names of the 1054 absent children being circularized to prevent them from ever attending a school again.

The local post office was closed down "to protect government property", and the railway bus which is the only link between the Reserve villages and the outside world was withdrawn for the same reason.

Old age, widow's and military pensions have been refused to women without passes. Their dignified response has been to hand in their pension books, thus permanently renouncing their pittance of 17s. 10d. a month. Tax payments have been refused from men unable to produce their wives' passes, young women wanting to marry have been driven back to heathen

as next in line of succession, he had unsuccessfully offered the still vacant Senior Chieftainship only a short while before.

Indignant and puzzled, Sgt. Rousseau, commanding Zeerust's police, blamed the attorneys who had destroyed respect for the force by defending arrested tribesmen—and getting them off. A similarly refreshing approach to legal problems was displayed by Lichtenburg's Native Commissioner, who recommended that agitators should be banned without a hearing, since they would only use it to make political capital.

The mayor of Zeerust, Mr. du Plessis, called in passing for the establishment of a 5,000 strong army camp near the Bechuanaland border, but reserved his particular venom for the Rev. C. Hooper, the town's courageous young Anglican rector. Father Hooper is the only local White champion the Bafurutse have found, and he and his wife symbolize the tragically difficult task of the 'Church Militant' in South Africa. Branded as "kaffir-boeties", they are ostracized by Zeerust's Whites. The local White congregation, after unsuccessfully demanding Hooper's removal from Bishop Ambrose Reeves of Johannesburg, has almost completely deserted him and his church, whilst the immense goodwill and respect which he and his wife have so deservedly earned amongst the Bafurutse cannot save his African congregations from the disintegration of established tribal life brought on by civil war and police terror.

The pattern of events which emerges from the evidence heard by the Commission is a relatively simple one. Outside of Dinokana, trouble developed only in the four villages whose chiefs forced their women to take passes. The smouldering resentment of these women, who believed that the babies on their backs were their passes from God, was blown into flame by their menfolk from Johannesburg coming home on long weekends, and pass burnings resulted. But when the men had returned to their jobs in Johannesburg, chiefs like Edward Lencoe of Witkleigat put into practice the lessons they had learnt from Police Sgt. van Rooyen. 'Smelling out' their victims, they first assaulted them brutally and then handed them over to the police to be tried before Richter in his capacity as magistrate. The increased resentment caused by the vicious sentences he imposed, and by the withdrawal of social services, found expression in retaliatory arson. This led to further police raids and assaults by the chiefs' bodyguards on all and sundry arriving from Johannesburg, for fear that they had come

to avenge their womenfolk.

The irony of the pass struggle is that even at the time of writing it is not an offence for a woman to be without a pass, as the deadline date has yet to be gazetted. On learning of this, many women impoverished themselves by selling their all-important cattle, and used the money to pay part of the fines imposed when they subsequently burnt their books, which are considered to be "government property".

The impasse reached over the issuing of passes was best described to the Commission of Inquiry by Lieut. E. H. D. Coetzee, officer temporarily in charge of criminal investigations at Zeerust. Stressing the strength of the women's resistance to passes, the Lieutenant pointed out that if all the women who did not have pass books by a certain date were to be arrested, an impossible situation would be created. There would not be enough police to arrest them, not enough courts to try them, and not enough jails in the district to hold them.

He therefore proposed that sanctions should be applied against the tribeswomen to make them feel, "I must get my book". Nothing if not systematic, the Lieutenant suggested that African women refusing pass books should not get medical attention, draw pensions, receive registered post or be permitted to use the railway bus. Striking an original note doubtlessly inspired by biblical dicta, he also suggested that African children should not be admitted to school if their mothers did not have pass books.

No opportunity was ever afforded the tribe's counsel to cross-examine the pro-Government witnesses, but their own witnesses were invited to appear on November 6th. On November 5th, a Government order prohibiting gatherings of more than ten Africans in the Zeerust area was promulgated, and doubts cast on the authority of Attorney Shulamith Muller and Advocate George Bizos to appear for the tribe had to be resolved by the circulation of a petition signed by 7,000 Bafurutse.

Understandably unaware of the Government order promulgated on the previous day, more than a thousand of these tribesmen streamed along the only road into Zeerust early on November 6—to be turned back after a brief clash at a road block by forty police armed with sten guns, revolvers and rifles with fixed bayonets. When, however, another thousand Bafurutse, again consisting mainly of women, came along the same road about an hour later, they were 'buzzed' by eight Harvard training planes of the South African Air Force.

The planes carried the day, but Advocate Bizos refused to lead evidence whilst they roared overhead, claiming that only two of his expected 30 witnesses had succeeded in reaching Zeerust. A week's postponement was granted, and on November 13, 118 Gopane villagers were injured in an unheralded police baton charge whilst making their way to Zeerust.

The Commission's report is still awaited, but events have already overtaken it. The struggle has become one between a few pro-Government chiefs, utterly dependent upon the forces of the State which have been marshalled in their support, and the people of the tribe. To Chief Edward Lencoe of Witkleigat, a protégé of Dr. Verwoerd himself, the logic of this situation was finally brought home just before Christmas, on what is now known in South Africa as the Day of the Covenant. News of the indiscriminate rule of terror which he had been imposing on his village had reached Johannesburg when Mrs. Makgoro Maletsoe, who had joined in a pass burning in Witkleigat, was admitted to Baragwanath Hospital, where she lay for some days in a state of mental derangement. She had lost the use of her right arm, which Lencoe smashed with his kierie whilst kicking her in the face and ribs after the pass burning. Members of the Johannesburg Bafurutse Association made a special point of returning to Witkleigat on the long week-end before Christmas. On arrival, they were attacked by Lencoe's bodyguard, but fought back so effectively that the tables were turned. That week-end Lencoe's £2,000 house and his 1948 Chrysler car were burnt down, his wife beaten up, and he himself forced to flee in terror on horse-back into Bechuanaland. In the village, one of his cronies lay dead, and by the New Year, 36 houses in Witkleigat were gutted. Lencoe's story has been repeated in lesser degree in the villages of Motswedi and Leeufontein. In the latter, Israel I. had found it expedient to put into effect the move mooted by Richter in 1953, and more than 15 houses have been burnt down in his village since December 16.

The attitude of the Supreme Court to the sentences imposed by Richter for pass burning is most interesting. The Act provides for a maximum penalty of £100 or six months. Dismissing an appeal against the severity of the £50 or six months sentence on 31 Witkleigat women who had burnt their passes with Mrs. Maletsoe, Mr. Justice Boshoff of the Transvaal division of the Supreme Court said on December 7, 1957: "It was reasonable to suppose that he (the Native Commissioner) knew that they

(the appellants) had no resources or earnings. It could not therefore be said that he imposed a fine to keep them out of prison. A small fine would defeat the aim—to impose a sentence which would have the necessary deterrent effect.” Since these women burnt their passes in November, the charges on which arrests are made have increasingly become those of attempted murder and arson, even where juveniles are concerned, and bail has been refused in most cases.

The reaction to the attempt to force the tribeswomen to carry passes has been such that, at the time of writing, it is almost impossible to find a Bafurutse woman possessing one, outside of those working on White farms and those living in Zeerust's location. As a direct result of the struggle against passes, everything connected with the Government has become suspect and is resisted, even where, as in the case of cattle inoculations against foot and mouth disease, it is beneficial to the tribe.

In January the fantastic licence which pro-Government chiefs are given by the police was illuminated for the first time by the stark light of newspaper publicity. Two reporters from the non-White paper *Golden City Post* were arrested on their arrival at Witkleigat by Edward Lencoe and his men and brought before Sgt. van Rooyen. Ignoring a press card countersigned by the Deputy Police Commissioner of the Witwatersrand, van Rooyen helped Lencoe to work his followers into a homicidal frenzy and then handed the reporters over to them for questioning. After the reporters had been methodically beaten by Lencoe and his men, Sgt. van Rooyen sent them on their way with a homily on how lucky they had been that he, as a police officer, had been there to stop Lencoe from killing them as they deserved. The *Golden City Post* reported this surrealist atrocity on January 12 and has demanded an official inquiry in the interests of law and order.

Recognizing the fundamental nature of the challenge which the events around Zeerust have posed to the whole concept of Whites governing voiceless Blacks, the Nationalist Government seems to be planning a show-down with the Bafurutse as a tribe. The impressive array of V.I.P.s who have graced Commissioner Richter's Zeerust office has been headed on two occasions by Maj. Gen. C. I. Rademeyer, Commissioner of the South African Police, who was preceded by Major Att. Spengler, head of the Union's C.I.D. Early in January Dr. Eiselen, Secretary of Native Affairs and the organizational power behind Verwoerd, spent two days in Zeerust. Heavy police reinforcements have

been drafted to the area, and a determined effort has begun to smash the Bafurutse Association in Newclare Township, Johannesburg. Having recently extended the notorious Natal Code, which provides for tribal fines and punishments, to the whole of the Union, the Government may well be preparing to use it against the Bafurutse.

It should be stressed that, far from giving a lead to the Bafurutse, the African National Congress has lagged behind them so pathetically that even today it has no real organization in the Reserve. Individual members of the Bafurutse Association are, of course, very often also members of the ANC, but their primary motivation has been the protection of their women-folk and families back home in the Reserve. It would perhaps not be surprising if latterly the desire for revenge had entered into their activities.

It should not, of course, be thought that events in the Marico district are an isolated episode in Verwoerd's South Africa, as close parallels can be given throughout the country, not only for the spontaneous and deep resistance of African women to the acceptance of passes, but to the reactions of tribes to attempts to move them from their land and depose their Chiefs. What makes the story of the Bafurutse tribe, now being forced into what may well prove to be a bloody and tragic final act, of particular significance is that it shows at work all the policies and forces seen separately elsewhere.

Nor should the tribe's kinship with the neighbouring Bechuana be forgotten. They have seen how the deposition of Seretse Khama has demoralized their cousins. They also know that any Mofurutse need only walk into Bechuanaland to hold his head up and be treated as a man—no policeman will ask him for a pass, and none gainsay his right to drink as he pleases. Many Bafurutse have made their way to the British hospital at Lobetsi rather than to their 'own' one at Zeerust, and the increasing police persecution of Bafurutse men rather than women may presage a growth of that very political consciousness in the tribe which Verwoerdism is intended to abort.

Much will depend on the extent to which the Bafurutse will wish—or be able—to link their struggle with the wider one of the Union's other Africans, for on their own they will soon be crushed by the State and irreparably consumed by civil war. When a nailed boot descends on small pebbles, they do not shoot upward, but grind against one another.

THE MULTI-RACIAL CONFERENCE

LESLIE COOPER

Member of the Conference Planning Committee

1957 was a year of increased racial tension in South Africa. Following closely upon the Treason Trial arrests and the resulting demonstrations came the Alexandra Bus Boycott. Then Parliament was confronted with the Native Laws Amendment Bill, seeking to prevent by law all contacts across the colour line.

When this Bill became law, many well-meaning "realists" had serious misgivings about organizing a multi-racial conference. They argued that the Minister of Native Affairs would regard it as a challenge to official government policy and would in all probability ban the gathering. In any event, people who might otherwise be prepared to attend would be intimidated from doing so.

If the Conference was considered as a challenge, the Minister refused to accept it. True, Special Branch representatives were present outside throughout the proceedings, but this is the accepted pattern at almost all political gatherings in South Africa today. During the 3 days of Conference held in early December at the Witwatersrand University there were no incidents to justify "realist" fears.

Conference proved to be the most representative multi-racial gathering ever held in South Africa. True, there were no representatives of either of the two major political parties, nor of the Dutch Reformed Churches. But this absence had nothing to do with intimidation. All the other religious groups were well represented, as were all the other political groups, both White and non-White.

The Conference has not issued any official report, nor can it do so. It was an exploratory conference, consisting of individuals representing only themselves and responsible to no permanent organization. It passed no resolutions, but issued factual findings instead. The comments which follow are thus a personal attempt to assess its achievements and to suggest lines of future activity.

Discussions at the Conference revealed a surprising degree of unanimity reflected in the findings. Inevitably there were

compromises, but the areas of agreement were large. Certain themes recurred in all the discussions. The *status quo* in South Africa is untenable. The alternatives are either a bitter and uncompromising struggle between White nationalism and Black nationalism or a non-racial democracy based upon the concept of a common society. Professor McCrone's scientifically based conclusion that "when a society consists of a dominating group and subordinate groups, the reaction of the latter is invariably one of two: either submission to domination or resistance to it, and this resistance often expresses itself in a will to counter domination" was unanimously accepted. Indeed it formed the basis of all Conference discussions.

Conference agreed that colour discrimination in the religious, economic, educational and political fields should be eliminated. Universal adult suffrage on a common roll was the only political objective which would meet the needs and satisfy the aspirations of all the people of this country. Conference further considered that the basic human rights of individuals should be safeguarded by means of a Bill of Rights which should be an integral part of the Constitution.

The findings on the discussions on religion contain the following important paragraph: "Conference recommends that religious communities make use of all available means to achieve the ends of moral education in social and racial matters, namely, the pulpit, the religious press, religious schools, classes and meetings; that reference be made to specific and concrete issues; that the situation of those depressed and frustrated by social injustice be brought home forcibly to the more fortunate; and that practical applications of inter-racial collaboration be fostered in worship, discussion, social exchanges and in charitable and cultural undertakings."

Conference did not, nor indeed could it, provide a new Charter for South Africa. It did not present a tight blueprint for a new multi-racial society. Its task was rather to explore the outlines of a society acceptable to people of different racial and colour groups and of widely divergent political approaches.

The holding of the Conference was in itself an affirmation of faith in a common future. At the Conference much of the suspicion between individuals and organizations was broken down. People differed in emphasis and approach. But there was a respect for opinions sincerely held and a readiness to emphasize points of agreement rather than of difference.

Conference must be regarded as a beginning rather than an end. It has had an effect upon both White and non-White public opinion, the full effects of which will probably only be felt when the artificial emotional tensions engendered by the imminent General Elections are out of the way. It has established the framework of a new bridge between White and non-White.

Whether this bridge will become a permanent and durable structure or remain an inadequate skeleton will depend upon how soon, and how assiduously, the next steps are taken.

Those who met at the Multi-Racial Conference must keep together and start now making plans for the next stage, practical implementation. The conclusions of the Conference must be taken to a much wider group. Commerce, Industry, the Dutch Reformed Churches and the two major political parties must be brought into the orbit of these discussions. Public opinion must be built up to understand the inevitable alternatives—racial co-operation or racial clash.

A new conference must be convened soon. It must be organized in such a way that it may take concrete decisions directed towards the broad goals and make plans, however slow and hesitant, to implement such decisions.

Clearly this will be no easy task. It will require infinite patience and much application. Many disappointments will be encountered; prejudices and habits of thought will have to be broken down; fears and misunderstandings will have to be allayed.

But the task may not be as difficult as many people expect. White South Africa's "traditional" colour policy is under constant fire; pressures and challenges are growing. Economic reality is already forcing change. The rapid extension of political independence to colonial areas in Africa is having an important effect on the thinking of South Africa.

Already the adherents of 'apartheid' have switched to the defensive. There is little faith in its practicability for any length of time. They are beginning to realize that its inevitable consummation will be an irreconcilable clash between White and Black.

The Multi-Racial Conference has postulated a positive alternative to White supremacy or White leadership. It may be too radical now for the dominating White South African, but under the impact of mounting pressures it cannot for long be ignored.

Those who participated in the Multi-Racial Conference must go forward, whatever the difficulties and whatever the outcome.

THE FIERY CROSS OF JOB RESERVATION

ALEX HEPPLÉ, M.P.

Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party

ON the 25th October, 1957, Senator Jan de Klerk, South Africa's Minister of Labour, exercising a new power invested in him under Section 77 of the Industrial Conciliation Act, 1956, decreed that four main categories of work in the clothing industry would henceforth be reserved for the employment of White persons only.

The jobs in question are at present occupied by 4,500 Whites and 35,000 non-Whites; and the Minister's decree meant that the 35,000 non-Whites were all to be dismissed and replaced by Whites. It was a preposterous demand upon employers and a cruel blow to non-White employees. The employers protested that 35,000 trained White workers could not be found, as a shortage of Whites already existed in the trade. The trade unions protested that they had not asked for this kind of protection, that they were not in need of it, and that they preferred to safeguard their members' interests through the organized strength of free trade unionism.

All this had been said before. It was said in Parliament, it was said to the Select Committee on the Industrial Conciliation Bill, and it was said in evidence to the Industrial Tribunal, the body of five Government appointees entrusted with the task of investigating the need for job reservation in the various industries. But the Government was determined to have its way.

The Economics of Racialism

A curious anomaly has arisen in South Africa during the ten years of Nationalist rule. The party which rode to power on the promise to "keep South Africa White," is seeing the country's industries going rapidly "Black." Industrial progress has radically changed the racial composition of the industrial labour force. New and expanding factories have absorbed many thousands of Africans from the rural areas, the Reserves, the Protectorates and the Rhodesias. The demand for labour has opened up great new opportunities for workers of all races. And as non-Whites have moved in, so Whites have moved up or out to better jobs, showing a strong preference for white-collar occupations.

Manufacturing establishments, which employed 210,000

White and 401,000 non-Whites in 1947-48, were employing 260,000 Whites and 560,000 non-Whites by 1952-53. Almost every industry suffered a shortage of White workers, who were enjoying full employment. Industrialists were forced to make greater use of non-Whites. This fact was commented upon by the Wage Board, which investigated the clothing industry in 1955-56 and reported that ". . . Owing to the shortage of European labour during the war and post-war years, (White) girls have been finding work in spheres of employment more congenial to them than industry. . . . The entry of non-Europeans into the industry has not led to the displacement of Europeans. . . ."

Practically all the new entrants into the clothing industry are non-Whites. In 1947-48, there were 13,813 White and 21,681 non-White workers in the clothing factories. In 1952-53, there were 13,083 Whites and 32,754 non-Whites; and since then the number of non-Whites has increased even further.

Defending the colour bar, Mr. B. J. Schoeman, Minister of Transport, told Parliament in 1954 that his party was primarily concerned with maintaining White domination, in spite of its conflict with "economic laws."

Job reservation in the clothing industry provides a good example of this conflict and its inevitable results. The Nationalists have legislated as though South Africa possessed an unchanging economy, with a fixed number of jobs to be shared out according to the dictates of their racial theories. They have brushed aside the important questions of fluctuating markets, individual preference, changing manufacturing processes, and the other factors which affect employment in a capitalist society.

On the other hand, manufacturers have concentrated upon the practical necessity of remaining in business in a highly competitive market. While they have no desire to cross swords with the Government over its racial policies, they naturally seek to escape the costly consequences of 'apartheid'. Some manufacturers (including ardent supporters of the Government) have, therefore, moved their factories from the urban industrial centres to rural areas, where there is a plentiful supply of cheap African labour and a comforting remoteness from the sore spots of racialism.

By going to the rural areas, such as Northern Natal, clothing manufacturers have gained many advantages. They are able to pay their African workers less than one-third the wages paid for similar work in the urban areas, experienced machinists in their

factories receiving 17/6 to 50/- per week as against the £6 14s. 2d. paid in Johannesburg and Germiston factories. Their labour force, being entirely African, is strictly disciplined under various Native laws, isolated from trade union protection by official Government policy, and repressed by the stringent provisions of the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act. With the imposition of job reservation, these rural factories will enjoy the further advantage of being exempted from the obligation to employ Whites or quotas of Whites.

In these circumstances, the urban establishments will be at a grave disadvantage. Their rural competitors will oust them from every market, and they will have to join the exodus to the country districts or go out of business. Inevitably, the industry will desert the towns and cease to be an avenue of employment for urban workers, whether they be White, Coloured or African.

Preparing for a Depression?

If it is impossible to apply job reservation without such dire consequences, why does the Government persist with it? The obvious reason is that the Government cannot be logical about racial matters. The beating of its blood calls the tune. Take, for example, the emotional outburst of Mr. J. du Pisanie, Nationalist M.P. for Germiston. When employers and employees objected to the Minister's decree, he attacked them furiously as "*an apparent conspiracy of capitalist, liberalist and communist, with the aim of destroying Christian White civilization in our wonderful fatherland.*" And so is all criticism regarded.

It has been suggested that Senator de Klerk acted with an eye to this year's General Election, delivering proof to the White working class electorate that the Nationalist Party was using legal compulsion to protect the jobs of White workers. But this is more than a political stunt. The Minister gave us one reason for job reservation when piloting the Industrial Conciliation Bill through Parliament. Speaking on Section 77, he said:

"The Department of Labour has always managed to find employment for these women who clear out of the clothing factories, but how long will it last? Now is the time to tackle this matter, because when a recession comes we will have the weapon."

This means that there is to be strict apartheid in unemployment, too. Unemployment is to be reserved for non-Whites. If a recession hits the clothing industry, employers will be compelled to lay off non-Whites and reserve all available jobs

for Whites. When that day comes, the industry will be ruled by the tyranny of Labour inspectors, who will have the power to decide who is to be hired and who is to be fired in every clothing factory. Unco-operative employers will be under constant harrassment.

A Piece of History

The application of job reservation in the clothing industry scores a personal victory for Senator de Klerk on a battleground where he has always suffered defeat. A decade and more ago, the Minister of Labour was a busy backroom boy of the Nationalist Party and close adviser to the present Prime Minister (his brother-in-law), Mr. J. G. Strijdom. In those days of bitter, frustrating struggle for the "Purified" Nationalist Party, Senator de Klerk's field of political endeavour was Germiston, an important centre of the clothing industry. He found the trade unions well organized and the workers unresponsive to his enticements. Despite his untiring efforts, it was disappointingly difficult to coax the White workers in the clothing factories away from the Garment Workers' Union, which was then under the dynamic leadership of Mr. E. S. (Solly) Sachs.

Senator de Klerk, together with Mr. J. du Pisanie, directed a relentless but usually fruitless campaign against the unions and their leaders. Making naked appeals to racial prejudice and lavish use of the communist bogey, they urged White workers to demand apartheid in the unions and in the factories. Church, cultural and other organizations were induced to join in this Nationalist crusade, of which Senator de Klerk said in Parliament (Vol. 90, Col. 1076):

"In 1938 . . . the Nationalist Party in this House reached its all-time low with 28 members. The struggle could not be waged on this front. In the political sphere the Nationalist Party was practically paralyzed, and we had this wild flow of communism engulfing the workers on the Rand. Then the Afrikaner people, in its broad mass, got up in arms and stepped in with all the organizational power at its disposal That is why one found the three Afrikaans churches, the R.D.B.¹ the F.A.K.² and the Blanke Werkersbeskermingsbond (B.W.B.B.)³ co-operating. . . ."

