

AFRICA SOUTH

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Special Features:

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

by Rev. Charles Hooper

THE ACCRA CONFERENCE

by Colin Legum

THE ART OF AFRICA

Articles and Poems



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EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL

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CONTENTS

REQUIESCAT - - - - -	1
CARTOON <i>by David Marais</i> - - - - -	4
SIX PORTRAITS OF APARTHEID	
THE INTELLECTUAL FRAUD <i>by Dr. Ellen Hellmann</i> - - - - -	5
THE MORAL COST <i>by the Rt. Rev. R. A. Reeves</i> - - - - -	12
DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST <i>by Rev. Charles Hooper</i> - - - - -	15
THE COST TO LAW AND ORDER <i>by the Hon. F. A. W. Lucas</i> - - - - -	23
THE ECONOMIC COST <i>by Ralph Horwitz</i> - - - - -	32
LIQUOR AND THE COLOUR BAR <i>by Brian Bunting</i> - - - - -	36
THE STRIKE THAT FAILED <i>by Stanley Uys</i> - - - - -	44
THE TRIAL TAKES SHAPE (III) <i>by Harry Bloom</i> - - - - -	51
BOKLAAGTE GOES TO THE POLLS <i>by David Marais</i> - - - - -	58
FEDERATION AND THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY <i>by James Callaghan, M.P.</i>	62
THE LABOUR PARTY STATEMENT ON CENTRAL AFRICA - - - - -	66
PARTNERSHIP <i>by Reginald Reynolds</i> - - - - -	68
LUSAKA DIARY <i>by Harold Plachin</i> - - - - -	69
THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC COMMUNITY AND AFRICA <i>by V. Pillay</i> - - - - -	76
THE ACCRA CONFERENCE <i>by Colin Legum</i> - - - - -	82
DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENT AFRICAN STATES - - - - -	92
THE ART OF AFRICA (<i>with illustrated inset</i>)	
AN INTRODUCTION <i>by Professor A. J. H. Goodwin</i> - - - - -	94
WEST AFRICAN WOOD CARVING <i>by K. C. Murray</i> - - - - -	102
RELIGIOUS PATRONAGE—CYRENE <i>by Rev. W. Ffrangcon Jones</i> - - - - -	106
THE POETRY OF LEON DAMAS - - - - -	109
THE POETRY OF LEOPOLD SEDAR-SENGHOR - - - - -	111
TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE (V) <i>by Dr. A. C. Jordan</i> - - - - -	113
SOUTH-EASTER <i>by Noel Frieslich</i> - - - - -	119
BOOK REVIEWS <i>by Nadine Gordimer, Peter Worsley, A. J. H. Goodwin</i> - - - - -	124

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REQUIESCAT

THE Grand Guignol of the General Election is over, and the Nationalists have been returned to power with a larger number of Parliamentary seats—just under two-thirds of the total—and a substantial increase in their share of the popular White vote. The extravagantly favourable redelimitation of constituencies was hardly required. The results reveal a clear swing towards the Government, even in the cities, and the Nationalists would undoubtedly have won in any case.

The United Party Opposition never stood a chance from the beginning. Assiduously avoiding any real alternative to apartheid, the party salesmen peddled the shoddy underwear of Nationalist policy up and down the country, shouting or whispering its attractions according to the character of the audiences they addressed. In the event, the voters quite clearly preferred the original to the second-hand, the established to the equivocal. And who can blame them? If one believes in White supremacy at all, one must trust inevitably to the truncheon and the gun to uphold it. And the Nationalists can never be outbid at brutality.

Where the United Party managed to gain seats, it did so at the expense of Labour, whose representatives were eliminated from Parliament for the first time since Union. Nothing else, of course, should have been expected. The Labour Party has fought against apartheid during the last ten years with courage and consistency, and this was hardly an accomplishment likely to commend itself to a White electorate encouraged in its colour frenzy by Nationalist and United Party candidates alike. There should be little rejoicing in the United Party at its successes, however, for it has only speeded its own moral and political disintegration as a result. It has shown that the electorate will not support a party opposed to the colour bar. But its own spectacular defeat at the hands of the Nationalists has established the barrenness of opposition by mimicry. It has succeeded in proving profitless any loyalty to a progressive principle, while itself suffering rout for its expediency. Its dilemma is complete. No doubt it will continue to make a noise for a while—even dried old bones clatter when they're kicked—but the United Party as we know it is dead and will soon enough lie down.

The election results are unambiguous, the electorate believes in White supremacy and means to maintain it whole at any cost.

No Parliamentary party can afford to ignore this. It must either surrender the possibility of power to a progressive policy and so enter the wilderness of the extra-Parliamentary struggle, or attach itself to the Nationalists in a coalition of terror. There are already shifty references in the English-language press to an *entente* between the less lunatic Nationalists and the United Party. And though much of the gossip is of the sounding-out sort, it is probably true that the Government is not as solid as it seems. Like all things over-blown, there is corruption under its taut skin. And the existence of a large Parliamentary Opposition in search of a home provides temptation enough for any of Strijdom's disaffected aides. The problem of power is that it only decreases by sharing, and there will always be those who enjoy less of it because others enjoy more. Now, with supreme power so securely entrenched, it would be strange indeed if the Nationalists did not fall out with one another over a proper division of the spoils.

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Undoubtedly, the Parliamentary scene will, sooner or later, change. But the change will be personal and not political. For whoever constitutes the Cabinet or heads the Republic, the policy of the administration will have to be the same—to maintain White rule for as long as force can maintain it. Mr. Ben Schoeman, the Nationalist Minister of Transport, proclaimed at an election meeting in Bellville on March 24, 1958, "Supremacy means that you have the political power in your hands and that you can be overthrown only by a revolution." More arrogantly than anyone else has Mr. Schoeman portrayed the rigidity of the Parliamentary pattern. The White electorate did more in the General Election than vote for apartheid. It voted, ultimately, for revolution.

By whatever name apartheid is called, it remains the reason why non-Whites are plundered of their land, their liberty and, finally, their lives; why Africans must carry documents on their person wherever they go, in order that their movements may be restricted and their employment controlled; why fathers are separated from their children and husbands from their wives, lest a migratory Black labour force found families and homes in the towns. What the United Party christens 'leadership' and the Nationalists 'supremacy' is the education of non-White children for kitchen and field, the drink-dazed Coloured labourers in the vineyards of the Western Cape, the

private farm jails of the Transvaal with their whippings to work. Apartheid is a policeman beating up an African for being 'cheeky', and apartheid is the tens of thousands of children who sicken and die when the winter comes to the cold, black corners of the shanty-towns. Apartheid is fourteen million people, of whom eleven million are Coloured and Black, and a Parliament of one hundred and sixty-three members, every one of whom is White.

Can the non-Whites be expected to endure such oppression forever? For as long as they believe in the possibility of relief through the law, so long will they canvass their case by plea and by protest. But their trust is expendable. And when they no longer believe they will ever achieve their rights through the peaceful procedure of government, will they not rise up, in the courage of their despair, against the authors of their agony? The Whites, indeed, are allowing them no other choice. They have marked their ballot-papers with the promise that their rule will last as long as repression can protect it. Can they hold any but themselves to blame if their challenge is accepted?

It will go hardly from now onwards, if the threats of Mr. Schoeman and his colleagues are to be believed; the taps will be turned on full. Every demonstration of non-White opposition to apartheid will be clutched by the Government as an opportunity to tighten the terror. The African National Congress has already been banned by the Minister of Native Affairs in three of the areas under his jurisdiction. Doubtless, it will not be long before the whole Congress movement is proscribed. And what will that change? A movement that images the aspirations of a people can grow as well in a cellar as under the sky, it only sends its roots down deeper in the dark. Doubtless, whatever the armed might of a modern State can accomplish, the Government will attempt. And yet, what will that change? For violence achieves nothing but violence, till in the end it destroys only itself. Indeed, it will go hardly from now on. The Whites have put their crosses to intransigence. But they have not changed, and they cannot change, the end.



SIX PORTRAITS OF APARTHEID

I. THE INTELLECTUAL FRAUD

Dr. ELLEN HELLMANN

Past President of the South African Institute of Race Relations

“OUR political apartheid policy is *not*, as the Archbishop wrongly assumes, ‘a policy which aims at entrenching permanent White domination’ over the non-Whites.” So Mr. W. van Heerden, editor of *Dagbreek en Sondagnuus*, wrote recently in one of his regular feature pages. In this “Geselsie met Biskoppe” (3 February, 1958), Mr. van Heerden not only tells the Archbishop of Cape Town and the Bishop of Johannesburg where they are wrong, but ends with a condensed statement of what apartheid really is, so that the new Archbishop may the more fully appreciate how gravely he errs in condemning apartheid as abhorrent.

I, personally, had thought that we had long passed this phase of shadow-boxing and that South Africans were at least agreed on this: that apartheid does, in fact, mean White supremacy. It is precisely because it means White supremacy that the National Party sells apartheid so successfully to its followers, and that its chief Parliamentary Opposition, the United Party, dares not repudiate it, but has to take uncomfortable refuge in such monstrosities as “Discrimination with Justice.” It is surely indisputable that most White South Africans understand apartheid to mean simply that the White man will continue to have pretty near exclusive political power and the immense economic and social privileges that he now enjoys.

If he yields any of these privileges, so runs the dogma, and particularly if he permits non-Whites any share in real government, no matter how limited, then the White man is doomed. He will be engulfed by the Black majority surrounding him; he will be politically subjugated; and “White civilization” will crumble and be swept away. This has been the burden of Nationalist teaching and preaching for the ten years they have been in power and for the many years they were seeking to secure power. In parliament and out of parliament, in season and out of season, the National Party has rammed it home: the White man baas.

But, no, says Mr. van Heerden, apartheid does not mean this at all. Apartheid does not mean permanent White domination.

"The truth," he says, "is the very reverse," and proceeds to elaborate as follows: "The political apartheid policy flows from the realization and recognition that the non-White must and shall develop to the stage at which he will be entitled to full individual and national recognition. Because this is recognized, South Africa's apartheid policy aims at laying in good time the foundation for a political system whereby the demands of non-Whites can in due course be completely satisfied without it necessarily meaning that Whites will disappear in a non-White proletariat. In keeping with this principle, we differentiate between White and Black, not because the one is regarded as superior and the other as inferior, but simply to prevent the non-White element from becoming rooted in White society before the process of planned political and national separation can be completed. In accordance with this, and in no other sense, is the term 'White domination' used, and it means nothing but the continuation of the White's political domination in his own White homeland." Is this, Mr. van Heerden concludes, something to be "abhorred"?

Although the broad subject of apartheid has been debated till the repetition of familiar arguments has become sickeningly wearisome, this statement demands refutation. There are two reasons for this. The first is that one must guard against a technique with which the world has, to its great cost, become familiar: repeating an untruth or a half-truth sufficiently often till its very repetition gives it the ring of veracity. The second is Mr. van Heerden's own influential and equivocal position: influential because, quite apart from being the editor of certainly the leading Afrikaans Sunday paper, he is one of a group of Afrikaans intellectuals to whom great deference is paid; equivocal, because Mr. van Heerden slides so easily from the role of interpreter of the idealistic total territorial separation school of apartheid to that of supporter of ordinary run-of-the-mill Government apartheid policies and, in so doing, adds a moral gloss to obnoxious laws. The fact that apartheid has different meanings, that it means different things in different contexts and when used by different spokesmen, facilitates Mr. van Heerden's multiplicity of roles.

Apartheid can, and to some does, mean complete territorial separation; but they are, I believe, very few. A better and simpler term would be "partition." To this school belong some, but not all, of the members of SABRA, some few of the

ministers of the Dutch Reformed Churches, some of the Afrikaans intellectuals. Put briefly, this school believes that in a mixed society there will inevitably be discrimination against non-Whites; that any attempt to bring about greater equality of rights and opportunities will incur such resistance from Whites that it will lead to conflict; and that the only just and peaceful solution lies in creating separate homelands for Africans. Morally, as Professor Hoernlé made clear many years ago, territorial segregation is a justifiable solution, compatible with liberal principles. But he recognized equally clearly, in the chapter significantly headed "Heartbreak House," that territorial segregation was impossible of realization.

To-day it is not more, but even less capable of realization. A larger proportion of Africans is permanently settled outside the Native Reserves. The economy, greatly expanded since then, is more dependent on non-White labour, not only in unskilled, but in operative ranks.

The Government-appointed Tomlinson Commission itself, ideologically committed to partition though it was, has in fact and figure shown up partition as an impossibility. Its starting point was the distribution of the African population at the last census in 1951:

In the Bantu areas	..	3½ million, which is 43 per cent.
In the Towns	..	2½ million, which is 27 per cent.
On the European farms	..	2½ million, which is 30 per cent.

This, obviously, is no basis for partition. Not only is more than half the total African population outside the Bantu areas, but the 3½ million in the Reserves are sunk in poverty, not economically self-supporting, and dependent to a large extent on the extra-Reserve earnings of migrant wage-earners in order to live even on the low standard of Reserve living. The Commission made a thorough study of the Reserves—240 different areas, varying in size and soil and rainfall, one-third of them lying in the Union's best climatic zones, but constituting in all some 13 per cent. of the total area of this country. The Commission surveyed these areas, assessed carrying capacity, laid down the requirements for economic units on which a full-time peasant family could be self-supporting and, after careful calculation, reckoned that the primary sector of the economy, that is agriculture, forestry and mining, could—by planned development—carry 2.4 million people. On the analogy of Canada (why this particular analogy no one knows,

nor is it explained), where the agricultural population constituted 29 per cent. of the total in 1941, the Commission calculated that a further 5½ million would find a living in secondary and tertiary activities. This, together with a half million migrants working in the "European sector" and their 1½ million dependents, would give a total *de jure* Reserve population of some ten million.

So far, so good. Good, that is, overlooking the obvious fact that a half million migrants do not logically fit into a plan for total separation and that, in social planning, one does not normally plan for migratory labour. In point of fact, normally one embarks on social planning to prevent just that. But the real snag in this carefully mapped blueprint is that, according to the Commission's projections of population growth, by the time this agricultural, industrial and commercial regeneration has been brought about in the Reserves, there will still be six million Africans for whom there will be no room in 'their own areas'. What all this amounts to is that even if the optimum expectations of the Commission are realized, if within the next 25 to 30 years a complete transformation of the Reserves is brought about, there will still be 6½ million Africans, nearly 2 million more than in 1951, in what is called the "White area." Africans—quite apart from Coloureds and Indians—will still greatly outnumber Europeans.

But that there is not the least likelihood of even this position being reached is plain from the Government's reaction to the Commission's report. The Commission made individual tenure the cornerstone of its plans for agricultural rehabilitation. The Government rejected this proposal outright. The Commission, urging with great emphasis the need for immediate large-scale action, said that £104 million must be spent on its plans over the next ten years. The Government voted £3½ million for the first year and did not even spend that.

It has been said before. But it must be said again. Total territorial separation—partition—exists nowhere but in the imagination of a small band of idealists. For the rest, it is a convenient fiction and nothing more; a fiction that acts as the grand camouflage under cover of which justification is sought for the actions of a Government which legislates in the "White areas" as though the fiction of the development of the Bantu areas had become fact. Mr. Leo Marquard put it precisely when he said: "Territorial apartheid was born as a

myth and has grown into a blatant fraud.”

It is this fraud inherent in the approach of the proponents of territorial apartheid that I want to stress. It is fraud to preach what amounts to the gospel of the Tomlinson Commission when, firstly, even the full implementation of the Report would not bring about territorial separation and, secondly, when the Government's reaction to the Report has been such as to ensure that its recommendations will not be carried out. It is fraud to tell an Archbishop, allegedly too new to South Africa to understand what is happening here, that “we differentiate between White and Black, not because the one is regarded as superior and the other as inferior,” without telling him that in fact we legislate in such a way as to ensure the superiority of the White man and the inferiority of the non-Whites. It is hypocrisy to tell the Archbishop that “White domination” only means the White's political domination in his own homeland without telling him that this “own homeland” comprises 87 per cent. of the Union's area, includes all the cities and towns of this country, and has—on to-day's figures—more than five million Africans in it, many of them permanently resident there and with no other place to live.

Let us get it clear. Government legislation during their two terms of office, a decade of apartheid, has not meant merely “differentiation”: it has meant discrimination, naked and deliberate discrimination, and ruthless curtailment of the already restricted rights of non-Whites. To-day the African is confined in a straight-jacket of legislation which makes of him not only a voteless, but one of the most rightless of beings this side of the Iron Curtain.

The total pattern is clearly one of securing and entrenching White supremacy. And this is what it is represented as by its political supporters, morally veneered by the assertion that White supremacy is indispensable to the preservation of the thing called White civilization. To attempt to justify this massive repression in the so-called “White area” by reference to unlimited opportunities for development in the Reserves is fraud: for these unlimited opportunities are a myth. To describe what is taking place in South Africa as “parallel development” is a complete distortion. Parallel development demands equivalence of opportunities and of facilities. These do not exist. What we have is division, deliberate and in-

creasing division and inequality.

And that is why world opinion is so hostile. Not because South Africa has not succeeded in building the perfect social order. What nation has? Not because there is injustice and inequality. Where isn't there? But because over 5 million Africans and $1\frac{1}{4}$ million Coloured people and close on half a million Asiatics who live in an area wrongly called the "White area" or the "European sector" are subjected to naked dictatorship and are denied the right to earn equality. It is a dictatorship that can remove them from their homes, force them to shut their businesses, close customary avenues of employment to them, order their removal to another part of the country. Where, in all this, is there any manifestation of what Mr. van Heerden describes as "the realization and recognition that the non-White must and shall develop to the stage at which he will be entitled to full individual and national recognition"? There will be no rest and no peace and no diminution of tension in South Africa until all its citizens realize at last that it is one country, that there is no such thing as a European sector. One look at this "European sector"—at its streets, its factories, its farms, its businesses, its homes—dispels the fiction and lays bare the essential basis of its economic structure: the complete inter-dependence of all groups. Even on the Railways, precious preserve of "civilized labour", the non-White labour force exceeds that of the 108,345 Whites. These non-White workers, millions of them, are "rooted in White society". They are economically rooted already, and the other processes of taking root are developing at such a pace that the process of "planned political and national separation" will never and can never catch up. Further, there is no likelihood that this process of economic inter-dependence will be reversed. On the contrary, it accelerates steadily and irresistibly.

These are, no doubt, the facts that motivated the Archbishop in making the statement which provoked the Government's strong reaction. One does not have to spend a lifetime in South Africa to comprehend the essentials of the South African situation. Nor does one have to spend a whole life absorbing through one's pores South Africa's "traditional outlook" to comprehend whence it springs and why it survives. The desire to maintain a privileged *status quo* is not a peculiarly South African defect, but a universal human characteristic. Racial prejudice is not a sentiment unique to South Africans.

It exists and manifests itself over vast areas of the globe. The difficulty of accommodating within the framework of one society peoples of completely different cultures may be particularly great in the South Africa of to-day, but it is not a difficulty outside the range of historical experience. What is particularly South African—and this is the core of the South African tragedy—is our insistence that a special sanctity attaches to normal and universal failings because they are traditionally ours, and that a special virtue inheres in our rigid refusal to adjust our social and political framework.

To depart from traditional ways is never easy, particularly when the future offers no guarantees. The United States of America, with all its wealth and resources, its borders stretching right across a continent, the relative population homogeneity of the whole North American continent, its commitment to an agreed creed, is experiencing a series of profound political and social convulsions in its attempts to make equal rights a reality for its 10 per cent. minority of Negroes. For South Africa to start creating the conditions wherein its non-White majority will find expanding opportunities and a greater justice cannot proceed painlessly. But in the world of to-day—whether West or East—there is no choice. South Africa deludes itself at enormous peril if it believes it can still choose. The only choice is between voluntary action now or compulsion later. If people in the strategic position that Mr. van Heerden holds would throw in their weight to condition men's minds to the need to drop pretence and to move away now from an outworn traditional outlook, they would be helping to guard this country against a later but pitilessly inevitable compulsion.

2. THE MORAL COST

THE RT. REV. R. A. REEVES

Bishop of Johannesburg

A SINGLE decade is a brief period in the perspective of history. Still it is sufficiently long for us to make some estimate of the events in it. Thus it is that, although it may take many decades, as the authors of apartheid assert, for the whole pattern of their policy to be clearly seen, we have witnessed enough of the application of apartheid to enable us to gain some idea of the moral costliness of what is now taking place in South Africa.

But before doing so we must be clear as to the ethical standards by which we are going to measure its cost. For me, as you will expect, those standards are Christian; standards which assume the validity of the Christian claim about Jesus Christ and the consequent view that Christianity has of the nature and destiny of human beings. I say this, not to demand acceptance of the Christian claims, still less to argue them, but to point out the basis on which Christian ethics rest. Further, we have to recognize that, while Christian ethics have grown out of Hebrew ethics, Christian ethics are essentially an ethic of the Spirit, because they arise as the consequence of the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost—which was at once both a deeply personal and a corporate experience, and out of which was created an entirely new sense of “togetherness” which the Scriptures describe as “fellowship”. It was out of this condition that the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity made their appearance. Although we cannot deal with them in detail, it is important for our purpose to notice in passing one of the important truths that these virtues safeguarded. They served to protect the social character of the Christian ethic. While they are primarily to be expressed towards God, they can never be so expressed by an individual in isolation from his fellows. “He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?” No doubt the “brother” in this question refers in the first place to the fellow-believers, but the Christian must exhibit this same faith, hope and love that he expresses towards God through his relations with other Christians, towards all mankind. This is important for our evaluation of the moral costliness of apartheid, for from the beginning Christian ethics

have had, among others, two abiding characteristics. In the first place Christian ethics are universal in their application. In Christ the barriers between men are destroyed. Certainly this conviction was not accepted without a fierce struggle within the Christian community. But the important thing is that it was, after a short time, accepted. The claim of the Christian ethic transcends the claims of race, sex, and class. Secondly, Christian ethics are internal rather than external. In other words, people are to be ready to do the work that falls to them without anxiously looking out for their own interests, conscious that it is a privilege to be allowed to serve God at all. By implication this means the recognition that other people have interests and rights which must be respected. So it is that when I attempt to evaluate the moral cost of apartheid, I have all this, and much more, in mind.

It would be easy to dismiss apartheid as being so utterly immoral that it can be written off as a complete loss. But to do that would, I believe, be completely irresponsible, for the consequences of human actions are rarely completely evil, just as they are never completely good, however high a person's intentions may be. At the same time the moral cost, for Africans and Europeans alike, is tremendous. Anyone who like myself is continually in intimate contact with Africans cannot fail to realize how serious is the moral cost to the Africans in so many ways. There is the mounting hatred that increasing numbers of Africans have for the police. We may say that this is very largely misplaced, because the police force is under orders. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and it must have the gravest consequences for the whole community when a large section of the population comes to regard the guardians of law and order as its enemies. Then there is the resentment of numbers of parents who are either compelled against their will to accept Bantu Education or who cannot get any education at all for their children. There is the frustration of masses of workers who move between squalid homes and work which offers them no prospect of ever improving their position, and there is the dangerous anger of African leaders who have no means of political expression. Hatred, resentment, frustration, and anger are all qualities of the human mind and heart, the very things with which morality has to deal and which morals exist to combat. It is hardly necessary to refer to the endless crimes against life and property by Africans, for these have become an almost accepted feature of urban life in this country. We must expect such a sorry state of affairs to persist while Africans can

find themselves arrested for the most trivial offences. Today in South Africa apartheid is breeding these evil things on a massive scale in the minds and hearts of countless thousands of Africans. Certainly the present effects of this great experiment in segregation are such that a great moral debit balance is rapidly being built up in the African people.

But grievous as have been the moral results of the policies of the last few years upon the non-Europeans, I am even more disturbed by the moral effects that such policies are having upon many White people in South Africa. There has, I believe, been a noticeable loss in the moral integrity of many Europeans in recent times. This shows itself in a great variety of ways: in the alarming rise in prison statistics; in the prevalence of juvenile delinquency; in the growth in drunkenness and loose living; in the increasing breakdown in family life; in a general deterioration in the standards of conduct and an ever-increasing lack of courtesy and good manners. It would be an exaggeration to link all this too closely with the policy of compulsory segregation, but I am persuaded that there is a closer connection between public policies and personal behaviour than is sometimes suspected. More than that, the student of history knows that the past has many examples to show of the evil effects upon a ruling class which has been determined at all costs to retain all the power in its own hands. Perhaps it will only be when it is too late to affect the situation that the Whites will realise how tremendous has been their moral impoverishment during these last years.

Yet to speak so of the moral consequences of apartheid does not, unfortunately, exhaust the full account of its costliness. Perhaps the historian of the future will conclude that the greatest moral failure of the moment has been that the great majority of those who have the political power to influence the course of events have directed all their efforts to maintaining a political and social structure in a society which was rapidly changing. That would not be so very grave an indictment were there the slightest chance of its being successful. But the long story of mankind suggests that no small ruling minority can ever impose for long its will upon a hostile majority. And its cruel attempt must inevitably lead to the destruction of many valuable social institutions which have been built up so laboriously through the years, whereas this time could have been so usefully employed in transforming them in such a fashion that they would have continued to serve the needs of this rapidly changing multi-racial society.

3. DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

Rev. CHARLES HOOPER

Anglican Rector of Zeerust.

IT is, I suppose, no accident that the Anglican Rectory in Zeerust became for a time one of the focal points of recent events in that area. Accidents there were, however, such as our discovery that there was no place in Zeerust where defending counsel from Johannesburg could interview their African clients. It seemed reasonable to my wife and myself to offer the defence the use of the Rectory for consultations. We had seen the police breaking up attempts at consultations on the Zeerust pavements; and we knew that, apart from the pavements, the only place for consultation was Johannesburg, 150 miles away, or the Reserves, forbidden to Whites without permits, and scattered over 80 miles. From the use of the Rectory as a meeting place for client and counsel to the use of the Rectory as a source of help or a place of refuge was a quick and inevitable development.

But the basis of our involvement in the toils of the Zeerust agony is not accidental. It is really an exceedingly simple matter. Long before there was any question of the issue of reference books to African women, long before the holding of illegal tribal councils and the burning of houses, we had both come to know as fellow human beings the people among whom we had elected to work. My wife and I knew the names of their children, and the places of work of absent husbands. We accepted gifts of eggs from destitute widows, knowing the wound that refusal would inflict. We were asked to settle feuds and comfort the bereaved. Daily we moved among the Bafurutse in the relationship of missionaries to people entrusted to our care—a relationship as remote from the master-servant one as can possibly be imagined. There was, of course, an inequality about the relationship, for priest and teacher are in authority over their people. But one of the points of such authority is that it is something accepted, not something imposed; and it is counter-balanced by the example of Maundy Thursday, by the Christ who girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet. In the event, it was we who learned humility.

We were involved, also, by the simple fact that we are

South African citizens. To put it naively, we believe in law and order; and so, a year ago, did the Bafurutse. Before April, 1957, there could have been few more peaceful districts than the Reserves near Zeerust, where 30,000 African people lived, settling their differences quietly according to tribal custom, without the clash and violence that are so appalling a feature of South African city life. We have watched the destruction among our people of this acceptance of rule by law. We have watched the emergence of gangster chiefs ruling by fear, terrorising their own people with the arrogant impunity afforded by police protection. And we have watched the police themselves reducing the Bafurutse to an acceptance of the belief that might is right. We have listened with horror to our people arguing with each other about whether the only solution to their dilemma is not the murder of the 'rebels,' as they have come to call the gangster chiefs. Inevitably we have taken part in such arguments, pleading with our people, sometimes for hours, not to follow the gangster example which they were experiencing on this scale for the first time. And we have listened, with perhaps greater horror, to the conversations of policemen. On one occasion a policeman—a youngster of about eighteen—said to me: "The Chief Police Commissioner is here, I hope he'll give us permission to shoot these bloody rubbish." On another occasion I was told, about an Anglican woman who had been arrested with others for having allegedly burnt her reference book: "The others pleaded guilty, so we are letting them go. But this one wouldn't plead guilty, so we're sending her to gaol." The moment I offered to bail her out, she too was released. But the classic expression of the police attitude to the recognized processes of law came during the hearings of the Commission of Enquiry, when an officer complained bitterly that the police were being made fools of, because accused persons who had found themselves legal defence were being acquitted on a large scale. Their legal defence, he maintained, was a serious cause of unrest!

