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Special Features:

THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE

By Harry Bloom

THE PRESS: STRIJDOM'S "LAST BARRIER"

By George Clay and Stanley Uys

THE CHALLENGE OF FEDERATION

By The Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones, P.C., M.P.



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THE PRISONERS by Gerard Sekoto

SEX AND SEDITION

NOTHING arouses such ferocious race passions in Africa as the subject of miscegenation. The idea that Black and White can live in intimacy together brings clawing into the open terrors and revulsions so fierce that all rational discussion on race becomes immediately impossible. Even the more educated and thoughtful of the Whites join in the lusty braying against mixed marriages, and nearly all are satisfied that physical relations between Black and White outside of marriage should be prohibited by law. The whole question of sex would seem to dominate the racial thinking of White Africa. It is a tin tied to the tail of all civilized progress, and any leap forward in political thinking sets up a clatter among the White communities that is stilled only by a bout of further legislative oppression. To be a successful politician one has but to learn off by heart the nauseating patter about blood mixing and the coffee-coloured child and one can persuade a White electorate to purchase anything. All those who peddle the doctrines of White supremacy and the perpetuation of their own privileges are consequently well-schooled in this technique of salesmanship, and in its various vicious forms the question—"Would you like your daughter to marry a Kaffir?"—is produced by them as the ultimate rejoinder to those who deplore the savageries and final insecurities of the colour bar.

Sex in civilized society is the concern of the individual, not of the state. It ceases to be so only when it ceases to be sane and the form it takes involves trespassing upon the liberty of other people. The community has a duty and a right to protect its citizens against rape and the corruption of their children. It has no duty and no right so to handcuff the freedom of its members as to hold them back from entering into voluntary physical relations with one another. Seizure by the state of this, the capital of individual existence, is an assault far worse than any arbitrary imprisonment of the body. For it strikes deeper, at a permanent arrest of the personality, a sort of chaining-up for life of the soul.

In a race-frenzied society however, civilized standards are invariably set squarely on their heads. The marriage of one's daughter to a Kaffir is not at all one's daughter's own concern, it is the business of the whole community. Every individual

White woman's choice becomes the concern of government and law, the traffic of the ballot-box. The whole of society must be organized so as to make such a marriage impossible. And this for a very potent reason. Such a marriage must be made impossible so as to organize society in a particular way. For the essence of sex prejudice is that it is the result of other forms of discrimination and not their cause.

The South African Government is nowhere so just as in its claim to being logical. The morally demented possess a reasoning of their own, and in the irrational context of the racialist state, sex legislation is the inevitable logic of dominion. Though it appears pathological to the sane, to the pathological it constitutes the fundamental sanity, the hinge upon which turns the whole creaking insanity of the state. In the vicious unreason of a colour bar society, control cannot be limited to the kitchen of the personality. And nothing illustrates this with more frightening clarity than the history of the Union of South Africa.

From the first shaft sunk by the Dutch East India Company, the White governors of South Africa have dug their way deep into the lives of their subject peoples. Union of the four provinces only added greater efficiency to their traditional operations. It was not to be expected that rulers who considered it necessary for their own enrichment to herd millions of Black workers into mining compounds and farm prisons would possess some inner reluctance to ordering the most intimate concerns of so many people. They realized early that a state founded upon the pallor of its governors could not afford to allow its foremen to mix too freely with its labourers once the whistle blew. No relationship between human beings so levels its participants as a sexual one, and even in their sleep White South Africans have a duty to their complexions.

Unhappily for the hawkers of the doctrines of White supremacy however, White South Africans showed from the very beginning an astonishing lack of repugnance to race adulteration. Though they insisted with increasing shrillness that the different races should develop along separate lines, they gave little encouragement to their opinions by their activity. The idea of miscegenation has always appeared less inviting than the practice. And so the Government had to re-enforce natural impulse with legislation, and the South African Statute Book has been continually invoked to compel the rulers of the country to a proper

realization of their own responsibilities. In 1927 an Immorality Act was passed making "illicit carnal intercourse" between Africans and Whites punishable by five years imprisonment. This, however, left unblocked the broadest thoroughfare of racial mixing—that between the Whites and the more than one million Coloured people. And so the Nationalist Government, soon after seizing power, amended the Act in 1950 to make its provisions apply to contact between all non-Whites and Whites. Since many South African Whites though, are distressingly dark and many Coloureds bewilderingly light-skinned, Whites were allowed by law a certain discretion and permitted their immorality if possessed at the time of reasonable cause to believe that their partners also were White. Never let it be said that the law in South Africa is unnecessarily harsh.

Some harshness, however, is naturally necessary. And lest men and women escape the purposes of "immorality" legislation by actually marrying, the Mixed Marriages Act was passed in 1949 to prohibit all marriages between non-Whites and Whites. That the South African Government should have made it its prerogative to decide upon who should marry whom, is an interference with the rights of its citizens so grossly impertinent that one is left wondering how even an arrogant and politically debauched White electorate could have permitted it. The Churches, of course, have ceaselessly stated their hostility to the measure, but since the pious governors of the Union are adept at reaching their own singular conclusions about what the Bible really means when it says something quite different, this has had no effect at all, and the Act is still on the Statute Book.

The result of the various sex laws might have been anticipated by their framers had less passion and more intelligence gone into their consideration. There is a booming market in prosecutions for statutory sex offences, and the publicity given to them in Parliament and the Press serves only, it would seem, to increase their number. Every year the number of Whites imprisoned for breaking the Immorality Act bounds upwards, and the proportion of the offenders who are policemen would suggest that the guardians of the law in South Africa are no more sensitive to the ideological importance of its provisions than those whose sensitivities they are employed to enforce. Even the excuse that many think they can get away with breaking the law cannot seriously be offered. The public is becoming increasingly aware of the extent of the energy devoted by the

police force to discovering statutory sex offences. Indeed it would seem that whole areas of urban South Africa go continually unpatrolled while policemen are busy shining torches into motor cars and staring through the windows of private houses. One wonders whether the crime rate in Alexandra Township or Orlando would be nearly so high if there was not the Immorality Act to exhaust the attention of the South African police.

The Government, of course, has only one reply to the mounting statistics—an increase in the maximum penalty for statutory sex offences. Again this year the Immorality Act has been amended, this time providing for prison sentences of up to seven years. It is to be doubted that anyone willing to risk going to gaol for five years will be deterred by the possibility of having to go for seven. But how else is respect for such laws to be generated? One day perhaps, in a last frantic effort to protect the purity of their blood, the governors of South Africa will make intimacy between White and non-White a capital offence. It would be strongly advised, however, not to try. The effects might be disastrous for the perpetuation of White rule.

#

In May of this year the Parliament of Southern Rhodesia set about discussing amendments to an old Immorality Act, passed in the muscle-bound Colonial days of 1903. Those who had succumbed to the equivocal caresses of “partnership” might reasonably have expected that the Act would have been repealed. Others more closely acquainted with the racial attitudes of European settlers in Africa anticipated nothing so drastic, but assumed that the governors of Southern Rhodesia would have taken sufficient note of the frenzied failures of their neighbours not to attempt to copy them. Had the major portion of the legislature expressed merely the desire to clean the Statute Book one day of its discriminatory sex law and meanwhile to let it gather dust until the White electorate had grown civilized enough to countenance the cleaning, some little confidence in the future of Federation might have remained.

It is an enormous pity that the Hansard Report of the debate will have so limited a circulation. For it provides a patently authoritative account of how the dominant White community in Southern Rhodesia to-day thinks of itself and of the vast voiceless numbers that it governs. A certain Mr. Buchan introduced the Bill to extend the provisions of the Immorality

and Indecency Suppression Act so as “to prohibit illicit sexual intercourse between a European male and an African female.” In its original form, the Act only applied to extra-marital relations between White females and Black males, and this lop-sidedness had to be remedied at once if, in the mover’s words, “we are not to recommence another phase in the deplorable cycle of miscegenation and injustice which the lack of appropriate legislation permits.” Mr. Buchan’s own attitude to the subject was made significantly clear. “One has only to look back to Roman times, as recently as that, to appreciate the consequences of the inherent dangers of the introduction of new blood strains of slaves from the conquered territory. There is not one single thing of which I am aware that can condone in any shape or form the evils of miscegenation, and while strong, lusty and victorious men are not likely to be subject to what one might term biological inhibitions, it remains to those who follow on to endeavour to stabilize the position as soon as possible.” Miscegenation was becoming a menace, “due to the increased flow of immigration from the four corners of the world, where in many cases a colour bar is unknown, it is non-existent, and where biological inhibitions are of quite a negligible quantity.” Many of the new immigrants would ultimately leave the country, while remaining behind would be “a string of unfortunate and unwanted progeny of mixed race and doubtful background, whom we shall have to support and then, in the natural course of events, reproduce more of their kind.”

The supporters of the motion who rose to speak uncovered various reasons why it was essential to extend the provisions of the Act. Dr. Alexander, the seconder, was disturbed by the “inequity of the present position; that a White woman should be punished so severely for a moral lapse with an African where the European male can indulge in sex relations with a Native woman with impunity is quite unjust.” If the law were changed, “the prestige of the Europeans would be greatly enhanced (and) this would go a very long way to bringing about better race relations.” Mr. Aitken-Cade maintained: “This does not create a new crime. This merely creates a penalty for an existing crime.” And Mr. Reedman quoted approvingly from the *South African Observer*, an eccentric South African monthly of Nordic pretensions, some extraordinary pseudo-medical mumbo-jumbo to the general effect that the children of inter-racial relationships are always ugly and occasionally insane. “. . . When, therefore, these parents are disparate, the confusion and conflict in their offspring’s organism may and too often do cause obscure and sometimes serious symptoms of faulty function-

ing and disease." That this of all speeches should have ended in applause is indication enough of the mood of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament to-day.