1. R.D.B. (Reddingsdaadbond)—originally dedicated to rescue Afrikaners from poor whiteism but subsequently devoted to building Afrikaner capitalism and attacking trade unionism.

2. F.A.K. (Federasie van Afrikaans Kultuurverenigings)—Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Societies.

3. B.W.B.B. (Blanke Werkersbeskermingsbond)—White Workers' Protection Society.

Senator de Klerk modestly omitted to add that it was he who contrived this alliance. He was a diligent member of all the organizations involved. They were not independent, unrelated bodies. The "three Afrikaans churches" to which Senator de Klerk refers was in fact the Breë Kerklike Komitee, an organization formed in 1944 in Germiston from among members of the three Dutch Reformed Churches, with the object of campaigning among Afrikaner factory workers "to preserve Christianity and White civilization." The other organizations mentioned were closely linked and inspired to serve the interests of the Nationalist Party.

The B.W.B.B. took over the work of the Breë Kerklike Komitee in 1945. It described itself as a "*Society founded on the Christian-National traditions of the people of South Africa*"; it confined its membership to "*White persons only, who are members of the Protestant Church*"; and its constitution declared its chief aims to be the securing of job reservation on a racial basis, apartheid in all places of employment, and apartheid in the trade unions. One of the founders of this organization was Senator Jan de Klerk. Its first secretary was Mr. Frans Mentz, now Nationalist M.P. for Westdene. Senator de Klerk was the second secretary. And among the first executive members were Mr. B. J. Schoeman (now Minister of Transport), Mr. J. du Pisanie (now M.P. for Germiston), and Mr. N. Diederichs (now M.P. for Randfontein and one-time leader of the R.D.B.)

Time has passed. Once the R.D.B. was crusading "*to rescue the Afrikaner nation from the claws of this un-national power—the trade unions.*" Now the Nationalist Government is busy on the job. The three objectives of the B.W.B.B. are being fulfilled with a vengeance. The first, apartheid in the trade unions, is in the process of being enforced through special provisions of the Industrial Conciliation Act, 1956. The second, job reservation, is being attempted through Section 77 of the same law. There is little doubt that the third, "*that no undesirable contact between European and non-European workers should be tolerated in their employment,*" will also be tackled by the Government in due course.

This historical background is necessary to remove the mistaken idea that job reservation is being applied because of a demand from White workers or because Whites are losing their employment to non-Whites. The conservative, agrarian approach of the Nationalists to industrial and trade union

problems is narrowed by deep racial prejudice, which must be served at all costs.

What Next?

In face of considerable opposition, it was to be expected that the Government would shift its ground. This it has done—but merely as a temporary measure, while it decides upon the next step. The chaos which might have resulted from the Minister's decree was avoided because of a proviso in Section 77, which states that job reservation cannot be applied in areas where Industrial Council agreements are in operation without the consent of such Industrial Councils. Agreements existed in the Transvaal, Natal and the Cape, and all the Industrial Councils concerned refused to agree to the Minister's Determination. Consequently, he was unable to enforce it. He must now wait until the agreements expire, which will be March, 1958, in the Transvaal, and October, 1959, in the Cape and Natal.

In preparation for his next step, the Minister has asked the Wage Board to investigate the clothing industry, with a view to making a new Wage Determination, generally applicable throughout the country. The Minister could then refuse to renew the Industrial Council agreements, saying that adequate protection of workers is afforded by the new Wage Determination, and thus free himself to apply job reservation. As a sufficient number of White workers would not be available, the decree would be applied with great flexibility and large-scale exemptions, creating a situation where inspectors would wield greater power than the factory managers.

The Minister has also declared that he will ask Parliament to amend Section 77, so that racial quotas can be applied in any or all establishments. Obviously labour turnover is bound to rise to damaging heights.

The worst of it all will be the plight of the non-White workers. They will exist under the shadow of summary dismissal, not because of their incompetence or misbehaviour, but because of the colour of their skin.

This is the fiery cross of job reservation, lighted many years ago, which the Nationalists are carrying through the clothing industry to-day and which they are determined to carry through many other industries to-morrow.

SPORTSMAN BOSS

W. MILLER

THERE can be little quarrel with the frequent assertion that White South Africa's pre-occupation with sport is a neurotic manifestation, that it signifies a flight from reality, a collective burying of the head, as it were, in the turf of the playing field.

But since this particular neurosis is not peculiar to South Africans—it has afflicted many peoples at many different times—it remains to enquire why South Africans in particular are called sport mad. It does suggest that the South African variety of the disease is an unusually virulent one.

The measure of the disease can be taken not merely by our pre-occupation with sport, but also by its corollary—our incredibly stubborn refusal to talk about or interest ourselves in much else. The eighteen months just passed have been unusually disturbed ones. The United Nations organization has been faced with crisis after crisis—an invasion of Egypt, uprisings in Hungary, the continued disturbances in Algeria. Here in South Africa, the Coloured Franchise case, the Treason Trial, the Bus Boycott and a continued turmoil of "colour" legislation have all helped to keep the social and political pot boiling. But very little echo of all this upheaval can be heard in the talk of the ordinary man. In common with thousands of others I have ridden to work day by day in crowded buses. Together with about 250 colleagues I have lunched daily in the staff restaurant of a large financial house. I have mingled with crowds in the street and in public places, but only rarely have all these topics of daily news been broached. I have watched with bemused curiosity reader after reader skimming briskly across headlines en route to the sports page of the morning paper, feeling sure that this banner, that streamer must surely hold the attention, even momentarily. But no; the sports page alone compels.

Two incidents stick in my mind as characteristic.

The liftman said to me one day:

"This Bus Boycott, now—bad show, isn't it?"

"Ah, yes," I agreed emphatically, "terrible business."

"Aye, all this politics—best left alone, I'd say."

We had arrived at my floor, the buzzer rang imperatively, and I couldn't keep him waiting. It would be nice to think that there was a missed opportunity for a good talk on the

topics of the day. But it is far more likely that the liftman's word was his last, and that his view was an affirmation, a brisk, brief definition of the neurosis itself.

The second incident—it occurred a year ago—is even more provoking.

A colleague of mine, a very intelligent man of wide interests, said to me one day:

"I have just read 'Cry, the Beloved Country.' Of all the sentimental twaddle. The bloody Kaffirs have never been so well off in their lives."

I made haste to disagree. I said I thought that in many respects the picture it drew was a faithful one and that we, the Whites, had a lot to answer for. "It is always, I suppose, theoretically possible to be a little worse off than one is—until one reaches the grave."

He took off his spectacles, gently massaged the bridge of his nose, and replaced them. Then he turned round in his chair, picked up his pen and continued his work, ignoring my presence. He no longer greets me.

These are the two recollections which, over the months, have engrossed my thoughts. My colleague's reaction in the second case is, it seems to me, full of significance. Has his outrage made a case for those who praise sport as a healthy and grace-saving diversion? If there were not the safety valve of sport, would we be continually at each other's throats, so that life would become intolerable and social intercourse all but cease? There is a limit to contending—one must live with people.

On the morrow of South Africa's victory in the fourth cricket test match against England, thousands upon thousands of people were smiling back at the pleasant face of bowler Hugh Tayfield. To him, as to all men of prominence, cling certain legends. I am in no way able to pierce through this enshrouding aura to discover the man, and so he remains as much a stranger to me as someone whose name and photo has never appeared in the press. Yet there are things I do know about Hugh Tayfield. I know, for example, that one morning he was undisputed king of South Africa—White South Africa. I know other things about him and about ten other men who made up his team—and indeed about 70,000 others, men and women, who, during those few days last year, watched these 11 men 'salvage the honour of South Africa'.

I know that these people—all of them, players and spectators

alike—are products of a certain environment, conditioned by precedent, committed, philosophically, politically and culturally, to a certain set of values which they do and must affirm in the ordinary day to day business of living. These values they take with them wherever they go, for attitudes are not things which one can leave off on Sundays and pull on over one's head like a jersey on Mondays. They are like one's skin, a part of one's permanent clothing. Hugh Tayfield, his team-mates, the spectators cheering him, were all affirming certain things—a love of cricket as a game, an interest in the question of cricket supremacy, a liking, perhaps, for sun and fresh air, a love of crowds, gaiety, spectacle.

But this is not all. Cricket—or any other game—endorses in its shibboleths, its laws, written and unwritten, the attitudes of player and spectator alike. South African cricket is not quite the same as English cricket or Australian cricket or Indian or West Indian cricket. The Wanderer's Oval reflects, like a willow in a pool, its ideological setting. For in so diverse a community as ours all the players are White. This is a matter of such long-established custom that it passes almost unnoticed, and people like myself who draw attention to so obvious a fact are accused of "bringing politics into sport." It is not pondered or questioned or analysed. It simply is. Players and spectators alike are probably quite unaware that herein is a moral and social curiosity so staggering that a foreigner, unconditioned to our society, must, like the old man looking at the giraffe, doubt his own senses. Indeed to the average South African sportsman—there may be exceptions—White exclusiveness, far from appearing strange, is a source of deep satisfaction, precisely because it is exclusive. It is—think of it—the one and only sphere of communal activity into which the non-European does not intrude whether as servant or henchman, enemy or rival, or in any other capacity, except occasionally as spectator. It is a small, confined area of absolute apartheid, a narrow, pale microcosm of the White Utopia in which the White man will see none about him but his own. Those sportsmen of Bloemfontein who seek to exclude the African even as spectator may be bigoted and unrealistic, but within narrow limits they are being intensely logical. Even as spectator the African has never really been a part of White sport. The spectator is not a passive agent—he has his part to play. His is the duty of partisanship, the duty to root for the home team, to identify himself with the hero of the day.

And, of course, we all know that the African insists upon bringing politics into sport by backing the other side; he cannot and never does play the part, and his formal, physical exclusion would merely follow upon a spiritual one.

This exclusiveness the White man craves because within its confines he is secure, unchallenged, free of the torments and doubts which beset him in the presence of the Black, who can no longer strike or boycott, incur hatred or claim sympathy, simply because he is no longer there. It is not even as a servant that the White man wants him. For when the master leans too heavily on the servant, who is really the boss?

Indeed, who? The White man is not at all sure that the "Jim fish" who pads about his kitchen on bare feet during the workday-week may not pad so effectively around the running track when work is over as to outstrip him. Is that grinning Black man who brings him his tea at 11 o'clock perhaps another Jake Tuli? A most unnerving prospect—that one might suffer defeat in the sphere in which, above all, the White man regards himself as supreme. What would happen if a team of fleet-footed Africans from Fort Hare were to meet a team of Stellenbosch students on the rugby field? It is a fascinating, if altogether fanciful, speculation, although in the wider world of sport the American Negro, who is, after all, first cousin to the African, may already have answered the question. One notices that the Secretary of the Western Province Cycling Union is disinclined to put the matter to a more decisive test. Surely the sports-field, above all, is no place to monkey about with the doctrine of White supremacy, which, like the doctrine of the last trump, is entirely a matter of faith.

Within the confines of sport there is, too, an area of complete and rigid orthodoxy—an absolute hegemony of prejudice. To return to my colleague—it was not politics that confounded him, it was unorthodoxy, the shock of non-conformity, a non-conformity which put me immediately beyond the pale. I am one with whom he cannot honourably contend. (So, no doubt, a Nationalist member of the House of Assembly voting for the expulsion of a Native Representative might deny that he is being undemocratic, on the grounds that a man who would plead for the African franchise is no more to be treated as a responsible M.P. than one who might plead for Nudism as the national religion.)

There is more truth than he knew in Dr. Craven's hysterical

assertion that Rugby Union alone makes White South Africa a united nation. The good doctor, I am sure, talks in terms of rugby whilst his subconscious mind dwells upon more momentous things.

Thus, when the average sportsman talks of leaving politics out of sport, he means the wrong kind of politics—he means treason against the most sacred dominion of absolute apartheid. For in South Africa sport is politics in the highest degree, and the White man's pre-occupation with sport is a very special kind of flight from reality—a flight from reality by means of a retreat *into* politics, the most sacred fastness of race ideology where all the White man's dreams come true. Of this I am certain—that if ever the colour bar in sport is broken down, the White man will turn away from it in search of some new religion.



THE UNENDING STRUGGLE FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Sir LINTON ANDREWS, LL.D.

Editor of "The Yorkshire Post," Chairman of the British Press Council, Past President of the Institute of Journalists and of the Guild of British Newspaper Editors.

WE English editors are intensely proud of the freedom of the Press. We regard it as one of our national glories. It helps to make our newspapers lively and readable. But, as is evident to the thoughtful reader, it achieves far more than that. It enables our papers to play a most valuable, indeed an indispensable, part in the democratic running of the country.

We often claim in our speeches that, like a free Parliament, a free Press keeps the people free. It helps them, inspires them, and defends them through many crises. This freedom, to a veteran English journalist, seems almost as natural as the air we breathe. But there are times when we are shocked and jolted into the realization that abroad, and even in parts of the Commonwealth, what seems to us eminently proper, eminently right, looks very different to men who may be in power: it may inspire not their patriotic pride and trust, but a narrow-minded suspicion. On such occasions I recall the truth spoken by an Arab to that widely-travelled daughter of Yorkshire, Gertrude Bell. She said we British had come to give liberty to the Arabs. "Princess," replied her friend, "liberty is never given. It is always taken." And to this I add: "It has to be defended when men in office oppose the liberty of those they rule."

Even with my long experience of the hostility shown to the Press by some politicians in even the more enlightened countries, I was astounded to read the proposals for censorship in the Report of the South African Commission of Inquiry into Undesirable Publications. I have no doubt the authors of the Report had grave problems to consider and thought the most drastic remedies would be the best. We in Britain have similar problems. Alleged pornographic and worthless reading matter has been the subject of stern complaints in Great Britain by the Churches, reform societies and even such broadminded men as those vociferous London journalists, Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. John Gordon. An evil that may corrupt young readers

and perhaps even older ones must be rooted out. But that must surely be done with due care to preserve what is harmless and healthy. Some of our newspapers at times have been sharp and inflaming thorns in the flesh of the British Government and of the armed forces. But even under the hardest pressures of war it has never been thought necessary to attempt a despotic control of the Press by censors working in secret and composed of Government nominees. A voluntary censorship, a system with which the Press eagerly co-operated, sufficed Britain in the recent war. Undesirable political publications may have to be curbed, but why should what some people consider undesirable publications be curbed by what even more people consider undesirable methods?

Even if *Die Burger* and the *Cape Argus* had not already said it, I am sure British Press opinion would have quoted immediately the precedents of pouring out the baby with the bath water and burning down the house to roast a pig. The South African censorship scheme looked like an attempt to murder freedom in the name of freedom. It is true that foul waters will quench fire. There are times when we cannot be particular about our means in putting out a dangerous blaze. We may have to sacrifice much that is of value. But do conditions in South Africa force on the authorities such hateful measures as we heard about in September last? Why should there be such a savage attack on Press freedom?

#

In a controversy like this it is always well to define your terms. To those who do not know England and the English Press it may seem that I have made large and somewhat oratorical claims on behalf of the freedom that I described as one of our national glories. In what precisely does our Press freedom consist? It means the right to print books, newspapers, pamphlets or any other similar matter without getting Government permission first. A journalist may say what he likes in an English paper about the Government, the Royal family, his local council, the Jockey Club, the latest lovely from Hollywood or anyone else, though, of course, like any other citizen, he is subject to the laws of libel, blasphemy and contempt of court.

There are, naturally, certain statutory requirements of the Press as well. You will find a compulsory imprint at the end of an English newspaper, "Printed and published by so-and-so at such-and-such an address on such-and-such a date." The

object of the imprint is to enable printers and publishers to be traced if they are alleged to have committed some libel or other offence in the paper. Newspapers are allowed for the good of the State to print fair reports of public meetings, Parliament, proceedings in the law courts (with certain exceptions), and so forth. This is termed privilege (a legal term), but it does not mean that the journalist has some exceptional privilege (in the wide non-legal sense) denied to other people. His freedom is merely one aspect of the freedom of the subject.

The first regular newspaper in London started when John Milton, the poet, was in his boyhood. Authority looked with extreme disfavour on this way of letting people know what was happening and form opinions possibly hostile to the Government. It exercised tyrannical censorship. In 1644 Milton wrote "Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England." This pleaded with burning eloquence the case for a free Press, by which the poet had chiefly in mind freedom in printing books. "Debtors and delinquents," he said, "may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailor in their title. . . . A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit. . . . We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books." Milton was not contending against punishment for opinions deemed to be pernicious, but condemning the right to forbid publication through the instrumentality of a licensee.

Parliament, believing it was right to stifle free opinion (which perhaps it assumed to be nearly always irresponsible and vicious), refused at that time to abandon the censorship, and it was not till 1695, when the author of "Paradise Lost" had been in his grave for twenty-one years, that Parliament let the Act regulating the Press pass out of existence. Immediately newspapers gained in numbers, popularity and influence.

A person of the highest importance to us in the history of the Fourth Estate is that wild and adventurous politician, John Wilkes, who started the *North Briton* and fell foul of King George III. Wilkes was attacked so vindictively and defended himself so valiantly under the banner of "Wilkes and Liberty" that he became a popular hero. He massed together the interests of the City against the Court and Ministry, and, through

his efforts, the City's judicial powers were successful in preventing the arrest of printers who reported House of Commons debates. Thus the right to publish Parliamentary reports was established. This, with the right to a free expression of opinion, represented a triumph for the Press, and newspapers became more and more useful to the nation.

There began to develop a firm belief in the value of the Press and the rightness of public opinion. Junius, who wrote the famous letters in the *Public Advertiser* from 1769 to 1772, spoke for the mass of intelligent men when he wrote:—

“Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the Press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights.”

Long before Carlyle hailed every able editor as a ruler of the world, our elders took for granted the inestimable blessing of a free Press. They held public opinion to be a means and stronghold of the rule of Providence. You had only to know the facts, utter them boldly, base on them a reasonable policy, and sooner or later the fair-minded men of the nation would give you their support. It often seemed to be just as simple as that. Even a letter to *The Times* at Printing House Square, fair and factual, could do wonders.

The arrival of what in effect was a new Estate of the Realm was certain to rouse jealousy from the older Estates. Why should these upstart journalists imagine they could understand public problems quite as well as politicians did? Why should they dare to contradict and lecture their superiors? Why should the reader pay more attention to what some confident, scurrilous scribbler said in the paper than to what some statesman said in a long speech which, alas, was not very fully reported and did not grip the attention of the newspaper reader?

Many a politician thought the Press must be put in its place. Many still think so. The classic doctrines in the rivalry of Government and Press were clearly stated little more than a century ago. *The Times* rebuked Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, for his recognition and approval of the *coup d'état* by which Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic, made himself Emperor of France. Lord Derby declared that, “As in these days the English Press aspires to share the influence of statesmen, so also must it share in the responsibilities of statesmen.”

The Times replied on behalf of the Press: “We cannot admit

that its purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as that of the Ministers of the Crown. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and freedom of the Press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. To perform its duties with entire independence and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the Press can enter into no close or binding alliance with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government."

In a later leading article the paper said: "The duty of the journalist is the same as that of the historian—to seek out the truth, above all things, and to present to his readers not such things as statecraft would wish them to know, but the truth as near as he can attain it."

#

That superb judgment did not and could not settle once and for all the clashing between proud authority and the no less proud independent Press. The conflict recurs from time to time and will always recur. It is part of the democratic process. Each side points to gross faults in the other. This happened in the British House of Commons in October, 1946, when we had the debate that led to a Royal Commission—"with the object of furthering the free expression of opinion through the Press and the greatest practicable accuracy in the presentation of news, to inquire into the control, management and ownership of the newspaper and periodical Press and the news agencies, including the financial structure and the monopolistic tendencies in control, and to make recommendations thereon."

The Royal Commission heard a wide variety of evidence. It found that the British Press "is completely independent of outside financial interests and that its policy is the policy of those that conduct it"; there was evidence that the direct influence of advertisers on policy was negligible. After studying management and ownership, the Commission concluded that there was "nothing approaching monopoly in the Press as a whole, or . . . in any class of newspaper; nor is there in those classes of periodical which we have examined."

"It is generally agreed," the Royal Commission further reported, "that the British Press is inferior to none in the world. It is free from corruption; both those who own the

Press and those who are employed on it would universally condemn the acceptance or soliciting of bribes.”

But since some faults existed, some triviality, some irresponsibility, the Commission recommended that a Press Council should be established with the objects of safeguarding the freedom of the Press; encouraging the growth of the sense of public responsibility and public service among all engaged in the profession of journalism—that is, in the editorial production of newspapers—whether as directors, editors, or other journalists; and furthering the efficiency of the profession and the well-being of those who practise it.

A Press Council has been set up, not a statutory one, not one including representatives of the public nominated by the Government, but a purely voluntary council composed of newspaper men chosen by various sections of the Press. I have the honour to preside over the Council, but I am not its voice in this article: here I am writing as a British editor with his own strong views. The Council seems to me to have done much good, as will be seen from its communiqués and, above all, its annual reports, but it has not brought to an end, and I think never will bring to an end, the rivalry between authorities on the one side and the independent Press on the other. Nor is it likely ever to satisfy those people who complain that the Press is not what it ought to be—that is, not what they themselves think it ought to be.

Those of us who believe most fervently in Press freedom are conscious that public opinion can be deceived by those in power, that it has been and is so deceived in lands under dictatorships, and that we ourselves must be ceaselessly on guard lest the freedom we cherish should be jeopardized and lost. For it is borne in upon us that we do not enjoy freedom if we are told only what our rulers or other powerful interests think it is good for us to know. Unless we can get at the facts and think about them freely in our own way, those who can manipulate and suppress the facts can exercise the deadliest power over our thinking.

The events leading up to the recent Great War showed us with what force, in Germany, Italy, Japan and elsewhere, the minds of people could be inflamed and distorted by false reports, the truth of which they were unable to check. The lie became a gigantic weapon of war. The falsehoods used were not just old-fashioned ruses of war or the suppression of military

information in the interests of security. Whole populations were lashed by atrocity tales into a bellicose fury. The judgment of nations was deceived by men who put the interests of their power-drunk masters before any consideration of truth.