And far more destructive of trust in the law than police talk has been police action. Raids in the small hours of the morning; the indiscriminate arrest of nearly naked women dragged out of their blankets and out of their houses in the night; assault by the police or in the presence of the police; the levying of indiscriminate fines by pro-Government Chiefs on people arrested by the police in the presence of the police; the terror-

ising of people who have dared to seek legal help, or to appeal against fines—all these, and more, have been the order of the day in the Zeerust district for more than a year now. Coupled with the fact that in not one case has action been taken on behalf of people alleging assault and bearing the marks of assault, it all amounts to simply this: almost everybody is afraid of the police, and nobody believes that a blameless life is any protection.

Simply because we are South Africans, it has been impossible for us, either by co-operation with the authority which sanctions such violation of law, or by gathering up our skirts and passing by with eyes averted on the other side, to consent to the undermining of the foundations on which a sane society must rest: regard for the rights of the individual and an adherence to natural law.

Our involvement in the Zeerust disturbances has brought consequences both for the Church and for our people. From very early on, once our position seemed clear to those in authority, it has been virtually impossible to transact Church business with the Native Affairs Department. And since the hearings of the Commission of Enquiry last November, not only have our frequent encounters with the police in the Reserves been extremely unpleasant, but Anglican Church members have had to run a sort of gauntlet. In the village of Motswedi, for instance, Anglicans on their way to Church services have encountered roaming 'bodyguards' who have prevented their attendance on the grounds that, instead of the normal words of administration at the time of Communion, the priest has gone down the line of Communicants hissing to each woman: "Burn your reference book!" In this same village a sort of smelling out has been conducted. It has deviated from its almost forgotten traditional pattern in that the objects of enquiry have been, not witches and heretics, but A.N.C. members, Anglicans, and Huddleston-boeties! The irony is that a year ago none but a few of the intelligentsia in the area had heard of either the African National Congress or of Fr. Huddleston.

At the Commission of Enquiry we listened to the official attitude towards our deviationist behaviour. The then Mayor of Zeerust stated how, with his own eyes, he had seen us "shaking hands with, and conversing with, Natives in our back-yard." How, he asked, were the White children of

Zeerust to be properly reared with such an example in their midst? The Zeerust Native Commissioner described "how we enticed Natives with tea and cigarettes, had A.N.C. members on our premises, had our photograph published in *Drum*," etc., etc. This official indictment did not contain any mention of incitement or other illegality; yet the indictment was made to illustrate that we were "causes of unrest"—that we were, in fact, guilty without being law-breakers.

I do not know what the Commission made of all this, as it has published no findings. But without question, during the three months between the date when the Commission concluded its hearing and the date when our entry into the Reserves was prohibited by Dr. Verwoerd, the business of carrying on our ordinary missionary functions became nerve-racking to an almost unbearable degree.

We returned early in December from our annual leave to find the Reserves dotted with armed police camps. Life in the villages was fear-ridden almost to the point of panic; and where previously there had been no more than a trickle of people leaving the area, there was now a daily exodus on a large scale. A number left the district via the Rectory, afraid to go to the Zeerust railway station as it was raided from time to time by groups of 'bodyguards'. They spent the daylight hours hiding in the long grass or in the house itself; and by night they made their way to stations further up the line. I shall not easily forget the day when I walked into my study expecting to find it empty and found in it seven women, some with babies, lying flat on the floor. They had heard that the 'bodyguards' had come to town and they were in full flight. It emerged that these women were out on bail awaiting the hearing of an appeal. They had been chosen as candidates for bail because of age, infirmity, or the fact that with them in gaol had been ailing babies. On their return to their village a couple were beaten by 'bodyguards', and all were immediately hustled out again by their friends who chartered a lorry for the purpose. Their chief, it appeared, took the original line that, he having put them into gaol, it was an act of defiance for them to emerge, bail or no bail; and he went on to fine their menfolk up to £10 each for having the temerity "to treat these guilty women as though they were precious china". The chartered lorry drove straight to the Rectory.

As day succeeded day in December, as the Christmas holidays

came and went, leaving in their wake turmoil, burned houses, mass arrests, small-scale riots, and one death, the Rectory took on at times the feel of an air-raid shelter. And most horrifyingly, the main victims of assault were women, many of them old women; and the assaults were not idle slaps; they were vicious attacks with sticks, with fists, and with sharp-edged slices of car tyre. We did not see the weapons; we did see, frequently, their effect: weals inches long, a quarter of an inch deep; bruises on heads, arms, backs, thighs; loose teeth and clothes clotted with blood.

But there was nothing, apart from elementary first-aid and an attempt at encouragement, to be done about it. We tried.

One wet Monday we took three thoroughly beaten women and their attorney to the police station to make statements and lay charges. The women were afraid to go without us; so, clinging to our antique belief that a police force is designed to protect people and deal with offenders, we went with them. We waited outside the charge office, watching through open doors. The attorney was inside with her clients. Beyond saying that she had brought the women to make statements, she said nothing and did nothing except listen. Half-way through the second statement, a senior Pretoria officer appeared. He read through the first statement and then came over to the attorney. He did not look at her, but said: "You must get outside."

"I am here in the interests of my clients."

"If you do not get outside," the officer jerked a thumb in the direction of the door, "I will have you put out bodily."

"I see." The attorney joined us on the verandah, and the statements were completed. While we waited three men were brought in. Two I did not know. The third I did not recognize at first. Behind a policeman's back he caught my eye and made signs to show that he had been assaulted, and then I recognized him. A week earlier he had been at the Rectory, quietly well dressed. Now his face was thoroughly disfigured, his clothes torn and discoloured with blood.

On the Wednesday following the making of statements by these three women, a fourth woman arrived from their home village in a near-hysterical state. She had covered the 40 miles on foot, and she was related to one of the three. She pleaded with them not to return home. Her story was that their Chief would do them grave harm if they did return, as he had been

told by the police that these three women were trying to get him arrested. The women left the district, and there the whole matter rests.

The refugees who left the district, via our Rectory were a fraction of the total. Many left by less obvious routes, seeking shelter in Bechuanaland or, more precariously, on the Reef. When we went into the Protectorate to gain an inkling of the situation, an official there told me that Bafurutse were scattered from the border to the desert. We saw some: others, we were told, were in hiding in the hills, fearing that they might be returned to the Union.

By mid-January some of our congregations had melted away almost to nothing. But at least the fugitives were having a rest. The ones who stayed were the ones who paid.

On January 24th four people were shot dead and others wounded in the village of Gopane. The shooting took place in the morning, and shortly afterwards one of the villagers put through a telephone call to me. I could hardly understand his frenzied babble, and he rang off abruptly. So we went, and as we were on the point of leaving the village we met, inevitably, a large party of police, to whom, by then, we were well known. We spent forty minutes surrounded by sten guns, having inane questions barked at us about who we were, where we came from, what we were doing, where our identity cards were. A blustering performance. The man who had put through the call to us was subsequently beaten up in the presence of the police, and his sister told us that she paid £30 to have the assault called off.

We were not again treated to sten gun drill; but we did again encounter the tough manner. On one occasion we were entering another village (Leeuwfontein) when the car was stopped at a police camp. We watched policemen carving up an ox—a gift, perhaps, from a ‘loyal’ Chief who had in turn ‘fined’ it out of a villager? A sergeant detached himself idly and came over to us: “You’ll have to clear out at once.”

“Why?”

“The Chief doesn’t want your Church here.”

“I’ve a congregation to care for, whatever the Chief may want.” The sergeant fetched the Chief who repeated his piece. I repeated my piece and then asked for the officer in charge. I was taken to him.

“Am I being forbidden entry here?” I asked.

"I'm not forbidding you."

"Well, who is then?" The officer turned to the Chief. "Look, Chief, write that letter to the Native Commissioner and then we shall see what happens. We can't tell this priest not to go in." So we went in, passing people from the next village herded into a cattle kraal. Coming out we gave lifts to some who had by then been released. And they all had bruises and cuts on their faces.

Finally, a new technique was evolved. One Sunday, in Gopane, we found a police van with armed police inside, back and front, accompanying us wherever we went. They said nothing and did nothing—they just rode with us until we left. That was the end of any pastoral work in Gopane, as it did not take us long to recognize that the most brave Anglican would not be over-eager, in a village seething with fear, to receive benefit of clergy together with five police. Furthermore, the last man whom we visited was forthwith, on Sunday, taken by the police to the Chief and fined £40 for what was called a "Congress offence".

Earlier on the same day we had been chased by a police car, hooting all the way, down a road with a sixty foot sheer drop on the off-side—not the side on which the police seemed desirous of passing. I did not stop until I reached the bottom, when I was asked, to my utter astonishment, if I had seen a large green bus anywhere! Despite my inability to produce one, the interior of the parish car was inspected, and then we were allowed to go on. The police car turned back, questing no doubt for the large green bus which has not yet been found.

Even at home, in Zeerust, well out of the Reserves, the ordinary day to day transactions of Church life were drastically inhibited. The Rectory stands directly opposite the large, imposing buildings of the Native Affairs Department; between the two properties there is nothing but a road and a low wire fence. Each morning we would see our familiar informer taking up his watch on the Rectory, to be relieved at intervals during the day by other 'loiterers', and then ending his day affecting to read a newspaper—in pitch darkness. For teachers, clerks, African policemen, a call to the Rectory meant interrogation afterwards—questions to which the real reply that the call was made to pay rent, arrange a baptism, ask advice, discuss a premature pregnancy, was not acceptable. In the end much of our ordinary out of Church work was done in the late even-

ings. So great was the fear of the authorities that, during the day, except at times of worship, the most inoffensive and unpolitical of Anglicans tended to keep well clear of the Rectory. By the time we were banned, the routine of the Rectory had changed utterly: the business we dealt with was, for us, urgent, often grim, nearly always hurried, and quite unending. The days of impromptu parties with the Mothers Union, of play-production for the children, of vigorous and uninhibited unrehearsed 'concerts' round the Rectory tap, had given place to days that began before dawn with trouble, and ended after sunset with more trouble.

For a year now we have had a question put to us, by our own people, by visiting overseas journalists, by idly curious fellow South Africans: "What is going to happen? Where will all this end?" I do not know. But it is clear that the Zeerust district has become in some way a testing ground for new techniques. The police have learned, and taught, a good deal there in a year. Some Chiefs have learned new tricks, and a totally new method of rule; others cling with admirable determination to the old method, conscious for the first time of its value. The people have learned on a new scale the meaning of fear. I do not presume to predict the outcome, but of this I am certain: where a year ago there was a belief in peace and law, now there is hope only of an eventual dénouement which will have to be catastrophic, perhaps for rulers and ruled alike*.

* Those who are unfamiliar with the background to Rev. Hooper's experiences are referred to, "Zeerust — A Profile of Resistance" by James Fairbairn, in *AFRICA SOUTH*, Vol. II, No. 3.

4. THE COST TO LAW AND ORDER

THE HON. F. A. W. LUCAS

Former Judge of the Supreme Court, Transvaal Division.

Now Judge of Appeal for the High Commission Territories.

THE cost of any government policy can seldom be reckoned in money. There are always effects, good or bad, which are not so tangible, but which nevertheless must be taken into account. For example, taxes are generally destructive. When in England a tax was levied on windows, many windows were bricked up to avoid it. Some revenue was derived from the tax, but the health of the people was injuriously affected. Numerous examples of dangerous consequences flowing from ill-considered attempts to legislate against the determined wishes of the people might be cited. In recent times the most spectacular was probably that of the attempt to enforce Prohibition in the United States. Not only was the attempt a complete failure, but it also brought into being hordes of criminals from whose depredations that country is still suffering.

An examination of the effects of the Union Government's policy of apartheid is desirable so that we may better be able to measure something of its cost to the country. In this article I propose to consider the cost in relation to the whole democratic concept of law, our system of justice and administration of public affairs.

Apartheid may be taken to mean a policy which aims, by way of legislation, to segregate socially, economically, and politically the different racial groups which make up the population of the country. The final object is to bring about the complete separation of our multi-racial population into independent communities. It is not relevant to the purpose of this article to consider the practicability of that policy. The question, however, of how far it is compatible with the basic principles of Western civilization is very relevant.

The foundation of that civilization is the rule of law and equal justice for every member of the community. It demands respect for the worth and dignity of each individual person, acknowledging rights that are not to be invaded or curtailed except under due process of law and are not to be subject to the arbitrariness or caprice of officials or interested parties. Laws are

fallible, because those who practise and enforce them are fallible. But, when they are made with the consent of the governed and impartially applied to everyone, they command general respect and obedience.

It is that respect alone that makes laws effective. If it is lost, the maintenance of law and order becomes manifestly more and more difficult and requires an increasing use of force. When the laws are made and enforced by a small minority of the population, ignoring the wishes of the majority and imposing on them ever mounting disabilities, it is inevitable that those laws should be resented and resistance to them provoked.

It has been said that that country is the happiest which has need of the fewest laws. By such a test South Africa must be one of the least happy countries in the world. Each year our Parliament churns out huge volumes of new laws restricting the liberties of the individual. Over and above them, vast numbers of rules and regulations, having the force of law and still further limiting the freedom of action of the people, are issued. Many of them are made by officials who are responsible to no one. Arbitrary powers are conferred on Ministers and officials to make decisions of the gravest import to those affected, but against which no recourse to the courts is allowed.

In theory every person is supposed to know the law. It is, of course, quite impossible, even for those who are learned in the law, to know of, much less know, the vast mass of laws and regulations that flow from the authorities in an unceasing torrent. And as a very large number of non-Europeans are illiterate, the plethora of laws, mostly imposing new disabilities on them, brings to them a great sense of confusion and injustice.

So numerous are these laws and regulations and so comprehensive are they in their reach, that in 1955 the huge total of 2,022,480 contraventions of them were alleged. That figure represents one contravention to every seven members of the population. Of course, the same persons may be included several times in that total. Nevertheless, the figures are startling and alarming. A very large number of those prosecuted are non-Europeans. And they are charged and convicted for offences which involve no moral obliquity. In 1955, for example, there were no fewer than 84,526 prosecutions for contraventions of "Locations, Mission Station, and Reserves Rules and Regulations".

It would require too much space here to enumerate or examine

all those measures designed to further and enforce the policy of apartheid, but some of them may profitably be mentioned so that their effect on those persons directly concerned and on the community generally may be seen.

The Pass Laws, which date back in one form or another to the previous century, have been a continuing cause of suffering and bitterness for the Africans and productive of a growing contempt for the White man's law. Theoretically, passes have been done away with by the Natives (Abolition of Passes and Co-ordination of Documents) Act, No. 67 of 1952, which substituted reference books for such documents. Except for the convenience of having one book instead of a multiplicity of different passes and papers, however, Africans find that the new arrangement has brought them little, if any, relief from the indignities and anxieties that they had to endure under the pass system. Just as before, they are still liable to arrest if they move a few yards from the premises where they work and have left their reference books behind. The fact that they have perfectly valid books is no defence. When arrested they are marched off to a police station.

There, after much waste of the man's time and that of the police and other officials, he may be released if he signs an admission of guilt and pays the usual, to him enormous, fine of £2 or £3. If he has not got that amount of money with him, he will be detained and brought before the court the next day and fined, with the alternative of serving a term of imprisonment. It is difficult to describe adequately the hardships and indignities suffered by Africans under the Pass Laws.

Recently Colonel Grobler, Deputy Commissioner of Police for the Witwatersrand, said that "to deprive a person of his personal liberty was a serious thing", and he went on to suggest that for technical offences people should be brought to court by means of summons. Dr. Eiselen, the Secretary for Native Affairs, chided the police for making too many arrests for trivial or technical offences, referring particularly to documentary offences. Yet the number of such arrests continues to mount and the suffering involved to increase.

The position has recently been much aggravated in consequence of the Government's attempt to introduce reference books (passes) for African women. Previously they had not been required to have passes. The introduction has been begun in some small towns and a few rural areas. Wherever the attempt has been made it has been met with vigorous opposition. Many of

the books which have been issued have been burned, and there have been numerous riots. Mobs of protesting women have been dispersed in hard-hitting baton charges which leave many injured.

There can be no doubt about the unwavering and bitter hostility which is being provoked among the African population, men and women, by this policy of the Government. It is impossible to exaggerate the resulting resentment against the White man's laws and the damage that it is causing to the relationship between Europeans and Africans.

Apartheid legislation which is causing widespread havoc and immense losses to non-Europeans, although its application is still only in its infancy, is the Group Areas Act and the cognate Natives Resettlement Act, No. 19 of 1954. These Acts, passed by the Government majority in an all-White Parliament without consulting on any level the non-Whites whose interests are adversely and harshly affected by the Acts, have provoked in the sufferers a sullen resistance which is rapidly and dangerously undermining any remaining respect for law. And the Acts are being administered in such a way that all hardships and losses are borne by the non-Whites, while many Whites stand to gain considerably at their expense.

Under the Natives Resettlement Act, the owners of freehold in the African township of Sophiatown, Johannesburg, many of whom have good modern well-equipped houses on their land, are being told to give them up and move to areas where there is no electricity available and there exists none of the amenities which they presently enjoy. The compensation proposed is woefully inadequate. Those persons who are deprived of their businesses will receive no compensation for goodwill. No Africans moved under the Act can obtain a title to freehold land in the areas to which they have to move and must be satisfied with a very insecure leasehold tenure in exchange. The rage and sense of frustration which this measure has aroused can hardly be appreciated by a White person who has been brought up to believe that he can never be deprived of his property, except in the event of overriding public necessity and then only on payment of generous compensation for dispossession and loss.

The Group Areas Act, as it is being applied and if the application is successful, will mean the utter ruin of the Indian population of the Union, some 400,000 persons. These people, many of them with long-established, prosperous businesses, are being ordered to move to bare undeveloped land, far from the

areas where they have previously lived and worked and from access to which they would be cut off by unbridged streams or railway lines. Johannesburg Indians have been ordered to remove to bare veld 22 miles from the city, where there is no accommodation for them, and none of the services or amenities required by a community is available. And the price asked by private owners of land in that area is fantastically high, not much less than the price of land in the fashionable suburbs of Johannesburg. Traders forced to move will not only lose their businesses without receiving any compensation for the goodwill they have built up over many years, but will be restricted, in fact, to trading with their fellow Indians. It does not need a keen imagination to appreciate the fury that has gripped the Indians at the injustice of such proposals and their determination to resist and defeat the application. The cost of thus undermining respect for the law amongst an otherwise law-abiding people cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Under a proclamation made in terms of the Group Areas Act, the Indians in Pageview, Johannesburg, an area set aside for Indians by President Kruger and in which they had legally acquired freehold title to their land, were ordered to move away by August 2nd, 1957. As they were not prepared to move voluntarily and there was no accommodation available for them elsewhere, the Government had no option but to grant permits to them to stay where they were. The fact that proclamations can thus be ignored as impossible of enforcement further weakens the authority of the law.

The same Act has been used to order Coloured people in Johannesburg to prepare to move away from their present homes in the near future. They can now sell only to Europeans, none of whom will buy while the Coloureds remain, so that there is no market if they wish to sell. The Government, which may buy such houses, will do so only at prices far below their real value.

These Acts run so completely contrary to long-established legal rights, to principles fundamental to Western civilization, and to the individual person's sense of justice, that they will not willingly be obeyed. Indeed, they will be resisted in every possible way, legal or illegal.

The Group Areas Act is having a directly hampering effect upon the practice of law by non-Europeans. It has long been the proud boast of the Government's representatives overseas that nothing was done to prevent non-Whites in South Africa from

qualifying for the professions. Under the Group Areas Act, however, when they have qualified as advocates, they are refused permission to have chambers in which to meet clients and prepare their cases, except in non-White areas which are many miles away from the courts where those cases would be heard. Two instances of such hampering have recently occurred in Johannesburg, despite the protests of the Bar Council, the sufferers being Mr. Duma Nokwe, an African advocate, and Mr. Mahomed, an Indian.

The Coloured people are the section most adversely affected by the Population Registration Act, No. 30 of 1950. They are bitterly incensed because it can be, and is being, used to interfere with their development and restrict their activities. They are also resentful at the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act, No. 55 of 1949, and the Immorality Amendment Act, No. 21 of 1950. These Acts have had the effect of breaking up stable unions of long standing between Whites and non-Whites, and, as no provision has been made for the children of such unions, great hardships have been caused by the application of the Acts. The law first prevented couples who were living together from marrying and then prevented them from living together at all. So many tragic instances of broken homes have resulted from the enforcement of these Acts, however, that the Government has suspended their operation in a number of instances. This exercise of administrative discretion, where no authority exists for it, amounts to a serious infringement of the rule of law.

No useful purpose would be served by referring in detail to other apartheid laws. Africans are unequivocally hostile to the Bantu Education Act, which will place insuperable obstacles in the way of their acquiring Western culture and knowledge; to the Nursing Act, which imposes a lower status on African nurses although they have the same qualifications as their European sisters; to the Natives Laws Amendment Act, the Act containing the notorious "Church Clause", with its object of preventing any personal intercourse between Europeans and Africans except in the relationship of master and servant.

The Industrial Conciliation Act, however, which places non-European workers at the mercy of their White fellow workers, is worthy of special mention.

African trade unions may not be registered under the Act. They therefore have no legal status. It is also made a crime for Africans to strike. Their interests as workers are left to be

protected by European officials who are appointed by the Minister of Labour.

No new mixed unions, that is, unions of White and non-White workers, are to be formed. Those mixed unions which existed at the time the Act came into operation may, at the instance of either section of the membership, be split into separate unions along racial lines. Mixed unions which continue to exist must have separate branches and hold separate meetings for their White and non-White members. The Executive Committees of mixed unions must consist of White persons only, unless the Minister permits otherwise.

Section 77 of the Act gives the Minister power to extend the colour bar, for the protection of European workers, to any occupation. An order for the reservation of jobs in the garment making industry was made recently by the Minister of Labour, in the supposed interest of the European workers. The non-White workers in some towns demonstrated, by remaining away from work for two days, that the industry could not function if the order were carried out. The order has not been withdrawn, but the Minister is allowing its enforcement to remain in abeyance. Not only does this leave the non-White workers to continue in a state of insecurity about their jobs, but it also gives a fresh example of the arbitrary power of a Minister to make laws and then suspend them at his whim.

The rule of law, with its requirement of equal access for every person to the courts, was fatally breached by the enactment of the Natives (Prohibition of Interdicts) Act, No. 64 of 1956. Under the terms of a number of laws Africans may be ordered to leave, or be prohibited from entering, specified areas. Various officials concerned with influx control may, in certain circumstances, order them to leave the area where they have been living or working. Formerly, if the African ordered to leave felt that the order was illegal, he could apply to the court for an interdict against its enforcement. The courts did not grant an interdict unless the applicant could show a *prima facie* case of illegality and irreparable loss if the order were carried out. Numerous cases of illegal orders have in the past been interdicted by the courts, but now the removal orders, whether legal or not, will have to be obeyed, and the victims have no adequate means of redress for loss of their homes and jobs.

There is one phase of the struggle to enforce apartheid in which the cost to law and administration can be measured fairly accurately

in terms of money. It is the Separate Representation of Voters Act. Before its enactment was completed, the Government had had to resort to numerous tricks and subterfuges which gravely besmirched the honour and reputation of Parliament.

For some six years a considerable portion of each session of Parliament was spent in discussing the proposals. There were four lengthy applications to the courts, with an appeal in each instance to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. There was the abortive High Court of Parliament Act, which brought Parliament and the majority controlling it into contempt. Then, as one of the steps taken in its campaign, the Government increased the number of judges in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court from six to eleven. And finally it increased the Senate from 48 to 89 members, employing the power which it had thus acquired to destroy the entrenched clauses in the Constitution.

The whole of the cost of these measures and of the legislation and resulting litigation must be charged up to apartheid. The allowances of the additional 41 senators, exclusive of the value of the perquisites they receive, amount alone to over £70,000 a year.

The money cost of enforcing the multitude of apartheid laws and regulations cannot so easily be computed. It must, however, be very large, of the order of many millions of pounds. The number of police rose from 14,743 in 1946 to 23,016 in 1955. Allowing for the increase in the population during that period, the number of police per thousand rose by almost exactly 25%. A large portion of the cost of the police, which in the year 1953/1954 was over £11½ millions, is attributable to technical offences against apartheid which involve no moral turpitude. In addition, a great part of the cost of the Native Affairs Department, which in the same year was £5¼ millions, was incurred as a result of apartheid.

The money cost, however, is insignificant in comparison with the moral, social and political cost. It dulls the sense of justice of the Whites and turns their protestations of religion into blasphemy. It brutalizes countless thousands. It has gone far to destroy respect for law and the administration of justice. It made Parliament resort to the trickery of the High Court of Parliament Act and the packing of the Senate under the Senate Act. It has brought about one law for the Whites and another for the non-Whites. It shows a cynical disregard for the worth and dignity of the individual. It means an ever increasing curtailment

of the rights of the non-White citizens.

Apartheid plays a large part in aggravating the poverty of the non-Whites. This in turn leads to boycotts, defiance campaigns, riots, and strikes, which then, because of the fear they engender among the Whites, are suppressed with ever greater harshness. Poverty is a great promoter of crime, and of serious crime there has in recent years been a frightening increase. Savage punishments made compulsory by legislation have failed to stem the increase. Imprisonment of many thousands of non-Whites for what are purely technical offences has introduced them to hardened criminals and thus turned many to lives of crime.

We hear much of the rise in the number of agitators. As General Napier said, at the time of the Chartist riots in England, about a hundred years ago: "The only real agitator is injustice, and the only way is to correct the injustice and allay the agitation". The principles of civilization must be for all or they are safe for none. The French National Assembly, in 1789, laid down that: "Ignorance, neglect, and contempt of human rights are the sole cause of political misfortunes and corruption".

History shows that that is true. Apartheid is an attempt to defy the lesson of history, and its cost to South Africa is proportionately prodigious.



5. THE ECONOMIC COST

RALPH HORWITZ

Economist and Writer.

Author of "South Africa's Business," "Expand or Explode."

THE economic cost of apartheid is the deliberately diminished or deprived opportunity of non-White South Africans to produce for themselves and for the community. Because the 'cost' is the reduced opportunity or lost opportunity, it is impossible to calculate any monetary sum as the 'cost' of apartheid. But since this deliberate denial and frustration of the opportunity to aim for optimum production inhibits four-fifths of South Africa's total population, it is clear that the economic cost of apartheid to South Africa must be very considerable indeed.

The economist is accustomed to think of cost in terms of lost opportunities; the accountant, however, thinks of cost as an amount of money spent to buy something or achieve a particular purpose. An accounting cost of apartheid might therefore attempt to establish a monetary figure for all the items which are normally thought of in South Africa as part of the apartheid policy. Such items are very numerous and almost bewilderingly complex, so that even to list them all would be virtually impossible. To put a price- or cost-tag on each such item would be no less difficult. In consequence even an accounting cost is an illusive concept.

The items include, for instance, all the separate so-called facilities such as different railway station entrances and platforms and coaches and bridges; additional services of power and water and roads and transport and all the other necessities for housing non-White skins separately from White skins; separate counters, pencils and ink-pots in hundreds of Post Offices, so that Whites and non-Whites shall form adjacent queues instead of one queue.

The accounting cost would also include the money costs for administering all these separate facilities. Thus there is initially the Population Register with its photographs of millions of people, relevant files and filing cabinets, the buildings to contain the filing cabinets, and the growing army of officials to put the 'White' and 'non-White' vital statistics of every South

African into the separate filing cabinets. There is the Group Areas Act to which might be debited, incidentally, half the annual salary of the Minister of Interior in the last ten years, and his law advisors, whose amendments to amend the amendment of the Amending Acts must have used up a substantial amount of paper alone. The fees paid to lawyers by private citizens to ascertain their rights and obligations flowing from this Act would also be entered into the account rendered for apartheid. Then there are the losses running into millions of pounds from the compulsory sale of property and reduced value of property. It might be possible to put a money figure on the general chaos caused in the property market.

The accounting cost might try to arrive at a figure for the millions of pounds squandered in providing 'separate facilities' in every factory building in the country. Separate working positions, separate entrances and exits, eating and washing places add anything from thousands to tens of thousands of pounds to the building cost of every factory in the Union. Separate fire escapes have also been mooted by factory inspectors.

Then there are, of course, the various registration fees and levies every employer must pay in respect of every African or Native worker. The accountant might also try to assess the money value of hundreds of thousands of hours spent by South African business executives in their association meetings discussing, examining, fighting and complying with the endless stream of administrative regulations that flow from various apartheid Acts. The ill-famed Law 77 of the Industrial Conciliation Act can hardly have cost less than £1,000,000 of such executive time.