It is to the credit of a few members that they should have withstood public pressure and maintained some semblance of civilized discernment, though in the process protecting their reputations with assaults on miscegenation almost as violent as those in support of the motion. In answer to those who maintained that the Act as it stood was unjust because it penalized only European females and not males, Mr. Abrahamson moved that the whole Act be repealed. "*If we want to adopt the policy of the Union of South Africa,*" he declared, "*then we just do not adopt this policy in one respect only. The natural adoption of such a policy is to adopt the whole system eventually.*" Mr. Wightwick, his seconder, then made a point that only so much passionate prejudice could have blunted in the first place. "*We are trying to control the relations between human beings, and I think that is wrong.*"

One man in particular deserves the regard of all those to whom the decision of the Southern Rhodesian legislature is morally and politically repellent. It needed singular courage for the Prime Minister to speak out as vigorously as he did against a proposal which had aroused so much electoral hysteria and which claimed the support of the majority of his party and Cabinet. The arguments he launched against the motion could have been met with such obstinate disapproval only in the race-distracted societies of Southern Africa to-day.

" . . . Mr. Speaker, this is frankly a racial measure and not a measure which is concerned with morality . . . (Dr. Alexander) almost went as far as to say that there should be a Bill to make all sexual relations outside of marriage illegal. That, at least, is being honest and going the whole way. . . . As far as assault of any kind is concerned, these matters are covered by the common law and covered fully. . . . When you start legislating for moral matters and particularly for racial matters, I am sure you just have to keep on legislating. You will forever be finding holes in the legislation you have and you are committed for all time to patching up the legislation. . . . Much has been said about the offspring of Europeans and Africans, and it is true that many of them are being brought up in surroundings which do us no credit, but if there is any suggestion that these people are a lower breed or less capable, then I would refute that completely. . . . I have spoken about this matter to Africans including a number of leading Africans

in this country. So far I have not met one of them who demanded that we pass the amendment, but they want the law that is on the Statute Book repealed, and I think there are many reasons why it should be repealed. . . ."

The House divided and, by 16 votes to 8, set itself to follow in hot pursuit of the rulers of the Union of South Africa.

There is nothing more certain in Africa to-day than that Southern Rhodesia will find it increasingly difficult to work its new law and increasingly necessary to make it work. Like South Africa, it is committed to the success of its sex legislation, for the legislation must succeed if the state in its present form is to survive. In a society dominated by a racial minority, any racial mixing presents the ultimate sedition. And the state must arm itself against it as against a moral fifth column threatening its whole nature. Yet sex legislation of a completely racial kind can never succeed. And its failure corrupts from within the very structure of the state that it exists to protect. In its career the whole hopeless, helpless insanity of White domination is symbolized, the self-accelerating speed of its decline, the inevitability of its essential collapse.

Principles are never tragic, only people. And it is this aspect of the decision of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament that provides an emotion more powerful than mere political hostility or moral disgust. There is nothing of tragedy in the suicide of White supremacy. But there is much of it in the inevitable agony that the Whites of Southern Africa are planting for themselves in the fury of their prejudice. The road of the Immorality Act ends only over the edge among the rocks at the bottom. It is cause enough surely for the weeping of a world that yet another people should now have chosen to rush so blindly along it.

Mr. Victor Gollancz; Mr. Jo Grimond M.P., Leader of the British Liberal Party; Mr. John Gunther; the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt; and the Rt. Rev. John Leonard Wilson, Bishop of Birmingham, have joined the Sponsorship Committee of 'Africa South'.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE

HARRY BLOOM

Author of "Episode"

It is naive, of course, to compare the South African policeman with the London bobby. Their jobs are different, their social environments have practically nothing in common, and they administer laws which are not only totally different in kind, but in purpose. The London bobby, relieved of the unpleasant duty of carrying on sporadic civil war against the bulk of the population, can afford to spend his time directing the traffic, rescuing cats stranded in trees, and charming tourists with his helpfulness and courtesy. He patrols his beat, and only rarely is called upon to use violence. Despite efforts by the films and press to sensationalize his job, it is, by and large, a peaceful and even a dull one.

The South African policeman is a hired mercenary of apartheid. He is employed to do the dirty work of a government that dreams up impossible and degrading legislative schemes born of race hatred. Hence his primary purpose is not to keep down crime—that is, real crime, as opposed to the technical, manufactured “crime” of the pass laws and the like. The greater part of the police force—its men, vehicles and time—is spent in screwing down the vast, mountainous, fabulously multiplying mass of apartheid laws on a resentful populace. This work means violence, because it attempts a violent overthrow of civilized concepts, a forcible and unnatural stifling of human progress. The London bobby does not carry firearms. He does not foray out against the population in armoured trucks bristling with sten-guns. He does not fire into crowds. He does not crack skulls in jittery, unprovoked baton charges.

His work is different, and it is useful to bear it in mind so as to avoid the criticism of advancing a common but mistaken comparison. It is unhelpful to discuss the South African policeman as if he were attached to the Borough of Westminster, and to measure his conduct against policemen working in entirely different circumstances. But making all allowances—for the fact that this is a country in a state of social upheaval, that the policeman’s task is to administer an odious body of laws, that the policeman, who is usually choking with antagonism towards the black man is, paradoxically, expected to be his protector—

there are alarming signs that the police are embarked upon a wild spree of lawlessness. That is to say, not content with the vast authority put into their hands, not satisfied with their already abnormal powers of arrest and detention, they are taking the law into their own hands, acting in contempt of the courts and even their own orders and regulations. They are overruling the rule of law, by which a man can only be punished by sentence of the court after being tried and found guilty of a breach of the law.

For it is common knowledge, so frequently confirmed these days as to be past denial, that the police inflict their own punishments and without regard to whether a man is guilty or innocent—a matter which, anyway, it is not their business to determine. There are too many accounts of brutal beatings-up in the back rooms of police stations—only the most sensational of which are ever heard of—for these to be rare or accidental occurrences. There are too many cracked bones, bruises, missing teeth, weals—and gravestones—in the townships and locations to avoid the conclusion that torture and assault are more or less routine procedure in police stations throughout the country. This is borne out by almost every African one meets who has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police—and by any lawyer who runs a criminal practice. Remember, it is not only the criminal classes for which such reception is reserved. Our police stations play host to almost the entire African public, owing to the dense network of technical laws which sooner or later ensnares just about every African. Once in the police station a whole new code of “crimes” comes into existence. It is all too common for people arrested for trivial offences—pass or tax contraventions, or possession of beer—to be viciously beaten for being “cheeky” or for other imagined breaches of charge-office good form, and in effect given corporal punishment on a worse scale than the law decrees for violent criminals.

Is it surprising that Africans have little confidence in the police as guardians of law and order? And that an aura of dread surrounds the location police station? Even victims of crimes hesitate to take their complaints there. Recently, the Station Commandant at Springs found it necessary to issue a public appeal urging complainants not to be “intimidated” from coming to the police station by a “whispering campaign” that people who enter its doors are whisked away and never seen again.

Apart from the question of mere lusty bullying, there is the

more sinister one of using third-degree methods to obtain confessions or other evidence. This is a hard subject to come to grips with. There are no statistics, of course. Such matters are not written up in the files, and they usually come down to the word of the accused against the policeman's. The courts tend to be sceptical of allegations that third-degree methods are used, because they represent an easy means of backing out of confessions. Nevertheless, an appalling number of such allegations are made by accused persons, and all too often a man can display the marks of maltreatment to prove his point. Judges and magistrates, when such cases are brought to their notice, like to say they are "rare," "unusual," isolated lapses in the conduct of an otherwise irreproachable police force. But the frequency with which they feel called upon to make such remarks undermines the assumption, and indicates that the mediaeval technique of crime detection known as third-degree is far from uncommon in South Africa.

In April last year, two policemen were sentenced to eight and five years imprisonment respectively for mercilessly thrashing a suspect to death in an attempt to force him to disclose the whereabouts of some stolen property of negligible value. "All questions of third-degree methods must be completely stamped out," the Judge said. "If stamping out third-degree methods used by a small minority results in fewer convictions, it doesn't matter. It is far better that a suspect goes free than that the reputation of the police force should be tarnished." But even these salutary sentences seem to have had little deterrent effect. Cases where third-degree methods are used still come up with regularity. In April this year, an accused in the Magistrate's Court, Johannesburg, held out his arms to show black stripes burned into his wrists, caused, he said, when his handcuffs were wired to an electric circuit in the police station. The magistrate ordered the matter to be investigated by the authorities, but so far the newspapers have not reported any follow-up. Electrocutation seems to have quite a fascination for fun-loving policemen. Recently, in Lichtenburg, there was a departmental enquiry in which a number of policemen were charged with wiring up prisoners and subjecting them to a little do-it-yourself shock treatment. In February this year, Mr. Justice Bresler threw out a confession and acquitted an accused who had been given electric shocks through a skull-shaped contraption placed on his head. This is a variation of the method which

came to light in a case before Mr. Justice Blackwell a little while back, when the appliance used was a gas-mask with the air inlet stopped up. In January this year, four European and three non-European policemen were charged with assault in attempting to obtain a confession from an African youth by giving him electric shocks, holding his face over a glowing stove and beating him. They were acquitted, the magistrate saying, "The court feels that the doctor's evidence has revealed an element of fact which is unsatisfactory. Unfortunately this element remains unsolved. Question marks can, however, be put after the case."—which, translated, means, "The plaintiff was assaulted all right and can show the injuries, but as there was a mix-up in the evidence, the accused are acquitted." These are merely random examples of recent cases. They could be multiplied extensively.

It is probably correct, in spite of the above examples, that third-degree methods are used in only a minority of cases. Fear of censure by the courts and possible arrest do, to an extent, restrain policemen from resorting to them. But that does not dispose of the matter. Extracting confessions by torture, even if done only by a minority, is a symptom of deeper disorders in the police force. It is still alarmingly prevalent, and it would be absurd, of course, to wait for the practice to infect the majority before protesting.