We may try to cheer ourselves by the thought that that monstrous nightmare of war-time tyranny is over, that Hitler's methods perished with his power, that the defenders of truth and freedom wrested victory and that the worst kinds of mind control by the State have been destroyed by a horrified world. With all its wrongs and sufferings, the world is indeed a better place to live in than it was when the war was raging. But truth is not to everyone all-powerful, not every country has even the semblance of freedom, and in Britain and other great countries we have our dangers to liberty.

All those dangers are not monstrous in size and character. There are many lesser and local dangers; dangers that may arise out of poor judgment or prejudice rather than evil design; follies like those of narrow-minded officials or city councillors or coroners who wrongly try to do a favour for some friend. Those dangers call for vigilance. It is above all the Press that acts as the watchdog of the public and both barks and bites. Unquestionably it has its own failings. Set a people free and some will abuse their freedom. Let the Press develop great power and not all its members will act at all times from the purest motives. There may be wanton unfairness, a putting of private profit before public spirit. But the Press does not deserve the contempt and blame often poured on it by angry politicians whom it has vanquished in argument.

#

My experience has shown that newspapers are usually much fairer than their critics. The true picture of the ordinary newspaper staff is of team-work designed to get as close to the facts as possible. Reporters, sub-editors, editors are doing their utmost all the time to escape error. But some mistakes inevitably occur in the discussion of events. You have only to hear a contested case in a magistrate's court to know how differently the same happening impresses itself on different minds. The reporter at, say, a railway smash or colliery disaster has mainly to rely on what he is told, and cannot check and cross-check every statement thoroughly. How, then, can he be as accurate as the historian writing at leisure? If a serious mistake is made to somebody's detriment, that person can start a libel

action or claim a correction and apology, and, if he does not get them, can appeal to the Press Council.

Never must we let the Press fall under the control of blue-pencilling officials or of Governments with something to hide. I cannot imagine liberty in the modern State without an independent Press. Destroy the freedom of the Press and the rights of people will be no longer guarded by a most faithful watchdog.

We in Britain appreciate that South Africa's problems are not the same as England's. Beyond all question the phrase, "racial relations," has a much more forbidding and warning sound to a South African than it has to an Englishman. But, although our problems may be different, it is impossible for an Englishman to suppose that the great English institutions such as Parliament, trial by jury, local government by local citizens, and the freedom of the Press can and should flourish only on English soil. We regard these glories as our great example to the world. There are many fine papers in South Africa. It is horrifying that anyone should propose to put them under the shadow of an authoritarian tyranny. If they do wrong the community must be able to restrain them, by punishment if necessary. But a censorship which, in the party interests of the Government, may deny a newspaper the right to utter fair comment and speak out strongly as a sworn champion of a cause it believes in, cries out for condemnation. South Africa surely deserves something better than this. We need Press freedom as we need pure air. We must not falter in the unending struggle to gain it and guard it.

CENTRAL AFRICA (IV): NORTHERN RHODESIA AND FEDERATION

K. D. KAUNDA

Secretary-General of the Northern Rhodesia African National Congress.

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was imposed against the strongly expressed disapproval of the entire African population of the two Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In Southern Rhodesia the decision was taken by a referendum of the White Settlers. In Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Legislative Councils decided. It is important to note that in the Northern Rhodesian Council only two out of the 22 members were Africans, and they voted against it. The White population was then 40,000, as against 2,000,000 Blacks. Is it any wonder then that when finally Her Majesty's Government decided in favour of creating the Central African Federation, the Africans believed they had been betrayed?

During that fateful month of August, 1953, there was strong tension and hostility in all places where Africans and Europeans met. The customary queues of African customers at their pigeon-holes outside European-owned shops disappeared, and uncanny silence prevailed as troops stood by to stamp out any opposition that might show itself. Fortunately, the African National Congress had not forgotten a previous occasion, when Government troops had been used to break a miners' strike for higher pay. Seventeen Africans had been mown down and killed by machine-gun fire, while over 50 lay wounded. Harry Nkumbula, leader of Congress, and his colleagues were determined that no opportunity should be given for a similar tragedy, and the occasion passed without incident.

This spirit of circumspection was interpreted by the Government to signify that the hostility of the Africans to Federation had died down!

Her Majesty's Government declared that 'partnership' was going to be the order of the day—no race should dominate over the other in the Federation. But of this 'partnership' Africans have seen no sign. Everywhere instead are scattered the foot-prints of 'apartheid'. The newly created Federal House of Assembly has been White-dominated from the start, and Africans have asked repeatedly in vain—where is the 'partnership?'

It is little wonder that they rallied to the support of the African National Congress, which had assumed an unquestioned leadership in the campaign against their oppression.

The struggle began in 1953, when Africans began to defy both the written and unwritten laws that discriminated against them in public places such as post offices, railways, shops, hotels, parks, cafés and restaurants. Men, women and children went to gaol for what they believed to be natural rights of which no man or government could deprive them. The struggle has gone on since, and not without successes. Post offices, shops, and, early this year, hotels, are some of the places where racial discrimination has been fought and defeated. But a lot remains unchanged, especially on the Copper Belt, which is the main-spring of most of these troubles.

One of the saddest features of our labour scene is the rigid maintenance of the colour bar in the realm of Trade Unionism. It is saddening beyond measure to see White workers excluding all Coloureds from their unions in an attempt to maintain their privileged position. The following table will show the disparity in wages between Black and White for the year 1956:

MONTHLY AVERAGE WAGE RATES IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

<i>Occupation</i>	<i>White Worker</i>	<i>Black Worker</i>
Miners	£200	£15
Carpenters and Bricklayers	£60	£10
Clerks	£60	£5
Farm and Factory Labourers	—	£2 10 0

In June this year, it was announced that there were 206 Africans who had been promoted to higher jobs in the mining industry and were receiving salaries of more than £540 per year. And the Government boasted that the Civil Service, which employs thousands of Africans, possessed 86 Africans earning more than £668 per annum.

The State-owned Rhodesia Railways top the list for discriminatory practices. Over the border, in the Congo, a paternalistic Belgian Congo Government trains Africans for such skilled jobs as fireman, shunter, engine-driver, guard, conductor, station foreman and station master. But Africans on our side are quite different, or so the official line proclaims. They are not ambitious enough to want to progress to skilled jobs, or, if they are, they have not the ability to absorb the technical

training, or, if they have, there are no resources available to train them, and so on. Meanwhile the Federal Government is spending public funds (to which Africans are no mean contributors) on importing untrained White workers from Europe and the Union of South Africa, some of whom do not even speak English, and trains them in preference to Africans. And yet it is Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation and instigator of these policies on the railways and elsewhere, who urges Africans to look to him and not to the Colonial Office. Africans have only one reply to effrontery like this—that if for the present they must suffer White rule, the Colonial Office is by far the lesser of the two evils.

The rise in the cost of living—foodstuffs jumped 10 points on the official price index during the nine months to September last year—affects Europeans and Africans alike. But when it is remembered that the average wage of the farm and factory labourer is as low as £2 10s. 0d. per month, it is small wonder that there is serious malnutrition amongst Africans. Not infrequently the assertions made about the quality of African labour can be traced to this cause.

In this new State dedicated to 'partnership', there are the water-tight compartments of the 'housing areas'. Whites are isolated in their commodious houses, Asians in their Reserves, Euro-Africans in theirs, and Blacks in their own slums, called 'locations', where roads cease to be macadamized and where the ordinary decencies of town-life, such as adequate sewage disposal, are non-existent. A short while ago there were frightened suggestions in the press that flies from garbage heaps in the African locations might be carriers of polio germs. It was even proposed that it might be a good thing if the refuse were removed, since some of the Europeans might contract the disease. (This was in Lusaka, the Protectorate's capital). You may think this is a very odd approach to African municipal problems, and I can assure you that my fellow Africans find it odd as well!

The poison of 'apartheid' rots every aspect of government: separate hospitals for Europeans, seemingly palatial, with ample funds and equipment; hospitals for Africans that are a pitiable mockery of the whole spirit of modern medicine: separate schools for Europeans that equal the best in building and equipment anywhere; schools for Africans which underline the intentions of the Government to reserve for them the lowest

paid and least skilled jobs. One day a Christian Bishop in Northern Rhodesia decided to practise a little of his Christianity by bringing his influence to bear in support of a two-year Congress proposal to build a multi-racial secondary school. But he reckoned without the unspoken motto of the Federal Minister of Education—'Suffer little White children to come unto me', and the school remains unbuilt. The statistics are fierce in attack:

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN RHODESIA (1956—July '57)

	<i>Territory</i>	<i>Population</i>	<i>Amount Spent</i>
African Education ..	Northern Rhodesia ..	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ million	£1,800,280
African Education ..	Southern Rhodesia	2 $\frac{3}{8}$ million	£1,736,446
European Education ..	Both Rhodesias	220,000	£4,660,000

The political pattern is equally disfigured. Of the 26 seats in the Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council, four are reserved for Africans, who get there by far-fetched methods, and two for Europeans nominated to represent African interests. Twelve of the seats are for elected European members, and eight officials hold the rest.

There is a common roll. But to get onto it you must fulfil the following conditions:

(a) be a British Subject; (Africans are British Protected Persons, but they may become British Subjects by paying a sum of £5 to the Crown);

(b) have an annual income of £200,

OR

own property to the value of £240; (Africans cannot buy and own land by law);

(c) be able to complete a prescribed form in English, unaided, before a magistrate or any officer appointed;

(d) be 21 years of age.

In preparation for Dominion status, the Federal politicians have concocted two Bills—the Constitutional (Amendment) Bill and the Franchise (Amendment) Bill. The first sets out to enlarge the Federal Assembly, which was so small with its 35 members that a few absentees in a divided House could have put power to sway policy into the hands of the African representatives. It sets out ultimately to eliminate the African Affairs Board, one of the few original "safeguards" for Africans. It reduces the number of members actually chosen by Africans from 11.5 per cent. to 6.8 per cent. of the whole Assembly.

Finally, the African representatives will go from the Constitution one by one, whenever an African is elected by a common roll constituency. This is the Bill which has received "the Royal Assent" in the face of the first protest ever lodged by the African Affairs Board.

When the Franchise Bill is passed, there will be only four Africans chosen by Africans out of an Assembly of 59. Federal politicians claim the democratic purity of the "common roll", and then proceed to load the principle with special rules that assure a White majority. Both Bills are formulated with one object alone in mind, to preserve a White majority that will assiduously maintain White supremacy. There are to be two rolls, the Ordinary and the Special. No one can have an Ordinary vote unless he has considerable wealth and a rather high degree of education. I quote some figures below:

PROPOSED QUALIFICATIONS

For an Ordinary Voter:

(a) Income of £60 per month (£720 per year) or the occupation of immovable property to the value of £1,500 plus a literacy test;

OR

(b) Income of £40 per month (£480 per annum) or occupation of immovable property to the value of £1,000 plus a Std. VI pass;

OR

(c) Income of £25 per month (£300 per annum) or occupation of immovable property worth £500 plus a matriculation pass.

For a Special Voter:

Income of £180 per annum, with sufficient knowledge of English to fill in unaided a prescribed form of application for registration as a voter.

Africans contend that becoming British Subjects would lead to the loss of their Protected status. And then, what next? Is it surprizing that only 11 Africans have naturalized themselves?

It is clear that for all practical purposes the Ordinary vote will be the property of the White man, and the Special a sop thrown to the few thousand Africans who will manage to qualify for it. Indeed, the Federal Minister of Law himself said recently that there would probably be 83,000 European Ordinary voters and 3,000 African Ordinary voters. Claiming that there would be 34,000 Special voters, of whom 23,000 would be Africans, he comforted his European supporters with the assurance that, in an electorate of 120,000, the Ordinary voters would heavily outnumber the Special ones.

Now note that, out of an Assembly of 59, forty-four Ordinary

Constituency members will be elected by 83,000 Europeans and 3,000 African Ordinary voters.

The eight elected African representatives and one European elected to represent African interests will be chosen by 83,000 Whites and 3,000 Blacks with Ordinary votes, and by 23,000 Africans and 11,000 Europeans on the Special roll.

The two Europeans to represent Africans in the Protectorates will be nominated by the respective Governors.

Four Africans will be chosen by African Councils in the Protectorates.

Mr. James Callaghan, Labour Party Shadow Cabinet Secretary of State for the Colonies, has declared (September, 1957) that the Federation needs stable forms of government at the moment and not changes in the Constitution. The Federation is not ready for Dominion status. Africans, however, go much further than this. They demand secession, for it is the only thing that they believe will save them from going the desolate way of their brothers and sisters in South Africa.

Before Federation, there was a loose pooling of inter-territorial resources and an undemocratic co-ordination of some services under the Central African Council. This body, reconstituted with democratically chosen delegates from the three territories and representatives of the United Kingdom, could be given the task of liquidating the Federal Government's powers while preserving such joint services as do not conflict with the basic political, social and economic independence of the three territories.

The alternative is genuinely democratic governments for all three parts, freely consenting to work together for their common good. There is no sign of this alternative being even remotely considered, and so we must waste no time in considering it ourselves. We must concentrate on the first proposal, the negative plan of secession. Let the two Protectorates revert to their former status of countries administered under Treaty by Great Britain, until such time as she shall fulfil her pledged policy of helping them to freedom and independence.

In demanding this we do not ask for the moon or even the Soviet Sputnik, but for something within our grasp and something we intend to get and know how to get. It is, we think, the only peaceful solution to the problems obtaining in our multi-racial society, where the pursuance of 'apartheid' policies is increasingly becoming the order of the day. Arrests and

imprisonments (sometimes without any trial), deportations, the banning and prohibition of African political and industrial leaders from travelling in and outside of the Federation, are just some of the developments that have come to us with the fist of Federation.

Africans feel that the fears they have had all along have been shown to be entirely justified. And they know that they must now devote their energy and courage to the struggle for an entirely elective government. For only when they are at last their own governors, will they enjoy the rights to which they believe themselves naturally entitled and which they have for so long so unjustly been denied.

TAKE IT EASY, SIR ROY

“The struggle for Africa is on . . . But we are not helped by the long-haired idealists of the Left overseas.”

Sir Roy Welensky.

The intellectual leftist guy,
Though beardless, often wonders why
In Britain he is feared
For his Bohemian beard;

While in America it's said
He has no hair upon his head—
An Egg-head he is called
(They're sure that he is bald);

But now Sir Roy has made it plain
He has a long and flowing mane
And his subversive hair
Drives Settlers to despair.

The African, one must admit,
These harsh descriptions do not fit:
His hairless chin escapes
The foliage of apes;

And—while he's seldom bald on top—
His curly hair will always stop
 Just at a length Sir Roy
 Ought, surely, to enjoy.

So, while the intellectual marks
Of blokes haranguing in the parks
 Or writing wicked tracts
 Full of seditious facts

May be those egg-like domes, perhaps,
(Except for beastly long-haired chaps)
 Or beards—which some deplore—
 Such as *voortrekkers* wore;

And, though it's generally felt
By types who boss the Copper Belt
 That all our hopes are wrecked
 By things like intellect—

The African, at least, is free
From hirsute eccentricity
 And—given shoes and socks—
 Is strictly orthodox,

Provided the Paternal State
Just keeps the Blacks illiterate—
 An easy thing to do
 For the Uncultured Few

Who, like bald barbers offering Hair
Restorers, have no thoughts to share,
 With Ingrained Ignorance
 For their inheritance.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

GHANA: THE MORNING AFTER (II)

IAN COLVIN

African Correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph'

EVERYBODY in Ghana considers himself important, and everybody is seized by the importance of Ghana. The attitude of the grinning, excitable man in toga and black sandals at the street corner makes that abundantly clear. Those who look in from the outside and say that democracy is a luxury which this infant State of five million souls cannot afford, or that Ghana is doing well, because there has been very little bloodshed in its birth pangs and only a few deportations since, are not aware of the real issues. The reality is seen more keenly by the Fanti, Ashanti, Ewes and Moslem tribesmen of the North who make up Africa's newest State. They have come to a curious realization, which has grown with the growth of government itself. Their weal or woe is bound up with a small group of people whom they rarely, if ever, see. Their old dependence on the local chief is gone, or going fast. The British chief regional officer has become a cipher of the Central Government in Accra. A handful of Africans with no particular background, who got on top through energy and enthusiasm, may have the say over their fellow Ghanaians for years to come. That is why the ordinary Ghanaian has become more sensitive to his own importance in the past six months. That is why Ghana is important, because the kind of self-government that is being applied there, and the way it is tolerated, will set a pattern for other emergent African States to copy.

The world press has been accused of subjecting the Ghana Government to unfair scrutiny and expecting it to adhere in all its dealings to the laborious methods of Westminster parliamentary democracy. It has been pointed out that other Governments have done much worse things than Ghana. I think it is just that sensitiveness to the values of individual freedom and to world opinion, in contrast to the leaden disregard for both that we find in Communist states, that makes Accra a fascinating place for any journalist. Opinions and measures are shifting all the time. Officials confirm as fact reports that are by no means official. Attitudes are radically changed overnight. There is a refreshing inconsequence in Government

counsel. Here is something in the making, with the various ingredients of good and bad. Above all, there is individualism, and individuals make news. Any man may become a cause, whether it be Nkrumah in his gaolbird days, or Amadu Baba banished to Nigeria last year without reason shown, or Mr. Christopher Shawcross, Q.C., excluded from practising in Ghana within a few days of being accepted as a brother by the Ghana bar. And the searchlight of world publicity is bound to swing onto a land where such things happen. Each of these cases has been talked about up and down Ghana and in the world outside. When it is a case of Government *versus* the individual, there is an added piquancy.

The mood of some of Ghana's Opposition leaders, when I was last there, reminded me not a little of the spirit of John Donne's celebrated 124th Devotion, which I would paraphrase in applying it to the new African State. 'All that she does belongs to all.' The bell tolling for another today tolls tomorrow for you. Although the bell of authority tolled for a few only in 1957, we should ask ourselves how many or how few would have to be treated in like harshness and injustice to take all spirit and heart out of public affairs and make a one-party state. The Government has denied having any such intention and has accused the Opposition of uttering the shriller threats. But the actions have all come from the Government side. I can add up a short list of the victimized in 1957: one politician, Henry Thompson, was severely beaten up; two journalists, Bankole Timothy and Ian Colvin, were barred from Ghana. So also was Mr. Shawcross. Four tribal or religious leaders were deported or exiled, including Amadu Baba, whose replacement as Sheriff of the Moslem community of Kumasi has been the subject of contention ever since. These are not large numbers, but they are telling cases and likely to strike fear by example. I do not go on to accuse Ghana of being a dictatorship. But it is certainly not on its way to becoming a model to all African States, a kind of cantonal Utopia with homespun party leaders. And that it might well have done, being subject to no outside pressures. It had only to digest or accept its internal tribal differences and the war of words between Ashanti and the South. It had only to reconcile itself to the probability that the Opposition parties would grow stronger and noisier as time went on. The fact is that outside Russia no party can claim to have been appointed to lead a nation for perpetuity.

Not a shadow of evidence has been found to support Government allegations that the main Opposition party in Ghana intended to seize power by a coup. I trace this failure to graduate, by which Ghana has forfeited some of the vast fund of goodwill that the Western world bore towards it, not to the odd and confused character of Nkrumah himself, but to causes more deeply rooted in history and class rivalry.

In the month of August, when I arrived in Ghana on a routine visit, the 1957 Nationality and Citizenship Act was being applied for the first time. It is a significant piece of legislation and one that passed into law soon after independence without arousing the controversy that it deserved. It is a restrictive law that departs from the natural rule that a child may be citizen of the country in which it is born. It stipulates that to have a right to Ghana citizenship, a person must not only be native of that country, but one of his or her six nearest forebears must also have been born there. Naturalization is also possible under the 1957 Act, but that depends on the goodwill of the Government.

The frontiers of West Africa run north and south between the coast and the Sahara. The peoples of West Africa are strewn from east to west like a layer cake, coastal tribes, forest dwellers and nomadic peoples of the grasslands. Thus there were bound to be many who could not securely qualify for Ghana citizenship, and failing that, would have no other citizenship, except as stateless members of the British Commonwealth to which Ghana still belongs. All this perplexity was either skilfully concealed or entirely overlooked by the shapers of the Act. Such a law, applied in bad faith, would be ideal for removing political opponents, or intimidating and extorting obedience from those natives of Ghana whose documentation on their parents might not satisfy the terms of the Act.

It was on this very law that I came unwittingly into conflict with the Ghana Government last year, because I missed no opportunity of reporting how it was working in application. Instead of African embracing African fraternally in the new State, searching enquiry was being made in the Immigration Department and the Ministry of the Interior into the parentage of those who were active in the Opposition. Some who could not prove citizenship under the new law—or would have had some difficulty in proving it—were liable to deportation. The liked and respected Amadu Baba was among them. He was a benefactor of the Moslems of Ashanti, had built a mosque in

Kumasi, and become a focus for Moslem opposition to the domination of the Convention People's Party. He sought to contest his deportation order in the Courts, and my reporting of his case and the passions that it aroused was held by some people in the Ghana Government to merit a charge of contempt of court, or intent to incite prejudice. Amadu Baba's process in Court was stopped by a special Deportation Bill, which hustled him and his Imam out of the country. The case against me began to be heard and was later dropped altogether.

Such was the complicated issue which led to much rethinking on African self-government. It should be said that, both in the contempt case and in the deportation case, Court proceedings were conducted in accordance with the highest traditions of Western justice. But it should also be noted that afterwards the Acting Chief Justice, Mr. Quashie Idun, was sacked, either for allowing the case to be brought against me in the first place, or for deciding in my favour when he sat on the bench. The costs of 200 guineas awarded to me were never paid, and my defence counsel was threatened with arbitrary arrest if he crossed the road out of Accra airport. This stir happened at a time when Ghana's most talented minister, Mr. K. A. Gbedemah, was abroad in quest of £300,000,000 to finance a huge hydro-electric project, upon which Ghana must depend if it is not to remain on a one-crop economy. Plainly the Government was acting as its own worst enemy. Such behaviour, though part of the attempt by Dr. Nkrumah as a matter of policy to show the Opposition where power lay, was instinctive rather than calculated. Ghana is £299,999,780 the poorer to-day for its headiness in 1957.

News came on the eve of the New Year that Mr. Krobo Edusei, Minister of the Interior, had suspended a state of emergency over Ashanti. With what legality? That is a question that must always be asked about the doings of this irrepressible, tough little Party boss. His action emphasized the continuing tension between the Accra Government and the kingdom of Ashanti, and the fact that wrongs to individuals are not easily forgotten. The Ashanti Moslems have steadily refused ever since September to appoint a Government nominee as Zerikin or Sheriff of their community in Kumasi in the place of the exiled Amadu Baba. Edusei, one of the men responsible for creating the tension, apparently judged it high enough to warrant a state of emergency.