In passing, one might note the additional cost for 'White lifts' and 'non-White lifts' in commercial buildings. Such lifts (or elevators in American) would have provided Plato with a classic illustration of the difference between the 'appearance' and 'reality' of apartheid. Take up a strategic position and observe the behaviour of the Europeans at any peak hour. One lift will be designated 'Blankes Alleen' and the other lift 'Nie-Blankes Alleen'. Both will be operated by non-White liftmen. The Whites will crowd into the 'Blankes Alleen' lift, but no 'nie-Blanke' will dare enter, and the Blanke lift will then proceed on its purified trek. The nie-Blanke lift opens its door and—rather than await the return of the Blanke lift—impatient Whites will jam-pack in with non-Whites, and the

nie-Blanke lift will proceed on its unpurified path. Thus appearance becomes reality and reality becomes appearance, which should resolve all philosophic doubts about apartheid.

Yet another most formidable item of accounting costs is the sums expended on paper (quite apart from the clerical time on such paper item work) arising from apartheid laws and regulations. The amount of paper consumed by apartheid for its administrative ramifications must add up to a significant percentage of the country's annual expenditure on paper. Just contemplate how much paper is involved when the State decrees that, for instance, undertakers shall provide separate 'White' and 'non-White' vehicles so that Blankes and nie-Blankes can go separately to Heaven or to Hell. There will be Government Gazette Notices to be gazetted, forms to be filled in, transportation certificates to be issued, exemptions to be applied for, statistics to be prepared and published—all involving paper. Consider how much paper is used every time an African seeks employment—starting from the permit to apply for a permit to apply for a permit to apply for a job and ending with the return of a return that the African is being returned to his tribal home when he stops working.

Perhaps enough has been suggested to indicate, firstly, the near-impossibility of establishing the accounting cost of apartheid and, secondly, that such an accounting figure would be a very significant slice of the national income. But, to repeat, the economic cost of apartheid is something different from the £. s. d. that a battery of computers might finally yield if the phantasmagoria of pigmentation could indeed be calculated. The economic cost is the loss, direct and indirect, that flows from all the prohibitions and all the restriction on the productive effort of non-White persons. To put a 'price' on the summation of such 'lost opportunities' is beyond computation. One can only illustrate and then surrender to the imagination.

The first Prime Minister of a Nationalist Government in South Africa, General Hertzog, as far back as the nineteen-twenties, intensified the original regulations of 1911 so that Africans were prohibited from all but unskilled, manual work throughout the country's mining industry. Not one of the hundreds of thousands of African mineworkers was allowed by law to apply more than his physical strength to the job of mining gold. Every other task was legally confined to Europeans. The capacity of the Africans to undertake many of such tasks

had already been clearly established. In pursuit of apartheid, however, the 'opportunity' for more productive employment of Africans in the mining industry was lost.

It is possible only to guess at the consequent economic cost. Twice in the recent economic history of South Africa a rise in the price of gold following the general devaluation of currencies gave great impetus to the economic growth of the country, including its industrialization. It is possible that this impetus and growth might have been anticipated by decades, if job reservation had not been imposed on the gold mining industry. If one compares standards of living of the Europeans of South Africa to-day and twenty-five years ago and if one 'guesses' that to-day's standards might have been achieved a quarter century back, then one can perhaps estimate the cost to European South Africa (quite apart from non-European South Africa) of economic apartheid applied to the mining industry.

At the time Prime Minister Hertzog tightened the legislative barriers on African productivity in mining, he frequently expressed the belief that vehicle driving should be confined to White skins only. Such job reservation for motor vehicle drivers was never, however, made law, and during the last thirty years many thousands of Africans acquired the 'skill' to drive lorries and cars of all kinds. To-day tens of thousands of commercial vehicles are driven by Africans. It needs little imagination to recognize that the country's whole economic development would have been substantially retarded, if job reservation in the nineteen-twenties had forbidden Africans to drive motor vehicles as an occupation for 'Europeans only'. It is not possible to be precise about the economic cost of such an example of economic apartheid had it been enforced thirty years ago; but Africans were 'allowed' the opportunity to drive motor vehicles, and the economic gain has clearly been very great indeed.

One is compelled to the irritating conclusion that no figure can be given either to an accounting cost or an economic cost of apartheid. Such a figure would clearly help to make the argument for and against more tidy, but even Dr. Verwoerd himself apparently acknowledges that the cost might be large. South Africa, he recently declared, must if necessary be White rather than prosperous.

6. LIQUOR AND THE COLOUR BAR

BRIAN BUNTING

Former Member of Parliament representing the Africans of the Western Cape, forced to resign his seat under the 'Suppression of Communism' Act and banned from re-election.

A POWERFUL and concerted drive is under way in South Africa to break down the colour bar in the liquor trade. On all sides, voices are being raised to demand that liquor should be freely available to all, without distinction of race or colour. Among those who have indicated their support for the revision of the liquor laws are Nationalist Cabinet Ministers, judges of the Supreme Court, police chiefs, and administrators of African affairs. And spearheading the agitation is the rich and influential "Ko-operatiewe Wijnbouwers Vereeniging," the wine farmers' co-operative, which has an almost total monopoly of the production and export of wine and spirits produced in this country. The K.W.V., formed in 1918, has always pressed for the right to sell liquor freely to people of all races in South Africa, as this would greatly increase the market for its products. Never, however, has the agitation for the revision of the liquor law been so strident, so well-organized and so widespread as it is to-day.

Public attention was most sharply focused on the issue at a session of the Transvaal Agricultural Union on August 29, 1957, when more than 100 Transvaal farmers publicly admitted to their colleagues that for some time they have been defying the law by supplying liquor to their African workers.

"This wholesale confession of lawbreaking was one of the highlights of a heated session," reported the *Cape Argus*. "In spite of statements by several speakers that the supply of liquor to Native farm workers would 'open the floodgates to drunkenness and crime, and that women and children on farms would be exposed to all sorts of dangers,' a resolution was adopted by an overwhelming majority calling for the revision of the liquor laws so as to allow Natives to drink light wines."

Some clue as to why farmers in the Transvaal should be so keen to provide their labourers with free access to liquor was provided by one delegate who said that "the sooner Native farm labourers were supplied with liquor, the sooner would there be a stable labour force on the farms." It is well known

that farmers in the Western Cape, where the tot system¹ is practised, have less labour trouble than farmers in a 'dry' province like the Transvaal. Not that their labour gives them less trouble—especially on Saturday nights—but they have less trouble getting labour, because so many workers have become addicted to the tot that they are not prepared to work without it and so are tied down to the area in which the tot system is legal.

A further 'advantage' of the tot system, of course, is that very often the tot is regarded, by employer and labourer alike, as wages in kind. Thus for a trifling outlay in the purchase of cheap wine, the farmer would be able to make a considerable saving in his cash payments. And, in fact, it is quite evident from what was said at the Congress that the tot system is already widely practised in the Transvaal. All the farmers are now asking is that the practice should be legalized and the shadow of prosecution lifted finally from them.

It is to be hoped that during the coming session of Parliament some Opposition M.P. will ask the Minister of Justice whether, in consequence of the admissions made at the Congress, any prosecutions have been instituted; and if not, why not? Possibly the Minister may not care to answer such a question, because he himself went on record during the 1957 session of Parliament as being in favour of a revision of the liquor laws. Introducing a motion in the Senate on May 10, 1957, that the policy of his Department be reviewed, Mr. Swart said that the Liquor Law of 1928 had proved completely inadequate, and the time had arrived for an intelligent and realistic tackling of the problem. The whole question of licences and distribution had proved a failure, he said. A tremendous amount of time was taken up in the police force by the administration of the Liquor Law and the combating of crimes involving liquor.

The police force itself is one of the most powerful instruments for change in this respect. From the Commissioner of Police downwards, many police chiefs in recent months have expressed the view that the law must be changed. Briefly, the law in regard to the supply of liquor to non-Europeans is as follows:

Coloured people in the Cape, and Asians and Coloureds in Natal, are allowed to buy restricted quantities of liquor. In the Free State and Transvaal, Coloureds are subject to the same disabilities as Africans, and it is an offence for them to be found

¹ The supplying of 'tots' or rations of drink to labourers

in possession of liquor. Total prohibition applies to Africans in all provinces, with the exception of the supply of beer under the control of certain local authorities and the ration (or tot) in the case of those employed by farmers in the Cape Province and, to a lesser extent, in the Free State.

Africans, Asians and Coloureds may obtain permits from a magistrate exempting them from any prohibition imposed by the Liquor Act if the magistrate has satisfied himself, on the basis of information supplied by the police, "(a) that the applicant's stage of development and his general manner of living are such as to entitle him to be regarded as having attained a standard of life equivalent to that of European civilization; and (b) that the quantity and kind of liquor to be purchased are such as are suited to the applicant's personal requirements, regard being had to his income and his mode of living."

According to a statement by the Commissioner of Police, Major-General C. I. Rademeyer, on March 18, 1957, there are about 20,000 Africans in the Transvaal who are permitted to buy from bottle stores, and in their case "abuse of liquor and drunkenness were not the problem they were among Natives who were forbidden to obtain liquor." General Rademeyer, who made it clear he was speaking in his "private capacity" (whatever that means), said he was a protagonist of the unrestricted supply of liquor to all, irrespective of race or colour. The costs to the taxpayer of applying the liquor laws ran into millions of pounds a year. In his opinion, restrictions on liquor were a luxury which the country could no longer afford. "I call this a luxury restriction on a luxury article."

It has been estimated that in some parts of the Transvaal the illegal trade in liquor is of even greater extent than the legal—and on occasion it has been found that the police themselves are involved in it. General Rademeyer said there were about 343,000 cases a year arising from infringements of the liquor laws. Of this number, 250,000 were in respect of Africans, 55,000 in respect of Coloureds, 15,000 in respect of Europeans and 3,000 in respect of Asians.

A news item which appeared in the *Cape Times* on September 4, 1957, stated: "Police officers throughout the Union admit that it is impossible to smash the vast and profitable illicit liquor racket. One deputy commissioner admits that nearly a third of the policemen in his division are engaged, directly or indirectly, in the suppression of the racket, the destruction of

illegal liquor supplies and the investigation of cases in which liquor plays some part. Thousands of detectives and policemen are occupied with nothing but these duties. The result is that a fifth of the yearly prosecutions for all types of offences are for infringements of the Liquor Act. Most police officers are convinced that the only way to smash the racket is to supply non-Europeans with liquor. Some feel that they should be limited to malts and light wines."

Similarly, Brigadier H. J. du Plooy, Assistant Commissioner of Police, C.I.D., told a special session of the S.A.B.R.A.² Conference last April, that he too (speaking in his personal capacity!) favoured the revision of the entire situation. Attempting to enforce the Liquor Act cost the country at least £2,000,000 a year, according to his estimate. Contraventions of the Act constituted almost a quarter of the country's crime—and still it was impossible to enforce prohibition.

It is noteworthy that the S.A.B.R.A. Conference, which was addressed by managers of non-European affairs from various centres, penologists, social scientists and others interested in the problem, presented a picture of startling agreement that the law should be amended. The only delegates to object were representatives of the S.A. Temperance Alliance, the Afrikaans Churches and the Nederduitse Gereformeerde Mission Church. But their opposition was adequately balanced by support from the powerful Nationalist daily *Die Burger*, which stated in an editorial on April 23, 1957, that, in the light of the practical experience of the police, "we believe that a case has been made out for the revision of the existing ban on liquor for Africans." Even the Bench considered the problem, and Mr. Justice van Wyk of the Cape Supreme Court, giving judgment in a case heard last March, "pointed out that he was dealing with another of the thousands of cases where this prohibition created crime. The Native was no innocent who had never tasted alcohol. In getting it illegally, not only was he made a criminal, but so were all those who were ready to supply him. 'One wonders,' said the judge, 'if the time has not come to have the whole thing investigated.'"

In actual fact, "the whole thing" has been under investigation for several years. Parliament has had under consideration since 1951 a new Liquor Law, providing for radical amendments to the 1928 Act, but retaining the colour bar clauses to which

²The apartheid-minded South African Bureau of Racial Affairs.

there is now such strong objection in high quarters. In its evidence to the 1951-52 Select Committee, the K.W.V. pleaded for further investigations to be conducted before a final decision was taken. Eventually, in 1956, a Commission was appointed to investigate and report upon "the general distribution of intoxicating liquor and the selling prices thereof."

The K.W.V. had urged the appointment of such a commission and had stressed, in its evidence to the Select Committee in 1952, that the Commission should visit other wine-producing countries to study their methods of production and distribution of liquor, as well as other territories in Africa which permitted the supply of liquor to Africans. The K.W.V. is patently confident that the evidence obtained in these countries will support its claim that the colour bar in liquor distribution should be abolished. Some years ago it sent a Commission to Lourenço Marques and ascertained that, though liquor is freely obtainable by Africans there, very little drunkenness exists. A similar investigation was carried out by an official of the K.W.V. in Ghana (while it was still the Gold Coast), and he reported that, although liquor was freely available, he had not seen a single drunk African during his stay. On September 9, 1957, Mr. J. B. le Roux, a K.W.V. director, said: "The K.W.V. is striving to extend its markets. Two of its chief officials were in Central Africa for this purpose and sent back interesting information."

Only four days previously, on September 5, one of the Commissioners himself, Dr. Otto du Plessis, M.P., reported on visits the Commission had made to neighbouring territories, stating that the difference had "vastly impressed" him. "In Southern Rhodesia, South African wine is being freely supplied to Natives. In Portuguese East they have access to the same wine the Portuguese drink—namely, light Portuguese wines." And the press report continued: "Dr. du Plessis confirms that discrimination leads to drunkenness on illicit and usually poisonous adulterated substitutes. Northern Rhodesia provides a very healthy kaffir beer. But ordinary commercial beer is also freely available without colour discrimination."

Similar information is persistently published in the press. At the annual Conference of the Institute of Administrators of non-European Affairs, on September 11, Kitwe's African Affairs Director, Mr. H. Pridham-Jones, said that in 1956 Africans in Kitwe had spent £161,737 on African beer, £181,415 on

European beer, and £6,509 on wine. In Angola, it was reported on September 10, "wine is sold freely in restaurants and cafés at all hours of the night, seven days of the week. Natives are also allowed to buy it." And on the same day, a columnist reported: "I learned yesterday that liquor permits are now being given in the territories to a limited number of Africans. But not so limited. In Swaziland alone there are reckoned to be 180,000 potential permit-holders." The same system applied in Basutoland. The monthly amount allowed on permit was a maximum of four bottles of spirits, eight of wine and 24 quarts of beer. "No cases of drunkenness have come before the Courts where permit-holders are concerned. That would be a reason for withdrawing a man's permit."

And it is at this stage that one begins to get a trifle suspicious. To hear police chiefs and Nationalist politicians advocate the abolition of colour discrimination in any sphere would be remarkable enough. But why is their enthusiasm for equality of treatment confined to the question of liquor? From the point of view of the police, one would imagine a far more convincing argument could be made out for the abolition of the pass laws. They, too, are almost impossible to enforce, cost the taxpayer millions in their administration, and lead to the wholesale destruction of family life among large sections of the African people. The number of convictions under the pass laws far exceeds that under the liquor laws, and it is equally certain that a far greater proportion of the police force is engaged in enforcing the pass laws. Is it not strange that not a single police officer has expressed his "private opinion" that the pass laws should be abolished? But to ask the question is to realize its absurdity. One can imagine just how long Major-General Rademeyer would last in his job if he were to make such a suggestion!

In the case of liquor we are dealing with quite a different problem. The liquor lobby is one of the most powerful in the country. Amongst the most prominent figures in the wine industry and the K.W.V. are to be found Members of Parliament and Senators, and our legislators are annually reminded of the existence of the K.W.V. when they receive a well-stocked hamper of its choicest products free round about Christmas time. When the K.W.V. speaks, politicians listen with respect.

Giving evidence to the Select Committee in 1952, the chairman of the K.W.V. at the time, Mr. H. F. Theron, was asked: "Would you like to see the tot system extended to the

north?" And he replied: "Because I am connected with wine farming I would very much like to see that, since it will create a more extended market for the product I produce." Asked if the abolition of restrictions would put an end to drunkenness and the illicit trade, Mr. Theron replied: "Yes, of course."

For the K.W.V. this has become a matter of great urgency, because the industry is going through an exceedingly lean time. Faced with vastly increased production on the one hand, the wine farmers complain that there has been no commensurate increase in the outlets for their product. Between 1954 and 1956 the wine crop increased from 506,000 tons to 620,000 tons. Exports, however, remained static, and the local rise in consumption was small compared with the increase in population. In the last few years the number of planted vines has been increasing by 3 to 4 per cent., and, with an increased yield from modern methods of fertilization, this has resulted in an increase of about 10 per cent. in the crop.

Just how hard hit the K.W.V. has been was revealed by the report for 1956 presented to the annual general meeting of the K.W.V. on June 12, 1957. The estimated surplus in 1956 was again fixed at 24 per cent., but since only 266,332 tons were taken up by the trade, another 12½ per cent. of vintage had to be transferred to surplus stock as unsold. The actual surplus in 1956 was therefore 36½ per cent. The excess surplus was transferred to surplus stock account at the price of £12 13s. 5d. a ton paid to suppliers, making a total of £635,267, which changed the profit of the account—£288,416—into a deficit of £346,851, compared with a profit of £667,826 in 1955.

"As a result of the above deficit," read the press report, "only £21,648 stands in the appropriation account. . . The provision available for payment is only £185,647, that is to say, a fraction of the bonus payments during previous years."

Many were the voices of complaint raised at the meeting from amongst the farmers, for, whereas the price per ton in 1956 had been fixed at £9 5s., as a result of the huge surplus the price in 1957 was reduced to £7 18s. Mr. F. Rabie, of Worcester, said that the situation was getting out of hand. Certain farmers had planted 250,000 vines last year. "We are worse off than in 1932."

The wine industry has made representations in the strongest terms to the Government, which has already taken action to meet the crisis. In June, 1957, the Wine and Spirit Control

Amendment Act was passed by Parliament, giving the K.W.V. power to limit the production of alcohol. The K.W.V. is already applying this Act by way of fixing quotas for the production of alcohol for each wine farm. The quota system has caused a great deal of heart-burning among the farmers, but the K.W.V. was determined to restrict production in the 1958 season as a means of maintaining prices. The immediate effect of the measure was that, at a special meeting of the K.W.V. in January, 1958, the Directors restored the price to £9 5s. a ton. The position, however, remains so precarious, that the quota system will have to remain, despite the opposition to it among the farmers, unless the market for liquor can be considerably expanded.

No wonder then, that pressure is being brought to bear for the amendment of the law to allow non-Europeans, including Africans, unrestricted access to all types of liquor. This pressure has now reached such a pitch of intensity that it is almost certain the Government, once the Commission has reported, will bring in new legislation on the desired lines. No one, however, should be under any illusions that the motive for the change is solely the altruism of the majority of its protagonists. The main motive force is the uninhibited drive for profits—in an industry which, according to the State Information Office Digest of South African Affairs of September 13, 1957, “is to-day estimated to be worth £100 million.” The reserves of the K.W.V. alone stand at over £7 million.

If only, one reflects, our farming community could be persuaded that freedom pays dividends in every sphere, much of the evil of apartheid could be undone almost overnight. As it is, it would appear that most of them are determined to learn that lesson the hard way.

THE STRIKE THAT FAILED

STANLEY UYS

Political Correspondent of the "Sunday Times,"

EVEN now anti-Nationalists in South Africa wince when they think of General Election week. It appeared then that the lights were going out all over Southern Africa. The protest strike by non-White workers in the Union had collapsed, and the enemies of the African National Congress were already warming up for the death dance; the United Party had suffered a shattering defeat at the hands of the Nationalists, and the Labour and Liberal parties, in turn, had suffered a shattering defeat at the hands of the United Party; and, in Southern Rhodesia, a dismayed Sir Edgar Whitehead was announcing a general election, following his defeat by the apartheid-minded Dominion Party—in spite of a reckless election-eve message to voters that the territory might have to seek its salvation with the Union and not with the Black 'partners' in the north. The previous week, in the Union, the only two candidates in the Coloured elections in the Cape Province standing for full equality of the races (S.A.C.P.O.-backed Piet Beylveld and Piet Vogel) had lost disastrously to United Party candidates standing for 'White leadership'. All down the line, disappointed, angry anti-Nationalists were throwing up their hands in despair for humanity.

The black mood is passing, however. This, after all, is the twentieth century, and Africa, after all, has 180,000,000 Blacks. Life goes on. Necessarily, the 'agonizing reappraisal' goes on, too, within the A.N.C. as well as within the United Party. Who knows, the disaster of election week might mean the salvation of both. However, it is not this article's purpose to pose questions about the future of the United Party, or of the A.N.C., or of any other political group. Its purpose is to sort out some of the facts of election week, a bewildering week, in which the English-language Press in Johannesburg, preoccupied with the fate of the United Party, so far forgot its main function as to consign a revolt in Sophiatown, on its doorstep, to the sub-editor's spike, until the White man's elections had been completed. General Election week was not only a depressing week; it was an extraordinary week.

The protest strike, modestly called a stay-at-home, had been

conceived last year by the Congress movement: the African National Congress, South African Indian Congress, South African Coloured People's Organization, South African Congress of Democrats (Whites) and South African Congress of Trade Unions. It was on S.A.C.T.U.'s initiative, as the only multi-racial federation of trade unions in the country, that a joint committee had organized the National Workers' Conference in Johannesburg on March 16 which took the decision to strike. There was nothing unusual about the nature of the proposed protest: it had long been obvious that the non-White's most effective form of retaliation against White rule was to withhold his labour peacefully.

Apparently, the sponsors of the Conference had not anticipated that White South Africa would unite quite so efficiently against the strike. In fact, it was the most effective display of White unity witnessed in all the 10 years of Nationalist rule. It began with the Leader of the Opposition, Sir de Villiers Graaff, warning the A.N.C. not to strike and actually reproving the Government for not dealing with the situation more firmly; and it ended with the Prime Minister, Mr. Strijdom, promising to use "the full weight and authority of the State" against the demonstrators. Then, with polling day in mind, the politicians got to work. The Nationalists stumped up and down the country repeating monotonously that the United Party and the A.N.C. were allies, although no impartial observer could deny that the United Party was genuinely opposed to the projected demonstration—was, indeed, terrified of it.

Non-White workers soon learnt precisely what forces were ranged against them. Their employers, mostly United Party-supporting business men, called them in, and either appealed to their loyalty and good sense, or threatened them with pay cuts, demotions and even dismissal if they stayed at home. The employers urged their key workers to sleep-in on the Sunday night preceeding election week, and a number agreed to do so. Further appeals followed by officials of United Party-controlled municipalities; by the United Party Mayor of Johannesburg; in broadcasts over the Orlando rediffusion service; by Cyprian ka Dinizulu to the Zulus; and, finally, by the South African Trade Union Council and one or two African trade union leaders.

So much for the appeals; then came the threats. The Minister of Justice said that if the demonstrators were hurt,

they should not "squel"; the Minister of Labour promised a "counter-demonstration" which would show the non-Whites what was meant by White supremacy; the Chief of Police, Major-General C. I. Rademeyer, promised stern action by the country's 23,000 police—he cancelled their leave and alerted them for election week duty; an announcement said that the Union Defence Force would be at hand, too; armoured cars made a coincidental appearance in the streets of Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth; several times in two weeks Special Branch detectives raided the offices of the A.N.C., the South African Indian Congress and other organizations in several centres, and seized documents; on the Cabinet's instructions, a special inter-departmental committee, headed by the Secretary of Labour and including the Director of Prisons and the Police, was set up—the presence of the Director of Prisons implying that the 'auxiliary labour force' which the committee was arranging would include convicts; and several persons were arrested for bill-sticking and for alleged incitement to strike—the police concentrating the arrests on Whites and Indians to prove Major-General Rademeyer's point that the Africans were being "misled" by non-Africans.

Meanwhile, the English-language Press was publishing reports of alleged disunity in the ranks of the A.N.C. One A.N.C. 'leader' quoted was Madzunya, a semi-Africanist,* who expressed his alarm over the proposed strike, although the previous week he had supported it at an A.N.C. meeting in Sophiatown. Another A.N.C. 'leader' quoted was Leballo, an even more notorious Africanist, well known for his anti-A.N.C. views. Other 'spokesmen' to whom the Press turned were P. Q. Vundla, who was expelled from the A.N.C. in 1955; Dr. William Nkomo, expelled from the A.N.C. in 1953 and a convert to moral rearmament; the Rev. W. S. Gawe, of the Cape A.N.C., who was misquoted, and later pledged his support for the strike; and the *World* newspaper, which has a Black staff but White owners. In the circumstances, one could sympathize with A.N.C. leaders who protested. "Let the newspapers deplore the strike, if they must; but please don't describe our enemies as our leaders!" Meanwhile, editorials urging the abandonment of the stay-at-home added weight to the views of

* The Africanists constitute the as yet small anti-White element in African politics. Where the A.N.C. seeks inter-racial co-operation in what it considers essentially a struggle for democracy, the Africanists revert to a Black racialism perilously tribal in character and objectives.

the above-mentioned 'spokesmen.'

Confronted by this extravagant propaganda, Chief Albert Lutuli, President-General of the A.N.C., felt obliged to summon a Press conference hastily in Johannesburg on the Saturday before election week, where he stated that the A.N.C., as the most important of the political groups involved, was going ahead with the strike, that there would be no intimidation of workers, and that the entire demonstration would be peaceful. He made it plain, too, that there would not be a nation-wide strike: the strike would be called only in those areas where success was feasible; in all other areas, local conditions would determine the nature of the demonstrations. Where there was no stay-at-home, there would be processions, deputations, etc.—but five days later the Minister of Native Affairs banned all gatherings of more than 10 Africans in most urban centres.

Monday morning arrived, and White South Africa waited anxiously for its non-White labour force to arrive to man the machines, run the errands, drive the lorries, mix the mortar, make the tea. A huge sigh of relief went up when the before-dawn trickle of non-Whites turned into its usual swollen stream. A few hours later, at a Press conference in Johannesburg, the President of the South African Federated Chamber of Industries, Mr. Leslie Lulofs, communicated the good tidings: a 95 per cent. attendance on the Rand; more than 90 per cent. attendance in Port Elizabeth and Durban; a slight drop in attendance at factories in Industria (Johannesburg); normal passenger traffic on the Railways; a slight falling-off in the number of Africans leaving Sophiatown after 7 p.m. ("apparently there was some intimidation"); and "some absenteeism" in the milling industry.

It turned out, however, that this account of the strike was not wholly correct. Congress sources in Durban claimed that the strike was up to 40 per cent. successful in some areas, and Congress sources in Port Elizabeth said the strike there was also up to 40 per cent. successful. Whatever the validity of these claims might have been, they indicated at least that the strike in those two centres had been somewhat more successful than the employers were prepared to admit. In several other parts of the country, smaller groups of non-Whites went on strike. No mention was made of them at the Press conference.

Most of the events in Sophiatown between Monday and Wednesday were concealed from the White electorate. Trouble began in this vibrant township at about 4.30 p.m. on Monday,

when Africans, returning from work, were dropped off at the depot in Toby Street and left to make their way home unescorted through the streets of the township. Adequate police protection had been promised for all workers, but at this critical moment there was not a policeman in sight. As the workers walked home, they were attacked by small gangs of Africans. Some were brutally assaulted. One of these assaults took place a few yards from where I was standing. The unfortunate African was hit on the side of the head with a half-brick and dropped like a log, his blood flowing onto the street. When the police arrived, they seemed more interested in obtaining statements and waiting for the arrival of reinforcements than in providing first-aid for the hurt African, who struggled onto his hands and knees and crouched in this position for some time, until someone brought him a glass of water. A little earlier, following a similar assault, the police had made a baton charge, mainly among innocent bystanders, the culprits having already left the scene. As the evening wore on, tension in Sophiatown increased. In Bertha Street, I saw a White constable lean out of an armoured van and take a swipe with his truncheon at a casual African bystander. He connected. The next night, I saw another White policeman in Sophiatown strike out at two Africans with a sjambok as his van drove past them. He connected, too, and as the van turned the corner one African was stripping off his shirt angrily to show the others the weal. There had been no apparent provocation.

By Tuesday morning, nearly the whole of Sophiatown was staying at home. According to reliable reports, the Putco buses carried *five per cent.* of their normal load. Sophiatown had not responded to the call by the A.N.C. executive on Monday night to admit defeat and call off the strike. It was angry over what it called the 'let-down'. Many of the residents, too, having witnessed the events of the previous evening, were afraid of being assaulted if they went to work. By 1.45 a.m. on Tuesday, Coronation Hospital had admitted seven Africans (one with a bullet wound, the rest with stab wounds) and treated 33 others. One African was dead.