It is true that policemen are often charged in court as a result of such excesses. The large number of cases that get to the stage of prosecution, however, represents only a small proportion of the total. In cases of assault "in the course of duty" it is not easy to get a policeman prosecuted. One has to go to his colleagues, to the people he works and lives with, and attends dances and plays rugby with, and persuade them to take steps that might land a friend in gaol. Naturally, they are reluctant, unco-operative. It takes courage, particularly for an African, to walk into a charge office and demand justice in these circumstances. Most Africans, understandably, let the matter slide. One man, in Orlando, went to report a theft of £89 taken from his house in a police raid while he was absent. They dutifully took down his statement. A week later they asked him to call at the charge office on a pretext and arrested him for being in possession of a revolver and ammunition. The charge, a complete fabrication, was thrown out without hearing the accused. This is typical of the hazards an African undergoes when laying charges against the police.

Yet, in spite of all these obstacles, the number of policemen who manage to change roles with the accused is extraordinary. It is rarely that one opens the newspaper and does not read of policemen in trouble, charged not only with assaults on prisoners, but with large numbers of other crimes. There have been so many cases that the public has become deeply uneasy. In Johannesburg, there is one court that deals exclusively, four days a week, with prosecutions of policemen. It means that the vein of lawlessness in the police runs far deeper than one can gauge, for, as stated above, most cases never reach the Courts. Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, denies there is anything abnormal: it is merely that the situation is distorted by the English press which highlights these cases. While this might be an adroit manoeuvre to impress his followers in Parliament, it fails to allay the misgivings of the public, which has been shocked by a number of recent examples of brutal hooliganism by the police.

If, in fact, the delinquency rate among policemen is no worse than among other sections of the population, Mr. Swart could make this clear by releasing the statistics, as indeed he had the opportunity to do when asked by Mr. Cope in Parliament last March to state how many policemen were convicted for assault in 1956. He would not answer. The reason?—it would take too much work to obtain the information. But such statistics have been given in the past. And the information is at hand, because it is the practice, whenever a civil servant is convicted, to send a précis of the case to the departmental head. Obviously, Mr. Swart was stalling. The only conclusion is that the figures are too disturbing and confirm the public's fears.

Mr. Cope asked only for the figures on assault convictions, but these by no means exhaust the misdemeanours of a police force that seems, nowadays, to be making dizzy expeditions into all branches of crime. Here too statistics are absent, but going only by the number of cases reported in the newspapers, the position is disquieting. According to reports in the *Rand Daily Mail*, in a period of only one year—nine policemen have been convicted of theft, five of extortion, four of rape and Immorality Act offences, two of perjury, two of forgery, one of bribery, and eight of drunken or negligent driving. Space does not allow the newspapers to carry more than a fraction of the cases heard in the Courts, and even though they give more attention to police cases than others, Court reporters say that

only a small minority of these are written up.

How far these figures are away from the probable true number of convictions, is shown by the published figures of accidents involving police vehicles. From March, 1956, to March, 1957, and in the Johannesburg area alone, 125 police radio cars were involved in accidents; yet the number of convictions for driving offences for the Union reported by the *Rand Daily Mail* was eight.

It is important to look not only at the number of offences, but also at their nature. Here one sees clearly the ugly trend that is developing. Before, by and large, policemen were involved in petty crime. Now they seem to be going in for it in a big way. Last June a policeman was sentenced to 7 years gaol and strokes for kicking to death in the street a man against whom he had a grudge for bringing an action for damages as a result of a previous assault. In April this year a constable was sentenced to gaol for two years with strokes, for raping an African woman whom he had detained.

Last November, in delivering sentence on a Station Commandant and four constables for viciously assaulting a prisoner, the magistrate said: "You showed no mercy. You caused this man serious injuries, a deep wound in the head, and then threw him into a cell, to lie on the cold floor. Nobody thought of calling a doctor or taking him to one, in spite of his acute pain. . . ."

In Port Elizabeth last August, a constable was given two-and-a-half years in gaol for assault with intent to commit murder. Two senior police officers, one a district chief of the C.I.D., one a major in charge of the liquor staff, were recently gaoled for bribery and liquor act offences, the evidence revealing that they were behind a widespread racket in illicit liquor dealing.

The above cases are those in which policemen were actually charged. But there are many cases in which police misconduct is brought to light as a result of actions for damages brought against the Government. These occur with almost the same monotonous frequency as the criminal cases, and the total of damages awarded as a result of wrongful arrests and assaults must account for a sizable slice of the Department of Justice budget. Lastly, there are the cases where police evidence for the Crown is criticized, as in the much publicized "Spitting Girl" case, in which some youthful policemen enlivened a dull afternoon by arresting a fourteen year old European girl and taking her

to the charge office in a flying squad car for allegedly spitting in the street.

Even without the full statistics, the record is shocking.

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It is often said, especially by judges and magistrates, that in a large body of men like the police force, it would be unusual not to find a few black sheep. No doubt there are a large number of white sheep among the police. No doubt many of them, perhaps most of them, try honestly to keep within the law, and are dismayed when their colleagues go wrong. But it does not help to look at the problem this way. It is not the object of this article to prove that every policeman is a desperado, but to show that because it is the police force's job to enforce a corrupt system, it is difficult to disinfect it against general corruption. One cannot escape the impression given by the abnormal number of cases of police lawlessness. If, instead of policemen, it was students of the Witwatersrand, Cape Town and Natal Universities whom we read of every night as being involved in crime and hooliganism, would there not be an outcry against these institutions? Yet the number of such students is roughly the same as the number of white policemen in the South African Police Force (10,573).

And to extend the analogy, if a large number of students, after conviction by the Courts, were welcomed back to university, and if the principal never once troubled to admonish them, but on graduation day and similar occasions told them only what fine fellows they were and that he would stand by them whatever they did, would one not be entitled to regard this as official approval of their behaviour? Would it be wrong to assume that something had got alarmingly out of hand at the universities?

For that is precisely the position with the police force. Mr. Swart has not once thought fit to condemn the police abuses which have so alarmed the public. When Pat Smith, a *Sunday Times* photographer, was beaten into insensibility by policemen who did not like being photographed at work, Mr. Swart, when asked for a statement, had nothing to say. It was a telling, monumental silence from a Minister who is not usually slow to speak up on public issues. One would have thought that the last place to employ men convicted of breaking the law would be a police force. But Mr. Swart takes them back. In 1955,

42 European constables, out of a total of 62 convicted for assault, were admitted back into the force. "My police force, right or wrong," is the Minister's motto. When a senior magistrate, a member of his own department, was wrongfully arrested, man-handled, and hurtled head-first into a pick-up van by a power-drunk police sergeant, Mr. Swart immediately took the policeman's part. The Magistrate was dismissed from his post and brought to trial for resisting arrest. The Appeal Court quashed his conviction, and he later recovered substantial damages against the Government, but Mr. Swart never once retracted, never expressed regret. On the contrary, he promoted the Sergeant to be a Station Commandant.

It is frequently said that allowance must be made for the fact that the police have a particularly hard job to do in South Africa; that enforcing law and order and checking crime in these special conditions exposes them to risks and violence and occasionally leads to overstepping the rules when dealing with emergencies; in other words, that our police are exposed to the occupational hazard of becoming "over-zealous," as the Courts like to express it, but in a good cause—the protection of the public.

But whatever truth there is in this, it does not account for most of the cases it is called upon to explain. The Courts are ready to give the policeman the benefit of the doubt when it is a question of his having been a little too robust in carrying out his duty. He is allowed to go pretty far, to use his gun on escaping suspects, to resist attack without having to make a nice assessment of how much force to use. In only the most clear-cut cases is he convicted. It does not explain all the convictions for theft, extortion, rape, and the like. No doubt the policeman is exposed to the temptation of helping himself to admission-of-guilt money, but this is the same temptation that tugs at any cashier. The temptations and opportunities for driving flying squad cars like dervishes are to an extent those of the general motoring public. Above all, the account ignores, or rather disguises, the true situation, which is that in the vast majority of assaults in police stations, in the back alleys of locations, on the pavements beside a pick-up van with open door, the attacks are utterly unprovoked.

Moreover, it helps to perpetuate a myth that is comforting to most White South Africans, but which the easiest examination must explode. The public, if one includes Black as well as

White in that term, receives plenty of attention from the police, but only the scantiest, most inadequate protection against crime. It is one of the paradoxes of this freakish country that the non-White townspeople who are regulated, supervised and police-ridden to an extent unequalled in the world, live in a state of perpetual terror from thugs and criminals. The location streets at night are deserted; the law-abiding dare not venture out, even to cross the road. Visiting friends, taking an evening stroll—pleasant innocent diversions for most people—are fraught with danger. Large, well organized gangs with names that are becoming household words—Spoilers, Msomis, Russians, Vultures, Wipsies—and with a desperation and contempt for life bred by the frustrations of apartheid, impose an almost uninterrupted reign of terror on the townships. In many areas the police are as terrified of them as are the inhabitants. Sometimes gangs get wiped out, but not usually by police action; only by stronger gangs. Gangsters, with a daring that shows they have little fear of the police, often range beyond the townships, holding up workers at the point of a gun and robbing them of their pay-packets in trains and buses. And, increasingly nowadays, with the thorough apprenticeship in crime they receive in their own streets, they cross the colour line and prey on the Whites.

One would think that with a police force that has earned such extravagant encomiums at medal-giving ceremonies, the first priority would be given to eliminating this dangerous plague. But go into any location police station and what do you find? Large numbers of arrested people, but nearly all brought there for pass and tax infringements, trespass, possession of beer, not having a permit to be in the location, being out after 11 p.m. without a note from the employer, and other such felonies. And can it be otherwise? These constitute the overwhelming bulk of the law, and they have to be enforced or else fall into abeyance. White supremacy is maintained by enforcing these pettifogging laws, not by shielding the Black population from crime. And it is no wonder, with most of the police force scouring the town for technical offenders, ferrying vanloads of captives to the charge office, doing all the bookwork involved in arresting them, spending days at Court giving evidence, that the gangsters are left a free hand.