Tension there certainly is. But we must beware of taking up a sanctimonious racial attitude over Ghana. We cannot say that Black is bad, and White good, any more than we can concede to the African all the natural virtues. I would rather be tried in a Ghana Court than in Jugoslavia or Russia, where, to use the common racial parlance, 'Europeans' administer justice. If we compare Krobo Edusei to Hermann Goering, and Dr. Nkrumah to one of the dictators whose methods he confesses to having studied, we must admit that the two Europeans, Goering and Hitler, were incomparably less humane and moderate than these two Africans. When the White man applies the broad term 'European' to the discussing of African affairs, he must admit that ironically the names of some of the worst criminals in political history hang round his neck like the bones of the albatross.

I did not find Black men in Ghana exclusively occupied with evil, and White men in fending it off. I found many Africans combating it energetically and some White men unhappily condoning it, on the score that they were bound in loyalty to obey as members of the Ghana Civil Service.

Equally I would think it wrong to make some special allowance, or use some special measure, in judging the actions of the Ghana Government and the reactions of the Ghanaian people. "I am preparing a Bill to deal with traitors," exclaims Mr. Edusei and explains in an aside that he is dealing with simple people who do not understand any rule less rough than he metes out. He has been rightly taken up on this attitude by the *Ashanti Pioneer*, which argues that the people of Ghana are able to understand and reason for themselves and have the right to expect their Government to explain its case to the people when inviting their support. I endorse this view of the Ghanaian. Whether it is a boxing match, a game of football, a parliamentary speech, a boundary dispute before a Chief's court, or a debate in a political club, the Ghanaian is an earnest, thoughtful and patient listener. He has a sense of justice and he is keen to detect fraud. He certainly has more time than the overtaxed and overworked European to argue the sense of what his Government expects him to do, and if he does not like it, the probability is that he will ignore or evade the law. And the Government will do nothing about it.

In Egypt or in Syria there is no Opposition. In Ghana it exists, and its vigour and wariness may have done a lot towards

keeping the political climate bearable. There is debate and argument on what is proper for the State to do. Fantastic opinions can be aired, such as that of Mr. Aaron Ofori-Atta, Minister of Local Government, whom I once heard exclaim in parliament: "If we can deport an alien, why have we no right to deport a Ghanaian? . . . If your face causes a riot, we have the right to deport you." I do not agree with those observers who brush off such remarks as not really meant or not mattering. Words used by a Minister of the Crown must have some weight, and it would be wrong if they did not. To show the reverse of the medallion, let me add the words that Mr. Phineas Quass, Q.C., was enabled to say in a Kumasi court on the subject of deportation, in this matter of the two Moslems. "In my submission a person has an irrefutable right to remain in his own country, whether he is good, bad or indifferent." This is an important issue, important for Africa as a whole. Neither Ghana nor any other emergent African State can afford to make a practice of deporting those who do not agree with the Government.

I revert to my opening theme. Important principles are being argued in Ghana, so far without bloodshed, though with some injustice and some intimidation. Ghanaians know what is going on. They know that the issue has got to be argued to the bitter end, even if the injustice committed affects only a few people directly. I have been sorry to observe the effects of intimidation on some people in Ghana, the caution of some barristers, for instance, when it is a matter of taking up a case against the Government. I have been impressed, on the other hand, with the courage of some others in the face of victimization, the threat of organized thuggery, and the enormous temptation to court favour and adulate those in power. There is a love of personal independence and fair play, and a great determination not to be ruled by fear.

The past year, since Ghana achieved independence in March, 1957, has not, to sum up, utterly marred the future hopes of the infant State. Ghana is not, by any means, doomed to failure. Nobody has proved that Africans cannot govern themselves; with Ghana's senior posts still half staffed with British expatriates, it is still much too early to say that. It has been amply proved in 1957 that Ghanaians know how to run an Opposition. Has Ghana, in fact, got the Government that it deserves?

ALGERIA AND FRANCE

CLAUDE BOURDET

Editor of 'France Observateur'

THE war in Algeria has entered upon its fourth year, and the headlines continue: terrorist outrages in the towns, tortures used by the police and French army units to extract information, the burning of farms and the bombing of villages, the groups of mountain guerrillas pursued by helicopters. But behind this picture of the war, there is a whole series of economic, strategic and political facts of which the events that make front-page news are only the reflection.

Four years ago, the war involved a few guerilla bands, operating mainly in the mountain range of the Aures. Today, the insurgent army comprises some 100,000 men, distributed in small mobile groups throughout Algeria and controlling a further army of secret "reservists" in most of the villages, while the French forces have swollen to some 500,000 soldiers. Armaments have been modified—lightened on the side of the French, who have realized the uselessness of heavy arms, reinforced among the insurgents, who have replaced their hunting rifles and old German and Italian guns with the more modern weapons that they have been receiving through Tunisia and Morocco.

The Algerian Climate

In Algeria itself, a sort of "differential" stability has been arrived at in the war. The densely populated urban areas, with their large European communities, are firmly in the grip of the repressive forces. Every European is armed, while every Muslim found armed is one corpse the more. The "suspect" Muslim walks in constant danger of death. And so a double climate exists—of terror for the Muslims and of a relative security for the Europeans, scarcely ruffled by the few outrages perpetrated by outside elements acting as suicide squads. The very widespread use of torture has recently intensified both the terror and the security. The French police networks are beginning to function again inside the towns, and the number of denunciations constantly increases.

Outside of the urban centres, however, the power of the insurgents is being consolidated. As in Indo-China, the French troops can only control the areas near where they are stationed

and then not after nightfall. The roads in the extreme south, which were free for traffic a year ago, can now be travelled only in convoy. And the attempt of the French General Staff to prevent the smuggling of arms from Tunisia and Morocco, by setting up a barbed-wire entanglement along the borders, has met with the most dismal failure. It is so easy to blow up the barrier.

Most of the rural areas are under the domination of the *Front de Liberation Nationale* (F.L.N.), simply because it is utterly impossible for the French army to control them. Is this domination freely accepted? Great emphasis is laid in French official circles on certain declarations of loyalty obtained by army units. It cannot be doubted that there is a feeling of utter exhaustion among the people. And to prevent a surrender by the rural populations to the threats of the French army, the F.L.N. has often used terrorist methods. But the French claims rest on an even shakier basis. The terror organized by the French against populations loyal to the Front—executions, the destruction of villages and the torture of suspects—leads villages to desert only through fear to the French, who appear temporarily the stronger. All the real sentiments of a population caught in a vice between terrorism on both sides were well enough expressed to me once by a taxi-driver.

“You see”, he said, “I’m not a belligerent person. All I ask is to be left alone. But be sure that one of these days some men from the Liberation army will come to my home and demand to be sheltered. If I refuse, they will kill me. And if I agree, well, the French will find out soon enough and come looking for me. So, since I shall have to die anyway, it is better I die for the sake of Algerian independence”.

The impossibility of neutrality and the final influence which the racial and national community must have in such a situation would appear to me to express the position better than the French official declarations, according to which the Front rules only by terror, or those of the F.L.N., according to which the Front draws its strength solely from popular enthusiasm.

The feelings of the Europeans are very difficult to assess exactly, though men like M. de Serigny, editor of ‘*l’Echô d’Algérie*’ and chief of the colonialist lobby in Paris, speak in their name with the greatest vehemence. In Algeria itself, one’s first impression is of a limitless loathing for the nationalists combined with the traditional contempt for indigenous people in general. Furthermore, every European suspected of activities

favourable to the nationalists, or even of some support for a peace based on independence, is automatically in danger. Many have been arrested and tortured like the Muslim "suspects". And this explains why Europeans daring to express themselves in favour of a negotiated peace are very difficult to find. All the same, some exist, and many more are recognizing, despite their present security, that the situation is becoming less pliable as the war is prolonged.

Opinion in Metropolitan France

At the end of 1955, the French elections were fought on the issue of peace in Algeria. Not only the Communists, but also the Socialists and Radicals, at that time grouped around M. Mendès-France, had made the peace their chief election platform, and the success of the whole Left, from the Communists to the Republican Front, stemmed largely from these election promises. Demonstrations took place at the beginning of 1956, and agitation throughout the country evidenced the desire of the Left to make an end of the war.

All this, however, was rendered sterile by the government of M. Mollet, which capitulated to colonialist rioting on February 6, 1956. The Socialist Party, tied hand and foot by the powerful administrative machinery of Guy Mollet, adopted a policy of war to the death in Algeria, and the rest of the Left was thrown into exorbitant confusion.

For M. Mendès-France, the elections had been a personal success. But he had to share this success with Guy Mollet on the one hand, and, on the other, with a mass of Radical deputies who had hoisted the flag of "Mendessism" only to gain popularity. Though the majority of his *party* supported him, he did not dare use his still very great prestige to pick a fight with an alliance of the Socialists and the majority of his *parliamentary group*. He thus lost precious months, let himself be tripped up on government loyalty, and ended by leaving the government on tip-toe. Then at the beginning of 1957, when he wanted to take up the struggle against what is now called "National Molletism", he was too late, his partners were discouraged, and his position in his own party had been thoroughly undermined.

The Communists meanwhile, were so obsessed by the mirage of a possible alliance with the Socialists, that they put a brake on the demonstrations late in 1955 of young soldiers and conscripts leaving for Algeria. In the same way, after the 6th

February, they continued to hope for the revival of a Socialist policy, and, in order not to cut themselves off from the S.F.I.O., voted for the special powers which helped in large measure to establish a totalitarian police regime in Algeria. This absence of leadership on the part of Mendès-France, together with the temporizing tactics of the Communists, discouraged a large section of the workers and active elements in the Left.

The movement into Algeria of a large percentage of the French youth, either on military service or as "conscripts", has had various effects. A relatively small fraction seems to have identified itself with the most extreme repression. A much more important group comes back from Algeria with a nihilist attitude: full of contempt for the natives, the "ratons" or little rats as the Algerian French call them, but with no sympathy for the Europeans they went to defend and who irritated them by their prodigious egotism. Finally, a last group returns stupified and revolted by the massacres and tortures. Many of these are Christian militants, of whom perhaps the best known example was the young leader of the Catholic Scouts, Jean Muller, killed in an ambush in Algeria, whose diary the paper 'Christian Witness' published, together with a pledge that fourteen of his comrades would testify in a court of law if any doubt were cast upon the charges contained in the diary.

One can thus sum up the course of public opinion: inertia and discouragement among the greater part of the militant Left, moral corruption of a youth which has been led to commit, and treat as customary and normal, war practices that we reproached the Nazis for—and, on the other hand, the reawakening of all the sections of public opinion most sensitive to the moral aspect of events. Let us add that up to now the mass of the French people has not really felt the war. The constant increase in production (45% up on 1950, 70% on 1938) has doubtless allowed for only a small increase in the living standard of the working class, instead of the great improvement which should have taken place. But discontent is not based upon progress "*less great than it ought to be*". The middle-class and big business have done well up till now. And fatalities among French soldiers have been relatively few.

Present Developments.

However, the internal climate has recently changed. It is as if the cancer of Algeria, after being able to damage a healthy

organism only superficially, has now reached some vital region. The economic disequilibrium created by the demands of the war has given rise to an expected dilemma. The Right is anxious to continue the war, but doesn't wish to pay for it. This could be seen when, at the behest of the big employers, the Mollet government was overthrown because it proposed taxing the companies. On the other hand, of course, the S.F.I.O. Socialist Party could hardly allow a system to be imposed which would make its own electors pay the cost of financing the war. It was this impasse that overthrew the Mollet government and undermined that of Bourges-Maunoury. So, for lack of a solution, the country is thrown into an inflationary cycle which gives rise to more and more wage claims and has, for the first time, awakened the majority of the workers to the deterioration in their situation caused by the Algerian war.

Be it the awareness of this impasse, or the influence of constant relations between the American and the French business worlds, but among certain directors of French capitalism there is a steady movement towards a more realistic approach. Since the beginning of the war, a few far-seeing and important financiers have been alone in resenting the enormous economic stupidity of squandering French resources upon a seemingly futile war. Their number is growing, and Raymond Aron, correspondent on the great Right-wing daily 'Le Figaro,' appears to have become their spokesman and adviser. But the politicians Right of Centre in general refrain from making such statements in public. Instead, all suggestions tending towards independence for Algeria are immediately condemned as "defeatist".

An Unstable Situation

That is why everything depends upon the volume and duration of the spate of workers' demands which began to develop early in the autumn of 1957. This movement has already led to widespread strikes and serious incidents in the region round Nantes on the Atlantic. It affects all the main centres, and is led as actively by the Confederation des Travailleurs Chrétiens (Federation of Christian Workers) as by the Communist C.G.T. If this new working class unity lasts long enough and intensifies, it will lead to a double phenomenon. On the one hand workers' militancy will tend to be diverted towards political affairs and to take up the campaign against the war once more. On the other hand, and above all, workers' pressure will en-

danger all attempts to divert the financial weight of the war onto wages by raising prices and taxation. Given, further, the absolute refusal of the owning classes to meet the cost of the war, this will continue to exercise a degenerating influence upon the economic balance of the country, and the tendency to apathy among the directors of the economy will be accentuated.

It is, however, equally possible that the combination of *political stalemate* and *economic drain* may force an appreciable section of the French bourgeoisie into authoritarian solutions. The idea of the "strong man" is making progress, not only on the Right-wing, but in the midst of the liberal bourgeoisie, in the form of ideas borrowed from General de Gaulle.

In reality it is probable that General de Gaulle is more realistic than the Socialist politicians, and that he understands that the hour of independence of the North African peoples has sounded; but, all the same, partly through personal ambition, partly because he has no confidence in the Republic's power at this moment to maintain the bonds of a "Commonwealth of Independent Nations", the General does not want his prestige to be used by others in the cause of peace in Algeria.

External Factors

Such is the French situation in general. But there are a certain number of external factors in play. First, of course, is the attitude of the Algerian nationalists. At the beginning of 1956, the F.L.N. leaders were quite ready to negotiate. A series of meetings took place in Rome, Cairo and Belgrade between representatives of the Front and M. Mollet's official delegates. This was well on the way to preparing a peace settlement which would have flowed quite naturally from the Tunis Conference, where a plan for Maghreb unity should have resulted from the meeting of the Sultan, Bourguiba and the Algerian leaders, with French observers present. The "bitter-enders", however, torpedoed the Conference by kidnapping Ben Bella and Khidder, the main leaders of the insurrection, in a Moroccan aeroplane flying from Rabat to Tunis. The operation was a double success, first because it obliged the weak Guy Mollet to repudiate his own peace-feelers and to cover up the scandalous kidnapping which he had been unable to prevent—and then because it discouraged the moderate Front leaders and eliminated the two men with the greatest political acumen and authority from the Algerian leadership.

But, on the other hand, as among the French people, some fatigue has developed among the insurgents. Further, Bourguiba and the Sultan of Morocco, on whom the insurgents depend for supplies and who have an absolute interest in ending the war and resuming normal relations with France, exert constant pressure in favour of conciliation. The Bourguiba—Mohammed V proposal, approved by the General Assembly of the United Nations, envisages Tuniso-Moroccan mediation. This has not been refused by the Front, and it would be difficult for the French government to reject it indefinitely. Thus conditions appear to be improving for a resumption of contact—on condition that the Algerians are confronted by a government forced by French opinion into accepting the idea of a peace.

Another important factor is international opinion. It is certain that French stubbornness over Algeria progressively upsets not only popular opinion in many countries, but even their governments. In the United States itself, public opinion has become increasingly aware of the gravity of the Algerian problem. A speech by Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts, a very probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, burst like a bomb on the ears of many French apologists who were convinced that they were defending “the free world” in Algeria.

If American-Russian relations really improve, the American and Soviet governments would naturally tend to impose a solution of the Algerian war on France. But, for the moment, the policies of the two world giants are themselves at a stalemate. The United States takes very great account of opinion in Arab countries, but events in the Middle East have made it fear the progress of Left and Neutralist ideas in Arab countries attaining independence; and French government propaganda naturally plays upon this theme. The Russians, on the other hand, are obliged to take into the greatest consideration the views of the Bandung peoples, and especially those of China, but they fear that an independent North Africa might fall into the hands of the United States and consider the presence of the French in the Maghreb as the lesser evil.

Despite all this, it remains true that even if in both the United States and Russia these considerations militate against the complete eviction of the French from the Maghreb, they do not militate against a Franco-Algerian settlement. And it is this settlement that is most to be desired. Until now French

diplomacy seems to have succeeded to a certain extent in persuading both the Kremlin and Washington that a "solution" was imminent. But this smoke-screen cannot for long hide the reality. The growing influence of Moroccan and Tunisian diplomacy will contribute more and more towards persuading world governments that the Algerian war is not solely a Franco-Algerian affair. The 1957 UNO session, even if it disappointed the Algerians, was no success for French diplomacy, and the French government was scandalized to see Eisenhower and Dulles, during the NATO meeting in Paris, refuse a declaration giving them a "free hand" in Algeria.

For liberal circles in all countries, the Algerian war has an incalculable importance: directly first, because *it can at any moment overflow its borders* as a result of some unfortunate move by the French, the insurgents, or either one of the Great Powers. And indirectly, because it corrupts French foreign policy and has already led the government to associate itself twice with Mr. Adenauer in effectively sabotaging hopes of American-Russian agreement. For if a real entente were to come about, it would mark at the same time the decline of the German chancellor and the end of French colonialism. In the summer of 1957 at the Disarmament Sub-Committee meetings in London, the French and Germans forced Mr. Stassen to abandon the gradual method of agreement on partial questions, blocking everything with a comprehensive Western plan which they knew the Russians would not accept. And it produced also a new agreement between M. Gaillard and Mr. Adenauer at the end of December 1957, to reject the Polish plan for the nuclear neutralization of Central Europe.

Finally, the *internal* political corruption of France is a serious matter for other countries: if the French Left were incapable of showing sufficient militancy, the Algerian war could lead to a militarist authoritarian regime in France which would be dangerous for democracy throughout the world.

Translated from the French

TANGIER DIARY: A POST-COLONIAL INTERLUDE

PAUL BOWLES

American-born novelist who has lived for many years in Tangier.

THE CITY is still here, spread out along the hill-tops and overlooking the circular harbour, the strait and the mountains of Andalucía. In the late afternoon people sit along the low wall bordering a vast empty lot on the Boulevard Pasteur in the very heart of Tangier, watching the gyrating clouds of swallows in the air far above, like locusts swarming. The British still have their big villas on the Mountain, but it is harder to get workmen to keep the gardens in trim. The Americans, having given up their extra-territorial rights if not their Cadillacs, can no longer make faces at the policeman who tries to stop them from going in the wrong direction down a one-way street, or snarl "Screw you, Buster," at him as he tells them it is forbidden to park in a particular spot. To give the streets a more "European" aspect, girls are encouraged to go about "naked"—that is, without their veils. At the same time, all signs and advertisements must now be printed in Arabic as well as in Roman characters, with the result that the place looks considerably *less* European than it has in years.

If you see a new face, the chances are it belongs to a policeman; the city is overrun with police, most of them not in uniform. These are what in colonial days would have been called *chkama*, informers. They are also skilled *agents-provocateurs*, used among other things for trapping girls not averse to being followed by a young man who is making flattering remarks out of the side of his mouth as he walks along. When the right moment has come, the amorous pursuer turns back his jacket-lapel and discloses his badge, a tactic which the people of Tangier are still old-fashioned enough to find wholly offensive.

#

This is the second anniversary of the winning of Moroccan independence. The trees along the main thoroughfares are ablaze with coloured electric bulbs, and the enormous baroque kiosk in the centre of the Place de France, built earlier in the year in celebration of the first visit of the Sultan to Tangier

since 1947, has been cleaned up and rewired, so that its mottoes in Arabic script (as well as the four large numerals indicating the year—1377) flash again. One waits for dusk impatiently, to walk beneath the canopies of lights strung from building to building; Tangier is such a small town in feeling, that a surfeit of light makes it seem much larger.

A segment of the Moroccan population is regretful that the celebration should come at this time, so that it could mistakenly be construed by the 50,000 or so Spanish residents as having been arranged in honour of the birthday of *Jesucristo*. Christmas has always been the great general holiday of the year in Tangier, and it was the Spanish who animated it for a fortnight beforehand, donning masks, dressing as shepherds and marching in mock-military groups through the streets playing their *zambombas* (which made a noise like a lion grunting rhythmically), clapping their hands, clicking their castanets and occasionally singing between swigs of *vino tinto* from the flasks hanging over their shoulders. Such unbridled festivities are not at all in keeping with the surge of puritanism being propagated by the younger generation of Moroccan patriots, and the fact that it was exclusively the Spanish who indulged in them, (even if to the delight of the entire population of Moslems, Jews and Christians) makes their observance that much less acceptable this year. It is only two days to Christmas, and so far I've seen no sign of *zambombas*, merrymaking shepherds, or anything else indicating the advent of the December holidays. The discretion of the Spanish civilians is understandable when one considers that at the moment their armed forces are busy shooting Moroccans, their warships are bombarding the Moroccan coast south of Agadir, and that just behind Djebel Musa (Mount Moses) which I can see from my window, at the entrance to the town of Ceuta, barricades of barbed wire have been thrown up by Spanish troops to prevent possible violence between Spanish and Moroccans.

The twin cities of Ceuta and Melilla, at opposite ends of the Rif, are considered by the government in Madrid (and with the same variety of logic as that used by the French in defining the status of Algeria) to form an integral part of metropolitan Spain. One assumes that at some point in history they became detached from the mother country and floated across to Africa. Uppermost in the minds of Moroccans since Independence has been the question of liberating these two key cities, which also happen to

be Morocco's only Mediterranean ports. On paper, of course, there has never been any question of a change of sovereignty; officially it is understood that Melilla (Spanish since 1506) and Ceuta (since 1580) would continue to be regarded as *presidios* inseparable from the rest of Spain.

There is little doubt that the guerrilla warfare in progress at present in the south of Morocco over the relatively unimportant question of control of the Ifni enclave is merely the opening salvo in an extensive long-term military operation—a campaign led by the FLN of Algeria and the Moroccan Army of Liberation with the aim of ousting both France and Spain from all Saharan territories. For the past eighteen months the Moroccans have been pointing out that there is every reason why their country should extend its hegemony southward through Rio de Oro, the Spanish Sahara and French Mauretania, to the northern borders of Senegal. The Algerians are equally determined that the area lying roughly between 20° and 30° N.L. and 0° and 10° E.L. shall not remain in French hands, regardless of what happens in Algeria proper. During a recent conversation about the “Greater Morocco” project with an official of the Moroccan government, I was interested to note that he used as justification of the policy the argument that at the time of the Saadi Dynasty, in the Sixteenth Century, Moroccan control extended to the Sudan, and I remarked lightly that in that case Andalucía and Castilla as well would have to be annexed. He smiled. “First things first”, he said. “That will come later.”