On Tuesday morning, too, the police had raided Sophiatown, arresting Africans for passes, etc. About 40 Africans had been arrested by noon—by Wednesday the figure had risen to more than 200. Sophiatown residents also alleged that, during that early morning raid, the police had burst into their homes,

demanding to know why they were not at work, and assaulting some of them. Throughout Tuesday, tension mounted, and a big police force of White and non-White police waited outside Newlands police station, sited between Sophiatown and Newclare, townships separated only by the Newlands main road.

At 5 p.m. on Tuesday, while waiting outside the Newlands police station, I saw White motorists arrive with smashed windscreens and dented mudguards. They had been stoned by Africans in the Newclare dip. One woman's face had been gashed by flying glass, and another man had been hurt. Nine cars in all had been stoned. The police dashed off in troop carriers and squad cars, with sten guns and batons. In the Newclare dip, a car had smashed into a pavement pillar, the driver apparently blinded by glass from his smashed windscreen. The police patrolled through the streets, while the inhabitants clustered in little knots or melted into the alleys next to their shacks. In this atmosphere of brooding trouble, Sophiatown and Newclare spent the three days of the stay-at-home, a solitary pocket of resistance.

The stay-at-home failed, but it is wrong to say that nothing was achieved. No White voter will ever go to the polls again without feeling the hot breath of the voteless African on his neck. The A.N.C., in fact, attained its objective of 'crashing in' on the White man's elections, even if only in a limited way. Also, the issues on which the demonstration was organized—£1-a-day minimum wage, anti-passes, anti-apartheid—remain as valid as ever in the eyes of the African.

Why did the stay-at-home fail, when the bus boycott and the June 26 protest strike were spectacularly successful? Apparently there was confusion in the average African's mind over the exact nature of the demonstration he was being called upon to make. He had been told that the intention was to dissuade White voters from electing another Nationalist Government; he had been told that the struggle was for £1-a-day; he had also been told that the demonstration was an anti-apartheid one. No doubt he supported each specific issue, but the trilogy of ideas was too complex.

Then there were the recent quarrels over the leadership of the Transvaal A.N.C., which had been hastily patched up, but which had left their imprint. A 'caretaker committee' was still exercising the functions of the Transvaal executive at the time of the strike. Clearly, too, the A.N.C.'s propa-

ganda and other resources were not adequate to cope with the White man's armoury of promises, threats and pressure. Further, it appeared that some of the more militant members of the A.N.C. had been carried away by the success of the bus boycott and the June 26 demonstration, and had over-estimated the readiness of the African people to embark on a more ambitious and complicated struggle. Finally—and this probably is the most important reason of all—the stay-at-home lacked the organizational preparation necessary for such an extensive project. The employers said frankly that they were able to handle the situation because they had had plenty of advance warning. Only a thoroughly organized demonstration, therefore, could have surged across the barriers erected by the employers and the authorities. This thorough organization was lacking.

The A.N.C. is busy now with its 'agonizing reappraisal'. One of its tasks is to meet the accusations of the Sophiatown group, who (to quote a foreign correspondent) "stuck it out with a desperate and at times angry sense of having been abandoned to carry on alone a demonstration of protest which was to have been nation-wide."

An even more important task facing the A.N.C. is to decide how it is going to oppose apartheid now that the Nationalists are back in office, more powerful and arrogant than ever.

Meanwhile, many Whites—among them, some so-called 'friends' of the A.N.C.—are declaring sorrowfully (?) that the A.N.C. is dead, or has been set back many years in its struggle. These Whites should consider whether the destruction of the A.N.C., or its leadership, is really what they desire. If the A.N.C. is destroyed, something else will take its place, and present indications are that the something else would be the Africanists, with their implacable anti-Whiteism. Then, in exchange for the present A.N.C. policy of non-violent progress towards a multi-racial society, South Africa would be confronted with a group whose policy would be violent progress towards Black *baasskap*.

White South Africa might not like the A.N.C.'s demand for race equality, but it should think twice before it sets about so eagerly trying to destroy it. The time might easily come when Whites will lament the good old days when Lutuli was the leader of African opposition and multi-racialism was its policy.

THE TRIAL TAKES SHAPE (III)

HARRY BLOOM

Author of "Episode."

JUST about every weapon in the political armoury was used by the Nationalists in the General Election campaign; but one gun, elaborately prepared, has been strangely silent. No mention was made of the Treason Trial, no use made of its enormous vote-carrying potential. Of course, the case is still *sub judice*—legally off limits for public discussion—but this did not deter Cabinet Ministers or Nationalist newspapers from making extensive political capital out of it a year ago. So blatant was their disregard of the *sub judice* rule then, that defence counsel appealed—in vain—to the Court for an order restraining them. The reasons for this reticence are obscure, but if embarrassment is one of them, it has not so far deterred the authorities from pushing on with the case. As things stand, ninety-five persons have been committed for trial on charges of High Treason; Mr. Oswald Pirow¹, one of the country's leading Queen's Counsel, has been retained to lead the prosecution, and a date (July) and venue (Pretoria) have been provisionally given out.

The black-out of the Treason Trial in the election campaign is only one of the curious features of a case that has abounded in strange and unpredicted twists. Last December, a few weeks before the Preparatory Examination was due to resume, sixty-one of the accused were discharged, with a statement by the Attorney-General that there was no case against them. This, after a detailed preparation of the case had occupied a team of Special Branch detectives and prosecutors for two years, after ten thousand documents and millions of words of evidence had been led in proceedings that kept the accused in the Drill Hall for a full year. These sixty-one had been arrested in Nazi-style 4 a.m. blitz raids and imprisoned in the Johannesburg Fort, where attempts were made to deny them visits by friends and legal advisers. Bail was at first refused, and only granted later on condition that they surrendered their passports, reported weekly to the police, and did not attend gatherings. During the year that they sat in the Drill Hall, in a case which according to the Attorney-General contained no evidence against them,

1. A former Minister of Justice and one-time personal friend and admirer of Adolf Hitler.

they lost their jobs and their livelihood and became dependent on the Treason Trial Defence Fund. Now, without any compensation for the 'mistake', they must struggle to find new jobs and fight their way out of debt.

Nor has this happened to a few individuals inadvertently caught in a net cast a little too wide by the Security Police, but to more than one out of three of the arrested persons. Their release really means that there was never any case against them, for it came before the accused were called upon to give evidence on their own behalf, or even before the defence submissions were argued.

More puzzling than the releases themselves were the names of some of those selected to be set free. In his opening address, the prosecutor made it clear his main allegation would be that launching the Freedom Charter was an act of treason. Yet among those released was Chief A. J. Lutuli, one of the prominent sponsors of the Charter. The prosecutor's address even included a quotation of Chief Lutuli's message backing the Freedom Charter. Did Lutuli's release mean that the Crown had abandoned the allegation? Not at all—Mr. Pirow, in summing up the case at the end of the Preparatory Examination, left no doubt that this was still the essence of the Crown's case. If any one organization has been on trial in the Drill Hall, it is the African National Congress. Yet not only has Chief Lutuli, who is President of the African National Congress, been freed, but so too has Mr. Oliver Tambo, the Secretary-General—while lesser officials and simple A.N.C. members remain behind to face the charge that the A.N.C. was the moving spirit behind the East London and Port Elizabeth riots, and the campaign for the violent overthrow of the Government. In his opening address, the prosecutor made spine-chilling references to the Evaton bus boycott—which, he said, was "exploited to an extent where violence was used and (the bus boycott) became a preliminary to a revolution." Yet among those released was Mr. V. Make, chairman of the committee that organized the boycott, and Mr. Bob Asmal, a prominent boycott leader. It is impossible to fathom why certain persons were released and not others, or what pattern lies behind the withdrawals.

In a case that is setting precedents and records all down the line, it is not surprising to find the Government seeking the assistance of Parliament to help close the case against the

accused. This is the first time that legislation has been rushed through, *in the middle of a case*, to overcome difficulties of evidence revealed in the proceedings. For many years the ordinary rules of Court procedure have sufficed to bring criminals to book, but for the Treason Trial, special rules have had to be devised. The Criminal Procedure Amendment Act, passed just before the resumption of the Preparatory Examination, contains a section that Mr. Swart unabashedly admitted was inserted to help the prosecution in the Treason Trial. It provides that any document which was at any time on premises occupied by any association of persons, or which was in the possession of any office bearer, officer or member of such association, shall, on its mere production in any criminal proceedings, be *prima facie* proof that the accused was an office bearer or member of such association. Furthermore, any document which appears to be the minutes of such association shall, on its mere production, be *prima facie* proof of the holding of a meeting and the proceedings thereat. Any document which discloses any object of such association shall, on its mere production, be *prima facie* proof that the said object is the object of such association.

The purpose, of course, is to let the vast mass of confiscated documents speak for themselves and to require accused persons whose names are mentioned in documents found in the offices of an organization to prove that they do not, in fact, belong to the organization. By this means, too, the Crown need not prove that a meeting was in fact held, or certain decisions actually taken. It has only to produce 'minutes', and it is then up to the accused to show that they are false. It must have been disheartening to the Crown to see one witness after another demolished by the withering cross-examination of defence counsel during the Preparatory Examination. Now at the trial it will be possible to spare numerous witnesses the ordeal. The documents are now the witnesses, and documents cannot answer questions. It is not possible here to discuss all the implications of this new procedure. The difficulties of proving a negative are notorious. It is obvious that it will now be alarmingly easy for persons to be convicted on forged evidence. And persons can be forced into the witness box to deny the truth of a document, and compelled under cross-examination to implicate third parties against whom the Crown might have no other evidence.

A remarkable feature of the case has been the way the Crown shifted its whole position, bringing in a completely new area of evidence, in the middle of the Preparatory Examination. In its opening address, the events on which the Crown relied were fairly clearly indicated. They related to the Freedom Charter, the Evaton boycott, the opposition to the Western Areas Removal Scheme, and the campaign against apartheid laws, with inferential allegations of a conspiracy to seize power with the aid of foreign governments—all clearly fixed in the period 1953-1956. The warrants under which the accused were arrested stated that the crime of High Treason was committed in the period 1953-1956. But just when the marathon proceedings seemed to be drawing to an end, the Crown started leading evidence of matters prior to 1953, and of events that had not even been hinted at when the prosecutor outlined his case. The Defiance Campaign, the Cheesa-Cheesa letters,² the boycott of schools, the attempt to link the A.N.C. with the Mau Mau disturbances and the Korean war—these, which prolonged the hearing by several further months, were purely an afterthought. Several witnesses to this aspect of the case admitted that they were only approached to give evidence some time after the case had commenced. The idea of improvisation, of the Crown searching round for new charges after the case had started, is profoundly disturbing and adds further weight to the suspicion that the arrests were not without an element of capriciousness.

No doubt it was done to strengthen what the Crown considered an unsatisfactory case, as defence counsel submitted, but it led to some curious extravagances. Guilt by association of persons is by now fairly well known, but here we came across a unique example of guilt by association of *words*. Persons would testify about the Defiance Campaign and follow it with evidence of robbery, murder and rioting in Port Elizabeth or East London. As Mr. Berrangé said: "The juxtaposition of evidence relating to the campaign and that relating to violence allows unthinking persons to believe, merely because such evidence was mentioned in almost the same breath by the same witness, that there is a causal relationship between the two. This, of course, is quite false." In fact, the much hinted causal relationship was fully investigated by the Supreme Court some years before, when the leaders of the Defiance

2. See AFRICA SOUTH, Vol. II, No. 2, "The Trial Takes Shape (II)."

Campaign were on trial, and found to be non-existent. The Court completely exonerated them from the very acts of violence which the Crown has now tried, for a second time, to link them with. It is extraordinary, in view of the previous Court decision, that this bearded old myth should be revived for the Trial.

The Crown also tried, in the later 'expanded' stage, to prove that the A.N.C. had decided to adopt the same tactics of murder and pillage that were used by the Mau Mau, in order to unseat the South African Government. For this purpose it produced a witness, Mgubasi, who professed academic titles that made him almost a rival of Dr. Murray, the professor who gave expert evidence on Communism. It was shown by the defence, however, that the degrees were not conferred by any university, but by Mgubasi himself, and, as the cross-examination proceeded, it became obvious that the witness's evidence was as bogus as the letters after his name. At a time when, according to his testimony, he was leading the riot in Port Elizabeth in the company of A.N.C. leaders, he was, in fact, in gaol in Durban. "The most elementary investigation would have proved it," Mr. Berrangé said. "I hesitate to say that such investigations were deliberately not undertaken by the Security Police, but the facts seem to justify no other conclusion." The defence showed that Mgubasi had a formidable criminal record, and, in fact, he was back in gaol for fraud before the Preparatory Examination ended.

The defence made biting comments about some of the types of witnesses produced. To prove the allegations about the Evaton boycott, the Crown relied on the evidence of a notorious thug and gang-leader named Ralakeki. "It is with reluctance that I have to refer to the Crown's conduct in presenting to the Court the evidence of the witness Ralakeki. One wonders how it is possible for the Crown to put into the witness box a witness of this type. Is it possible that the prosecution really could not have been aware of the part he played at Evaton and the fact that he was a gangster and a killer—of the fact that he was employed by the bus company to break the boycott—of the fact that he collected around himself a band of armed thugs and that his function was to set upon and attack those who, although engaged in the boycott of the buses, were nevertheless not acting unlawfully?" Mr. Berrangé asked, in his closing address.

When the charges were presented at the end of the Preparatory

Examination, it became obvious that the case had shifted in many respects from that outlined by the prosecutor when the proceedings began. The allegation that the accused sought foreign aid to subvert the Government has apparently been abandoned. The emphasis was no longer on the employment of violent means, but something more subtle. It is now alleged that the hostile acts that resulted in the charge of High Treason were—that the accused hampered or hindered the Government in its lawful administration by organizing, or taking part in, a campaign against existing laws (various apartheid laws are named), and that they adopted extra-Parliamentary and unconstitutional means in endeavouring to secure their objectives. It is no longer alleged that any part of such campaigns was unlawful, or that any persons were incited to commit offences.

This, of course, is an entirely novel conception of High Treason, and Mr. Berrangé pointed out that, if this is the crime, every Church that opposes the apartheid laws, the Black Sash in its campaign against the Senate Act, the university professors who oppose the Separate Universities Bill, are all traitors and busy endangering their necks. He called the idea 'nonsense' and accused the Government of formulating the charge in this manner, in order to "stifle all public opinion, all freedom of expression, all acts which even in the state of our existing laws are still legal, and which have as their object the eradication of laws that are an affront to Christian as well as to social conscience." He pointed to the complete collapse of the Crown contention that violence was contemplated, and drew attention to one remarkable feature of the case—that not one witness called by the Crown failed to admit that the organizations involved in the Trial had, through their speakers, repeatedly stressed the same theme. "We must avoid violence, even if provoked, even if violence is used against us. We must employ moral, not physical, force." It was the Crown witnesses who proved overwhelmingly that *peaceful* methods provided the keynote of the campaigns. He showed, similarly, how the evidence completely contradicted the allegation that the accused stirred up racial strife. Speaking of the Freedom Charter, he reminded the Court that this was not a cloak-and-dagger conspiracy, but a widely proclaimed campaign, and that the contents of the Charter are enshrined in most civilized political systems, having been confirmed as an ideal of human statehood by the United Nations in its Declaration of Universal

Human Rights. If the Crown's definition of High Treason were correct, then the most astonishing collection of world leaders and thinkers would find themselves on trial if they lived in South Africa. The framers of the United Nations Declaration, for instance; Earl Russell, Edouard Herriot, Thomas Mann, for striving for peace; Jefferson, Milton, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, for writings which were solemnly pronounced 'Communist' by Professor Murray.

Mr. Oswald Pirow characterized Mr. Berrangé's speech as more suitable for a meeting of the United Nations than for the Court. If by this he meant that the speech sought to fit the case in a perspective of public events and an assault on basic freedoms, and that it was filled with sympathy and indignation on behalf of the people drawn into this extraordinary trial, he was right. Mr. Pirow's own effort was a lawyer's speech. He agreed that at meetings speakers always exhorted their listeners not to use violence. But what did this mean? The exact opposite—*use* violence. By telling people not to throw stones at the police, you are subtly suggesting that they should do just that. This is a curious argument, for it means that in spite of the voluminous evidence of what people said during the campaigns, all this must be ignored, and an entirely opposite intention inferred. This strange tone of inferring opposites and looking for hidden meanings ran right through his address. It was true that the United Party, the Churches and women's organizations opposed this or that law—and it was in order for them to do so. But when the A.N.C. did the same thing, it really wanted something quite different. It was merely using these campaigns as a "stalking horse". When there is reference to blood and tears, it can mean only one thing—these people are contemplating something illegal and are inviting the police to shoot and beat them up. It is in order to say and do certain things anywhere and to anyone, except to and before Africans. "It is possible that you can preach that sort of thing in Hyde Park without leading to trouble. But very little of what we have quoted can be preached to Africans in an excited state." Whatever you say on other occasions, to other audiences, it must inevitably lead to trouble in South Africa.

These arguments impressed the magistrate. Taking one night to consider the evidence and submissions, he committed all 95 of the accused for trial on charges of High Treason.

BOKLAAGTE GOES TO THE POLLS

DAVID MARAIS

Cartoonist of the "Cape Times."

It all started because Oom Koos van Vuuren, who is a big man in the local Nation Party, has the loudest voice of anyone around Boklaagte. We were sitting on the stoep of the Railway Hotel drinking beer and talking politics. This young city fellow in the raincoat was paying for the beer and keeping the talk on the political line and he said well, the Nation Party's local candidate, Japie de Wet, seemed to be the best man they could have chosen. Well, he shouldn't of said that, but then these foreigners don't know how things are on the Platteland, and, of course, he didn't know that Japie had beaten Oom Koos in the nomination and had voted against him when they were handing out the Senatorships, and that they were having a big argument about the jackal-proof fence between their farms.

So Oom Koos just spat over the rail into the street and said: "That bastard," he said. "I wouldn't vote for him, not if he was standing against a kaffer," he said. "I'd rather vote for a kaffer than for that vermin."

Well, the upshot of it was that the young city fellow turned out to be a political correspondent or something—that was why he was paying for all the beer and insisted on talking politics—and the next thing we knew there was a long piece in the newspaper about Boklaagte and the Emerging Spirit of Liberalism Thrusting Aside Race Prejudice on the Platteland. That wasn't the real trouble, though, the real trouble was, this young city fellow went and spoke about his conversation with Oom Koos to the organizing people of the Unity Party.

And he told them Oom Koos said he wouldn't vote for Japie because he said Japie was a bastard. Well it just goes to show these city people are out of touch with the Platteland, because when Oom Koos said bastard, this fellow thought he meant bastard, but everybody knows when we call a man a bastard it just means he's liable to let his cows get into your wheat, or try an entice the kaffers off your farm by offering them meat as well as mealie-meal when he's short of labour at harvest time. That's a *real* bastard thing to do, and I don't like Japie myself overmuch, but I know he wouldn't sink as low as that.

Anyway, this set the party boys humming, because the way the story reached them was that there was widespread discontent down in Boklaagte because the Party was putting up a candidate with Coloured blood in his veins.

The Brain men in the Unity Party saw this was a thing they couldn't allow to happen, even if the candidate was in the enemy camp, and they decided to put their finest people onto it right away. That's why they sent Hester van Huysen to speak down in Boklaagte, and with her they sent one of their senior Brain men, Lieutenant-General Montagu Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.).

Hester van Huysen is regarded by the Unity Party as one of their best Platteland fighters. "She knows how to talk to the farmers," they said. "If anyone can make the best of this situation, she can. She comes from good farming stock herself, and she knows all about kaffers and hottentots and coolies and other matters of moment to the agricultural community." Lieutenant-General Montagu Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.) is a party expert in the economic field, which is to say he is a city man who speaks to the city voters about economic matters such as the Africans, the Coloured community and Our Indian Friends.

Well, Tant Hester spent the whole of her first day in Boklaagte preparing her first speech. She really put her heart and soul into it. I heard her ask Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.): "What's a synonym for kaffer?"

"Swartgoed," he said, promptly. "Black trash, nigger. . . ." Man! that man is educated, he has a wonderful vocabulary. I suppose he must do a lot of reading. But that didn't satisfy Tant Hester. "No," she said. "I've got all those and I do not want to repeat myself. After all, this is something fresh and new in our political arena, and it deserves a fresh approach. We must get away from the old hackneyed slogans. Here we have a new, throbbing, vital concept—the intrusion of a question of colour into a White election. We must not let our viewpoint become obscured by prejudice."

"I quite see your point," said Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.). "How about a gentler approach—talking about, say, racial bastardization, the Black Menace, jeopardizing the untainted heritage of generations yet unborn. . . ."

"That's the line!" said Tant Hester. "I like the bit about the Black Menace. On the other hand, these are an uncomplicated, simple people. We mustn't confuse them with abstrac-

tions and racial philosophies. We must talk to them about the things which form the realities of their everyday life, the things they know and understand. Not political theories and catchwords, but *facts, facts, facts!*"

"Ah," said Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.). "Now I see exactly what you mean. And you're quite right, of course. How about something like lazy, ignorant, good-for-nothing, cheeky Kaffers. . . .?"

"That's it!" cried Tant Hester. "That is exactly right. Not only is it concise and to the point, but it introduces a new principle into our political thinking, a shining light of truth to stab through the fog of misconception which bedevils our National Life! It gets down to first principles and it is something which these simple, honest souls can understand."

"That's right," said Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.). "But we mustn't be *too* positive. Truth can only be taken in small doses, you know."

"These are my people," Tant Hester flared at once, "I know them to the innermost depths of their upright souls. There is no person alive who can give them too much truth."

"Quite, quite," Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.) hastened to agree. "I only meant that one should not be entirely constructive. One should introduce a slight, subtle note of criticism of the backwardness of the Nation Party and its Government. . . ."

"Of course!" Tant Hester snapped at him impatiently. "I've thought of that. I shall point out that they are Nigger-lovers, that things have come to such a pass in this once-free country of ours that a man can no longer give his own kaffer a hiding on his own farm. Is that the freedom for which our forefathers spilt their blood? . . ."

I couldn't listen anymore because I could hear somebody coming down the passage, but I was right on the spot when the next development took place. I was talking to Oom Koos when Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.) came up to him and shook his hand and said he'd heard that Oom Koos had said he would rather vote for a kaffer than for Japie de Wet, and he thought that showed a fine spirit of tolerance and was a sign that the country was coming to its senses and would reject the racist, fear-ridden policies of the Nation Party.

"Tolerance," he said. "That is the new watchword for our glorious South Africa. Tolerance between Boer and Briton, between Briton and Boer and between . . . er . . . Boer and

Briton. Tolerance for the viewpoints of all in our march towards our brilliant destiny. We must give one another the hand of friendship and co-operation and together solve the problems which beset our land."

Then he came to the point, which was that he wanted to talk Oom Koos into standing as the candidate for the Unity Party, and Oom Koos was so embarrassed he didn't finish his beer, but walked off muttering about the 'verdomde Englishmen' who tried to stir up trouble on the Platteland.

The result was that Oom Koos and young Japie patched up their quarrel, and Oom Koos it was who threw the boot at Tant Hester's meeting that night which hit Tant Hester on the mouth.

Mind you, she was a wonderful speaker. I can't deny that. I'm a liberal myself and I can't stand people who try to tell me how I should handle my kaffers, but I must hand it to her, she had all the answers.

Japie put her a very clever question. "Would you like your daughter," he asked, "to marry a kaffer?"

She didn't hesitate. "The trouble with you Nation Party people," she said, "is that you're a lot of kaffer-boeties—nigger-lovers. You want the kaffers for your brother." She paused dramatically. "But you don't want him for your brother-in-law," she said.

It flummoxed Japie. But it didn't get Oom Koos down. He had the answer all right. He let her have it with the boot. Right in the teeth.

"That's the only argument *her* sort understands!" he shouted. And he was right. Tant Hester didn't say another word. I was right close to the platform and I would have been able to hear her, even above the sound of the breaking chairs. She just shut up there and then, and she and Wharrington-Pyke (Retd.) went home.

And Oom Koos was elected candidate in place of Japie. It was tough on Japie, but Oom Koos deserved it, he showed he is a man of action. He's the type of man we need to solve the Native question in this country, not like those Unity Party people, who just talk about it all the time.

CENTRAL AFRICA (V): FEDERATION AND THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY

JAMES CALLAGHAN, M.P.

Expert on Colonial Affairs in the Labour Party 'Shadow Cabinet.'

Held office in the two post-war Labour administrations.

INCREASING pressure is being brought to bear on Britain, by both the European and African inhabitants of the Central African Federation, to declare her attitude in advance of the Constitutional Conference that is due to take place in 1960. The inhabitants of the Federation are naturally concerned about their future and seek as much security as can be found in this H-bomb world in which we live. But, unfortunately, they are proposing two diametrically opposed solutions to the people of Britain. One stream of thought asks that Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland should secede from the Federation and thus ensure that it is dismantled. There is a second group pressing for dominion status, in order that the Federation shall escape from the control of the British Parliament and shall itself control the Northern Territories. It follows that in the absence of agreement in the Federation itself about its ultimate destiny, a heavy responsibility is thrown on Britain, whose Government will either have to make a choice between the various solutions that are proposed, or propound its own.

The strong opposition to the continued existence of the Federation itself from politically conscious Africans is indeed melancholy confirmation of those who foretold in the early 1950's that the concept was being pushed too fast. Those who prophesied what has, in fact, happened, were pooh-poohed at the time by the protagonists of Federation: but they have been proved right.

The Labour Party has decided to respond to the pressure that is being brought to bear from both sides inside the Federation by making an interim statement of its own position. It is a statement of the principles that will guide us in our approach to any conference that is held in 1960 or later to consider the constitutional future of the Federation.

Here I must remark that many Europeans have failed to comprehend that it is the political concept of Federation which they themselves espoused that is on trial in the period between 1953

and 1960. This is the testing time for those who believe in Federation; it is their job to make it succeed. To me it is an astonishing phenomenon that they have done so little to try and win over African opinion. It is the view of most observers that local antagonism is as strong as—if not stronger than—it was before 1953. This present period should have been a time for consolidation of the Federation, for gaining the confidence of the African people and of the young African nationalist movements. But none of these things has been attempted. Instead, the European-dominated Federal Assembly has deliberately altered the basis of the franchise and the allocation of seats in the Assembly in such a way as to arouse violent protests from the politically vocal Africans. Under the new franchise, Europeans will have a large say in the election of Africans, but not *vice versa*. The Federal Government's proposals drove the African Affairs Board, which was set up under the Constitution as a safeguard of African rights, to declare its opposition twice and cause the issue to be referred to the Secretary of State in Britain. Nevertheless, the Federal Government plunged ahead and flouted the informed and moderate views of the African Affairs Board. In so doing, the Federal Government put the British Government in a dilemma. The British Government had to make a choice between supporting the Federal Government, knowing that if it did so it would undermine the faith of Africans in the constitutional safeguards provided for them in the Federal Statute; or, alternatively, of rejecting the Federal Government's proposals in the knowledge that a constitutional crisis would be precipitated, followed by a General Election. The British Government capitulated to the Federal Government and, in so doing, forfeited much African confidence.

In other matters too, the Federal Government has done little to win African confidence and support. It has been singularly timorous in the matter of inter-racial education. Apart from a promising advance in the University, the secondary schools and trade schools are still run on racial lines.

In industry, it is widely believed that the Federal Government has encouraged the immigration of European workers—Italians and others—rather than carry out an intensive training of Africans for skilled posts. Although apprenticeship schemes are admittedly part of the responsibilities of the individual Territories, nevertheless the Federal Government could have given a bolder

lead in the matter of establishing apprenticeship systems for Africans—despite the hostility of a great many interests.

On the other hand, the Federation has been economically fortunate, in that its existence has coincided with a copper boom (lately followed by a sad decline in prices) and excellent prices for tobacco. The Federation has been able to go ahead with great and beneficial expansion schemes, like that of the Kariba Dam. The standard of life of the urban African has risen.

But as industrialization proceeds, the European minority places itself more and more in the hands of the African to keep the wheels of industry turning.

If a community is to be healthy, it is impossible for economic progress to march ahead of social and political progress. Unfortunately, in the social and political fields, there has been little change of attitude on the part of many Europeans. There is still an ingrained belief in the superiority of the White over the Black. As one of them said to me a few months ago: "We Europeans do not intend to commit political suicide for the sake of an abstract notion like democracy." I pointed out to him that, with the pace of industrialization, if he could not get the goodwill of the Africans, he might have to choose between economic suicide and political democracy.

The European leaders are still appealing too much to European opinion. It is their job to lead the Federation as a whole—and that includes the millions of Africans who help to constitute it; if they cannot do so, we may have to save them and their children from themselves.