According to a doctor who was in charge of a hospital in a large township in Johannesburg, the great majority of fatal cases

from stabbing and other violence, never become the subject of prosecutions. Detective work, unless the complainant or deceased is a European, is perfunctory, to put it at its highest. Africans say that when they report an assault or murder, it is not unusual for the police to arrive at the scene late the following day. If you can name the assailant and give his address there will most likely be a prosecution, but not otherwise. Even when people are arrested and charged with murder, the great majority are acquitted for lack of evidence. Last year there were 1,608 indictments for murder, but only 358 convictions (and most of them for culpable homicide, not murder).

It is not as if the police are a merely negative element in this situation. With their never-ending raids on sleeping households, with their indiscriminate arrests, their bullying and truculence, they add their share of terror to the townships. Bad as the gangsters are, they are hardly more feared than the police.

Naturally, the police authorities are not unconcerned by the high prevalence of crime. It would be a mistake to imply this. It is just that the laws they administer create crime, instead of diminishing it. And consequently they are in an insoluble dilemma, like a losing chess-player near the end of a game, when every move taken is disastrous. The number of murders and robberies of Europeans by gangsters from the townships has raised an alarm that has called forth determined action by the police authorities. The action consists in making ever more arrests for pass and other technical offences. But every youth arrested in this way loses something of his will to lead a normal life, something of his respect for law-abidingness, if not the law, of his resistance to the lure of an easy life, and takes a step nearer to becoming a gangster. The police authorities are enveloped in a vast hallucination. They believe that the way to curb real crime is to sweep down, dog-catcher style, and round up whole sections of the Black population, in the hope that there will be a few genuine gangsters among them. This is an original and dazzling idea that makes it unnecessary to change anything; it simply equates pass raids with crime prevention. But it is the working man and the job seeker who are caught in the net, not the gangster who lurks at home and comes out when it is safe. That is why the much bally hooded schemes, like the recent setting up of the Ghost Squad, achieve nothing except to plant the seeds of next year's crime wave, and to give a temporary impression that the police are taking

action—an impression which lasts until the next European is murdered.

Police chiefs come second only to Dr. Verwoerd's propaganda corps in their eagerness to issue statements, denials, reassurances and explanations. No doubt, to their credit, they are sensitive to public opinion. In the Pat Smith case, although Mr. Swart remained obstinately tight-lipped, Colonel Grobler, Deputy Commissioner of Police for the Witwatersrand, promptly stated that the guilty parties would be punished. No doubt too, they are worried about police misbehaviour (there is good reason to believe this) and are anxious about the deteriorating reputation of the Force. But in their anxiety to get the police force a good press, they have been doing some extraordinary things lately. What, for instance, made the Commandant issue a statement that there was no baton charge of a meeting of Indians in Fordsburg in June, when reporters from four newspapers witnessed it and wrote it up for their papers? When a number of victims were taken to hospital with injuries that were indisputable evidence of it? When there were photographs showing the police in action? Is it becoming the practice simply to issue bland denials of what everybody can see? In Lady Selborne Township, during the bus boycott, a meeting was broken up by a baton charge, and shots fired into the crowd. There, too, there was an official denial that batons were used or shots fired. Yet a man died of bullet wounds and others were injured. And a European missionary, who was a witness, was able to publish an account of what happened that showed the police version to be a complete fabrication.

And this is leading the younger members of the force to believe that they have the licence from their superiors to act like barbarians with non-European crowds. Unrestrained police behaviour in dealing with crowds has drawn so much overseas attention lately that it has made the Government jittery. Yet what must the policemen who took part in these affairs think when they see their superiors falsifying the incidents in order to make them look like heroes?

The South African policeman's lot is not a happy one. And he is not a happy man. His surly manner, his unsmiling face are the reflection of a deep-seated conflict over his unpalatable job. He was not born that way; he is being forced into a mould that is unnatural for ordinary human beings. His sudden, explosive resort to fists and boots is the result of a troubled



mind and disturbed conscience. He takes the job because it is a job, and he stays in it because his background and environment make it overwhelmingly difficult for him to claw his way through the fog of prejudice and race hate that envelops him. He is taught to believe that in joining the police, he is joining a crusade. Unfortunately, it is the wrong crusade, and his work, on the frontier of race conflict where he glimpses the forces mustered against him, makes him uneasily aware of it. The large turnover in the police force bears witness to this. Nearly seven hundred European policemen purchase their discharge every year. The force is constantly under strength, in spite of year-round recruiting campaigns. To fill the shortage, large numbers of country youths have lately been recruited. One of the things that surprised foreign correspondents who witnessed the riots at the opening of the Treason Trial, was the immaturity of practically every policeman they saw—"Teen-age Police" they called them. In the last year, a number of policemen brought to trial in Johannesburg for man-sized offences, were too young to appear in the ordinary Courts—they came before the special Court set up under the Children's Act. That the State has to employ ignorant youngsters to administer its laws, starkly illuminates the difficulty of trying to fasten a cruel and immoral social doctrine upon a country.

Whatever the inherent difficulties in police work, whatever the basic causes of the disintegration, the public can no longer afford to be complacent about its policemen. They are not entitled to a holiday from the law. They must not be allowed to get further out of hand, for the course they are embarked upon leads to a chill, nightmare goal. When the *Rand Daily Mail* can write: "Constables of the South African Police applied a form of lynch law. . . . These gangsters out of uniform knew they were flagrantly breaking the law. . . . These men we propose to black-list as the gangsters they have shown themselves to be. . . . We serve notice on any young constable who fancies himself as a little Caesar that we will not tolerate lynch law in South Africa."—it is a sign of violent public revulsion to police lawlessness. Gangsters? Lynch law? When last did we hear these words applied to policemen? The memory stirs. Hitler Germany? Or is that too far back for anybody to remember?

THE PRESS: STRIJDOM'S "LAST BARRIER"

GEORGE CLAY

Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Cape Times"
and

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Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Sunday Times"

THE purpose of this article is to prove that the Nationalist Government intends muzzling the English-language section of the Press in South Africa. Nine years of threats and intimidation have failed to break the back of a Press which, for all its infirmities, has played a major part in resisting Nationalist tyranny, and Strijdom now has the choice of continuing merely to rant, or of clamping legislative control on the Press. The dilemma is not a unique one for Strijdom. He has encountered similar situations before in other spheres, and always the decision has been to go ahead. Naturally. Once apartheid ceases to move forward, it falls on its face.

The Nationalists have hesitated to smother the Press till now because it would have meant packing away their shabby façade of democracy. It is indicative of what South Africa has already become that they seem ready now to do this.

This article deals, first, with the composition of the Press in South Africa; second, with the evidence pointing towards control of the Press; and, finally, with the ways in which control may be introduced.

Party Organs and Newspapers

The essential fact about the Press in South Africa is that the English-language newspapers dominate the circulation field.

Every Afrikaans newspaper in South Africa, with the exception of one assiduously non-political weekly (*Die Landstem*), is pro-Government, and every English newspaper is anti-Government. The three Nationalist-Afrikaans dailies (*Die Burger*, *Die Transvaler* and *Die Volksblad*) and the tri-weekly (*Die Oosterlig*) are pure party organs, with Cabinet Ministers among their directors. The Prime Minister, Mr. Strijdom, is chairman of the Board of Directors of *Die Transvaler*, the most politically extreme of all the Nationalist publications. Mr. Strijdom is also chairman of the Board of Trustees of *Dagbreek en Sondagnuus*, a successful Johannesburg Sunday newspaper which makes occasional flourishes of independent thought. Finally, *Die Vaderland*,

a tabloid afternoon newspaper in Johannesburg, formerly controlled by Mr. N. C. Havenga's now dead Afrikaaner Party, faithfully upholds the principles of Afrikaner Nationalism and apartheid, but allows itself, too, infrequent excursions into independent thought. This is the total of Nationalist publishing endeavour.

The success of the English newspapers lies in their appeal to Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking readers alike. There are large English dailies in all the major towns: 16 in the nine big centres, as against six Nationalist newspapers. Not a single Nationalist newspaper (apart from an insignificant periodical) is printed in the entire province of Natal, and in the whole Eastern Cape, there is only the tri-weekly *Die Oosterlig*. By contrast, in the Nationalist stronghold of the Free State, there is the important Bloemfontein English daily *The Friend*.

The combined circulation of the English newspapers is roughly 1,450,000; that of the combined Nationalist Press, 350,000. Since Afrikaners constitute more than 60 per cent. of the White population, many of them (including Nationalists) must necessarily read the English Press. The small number of non-White readers would not explain the big English circulations. Nor is the reason for the dominance of the English Press hard to find. The English newspapers deal principally in news, only secondly in politics; the Afrikaans Press offers a dreary staple diet of politics.

Hatred and Envy

Shortly after he became Prime Minister (in 1954), Mr. Strijdom told a Nationalist Press gathering that the struggle on the newspaper front had become as important, if not more important, than the struggle in Parliament. The English Press, he said, was the last remaining barrier in the path of Nationalist aspirations. For this belief of his, there are four main reasons:

- (1) He sees the English Press as an anglicizing influence, constantly sapping the fervour of Nationalist Afrikanerdom and implanting alien ideas in the life of the "volk."
- (2) The English Press is sharply critical of the intentions and accomplishments of apartheid and so "incites" non-Whites against White rule.
- (3) It enjoys a huge readership—a glittering economic prize much coveted by the small Afrikaans Press.
- (4) Finally, it is a link with critical overseas opinion and is blamed for South Africa's bad name overseas.

The Nationalists have never had any real hope of beating the English Press on the field of economic competition. The resources massed against them are too great (the giant mining houses are involved). And so the only alternative existing is political control. The Nationalists have been working towards this end, step by step, over a number of years. The record is a long one, but we give it at length, because there are many people in South Africa, otherwise realistic and hard-headed, who still need convincing on this score.