So far the Moroccans show surprisingly little resentment toward the Spanish when one considers that the two nations are in a sense unofficially at war with one another. A possible reason for this complacency is that in recent times anti-colonial hatred has been directed almost exclusively against the French. Generalissimo Franco made political capital out of this tradition at the time of the French-Moroccan War, between 1953 and 1955, when, in spite of French pleas, he refused to outlaw the nationalist movement in his part of the Protectorate. Then too, *relative* justice in the ex-Spanish Zone was far greater than in the ex-French; that is, the Spanish government's treatment of its colonial subjects and its treatment of Spanish subjects differed only in degree—it was all rough and authoritarian—while there was a terrifying disparity between the favouritism France showed her own nationals in Morocco and the cynical contempt with which she governed the native Moroccans. It is also true

that many of the Spanish, being only slightly removed racially and culturally from the Moroccans, tended to think of the latter as human beings, whereas the French colonist's classical epithet for them was "animals". (A small illustration of the difference in attitudes: if a Moslem funeral passed through the streets of Tetuan or Larache or another of the Spanish Moroccan cities, some of the Spanish passers-by always stopped for a moment and crossed themselves respectfully; I never once saw this happen in the ex-French Zone.)

Allal el Fassi, the dynamic founder-leader of the all-powerful Istiqlal party, is at the moment making a comprehensive tour of the Moroccan hinterlands, using his legendary oratorical gifts to persuade the tribesmen and peasants to defend their country by joining the ranks of the Djij Tsahrir, the army of Liberation; recruiting of volunteers is going on all over Morocco. The general belief of the Europeans living here is that the Sultan is powerless to impede the activities of the Army of Liberation, and it is probably true that on occasion they have caused him embarrassment; yet there is no doubt in the mind of any Moroccan that the tactic of having an official army and another unofficial one, for whose behaviour he is not necessarily to be held responsible, is definitely a part of Mohammed the Fifth's policy, as indeed there is every reason it should be. (In the Ifni hostilities the Royal Army is used purely defensively, on the "Moroccan" side of the border.)

The obvious question for the European mind to pose here is: how safe is it to have an unofficial army which is stronger than your official one? But the query does not occur to the Moroccan, because his faith in both the Sultan and the Djij Tsahrir makes their aims indistinguishable, and to him the mere postulating of such complexities and difficulties is sheer defeatism. And who can be certain that the man in the street is not correct? There is assuredly no proof that the Sultan is not in absolute control of his realm. It is true that such a supposition would necessarily alter somewhat the popular international conception of the Sultan as a staunch defender of democracy and the status quo, but is not a monarch's first responsibility to his country? When *Time* crows that Mohammed the Fifth is unconditionally with the West, it is referring only to his present foreign policy and not to what he does within his own kingdom, which is after all his own affair. In Moroccan opinion the Royal Army and the Army of Liberation are the right hand and the left hand, and

each one is fully aware of what the other is doing.

#

Tangier of the dubious bars, the *maisons closes*, the pimps and panderers, the smugglers and refugees from Scotland Yard and the F.B.I., the old Tangier that tried valiantly if unsuccessfully to live up to its inflated reputation as a "sin city", is dead and buried. By day the place does not look very different from the way it has always looked, but its nocturnal aspect would shock a native returning home after two years' absence. "Gone! Shut!" he would murmur as he searched for the familiar landmarks in streets and alleys unexpectedly dark and deserted. For the social reformers have passed this way, and their war is waged loudly against prostitution and drunkenness, and with slightly less fanfare against homosexuality and hashish-smoking. The first year was a tough one: the inhabitants of Tangier, among all Moroccans the only urbanites who had not been through at least a minimal period of terrorism and suffering, simply refused to believe that the Istiqlal was serious when it announced its clean-up campaign. Strong-arm squadrons imported in part from other cities had to be used to convince them, since the local police appeared to share the general incredulity. Street brawls were constant nightly occurrences a year ago. Now, the prisons crammed to bursting with offenders, the population is sufficiently certain of the party's seriousness of purpose for political commandos to be no longer in evidence, and for the police to be adequate to the situation. But there is a catch: the Tangier police force had to be entirely disbanded and its members replaced by men from other parts of the country. It was inevitable that this substitution of personnel should give rise to widespread local dissatisfaction. The Tangerines were accustomed to recognizing all the faces among the officers of the law in their tiny world, and they were recognized in turn. Now personal indulgences are finished; law enforcement has become mechanical, anonymous, and with anonymity comes a certain ineptitude. As a Moroccan lawyer remarked the other day: "Every kid who ever carried a sandwich to a terrorist in hiding has been rewarded with a policeman's uniform and a revolver." The indignation of the native populace is analogous to that which would result if, say, Monaco were suddenly to be thrown open by the French and the Monegasque police replaced by French gendarmes; Tangier had become that provincial and hermetic. The only special privilege it retains is the right to buy and sell

foreign currencies. From all other points of view it is just one of the Moroccan cities, still livelier than most in spite of the blue laws (Casablanca, Fez and Meknès are lugubrious), because the economic crisis gnawing at Morocco has not made as much headway here as elsewhere, but definitely no longer a place apart, operating to the advantage of get-rich-quickers from all over the world and at the expense of the poorer inhabitants, as was the case before.

Tariffs on imported goods have risen steeply, so that the European way of life costs about double what it did two years ago. The Moroccans, however, who subsist principally on Moroccan products, are a little better off than they were, since although the prices of local commodities have also increased, the higher earning capacity of most sections of the population more than compensates for the rise. It is unfortunate that along with the general improvement in living conditions has come the menace of growing unemployment. The danger at present is partially mitigated by military enlistments. The enlargement of an army, be it official or unofficial, is no true solution, obviously, but it can provide a temporary dike against the encroaching discontent, and probably for a longer period than would be thinkable in most other countries. The Sahara is a big place.

The atmosphere is that of an *entr'acte*; people are waiting for the spectacle to recommence. "What do you think will happen?" you ask them, but their replies are vague and contradictory. The only clearly expressed, heartfelt wish which emerges is the one that no responsible European wants to hear put into words, the one that highlights, albeit without clarifying, an aspect of the basic cleavage between the contemporary Moslem and "Western" viewpoints: "May there soon be another great war. Then we shall have our chance."

THE FACT OF AFRICAN HISTORY (II)

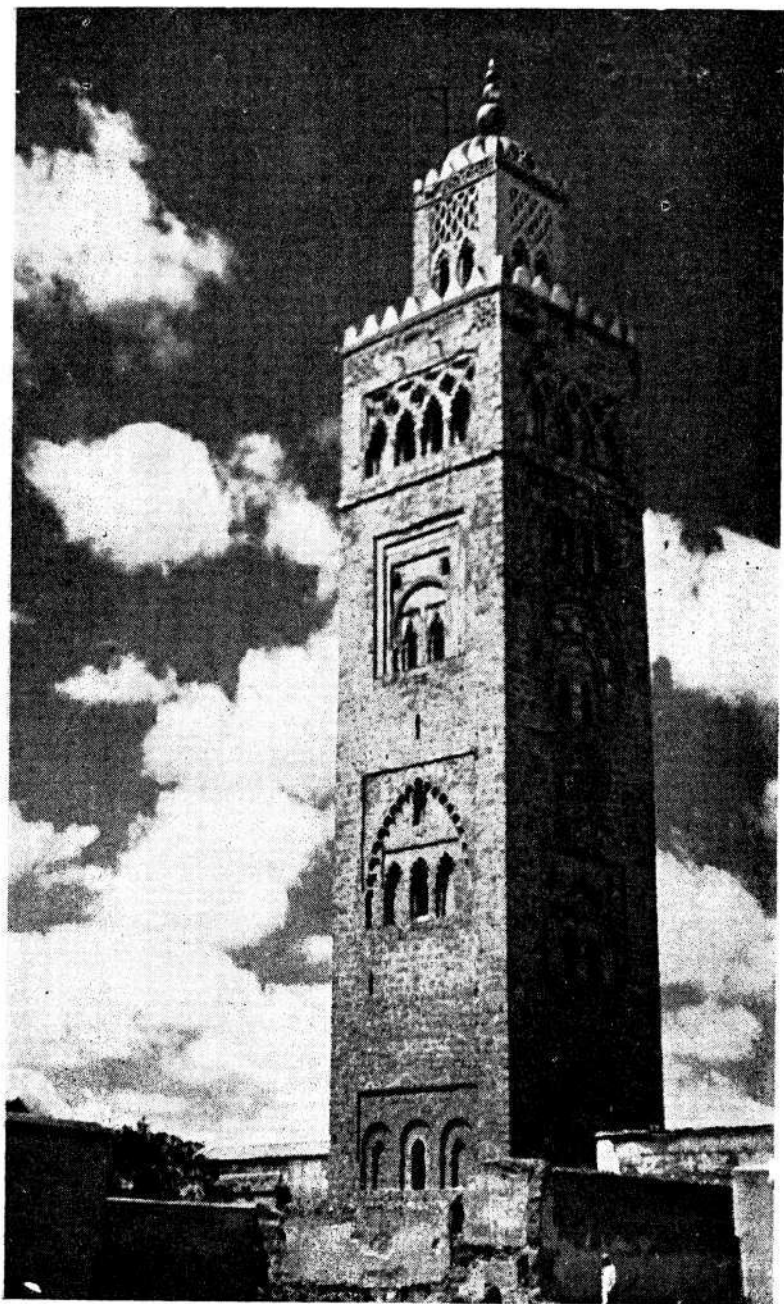
ISLAM IN WEST AFRICA

THOMAS HODGKIN

Lecturer and Writer

IN the present phase of African history, when the colonial epoch, this relatively brief period of European ascendancy, is drawing to a close, it is natural to speculate about the future. What types of political system are likely to replace colonial bureaucracy in its various forms—British, French, Belgian, Portuguese, Spanish? What dominant ideologies will fill the void left by the ideology of White supremacy? One way of trying to handle such speculative questions about the future is to consider what forces have been important in the pre-colonial African past. Not that it is in any way inevitable that such forces will play a decisive part in the post-colonial future. But at least it is worth looking back into African history, to try to assess the influence which particular systems of ideas and institutions have exercised. In the case of the West African region—from Senegal to Chad, and from the southern limits of the Sahara to the Congo—Islam is clearly a system which can be looked at in this way: both because of the sheer numerical strength of the Moslem population of the region, amounting to some 25 million; and because Islam (like Communism or Catholicism) is frontierless, presenting a world-view and attempting to appeal to man universally. What contribution then has Islam made to the development of African civilizations?

The process of Islamization appears to have begun in earnest in the savannah belt of West Africa, traditionally known as 'the Sudan', in the latter part of the 11th Century. As in Anglo-Saxon England, the new faith was first adopted by the Princes, and only gradually seeped through to the people. At about the time when William of Normandy was engaged in the conquest of England, nomadic Lemtuna Berbers, living in what is now southern Mauretania, were militantly propagating their own reforming, puritanical interpretation of Islam by the method of holy war. While the northern wing of these Almoravids, under Yusuf al-Tashfin, after founding the city of Marrakesh in 1062, succeeded in establishing their authority over Morocco and southern Spain, the southern wing, under Yusuf's cousin, Abu-Bakr ibn-Omar, was attacking the Empire



The minaret of the Koutoubia mosque in Marrakesh, 220 ft. high with mosaic of turquoise blue covering the sides,

of Ghana, capturing the capital in 1076 and forcing the ruling pagan Soninke dynasty to become tributary and accept Islam. And in the course of the 11th century the royal houses of other Negro African States in the western and central Sudan, of Gao, for example, and Kanem-Bornu in the region of Lake Chad, were also converted to Islam, though without, apparently, the military struggle which occurred in the case of the Ghana dynasty. (This process of peaceful conversion is perfectly intelligible when one remembers that, in all the West African cities involved in the trans-Saharan trade, there were already Moslem merchants and wandering scholars from North Africa installed.)

The spread of Islam in West Africa from the 11th century on took the form of a series of shocks, followed by periods of recession, more or less correlated with the rise and decline of successive powerful, proselytizing dynasties. One such shock occurred during the 14th century, when the (still surviving) Keita family ruled the Empire of Mali, extending from Senegal in the West to the Hausa States (in what is now northern Nigeria) in the East, with its capital near modern Bamako. This was the dynasty to which Mansa Musa belonged, the Emperor who became a heroic figure in Europe and appears in 14th and early 15th century European maps as 'Rex Melly', who, in 1324-6, paid his famous State visit to Cairo (where he is said to have inflated the currency by his lavish gifts of gold) on his way to Mecca—returning from the pilgrimage with the Grenada poet and architect, Es-Saheli, who designed the new mosques at Gao and Timbuktu. It was during this period, too, that scholars and preachers from Mali introduced Islam into Hausaland. Another comparable Islamizing wave flowed through the western Sudan in the 16th century, the period of the ascendancy of the Empire of Gao under the Askia dynasty, whose founder, Askia the Great, combined a policy of religious orthodoxy and a close alliance with the Moslem intelligentsia (the '*Ulema*') with the organization of an efficient system of imperial administration. It was under the Askias that Timbuktu enjoyed its greatest influence as an international commercial and intellectual centre; and, among the Hausa States, Katsina in particular developed as a centre of Moslem learning, fertilized from Timbuktu—a tradition renewed in modern times, since it was at Katsina Middle School that many of the present generation of Northern Nigerian political leaders were educated.

The last great theocratic dynasties belong to the 19th century, on the eve of European penetration into the western Sudan. Othman dan Fodio, who inspired, organized, and led the holy war that brought the Hausa States and some of their neighbours (e.g., Ilorin, Adamawa) into the framework of a new Fulani Empire, was himself a puritan revolutionary, in the tradition of the Almoravids, and, in its initial phases at least, the dominant impulse behind the Fulani revolt seems to have been religious revivalism rather than a sheer drive for territorial power. A generation later a somewhat similar eruption occurred in the region of the Upper Niger (in what is now the French Sudan). Here Hajj Omar at-Tall, a Toucouleur who had studied at Al-Azhar University in Cairo and was linked by ties of friendship, marriage, and political-religious outlook with Sultan Mohammed Bello of Sokoto, organized an extensive though short-lived Moslem Empire, whose power was eventually broken by the French, moving in from Senegal.

In addition to the proselytizing dynasties, the Sufi Orders have taken an increasing part in the process of Islamization. These Orders, which combine an esoteric ritual and discipline with a strong sense of brotherhood within the community, a hierarchical organization, and an emphasis upon allegiance to a particular religious leader, or 'Holy Man', operate almost throughout the Moslem world. In West Africa two Orders have played a dominant part: the older (12th century), more loosely organized, more conservative, *Qadiriyya*, which originated in Bagdad; and the more recent (late 18th century), more tightly knit, more dynamic, *Tijaniyya*, with its spiritual centre in Fez, which is still a growing force, especially in Northern Nigeria.

Naturally the culture of the western Sudan has been profoundly influenced by these nine centuries of Moslem impact. This is evident in the externals of life—names, dress, household equipment, architectural styles, festivals, ceremonial, and the like. But what is more important—and difficult—is to try to assess the more fundamental difference which Islam has made to West African civilizations. It is common to talk of Islam in contemporary West Africa as a 'conservative force'. Yet historically it is clear that the general effect of Islam, in those areas of West Africa in which it has become dominant, has been to stimulate far-reaching changes in ideas and institutions, not to conserve them.

Probably the most important single development, which

underlies all the others, was the opening up of communications between the western Sudan and other regions of the Moslem world, especially North Africa and the Middle East. Of course there was contact between the peoples of West Africa and the Mediterranean peoples in Roman and pre-Roman times, and the introduction of the camel, in about the 3rd century A.D., was a technical advance which led to a great improvement in trans-Saharan communications. But the spread of Islam transformed the western Sudan into a peripheral area of the Moslem world, within which an enterprising traveller could (like Ibn Battuta in the 14th century) move relatively freely, from Mali to China, without passports, and without ever losing touch with people who shared his metaphysical assumptions. (Even when Ibn Battuta found himself shocked by certain aspects of the behaviour of West African Moslems—their more tolerant attitude to relations between the sexes, for example—Islam still provided a common standard of criticism.)

From the early 12th century on, West African rulers began to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, usually by the Egyptian route. A 13th century Sultan, Kashim-Biri, built a *medersa* in Cairo for visiting pilgrims and scholars from Kanem-Bornu. And as the friendship between King Mansa Musa and Es-Saheli, the Grenada architect and poet, makes clear, the *hajj* served (as in part it serves to-day) as a great international reunion, where West African Moslems and their rulers could establish new relationships and acquire new ideas. These channels of communication helped to stimulate technical progress. It is recorded of Mai Idris Alooma of Bornu, roughly a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth of England, that—

“Among the benefits which God (Most High) of his bounty and beneficence, generosity, and constancy conferred upon the Sultan was the acquisition of Turkish musketeers and numerous household slaves who became skilled in firing muskets.”

At least the governing classes of Moslem West Africa—Princes, merchants, and intellectuals—came to be aware of the wider world to which they belonged, even if they interpreted it (as we all do) from their own particular standpoint. For example, Mahmud al-Kati, the 16th century Timbuktu historian of the western Sudan, explains that “the mass of our contemporaries hold that there are four Sultans, not counting the supreme Sultan (the Sultan of Constantinople), to wit, the Sultan of Bagdad, the Sultan of Cairo, the Sultan of Bornu, and the Sultan of Mali.” When in 1823, Sheikh Mohammed

al-Kanemi, the effective ruler of Bornu, had to write a letter of introduction to the governor of Kano, commending to him the British explorers, Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney (the first Europeans in modern times to visit his country), he stressed the long-standing friendship between the British and the Moslems and wrote of "the great assistance they gave to our nation when they delivered Egypt from the hands of the French" (a reference to the Battle of the Nile). The term 'our nation' means, of course, the Moslem community throughout the world, and expresses the sense of a certain underlying solidarity within Islam, in spite of conflicts and divisions—an attitude which remains valid to-day.

The effects of this opening-up of communications between West Africa and the Moslem world can be considered from various points of view—commercial, cultural, political, among others. With the development, from the 11th century onwards, of the trans-Saharan trade was associated the growth of the caravan cities of the western Sudan—Walata, Jenne, Timbuktu, Gao, Kano—whose wealth was derived from the trade, and whose merchants had their trading connections with the great commercial cities at the North African end of the route—Marrakesh, Fez, Tunis, Sfax, Tripoli. There was also a regular trade between West Africa and Egypt, via Agades and the Fezzan: Ibn Battuta describes the inhabitants of Walata (in what is now southern Mauretania) as dressed in Egyptian fabrics. Leo Africanus's account of 16th century Timbuktu and Gao is familiar: "The inhabitants (of Timbuktu) are very rich, especially the foreigners who have settled there—so much so that the king gave two of his daughters in marriage to two merchants who were brothers, on account of their great wealth." "The inhabitants (of Gao) are rich merchants, who reside on their farms, selling their merchandise and trading at large. A vast number of Negroes frequents this city, bringing gold in large quantities, to buy and take home with them goods imported from Barbary and Europe; but often they cannot find enough goods to buy with the large sums of money they have gained, so that they are obliged to go back to their own country, taking half or a third of their money with them." Among the imports from Barbary and Europe in common demand (at what he regards as inflated prices), Leo Africanus mentions cloth (including the best Venetian scarlet), horses, swords, spurs, bridles, fancy goods, and groceries.

As in the cities of mediaeval Europe, the growth of these merchant classes tended to make for urban self-government. Even when they were formally embodied in one or other of the great Empires (Mali in the 14th century, Gao in the 16th), and subject to a governor—a Timbuktu-koi or a Jenne-koi—appointed by the imperial government, local authority seems in practice to have been largely in the hands of the 'merchants and scholars', the bourgeois. In 16th century Jenne, for example, there was a city council, including certain lineage heads, leaders of the Moslem community (in particular the Qadi), and merchants. The periodic conflict between city and Emperor (e.g., under Sonni 'Ali, the late 15th century ruler of Gao) is one indication of the way in which cities succeeded in establishing themselves as independent centres of power.

The spread of Islam and the growth of cities helped to stimulate the intellectual life of the western Sudan. Moslems, like Christians and Jews, are 'People of the Book'; and the value attached within Islam to the ability to read, recite, and (in principle) understand the Koran, implied, in West Africa as elsewhere, the spread of literacy through Koranic schools. But the Koranic schools, in the form in which they still exist throughout Moslem Africa, were only basic units of the educational system. Above that there were opportunities for more advanced forms of study—in Theology, Moslem Law, Grammar, Philosophy, History, Poetry, and the like. Sometimes these were provided in a relatively unorganized way, through the system whereby students would travel from place to place, settling down for a period—it might be several years—with a particular master who could instruct them in the field of study, or in the works of the author, in which they were especially interested. At the same time, as in early mediaeval Europe, certain more or less permanent centres came to be established in connection with particular mosques, where masters and students gathered together for continuing instruction, study, and research—taking on the character of embryonic universities. In West Africa the best known of these centres of higher education was the University of Sankoré at Timbuktu, which seems to have existed in some form from the 14th century, but enjoyed its greatest influence and reputation in the 16th.

Scholars from Timbuktu enjoyed the kind of mobility that is characteristic of modern university life in the West. They were in the habit of visiting, and lecturing at, the universities

of Fez, Tunis, and Cairo (on which Timbuktu was clearly modelled). And there was a reciprocal movement of scholars from North Africa and the Arab world. (This circulation of scholars still, of course, occurs within the Moslem world: Abdur-rahman al-Ifriqi, whose home is in Gao, holds, or recently held, a lectureship at Medina.)

Leo Africanus makes clear how much the flourishing state of Timbuktu university in his day was due to the practical support which it received from the Askia dynasty:

"The king holds men of learning in great regard. That is why books in manuscript are imported from Barbary, which fetch high prices—so much so that larger profits are made from the book trade than from any other line of business. There are (in Timbuktu) many clerics and doctors, all of whom are paid very reasonable salaries by the king. . . ."