I can fully understand the feelings of irritation and exasperation felt by many White Southern Rhodesians at the present position. They believe that in joining in Federation they have hitched themselves to two colonial territories and, to some extent therefore, they have lost status.

Some of them say that they only entered into a Federation because of the tacit understanding that African policies in the two Northern Territories would, at an early date, become their responsibility. I must reiterate, therefore, that whatever tacit understandings or misunderstandings there may have been, the Labour Party is not committed by them. We stand specifically by the words of the 1953 Constitution, the Preamble of which lays down that: "Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland should continue under the special protection of Her Majesty to enjoy separate governments for so long as their respective

peoples so desire, those governments remaining responsible (subject to the ultimate authority of H.M. Government in the U.K.) for, in particular, the control of land in those territories, and for the local and territorial political advancement of the peoples thereof."

Those words are specific and clear; Britain cannot hand over responsibility for the peoples of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland without their consent. Our approach to the 1960 Conference stems from this beginning, and it follows that claims for dominion status by the Federal Government will become ripe for consideration only when it can be shown that the peoples (mark the words, *NOT* the voters, *NOT* the White population, but the *PEOPLES*) desire an alteration in their status.

Secondly, we must approach the 1960 Conference from the undoubted starting point that the basic concept of federation has not yet been established in the minds of the peoples of the Federation. By that I mean that Federation has not yet shown that it has been able to foster partnership and co-operation between the inhabitants of the Territories inside the Federation. There is still time to achieve this before the Constitutional Conference: but that time is running out.

In our view, Britain should prepare for the Conference by strengthening the position of the Africans in the Legislative and Executive Councils of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and by broadening the franchise. Such steps would enable a more representative African view to be expressed at the Conference.

The Conference itself will need to re-examine the powers of the Federal Government and of the Territories to ensure that the rights of the Protectorates are not whittled away, thus making the Preamble to the Constitution no more than a sham.

But the real test for 1960 is this: can the European leaders of the Federation make good their promise of 1953 and win the support of the African peoples to the concept of Federation? The Territories themselves have no natural geographical boundary; nor do they comprise an ethnical unit. The Federation itself is no more than a convenient economic aggregation. But that is not sufficient for the idea to take root and grow; Federation must make an appeal to men's hearts and loyalties. There is, so far, no sign of that development in the hearts and minds of the politically educated Africans.

On the other hand, those Africans who press for the right

to secede, come what may, should beware of throwing away the baby with the bathwater. It is not Federation as such that they object to, but White-dominated Federation. The Federation exists; and the Africans should bend their efforts to strengthening their position inside it because, economically, the three Territories together have much to offer each other in the way of mutual support.

To sum up, therefore, the tests that we must apply in 1960 must be: first, what progress has been made towards carrying out the avowed objectives of those who pressed for the inauguration of the Federation? Second, how far has partnership and co-operation progressed between the inhabitants, especially in regard to social relationships, education and industry? Third, if any part were to secede what would be the consequences to the people of that Territory, and also to those who remained behind? Would a separate Territory be able to stand on its own, politically and economically? Fourth, is there a reasonable prospect that Federation can command the voluntary allegiance of its peoples? And, finally, what are the prospects of the Federation becoming a democracy with equal rights for all citizens?

It is not our place to give a final answer to all these questions now, nor should we try and do so. There are still two years (or even more) to run before the first period of the Federation's existence comes under review. What may happen inside the Federation in the period remaining before this review, can affect our attitude. But an interim reply has been given now by the Labour Party statement. It is that the signs so far are not propitious, and that much more must be done by the present leadership of the Federation if it is to become a democratic partnership of peoples living in co-operation with each other, and a focal point for their loyalties.

STATEMENT ON CENTRAL AFRICA

The Labour Party deeply deplores the approval given by the Conservative Government to the Constitutional Amendment Bill and the Electoral Bill recently passed by the Parliament of the Central African Federation. The passing of this legislation marks a new stage in the history of the Federation. Although the Labour Party strongly resisted the imposition of Federation in 1953, it has always been willing to do its best to make it work, provided that it established a genuine racial partnership in Central Africa and was based on the voluntary adherence of the African people. We have, how-

ever, watched with growing concern the aggravation of racial tension in the last few years. The over-riding of the African Affairs Board by the present Government has weakened the confidence of the African people in the safeguards against discriminatory legislation that were written into the Constitution and has tragically deepened their hostility to Federation.

If, therefore, Federation is to endure, we believe that concrete proof must be given to the African people that the principles of the Preamble are in fact being operated. The Labour Party welcomes the economic expansion which has taken place in the Territories in recent years, but believes that this must go hand in hand with the political advancement and social integration of all races. We therefore call for the following steps to be taken in order that these principles may be fulfilled:

- (a) an unequivocal statement that the objective of the Federation is complete democracy and equal rights for every citizen;
- (b) the revision of the federal franchise to ensure genuine African representation in the Federal Parliament;
- (c) the rapid elimination of racial discrimination in both social relations and industry;
- (d) the extension to other levels of education of the inter-racial policy now being developed so encouragingly in the University.

It will be by reference to the progress made in these matters that the Labour Party will decide its attitude at the Conference which is to review the future of the Federation in 1960. The Labour Party regards itself as completely bound by the Preamble to the Constitution, which declares that the people of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland should continue to enjoy separate government under the special protection of Her Majesty for as long as their respective peoples so desire. Labour believes there should be a review of the powers of the federal and territorial governments so that the position of the protectorates is safeguarded. We reaffirm the pledge that dominion status shall not be conceded until all the inhabitants of the Federation have expressed a desire for it, through the exercise of full and equal democratic rights.

In order to enable African views to be more effectively expressed at this Conference and as a step towards full democracy, the Labour Party believes that Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland must now be given opportunities for much greater participation in their governments. To this end it urges immediate constitutional reforms to ensure a majority of elected Africans in the Nyasaland Legislative Council and the appointment of African Ministers equal in number to those of other races. In Northern Rhodesia there should be parity of representation between Africans and other races in both the Legislative and Executive Councils. Labour also believes that the franchise in both territories should be broadened immediately as an instalment of progress towards a common roll and full adult suffrage.

PARTNERSHIP

Mr. H. C. Holderness stated recently in the Southern Rhodesian Parliament that in Southern Rhodesia corporal punishment is administered far more frequently, and for a much greater range of offences, than in most countries.

Land of Livingstone and Rhodes,
Land of joyous Federation,
Which no doctrinaire corrodes
With the curse of segregation,
Let us celebrate in odes
How a gentler Domination

Teaches Africans to skip
By a form of free tuition,
Using an enlightened whip
In its civilizing mission—
Flogging into partnership
Is its glorious ambition!

Let us now deplore the Nats,
For we Britishers can't stand a
Creed so crude and stupid. That's
Not the way to do it. And a
Nation of imperiocrats
Scorns all racial propaganda.

Nats will never comprehend,
For what puzzles and amazes
Is the ruthlessness we blend
With such reasonable phrases—
Why does Britain, in the end,
Stifle everything she praises?

By a verbal alchemy
Degradation turns to glory:
We prefer that we should be
Told a pretty bed-time story—
In the Country of the Free,
In the Land of Dope and Tory.

REGINALD REYNOLDS.

LUSAKA DIARY

HAROLD PLACHIN

LUSAKA, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, has the same municipal area as Liverpool. But there the likeness ends. Lying at the junction of the Cape to Cairo and the Nyasaland roads, the town was at first centred on a limestone ridge above an enormous quantity of water, so that less than two years ago streams still ran through the back streets from pumped foundations. The architecture is colonially disconcerting, and a distinguished foreign visitor, being driven through the city on a Sunday, indicated the post office and asked why the prison was so central. Fortunately for civic pride, the post office will now be housed in a much larger building, one of several that have been erected on the marshy land that until recently separated the main road from the station.

Before Federation, Government staffs completely dominated the town, but since then departments have drained away to Salisbury, and the European shortage of houses has changed to a glut. Recently, however, an increasing number of commercial concerns has moved into the town, and a whole new housing estate is being developed with plots at around £900 an acre.

As everywhere else in Africa, non-European housing presents great problems and inspires great indignation. Locations are distant, roads to them are poor, bus-fares continually rise. Almost all the houses have a single bedroom and no provision for children apart from the kitchen, while adolescents are not considered at all, let alone separated. And elsewhere in the country, the position is no different. In some towns, no matter how many people are crowded into single quarters, the rent is the same for each of them. Not long ago, a night-school student asked to be allowed to stay on privately after classes; it was found he shared a single rondavel with three others—a man fond of beer, a man fond of women, and a man fond of jazz records—and all exercised their likings in the same small area at the same time, which was when he wanted to study.

An employer is bound to house his staff. Domestic servants still normally live behind their employers' houses and prefer to do so, but an increasing number have to live in the distant

Locations. A recent report has suggested an increase of pay to include a rent-allowance and the employers' obligation to cease. This may lead to responsibility, as is hoped, but is more likely to lead to exploitation. One provision which is made by the Mines, and in some cases the Education Department, is suitable housing for graduates and other highly paid Africans. Elsewhere, the £600 per year broadcaster is likely to live next to the £60 per year messenger and share his lack of electric light, communal water, sanitation and bathing.

This absence of better African housing is almost certainly the reason why inter-racial entertaining (what little there is of it), is almost exclusively carried on in the houses of Europeans, quite apart from the fact that Europeans are forbidden to make any visits to the Locations. Even these social contacts are few and likely to catch the eye of the Special Branch and the disapproval of superiors. Fraternization probably exists more in Lusaka than elsewhere, for it is the most liberal town in the country, returning as its Member to the Federal Parliament Dr. A. Scott, one of the very few Europeans whom Africans respect.

The Ridgeway Hotel, the most expensive in the country, has only an economic and 'decently-dressed' colour-bar. Both in Lusaka and elsewhere, there is hardly a restaurant where an African customer is accepted, though one in a large group of determined Whites might manage to get by. Most hotels suddenly find that they are full when a non-White seeks accommodation. The Ridgeway management also runs for the Government a hostel open to all members of the public. As it is close to two big Locations, its patrons are largely Africans (though 10/- per night for a single bed deters all but the wealthy); but members of other races have used it, and all are high in their praises of its good standard. One hopes that the experiment will be repeated in other parts of the country.

The United Northern Rhodesia Association's Club in the town is rather a bewildering place. It is housed in very fine buildings, the gift of a departing big company, a little way out of the town, but not too far. You can go one day and find it all but deserted, a solitary African hunched over the bar, as like as not one of the Special Branch detectives who are planted there, and the whole thing will seem a flop. Another evening there will be a party in progress, with something like forty each of the three main racial groups and a couple of dozen

others having a really enjoyable time, without hint of embarrassment. The main difficulty is that even for the most enthusiastic European members this is but one activity, whereas for most of the non-Europeans it is the only possible social outlet of its kind, apart from the Municipal beer-halls which are squalid and anyway close at 6 p.m. The Europeans treat it like any club, to be used now and then, the others as *the* club. However, it will probably weather its storms, and the idea has already spread on a smaller scale to other towns.

It needed a boycott to bring to an end the custom of only serving African customers through side-windows, and even now it continues in places, while nowhere is the 'first-come, first-served' principle observed. The Post Office is everywhere one of the worse offenders; clerks at completely empty counters will seldom do more than direct an African who wants a stamp to the seething mass at his 'own' counter, though there is no notice to indicate which counter is which, only custom, and technically there is no distinction. The Bill to set up Committees to investigate complaints was emasculated in the Legislative Council and is almost a dead-letter.

The highest proportion of African income is spent on clothes, which are at present not just things to wear, but have a tremendous 'status-symbolism'. This is hinged not to what the surrounding Whites are wearing, but to the artificial standards of the mail-order catalogues. In town at least, wine, women and song get much of the rest, though, with health services exhausting about 10 per cent. of the national income, it comes as a shock to see in sample budgets 10/- a month spent on medicines per family. Even so, ill-health is rife; a study of children suffering from malnutrition on one of the mines showed that the worse afflicted were those whose fathers were in the higher pay-grades. Money is sent freely to relatives, and most people pay for the clothing or schooling of children outside their own immediate family. Perhaps a form of insurance if one wants to go back to the village some day. European suicides have almost always financial backgrounds, African ones hardly ever, yet average non-European wages are around a twelfth of those of Europeans.

Most traders are Asians, and one hears constant complaints of how they are taking over the country's commerce, at least at trading-store level, and that soon "we shall be as bad as Kenya." It is true that more and more stores are owned or

backed by Asians, but there are no other outlets for them. The only Government posts offered are for a very limited number of school-teachers, and Asians are not allowed to fill clerical or technical posts in the Civil Service, or work on the Mines or Railways. Few farm on a large scale, so that only in trade can they make a living.

Miscegenation proves as popular a pastime as ever. No amount of indignation on the part of the old brigade can conceal the fact that the rural areas, especially in the Eastern Province, have a heavy sprinkling of Coloured families bearing names whose original owners reached high in the Administration's staff lists in later years. As always it is carried on at two levels: single quarters on the Railways and Mines represent the commercial aspect; while a minority of genuine affection and preference continues elsewhere, though the law prevents civil marriage and those few cases presented to the Churches have been side-stepped on technicalities. Although more common, it is by no means always the case that the White partner is male in such advances.

One of Lusaka's most flourishing institutions is the Theatre Club. The whole country is enthusiastic about amateur dramatics; there is an annual festival where the acting compares favourably with professional productions. Entrance to the theatre is non-racial, first come first served and the same price everywhere, but a special cheap performance is put on for African students who cannot pay full price. Mixed casts have been seen in the town, though not yet at this theatre, and there are plans for an inter-racial theatre group with its own theatre close to the Locations. This is a Mission-sponsored venture, with active help from many laymen and much self-help from students who have put on shows to raise funds.

Lusaka has the country's only inter-racial cinema, the one chance non-Whites have of seeing anything different from the third-rate cowboy films that constitute their diet in the Locations. The cinema looked at first as if it would founder on the rocks of censorship, but as the Board was sympathetic to its aims, they looked into their own constitution and, finding they could change their code, promptly did so. The result has been that far fewer films are stopped, and the venture should succeed.

Almost all newspapers aimed at the African population are published or backed by the Government. Recently, however,

a new paper, *The African Times* (remotely connected with a building society) has arisen, the editor of which, Elias Mtepuka,¹ made it a success from the first issue. He pulled no punches, attacking abuses on either side of the colour-line, with much encouragement for the country's only real multi-racial party, the Constitution Party. Unfortunately, he died suddenly a few weeks ago, and the cause of freedom and advancement lost a commanding voice. And now the paper has ceased publication, not for lack of support by readers, but, it is said, because people connected with the Press which printed it disapproved of some of its statements, particularly those on other newspapers. Further comment is not possible, legal action is pending, but there are hopes that the paper will resume its career soon.

The African broadcasting service, built up over the years in Lusaka, has become one of the best of its kind. Not only the great names of the entertainment world are heard from there, but anyone who thinks he can sing or play an instrument can go along and be patiently heard, and the recording vans go deep into the rural areas to collect material. There is a fear that the setting up of a Federal Commission may turn this entertaining outfit into a cog of the propaganda machine, and time will show whether it can withstand the onslaught. After all, few of the Whites know what the songs are about, anyway.

As elsewhere, the Church congregations tend to be apathetic towards the colour problem on their door-steps, but there is hope, since the loudest voices against discrimination are those of individual clergy. John Houghton of the Anglicans, Fr. Walsh, S.J., for the Roman Catholics, Bev Packer, Merfyn Temple and Colin Morris for the Nonconformists are always to the fore in inter-racial affairs and in calling attention to abuses, while trying to do something about them. Co-operation between the sects exists far more in the towns than the rural areas, where the Mission spheres of influence are jealously guarded, and where the social colour-bar, as between White and Black priests or teachers, is, with a few exceptions, as fixed as anywhere in the country.

The Northern Rhodesia African Congress has its headquarters in Lusaka in the midst of one of the Locations, which provide a constant flow of people and an arena for its work. While

¹ See AFRICA SOUTH, Vol. I, No. 4: "Central African Federation—The Attack," by Elias M. Mtepuka.

Harry Nkumbula is the figurehead, it is not at all clear how strong his hold is on the party machine as a whole, though on the popular mind, especially in the rural areas, it is unrivalled. He was unable to control the Copperbelt hotheads when they broke out into violence over a beer-hall boycott; branch secretaries say things which he has publicly denied; but outwardly the façade remains unbroken. Kenneth Kaunda² was once described as 'the most dangerous man in the country'. Perhaps he is—to reactionaries—because he above all the others has sensed, and exercised in himself, the strength of the full Ghandian concept of Congress. He is an efficient organizer, but he is also a seer. He has been threatened by an extremist group recently. The Congress proposals for Constitutional changes were recently set before the Governor. They show more clearly than any recent statements the reasonableness of Congress leaders. They have asked for African parity in the Legislative Council and a 7 to 3 European majority in the Executive Council. Congress has never been anti-White, but if something is not done very soon to increase the political representation of Africans in their country's affairs, the xenophobes within Congress, now a small but vocal minority, will almost certainly gain ground.

Paternalism is the predominant trait of the Administration, especially in the rural areas. Many District Commissioners genuinely want to lead the people in their charge towards responsible self-rule, but not at the pace which events are going to force upon them. There is still a hard core of 'Saunders of the River' types, who expect a discipline close to adoration, and one or two like the one who was described to me thus: "Good chap, old X. Wanted some more labour for my brick-fields. Happened to mention it in the Club. Next morning he sent one of his messengers to pull in half a dozen of these Congress pests, gave them a month each, and had 'em out to my place next morning." The way in which an administrative officer can arrest a man one day in one capacity and try him the next in another, is worrying some people. So is the bullying by the African constables of members of a rival tribe. Similarly, the lack of impartiality of the Native Courts and the savagery of the fines they impose, which bear no relation to the earning capacity of the accused. The gravely understaffed body of

² See AFRICA SOUTH, Vol. II No. 3: "Northern Rhodesia and Federation," by K. D. Kaunda.

Resident Magistrates has recently come out with some decisions grossly unpopular with White opinion, especially the predominantly Afrikaans-speaking farmers (who are flooding into the country, backed by Union funds). A farmer was sent to jail recently for beating an allegedly cheeky employee. With farm wages still in some districts as low as 30/- per month, it is a surprise that any man has strength enough left to be cheeky.

Lusaka, with its first-class African Secondary School at Munali, its Hodgson Technical College, Teacher Training Centre at Chalimbana, and lesser departmental schools, has an atmosphere of brisk discussion amongst students which is lacking elsewhere. Opposition to Federation, which has always been nearly 100 per cent. among the entire African population, is also on the increase among Europeans, even Civil Servants, whatever those in high authority may state. Further disillusionment has come through the rejection of the complaint by the Moffat Committee against the proposed increase in the number of seats in the Federal Parliament. This, the first measure they have declared discriminatory, was not thought so by the quite unknown Governor-General who was recently wished on the country. It met in the British House of Commons with the sort of treatment that has left no doubt in the minds of most people that only a Labour Government, and perhaps not even they, can halt the imposition of dominion status by Southern Rhodesia and a further disregard for the treaty obligations of the Colonial Office to the people of the Northern Territories, which are already pretty mangled as it is. The increasingly vocal demands of the Southern Rhodesian Whites and the growing infiltration into Northern Rhodesia of Afrikaners have created fears and resentments that only a complete change of heart can allay, and that only within the next two years or so. The goal must be the respect due to a man because he is a man, a fellow human-being. No less can be of any avail. If partnership, a really fraternal sharing of everything—goods, time, money, emotions, cultures—does not take place, then the outlook is dark indeed.

THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC COMMUNITY AND AFRICA

V. PILLAY

Lecturer at the London School of Economics.

In March, 1957, the Foreign Ministers of the six countries* making up the European Coal and Steel Community met in Rome to sign two treaties, one of which instituted the European Economic Community. This treaty has since been ratified by the Parliaments of the six countries, and the European Economic Community came into existence on 1st January, 1958. It is difficult to avoid the maze of technicalities which surround the provisions of the Treaty: what is being set up by the six countries is a customs union and a common market—a new economic framework involving complex changes in customs tariffs, import licensing controls and other so-called barriers to inter-European trade. In essence, the E.E.C. introduces two significant departures from the existing pattern of economic relationships in Western Europe. In the *first* instance, all barriers to trade (like customs tariffs and quantitative trade controls) between the six countries will be abandoned over a period of 12 to 15 years, so that, by the end of this period, the type of free trade which operates within a single country will have been extended on something like a continental dimension. At the same time, all the six countries will unify their tariffs on all goods imported from the outside world. The *rationale* advanced for this aspect of the project is that the abandonment of tariff protection will drive less efficient industries within the E.E.C. area out of business, stimulate more efficient industries, and, at least theoretically, introduce a process of increased specialization and of the location of industries in only those areas of least cost. In these ways the gains from increased trade are expected to be immense. In fact, however, much of European industry remains riddled with cartels and other quasi-monopolistic practices. The widening of the European market may therefore benefit these cartels and so enable them to share the market more effectively among themselves with less interference from outside.

*France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg. The absence of Britain in the E.E.C. project is, of course, the result of the sharp conflicts in policies now emerging in European politics. This aspect of the question is not touched upon here.

In the *second* instance, the E.E.C. project contemplates the gradual harmonization of the economic policies of the member states, not merely in the matter of tariffs, but to a considerable degree in the whole field of economic, financial and social policy. This would involve the abolition (between the six countries) of all obstacles to the free movement of labour, capital and other resources, a common managed market for agricultural products, the creation of a new European Investment Bank, and, among a host of other unifying provisions, the establishment of such institutions as a European Assembly, a Council of Ministers and a Court of Justice.

The E.E.C. is therefore very much more than a local free-trade grouping of nations with a common customs wall. It possesses potentialities of becoming more than a permanent economic union—it could very well enable a country like Western Germany, through the extent of its resources and efficiency in production, to shape the relations between the member states and between them and the outside world, so that in the course of time, as no doubt is already partly the case, the E.E.C. will become both the object and the subject of politics.

The viability of a European economic union on the lines visualized by the Rome Treaty must, in the final analysis, be governed by an easy access both to raw materials and to markets upon which the surpluses of European production may be dumped. It is here that the African territories of the member states of the E.E.C. come into their own. The pre-history of the so-called African "association" with the E.E.C. is as old as the post-war idea of a "United Europe". When the Schuman plan for the European Coal and Steel Community was being negotiated some seven years ago, the possibility that the German steel industry might be allowed to share in the exploitation of French North Africa was actively mooted. But France would then have none of it. In 1952, the Council of Europe took up the theme of "Eurafrica" as a possible way of associating Germany with the opening up of the African colonies, but here the United Kingdom (which is a member of the Council of Europe) provided the principal obstacle.

The Rome Treaty envisaged three classes of colonial or semi-colonial territories which—in various ways—are to be "associated" with the E.E.C. The first concerns the "non-European countries and territories having special relationships with Belgium, France, Italy and Holland"—namely, French West

Africa, French Equatorial Africa, French Togoland, French Cameroons, St. Pierre et Miquelon, Comoro Archipelago, Madagascar, French Somaliland, New Caledonia, French settlements in Oceania, the Belgian Congo, Ruanda Urundi, Italian Somaliland, and Dutch New Guinea. The Treaty encompasses a convention valid for the first five years (and renewable after that) on the manner in which these territories are to be incorporated in the E.E.C. Secondly, certain parts of the Treaty are made applicable forthwith to the French possessions of Algeria, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Réunion and French Guiana (the "overseas departments" in which a substantial number of French colonists have settled). The remaining parts of the Treaty will be applied to these territories within two years of the Treaty's coming into force. Finally, the Treaty proposes negotiations with certain other territories—like Morocco, Tunisia, and Libya—on an economic association with the E.E.C. project.

It is to be understood that the Rome Treaty will not be applied *per se* to the first group of territories concerned. The 5-Year Convention excludes such Treaty provisions as the alignment of policies of social insurance, labour legislation, conditions of work, trade union rights, collective bargaining, social security, which apply to the six European countries concerned. What the Convention does is virtually to seal off the colonial territories concerned into an economic preserve of the E.E.C. area. The products of the overseas colonies are to enter the E.E.C. on the same terms as those of the European member states. But against this, the colonial territories would extend tariff concessions to the E.E.C. to the same degree as exists with the separate countries of which they are dependent colonies. The colonies would in the nature of things maintain a high tariff wall on products coming from outside the E.E.C. area.

The increased adhesion of the colonial territories concerned to the West European economy, which this system of tariff preferences implies, possesses a strong parallel to Britain's trade relations with the British Empire and Commonwealth. Here the colonial 'open door' to British manufactured exports, against preferences for Colonial produce and raw materials in the United Kingdom market, has remained one of the more crucial techniques in freezing the economies of colonial territories to a set structure, so that, even where some of them have advanced towards political independence, their economies remain heavily

colonial in character. And there can be no doubt that much of the industrialization that has taken place in the more independent regions of the Commonwealth has been accompanied by gradual departures away from the system of imperial tariff preferences. The impact of the E.E.C. on the French and Belgian colonies is clear: these colonies will now become the permanent raw material bases for a vaster and stronger industrial complex in Europe, and this alone can, and no doubt will, effectively stifle any indigenous movement in the colonies for a measure of capital accumulation through the diversification and balancing of their economies.

The Convention to the Rome Treaty does not rest there. It provides for what it calls a "Development Fund" for the overseas territories, with a sum of \$581,250,000 to be contributed by all of the E.E.C. countries. France and Western Germany are to contribute \$200 million each, Belgium and the Netherlands \$70 million each, Italy \$40 million and Luxembourg \$1¼ million. These contributions to the Fund are to be made in annual instalments over five years, and the Fund in turn will be allocated to the overseas territories as follows:

France	—	\$511,250,000
Netherlands	—	\$35,000,000.
Belgium	—	\$30,000,000
Italy	—	\$5,000,000

The method of disbursement of the Fund is shrouded in mystery. The Convention declares that "applications for the financing of projects would be made by the responsible authorities of the member countries," and, elsewhere, the Commission of the E.E.C. "would draw up annually the general programme of proposed investments on which the Council of Ministers will make the final decision". The Convention is at least specific on one aspect of the Fund's proposed activities:

"The measures to expand the volume of trade between member countries and the overseas territories in question will be accompanied by decisions . . . facilitating the participation of enterprises (i.e. commercial firms) in all member countries on projects to be financed by the Development Fund."

There can, however, be little doubt as to the implications of this Fund for the colonial territories. In 1956, the overseas colonial territories of the E.E.C. area accounted for some 12 per cent of the total import trade of the E.E.C. area. Of this, the preponderant import was made up of primary raw materials. Zinc,

copper, lead, iron ore, nickel, aluminium, all crucial to the industrial economy of Europe, loom large in the exports of the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, the French Cameroons, and other French possessions in North Africa. There now emerges on the horizon the serious prospect of a sizable supply of oil from the Sahara. It will necessarily be with the exploitation of these raw materials that the "Development Fund" will be primarily concerned.

There already exists substantial evidence as to the nature of international investment in the under-developed parts of the world. These investment activities have had little to do with true economic development; in most cases, they have merely provided the means of converting the investment-recipient territories into raw material appendages of the investing countries. And this has never been more true than of the economic relationships between France and French Colonial Africa, and between Belgium and the Belgian Congo. French West and Equatorial Africa have, according to official French sources, been receiving annually some \$500 million in investments (from France) over the past four years. And yet the per capita income in this area remained no higher than £50 per year, and of this less than 5 per cent was contributed by employment in direct manufacturing industry. French statistics on investment earnings in the colonial areas are studiously ambiguous, but those available on the Belgian Congo are illustrative of the earning power of such colonial investments. In 1955, the Belgian Congo remitted abroad just under 10 per cent of its estimated total national income as a return on foreign investment. It is doubtful whether this level of appropriation of the Congo's national product is rivalled anywhere else in the world. Estimates of the actual return on foreign investment in the Belgian Congo place the figure between 15 to 20 per cent. Over the whole of the post-war period the Congo's remittances of profits, dividends and interest (on foreign investments), running at an annual sum of over 3,250 million Belgian francs, have been about 150 per cent of the actual inflow of new investment funds. Very much as in French West Africa, the bulk of foreign investment in the Congo is directed to the extractive and agricultural industries, which in 1955 contributed to well over half of the national income. There can remain little doubt that the E.E.C.'s "Development Fund" will conform to the existing pattern of colonial investment.