Treason

§ "Die Republikeinse Orde," a wartime document on the Nationalist Party's republican policy, which was issued with the approval of Dr. Malan, stated: "*That section of the Press which, up to the present, has served foreign interests, will have to be kept within bounds. Should it try to cause the Republic to be undone, this will be regarded as high treason and will be treated as such.*"

§ Immediately after the 1948 General Election, in which Dr. Malan captured power from General Smuts, Mr. Wentzel du Plessis (who won General Smut's personal seat in Standerton and who is now the Union's Ambassador in Washington), warned that if there was "abuse" of the freedom of the Press, the Press would have to be "*directed into more responsible channels.*"

§ Other Nationalists took up the refrain so vociferously that in 1949 the South African Society of Journalists asked Dr. Malan for a public reassurance that there would be no tampering with the freedom of the Press. Dr. Malan replied that the Nationalist Government had no intention of interfering with "the Press in general." At the Society's request, a Labour M.P. warned Parliament that the words "in general" had sinister connotations. Dr. Malan then replied that there would be no interference with "the Press."

§ At that precise moment, the Government was banning *The Guardian*, an independent, left-wing newspaper, from railway bookstalls. In Parliament, the Minister of Transport defended his action as "Government policy." (In March, 1957, AFRICA SOUTH was banned from railway bookstalls. The Minister of Transport said he had glanced through it and had found it an "obnoxious publication.")

§ In October, 1949, five months after he had stated that there would be no interference with the freedom of the Press, Dr. Malan devoted 40 minutes at a Nationalist Party congress in the Free State to attacking the English-language Press in

South Africa as "the most undisciplined in the world." He said that journalists should be registered, like doctors, and "struck off the roll" for unethical conduct.

§ But the most blatant hint of Press censorship came, a month later, from the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. Frans Erasmus, who told a Nationalist Party rally: "*As Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, I want to say to those people who send reports overseas slandering South Africa that they must not expect of me that all their reports will reach their destination. It is time the Government put its foot down, and it is doing so.*" Mr. Erasmus's statement evoked world-wide criticism, and even a Nationalist newspaper, *Die Burger*, suggested that the Minister's statement should be viewed more as an outburst of righteous indignation than as a declaration of Government policy. Mr. Erasmus then modified his remarks slightly. He said it was the Government's duty, wherever it had a legal right, to prevent such reports being sent abroad, and he added: "*If it appears that the Post Office Act is not sufficiently strict to prevent the transmission of material of this nature abroad, the Government will not hesitate to consider an amendment of the Act.*" The matter was taken no further.

Nationalist Press Joins In

A distressing aspect of the campaign against the English-language Press in South Africa is that the Nationalist newspapers, bound by no ties of camaraderie or respect for the principle of Press freedom, run behind the politicians in the hue and cry. A curb on the English-language Press, strictly speaking, would apply equally to them, but it would be superfluous: the Nationalist Press has never yet challenged its masters on fundamental issues.

The Nationalists make no attempt to disguise the fact that they regard their newspaper editors as part and parcel of the party machine. Individualism is not encouraged; and for the editor who proves himself, the rewards are good. Dr. Malan was summoned from the pulpit 40 years ago to launch *Die Burger*. Dr. A. L. Geyer, for many years editor of *Die Burger*, used to attend meetings regularly of the Nationalist Party Parliamentary caucus. Later, he went to London as South Africa's High Commissioner. Dr. H. F. Verwoerd was promoted from the editorship of *Die Transvaler* to the Cabinet, where he took over the all-important portfolio of Native Affairs. Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn, former editor of *Die Volksblad*, became Minister of Economic Affairs. Dr. Otto du Plessis, a former editor of

Die Oosterlig, became Director of State Information and later an M.P. And so on.

"Lies, Distortions, Calumnies"

Assiduously, over the years, Nationalist politicians and newspapers have tried to undermine public confidence in the English Press, its reporters and editors. Yet, ethically, the English Press has never gone "yellow," and politically, it has been remarkably moderate in its attacks. It is never sure of how far it *wants* to go, and its erratic assaults (with newspapers like the Port Elizabeth *Evening Post* and the *Cape Times* honourable exceptions) lack consistency. If the English newspaper editors were politically as experienced and dedicated as their Afrikaner counterparts, one might have a different story to tell of South Africa to-day. Nor would this mean turning their newspapers into party-political microphones, because their "dedication" should be to the whole cause of democracy.

On the whole, then, the English Press has been a sober and cautious one. It has never warranted the interminable ferocious Nationalist attacks, on the charge that it is conducting a "campaign" of misrepresentation, distortion, slander and deliberate "incitement" of the non-White. Essentially, the question is: Who is to blame for "inciting" the non-Whites and "blackening" South Africa's name overseas—the English Press for reporting the sins of the Nationalist Government, or the Nationalist Government for committing those sins?

Another accusation against the English Press is that it is "uninformed." Yet Cabinet Ministers and Public Servants conspire to place as many obstacles as possible in the path of any English newspaper reporter who searches for the facts of the "other side." They are persistently refused information freely available to Nationalist reporters.

Another restraint on the Press is the Suppression of Communism Act, with its wide and peculiar definition of "Communism." The Act makes it an offence for newspapers to do anything to "further the aims" of what lawyers call "statutory Communism,"—because it bears no resemblance to Communism as the rest of the world knows it (except, perhaps, as the late Joe McCarthy knew it).

The Guardian was banned summarily under the Suppression of Communism Act, there being no recourse to the Courts (the rest of the English Press left *The Guardian* to fight its own battles), but immediately afterwards a newspaper, *Advance*,

of the same type appeared, and when this was banned, immediately another newspaper, also of the same type, appeared.

The question arises: Why has the Government allowed this to happen without passing a law to stop it? The answer is that when the final Press law comes, it will give the Government power of life and death over not only *New Age*, but over all other newspapers.

The Press and the Defiance Campaign

The first positive steps against the Press were taken in 1952, when a unique resistance campaign was launched against apartheid—and the Press, exercising its democratic right to report the campaign, became the target for fresh Nationalist attacks.

In that year, the African National Congress, the S.A. Indian Congress and others, launched a nation-wide “Defiance of Unjust Laws” campaign, in which nearly 10,000 volunteers of all races went to gaol for deliberately defying six selected racially discriminatory laws. It was the biggest political demonstration ever seen in South Africa. At first, the English Press tried to “play down” the campaign, but as the demonstration developed, more news space was devoted to its daily progress, and editorials discussed the trend in White rule which had given inevitable rise to it. This last naturally led to criticism of the way the Nationalist Government was handling the country’s race problems. The Nationalists were swift to take the chance offered them.

§ In May, 1952, Mr. Strijdom, then still Pretender to the Premiership, criticized the role of the English Press and warned it that newspaper editors had been flogged once in South Africa.

§ Mr. Ben Schoeman, then Minister of Labour, and now Minister of Transport, followed up with the blunt allegation that the English newspaper editors were supporting the Defiance Campaign. This, he said, was “the greatest criminal folly.” (“Supporting” in Mr. Schoeman’s view, is synonymous with “giving space to reports of.”)

§ Next, Mr. Erasmus, Minister of Defence, hinted that Government action against newspapers which published “irresponsible reports” was becoming necessary. *He said it would be unwise, however, to take steps until the Press Commission had reported.*

§ In September, 1952, Mr. Strijdom gave the first warning of the Criminal Laws Amendment Bill. If the Defiance Campaign continued, he said, the Government would be forced to take steps, not only against those who defied the law, but also against

those who encouraged them to do so. The Government might follow the example of Kenya, he said, where the British Government had considered taking "extraordinary powers, including power to control the Press."

§ In October, Mr. Strijdom repeated the warning, and then in November he declared that the Government's patience was nearly exhausted. An alteration in the law would be made, he said, to enable the Government to take the necessary steps to put an end to the Defiance Campaign. Again, his threats were directed at "hostile non-Whites, the United Party Press, and the United Party leaders."

Then, late in 1952, there was serious rioting in three Cape Province towns, where the Defiance Campaign had been particularly successful—Port Elizabeth, East London and Kimberley. White South Africa was shocked when the rioters murdered several White persons, among them a nun. The Nationalists swept to the attack. Before making even an elementary investigation into the causes of the riots, Cabinet Ministers stumped the country, apportioning the blame for the riots on the defiers, on White liberals who had sympathized with them, and on the Press.

Strijdom Keeps His Threat

As a direct consequence of the Defiance Campaign, the Nationalist Government introduced, at the short Parliamentary session in January, 1953, the "Terrible Twins": the Public Safety Act and the Criminal Laws Amendment Act. With a General Election pending, the United Party thought it politically expedient to agree to the passage of these two laws. Opposition in Parliament came only from the small Labour group and the three Native's Representatives.

The Public Safety Act gave the Government power to declare a state of emergency in the event of even minor unrest and virtually to proclaim martial law. The Criminal Laws Amendment Act prohibited "the use of language or the doing of anything likely to cause anyone to commit an offence by way of protest against any law." It prohibited also the soliciting, receiving or giving of money, or the encouragement in any way of a campaign of unlawful acts designed to induce the repeal of any law. It forbade, in fact, public expressions of sympathy with a defiance campaign.

Legal opinion obtained by the newspapers was to the effect that there could be fine shades of interpretation of this law,

and that a serious responsibility rested on editors to scrutinize all reports and editorials with the greatest care. The lawyers declared that it would be unlawful even to report a speech by a person advocating unlawful action (an unlawful strike, for example), and that the Courts also might hold it to be an offence for a newspaper to report, say, that there had been a favourable response to an appeal for funds for a defiance campaign. Fortunately (for the newspapers), the Defiance Campaign came to an end with the passing of the two Acts. But, even after that, in post mortems on the campaign, editors continued to play safe. The intimidatory effect of the Criminal Laws Amendment Act, therefore, exceeded the actual legal restraint.

The Pattern Repeats Itself

Boycott!