Thus one consequence of the interaction between West Africa and the Moslem world was the spread of respect—veneration even—for learning, and for learned men. No doubt 'learning' as understood in Moslem West Africa was—and still in part is—scholastic, pre-scientific, having certain obvious analogies with the learning of mediaeval Europe (another offshoot from the same classical stem). But how far, one sometimes wonders, does this kind of scholasticism differ from the modern scholasticism of the linguistic philosophers or the methodologists? In any case, there was clearly a continuing tradition of intellectual standards and disciplines (even at times when political insecurity was at its worst), to which successive generations of African students could refer. The representatives of this tradition produced their historical works, their biographical and autobiographical writings, their legal treatises, their theological commentaries, their poetry. While much of the earlier material has perished, as a result of attacks from without and revolutions within, a good deal of 19th century material still exists, and more is gradually coming to light. One illustration of the continuing force of the tradition is the fact that so many outstanding figures in the 19th century history of the western Sudan—Othman dan Fodio, Mohammed Bello, Mohammed al-Kanemi, Hajj Omar at-Tall—were scholars before they became political leaders.

It is difficult to distinguish what was pre-Islamic from what was derived from contact with other Moslem States in the political systems of the western Sudan. The pre-Islamic Empire of Ghana clearly had characteristics in common with the later Moslem Empires of Mali, Gao, and Kanem-Bornu: the idea of

the sanctity of kingship; the magnificence of the court and the complication of its rituals; the hierarchy of palace officials; the imperial guard; an administrative system through which taxes were collected and public order maintained. But the fact that these Moslem West African governments were in diplomatic relationship with the governments of Morocco, Tunisia, and Egypt (the Manual of the Mamluk Chancellery explained the correct style and title to be used in communications to the Emperor of Mali), as well as personal contacts between intellectuals on both sides of the Sahara, undoubtedly meant some cross-fertilization in the field of political ideas. (On the strictly legal side Islamization meant, of course, the partial substitution of the Maliki form of Shari'a Law, administered by Qadis, for pre-Islamic customary law.) But how far particular West African States were influenced by particular schools of political thought within Islam is so far obscure.

In a more general way, Moslem influence seems to have contributed to the strengthening of centralized dynastic power. Certainly some of the more successful West African dynasties (judged from the standpoint of the scale of the Empires which they controlled, and the effectiveness of the central government)—the Askias in Gao, the Majumi in Kanem-Bornu (who lasted for approximately a thousand years), and the descendants of Othman dan Fodio in Sokoto—were also the most thoroughly Islamized. The following quotation from *The Obligations of Princes*, composed at the end of the 15th century by that somewhat Machiavellian character, Sheikh Mohammed al-Maghili of Tlemcen (in Algeria), and addressed to Mohammed Rimfa, Amir of Kano, is one illustration of the kind of political advice which Moslem clerics offered to African Princes:

"The sojourn of a prince in the city breeds all manner of trouble and harm. . . . Kingdoms are held by the sword, not by delays. Can fear be thrust back except by causing fear? Allow only the nearest of your friends to bring you food and drink and bed and clothes. Do not part with your coat of mail and weapons and let no one approach you save men of trust and virtue. Never sleep in a place of peril. Have near to guard you at all times a band of faithful and gallant men, sentries, bowmen, horse and foot. Times of alarm are not like times of safety. Conceal your secrets from other people until you are master of your undertaking."

Al-Maghili admittedly represented a particularly rigid, intolerant school of thought within North African Islam. Before settling in the western Sudan he had been obliged to leave Tuat on account of his responsibility for a massacre of the Jews there, which he attempted to justify on theological grounds. But for all that, the seven questions about which Askia, as a

devout ruler, sought his professional advice, give an indication of the kind of administrative problems with which the new dynasty was preoccupied: "the regulation of commercial transactions; the suppression of fraud; the establishment of the tax on land; the tithes upon newly conquered countries; the question of inheritance; and the measures to be taken to ensure morality and good manners among the Sudanese."

No doubt—like Christianity in some of its phases—mediaeval Islam provided an ideological framework within which intolerance, brutal forms of punishment, holy wars, and the enslavement of unbelievers, could be justified. At the same time the influence of Islam, and especially of the *'Ulema*, on the States of the western Sudan contributed to the development of the system of internal security ('so that even the unaccompanied traveller has nothing to fear from brigands or thieves'), and respect for justice beyond the limits of the local or ethnic group, which Ibn Battuta lists among the more admirable characteristics of the mid-14th century Empire of Mali.

The spread of Islam in West Africa and the opening up of communications with the Moslem world helped to transform the social life of the region in at least three ways: through the growth of commercial cities, linked with the trans-Saharan trade; through the diffusion of learning; and through the stimulus given to the development of centralized States. But why—it is natural to ask—did the flourishing civilizations associated with these mediaeval empires of the western Sudan apparently decline during the period between 1600 and the beginning of the 19th century, when direct contact with Europe was established through the journeys of Laing, Caillié, Hornemann, Denham and Clapperton, and others? Why, during a period when, from a scientific, technological, and economic point of view, there was remarkable and rapid 'progress' (using the word without any ethical implications) in Western Europe, was there not merely no advance, but even 'regress' (in certain respects) in the western Sudan? Allowing for the difference between the Moslem and the Christian intellectual climates, a citizen of 14th century Timbuktu would have found himself reasonably at home in 14th century Oxford. In the 16th century he would still have found many points in common between the two university cities. By the 19th century the gulf had grown very deep.

This is the kind of large historical question which can only

be answered here by mentioning certain factors in the situation, without trying to assess their relative importance. One major event was the invasion which the Moroccan Sultan, Abu'l-Abbas Ahmad al-Mansur, launched against the Empire of Gao in 1590, with the object of securing control of the gold supplies of the western Sudan. The disastrous effects and after-effects of this act of aggression for the civilization based upon Gao are vividly described in Thucydidean language by Es-Sadi, the West African author of the *Tarikh es-Sudan*, who himself lived through the 17th century time of troubles:

"From that moment everything changed. Danger took the place of security; poverty of wealth. Peace gave way to distress, disasters, and violence. Everywhere man preyed upon man. Robbery in all its forms was universal. War spared neither life, property, nor rank. Disorder was general, penetrating everywhere, reaching the extreme pitch of intensity."

But, apart from the immediate consequences of the overthrow of the Empire of Gao and the Askia dynasty, how far were there also other longer-term causes at work? To what extent was the civilization of the mediaeval western Sudan based upon what is nowadays called a 'fragile economy', excessively dependent upon the export of gold and slaves? How far did the deep division between king, court, ruling oligarchy, and the mass of producers—to which Leo Africanus refers—contribute to political disruption? ("The king treats the people in such a way as their stupidity and gross ignorance deserves, leaving them so little that they have great difficulty in gaining a livelihood, on account of the heavy taxes which he imposes on them.") How much importance is to be attached to geographical factors—the difficulty of maintaining large centralized multi-national States dependent upon an inadequate system of communications, in this open savannah region, exposed to attacks from both sides—from the northern desert, and from the southern forest? Above all, how far should the disintegration of the State system of the Moslem western Sudan after 1600 be regarded as simply an episode in the general history of western Islam, which—after the brief renaissance of the early Ottoman period—ceased to provide the stimulus which West Africa had enjoyed during the preceding five centuries, and where a period of 'degeneration' coincided with a period of 'exuberance' in Western Europe. These are questions which are particularly worth considering at a time when it seems possible that a period of degeneration in Western Europe may coincide with a period of exuberance in Moslem Africa.

SHAMBA BOLONGONGO: AFRICAN KING OF PEACE

Dr. MORRIS SIEGEL

*Professor of Anthropology, Columbia University, Summer Session, 1957.
Former Economic Affairs Officer, Department of Economic Affairs, United Nations.*

MUCH of Africa's native history has been lost to posterity through the lack of written records. Occasionally, however, special circumstances have enabled scholars to rescue sufficient data so that a fairly clear picture of a particular African people and its ethos may be discerned. Such is the case with the Bushongo, an extraordinary group of tribes inhabiting the present-day Belgian Congo.

The Bushongo developed and maintained for centuries an advanced, complex type of political organization which fell only under the harsh impact of European invasion late in the nineteenth century. Further, these tribes repeatedly gave birth to outstanding leaders who instituted and carried out the constructive policies that made the Bushongo a great nation. Perhaps the most outstanding among them was Shamba Bolongongo, a king who reigned about 1600 A.D. and epitomized the essential spirit and character of the Bushongo people.

In 1884, when Europeans first encountered the Bushongo, a Bantu-speaking federation of seventeen tribes living along the Kasai and Sankuru rivers of the Congo, they found a powerful nation proud of its long history and traditions. Officially appointed historians of the Bushongo kingdom kept account of 121 dynasties, going back to about the fifth century A.D. Each ruler customarily named two tribesmen and charged them with the task of learning national history from their predecessors. Thus the memory of kings and important events was kept alive by word-of-mouth transmission from generation to generation.

The solar eclipse of March 30, 1680, which occurred during the reign of Bo Kama Bomanchala, the 98th monarch, made it possible for investigators to work out an approximate chronology of the Bushongo dynasties. In addition, native legends provide information as far back as the third ruler, a woman named Lobamba, who held the throne about 490 A.D.

Shamba Bolongongo early exhibited a desire to learn from the foreigner and, equally important, to teach his people new

things. When he was nineteen years old and heir to the throne, he requested of the king and queen permission to travel beyond the borders of the Bushongo kingdom. This request seemed fantastic to the rulers because of the dangers attaching to foreign travel—dangers from wild beasts and, even more deadly, from strange, unknown tribes. Naturally, therefore, the king and queen strongly opposed the trip.

But they could not hold out long against Shamba's fervent entreaties, nor against the logic of his desire to learn. Hence, Shamba, accompanied by a large entourage of aides, servants, and warriors, undertook a tour lasting two years, during which he travelled far and absorbed the knowledge that made him the great and wise ruler worshipped by the Bushongo to the present day. It was on this journey that Shamba first observed the practice of monogamy, and what he saw made a deep impression on him. By the time he returned to Bushongoland, the king had died, and Shamba Bolongongo ascended to the throne.

During his kingship, Shamba introduced many significant cultural changes among his people. He taught them, for example, to weave raffia fibre into cloth; hitherto, the Bushongo had clothed themselves with fragile barkcloth. He taught them to cultivate cassava, a plant which the locusts could not destroy, and thereby augmented the uncertain staple food supplies of maize and millet. He initiated the art of embroidery and, furthermore, encouraged all forms of arts and crafts to such an extent that these attained their highest development in his reign. He instructed his people in the game of *lela* (known as *mancala* elsewhere in Africa), a game of skill, in an attempt to divert their passion for gambling.

Shamba Bolongongo abolished war, which he abhorred, and restricted his armed forces to police duty. He eliminated the use of bows and arrows and the *shongo*, a many-bladed throwing knife which had given its name to the people. As a symbol of his passion for peace, King Shamba ordered that the State knife be exchanged for one with a wooden blade during moonless nights, a custom that persisted into the twentieth century among the Bushongo.

Though he hated war, Shamba made the name of the Bushongo respected all over the land. His subjects travelled freely among neighbouring tribes in pursuit of commerce, the Bushongo traders wearing no other arm than the leaf-shaped knife-of-state



Wooden statuette of Shamba Bolongongo, carved by an artist of his court and showing the King seated in front of a 'lela' board.

By Courtesy of the British Museum

by which they were recognized and left unmolested.

If a subject was killed in some distant village, King Shamba would exclaim: "Do these people think we are women because we love peace? Sound the war horn." The Bushongo, armed with their swords, then went off "like a swarm of locusts" to attack the offenders. They burnt the villages, destroyed the crops, and cut down the plantain trees. But bloodshed was avoided, for Shamba commanded: "Kill neither man, woman nor child; are they not the children of *Chembe* (God), and have they not a right to live?" Only those who resisted were hurt, and by the strength of their numbers the Bushongo obliged the rest to submit, pay a fine, and give hostages.

Although the Bushongo readily accepted most of Shamba's innovations, they were not easily persuaded to give up polygamy for monogamy. The king waged a long campaign, and, when the time seemed especially propitious, he called the tribal leaders together and told them the following tale:

"Once there was a man who had two dogs. He loved these dogs dearly, and they loved him, too. Every day they accompanied him to his fields, and after the day's task was done the three of them returned home and ate dinner. He always gave each dog its separate meal. For a long time the man lived happily and peacefully with his two dogs.

"One day misfortune struck. While working in a field, a heavy storm broke and drenched both man and dogs. Exasperated, the man became careless and bent his hoe on a rock. When he tried to repair the hoe, he cut his left hand deeply with his axe. He could not finish the day's work until long after dark. Hungry, tired, and irritable, the man wearily and silently trudged home, the dogs tagging along. He quickly cooked dinner, but found that there remained only one large meaty bone for the two dogs. Impatiently he hacked away at this bone for a while, but, unable to split it, he became furious and tossed the one bone to the dogs. They fought so viciously over the bone that soon afterwards both dogs died of wounds. The tragedy left the man saddened and forlorn."

Shamba Bolongongo paused for a moment and then said: "The moral of this story is quite plain. *To every dog his bone, to every woman her man, and peace will reign in the village.*"

Tribal history relates that with this story King Shamba succeeded in convincing the Bushongo to adopt monogamy, a marriage form they have indeed continued until the present day.

Shamba Bolongongo's striking political reforms undoubtedly constitute his greatest contribution to Bushongo life. He was responsible for introducing the basic democratic principles which permeated the entire administrative structure, both nationally and locally. Most notable among these was the role he gave to essential crafts and industries in the government. At its height, the Bushongo nation probably boasted the most elaborately organized government ever developed in Africa, one which clearly merits description as an example of aboriginal African political capabilities.

The Bushongo nation consisted of a federation of seventeen tribes of which the Bambala tribe—where Mingenga, the capital, was located—formed the core. The government comprised an extensive hierarchy of officials who constituted the royal court and served under the supreme authority of the king. This hierarchy, numbering 118 officials, included administrative, judicial, military, and tribal functionaries, as well as representatives of the various Bushongo crafts and industries and court dignitaries. In addition, fourteen women held official positions. The nation was divided administratively into four provinces, each headed by an official who ranked among the six highest in the land.

The king theoretically governed as an absolute monarch by virtue of his descent in direct line from *Chembe*, the Supreme Deity of the nation. Practically, however, the hierarchy of officials performed the large part of governmental activities. The king owned all fields and held the exclusive right to grant their usufruct, but he could not sell any land. Succession to the throne descended in the female line, i.e., to sons of the eldest sister in the royal family, by age. The king's right to disinherit such of his successors as he chose, which made it possible for him to designate the next king, was qualified by the restriction forbidding him to go beyond the legitimate heirs.

The hierarchy of 118 officials was distributed through seven categories, and the group of women functionaries constituted an eighth. Six officials held highest rank, representing as a group probably the most powerful administrative body in the Bushongo political system. At the top was the prime minister, who served in addition as the supreme judge and replaced the king when the latter was absent from office. The next four officials acted as representatives of the nation's four provinces.

The commander-in-chief of the army occupied the sixth highest office and, as part of his duties, presided in court cases involving injuries inflicted by means of a sharp instrument.

A second category of officials included individuals charged with special administrative functions. The chief treasurer, for example, received all gifts or tribute offered to the king, while the third treasurer exclusively collected funeral taxes. Another member of this group was listed as an assignant to one of the provincial heads.

The judiciary comprised fifteen judges in addition to the prime minister and the commander-in-chief. Each judge presided over cases involving a particular crime, and no others. For example, one judge tried individuals charged with theft; another sat in cases of matrimonial disputes; a third judge decided whether certain deaths were suicides—if so, the parents of the deceased were subjected to penalties; two judges heard sorcery (or witchcraft) trials, etc. It is worth noting that actions causing material damage either to the community or to persons were punishable crimes, but accidents resulting in death and homicides done in self-defence were not deemed punishable. Modern observers have reported that Bushongo trials were conducted with meticulous fairness.

Fifteen officials served as representatives of several of the more important tribes under Bushongo rule. In addition to the four provincial heads included in this administrative category, a council of six officials, headed by the king, managed all affairs relating to the Bambala tribe, the nuclear group of the Bushongo nation. Two officials represented the Bakete tribe, and one each the Piange, the Batwa, and the Bangendi tribes.

All essential crafts and industries were represented at the king's court, where the delegates participated actively in the administration of the government. The eighteen trades represented included wood-sculptors, weavers, blacksmiths, leather workers, singers, dancers, musicians, fishermen, hunters, boat makers, oil manufacturers, mat makers, salt processors, tailors, rope makers, hosiers, and spinners of thread. Oddly, one member of this category was an official who represented "fathers of twins." The individual representing wood-sculptors ranked above all others in the group, even over the delegate of the dancers, who was a son of the king.

Four military officials assisted the commander-in-chief and voiced the rights of the military at the king's court. A large

contingent of fifty-eight court dignitaries filled the remaining official posts. This group included a sixteen-member Council of Elders, several positions described as "sinecures," five king's messengers, the first, second, and third heirs presumptive, and so on.

The fourteen women officials were under the leadership of two sisters or daughters of the king. These two ranked among the highest officials in the land, along with the top six officials. Women, in fact, enjoyed considerable prestige and power in Bushongo life, emphasized by the great role accorded the king's mother; she was regarded as the first personage in the kingdom, and in certain respects she wielded even more authority than her son. Several women, moreover, served on the important Council of Elders.

The political organization of the individual tribes of the Bushongo nation reflected that of the central government. Each tribal chief was surrounded by a hierarchy of officials—judicial, military, administrative, court dignitaries, and a prime minister. Although succession to chieftainship followed the same rules that applied to the kingship, the nomination of a tribal chief required the king's ratification. Within each tribe the local chiefs maintained a similar, though smaller, administrative organization.

All government officials enjoyed permanent tenure in office, but the posts were not hereditary. Theoretically, the nomination of an individual to a vacant office was the prerogative of the sovereign. In general practice, however, public opinion largely determined the king's choices.

The above brief description presents in bare outline the main features of the complex political system developed by the Bushongo prior to contact with Europeans. It was a system of checks and balances in which the voice of the people made itself heard through the delegates at the royal and local courts representing all trades and industries. King Shamba Bolongongo, by introducing such representation into the government, gave strong impetus to the slowly developing democratic forms that were emerging in Bushongo life. Indeed, the Bushongo people were well on the way to a high political, aesthetic, and ethical civilization when Europeans invaded the Congo. One cannot help but wonder what would have happened had this extraordinary people been left alone to work out their own destiny.

ETHIOPIA

THE HON. THOMAS PAKENHAM

Student of African History especially interested in Ethiopia.

“It is inevitable that any work of art to be met with in Ethiopia that has beauty and permanence should be the expression of an alien culture and of techniques not indigenous to the country.” Racism among archaeologists is mercifully rare, but this is a particularly disturbing example. The passage comes from Monti della Corte’s book on the churches of Lalibela which was published during the Italian occupation of Ethiopia and sponsored, as one would guess, by the occupation authorities. On racist grounds he assumed that there could be no specifically Ethiopian culture, a doctrinaire belief that even the evidence of his own work amply refuted. Monti della Corte’s book is now forgotten. But in the sphere of African culture assumptions like his are not unknown today.

Turning to less prejudiced observers we find a very different view of Ethiopian culture. Scholars agree that a remarkable degree of civilization was attained on the fertile tableland of Ethiopia from long before Christian times. But what sort of culture bloomed in this mountain fastness? The feeling is usually expressed that the culture of Ethiopia was not an entity in itself, but that the civilization of Ethiopia lived parasitically on other cultures, drawing elements from many quarters but never fully assimilating them—elements from Byzantium and Coptic Egypt, to which it was linked by its religious faith after the conversion of Ethiopia in the 4th century A.D.; elements from South Arabia and the East, to which it was linked by commerce and emigration from earliest times. It is noted that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the castles of Grondar were built by stone-masons from India and the Hadhramaut in styles alien to the country, though in a special technique of stone and lime-cement construction that was adapted to the climate. It is noted that the art of painting and decoration was never developed beyond an elementary stage; the illuminated manuscripts that survive from the 14th century onwards indicate that Ethiopian artists were seldom more than copyists following Armenian or Byzantine models which filtered into the country. Finally, though the Ethiopians had a written language from the earliest times, it is observed that no Ethiopian writing that has yet been

found can be termed literature in our sense of the word; the manuscripts we possess are with a few exceptions copies of pious (or picaresque) works in Greek and Arabic. Of course it is recognized that the civilization of Ethiopia expressed itself in other fields than the arts: in the sphere of social organization the Ethiopians evolved a remarkable institution, a theocratic kingship, which proved the principal bulwark against attack on the state from within or without for two thousand years. But in the arts, at least, we are asked to conclude that imported ideas did not take root and result in an Ethiopian culture which was an entity in itself. As one eminent scholar has said, himself a most sympathetic observer of Ethiopian affairs, "It was a land in which so many cultural factors were unique and barren."

This view of Ethiopian culture is not, I consider, a complete one. It describes accurately enough what we know of Ethiopian culture since the 16th century, the time when the first European traveller, Francisco Alvarez, reached Ethiopia and returned with an account of the country. But this was nearly 1500 years after the first independent king of Ethiopia known to history set up his throne at Axum; and by the later Middle Ages its civilization had rapidly declined. What of the preceding epoch? In this article I shall argue that the evidence suggests that, in contrast to that of the later period, the culture of the first period can be considered an entity in itself, since in one branch of the arts at least, that is, in architecture, a truly national style had been evolved.