The E.E.C. arrangement provides the first tangible opportunity

for West Germany to enter the charmed circle of European colonial powers. German industrial interests have long prepared themselves and are now actively associated in a number of investment ventures for the exploitation of the offered share in the considerable resources of French and Belgian Africa. It is, of course, not easy to explain the almost complete *volte face* in French policy—from one of suspicion of German aims to what now appears to be a ready acceptance of Germany in the colonial spree. There can, however, be little doubt that part of the explanation is found in the deepening crisis in the French balance of payments and in the capital needs required in order fully to exploit the oil resources of the Sahara. By including the French overseas region in the E.E.C., French colonial produce will necessarily find a ready market in the E.E.C. region, since the E.E.C. (by virtue of its unified tariff wall on third countries) will discriminate against similar produce from other parts of the world (for example, from British Colonial Africa). The consequent increase in the foreign exchange earnings of the French overseas territories will certainly alleviate much of the present strains on the French balance of payments. As is indicated above, the bulk of the Fund will be allocated to the French territories, and this would assist somewhat in the availability of resources to exploit the oil deposits of the Sahara.

The E.E.C.'s, and particularly France's, often declared intentions to raise living standards in the colonies will be dismissed as a polite fiction or as no more than another sickening pretence. The purpose of the "Development Fund" will largely be concerned with the creation of what the French term an "infrastructure of transport and communications" required for the more efficient exploitation of colonial resources, particularly metals, oil and minerals. The system of tariff preferences within the colonies will enable France to go a long way towards solving her own balance of payments problems, and in the process the colonies will have become tied to a narrow self-seeking combination of European powers. The monopoly over colonial exports which is already in the hands of the metropolitan countries will so be strengthened by the E.E.C. arrangement that any prospect for balanced economic development in the colonies will now be effectively killed.

GHANA: THE MORNING AFTER (III) THE ACCRA CONFERENCE

By COLIN LEGUM

Author and Journalist

April 14.

TOMORROW is the opening day of the first conference of eight independent African States.

Throughout to-day, planes have arrived with delegations from Ethiopia, Liberia (President Tubman has two planes, the one is called his "baggage carrier"), Libya, Morocco, Tunisia, the Sudan and the United Arab Republic. Each delegation is met with formal "British" ceremony: guards of honour, delegations of Ministers, salutes, military bands. Until last night the band has been rehearsing (from records) the national anthems of the different countries. It manages to play the right one on each occasion. The Prime Minister of Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, drives away from the airport in his black Rolls-Royce. Five air-conditioned Cadillacs have been bought for leaders of delegations.

This is a good moment to recall the origins of this conference. It started from a conversation between Dr. Nkrumah and President Bourguiba of Tunisia during the latter's visit to Ghana at its independence celebrations in March, 1957. I remember talking to M. Bourguiba at the time: an intelligent, assured and dapper man. He appeared to think that it was important that the initiative for such a conference should come not from Arab, but from Black Africa. He insisted, too, that only independent countries should be invited. No observers from the dependent territories. That would embarrass Governments and confuse the purpose of the conference. It was important also that all States should be invited, including South Africa.

South Africa's reply to the invitation had been the suggestion that the Colonial Powers should be invited as well. This proposal was put to the other invited countries. They all turned it down. And so South Africa excluded itself. But there had been mutterings in other quarters. President Tubman and his 100-year old Republic of Liberia felt that Ghana was a little presumptuous in taking the initiative so soon after its appearance on the world scene as an independent State. The ancient Kingdom of Ethiopia was anxious about the agenda. Cairo said it

was happy to take a back seat. But Ghana's powerful, though not yet independent neighbour, Nigeria, was considerably huffed by its exclusion.

Even to-day, the Prime Minister of the Nigeria Federation and the Prime Ministers of the Regions are careful to air their sense of grievance.

Meanwhile, at Parliament House, the finishing touches are being put to the conference arrangements. A working committee of officials from all the participating countries, headed by Ghana's unruffleable and efficient head of External Affairs, Mr. Yao Edu, are sorting out a last-minute crisis precipitated because of Tunisia's objection to interpreters supplied by the Central Council of Technical Assistance South of the Sahara (a body sponsored by the Colonial Powers). The question is settled by flying in a U.N. team of interpreters. On the wall at the entrance of the glistening white Parliament House, a vast map has been inlaid, marking the boundaries of the participating countries: large green blobs, like oases in the desert.

Hourly there are cancellations of arrivals by members of the world Press. They appear to have lost interest now that Col. Nasser (on the eve of his visit to Moscow) and President Bourguiba (in the midst of his post-Sakiet crisis) are not attending.

April 15.

A blue, hot, sticky day. There are no crowds in the streets: but hundreds have gathered outside the Parliament House to see the delegations arrive at spaced intervals. Everything moves like clockwork. The massive bronze statue of Dr. Nkrumah glistens in the sun. On one side of the statue is the legend: Founder of the Nation. On the other side is written: Seek ye first the Kingdom of Politics, and the rest will be added thereto.

Each delegation is met with ceremonious welcome by Dr. Nkrumah, his face puckered with a frown that breaks into a warm smile as he steps out to shake the hand of the leader of each delegation. The Police Band plays the appropriate national anthem. Dr. Nkrumah whispers: "It is a wonderful day. I never thought it would really come to pass."

Parliament House is crammed with diplomatic personalities. The French Ambassador has decided not to attend personally; he has sent his deputy. He must know what is likely to be the spirit of the speeches. Yesterday he called on Dr. Nkrumah and

counselled moderation.

Three Algerian leaders have arrived uninvited in Accra. They are impressive, intelligent men, and they demand to be heard. Another uninvited guest is a gargantuan, bonhomious man from Haiti. He says he is the Ambassador-at-Large of the largely-Negro Republic in the Caribbean. The Ghanaians shrug in disbelief. Who has ever heard of Haiti?

Promptly at 9:30 a.m. the leaders of the delegations enter the Assembly Chamber. A minute later Dr. Nkrumah, quietly and without any preliminaries, declares the conference opened. "I recognize," he says, "the leader of the Ethiopian delegation."

Prince Sahle-Selassie Haile-Selassie, son of the Emperor of Ethiopia, walks fumblingly to the rostrum set against the splendour of a large green and yellow *kente* cloth embroidered with Ghanaian flags. He is short, shy and olive-skinned; his hair stands up like a schoolboy's. His speech shows his English public-school training. It is formal and pleasant. To mark this occasion he announces that his "illustrious father" has decided to create 40 scholarships annually for African students to come to Ethiopia. A more forceful speech comes from the Ethiopian Minister of Commerce, Ato Abebe Reta. He makes it unmistakably clear that whatever Tibetan-like isolation his country has affected in the past, it has now moved into the mainstream of the new Africa.

"Our regret," he says, "is that the free peoples of Africa represent but one-third of the total population of this continent. Although we count some 70,000,000 inhabitants, twice as many await to see the dawn of freedom. Nor is it a question solely of political freedom. In certain parts of Africa the most inhuman regime of purely racial discrimination is being perpetrated under the guise of so-called democratic government. It becomes the duty of us, the independent nations of Africa, to mobilize world conscience and public opinion with a view to eliminating the injustices of this most inhuman practice."

And later he adds that "our deepest promptings must be far more than a mere defensive reaction against the forces of colonialism."

The Moroccan Foreign Minister, M. Ahmed Balafredj, is pedagogic, precise and neat. He opens the first onslaught on French colonial policies without any show of emotion. He is a literary man who joined the Moroccan reform movements 30 years ago, became the Director-General of Istiqlal, and

suffered imprisonment and exile. His major theme is the war in Algeria.

Morocco, he says, supports the cause of Algerian freedom. His demand is for the removal of foreign troops from his country. "Their presence in our country is incompatible with the status of independence." His judgment on the conference is simple and direct: "Africa is born." Its task, he adds, "is to go to the rescue of our friends who are fighting for their freedom."

Like M. Balafredj, the Foreign Minister of Libya, Dr. Wahbi Elbury, is a literary man: he is plump, youngish-looking, sad-faced, and wears dark glasses. "The Algerian cause," he declares "is indisputably the most urgent among the problems of our Africa." Libya firmly opposes all policies of racial prejudice. And he defines as one of the important issues of the conference the promotion of understanding "among the different races and religions of Africa, especially among the Arab countries and the peoples of Africa south of the Sahara."

This, too, is the theme of the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Tunisia, Dr. Sadok Mokkaem, a bald, serious-looking, middle-aged man.

President Tubman of Liberia speaks with a delicious American accent. His oratory is memorable, his mood Lincolnian. There is no hint of his earlier resentment against the upstart Ghana.

"Through hardship and humiliations we, as Africans, have demonstrated the qualities of patience, perseverance and endurance", he begins. "I believe that through the possession of such qualities we are destined to assume a new role in world affairs." But he warns: this is possible only if the people of Africa can overcome their suspicions and envy of each other.

In the field of international affairs he comes out, unexpectedly sharply, on the side of 'non-commitment' between the two great world blocs.

All these leaders are listened to in silence and with respect. The first man to enthuse the conference is the Foreign Minister of the Sudan, Mohammed Ahmed Mahjoub. He is a striking Arab: tall, languid yet forceful. He is a convinced Fabian, and proclaims his attachment to Socialism. In foreign affairs he advocates neutrality between the Eastern and Western blocs, but co-operation with either if such association is beneficial; non-alignment with any of the Arab blocs; avoidance of military pacts; encouragement of African liberation movements;

acceptance, on suitable terms, of foreign economic assistance.

Independent African States, he says, will betray the cause of the African peoples still struggling for freedom, if they allow their democratic principles to be corrupted. "It does not lighten the burden of the slave to realize that he will exchange for his foreign master one of his own kith and kin. But we all know how easy it is to confuse one's own advantage or the advantage of one's class or clique with the general good. It is just as easy to rationalize the substitution of coercion for persuasion in the name of progress and economic development."

The reputation of the agile and shrewd Foreign Minister of the United Arab Republic, Dr. Mahmoud Fawzy, stands high at conference. His appearance is deceptive; short, bald and sharp-featured, he looks like a successful and cautious family lawyer. His first shaft is driven swiftly. Why, at the first meeting of African States, are they all speaking in non-African languages?

His own State, he continues, is Asian as well as African. "Indeed, the inception and the self-assertion of this so new and yet so ancient east African west Asian Republic has been incisively typical of, and in close parallelism with, the sprawling and regenerated Afro-Asian existence that was given resonant expression to in Bandung and is now, here in Accra, having its say again with perhaps a particularly African accent."

For the first time the angry problem of Palestine is raised at the conference. Dr. Fawzy shrewdly and repeatedly links Palestine with the question of Algeria. Among the eight points which he presents for decision to the conference is a demand to "express with particular emphasis our support of the rights of the Arab nation of Palestine."

The last speaker of the morning is Dr. Kwame Nkrumah himself. He looks serious. His theme is that "We are here to know ourselves . . . to explore ways and means of consolidating and safeguarding our hard-won independence; to find workable arrangements for helping our brothers still languishing under colonial rule; and to examine the central problem which dominates the world to-day, namely, the problem of how to secure peace."

He has a special word of warning against "the new forms of colonialism that are now appearing in the world." In condemning racialism, he says: "When it becomes a guiding principle in the life of any nation, as it has become in some parts of Africa,

then that nation digs its own grave." His speech is a plea for toleration, and for "letting bygones be bygones."

Africa, he adds, is the last remaining stronghold of colonialism. "We must give every possible encouragement we can to African Freedom fighters, to whom we are linked by a common destiny." His slogan for the conference is: "Hands off Africa! Africa must be free!"

The ovation he receives is overwhelming.

April 16.

The conference is now in private session. It has established Steering, Political, Economic and Cultural Committees to discuss the agreed agenda.

Messages from all parts of the world are streaming in. The first comes from Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, who looks forward to the success of the conference and pledges American support for "the constructive efforts of the States of Africa to achieve a stable, prosperous community, conscious of its interdependence within the family of nations and dedicated to the principles of the United Nations Charter."

This message makes the main banner headline in the semi-official paper of the Ghana Government.

There is also a message from the Prime Minister of the People's Republic of China, and one from a conciliated Prime Minister of Eastern Nigeria, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe.

The issue before the conference is what to do with the Algerian delegation. The United Arab Republic would like to have them seated as observers at the conference. But all the other delegations object to this proposal. By the end of the day it is agreed that the Algerians should be allowed to present their case to the conference, while not being admitted to the body of its membership.

In the evening, there is a splendid ceremony at the Sports Stadium. Ghana's army "square-bashes" in the best British military traditions; African gymnasts show their prowess; and in the cool, arc-lit evening, African traditional dances. The eight African leaders sit in a row on a raised dais. In the centre sits the Governor-General, Lord Listowel. It is he who takes the salute each time the Ghana Army marches past. And as he rises, behind him stand up the Officer Commanding the Army, a "Punch" British General, and an equally typical stereotype of a Commanding Police Officer. The African troops are

commanded by their European officers. Dr. Nkrumah has made no self-conscious attempt to keep his British senior officials out of sight on this auspicious ceremony of welcome. Wherever he goes, he is accompanied by his European ADC; and his Egyptian wife's companion is the attractive wife of the Attorney-General, Mrs. Geoffrey Bing.

A Sudanese friend whispers to me: "Dr Nkrumah must be very sure of himself to flaunt his British officials in this manner."

April 17.

To-day there arrives from Moscow a belated message of congratulations from Russia's president. Also, shoals of cables from African nationalist movements. And pressing cables from Palestine Arab organizations.

The conference spends all day listening to the testimony of the Algerian delegation and, later, the exiled leader of the French Cameroons, Dr. Felix Roland Moumi, who has found sanctuary in Cairo.

While the conference appears to be agreed on the broad principles of its policy on Algeria, it has not yet agreed on certain aspects of it; mainly, it appears, the proposal of the United Arab Republic to supply direct aid to the Algerians.

The French Press corps is particularly tense. One of the French journalists tells me that, after speaking to the Algerians, he has become convinced that France is doomed to failure in her Algerian policy.

April 18.

The Algerian question is practically disposed of. Unanimously the conference has agreed to recognize the right of Algerians to independence; deplores the bloodshed, and urges France to withdraw its troops and to enter into immediate negotiations with the Algerian Liberation Front; appeals to the nations of the world to exercise pressure on France to adopt a policy in conformity with the principles of the U.N. Charter; urges the friends and allies of France to refrain from helping her, whether directly or indirectly, in her military operations; and pledges every possible effort to help the Algerian people towards the attainment of independence.

Only the last contentious issue—the question of offering direct aid to the Algerians—remains unresolved.

April 19.

This issue, too, is now resolved. The United Arab Republic's proposal is finally rejected. Instead, the conference agrees that a mission should be sent as soon as possible to the capitals of the world to insist, in the name of Africa, that Algeria's independence should be recognized.

The question of the French Cameroons and of French Togoland are disposed of, also.

France's use of military force in the Cameroons is condemned; she is requested to observe the principles of the International Trusteeship system and to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the peoples of the Cameroons by opening direct negotiations with their representatives.

On French Togoland, the conference recommends that France should co-operate fully with the United Nations Commissioner in order to ensure fair and democratic elections in the territory.*

By now the news of the election results in South Africa have been heard. They appear to cause no surprise. There is also the news of the arrest of Tom Mboya and his eight colleagues in the Kenya Legislative Council. "What a time to choose to make these arrests," comments a Tunisian delegate.

The conference committees are now dealing rapidly with the resolutions prepared for them by drafting committees. There are reports that the United Arab Republic is trying hard to win support for a resolution condemning Israel. So far, without success.

One of Ghana's delegation withdraws from the conference to represent his Government in Jerusalem at the tenth anniversary celebration of Israel's independence.

April 20.

Sunday. The conference continues to meet in committee. One of the decisions taken is that April 15 (the opening day of the conference) should be celebrated every year throughout the continent as Africa Freedom Day. How many April Fifteens will there be before the conference's aims are realized? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty?

The representatives of foreign countries in Ghana are apparently deeply interested in the way the conference is going. At first, one got the impression that some of them thought the

*These elections have now taken place, resulting in a sweeping victory for the opposition Unity Party, which demands complete independence from France.

“natural” divisions between Arab Africa and Black Africa, between Muslims and non-Muslims, would prevent any real agreement. But they are beginning to have second thoughts.

A Tunisian friend tells me: “I am particularly impressed by the almost complete identity of policy between Tunisia, Ghana, Morocco and the Sudan.” His explanation for this is that these are countries that have had similar political experiences, and that they have all produced democratic political systems in their countries. (This is not entirely true, of course, of Morocco.)

The accepted idea that the Arab States have more in common with each other than with the African States is, apparently, a myth. The United Arab Republic, which is playing a forceful hand, is largely isolated. Its main support, on occasion, comes from Libya. Libyan politicians believe in “realpolitik”. It is the bridge between the North-Eastern and the North-Western Arab States.

There is a good deal of interest in the lobbies about the idea of a Federation of the Maghreb which would unify Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria. Such a Federation (to be discussed soon at Tangier) might offer a possible basis for a solution of the Algerian crisis. The United Arab Republic, however, is strongly opposed to the proposed Federation. It naturally wishes these Maghreb countries to join its own movement for Arab unity.

Ethiopia and Liberia are proving far less conservative than was at first feared. The Sudan, which is willing, when necessary, to dissent strongly from the proposals of the United Arab Republic, is playing a dominating role.

April 21.

The hope that the conference would be able to finish its business by to-day has been shattered; partly, I am told, because of the failure to agree on the framing of an acceptable Palestine resolution.

To judge by the preliminary drafts of resolutions, it appears that the African States are basing their policies on two basic programmes, which are becoming the political scripture of Africa. For Old Testament, they are taking the Ten Points of the Bandung Declaration. And for New Testament, the United Nations Charter.

April 22.

The conference ended to-day with a flourish of resolutions and

speeches repeating the ceremonies of the opening day. Everybody is enthusiastic and elated by the success of the conference.

The Palestine dilemma has been neatly solved. There is, at least, the appearance of complete agreement. It forms part of the ten-point declaration covering the Conference's policy on International Peace and Security.

Point 8 expresses its deep concern over the non-compliance with United Nations resolutions, and calls upon Member States to respect such resolutions.

Point 9 expresses its deep concern over the question of Palestine, which is a disturbing factor of world peace and security, and urges a just solution of the Palestine question.

Point 10 expresses its deep concern over the South West African and similar questions which are disturbing factors of world peace and security, and urges a just solution to them.

This order, I am assured by several delegation leaders and conference officials, is not accidental. It represents the spirit of the discussions that produced this compromise. I am told the delegates felt that neither the Jews nor the Arabs were observing the U.N. decision on Palestine, and that the resolution reflects this. There is no question of blaming one side or the other.

Yet at a press conference Dr. Fawzy, the United Arab Republic's leader, takes a completely different view. He hails the resolution as a "great victory". He suggests that the conference record shows the correct interpretation of the resolution to be that the delegates recognize the legitimate rights of the Arab peoples of Palestine. I ask Dr. Fawzy how such an interpretation can be reconciled with the fact that Ghana has active and cordial relations with Israel? But he insists that his own version is the correct one.

From the Secretary-General of the conference I gather that this is not so. The resolution means only what it says: compliance with the U.N. resolution.

Back at the closing session. Another fiesta of speeches. Most of them in praise of the new-found unity; all of them richly in praise of Dr. Nkrumah, whose stature has gone up greatly among all the delegates. His own assessment of the way the conference went is interesting:

"I can truthfully say," he began, "that no conference in which I have participated—and only last year I was privileged to attend the Prime Minister's Commonwealth conference— has ever

reflected so much natural understanding. It is certainly not just a figure of speech when I say that if, formerly, the Sahara divided us, this is certainly not the case to-day. The former Imperialist Powers were fond of talking about 'Arab Africa' and 'Black Africa'; about 'Islamic Africa' and 'non-Islamic Africa'; about 'Mediterranean Africa' and 'Tropical Africa'. These were all artificial descriptions which tended to divide us. At this Accra conference, these tendentious and discriminating epithets are no longer valid. To-day, the Sahara is a bridge uniting us. We are one, an entity symbolized by our united African Personality. Indeed, we have an even wider association with the Asian and African nations, and that still wider one represented by the United Nations."

The Accra conference will be repeated biennially in different African capitals. The next one will be in Ethiopia. Between conferences, the eight African States will maintain liaison through their permanent representatives at the United Nations.

The stage is set.

DECLARATION OF THE CONFERENCE OF INDEPENDENT AFRICAN STATES

We, the African States assembled here in Accra, in this our first Conference, conscious of our responsibilities to humanity and especially to the peoples of Africa, and desiring to assert our African Personality on the side of peace, hereby proclaim and solemnly reaffirm our unswerving loyalty to the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Declaration of the Asian-African Conference held at Bandung.

We further assert and proclaim the unity among ourselves, and our solidarity with the dependent peoples of Africa, as well as our friendship with all nations. We resolve to preserve the unity of purpose and action in international affairs which we have forged among ourselves in this historic Conference, and to safeguard our hard-won independence, sovereignty and territorial integrity, and to preserve among ourselves the fundamental unity of outlook on foreign policy so that a distinctive African Personality will play its part in co-operation with other peace-loving nations to further the cause of peace.

We pledge ourselves to apply all our endeavours to avoid being committed to any action which might entangle our countries to the detriment of our interests and freedom; to recognize the right of the African people to independence and self-determination and to take appropriate steps to hasten the realization of this right; and to

affirm the right of the Algerian people to independence and self-determination and to exert all possible effort to hasten the realization of their independence; to uproot forever the evil of racial discrimination in all its forms wherever it may be found; to persuade the Great Powers to discontinue the production and testing of nuclear and thermo-nuclear weapons, and to reduce conventional weapons.

Furthermore, mindful of the urgent need to raise the living standard of our peoples by developing to the fullest possible advantage the great and varied resources of our lands: we hereby pledge ourselves to co-ordinate our economic planning through a joint economic effort, and study the economic potentialities, the technical possibilities and related problems existing in our respective States; to promote co-ordinated industrial planning either through our own individual efforts and/or through co-operation with Specialized Agencies of the United Nations; to take measures to increase trade among our countries by improving communications between our respective countries, and to encourage the investment of foreign capital and skills provided they do not compromise the independence, sovereignty and territorial integrity of our States.

Desirous of mobilizing the human resources of our respective countries in furtherance of our social and cultural aspirations, we will endeavour to promote and facilitate the exchange of teachers, professors, students, exhibitions, educational and cultural and scientific material which will improve cultural relations between the African States and inculcate greater knowledge amongst us through such efforts as joint youth festivals, sporting events, etc.; will encourage and strengthen studies of African culture, history and geography in the institutions of learning in the African States; will take all measures in our respective countries to ensure that such studies are correctly orientated.

We have charged our Permanent Representatives at the United Nations to be the permanent machinery for co-ordinating all matters of common concern to our States, for examining and making recommendations on concrete practical steps for implementing our decisions, and for preparing the ground for future Conferences.

Faithful to the obligations and responsibilities which history has thrown upon us as the vanguard of the complete emancipation of Africa, we do hereby affirm our dedication to the causes which we have proclaimed.

THE ART OF AFRICA: AN INTRODUCTION

A. J. H. GOODWIN

*Associate Professor of Ethnology and Archaeology, University of Cape Town.
Editor, South African Archaeological Bulletin.*

LET us not define art too precisely. Most simply it is a culmination of craftsmanship and stands rooted in its craft. It is the apotheosis of the applied cunning of the skilled artificer. A craft is ultimately derived from the raw materials available and the range and quality of the tools concerned. Obviously it is not a product of the materials; the alabaster does not produce the statue, but in skilled hands it can be shaped to something that existed only in the designing mind. The available material gives or withholds the opportunities, the artist is the man best able to grasp the opportunities offered.

A people's arts are the product of its craftsmen, the raw materials and the canalized inspiration provided by past tradition. This last arises from the materials, tools and craftsmen of earlier generations, intimately woven into the life of the people to create a 'taste' consisting of expected standards.

This relationship between crafts and resources is very evident in Africa, where two sharply contrasting environments have had an immense effect upon the ordinary utensils and common crafts of everyday life. The forest region of West Africa has given rise to the great woodcarvers of our continent. Here the obsessing need for using up great timbers felled to make forest-clearings has beguiled the West African into becoming a skilled woodworker. Storage receptacles, stamping blocks, manioc-graters, canoes and the simple scarf-joints, notches and cogs of house and roof building are all made with the simplest tools. The axe, the adze, a curved scraper and perhaps a chisel are used in conjunction with carefully controlled burning. The West African quickly acquires the habit of working in wood. He thinks in wood, he is obsessed by wood, and carving becomes a pastime. There is little reason to be surprised at an art arising. Inefficient tools used for essential services, like the limiting rules of a game, tend to evoke a lust for achievement and a friendly emulation between experts. The very inadequacy of the tools is a spur. Added to this is the almost

satisfying way in which termites habitually destroy all things made in wood. Man is permitted an unending hobby, an eternal variety, and a lasting skill that can be passed on.

The pattern is analogous to an insatiable passion for knitting, kept alive by inefficient laundering and the predatory habits of the moth. There is no repining, replacement is the immediate essential. Within the environment, everything that can be made of timber is so made; the heavier the timber used, the more satisfactorily can a field be cleared for tillage. The climate too is a help, high humidity ensures the even seasoning of wood without splitting, the tropical heat makes fuel unnecessary except for cooking and as charcoal for crafts. The masks and fetishes of tribal religion use up excess timber, and abundant opportunities for artistry result. The termite ensures that each generation shall carry on the tradition of skill.

Forming a great half circle enclosing this forest region, the zone of velds yields a contrasting pattern. This was the realm of the prehistoric artists of Africa. About the entire zone, from the Sudan—through Tanganyika—to the Cape, caves are painted or rocks decorated by ancient hunters and cattle-keepers. Even to-day cattle and game supply abundant animal tissues. Wood may be readily available, but generally as thin poles and withies cut from the bush. The cultivator finds ample space for his fields without clearing much heavy timber. The herder has no need for clearing. What wood-craftsmanship arises is limited to spear shafts, hoe handles, stamping mortars for grain, to a few milk pails and drums, and to small canoes. Even these tend to split as they dry out in the less humid atmosphere.

With no urge to woodcarving, little artistry has arisen and it seldom reaches great heights. More time and care are given to the preparation of skin and sinew, materials that do not lend themselves to great artistry. The neatly patterned suedes of the Transvaal Venda and the glorious tanned morocco leathers of the Sudan are examples of high craftsmanship often approaching true artistry.

Between these contrasting environments a belt of overlap can be discerned, varying in width, where either wood or leather can be used; but the choice of alternative materials lowers the level of skill, and the high standards of the more restricting environments are seldom reached.

Throughout both these contrasting environments, weaving

and pottery thrive, but here again marked differences can be observed. The basket-maker necessarily uses the materials ready to hand, raffia and palm leaf in the forests, grasses and reed in the velds. The appropriate techniques accentuate the contrast. Coiled basketry, checker, twill, drill and wicker weaves have their proper materials, and their own distributions follow naturally.

The loom has spread wherever suitable cordage is grown. Raffia is commonly woven and has allowed the development of the curious *velours de Kasai*, woven mats with pile and French knots as decoration. Where cotton can be grown or plucked from forest trees, a coarse cotton cloth is made on the horizontal band-loom or on the vertical woman's loom that makes a towel-like cloth. The Transvaal Venda bring cotton-weaving to the limits of the southern range of the plant.

Only in the *kente* cloths of Ashanti has weaving approached the level of an art, but the finely drawn gold threads belong to recent times, while the silk is unravelled from Arab trade-silk, probably originating in Persia or China.

Where the right trees occur, bark-cloth is made from the stripped inner bark. It varies from the coarse "sackcloth" of the baobab to fine soft textures from less widely distributed tropical trees. In Uganda many varieties of a single species are cultivated, and a tree will yield thirty or more cloths in its lifetime. Skilled darning of knot-holes with raffia gives a pleasant irregular pattern on the grey-brown barkcloth.

Pottery shows a different story. Environment cannot fairly be evoked as a primary influence. Outside major deserts potclay is readily obtainable everywhere, while fuel is nowhere so scarce as to make pottery uneconomic. It is more or less universal, but standards vary considerably. The level of pot-making in the veld zone is relatively invariable, but in the forest region two opposing factors seem to affect achievement. Both arise from the high standards of wood carving. On the one hand, where so much can be made in wood, there is a tendency to relegate pottery to the sphere of cooking. Simple pots, crocks and bowls make up the pattern of domestic utensils, as cooking can only be done in pottery. In marked contrast to this delf, certain tribes have raised potmaking to a simple art. Sexual rivalry has stepped in. The woman potter vies with the male woodcarver to produce and decorate curious and pleasant ceramics, coarse in texture but very attractive.

These vary from the precisely hand-turned (without a wheel) platters and the beaten-clay jars of West Africa to the more ornate imitations of wood carvings made by certain Congo tribes. This transfer of designs from one material to another has always given rise to new fields of artistry.