THE next General Election in South Africa is due towards the middle of 1958. And the pattern of Nationalist attacks on the English Press is ominously familiar.

This time it is not a Defiance Campaign for which the English-language Press is blamed, but a boycott campaign: the spectacularly successful bus boycott on the Rand and in Pretoria. The boycott is over now, and the boycotters (Africans and other non-Whites) have won the day. But examine the record of the campaign as it affected the Press:

§ Again, it is Mr. Strijdom, now Prime Minister, who fires the first shots. Speaking in Parliament, at the start of the 1957 session, he accused the English-language newspapers of playing "a venomous game of inciting the Natives, not only against the Government, but against the White man."

§ Again, it is Mr. Schoeman who follows on. The Johannesburg English-language newspapers, he said, were *deliberately encouraging the bus boycotters as part of their campaign of incitement.*

§ Mr. Swart, Minister of Justice, next accused the English-language newspapers of publishing pictures of policemen beating up Africans—"in a deliberate attempt to stir up the non-Whites against the police."

§ And the Nationalist rank-and-file took up the refrain. In the House of Assembly, a Government backbencher, Mr. J. C. Greyling, declared:

"No Press in South Africa has ever acted more recklessly and irresponsibly . . . There are two evil spirits in South Africa and I name them: These princes of the church, these so-called churchmen, who have become nothing else but political agitators

who openly preach rebellion. . . . The second evil spirit is the contemptible English Press which stops at nothing, whether it is murder or crime or manslaughter or sabotage. Everything is grasped at with only one object, and that is to break this party which is the only bulwark in the whole continent of Africa. . . . Supposing we could get the English Press to keep silent for four months in South Africa, we would have a different South Africa."

§ A Government front bencher suggested a year's shut-down, instead of four months.

§ A Government Senator, Mr. P. E. Rossouw, urged the Minister of Justice not to delay the necessary legislation to prevent the English-language Press in South Africa from "*abusing its freedom.*" "*We know there will be a tremendous outcry, but do not let us worry about the shouting, because we know what is best for them,*" he said.

Throughout the Parliamentary session, as tension mounted over the boycott, threats by the Minister of Transport took on a sharper edge.

§ "*If subversive Native organizations are to be allowed successfully to use this boycott weapon, we in this country are heading for chaos,*" he said. "*Personally, one of these days, I am going to recommend very strongly that all those meetings where Natives are being incited by agitators, White and Black, should be prohibited.*" Later he added: "*If any trouble which leads to disturbances occurs on the Witwatersrand as a result of this boycott, I am going to place the responsibility squarely, in the first instance, on the shoulders of the newspapers. . . .*"

The threat of a repetition of the 1953 anti-Press manoeuvre could not have been plainer.

THE PRESS COMMISSION

MEANWHILE, the Press Commission—whose report is expected in time for the short pre-General Election Parliamentary session in January, 1958—by its sheer existence, has inhibited the Press. It has sat for seven years, amassing evidence about the Press.

It has explored the labyrinths of newspaper control; compiled dossiers on every journalist, local or foreign, working in South Africa; issued lengthy questionnaires asking, for example, whether editors considered it necessary to handle news in a special way because of the different racial groups who would read it; and interrogated editors, reporters and foreign correspondents behind closed doors.

The oral evidence given to the Commission was heard *in camera*. One journalist, Brian Bunting (representing *New Age*), objected to being heard in secret and refused the Commission's request to appear before it. Although the Commission, enjoying the status of a Provincial Division of the Supreme Court, could exercise the powers of subpoena, it took no action against Mr. Bunting. Journalists who appeared before the Commission were seated in front of a recording machine and interrogated. One journalist insisted on taking his legal representative into the Commission's chambers. The Commission heard argument by the advocate on why he should be allowed to represent his client, and then it told him to leave and proceeded with the interrogation of the journalist. Many a sharp passage at arms occurred behind those closed doors.

The terms of reference of the Commission were:

1. The measure of concentration of control, financial and technical, of the Press in South Africa, and its effect on editorial opinion and comment and presentation of news.

2. Accuracy in the presentation of news in the Press in S.A., as well as beyond the border of S.A., by correspondents in the Union, having particular regard to (a) selection of news; (b) mixing fact and comment; (c) use of unverified facts or rumours as news, or as basis for comment; and (d) reckless statements, distortions of fact, of fabrication, and the use of any of these as news, and as basis for comment.

3. Tendencies towards monopoly or the concentration of control in regard to (a) collection of news for internal and external dissemination, and (b) the distribution of newspapers and periodicals; and generally the extent to which the publication and distribution of newspapers are inter-linked.

4. Existing restraints on the establishment of new newspapers in South Africa and the desirability or otherwise thereof.

5. The adequacy or otherwise of existing means of self-control and discipline by the Press over (a) editors, journalists and correspondents serving local newspapers and periodicals; (b) correspondents of overseas newspapers and periodicals; and (c) free-lance journalists serving the local or overseas Press.

6. The incidence of sensationalism and triviality in the make-up of newspapers.

7. The extent to which any findings under the above heads militate for or against a free Press in South Africa and the formation of an informed public opinion on political issues.

Overseas Opinion

The Press Commission arose out of a private motion introduced in the House of Assembly in 1950 by Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn, now Minister of Economic Affairs. Dr. van Rhijn asked

that the Commission should, among other things, make recommendations on "*the internal and external reporting and the general handling of news by the various newspapers, and the advisability or otherwise of the control of such reporting.*"

Dr. van Rhijn remarked that, during the war, it was felt that the Press had needed a certain measure of self-discipline. "*It will now probably be said that the war is over, that we are no longer at war. I would like to ask you, however, whether we are enjoying peace to-day?*" Discussing reports sent out of the country, Dr. van Rhijn declared: "*I want to ask Members how we can make friends overseas if this Press campaign to incite overseas public opinion against us continues, and if we permit its continuation? I have often heard people say that we should not introduce measures of control. But I want to ask you what hope the Information Office has against such an army of foreign correspondents? To create a Press Information bureau on the one hand and to permit these reports to be sent out without any control on the other hand, is like pouring water into a barrel and leaving the tap open.*"

In the Name of White Supremacy

WHATEVER the recommendations of the Press Commission, its report will be the turning point in the Nationalist campaign against the English Press.

Is a nine-year campaign of abuse and threats, led first by Malan and then by Strydom, to be dismissed as so much hot air?

Is Mr. Erasmus, Minister of Defence and the Nationalist Party's leading tactician in the Cape, to be discounted when he says that Government action should follow the Press Commission's report?

Is it logical for a government deliberately to arouse the political blood-lust of its followers if it has no intention of gratifying that lust? Are the enraged Rossouws and Greylings to be left unappeased?

Intimidation has reached the end of its efficacy. What does Strydom do? Leave it at that?

Mr Harry Oppenheimer, shrewd mining financier and United Party Member of Parliament, is under no illusions about the Nationalists' intentions. After years of presenting him to its readers as the sinister "big money" influence behind the anti-Nationalist forces, the Nationalist Press recently suggested that Mr. Oppenheimer was angling for control of the powerful Argus group of English-language newspapers.

Denying this, Mr. Oppenheimer warned: "This is only part of a long and sinister campaign which the Nationalist Party has been conducting to create an atmosphere in which it can carry through its plans to muzzle the free Press in South Africa."

We believe the muzzle may come sooner than even Mr. Oppenheimer probably estimates.

Simple censorship of the Press is not likely to be the Nationalists' method. Control will come—but in the sacred name of White supremacy.

Whatever move the Government makes will be related to the non-White emancipation struggle.

In 1953 the Criminal Laws Amendment Act made it an offence to incite someone to break a law. How simple now to make it an offence just to—incite.

Incitement to racial hostility already is an offence which can be dealt with in the Courts—but Mr. Strijdom is not thinking of the Courts.

He needs an excuse to evade the Courts—and he nearly had it in the racial tension caused by the recent bus boycott in Johannesburg.

Now a new boycott has started—an economic boycott of Nationalist-controlled businesses. And so the process continues. Non-White frustration will never cease to erupt in different forms while there is a Nationalist Government in power, and the Press will never cease to be involved. It will be drawn into the struggle, even if only as a commentator on the sidelines; and, as the Defiance Campaign showed, this will be sufficient to incur the Nationalist Government's wrath.

Sooner or later must come the ultimatum: Be silent—or be silenced!

Will the English-language Press surrender its freedom? Until now, it has regarded Nationalist attacks with more distaste than alarm. It will have to be more militant in its own defence if it wants to inspire others to stand firm on the principle of Press freedom. Will the Parliamentary Opposition be able to resist the strong political medicine of the word "incitement"? It has done little to resist the smear campaign against the Press.

Time and again, complacent South Africans have said: "The Nationalists will not dare!" Yet, the Nationalists dare, and dare again, and now this same complacency manifests itself in regard to the freedom of the Press. "A Press Council to control the Press? They would not dare!"

RACE ZONING IN CLOUD CUCKOO LAND

LEO KUPER

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Author of "Passive Resistance in South Africa"*

PROCLAIMING itself the southern bastion against Communism, the Nationalist Government of South Africa nevertheless attacks the very basis of capitalism, the sanctity of private property. Under the Group Areas Act, owners may be compelled to sell their properties, or their properties may be expropriated; not in exceptional circumstances, such as for public works or slum clearance, but as an ordinary routine of racial zoning, affecting hundreds of thousands of people. Owners may be deprived of the right to transmit their properties to their children or other heirs, and the right of occupation may be detached from that of ownership, while the state itself can enter the property market as the major dealer in real estate. The Government has acquired vast powers to set aside vested rights in residence and trade which have evolved over the years, and to redistribute the population in new and revolutionary patterns.