One of our first glimpses of the early Kings of Ethiopia comes from Cosmos' Christian Topography. "On the coast of Ethiopia", he writes, "two miles from the shore is a town called Adulis which forms the port of the Axumites. Here is to be seen a marble chair . . . by the road which leads to Axum." In the *Periplus* there are similar references to the great Kingdom of Axum. Eight days from the port of Adulis, we are told, lies Axum the capital. Today we can still re-trace the route by which the Axumites came down to the coast from a series of caravan towns whose sites still remain. But Axum is the most formidable relic of the Kingdom. Here can still be seen the foundations of various palaces, including one 120 metres by 80 metres in size, with stone wall and terraces and a central structure, according to the reconstructions of archaeologists, many storeys high. Beside them are over a hundred obelisks stuck in the red soil of the highlands like needles in a pin-cushion. The largest now stand-

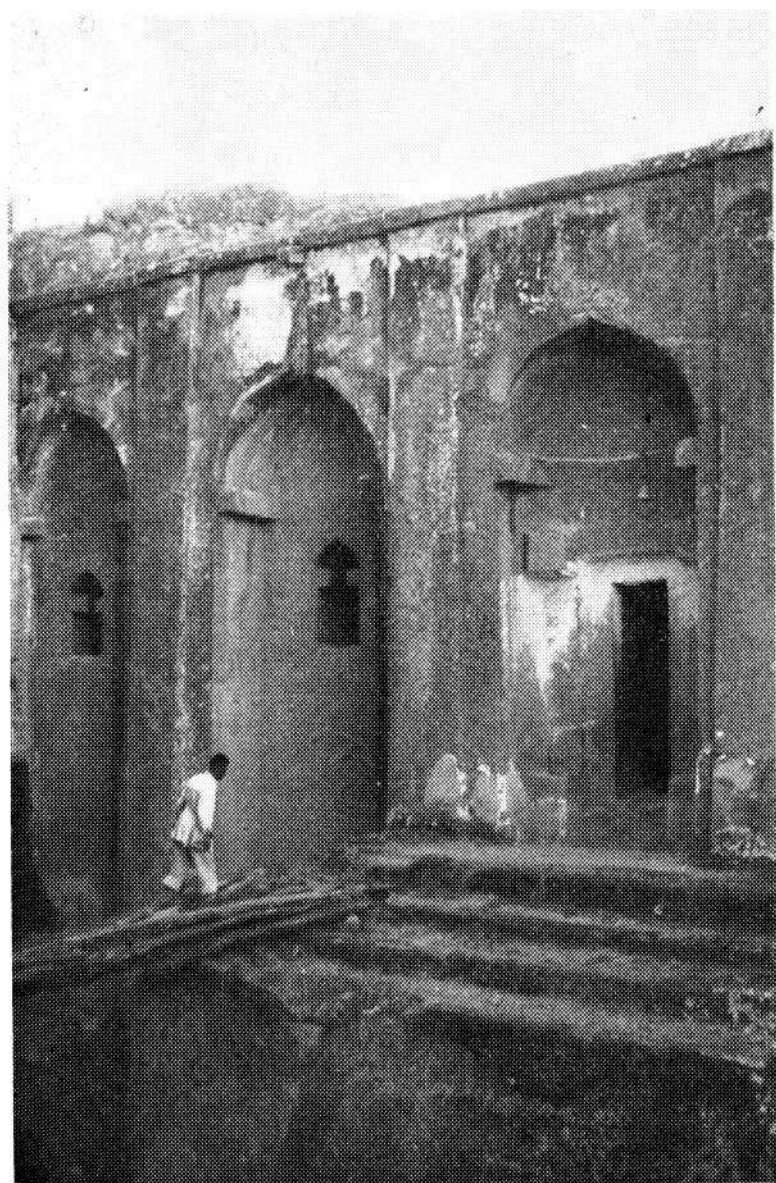
ing measures 23 metres, while the largest of all, shattered by earthquakes, measures over 30 metres—that is one metre taller than the tallest Egyptian obelisk. In shape or design they are nothing like those of Egypt, Greece or Rome. The taller ones record in a formalized pattern the many-storeyed Axumite buildings which once surrounded them; they are carved with doors and windows, are recessed to left and right to indicate corner towers, and each storey is clearly shown. The latest obelisk that still stands represents a nine storey building.

At this point one may well ask what the relationship was between the Axumites and their successors. We now know that at some period during the first millenium B.C., Sabean tribes from South Arabia emigrated to the highlands—one of these was the Habashat from which the name Abyssinia is derived, another the Agaziyan or Ge'ez which gave its name to the classical tongue of the new Kingdom. These Semitic people interbred with the Hamitic population. By the time we reach historical times, it is clear that the Ethiopians were a people distinct from their Sabean ancestors. There is a Sabean inscription at Axum dating from the end of the 3rd century A.D., in which a King, probably Aphilas, boasts of launching an expedition across the Red Sea to subdue the tribes around Aden, adding, "and when I had overthrown their Kings, I commanded them to pay tribute for their country." Even more significant is an inscription dating from a century later. Like his predecessor King Aeizanas boasts of subduing the tribes across the Straits, but the inscription is now written not only in Sabean, the language of his ancestors, and in Greek, which was the *lingua franca* of the region, but in the Ge'ez which is still today the language of the Ethiopian liturgy.

The Axumites were, then, a people distinct from the Sabeans, the ancestors as well as the fore-runners of the modern Ethiopians. But were the great buildings of Axum the work of native or alien craftsmen? The exact debt that Axumite buildings owe to Sabean models remains to be evaluated, but it is clear that though there were certain affinities with the architecture of South Arabia, notably in the height of the buildings and in the formalized window pattern represented on steles, the Axumites had developed an architecture of their own. Dr. Littman, the German archaeologist who excavated Axum, has written: "We are confronted here with a unique self-contained architecture." Blessed with remarkable creative powers, and having attained a degree of wealth and security only possible in a natural

fortress like theirs, the Axumites had evolved a truly national style.

Gradually the early Christian civilization of Axum gave way to the Ethiopian civilization of the Middle Ages. In one way it must be recognized that the fortunes of the country had declined. No longer are we faced with bombastic inscriptions recording raids across the straits; Ethiopia was now virtually isolated from all contact with the world by a ring-fence of Moslem enemies. Nor is there still a highly articulate coinage as before. But it must not be thought that the great achievements of Axum had proved sterile. The evidence for this period is scarce, but there is one all-important clue to the degree of continuity between the two phases and to the richness of the mediaeval culture. The clue lies in the mediaeval architecture of Ethiopia. Though the churches of mediaeval Ethiopia drew on Coptic models for elements in their design (they looked to them for their chancel arches, for instance, and for much of their decoration), they were still built in the great tradition of Axum. The Axumite technique was to use horizontal courses of wood set in stone to build walls, in which doors and window frames were embedded. The technique, which we first see in the formalized obelisks of Axum, survives exactly in the churches of mediaeval Ethiopia. The Church of St. Mary of Zion, for instance, was nearly the size of the great Axumite palace; it had, according to the chronicles of Ethiopia, over 3,000 of the curious projecting stumps that are seen on the obelisks, and became known as 'monkey-heads'. Other churches, smaller in size but equally rich in ideas, were built across a large area of the highlands. Alvarez describes many that still survived in his day. Today we can still see examples of the Xth century style in the monastery of Debra Damo in Tigre, of the XIIIth century style in the church of Imraba in Lasta, and of the XIV century style in the church of Bethlehem in Begemder. And there is spectacular evidence of the many churches that did not survive the Moslem wars of the XIV century in the shape of the colony of rock churches at Lalibela; each is in a different style and together they comprise a sort of architectural museum. In general the archaeological evidence, taken with the literary sources, testify to the virility of a style of national architecture that, adapting itself to the needs of the time, endured for considerably more than a thousand years, surely unmistakable proof of the indigenous culture of the country.



Hewn from solid rock in the 13th century, the ten great churches of ancient Lalibela in the highlands of Ethiopia exhibit a high standard of architectural achievement. The picture above is of the Church of St. Gabriel.

With acknowledgements to Paul Popper Ltd.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE IV: THE DAWN OF LITERATURE AMONG THE XHOSA

DR A. C. JORDAN

Lecturer in Bantu Languages, University of Cape Town

IN all the speech communities of the Southern Africans, what literacy exists is inseparably bound up with Christian missionary enterprise. To be able to "preach the Word", the missionaries had not only to learn the languages of the people, but also reduce these languages to writing. Translators, interpreters, preachers and teachers had sooner or later to come from among the aborigines themselves. And so some of the apt converts had also to be introduced to the rudiments of modern learning through the medium of the language of the missionary body concerned. But since, outside of the missionary bodies, no one undertook to educate the Africans, acceptance of "the Word" remained the only means of access to any form of modern learning, and literacy became the exclusive privilege of a few Christian converts and their progeny.

The dawn of literacy is to be associated, first and foremost, with the Glasgow Missionary Society, whose representatives reduced the Xhosa language to writing at a small mission station on the banks of the Tyhume (Eastern Province) in 1821. The first man ever to write a book in Xhosa was John Bennie, one of the three Glasgow missionaries who founded Lovedale.

Some time before the coming of the Glasgow Mission, Ntsikana¹ had caught the spirit of the Christian religion from the preachings of Dr. van der Kemp and, indeed, had founded his own Church. Ntsikana refused to be baptized by the Glasgow Missionaries, but on his deathbed expressed the wish that his followers should take their families and his two wives and sons to the mission station at Gwali (Old Lovedale). It is to these converts that we owe the life-story of Ntsikana, and it is to their sons that we are indebted for the earliest record of anything ever written by a Xhosa-speaker in Xhosa. So it is that the earliest record of anything written by any Bantu-speaking African in his own language in Southern Africa was made at the small printing press at Old Lovedale about the end of the first

¹See *Africa South* Vol. 2 No. 1 pp. 100-101

quarter of the 19th century.

The earliest writings appeared in a periodical called *Ikwezi* (The Morning Star), published by the mission, and were done by those first converts who must have learnt to read and write in their old age. By 1862, when *Indaba* (The News) succeeded *Ikwezi*, the first truly literate generation of Xhosa speakers was in a position to make contributions whose literary merit established once and for all the status of this dialect as the literary medium, not only of the original Xhosa-speaking people, but also of the Mbho people (so-called "Fingos") who found sanctuary with the Xhosa about 1834, and of other sections of the Nguni whom literacy was beginning to reach through various missionary bodies throughout the Cape Province.

The leading figure amongst the contributors to *Indaba* was Tiyo Soga, a brilliant son of Ntsikana's most trusted friend and convert. Tiyo Soga was sent to Scotland in 1846 with the sons of the missionaries Ross and Thomson for further education, and he returned to South Africa an ordained minister of religion in 1857. His famous hymn, *Lizalis' Idinga Lakho* (Fulfil Thy Promise) was composed when the author landed on African soil on his return from Scotland. But his greatest contribution to Xhosa literature was *Uhambo lo Mhambi*, an excellent translation of the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which has had almost as great an influence on the Xhosa language as the Authorized Version of the Bible upon English. In 1868, he was elected to a Revision Board whose task it was to prepare a revised version of the Xhosa Bible, and was engaged in translating *The Acts of the Apostles* when he died in 1871, at the early age of forty.

Among Tiyo Soga's younger contemporaries was a versatile man named William W. Gqoba. Originally a waggon-maker by trade, Gqoba became editor of *Isigidimi Sama-Xhosa* (The Xhosa Messenger), a periodical that succeeded *Indaba* in 1870. Gqoba collected a large number of Xhosa proverbial and idiomatic expressions, and he explained the derivation and/or meaning of each expression in excellent prose. He also wrote some history, confining himself to specific episodes like the scattering of the tribes in the Shaka era and the Nongqawuse cattle-killing episode of 1856-7; and some verse, including two didactic poems, one on *Paganism versus Christianity*, 850 lines, and the other on *Education*, 1,150 lines. Gqoba died in 1888 at the age of forty-eight. Some of his writings appeared in *Isigidimi* during his lifetime. The rest appeared eighteen years after his death in an anthology of

prose and poetry, *Zemk' Inkomo Maqwalandini!* (Preserve your heritage!), collected and edited by W. B. Rubusana and published in 1906.

Two periodicals appeared almost simultaneously in 1897. These were *Imvo Zabantsundu* (The Opinions of the Blacks), edited by John Tengo Jabavu, and *Izwi Labantu* (The Voice of the People), edited by Nathaniel Cyril Mhala. Rubusana was closely associated with *Izwi Labantu*, and much of the material in his anthology originally appeared in this periodical.

A much younger writer who began to draw attention when *Imvo* and *Izwi* flourished was S. E. Krune Mqhayi², a man destined to carry the literary tradition into its second phase. Journalist, poet, novelist, biographer, essayist and translator, Mqhayi has done more than any other writer to reveal the beauty of Xhosa. He dominated the Xhosa literary field until his death in 1945, and for many years was the model for everybody who tried to write in the language.

The publication of Rubusana's anthology marks the end of the first fifty years of literary activity amongst the Xhosa-speaking people. It is a volume of 570 pages including a glossary, the latter being necessitated by the large number of traditional praise-poems which occupy nearly half the text³. But this anthology does not fully reflect the achievements of the writers of this first period. It does not include any of Tiyo Soga's writings, nor does it include some of the best prose that Gqoba originally contributed to *Isigidimi*. These appear in *Imibengo* (Tit-Bits), another anthology of prose and poetry prepared by W. G. Bennie, grandson of John Bennie, and published by the Lovedale Press as recently as 1936.

Since the main literary diet of the first writers was the Bible and other religious books, it was only natural that most of them should devote their writing to what they considered the most serious things of life. Their published work consists mainly of history, biography, ethnology, didactic verse and religious hymns. In spite of the great tradition of the heroic praise-poem, even a man of outstanding literary talent like Gqoba seems to have regarded poetry as a medium through which to express one's religious fervour and nothing else. Gqoba is so soaked in history and legend, as his prose writings reveal, that one is puzzled that none of the "moving accidents" he describes with

²See *Africa South* Vol. II No. 1 p. 105

³See *Africa South* Vol. II No. 1 p. 101

such spirit ever moved him to immortalize some of these great legendary heroes in poetry.

Soga's superior education put him at an advantage over a man like Gqoba, unquestionably more talented than himself. Soga lived in a much larger world of ideas than his contemporaries, and this is reflected in the range of subjects on which he was able to write as well as in the forms. He wrote short stories, essays and hymns, in addition to the translations mentioned earlier. His very first contribution to the first issue of *Indaba* showed clearly that he was going to write to entertain, and all his contributions to this periodical are characterized by sound common-sense blended with wit and humour. His influence became evident in the contributions of some of the younger writers, e.g. his brother Zaze Soga and William Kobe Ntsikana. The latter has a particular liking for anecdotes connected with cattle-raids, and his style is most entertaining. Many other prose writers who broke entirely with sermonizing unfortunately wrote anonymously or just gave their initials. Evidently they were known to the readers of those days, but it is extremely difficult to identify them now. Mqhayi, who began to write just before the Anglo-Boer War, really belongs to the second phase, when literacy had spread to the Sotho- and the Zulu-speaking communities, and his place is in a future instalment.

The legacy of the first fifty years of Xhosa literary activity is to be respected. If some of our readers are inclined to think that we are over-indulgent when we make this remark, we have only to remind them that these first writers had no written tradition to guide them, no Homer or Sophocles, no Herodotus or Plutarch, no Dante or Petrarch on whom to model themselves. If we remember this, then we must agree that theirs was no small achievement.

(The early writers will be treated individually in the articles devoted to Post-Traditional Prose and Poetry.)

JUST A TSOTSI

J. ARTHUR MAIMANE

It was hot. The sun shone straight down on the flat acres of mealies. The green dazzled the eye, in a shimmer that made it difficult to make out one plant from the next.

They came running through the plants, bursting through the green haze, laughing and panting. They jumped into the stream, feet first, cooling off their naked, baked soles in the water.

Then they sat down, still panting, leaning against the rough bark of the tree. Hot little fingers dug into the clay, wriggling luxuriously in the yielding coolness of the clay.

"What are you going to make, Kleinbaas?"

"Oxen. Big, fat and strong oxen—like my father's."

"With long, curving horns—sharp ones?"

"And with soft, glossy skins. . . . And you?"

"A car. Big, shining and beautiful—like the one the Baas bought after the last harvest. . . . Like the car I'll buy after I have worked in the city and become a rich man."

"Kaffirs can never get rich—anywhere! Look at your brother. He's been all these years in the city—and he does not even own a bicycle. Just gets cheekier, my father says!"

"Because he does not work hard enough! That's what my father told my mother. I heard him. I will work hard."

"And my father says all kaffirs who go to the cities become bad. They become too clever—and rude too. He does not like your brother. Why do you want to go? When I'm big, I'll be the Baas here. I'll have a fine time!"

"But my brother says the city is the place for all of us to go to. There, he says, we can have meat three times a week. There we can all get rich——"

"Nonsense!"

Their little fingers worked, fashioning the clods of clay into their day-dreams. The talk ended abruptly; but the fingers did not seem to have noticed. They flew on. Two pink tongues were held tightly between two sets of teeth.

"Kleinbaas, why does the Ou Missus call you Piet?"

"Because it's my name, you silly!"

"Then why must I—and my father too—call you Kleinbaas?"

"Because my father is the Baas, and I am his son."

"But why——"

"What's wrong with you to-day, Klaasie? You are a funny sort of kaffertjie! I never thought you had so many questions in your head!"

Piet started on his fourth ox, working fast and effortlessly; toes dug into the cool earth and head held to one side. He stopped for the first time since they had started, and lifted up his head to look at the other tilted head.

"You and I—we are friends, nê Kleinklaas?"

"Yes. We are friends."

"We have been friends for as long as we can remember, nê?"

"How long is that?"

"I don't know. . . . Let me see, I'm eight years old, now. You too, isn't it—I bet you wouldn't know! Anyway, there you are—we've been friends for eight whole years! We could be twins, if you weren't black."

"Yes."

"My cousin Gert tells me—you know him, the son of Baas Gert on the farm over there. Well, my cousin Gert, he reads big books—he goes to school at the big school in Pretoria—and he told me that one of his books says there are men over the sea who, when they are very good friends, like you and I, mix their blood!"

"Mix their blood? How?"

"Easy—if you are not a coward. They make cuts on the insides of their wrists, and then hold the cuts together. The blood from one man flows into the other. You see?"

"Shoo! That must be painful, nê?"

"Ag, you afraid of just a little pain? We must do it too—then we will be blood brothers for ever and ever."

"What will the Ou Missus say, when you get home with blood and cuts? You know she always gets angry when you are hurt; then she hits me."

"Don't worry about me, ou neef! This will be our secret—nobody else must know about it. Reg?"

"I haven't got a knife."

"I've got one—here!"

He pulled his faded khaki shirt out of his faded khaki pants, undid his fly, and showed his friend a sheath knife tied around his middle with a leather thong. The knife was new and shone in the sun. His initials had been roughly cut into the bone handle.

"Ooooh . . . what a nice knife! Where did you get it?"

"Cousin Gert brought it for me from Pretoria. He said I must never show it to my mother or father—they would tell him off. That's why I keep it like this. Now, let's go ahead!"

"But isn't it too big to make such a small cut?"

"You've got to know how to use it, that's all. I know how to use it—like the doctors in the big hospitals when they cut open sick people. Now give me your arm—the left one, I think."

With his tongue sticking out tightly at the corner of his mouth, Piet made a neat incision on the inside of the wrist.

"There—klaar!" he gasped proudly.

The black eyelids fluttered open and the eyes turned from the burning sky to examine the slightly bleeding cut.

"Hey—it wasn't so painful, after all!"

"I told you. Now to make my cut."

"Give me the knife."

"Naw. You don't know how. I'll do it myself. Safer."

Slowly and tensely the blade descended on the wrist of his left arm, which was held tightly against his body to keep it from shaking. The knife hand was shaking slightly from the concentrated effort to keep it steady. The blade touched the skin and jerked slightly. The first globule of blood appeared.

A horse neighed sharply and rattled its bit, a big voice hollered—"What are you two skelms up to now?"

The knife hand jerked forward, then backwards across the wrist. The blood spurted.

"Einaaaah!" Piet wailed, looking round and across the stream to where his father sat on his horse. The eyes swivelled back to the wrist where the blood was jerking.

The horse splashed across the stream and Johannes Petrus Wessels jumped off to kneel near his frightened son.

"Where in the devil did you get this murderous knife—and just what could you have been doing to cut yourself like that?"

The black boy cowered against the tree, his own cut forgotten, and his eyes held by the fury and anxiety of the big man who was deftly making a tourniquet with a strip of cloth torn from Piet's shirt.

Only after he had bandaged the wrist did Wessels take his attention from his son to glare at the black boy as he lifted Piet in his arms.

"You no-good swartvel!" he hissed. "This is more of your

devilish work, hey? You wait until I come back to the groothuis from the doctor—I'll whip your stinking black hide off your back, that's what I'll do! I don't know why I ever allowed Piet to play with a savage like you. Weg is jy, klonkie!"

The big horse galloped off. The black boy snatched the bloody knife out of the grass and scurried home.

The Ou Baas did not whip him that night. Ou Niklaas, angry at his son for bringing on the Ou Baas's frightening fury, knelt and pleaded on the stoep of the groothuis, proffering a sjambok with which he begged the baas to thrash him, instead of his son.

"My kaffertjie is still too small for such punishment, my baas, my kroon en my koning. Give the thrashing to your Ou Niklaas, who has never failed to obey your wishes."

Wessels softened and roughly told the old man to go.

"But don't let me see that little savage of yours on my farm again, Niklaas, d'you hear? Take him away—anywhere—tonight—and all will be well between us," he said. "Now stop snivelling like an old woman and get him off, you old fool!"

Before the boy was borne away that night, his father relieved himself of the evening's fear and tension by giving him a sound thrashing, while his wife cursed him for a man who was too cowardly to defend his son, but instead did the white man's filthy work for him.

The old woman had to carry the youngest of her sons on her back when they left that night. His leg muscles were still stiff and sore from the thrashing with a riempie, and he could not walk.

She carried him for ten miles to her sister's home, near the railway siding. In the morning she would take the boy to his married sister in Alexandra Township. The boy would get to the city of his dreams earlier than he had ever thought.

#

It was hot. The room was like an oven filled with roasting, sweating black bodies, presided over by a white uniformed man behind the deal counter. The roast spilt out and into the police station's courtyard with its coal-hot, roughly cobbled ground.

Four white policemen leaned against their rifles on the cooler veranda, lazily watching sixteen sweating and cursing black constables pushing, slapping, cursing and kicking the overflow

into some kind of order. But the constables didn't seem to know what kind of order they wanted. They had been jabbing batons into backs and stomachs for four hours now.

"Hell, but those constables have got energy," Piet said casually. "And fancy doing all that to their own people."

"If it wasn't for this blasted heat, I'd be out there helping them," a short, pug-nosed, bulky young constable said, cold eyes squinting into the glare of the court-yard. He tilted his cap a little forward.

"I was bloody disappointed this morning," he went on. "My first raid—and nothing happens!"

"What did you expect to find, Hannes?" a tall, thin corporal—the oldest of the four—asked with amusement all over his sallow face.

"Well, I don't know exactly," Hannes replied. "But I had hoped something would happen."

"Who was your rifle instructor, Hannes?" the corporal asked quietly. "I expect it was Oelofse—telling all the students to imagine the target they were lining their sights on was a kaffir! I know him. We started together."