There are other factors involved in African metal-working. Within the mass of our continent, craftsmanship in iron is never great. Spear-heads, knife-blades, battle-axes, adze, hoe or axe-heads, coarse needles and awls are enough for most smiths. Where Hamitic or Arab influences have penetrated, there is marked improvement. The sword, wire, wrought sheet metal, fantastic wrought iron ceremonial axes and spears, imperial crowns of iron, great gates, 'Roman' armour, slave-chains and so on come into the picture. Distribution and a clear derivation from outside sources show these to have been recent intrusive advances. Chiefly patronage is important here. The ornate or difficult ironwork could only be made under patronage. Base metals could only be obtained through the chief in most areas. Gold (seldom venerated more than copper in Africa) also passed through the chiefly channel. All fine metal work was dedicated to him, such as advanced gold or bronze-casting.

A curious development occurred in Ashanti, where the little boxes and weights used for holding or weighing gold-dust were made of bronze. The boxes frequently show miniature Dutch sea-chests from the Dutch 'factory' established at Almina in the first half of the XVII Century. A thousand other delightful forms occur. The gold-weights follow a different theme. They are devoted to illustrating the famous Anansi stories, animal tales that have slipped from Africa into European literature through Aesop, Uncle Remus and other slave channels.

It is difficult to say much of the advanced terra-cottas that are being recovered from Nok near the edge of the Jos plateau in Northern Nigeria. Further south, a far more recent development is linked here and there (at Benin, Ife and in Ghana) with bronze casting. Fairly certainly the tin component of bronze came from the alluvial tin mines of the plateau, but there is no local link with bronze-casting apart from this. Analogous forms occur as far afield as Uganda.

Musical instruments can best be divided into two functional groups, personal and social. Throughout Africa the solitary traveller or the lone herdsman will have the solace of a sweet,

almost inaudible instrument, perhaps a *sansa* of metal tongues, a mouth-bow, a grass harp. These are his own products made within tribal tradition. Exotic forms are as foreign to him as a balalaika would be to a Highland Scot. In sharp contrast are the drums (war-drums, dancing-drums, signal-drums) and also the *marimba* or xylophone on which outstanding compositions have been composed—the only African instrument capable of sustaining a concerto. These are essentially social, and their proper playing involves immense physical activity, intense concentration and alertness, and a remarkably exacting training. They are professional instruments.

This brief survey provides the essential background to African art. In the articles that follow a variety of writers will give their personal views on individual aspects. We have touched lightly on certain climatic achievements and may safely leave fuller description to the experts. In each case it is essential to keep remembering the simple tools from which these arts have come and the curious striving towards perfection that their very limitations evoke.

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We can touch concisely upon some of the changes that are occurring as a result of contacts with an overwhelming wave of European and Islamic penetration. The two most obvious differences between African and European arts are the tools employed and the vastly different traditions involved in each. In both traditions the historical background of socio-religious patterns is all important. There is a great gulf fixed between Christian or Jewish tradition and the African background of ancestor worship, animism or polytheism. There is no bridge that can link the Mohammedan arabesques and handicrafts with the masks and fetishes of Africa. As Mohammedanism and later Christianity have spread into Africa, the inspiration and function of African art have disappeared. Art is no longer dedicated to the gods, the chief or the ancestors, yet it can find no place within these two exotic creeds.

In the Sudan, the African has turned his hand, under Islamic taskmasters, to leathercraft, beaten metalwork and other marketable crafts. Terra-cottas have seen their day, and this skill is being diverted to the making of the *aquamanile* for ceremonial washing. Islam with her stern system of apprenticeship is far in advance of Christianity here; for where Christianity has spread, little has been done to replace man's insistent demand

for some outlet through craftsmanship. Heathen gods have been destroyed by *auto-da-fé* public bonfires, or (far more wisely) encased in museums, where the function is immolated but the craftsmanship survives.

We permit our converts to make 'quickies'—useless African curios for tourist consumption, such as will not compete locally with trade imports. Trumpery wire or beadwork, horn birds or carved softwood figurines of game are produced without inspiration or pride, a prostitution of God's gifts to man. Cotton-weaving must not be permitted to compete with Manchester, Japan or India. Brass-casting belongs to Birmingham. Iron is the perquisite of the Ruhr, of Sheffield, Toledo or Sweden. The Irish potato-pot must replace pottery. The tradition of trade is immensely strong. As an African friend expressed it, "You have taken away our natural incentives, our hobbies, our crafts, our interests. You have given us trade exotics in return. We are, of course, duly grateful; but don't turn on us and call us lazy."

Here and there a missionary will 'recognize artistic ability'; but very seldom, as the dedicated craftsman avoids Christianity as inimical. In other than non-conformist hands, there is a true and natural outlet for artistry in the churches. *Kente* cloths can be woven into rich vestments. Sacred art and the sub-sacred gargoyles, cherubs and carvings that ornament our churches and choirstalls are demanding carvers in wood and stone. Too often the artist is shoe-horned into a Western frame. Too often an overdraped Black Maria is preferred to a lovely Black Madonna. The two traditions clash on physical levels where they might so readily meet on a spiritual plane. The White priest dominates the Black artist who, in turn, becomes self-conscious and timidly sophisticated.

To the African, humour is never incongruous in art. To the Christian, humour to-day is a sign of weakness or even of cynicism. In the African gamut of artistic expression, terror and stupefaction are permissible emotions; in the Christian faith, only meekness, reverence and awe are expressed. We have conveniently forgotten the great peasant tradition of our Anglo-Saxon manuscripts and architecture, the carvings on choirstalls and nodding-stools, the glorious exuberance of Gothic ornamentation. We neglect the joy of the final psalm.

Oddly enough, a frequent stumbling block lies in the topiary hair-styles proper to crispate Negro hair. Their immense

variety is feared and denounced as bizarre and ridiculous, unworthy of sacred art and better confined to unsteady bedside reading-lamps cut in ebony. In one Cape Town stained glass window, Saint Monica of Numidia appears disastrously as a European woman in traditional Jewish garb. Ecclesiastical decency must be preserved.

The old patronage of powerful chiefs has gone forever. The proudly reprobate chief is no longer a social focus, the sacred repository of ancestral lineage. He has risen to become a decent citizen and a political shuttlecock. There is no way to replace that patronage. The selection and nursing of real promise from a field of a hundred craftsmen is replaced by competitive examinations in a trade-school. The artisan is preferred to the artificer. As an Irish writer once expressed it, "The search for the good is the enemy of the best". Artistry that should take a year, a decade or a lifetime is compressed into the brief spell of profitable employment measured in terms of hours, or of output under a Mohammedan taskmaster.

Quite unreasonably, better tools destroy art as surely as they improve craftsmanship. An hour spent over a mortise and tenon is an hour lost to inspiration. The setting of a precision lathe nullifies the artist's eye for balanced beauty. Perfectionism kills personality as surely as a compass takes all vitality out of a circle. The tools have come. There is no going back. The mill-sawn timber can never again be an adzed beam cut by an unselfconscious artisan. The modern saw and plane are as foreign to Africa as they were to Christ the Carpenter. We cannot despise one without the other.

It is odd to visit an earthen crafthouse and to see the careful array of punches, chisels, burins, planes, drills and blades set carefully in series above an ebony worker's bench. He stands at his workbench to-day. His ebony is held in a carpenter's vice. His once useful feet are shod and are now merely used to balance the moving craftsman's weight. Pride in artistry has descended to the dignity of labour. But there is no going back.

The distribution of art is changing rapidly under the regime of better tools, not only in geographical terms, but within each society. In West Africa *sapele* wood (a mahogany) was the craftsman's material, while ebony and ivory were worked only under chiefly patronage, with tools capable of incising the harder textures. Of early ebony we know little. To-day ebony is the

craftman's wood, while *sapele* is an export timber.

In Kenya, where carving is a recent intrusion, 'quickies' of Kikuyu warriors greet the Africa-hungry tourist. In Zululand, wooden chains abound and head-ringed *indunas* cap ten thousand walking sticks of assegaiwood. In Bechuanaland, where the soft *mopipi* wood has supplied centuries of bowls and milk-jugs, the steel blade has created a tourist market in smaller, harder timber. Wooden spoons, figurines of women, birds, baboons, giraffes and antelopes line the wayside stations to Bulawayo. There a similar trumpery trade from Barotseland meets the traveller.

Everywhere imported goods, often aping African forms, are demanding a money-market which can only be met by the making of sub-economic 'quickies' or by submission to mine and farm labour. Quaint curios sold to the visiting aunts of settlers, the rich guests of great White hunters or the riff-raff of passing steamers, are the African's inadequate reply to his own demand for exotic manufactured wares. There is no going back. God grant that the African will be permitted to go forward. Here is our natural market, and the essence of the market lies in the ability of trader to meet with trader for a fair and full exchange of goods on either side, art for art, produce for produce.



Divining bowl for the detection of witches, from the Bavenda of the Northern Transvaal, South Africa. The bowl is filled with water, and the movements of seeds floating on the surface and touching various symbols carved on the bowl are observed. Diameter $12\frac{1}{2}$ in.

WEST AFRICAN WOOD CARVING

K. C. MURRAY

Former Director of the Antiquities Survey of Nigeria

Fame was first brought to West African art by the British expedition to Benin in 1897. The members of that expedition, which was sent to avenge the ambushing and massacre of a small unarmed group of British who insisted on trying to visit Benin against the wishes of its ruler, the *Oba*, discovered and brought back to Europe a vast amount of bronze castings, ivory carvings and other works which astonished connoisseurs and enriched the museums and private collections of Europe and America. Benin art, however, is not typical of the traditional art of West Africa, for it was in the main a court art: the mass of the work was done exclusively for the *Oba*, on whose well-being the prosperity of the state was believed to depend. Except for the recent and short-lived state of Abomey in Dahomey, few other West African states were similar to Benin.

On the contrary. The art, for example, of the Yoruba states of Nigeria was much more democratic, though the society had a hierarchical organization comparable to that of Benin and maintained traditional relations with it, since the *Oba's* dynasty was of Yoruba origin. The chiefs might have more and finer works of art than the common people, but the latter had in their household and communal shrines, or used in their dances, works of the same kind as the chiefs possessed. Possibly owing to the great demand for carved and other works of art, the Yoruba carvers were professionally organized. But among peoples who had a more restricted political organization based on clan or village, there was less professionalization, and often each man was his own artist, making himself whatever he required in the way of carvings such as dance masks or utensils. The wide distribution of art works, the opportunities for artistic expression and the established standards of appreciation current in any African community produced a situation which contrasts greatly with that of to-day. Above all in music and dancing, people had opportunity within the canons of their tribal art for self-expression in a vital and stimulating way.

The place of religion in West African art is usually emphasized, for it is true that little was done for other than religious purposes. This was not because religious organizations dominated African

life, but because for Africans spiritual forces pervaded all of life. Before any important step in life was taken, it was necessary to be sure that the powers likely to be concerned were well disposed. Wood carvings were not idols—people were not so foolish as to suppose that a piece of wood could affect their destiny—they were shrines to concentrate the attention, and a medium through which communication could be made with spiritual beings. With some supposed powers in the universe, distinct from deities, carvings served a purpose somewhat analogous to an electric-light switch—provided that the wiring, or in this case the propitiation, was done properly! Experience brought conviction that any supreme deity was too far away to be closely concerned with human affairs and, anyhow, was not necessarily beneficent. Concern was, therefore, to propitiate and influence the spirits of nature, whose ways were so unpredictable, and the ancestors, whose watchful influence was felt to be ever-present. Festivities and expensive sacrifices were the usual means employed.

The essential factor, however, to be noted in West African art is not its religious content, but that dancing takes a central place among the arts, in the way that architecture does in Europe. All European art is influenced by architecture; for example, the scale of all plastic arts and the 'shape' of drama and music. But the arts of West Africa are derived rather from nature and the open air. Scale is given by such factors as the human form and natural objects such as trees; the background to art is nature, not a wall. For some reason, possibly the lack of easily-worked permanent building materials, or the luxuriant growth of vegetation, building has never taken an important place among the West African arts, although this does not mean that there is no merit in the indigenous buildings. It might seem that the idea of permanence, which the buildings of Western civilization suggest and to which they seem to aspire in spite of the lesson of Ozymandias, is not one towards which Africans tend; with them the idea of organic growth, decay and rebirth seems more congenial. Dancing, itself a transitory art, provides an occasion for music by voice and instrument, for colour in costumes, for sculpture in masks, and for expressive movement. It takes place in the open, often in a clearing surrounded by trees into which the masked dancers with attendants emerge suddenly from the background. The orchestra, the instruments of which may be decorative works of art in them-

selves, and the lively and expectant encircling crowd of dark-skinned onlookers provide a frame for the performers, who would lose much of their dramatic coherence and solidity on a conventional stage or against a light-coloured background.

Unimaginative people of all countries are apt to scorn what is strange, without being conscious of the absurdities in their own customs. Thus African art has often been dismissed by Europeans as childish—because it is not photographic, disregards natural proportions, and arouses enthusiasm and excitement especially in its dance and musical forms. This contemptuous and insular attitude towards things African long delayed the appreciation or the encouragement of African art by Europeans: an art which had so little relevance to the needs of aggressive Western materialism was bound to be not easily understood. But in recent years, although too late for the survival of much traditional work, a more sympathetic approach has appeared, and African art is now examined in its context and, as far as can be ascertained, as viewed by its creators and users. Thus it is realized that the greater part of West African woodcarving is composed of masks and other equipment for dancing, which should be seen in their context of movement, colour and sound in order for their qualities to be fully appreciated. The formal significance of a carving is somewhat different when it is being worn from when it is hanging in a museum, because movement and costume can alter the apparent quality of a mask. It is not always the most technically finished carving that is the most effective in use.

It is risky to generalize about West African carving, for exceptions exist to even the most usual assumptions, such as that heads are carved disproportionately large for bodies. It may be safe, however, to claim that it is not the intention of African carving to represent natural form as it actually appears. Africans have the keenest appreciation of rhythmic and ordered movement, of certain aspects of natural harmony and of controlled created form. Although the unclothed human form is very familiar to them, their carving shows no trace of the narcissism common to Classical sculpture. Generalized impressions unconsciously imprinted upon the mind of a carver may give a suspicion of portraiture to particular carvings. But the sort of attitude that makes an African see the humour in the misfortunes of another, produces a comic element in African carving—an element which in some cases may be the cause of the

exaggeration of certain features of the human body and which is present in some of the most hideously-intended works. If African carving is seen as attempting to represent the outward shape of simple attributes, such as beauty, fierceness, dignity or decay, thought of in spirit form, an approach to its appreciation may be easier.

Prestige was with African, as it is with other, cultures an important motive in the production of art. Dance societies rivalled one another to have the most impressive masks, and religious cults hoped to attract attention by the fineness of their cult possessions. It is remarkable that under these circumstances sculpture should have retained its fresh and spontaneous qualities. It is also significant that with few exceptions, and those modern, West African art is not a typical peasant art. And this is an attribute to the democratic character of African society, since peasant art is a popular imitation of the art of social superiors. In Africa there was usually no deep differentiation between the art of the chief and that of the ordinary citizen, or between that of rich and poor, because there was no real social distinction either. Of course, in this respect, West African art is similar to that of other integrated non-literate communities.

African carving has vigour, simplicity and precision, but lacks the exuberance which characterizes some Asiatic styles, and the linear decorativeness of Oceanic work. A life spent in close touch with nature may be a source of vigour and simplicity in carving; but not necessarily so, since there are other peasant peoples whose sculpture does not possess these qualities. It seems that the West Africans have a genius for the appreciation of shape in the round—a perception which shows itself again in their dancing. In view of the exuberance of nature in the tropics, exuberance might be expected in African art. But it appears only in dancing. Restraint is more usual, and there is even sometimes a poverty of decorative imagination. The possibilities of the combination of musical instruments, for example, are not exploited. It is curious, for instance, that the Fanti of Ghana should be satisfied with a *sansa* which has only three notes. Does the African, in spite of his great social vitality, suffer like modern Western man from scepticism? Or do we see now only the remains of a culture which tropical disease and the European slave trade have together very largely destroyed?

RELIGIOUS PATRONAGE—CYRENE

Rev. W. FFRANGCON JONES

Principal of the Cyrene Mission, Southern Rhodesia

CYRENE is a school with some 150 pupils in its Primary Section, Sub. A to Std. III, about 250 in its Central Primary Department, Stds. IV to VI, and 150 in its Secondary Department. Africans come from all over the Federation and Bechuanaland, chiefly to learn how to speak and write English, that they may qualify themselves for better-paid jobs. Only one in two hundred comes with the specific purpose of doing Art which, until last year, had no place in the Education Department's curriculum and was taught at Cyrene as an additional subject. Yet, during the last dozen years of the school's existence, Art has played so dominant a role that scores of former students now know painting and sculpture as a natural expression of experience. Particularly to the cripples, who drag themselves or are carried for hundreds of painful miles in the hope of gaining admission, has the Art instruction been of use, discovering unknown aptitudes and often providing them with a chance of making their living in spite of the harshest handicaps.

Apart from the cripples, very little Art is done in the Primary School outside of modelling, and only with Std. IV do Art classes become compulsory for every student, instruction and practice absorbing two hours of each afternoon. During the first term a close watch is kept on every pupil's work, and groups of promising students, separated according to the technique in which they show aptitude, are given extra instruction, while the others attend classes in Farming or Building. Together with these are the cripples who cannot do industrial or agricultural work in the afternoons and who therefore spend the time on their Art instead. As a result, they often acquire much greater proficiency than the physically normal students, one of whom was once overheard to complain, "I shall never be a good artist, for I am not a cripple."

Cyrene exists in an artistic vacuum as far as possible, the expressive forms of other peoples and periods being rigorously excluded from instruction in order to remove the temptation to slavish copying and encourage a spontaneous and original expression. It is interesting to compare the efforts of pupils from different parts of the country. The urbanized Africans,

of course, produce pictures with trains, motor-cars and shops, while the rural ones turn to their tribal background for their themes. Both, however, soon seize subjects from their new surroundings in the Matopos district and themes from the Scriptural stories they hear.

The work of the beginners is always exciting, revealing a most sensitive appreciation of form and colour, and portraying effortlessly something beyond the world of visual appearance. Much of it provides original patterns for textile design, and new materials with Cyrene paintings printed on are expected in Southern Rhodesia soon. Many visitors to the school remark on how the detailed style of Cyrene painting reminds them of Persian, Indian and Chinese Art, revealing as it does an infinite patience with no sense of urgency. And indeed I have seen some students take a whole term of twelve weeks over one large picture.

To many observers the paintings are monotonously similar, both in subject matter and execution. But this is far from being so, and subjects are taken in endless variety from everyday life, from the Old and New Testaments, from the history of Africa, from folk-lore and from present-day events. Though the style may seem superficially similar, every artist conveys something of his own individual experience, mind and feelings. Some form of commonly accepted artistic currency must be used, and Cyrene insists on craftsmanship instead of mere impressionism as the road towards a fuller and more intelligible expression of mental imagery. Cyrene therefore is a "School of Painting" in exactly the same manner as were, for instance, those at Norwich and Sienna.

Throughout the centuries, Art has prospered as a result of patronage—by the wealthy classes, the State, the Church, Industry and Commerce. Cyrene Art is, of course, in its infancy, and its chief patronage comes from exhibitions, the interest and purchases of visitors, and occasional orders from the Church, municipalities, commercial houses, and architects. Mural paintings have been done for the Bulawayo publicity offices; carved and painted Mayoral Boards for Ndola; carved altar-table with Minister's and Elders' chairs for the Bulawayo Presbyterian Church; presentation paintings to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cuddesdon College, Oxford; carved cross, candlesticks and credence tables for Cape Town Cathedral; paintings for Central African Airways, Livingstone; and many

other commissions, especially from various churches. The Museum of Natural History in New York and the County Art Gallery in Long Island, where successful exhibitions were held in 1955 and 1956, have Cyrene works in their permanent collections, and successful touring exhibitions have been held in Great Britain, West Germany and South Africa.

I can conclude no better than by referring briefly to two of our finest artists. Samuel Songo, a Kalanga from Belingwe, is badly crippled in both legs and along his whole right side and arm. With his left hand, feebly supported by his right, he has painted and carved a world-wide reputation for himself. Lazarus Kumalo, a Tebele from Essexvale, has also been a cripple from infancy. Both his water-colour drawings and his sculptures have a touch of the Assyrian about them. His paintings are quite distinctive, with cool bluish-grey colours predominating. Both artists indeed are men of rare accomplishment, and an inspiration to the school that has harboured and encouraged them.



'Samson and the Lion'

by Lazarus Kumalo

THE POETRY OF LEON DAMAS

Leon Damas: born 1912 in Cayenne, French Guiana. Studied, and lives now, in Paris. Has published five volumes of poetry.

They Came Tonight

They came tonight when the
tom
 tom
 revolved from
 rhythm to
 rhythm
 the frenzy
of eyes
the frenzy of hands the frenzy
of the feet of the statues
SINCE
how much of ME
has died
since they came tonight when the
tom
 tom
 revolved from
 rhythm to
 rhythm
 the frenzy
of eyes
the frenzy of hands the frenzy
of the feet of the statues.

Borders

Give me back my black dolls
to disperse
the image of pallid wenches vendors of love
going and coming
on the boulevard of my boredom

Give me back my black dolls
 to disperse
 the everlasting image
 the hallucinating image
 of overdressed and heavy marionettes
 from whom the wind brings misery
 mercy

Give me the illusion never to appease
 the exposed need
 of roaring demands
 under the unconscious disdain
 of the world

Give me back my black dolls to play
 the simple games of my instincts
 to rest in the shadow of their laws
 to recover my courage
 my boldness
 to feel myself myself
 a new self from the one I was yesterday
 yesterday
 without complications
 yesterday
 when the hour of uprooting came.

Will they ever know this rancour of my heart
 in the eye of my mistrust too late opened
 they have stolen the space that was mine
 custom days life
 song rhythm effort
 pathways water home
 smoking grey earth
 wisdom words palaver
 ancestors
 cadence hands standards hands
 trampling the soil—

Give me back my black dolls
 my black dolls
 black dolls
 dolls.

LEÓN DAMAS

THE POETRY OF SEDAR-SENGHOR

Léopold Sedar-Senghor: born 1906 in Joal-la-Portugaise, Senegal. Studied in Dakar and Paris. Was Professor of Greek and Latin at Tours. Since 1944, Professor at the École Nationale de la France d'Outre Mer. Since 1945, Deputy of Senegal to the French National Assembly. Has published four volumes of poetry and many articles.

Black Woman

Nude woman, black woman
Your colour is life, your form is beauty.
I grew up in your shadow, the sweetness of your hands bandaged
my eyes.
And now, in the heart of summer and noon, I find you again,
promised land from the height of a burnt hill
And your beauty strikes my heart like the lightening of an eagle.

Nude woman, black woman
Ripe fruit of solid flesh, dark ecstasy of dark wine, mouth making
my mouth lyrical.
Savannah of clear horizons, savannah trembling in the caresses
of the Eastwind
Sculptured tom-tom, tense tom-tom, rumbling under the fingers
of the conquerors
And your grave contralto is the song of the beloved.

Nude woman, dark woman
Oil unrippled by the wind, calm oil upon the flanks of athletes,
upon the flanks of the Mali princes,
Gazelle with celestial ankles, the pearls are my stars on the night
of your skin,
Delighted games of the mind, red-gold reflections upon your
flaming skin.
In the shadow of your hair my anguish flees near the suns of
your eyes.

Nude woman, black woman
I sing your passing beauty, I fix your form in eternity
Before a jealous destiny transforms you to ashes to nourish the
roots of life.

*We delighted, my friend
(for khalam*)*

We delighted, my friend, in an African presence:
Furniture from Guinea and the Congo, heavy and polished, dark
and light.
Primitive and pure masks on distant walls yet so near.
Tabourets of honor for the hereditary hosts, the princes from
the High-country.
Wild and proud perfumes from the thick tresses of silence,
Cushions of shadow and leisure like quiet wells running.
Eternal words and the distant alternating chant as in the loin-
clothes from the Sudan.
But then the friendly light of your blue kindness will soften the
obsession of this presence in
Black, white and red, O red like the soil of Africa.

LÉOPOLD SEDAR-SENGHOR

* a guitar with 3 strings

Our great gratitude is due to Miriam Koshland, who assisted in the selection of the preceding poems and translated them from the French. The originals appear in 'Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Nègre et Malagache de Sedar-Senghor' published by Presses Universitaires de France.



Ivory pendant mask, probably representing an Oba (King) of Benin, with a tiara of miniature heads of Portuguese. From Benin, Southern Nigeria. Probably 16th century. Height, $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

With acknowledgements to the British Museum.



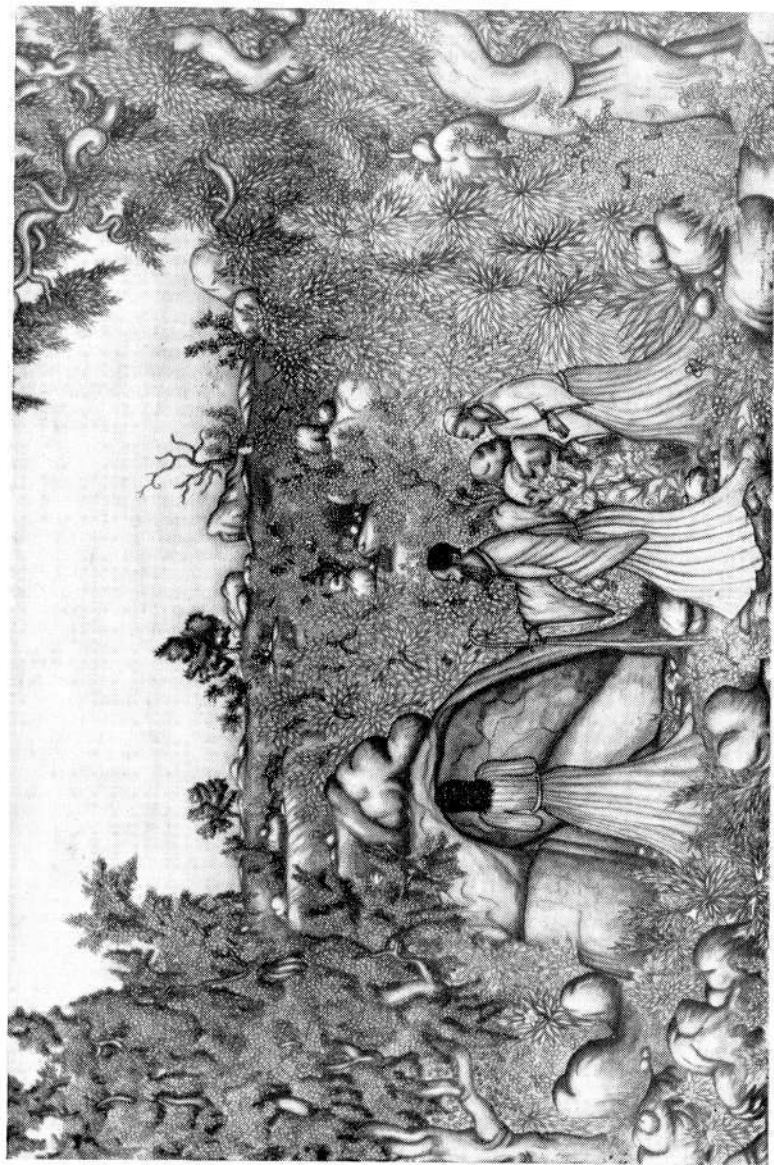
Bronze figure of a hunter carrying an antelope. Collected at Benin, Southern Nigeria, but probably Yoruba work. Height, $14\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

With acknowledgements to the British Museum.



Brass head, probably representing an early Oni of Ife, excavated at Ife, Nigeria, and thought to date back from the 13th or 14th century A.D.
Height, $14\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

With acknowledgements to the British Museum.



“The Resurrection,” by Samuel Songo of Cyrene, 1954. Water colour, 36 ins. x 24 ins.
Now hanging in Cuddesdon College, Oxford.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE (V): THE EARLY WRITERS

Dr. A. C. JORDAN

Lecturer in Bantu Languages, University of Cape Town.