All this is strange propaganda for a Siegfried line against Communism. It is no answer for the Government to say that the property rights of Whites will be largely protected and indeed extended, and that it is mainly non-Whites who will suffer, since the colour of the Government's Communist bogey is black, not white. And the Government would not, in fact, make the answer that it is primarily attacking the property rights of non-Whites, because it maintains a façade of justice about Group Areas. Behind the façade, however, lie the realities of unequal sacrifice and racial discrimination; and the political consequences must be interpreted not in terms of ingenious labels applied by the Government, but in terms of reactions of the groups most adversely affected.

Many organized Indian groups believe that the immediate purpose of the Group Areas Act is not racial segregation at all, but the infliction of such hardships on the Indians as to induce expatriation. The fact that the racial groups specified under the Act were the White, Native and Coloured, was interpreted as indicating the Government's reluctance to concede to Indians even the right to ghettos. This point of view was

supported by the overt hostility of the Government toward Indians and the report of the Government Committee whose recommendations are substantially incorporated in the Group Areas Act. The Committee concluded a survey of European evidence before Land Tenure Commissions with the comment that the fundamental theme of this evidence in its "most advanced form" was the repatriation of Indians, failing which, compulsory segregation with boycott to induce repatriation. The Committee's statement that its own recommendations would not unduly endanger the possibility of repatriation appears to many Indians a masterpiece of under-statement.

Certainly, numerous Group Areas plans submitted by local authorities are extremely drastic in their consequences for Indians. They take the form of proposals that all the Indians of a town, or the great majority of them, both traders and residents, should be moved to the boundaries or well beyond the boundaries, and often to undeveloped land. The first major proclamation of the Government, for portion of Johannesburg, is of this drastic type. An estimated 9,000 Indians will have to move out of areas proclaimed White, and between 700 and 800 Indian traders are threatened with uprooting. The value of Indian properties affected, including the stock and goodwill of Indian traders, is said to be almost six million pounds. Compensation will be paid for properties, on a basis which Indians fear will be most inadequate, but no compensation is payable for goodwill. This apparently is the Government's way of telling the Indians that a life-time spent in the lawful building-up of private enterprise and private property is a life-time ill-spent. This apparently is the Government's propaganda for Western Civilization and its answer to Communism.

The interpretation of the Group Areas Act as primarily intended to heap sackcloth and ashes on the Indian population has some foundation, but is not fully adequate. The threat to the Coloureds is also sharp. Equally extreme proposals were submitted by Government appointed bodies for the redistribution of the Coloureds in Cape Town, the main centre of the Coloured population. As for the Africans, they are largely controlled by means other than the Group Areas Act, but they too are threatened with vast movements in the interests of a brave new world of racial zones. The general pattern is clear—racial zones for Africans either on the periphery of the towns, or more often well outside the towns, and separated from other groups by

substantial buffer zones. Some African residents may certainly benefit by movement from overcrowded slums to well-planned townships, but many are likely to be accommodated under schemes where the Municipality supplies only sites and services, not housing.

Most relevant for this discussion is the Government policy of destroying urban African freehold. The African National Congress, in a memorandum to the Group Areas Board during the sittings in Durban, declared that the sole purpose of the Group Areas Act, in relation to the African people, is to deprive them of the free occupation and ownership of land, so as to ensure that they will be Government tenants at all times and hence a source of cheap labour. The main political organization of the African people thus interpreted the Group Areas Act as a technique for creating and exploiting a propertyless proletariat. It saw no benefits to the African people from the Government's dispensation of Group Areas. Nor is there any possibility that these benefits will be perceived by Indians denied the legitimate fruits of their labour, Africans deprived of freehold, and a large urban African proletariat, denied the opportunity to acquire stable property rights in urban areas. Against this background, it is difficult to believe that the Government is seriously concerned to offer non-Whites an alternative to Communism.

The contradiction between theory and practice is equally marked when we look at the explicit immediate objective of the Group Areas Act. This objective, according to the Minister of the Interior when introducing the second reading in Parliament, was to promote harmony, by the avoidance of contact between people of different race. Drawing his model for human relations from pyrotechnics, the Minister declared that points of contact inevitably produce friction, and friction generates heat which may lead to a conflagration. The basic assumption here is the irreconcilability of races, their innate tendency to conflict when in contact. But why does the Minister emphasize conflict as a product of contact, when there is a good deal of evidence that contact promotes harmony under certain conditions? Is he not projecting his feelings of antipathy for other races? And does the Government in fact desire racial harmony?

This raises the problem of the inner dynamic of Afrikaner Nationalism. Its strength and solidarity rest on an image of the

Afrikaner besieged by the non-European majority inside South Africa, and the hostile forces of the world outside South Africa. Survival itself is at stake, and apartheid is represented as the only defence in a primeval conflict for domination. If we change the world image, and substitute instead a belief in the brotherhood of man, we destroy the incentive to an exclusive and rewarding nationalism. Living in racial harmony, the boundaries between one race and another would be blurred. Conflict is necessary for Afrikaner Nationalists in order to define the group to which they owe an exclusive loyalty. It is also necessary to engender the feeling of hatred for other groups, without which they would find it impossible to uproot entire communities under the Group Areas Act, or to impose the many brutalities of apartheid on a resisting and unhappy population. And obviously to compel the removal of non-Europeans from the homes in which they want to live, or the businesses they have built up, is no formula for harmony. On the contrary, it is the most efficient recipe for conflict, striking as it does at fundamental human values.

Nor can we really believe that members of the Government accept unequivocally the theory that harmony is promoted by avoidance of contact. Indeed, one of the recurrent themes of Afrikaner Nationalism is precisely the reverse. The main attack on contact between the races is that it will lead to biological amalgamation—to “bastardization” as it is so often called. The former Prime Minister asked in Parliament what was the use of having a law to prevent mixed marriages when we have conditions under which Europeans and non-Europeans live alongside each other and associate with each other, where the children play together in the streets and where the colour feelings of the Europeans are becoming dulled, and where the colour sense, which is the white man’s protection, disappears completely. The present Prime Minister was equally concerned that on the basis of equality, if there was no apartheid in everyday social life, in the political sphere or whatever sphere it might be, and if there was no residential separation, Europeans would lose their sense of colour.

The Minister of Health, now Minister of Economic Affairs, discussed the three ways in which a White race and a Coloured race might live together. There was, he said, intermingling as in Brazil, which was a “hopeless failure” with the “bastardization” of the people. Then there was living together as in

America, with social apartheid and prevention of blood admixture, which was also a "hopeless failure". Some parts of America were looking to South Africa for guidance in this respect, the Americans being at their wit's end, with no less than two hundred Commissions working on the problem. "Do you know that in America they are beginning to talk of solving the whole question by removing all the Negroes, but they say that they lack sufficient ships to transport the Negro children?" And the third method was territorial separation under the Group Areas Act, which was just and provided opportunity to all sections. It was impossible, he declared, to enforce laws against mixed marriage and illicit intercourse when people lived in mixed residential areas, since the human being is only a human being.

Thus, left to themselves, left in contact, people of different race would intermingle, lose their racial exclusiveness and, with it, their racial antipathies. There are therefore two routes to harmony in Government theory—the avoidance of points of contact and the multiplying of points of contact. And the most powerful argument for avoiding contact is the harmony which would result from contact, by fusion and equality.

The theory that the purpose of the Group Areas Act is to promote harmony by the avoidance of contact may therefore be rejected. The Act expresses the antipathy of many Europeans to living in the same areas as non-Europeans and is designed to secure total segregation. It is an attempt to maintain domination by avoiding contact on a basis of equality and intimacy, and a technique for preventing non-Europeans coming together in a united front against Europeans. For this reason, the Act permits the sub-division of Coloureds and Africans, but not the Whites, into smaller groups, thus providing a theoretical answer to the numerical preponderance of non-Whites. Whether it was the intention of the Group Areas legislation to redistribute resources, land, homes and business, in favour of the White group, cannot be stated with certainty, but this will be the effect of the administration of the Act. It is the purest fantasy to suppose that a group with a complete monopoly of power will impose sacrifices on itself.

But the final mystery of the retreat into Cloud Cuckoo Land is the Government's belief that it is creating racial separation. The more the Government seeks to separate the non-Whites, the more they come together, because they suffer under a

common discrimination. Moreover, in these futile attempts to separate the racial groups, the Whites are obliged to enter increasingly into non-White affairs. Non-Whites will not move freely into their new racial zones. They will have to be moved or coaxed there by the Whites. Non-Whites do not have the appropriate sympathetic attitudes toward apartheid. They will need to be indoctrinated by increasing white participation in the appropriate educational and religious institutions. All this means an ever-extending web of social relationships, knitting White and non-White firmly together. Far from putting the clock back, the Afrikaner Nationalists are accelerating the pace of integration. Many of the conflicts of contemporary South African society arise from the fact that the Nationalists, under the guise of racial separation, are compressing into one generation the creation of a common society, which, by evolutionary means, would have taken three or four generations.



THE GHETTO ACT

YUSUF CACHALIA

Banned Former Secretary of the South African Indian Congress

THE purpose of the Group Areas Act is to provide for the establishment of separate areas for the different races in South Africa. Theoretically, it empowers the authorities to deal with all the races on the same basis. In practice, it exists for the purpose of removing the non-White people from their places of occupation in cities, towns, villages and farms. All plans for segregation, particularly those affecting the Indian people, show the desire on the part of the upholders of apartheid to rob them of their properties and other economic interests. In all cases the plans involve uprooting of settled populations and the deprivation of their means of livelihood.

Segregation is not a new factor in South Africa. It has been practised for many years. For the Africans it has meant congestion in the over-populated reserves, confinement in barbed-wire locations, and rigid control. In the midst of vast expanses of unoccupied land it has brought about acute shortage, resulting in forced squatting, and the creation of hovels and slums, with concomitant hardships and misery.