"He wasn't so bad, Oom," Hannes replied. "There was that other chap—what was his name, Piet?—who had notches on his gun for every swartvel he had killed; he'd been in a few riots." "I don't remember his name," Piet said, scratching the back of his neck. "I didn't like him—he was too much of a bloody show-off. Like you, Hannes."

"So this was the first raid for you two young cowboys, hey?" the fourth policeman, who had been standing some distance off, said as he came nearer. He was a handsome, medium-sized man, with a thick black moustache.

"Don't be in such a hurry for a riot, my boy," he went on. "Because these kaffirs are not always as submissive as they look now. Just remember this, Johannes my boy; remember this the next time you hope for a riot: those bloody bastards can shoot back too. You won't feel so brave when they start firing at you from out of the dark in those locations!"

He gave a short, nasty laugh.

"Now, don't scare the boys, Gert," the corporal said mildly.

Hannes forced out a laugh. "That kind of talk doesn't scare me, Oom. Maybe it scares Piet," he added, looking slyly at Piet. "I know him—every time he starts massaging that scar on his wrist I know he's nervous!"

"I'm *not* scared of any kaffirs," Piet retorted, "but I wish you'd all stop talking about shooting them as if they were game. Why don't you go somewhere and be a big-game hunter, if you're such a good shot, Hannes?"

Johannes forced himself to join in the laughter of the two older policemen.

The black mass took the proddings, curses, slaps and kicks without any resistance. Only their eyes showed the smouldering hate they felt towards their tormentors, who were doing their best to show what conscientious workers they were.

"I know that fat swine," a young boy murmured to the man next to him after he had been pushed. "He lives in Seventh Avenue. We'll fix him, one of these nights!"

Some in the mass looked with envy and trepidation at those men who walked out of the charge office free. One would see an acquaintance, and shout a message to be delivered at home or at work before the nearest constable could stop him.

"Who wants to phone his boss?" one of the constables was saying as he walked round the men. "Half-a-crown and I'll do it for you. Or you want to lose your jobs?"

#

"Hey! Buya lapha, jou nonsons! Come back here," the fat black constable shouted as he waddled after a young boy who was running towards the stoep where the four white policemen were standing.

The boy dodged past another policeman and came onto the veranda in front of Johannes, his eyes big with fright. Hannes jumped back as the boy agitatedly grabbed at him and started babbling: "Please, baasie! I've never been in jail—don't want to ever go there—I'm a good boy, baasie—my pass is at home—under my pillow, baasie. They arrested me as I was going to the lavatory—never gave me a chance to go and get it—please baasie, help me. I—"

Gert's fist stopped the babbling as it smashed into the quivering mouth. "Weg is jy, kaffir!" he grated as the boy fell back into the arms of the fat constable. "Take your dirty hands off the baasie—and stay away!"

The stunned boy was led away by the scruff of his shirt.

"The cheeky bastard," Gert said, a smile on his handsome face as he rubbed his knuckles. "He had you scared for a minute, hey, Hannes?"

They laughed and Johannes turned red.

"Hey, you bleksem!" the fat constable half-wailed, half-shouted as the boy with the swollen mouth started running again—away from the crowd and towards the gates.

"Now he's asking for trouble," Hannes said, seeing a chance to vindicate himself. With one fluid motion he grabbed his rifle from where it was leaning against the wall and fell down on one knee. "He won't be cheeky any more, after this!"

He fired deliberately low, the bullet hitting the ground between the running boy's legs and ricocheting at an angle with a whine. The boy yelped and ran faster.

"Don't kill him, Hannes!" the corporal said in a low, tight voice.

Hannes laughed. "This is what I've been waiting for!"

His next shot whined close by the boy's ear. With another frightened yelp the boy crouched down and started running zig-zag fashion. He had almost reached the gate now. He straightened up to grab at the gate post and swing round it.

Hannes grinned and fluidly shifted his rifle to the hand holding the post. He fired two quick shots, smashing the hand with the first and hitting the boy's head with the second as it came round and above the post.

The satisfied grin came off his face as a rough hand grabbed the rifle from his cheek and threw it down. He looked up into the red, angry face of the charge sergeant, who had rushed out at the sound of the shots.

"You—you!" the sergeant gasped. "What do you think you're doing!"

"The boy was trying to escape, sergeant," Gert said easily. "Hannes here fired two warning shots first—like the regulations say."

The sergeant hardly heard this. He was running towards the gate, with the four following behind. They ran past the mass of black faces without seeing any of them.

The black eyes were rivetted on the heap of rags that lay just outside the gate. There was a soft murmuring growl from somewhere inside the mass.

"Keep quiet, keep quiet," one of the constables said, the earlier harshness gone from his voice.

"Here, God, man! Must you shoot to kill?" the sergeant ranted when Constable Johannes de Villiers and the other three came up to the body. "You bloody fool! Shoot these bastards

in the leg, man! Now we'll have God-knows-who asking questions around here—and think of all the paper-work it means for me! You damn recruits will be wanting to shoot a white man one of these days!"

The sergeant went through the pockets of the boy. Piet looked on, his stomach slowly tightening as he examined the face of the dead boy.

"He's got nothing on him. Who the hell is he? What a lot of bother this is going to be!" the sergeant looked round angrily as he straightened up.

"Askies, Baas," the fat black constable said, waddling forward. "We got him in Seventh Avenue—he didn't have a pass. He's just a tsotsi—we found this on him."

The constable proffered a bone-handled hunting knife. The sergeant grabbed it, gave it one look and held it out to the constable. Piet seized it and examined it, his stomach a tight, sickening knot.

He bent down quickly and looked at the left wrist of the dead boy. He licked at his thumb and vigorously rubbed the inside of the wrist.

Then, slowly, he came to his feet. The initials "P.G.W." were still clear in the bone handle after ten years. "No wonder I never found the knife afterwards," he muttered as he walked away, ignoring the questions that were fired at him.

He looked at the jagged scar on the inside of his left wrist and walked away, massaging it.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Little boy threw
An old shoe
At a black boy.

Mama said
Papa said
Blackmen are bad.

Black boy
Picked up the shoe
Took it back home
Hung it high
On the Christmas tree
At the top
All alone.

Mama said
Papa said
Why you so sad?

Christmas is happy time
Jesus is born
That shoe is a gift
See
How it is filled
Gold
Frankincense
Myrrh . . .
The same as our Lord.

Not this shoe
No sir,
Said the little black child,
This shoe has a spur
And I'll use it to ride.
Inside is a whip
And a gun
And a knife.

Mama said
Papa said
Child — that is life.

No
Said the child,
Not this shoe
No sir
This shoe is death
And I'll wear it
Until
My very last breath.

"Black boy
Thy skin offends me.
Take it off."

"I can't Lord."

"Who gave it you?"

"You did Lord."

"Give it me back.
I'll make a flag
For all the world
And give you in its place
Another skin,
Another face."

"No Lord
Since you made the gift
My skin's my own.
I'll make of it
Another world
And live in it
Alone."



BOOK REVIEWS

ON RACE RELATIONS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago when the study of race relations had only begun, no one foresaw its growth. It is significant that there is no article on 'prejudice' or on 'discrimination' in that great monument of American scholarship, the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, completed in 1935. To-day no one, outside South Africa, could possibly produce a book about race relations without employing those tools of analysis, the terms 'prejudice' and 'discrimination'.

Discrimination, the more familiar phenomenon, manifests itself in the operation of law, being the publicly sanctioned imposition of a disability on the ground of race, colour, or religion.

Prejudice is a word not yet as commonly used as discrimination. It is, however, a useful and necessary term which does not mean the same thing as discrimination. Prejudice is defined by Professor Gordon Allport as "an avertive or hostile attitude towards a person who belongs to a group (or race), simply because he belongs to that group, and is therefore presumed to have the objectionable qualities ascribed to the group". Examples of prejudice in South Africa are these: the civil service will not employ Indians; or that the commercial banks will not employ Jews; or that shops will not normally employ Africans to serve the public from behind the counter. Any educated African can tell dozens of stories about the prejudice he has had to endure. In all cases of prejudice there is no law compelling those responsible to behave as they do, but tradition or practice has produced a form of behaviour almost as firmly as law could.

One of the most important achievements of the Nationalist Government in South Africa has been to strengthen colour

prejudice by raising its practices to the level of laws that can be broken only on pain of punishment. The measures passed in the 1957 session of Parliament to control private social intercourse between Black and White are the keystone in the great arch of legislation erected since 1948. To appreciate the enormity of this achievement, unique in the contemporary world, one needs to get a glimpse of what is being written on race relations in the United States and in Britain. Fortunately, a stream of books on the subject continues to flow from the publishers.

Of recent books much the most distinguished has come from an American Negro, Professor E. Franklin Frazier of Howard University in Washington, D.C. **The Black Bourgeoisie** (published by *The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois*) is not merely a study but a candid criticism of the Negro middle-class. We in Africa have rightly been accustomed to think of the American Negroes as the most advanced of all Coloured peoples. Their African heritage having virtually vanished, the Negroes have been increasingly integrated into American culture since the emancipation of the slaves. Of course, the Whites in the Southern States have also led the world in the discovery and invention of a variety of techniques and arguments whereby the Negroes could be—and still are—denied full equality. So ingenious and subtle are some of these techniques and arguments that by contrast they show up *apartheid* and its apostles in all their simple crudity.

Professor Frazier's aim has been to demonstrate that the Negro's acceptance of middle-class values has not secured for him an ample measure of either racial equality or social justice. On the contrary, it has landed him in a world of make-believe. Take first the myth of Negro business. The Negroes have achieved their greatest commercial success in the insurance companies and newspapers which they own and operate. At first glance this looks like a considerable achievement, and so it is by comparison with the absence of anything like it in any part of Africa. But Mr. Frazier has plenty of facts and figures to prove that Negro commerce amounts in reality to an insignificant part of the American economy. Even in Harlem Whites run twice as many small businesses as Negroes.

This analysis could have been carried further. The Negro middle-class is more advanced than the African middle-class, even on the West coast, but, like the African middle-class, it is not a true *bourgeoisie* of the kind that provided the essential

element in the progress of Western Europe. The main reason why it is only a *petite bourgeoisie* is that it has not yet succeeded in accumulating resources of capital for productive investment. It represents less a special economic interest than a general emotional and intellectual revolt against restrictive laws and personal indignity. The Negroes, like most educated Africans, want the kind of equality that is supposed to exist in a free, competitive society based on capitalism, not the sort of equality that socialists hope to achieve in a classless society. But neither in America nor in Africa has the Black middle-class been able to secure for itself that solid, comfortable share of the economy which comes from investment, as distinct from the much smaller share which comes from the employment of personal services, as in the professions.

This economic difference has had important political consequences in Africa but not in America. In the United States (and it is a pity that Mr. Frazier does not go on to point this out) the Negroes have not in the past been an effective political force, holding a real balance of power; nor, apparently, have they aimed to occupy such a position. Nor is there a major party of the Left to which they could attach themselves in effective numbers. The situation in South Africa shows a significant contrast. Public policy has long prevented the growth of a Black middle-class, even to the limited extent visible among American Negroes. There is virtually no African middle-class, if the test is not simply a white collar but access to opportunities for trade investment, speculation, and substantial profit-making in general. As a result, the emerging middle-class of the modest professional and clerical type (including teachers, preachers, clerks, and the like) have been forced to ally themselves with the African working-class and to make common cause with them against the injustices and disabilities imposed on all Africans by virtue of their race. Does not this fact go far to explain the radical (and not merely liberal) direction taken by the African National Congress in recent years? Congress seems to have broadened its aims and activities from a desire for better opportunities for the middle-class and freedom from legal disabilities to a demand for a national minimum wage coupled with minimum standards of welfare for all the people.

To return to Mr. Frazier's book, what has distorted the picture of the Negroes' position is the exaggerated version of it constantly given by the Negro press. There are 169 Negro newspapers,

all but seven being weeklies, and they are all controlled by Negroes. (Compare with this the sad fact that in South Africa there is not a single periodical run by Africans.) The main function of these papers is to depict the Negroes as people who have achieved social status in the eyes of Americans. Mr. Frazier gives illuminating examples of this habit; for instance, reports of conspicuous personal expenditure supposed to reflect glory on those with the money to spend so lavishly. Moreover, even in political affairs, whether domestic or international, the Negro press is careful never to take a line that deviates from what is respectable in the White press. When American troops were fighting an action in Indo-China in 1953 that brought the world to the brink of total war, the Negro papers were content to note with satisfaction the employment of Black men among the combatants. On the subject of the press, Mr. Frazier might perhaps have noted in passing that the press of any minority group tends to behave in a similar way.

What all this reveals is that the strenuous efforts of the Negroes to attain middle-class status amount to 'nothing' (the word is Mr. Frazier's). Perhaps no one but a Negro scholar of Professor Frazier's distinction could have written such a sharp exposure of the limits of bourgeois values and achievements. If any other scholar had done this, his work would have risked being dismissed as the product of either racial prejudice or unsound radicalism. Is it not itself a welcome sign of emancipation from orthodox ideas and of intellectual integrity at a high level that such a book should now come from the pen of a leading Negro? How long will we have to wait before an African appears who can write with such insight and detachment about Africans? It may be a very long time and, in our impatience, we need to remember how long it has taken nationalities with fewer obstacles in their way to produce their own critics.

To turn from this book to recent British literature is to enter a simpler world, untroubled by the complexities of race relations or by social theory and thus lacking the insight capable of penetrating much below the surface of things. Britain is coming up against the problems of inter-racial contacts and conflicts, yet very few Englishmen are well equipped to analyse them. There is still an inclination to believe that goodwill and kindness will somehow find a way through them. In **They Seek a Living** (*Hutchinson*), Miss Joyce Egginton begins by describing the situation in Jamaica and other Caribbean islands that drives

West Indians to Britain in a stream that will not slacken. The main facts about the poverty of the people, their illusions about Britain, their inevitable disappointments there, and the attitudes towards Coloured people they encounter in the big cities—all these have already been recorded, notably in the books that embody the research work done at the University of Edinburgh under the inspiration of Dr. Kenneth Little, the British pioneer in this field of study. Miss Egginton has nothing much to add, but her readable book will reach a public that finds the reports of more detailed investigations hard to digest.

One of the best reports is that written by two West Indians, Clarence Senior and Douglas Manley. The Fabian Society in London did well to ask Mr. Norman Mackenzie, an assistant editor of *The New Statesman*, to condense their report on **The West Indian in Britain** and to publish it as a Fabian pamphlet. What strikes one about the survey, and likewise about Mr. Mackenzie's preface and Miss Egginton's book, is how tolerant the British are about a situation that grows worse with every passing year. To cope with it they have hardly anything more effective to propose than the sort of kindly measures that Lady Bountiful would recommend for helping the deserving poor anywhere. Neither of the British writers seems to know that prejudice has been the subject of intensive and extensive study in the United States, especially in the last fifteen years. Consequently, they do not recognize that prejudice is a plant which will flourish if it is not regarded as a weed to be uprooted. Prejudice does not remain stationary: it either grows or dies, according as it is assisted or attacked. We in South Africa know all too well how quickly prejudice can be encouraged by a multiplicity of laws and conventions the like of which no other country has had to suffer. The British, while always ready to censure *apartheid*, have so far done very little to prevent the growth of colour prejudice in Britain itself.

There is one good, straight-forward test to apply to the British. Those who are serious in their desire to curb prejudice must clamour for the House of Commons to pass a Bill making it unlawful to practise racial discrimination in the provision of any public amenity. This would mean that no hotel or restaurant or landlady with rooms to let could refuse occupation or service to anyone for reasons of race or colour; and that, likewise, no public body, such as a municipal corporation, and no state-controlled industry could refuse to employ anyone for such

reasons. A Private Member's Bill on these lines has, in fact, been introduced into the House of Commons several times in the last few years, but it has made no progress. Various objections to it are brought forward by the Conservatives. They argue that there is no need for such a law; that it would not work; that it is contrary to English legal tradition; that, anyhow, law can't cure prejudice; and so on. Of course, no British M.P. would ever countenance any obvious form of racial discrimination, nor would he approve of the kind of colour prejudice that refuses service to a Black man entering a public bar or hotel. But, equally, few British M.P.s, except a handful of Labour members, have displayed any enthusiasm for a Bill of the kind indicated.

The answer to those who say that a law against racial discrimination will not work is that such a law is in fact working in a dozen American states, including New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. Negroes in these states who are refused service can—and regularly do—sue the proprietors of the restaurant for damages. It is true, of course, that the passing of such a Bill would not deter every London landlady from excluding Coloured men from her lodgings. But many laws of all kinds continue to be broken year after year although offenders are penalized. The value of a law like the American statutes lies in its announcement that the country or community disapproves of certain conduct and therefore makes it liable to a penalty. In other words, legislation can be employed to help *create* public opinion of the kind desired by the legislators.

To understand this it is necessary to perceive that legislation is not necessarily what it normally is, a response to the pressure of public or group opinion or emotion. Legislation in the sphere of race relations can be a powerful agency employed to create or to fortify a body of opinion that without this artificial support would not exist or might in time suffer defeat by rival opinions in an open contest. This is a view generally accepted by American sociologists but not appreciated by the British, to whom sociology has remained rather a closed book. Dr. Verwoerd, however, could explain the significance of this view to the British without difficulty because he is a trained sociologist as well as a politician who applies his knowledge of society.

In some countries such as the United States, Soviet Russia, and even to some extent Northern Rhodesia, legislation is being

used to prohibit racial discrimination and to combat the colour prejudice which breeds it. It is South Africa's unique distinction to pass more and more legislation to increase discrimination and so to prevent prejudice from declining. Mr. Strijdom and other Nationalist leaders recognize that as industrialization and urbanization proceed, closer contact between the races would inevitably lead in time to a gradual reduction of prejudice and to its eventual disappearance in an effective form unless this trend were reversed by law, as it has been with mounting effect since 1948. That is why Dr. Verwoerd is quite right, from his point of view, to try and restrain even social intercourse, which is bound to diminish colour prejudice between the races. And, equally, the British are quite wrong, from their point of view, to refrain from using the moral force of law to curb the growth of prejudice against Coloured people in Britain. All the leading American sociologists are to-day agreed about the effects of public law in reducing private prejudice. A study of the use of law in South Africa for the opposite purpose would fully confirm their view of the role of law in race relations. It is time for people who are themselves free from prejudice, to recognize law as an agency of social control that can be used equally to promote or to eradicate popular prejudice. It is a pity that while South African Nationalists are busy using law to promote prejudice, British liberals and socialists who hate *apartheid* hesitate to use law, as Americans do, to eradicate it.

JULIUS LEWIN

SPONSORS

SOUTH AFRICAN

MARGARET BALLINGER M.P. *Native Representative.*
SENATOR W. BALLINGER *Native Representative.*
GUY BUTLER *Poet and Professor, Rhodes University.*
H. DAVIDOFF M.P. *Labour.*
PATRICK DUNCAN *Farmer.*
ERROL HARRIS *Professor, University of the Witwatersrand.*
ELLEN HELLMANN *Ex President, Institute of Race Relations.*
ALEX HEPPLE M.P. *Leader, Parliamentary Labour Party.*
A. W. HOERNLÉ *Ex President, Institute of Race Relations.*
LEO KUPER *Professor, University of Natal.*
L. LEE-WARDEN M.P. *Native Representative.*
LEO LOVELL M.P. *Labour.*
CHIEF A. J. LUTHULI *President-General of the African National Congress.*
J. W. MACQUARRIE *Ex Native Education Inspector.*
WINIFRED MAXWELL *Professor, Rhodes University.*
JESSIE MCPHERSON *Chairman S.A. Labour Party, Ex Mayor of Johannesburg.*
DR. G. M. NAICKER *President of the Natal Indian Congress.*
JORDAN K. NGUBANE *Journalist.*
ALAN PATON *Author of "Cry the Beloved Country."*
THE RT. REV. R. A. REEVES *Bishop of Johannesburg.*
SENATOR LESLIE RUBIN *Native Representative.*
ANNE WELSH *Writer, Economics Lecturer.*

ENGLISH

BASIL DAVIDSON *Writer.*
THOMAS EDWARD DRIBERG *Journalist, Lecturer, Broadcaster*
VICTOR GOLLANCZ *Publisher, Writer.*
JO GRIMOND, M.P. *Leader of the British Liberal Party.*
JOHN HATCH *Writer.*
FATHER TREVOR HUDDLESTON *Master of Novices, Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield*
KENNETH KIRKWOOD *Rhodes Professor of Race Relations, Oxford.*
COLIN LEGUM *Journalist.*
RT. HON. A. CREECH JONES P.C., M.P. *Ex Secretary of State for the Colonies.*
KINGSLEY MARTIN *Editor, New Statesman and Nation.*
ALAN ROSS *Writer.*
THE REV. DONALD O. SOPER *Methodist Leader.*
THE RT. REV. JOHN LEONARD WILSON *Bishop of Birmingham.*

AMERICAN

ROGER N. BALDWIN, *Chairman, International League for the Rights of Man.*
JANE BOLIN *Judge, New York City.*
VAN WYCK BROOKS *Author and Critic.*
DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY *Writer and Radio Moderator.*
DR. KENNETH B. CLARK *Race Relations Psychologist.*
LOUIS FISHER *Author and Journalist.*
JOHN GUNTHER, *Author and Journalist.*
THE REV. DONALD HARRINGTON *Chairman, American Committee on Africa.*
Minister, Community Church of New York.
THE REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING *President, Montgomery Improvement Association.*
THURGOOD MARSHALL *Special Counsel to the N.A.A.C.P.*
DR. BENJAMIN E. MAYS *President, Morehouse College.*
DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR *Writer and Theologian.*
THE REV. WALTER P. OFFUTT *Assistant Secretary, Protestant Council.*
THE VERY REV. JAMES A. PIKE *Dean, Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine.*
VICTOR G. REUTHER *International Affairs Director, United Automobile Worker.*
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT *U.S. Statesman.*
NORMAN M. THOMAS *American Socialist Leader.*

*All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Ronald M. Segal,
P.O. Box 1039, Cape Town, South Africa.*

Branch offices:

UNITED KINGDOM: Miss R. Ainslie, 25, Cambridge Gardens, London, W.10
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Mrs. S. Pauley, 320 West 87th Street,
New York City.
WEST AFRICA: Mr. E. Mphahlele, P.O. Box 517, Lagos, Nigeria

PRINTED IN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA BY PIONEER PRESS (PTY.) LTD., CAPE TOWN, AND
PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS, AFRICA SOUTH PUBLICATIONS (PTY.) LTD., NEW BRIDGE COURT
KOEHLER ROAD, MATTLAND, CAPE.