THOUGH a mere handful, the earliest Xhosa writers deserve at least a whole instalment of this series to themselves, not only because they were the first Southern Africans ever to express their thoughts in writing, but also because of the socio-historical interest of their subject—the life-story of their mentor, Ntsikana. These writers were some of Ntsikana's younger disciples who, in accordance with his dying-wish, were "never to return to Xhosa life, but to go to the school (mission station) at Gwali." This was the time of the endless wars amongst various sections of the Xhosa people, especially between Ngqika (misnamed 'Gaika') and his uncle and one-time regent, Ndlambe. The former was regarded as a traitor by all the other sections of the Xhosa for allowing himself to be used against his own people by the White dispossessors. Two commoners, both of them diviners ('witchdoctors'), had profound social influence among the Xhosa at this time—Ntsikana, a one-time adherent of Ndlambe, later of Ngqika and, ultimately, of Christ; and Makhanda or Nxele (the left-handed warrior misnamed 'Makana'), an adherent of Ndlambe. There was rivalry between these two figures, and, since we know the story only from Ntsikana's disciples, Makhanda inevitably suffers. Although some of them wrote on other subjects later on, it must be emphasized that at the beginning none of these disciples set out to write history as such. They all set out to write about their mentor, and the chiefs are mentioned only in so far as their rule affected Ntsikana. But even from the little that is said about them, we get a fairly clear picture of the characters of Ngqika and Ndlambe.

Ntsikana as depicted by his disciples

According to his own disciples, Ntsikana, until his conversion, lived and enjoyed his pagan life as fully as any man of his social accomplishments. He was a great composer, singer and dancer, as well as a polygamist, adulterer, and diviner. The story of his conversion is told by his own son, William Kobe Ntsikana:

“On the day that he was called by the Spirit, he had risen early and was leaning leisurely against the poles of his cattle-fold. When the sun rose, one of its rays smote him. Then he was heard calling to a boy who was attending the calves, ‘Do you see what I see?’ The boy said, ‘No’. Three times he asked him, and still the boy said ‘No’. . . . Then he went to a *mdudo* (dance), together with other people. But on this day, when he stood up to dance, the wind arose. At last he sat down. Then later on he stood up again to dance, and again the wind arose. Thereupon he ordered all those of his household to accompany him home. And when he came to the river, he washed off the red ochre. And they wondered what had befallen him. . . .

“On reaching home, he told them what had befallen him, and also that they must not listen to Nxele, who was misleading the people, but listen to this Thing that had entered him. ‘This Thing that has entered me enjoins that we pray, and that all must kneel!’ Thereafter he held divine service at all times, and he was wont to put on his kaross of leopard-skins, and read therefrom.”

According to Zaze Soga, Ntsikana was in the land of Ndlambe when it became clear that “this Thing had entered him.” Zaze Soga writes: “It was the time of Nxele, a diviner, who preached vapour and vain sayings that have never come true up to this day. At one time he was telling the people that he would make the heavens fall on the White warriors during the fighting at *Rhini* (Grahamstown). Ntsikana was at first inclined to believe Nxele, and he even went so far as to pay tribute to him, presenting him a white ox. For it was an established practice in those days that Nxele should receive tributes from all the people. But later on, when Ntsikana discovered that he had been duped like so many others, he demanded this ox back. . . . When war began to threaten, Nxele said that the Xhosa warriors would not fight with spears, but would fight by making the heavens fall on the White warriors. Ntsikana contradicted him, saying, ‘Never!’ . . . When these men, Ntsikana and Nxele, opposed each other so, the royal chief Ndlambe gave his ruling, saying, ‘Ntsikana had better lie back awhile, and let us listen to Nxele, otherwise one’s ears will clash with each other (i.e., Ntsikana’s sayings, entering by one ear, would clash with Nxele’s, entering by the other). Why doesn’t Ntsikana stay near Ngqika for a time?’

“And so it was that Ntsikana returned to his own home, among the Ngqikas, and preached to the people, saying, ‘See the people being deceived by Makhanda at Ndlambe’s. My Thing does not tell me so.’”

The disciple who gives the fullest account of Ntsikana is Makhaphela Noyi Balfour, son of Ntsikana’s leading disciple and successor. Less inclined to romanticism and mysticism than Ntsikana’s own son, Makhaphela now and again makes a shrewd observation about the social conditions of his boyhood:

“Yes, I knew Ntsikana, son of Gaba. . . . He liked to dress well and looked handsome in his kaross, which was made of the skins of male leopards only, and it was in this kaross that the great one used to preach. . . . Ntsikana founded his school at Mankazana, and it was there that my father Noyi was converted. . . .

“It was clear to his disciples that he represented them before God. For the Xhosa people, who were used to diviners, it was easy to conceive of such a thing. Ntsikana had it in him to make his disciples feel the greatness and nearness of God. . . .

“At divine service he used to sit near the doorway, while the rest of the hut was filled completely with people, men and women. His kaross of male leopard skins covered his body entirely—that body that he would not reveal even to himself.

“The prelude to the service was the hymn, *That Great Cloak That Covereth Us*. And when his disciples had thus acknowledged his entry, he would then preach this Thing that had entered him, this Thing that hated sin. And he would name what was sinful in their daily lives, pointing out whatever in them was hateful to God. . . . This man preached Christ, saying, ‘Repent ye! Repent ye from your sins!’ He preached the Son of God, the only begotten of His Father, the Great Cloak, the true Refuge, the Stronghold and Rock of Truth. . . .

“Ntsikana was wont to describe the man Dafeti (David), proclaiming him the great progenitor of all Believers. The names of Adam, Dafeti and the coming Mesiyasi (Messiah) we first heard from Ntsikana. . . . Be it always known that among the Xhosa of old, God produced the prophet Ntsikana, who had no learning at all, in a manner that was dim and vague at the time, but which has become bright and clear in our own days. . . .

“On Ntsikana’s preaching, his people accepted this Thing, even though they did not tumble over one another in going

into it, considering how eagerly he was urging them. . . Ngqika was the first to accept it. He said: 'In order that the Thing may be acceptable, I had better be the first to join it'. But because he adhered so much to this outmoded Xhosa way of life, he was easily led away from his aim by his councillors."

For a long time after being 'led away' by his pagan councillors, however, Ngqika continued to have faith in Ntsikana and his strategy in war. It was an ill-fated military expedition against Ndlambe, in which Ntsikana's divination took too long to foresee "the gnats swarming on the skulls" of Ngqika's dead warriors, that decided the issue for the army commanders. And on their return, the latter clamoured that "these praying men" be killed. "How can we be defeated when they are praying?" they asked angrily.

It was after this disastrous campaign that Ntsikana and some of his leading disciples had to flee for their lives. Makhaphela Noyi Balfour makes mention of 'the flight to Tambo': "Wherever we stopped for the night, we boys, in accordance with Ntsikana's orders, had to make a large clearing in the bush, trim it and make it beautiful, in order to raise a place of worship. . . . We kept this up throughout that flight, and never were we without a structure in which to worship our Great Creator."

The last days of Ntsikana are described by Kobe and Makhaphela. According to both writers, Ntsikana had his grave dug and his coffin made of *mhlunguthi* some time before his death. And every now and then, he would lie in the coffin and have it lowered into the grave, to make sure that everything would go smoothly when the time came. According to Kobe, Ntsikana's relatives used to weep when he did this. Whereupon he would say, "I was only your light. No messenger goes on a mission never to return. I was only a messenger."

"One day," writes Makhaphela, "after they (the senior disciples) had lowered him into the grave, he said jokingly, 'You might as well throw in the soil'. For he was a great joker. 'Hear the *mfundisi* ordering us' exclaimed Noyi. But Matshaya said, 'Never! Even a homeless wanderer must be quite dead and still before his body can be covered with soil.' So they helped him out of the grave. But on a certain night, towards the coming of dawn, the spirit of the prophet departed.

"Alas! The wailings that were to be heard! . . . They have never ceased ringing in my ears. . . . It was as if even the cliffs and forests had joined in the wailing! He was buried by Noyi

and Matshaya with great ceremony. His coffin was fastened with thongs made from ox-hide, not nailed as we do nowadays.

“And so the famous son of Gaba slept in the cold ground just at the age of real manhood.”

After Ntsikana's Death

The story is carried beyond Ntsikana's death by the writers we have already quoted and by other contemporaries. Makhaphela writes: “Some of these disciples of the son of Gaba were baptized by the first White missionaries and given more training in the Truth that they had accepted. . . . Each person was given a new name by which he would be known as a Christian. So it was that Noyi (Makhaphela's own father) was renamed ‘Balfour’. This became the practice for us who had chosen this new road. Nonetheless it was strange, because we had never seen anything wrong with our own names. But so eagerly was this new teaching accepted that many a man, even while still a pagan, kept in mind some new name that he fancied, so that, in the event of his becoming a Christian, he should be known by that name.”

This explains such names as William and Balfour, which make such very strange reading in this context.

Ntsikana's disciples were always watchful lest the teachings of the missionaries should clash with what they had themselves been taught. John Muir Vimbe writes: “I am thankful that the Maker-of-all-things has preserved me until I even saw His Word written in our own tongue. . . . This Word too regards as evil those things that we have always regarded as evil: theft, adultery, killing, lying and many other abominations as enumerated in Leviticus xviii, 6-30.”

The name of Satan, which they first got to know from the missionaries, did not clash with Ntsikana's teaching, for his disciples accepted it immediately and associated it with all the things that looked ugly to them. Says Zaze Soga: “In their prayers they used to say that all those things that were pleasing to the eye were from God, and all the ugly ones from Satan. So it was that they were wont to say in their prayers, ‘Thou God Who art in Heaven! Most Beautiful! Creator of birds and beasts (all the beautiful ones being named), unlike Satan who, in trying to create birds, produced the bat and the owl.’ ”

Ntsikana's place in African life and literature

It is unfortunate that, due to the universal human weakness

for 'miracles', latter-day zealots have disregarded verifiable historical facts and all but deified Ntsikana. We cannot blame Kobe for recording his father's religious experiences as told to him. After all, when his father was 'called by the Spirit', Kobe was only a child and could not have been present at the festivities where the rising wind was supposed to have forbidden Ntsikana to dance. The same Kobe records that 'Nyhengane' (Dr. van der Kemp) preached among the Xhosa people, and that Ntsikana's contemporary and rival, Makhanda, who preached the 'resurrection of the dead' and condemned witchcraft and adultery, declared openly that he was a follower of 'Nyhengane'. There can be no doubt that Ntsikana, who was so closely associated with the chiefs who gave 'Nyhengane' permission to preach, must have heard this man preach and read from 'the Book.' Yet the zealots want to believe that the names and stories of Adam, David and the Messiah were communicated to Ntsikana 'directly from God'. Again, in spite of the mission at Gwali, where Ntsikana enjoined his disciples to go after his death, the zealots assert that Ntsikana never saw a White man, but 'prophesied' the coming of 'a people with flowing hair'. Kobe records also that, when Ngqika made it known that he was going to seek the help of *amaNgesi* (English soldiers) against Ndlambe, it was Ntsikana who warned him that if he did so, the land of the Xhosa people would be the booty of the White man. Again, it was during Ntsikana's life-time that Makhanda succeeded in uniting the Ngqikas and the Ndlambes in order to raid Grahamstown. This was in 1819. Ntsikana's biographers tell us that he died in 1821, that is two years after Makhanda, who was drowned in his attempt to escape from captivity on Robben Island.

The importance of Ntsikana lies not in the legendary smittings by the shafts of sunrise, nor in the rising winds and readings from karosses. The fact that his Hymn of Praise is the first literary composition ever to be assigned to individual formulation—thus constituting a bridge between the traditional and the post-traditional period—is of great historical significance. But even more important than this is the fact that, through his influence, a few young disciples were introduced to the arts of reading and writing, and that, inspired by his exemplary life and teaching, these men became the harbingers of the dawn of literacy amongst the indigenous peoples of Southern Africa.

SOUTH-EASTER

NOËL FRIESLICH

THE wind raged about the house clamouring for admission. Windows shuddered in their frames, doors and shutters rattled, and through every aperture there came an agonized keening and howling.

Dora and her father were at their piano and violin playing. This was not so much a duet as two solo performances played more or less simultaneously. Dora, who played the piano very well by ear, accepted as one of her many household duties that she accompany her father's violin-playing every Friday night. But the sullen *maestoso* style which she was bestowing on "Jeannie with the light-brown hair" seemed to be accompanying her own mood rather than her father's playing.

"Too fast! Too fast!" the old man remonstrated.

Dora's capriciousness did not seem to disturb him. If he thought about it at all, he probably attributed it to the wind; women and cats, being sensitive creatures, were always affected by the wind.

"Let's start again from the beginning."

Dora sighed and poised her right hand for an affected plunge on to the keys, then pounded out two or three bars in aggressive *fortissimo*. The old man interrupted her again, gently.

"But, girlie, girlie, that's Sarie Marais you are playing."

"Oh, Pa! I just can't play the piano tonight, I just can't. It must be the South-Easter or something."

There was a sound of muffled banging that might have been a dislodged slate-tile clattering down the roof. Dora was startled.

"That must be Joe. He's coming tonight." And she dashed out to answer the front-door.

It was the next-door neighbour who, as Dora cautiously opened the door, was blown right into the passageway. The visitor was clutching to her head an old felt hat with one hand, and dangling from the other, by a loop of bamboo, a writhing tangle of dark-brown claws and feelers.

"Ag Here, dis 'n vreeslike wind," she gasped.

Then she saw Dora and hastily modulated from Afrikaans to a less assured but more dignified English. She was not to be outdone by Dora's superior airs.

"This wind is jus' terrible. A person can hardly walk in

it. Yet they calls it the Cape doctor. Must be from those doctors what kills but doesn't cure."

A swirl of dust smothered the old woman's eloquence, as Dora pressed her whole weight against the door to shut it.

"They say in the olden days it used to blow all the germs away, but all I can see is it only jus' puts the dust on your stoep."

The visitor tried by dogged cheerfulness to bridge the gap left by Dora's ungracious silence.

"I jus' brought two fresh crawfish for your mother."

She held up the dark spidery mass for admiration.

"Ma's in the kitchen," Dora snapped rudely and re-entered the front-room, leaving the visitor to find her own way to the kitchen.

The old man had replaced his fiddle in its case and was sawing away at a piece of rosin with his bow.

"It's that old busybody, Mrs. De Bruyn, from next-door. If she didn't have crawfish to bring, it would be snoek or kabeljauw, just so she can gossip about other people."

"She's a good women though, girlie." He spoke without looking up.

"Ag, she only wants to gossip about Joe and me."

But the old man was not given to arguing. Dora shut the lid of the piano.

"I feel for something nice, a bit of mebos or something sour like that."

This was not so much a request as a statement of her mood. It was not easy for her to establish any contact with her father, except in routine domestic matters. And yet as a child she had sat listening, and he had talked to her for hours on end. His endless narrative was always about England, dear old England, which was home to him. England seemed to her then a great solid slab of green; one continuous lawn where the flowers were not only colourful but fragrant, and birds were not only pretty but could sing.

But as the years passed he became less communicative, and his nostalgia took a more subtle form. Now he played his fiddle every Friday evening, and Dora had to accompany him. And that was the extent of the rapport between them. Now it was her turn to long for England, and she could no more communicate her longing to him than she could have played the piano from a sheet of music.

England wore for her the bright wrapping-paper of a dream.

In England she would be unequivocally White, not the daughter of a European man and a Coloured mother, but a real person. That was why she had kept for several years two letters she had received from an English soldier she had known during the war.

“Pa! Joe wants us to get married.”

Her father grunted as he polished his violin-case.

“But I don’t want to get married.”

That was as near as she could get to conveying the complex of her feelings.

“Joe’s a nice boy.” He snapped to the catch on the case.

“A very nice boy.”

A tile clattered down the roof and was dashed on to the front stoep. The wind moaned through the telegraph wires. It was the voice of desolation. It was appalling that her father could have so little understanding of her. But then he wasn’t Coloured. He was nothing but a no-class ‘rooinek’. Her mother never used the word ‘Coloured.’

“Don’t be always calling people Coloured. She’s only a little sallow.”

She knew her mother had already held her inquisition on Joe as a prospective son-in-law with one or other of her neighbours. Probably the very Mrs. De Bruyn who was now in the kitchen.

“Joe Sampson? Do you know the Sampsons? You know what, the son is a postman. Is hulle van die wittes of die bruines? Are they the white Sampsons or the brown? Well you know mos, the mother is a little on the brown side, but the father’s a real blue-eyed Englishman.”

That was enough for Dora’s mother. Joe was approved and encouraged. He was always welcome, when on his rounds, to a cup of coffee and a slice of cocoanut tart. And only the announcement of the wedding was awaited now. Dora felt trapped.

“Dora, see to the door, girlie. That must be Joe banging.”

She left her father in the front-room where he had become oblivious to everything except the table he was French-polishing, and went into the dark passageway. She opened the door to a gust of wind, to Joe, and an assortment of rubble that was blown in after him.

“Ag, maar dis ’n vreeslike wind. This wind is jus’ terrible,” he repeated, seeing Dora.

Dora tried to show a welcoming smile to her lover, but it

was lost in the half-light of the passage. He slid a firm arm around her waist and squeezed a handful of warm flesh. That was welcome enough for him.

"Naand Dora," he said, and then to please her, in English, "Evenin' Dora."

In that quick repetition of the bilingual greeting he managed to convey his own eager passion. Dora, angrily ambivalent, her senses roused into conflict with her resolve to end all this marriage business, could only say:

"Pa's in the front-room and Ma's in the kitchen, so we'll have to go in the yard."

So he followed her to the back of the house, making tentative attempts to touch her body and find the welcome there that was not in her voice.

"Don't do that, man, can't you behave respectable?" she whispered as they passed the kitchen door.

The back-yard was completely enclosed by the thick foliage of the grape-vine creeper. There was a giant hissing and whispering as the leaves trembled in the wind. On the ground, in a rectangle of light thrown by the kitchen window, the shadows of the agitated leaves were dancing a wild tarantella. They sat down on a cast-iron bench.

"What's the matter with you, girlie?"

"I just don't want to get married, Joe. I jus' don't."

Joe momentarily baffled was finally forced into articulation.

"But I love you, man. You know mos, I got a good job. We can get married. We can live in a room in my mother's house."

And he ran his hand along her thighs to emphasize the desirability of it all.

If Dora was unable to tell her father the real nature of her obsession, she couldn't even begin to explain to Joe. Perhaps only the writer of those two letters from England would have been able to understand. A desperate fleeting thought came to her that she should write to the Queen of England. She could only sit stiffly on the iron bench in dumb misery.

While Joe's hands were seeking some capitulation from her thighs, her breasts, her hair, she fingered in imagination the two letters that she had kept for so long in a drawer with some old picture postcards of seaside resorts her father had known in England. She could hear the muffled mutterings of her mother and Mrs. De Bruyn coming from the kitchen. Scheming,

plotting voices that were dissolving her dream and undermining her resolution. She felt a sudden irrelevant pity for the two crawfish scratching feebly in the cauldron in which they were being boiled. Before the water reached boiling-point they would have ceased struggling, and their purple-brown shells would have faded to a lifeless pink. She could feel Joe's coarse curly hair brushing against her cheek as he buried his face in her neck, and it was a comfort to her in her exile.

Almost she could have told him about those two letters. Joe would not have been surprized. He not only knew of their existence, but only he knew that there had been a third, never delivered. For Joe, all was fair in love. And where perfidious Englishmen were concerned, all was not only fair, but just. All English soldiers were married men trifling with the affections of unsuspecting South African girls.

A sudden burst of wind through the vine jerked a large fat green caterpillar from among the leaves, and on to Dora's hand lying inertly in her lap. She cried out in horror and clutched at Joe with both hands. He was quick to respond, and all the accumulated stimulating of her body seemed to concentrate into a tidal wave of sensation. She was no longer resistant. Every part of her was responding with a hungry eagerness, and all that fierce rebellion was outside of her and was only part of the wind rushing through the grave-vine and rattling the corrugated fence. England was lost.

Mrs. De Bruyn opened the kitchen door and raising her voice against the noise of the wind, bade her hostess goodnight. It was as though the two old women had decided that the matter was settled and there was no further need for consultation.

"I'll make a good crawfish curry," Dora's mother called out in Afrikaans.

Later when Dora lay in bed listening to the wind, she felt abandoned and betrayed. Even the wind was not a mere natural phenomenon. It cried out for personification; something malevolent, cunning, irresistible; stirring long-dormant impulses, rousing half-tolerated frustrations as it caught up stray newspapers and pinned them flapping helplessly against the wall, and sent empty cans scuttling down the street with loud clanking protests. A stray cat, buffeted by the wind, uttered a sour complaining whine, and Dora wept the quiet hopeless tears of her exile.



BOOK REVIEWS

The Habit of Loving by Doris Lessing. Published by Macgibbon & Kee, London. 1957. 278 pp. 15s 6d.

THE habit of loving—isn't that, anyway, the habit, worse than our smoking or our tipping, that besets all of us as well as all of *them*: those women of Doris Lessing's, sewing away at their home-made frocks, hopelessly, against the attrition of bourgeois life in Central Africa; those men of hers, always the weaker sex, battling against nature and the nature of women; those children of hers, strong and obstinate with the renewal of life? The habit of loving and needing love, of seeking acceptance through achievement, like the boy in "Through the Tunnel", or seeking reassurance even through the travesty of love, like Lucy in "Lucy Grange"—that's a form of nail-biting we can't be broken of.

The title story in Mrs. Lessing's new collection is so good that, even if its title did not have this incidental light to shed on the whole book, one would have to begin any comment on the other sixteen stories in the sunburst of its achievement. It is, baldly, the story of an aging theatrical producer in whom the habit of loving has always been very strong. There has been his wife, of course; a number of affairs; and notably Myra, with whom, after his divorce from his wife, he lived for five years. But Myra finds post-war England (and her lover George, presumably) "played out"; she does not want to marry him after all. George begins to feel that "beneath his ribs, his heart had become swollen and soft and painful, a monstrous area of sympathy, playing enemy to what he had been." It leads him to ask his ex-wife to marry him again; she gently refuses, and he finds that she is about to marry a man many years her junior, and, of course, his. A few days later he wakes up with a pain in his chest "which he could not mistake for heart-

ache," and when he is convalescing from the illness which follows, Bobby Tippet comes to look after him. Bobby is an out-of-work actress of the arty, espresso bar, off-beat revue kind, marvellously observed, and pierced by Mrs. Lessing's pen like a small, strange, recently-evolved and previously unrecorded entomological specimen. The story is concerned with George's relationship with Bobby; his rather wan attraction to her, their rather casual marriage; his offer to get her back on the stage again, and her success in a song-and-dance act (from the description of it, it might have been devised by Samuel Beckett) that George finds himself twenty years too old to find amusing; her love affair with the young man who is her partner, and George's projection of his own predicament into hers, when he discovers that, although he thinks of her as a child, she is nearly forty and the young man could almost be her son. On the last page, she gets out of her *gamin* tapered pants, puts on a matron's dress, drags her hair back from her unmade-up face, and looks exactly like her sister, "an awful, commonplace, middle-aged female from some suburb." Poor George; she, at least, has outgrown the habit of loving.

This is one of the best stories I have ever read. It has the twist and flourish of creation, not contrivance, and something of the blunt ironic pathos of "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." There are two stories, "The Woman" and "A Road to the Big City" that Mrs. Lessing could surely write with one hand tied behind her back, and which it is difficult to know why she has bothered with at all; there is a virtuoso evocation of Africa in the atmosphere piece, "A Mild Attack of Locusts"; Somerset Maugham has never approached her capture of the flavours of exile in the story of that name; and "Flight" and "Through the Tunnel" are pieces of work of great beauty and the style that comes of itself from a synthesis of theme and the background in terms of which it is worked out.

Mrs. Lessing has been criticized for anti-German (and therefore anti-human) sentiments in the long story, "The Eye of God in Paradise." For myself—although the story seems to me to be unrealized, artistically—I find that the situation of the two people who have suffered ugly loss at the hands of the Nazis before and after the war, and who find themselves engulfed in the *Gemütlichkeit* of a Bavarian resort, carries its own sort of authority; not the authority of revenge or prejudice, but of horror that life holds such contradictions of experience and

behaviour.

I have purposely not made any distinction between the "African" stories and the "European" stories in this splendid collection, simply because, from the literary point of view, I see none. Mrs. Lessing lived here and she now lives there; she is a writer, wherever she is. Is this the answer to those who fear the danger and attraction of exile, go from Africa to live in Europe because they believe it will make them, return from it because they believe it will break them? Or is it her own personal triumph?

NADINE GORDIMER

Schweitzer Hero of Africa by Robert Payne. Published by Robert Hale, London. 1957. 199 pp. 16s.

THIS latest contribution to the ever-growing literature of Schweitzeriana, though economically and efficiently written, does not tell us anything very new. The best picture of Schweitzer is still, I think, to be found in his own writings. Unfortunately, there is a great divergence between that self-portrait and Robert Payne's hagiological portrayal. More and more people are coming to realize that Schweitzer's missionary practice is out of tune not merely with twentieth century Africa, but even with certain basic human values. One cannot elaborate this greatly in a review, but a glance at C. W. M. Gell's articles in the July, 1957, *Hibbert Journal*, Gunther's *Inside Africa*, or my own article in *New Reasoner* will show that Mr. Payne's picture is hopelessly idealized.

Vitiating Schweitzer's enormously humane vision is an ingrained authoritarianism, stemming from a particularly harsh kind of Protestantism, which stresses guilt, discipline, self-dedication. Much of this is descriptively sketched by Mr. Payne, but not sharply analyzed. Significantly, Mr. Payne himself compares (and contrasts) Schweitzer with Stalin in his concluding chapter.

Schweitzer may *intend* nothing but good, but he wants it done his own way and ensures that people who do not see it his way are cajoled and bullied into compliance. More than this, the moral and practical ideals he aims at are sadly deficient. We know now how greatly Albert Schweitzer is separated from the Africans at Lamberéné, how ignorant he is of their lives and aspirations. He dismisses them as superstitious, dirty and ignorant savages who will take centuries to educate (on p. 62,

indeed, we are told how much he was impressed by the racist Houston Stewart Chamberlain). Such views, probably shaped many decades ago, seem out of date as well as unsaintly; he accepts the colonial scene, however, with few criticisms.

Yet he is a noble symbol to our age. He stands, firstly, for self-abnegation, having renounced a truly brilliant career in Europe; he stands for active Christianity in a world where so many Christians fail to implement their creed; he stands, finally, for peace in an H-bomb world. These are great principles. But they are projected—and I say this in no provocative or uncharitable spirit—onto an unworthy bearer in the person of Albert Schweitzer.

Mr. Payne, though he writes better than his predecessors, is no less uncritical than they. We still await a rounded and objective life of Schweitzer.

PETER WORSLEY

The Prehistory of Africa by H. Alimen. xviii + 438 pp. 25 plates. 154 text-figs., maps and incidental decorations. Published by Hutchinson, London. 1957. 63s.

UNLIKE the continent of Europe, prehistoric Africa almost missed any glacial action. Where a little did occur, man simply avoided contact with the heights affected, limiting himself to regions lower down. There is thus little hope of dating man's African story against clear-cut glacial deposits. For a time it was hoped that alternating pluvial and dryer periods, affecting the continent as a whole, would supply a monstrous clock against which to measure man's prehistory. Though heavily propagandized and supported with every scrap of evidence, even this is falling short of our hopes. Today we are left with an even greater uncertainty as to the periodicity and extent of these climatic factors than we were a decade ago. It is a pity therefore that Miss Alimen's story is so closely linked with that of a (partly) mythical pluvial pattern.

On the whole Professor Alimen has succeeded in giving us our first general view of African prehistory with considerable success. Her own field lies in what was recently French North Africa, including sites within the Sahara. On this area her survey is authoritative and completely adequate. She makes clear a vast amount that was only obtainable in French from scattered publications. As she passes through the Sahara to

the Sudan and the Congo the evidence at her disposal decreases, and she has had perforce to make the best of a meagrely documented field. However, East Africa has provided her with a rich series of sources, and she has made full use of these. Further south her survey is decreasingly adequate. As in North Africa, so in the southern extreme (where research has been carried on increasingly for a century) most of the material is available in scattered individual publications, and has not been drawn together since 1929. This results in a certain meagreness, marred too by her dependence upon the linking of climatic evidence here with that of East Africa.

The section on prehistoric art is very pleasant, illustrated from a great range of sites, covering the Sahara, East and Southern Africa. The survey of prehistoric skeletal remains is brief, but, in a book dealing almost exclusively with man's cultural story, quite a sufficient reminder of the material available in more technical sources. Each chapter has a list of suggested reading, but references within the text are not properly recorded anywhere. One or two are a little puzzling, and the critical reader would have enjoyed checking these at source.

In all we can recommend this as a very useful introduction to African prehistory, not too technical, and increasingly authoritative the further north we go.

A. J. H. GOODWIN.

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*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, 31A, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.
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WEST AFRICA: Mr. E. Mphahlele, P.O. Box 394, Yaba, Nigeria.

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