Under the Nationalists the policy of segregation has been taken to its logical conclusion. No longer is it to be applied in half-measures, for such application would fail to achieve the aims of apartheid. The African people in the so-called White areas may only remain as migratory labourers with no roots in cities, towns and farms. The Indian people, considered to be "a foreign and an outlandish element", must be uprooted and expatriated. They must be isolated in ghettos, their wealth destroyed, properties confiscated and means of livelihood taken away. The Coloured people must be kept in their place and made to live under rigid controls. The Group Areas Act is capable of bringing about these changes and as such is the pivot of apartheid. By relegating the non-White people to ghettos and by subjecting them to rigid control, it would be able to swell the ranks of cheap labour.

At the time of passing the Group Areas Act in 1950, the Government believed that five years would be sufficient to complete the framework of dividing the country into racial zones and therefore laid down that no group area could be proclaimed

after a period of five years from 1950 without the prior approval of Parliament. But the opposition of the non-Europeans, particularly the Indian Congress, bogged down their work. When opposition showed that the government could not act in contradiction to the legal code of South Africa, which, to some extent, still gives the people the protection of the rule of law, the Minister of the Interior made efforts to remedy the "difficiencies" found in the "smooth running" of the Act by introducing amendments in 1952 and 1956. The period of five years has now been extended to fifteen years, and the trend of events shows that the Government is determined to carry out its apartheid aims, though it may take longer to do so, regardless of consequences.

The proclamation of "group areas" in the western suburbs of Johannesburg is as yet the most important instalment in terms of the Act and marks the beginning of the culmination of the aims contained in it. An analysis of this proclamation reveals the true nature of this pernicious measure, which is clearly calculated to uproot and ruin the non-White people in order to force them into ghettos. It affects 78,000 Africans, Indians, Coloureds, Malays and Chinese living in the townships of Pageview (Vrededorp), Sophiatown, Newclare, Newlands, Newlands Extension, Albertsville, Albertskroon and Greymont. In terms of a notice appearing in the Government Gazette of August 3rd, 1956, all the non-Whites living in these areas will have to vacate them within a specified period of time.

The following facts about the affected townships speak for themselves:

(a) Pageview

The township of Pageview is occupied exclusively by about 10,000 non-Europeans. Among them there are 5,000 Indians and Chinese (mostly Indians), 3,000 Coloureds and Malays, and 2,000 Africans. Originally, it was declared a location in terms of Law 3 of 1885, and the non-Europeans have occupied it for over fifty years. They were given the right to freehold title by a resolution of Parliament in 1937.

The township has been declared a group area for White occupation. The portion to the south of 22nd Street is to be vacated by the non-Whites before August 3rd, 1957, and the remaining portion is defined as a proposed group area for the Whites. The Group Areas Development Act is made applicable to the portion south of 22nd Street, which means that properties

in that sector are now controlled by the Group Areas Development Board and are liable for expropriation.

The township comprises 476 stands, almost all of which are owned by Indians. The valuation of these properties is well over one and a half million pounds. In addition, it supports over 200 Indian traders, who, together with their dependents, engage in commerce for their livelihood. Their investment in stocks and goodwill amounts to a million pounds.

The declaration of Pageview as a group area and a proposed group area for the Whites, apart from other serious considerations, clearly means depreciation of at least 85 per cent. in the value of fixed properties, total ruination of the 200 Indian traders and their dependents, and the total loss of goodwill built up over a period of many years' hard work.

(b) Sophiatown

The township of Sophiatown is almost entirely owned and occupied by non-Europeans. Just prior to the removal of the African people from it under the Resettlement Scheme, it contained over 50,000 persons. Among them there are about 2,500 Indians and 1,000 Coloureds and Malays.

Under the proclamation it is declared a White group area. The so-called buffer zones on the eastern and western sides of the township are defined as immediate group areas, and the non-Whites living in these zones will have to leave before August 3rd, 1957. The portion between Good and Best Streets is declared a proposed group area, and the provisions of the Group Areas Development Act are applied to the whole township. All the properties in the area, therefore, are now liable for expropriation.

Sophiatown comprises 1,600 stands, and their total value is over £2,000,000. Of this amount properties belonging to the Indians, Malays and Chinese (mostly Indians) are worth approximately £750,000. In addition, there are more than 200 Indian and 50 Chinese traders in the area, and their investment in goodwill and stocks is equal to the above figure.

The removal of the African people from this area is complemented by the proclamation of the township as a White group area in terms of the Group Areas Act. The application of the Group Areas Development Act will hasten the forced disposal of all non-White properties, and tens of thousands of people—Africans, Indians, Malays, Coloureds and Chinese—will be uprooted and displaced and their life-time's earnings sacrificed.

The Indian and Chinese traders and their dependents will be deprived of their only means of livelihood.

(c) Newlands and Newlands Extension

These townships have a European population of approximately 6,000 and a non-European population of about 2,000. In terms of the proclamation declaring them White group areas, all the non-Whites living there will have to vacate their homes and places of business before August 3rd, 1958. Among the 800 Indians in the townships there are families that have been there for 20, 30, 40 and 50 years.

There are about 40 Indian traders, and as many properties are owned by them. Their investment in properties, stocks and goodwill is worth at least a million pounds. The application of the Group Areas Development Act and the general uprooting of the settled communities will add to the misery of the people. Hundreds more will join the ranks of those with no means of livelihood.

(d) Newclare

The township of Newclare is occupied by about 1,500 Indians, 100 Malays, 1,000 Coloureds and 13,000 Africans. Non-Europeans, particularly Indians, have occupied this area since the turn of the century and were indeed encouraged to do so by the Johannesburg City Council.

It has been declared a group area for the members of the Coloured group, and, in terms of the notice, all non-Coloureds, i.e., Indians, Chinese, and Africans, will be forced to vacate it before August 3rd, 1958. Newclare consists of 600 odd stands, and the members of the Indian community own over 75 per cent. of the property. Indian investment in property and improvements exceeds £750,000.

In Newclare there are about 100 Indian and 50 Chinese traders, and their investment in goodwill and stocks runs into many thousands of pounds. The owners of these businesses, together with their dependents, are threatened with economic extinction.

(e) Albertsville

There are 1,497 stands in the township of Albertsville, and it is exclusively owned and occupied by the members of the Coloured community. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been invested there by the members of the Coloured community, and they have built a considerable number of good homes.

The area is now declared a proposed White group area, and the Coloured people will have to leave it sooner or later. They

will have to leave behind them the homes they have built and made beautiful. Over 4,000 persons will be uprooted, the earnings of their hands expropriated as the Group Areas Development Act is applied.

(f) Lenasia and Farm Rietfontein No. 48

About 1,600 morgen of land is set aside as group area and proposed group area for the members of the Indian community on Farm Rietfontein No. 48, which includes the township of Lenasia. This area is about 22 miles from Johannesburg and is the only land made available to the members of the Indian group.

The township of Lenasia was established long before the area was declared a group area for the members of the Indian group. The Minister of the Interior at that stage granted an open permit to the township company to sell land to Indians. Although the value of the stands there is not more than £10 each, they are sold at the colossal figure of £350! A high school was built there as early as 1953 for Indian children living in Johannesburg and other centres. An offer of the Indian community to provide buildings for a high school in Johannesburg was turned down by the Department of Education.

Although it is the task of the Group Areas Board to inquire into the question of the desirability or otherwise of establishing a group area before an area is so declared, the steps taken at Lenasia show that the minds of the authorities were made up long before the enquiry actually took place. Their using of the Indian children as hostages in the creation of a ghetto is an indication of the length to which the Department of the Interior is prepared to go in accomplishing the ruin of the Indian people.

It has now emerged that this area is to be used as the only group area for all the Indians living in Johannesburg, Kliptown, Maraisburg, Roodepoort, Krugersdorp, Randfontein and adjacent places. This would mean the segregation of two-thirds of the Indian population of the Transvaal into the barren veld of Lenasia and Farm Rietfontein No. 48. Thus we see that by the stroke of a pen thousands have been thrown into confusion. Within one, two or more years, 10,000 Indians living in the western suburbs of Johannesburg must move. They must witness the destruction of their economic interests. With homes uprooted and destroyed they must go to special Indian areas, there to starve in their isolation. The fate of the others, outside the western suburbs, is just the same. They live in perpetual fear,

waiting for the sword to fall. This is a grim prospect for any people.

But the Indian people are opposing the creation of this ghetto. They have decided not to fall into the trap. A school is being run in Johannesburg by the community, and persistent agitation is carried on against the scheme. The Indian people have a rich tradition of resistance to tyranny and oppression in this country; they will have to use all of their resources to meet this challenge.

The Nationalists began to rule with the aid of a section of the White population which they were able to dupe with the misleading slogan of "Afrikanerdom". So forceful was their appeal of subjugating the non-White people that even those Whites who feared and abhorred sectional domination supported them, and in so doing, helped the minority of a minority to entrench itself securely in power. In the course of office they made use of race prejudice to further their aim of establishing one-party rule.

Today, they are entrenched to such an extent that there is widespread dismay and despair within the ranks of the parliamentary opposition. The United Party, the strongest element in this opposition, is content to fulfil its functions as the opposition by trying to "out-Nat" the Nationalists.

The weaknesses of the parliamentary opposition flow from the undemocratic basis of the South African Constitution. Divided between loyalty to a cause and political expediency, a parliamentary party suffers from a dilemma which none has yet been able to solve. It sees the whittling away of rights and the imposition of terror yet does nothing to overcome it.

In this dark period of abject surrender, the democratic alliances of the non-White people emerged as beacons of hope and kept burning the light of liberty in the hearts of men and women throughout the length and breadth of the country. Their dedication to the cause of justice and democracy enabled those progressive Whites who had become aware of the issues to join hands with them. And this great alliance has been strengthened in the course of time, making the political struggle between the Nationalist Party and the liberation movement straightforward. The hand of Nationalism might continue to strike at the most sacred rights of man, may try to terrorise the people in its fury, but it will not be able finally to hold back men from the rights to which as men and forever they were born entitled.

THE SCHIZOPHRENIC HEART

DR. O. D. WOLLHEIM

Warden of the Cape Flats Distress Association

IN his reply to the debate on the Native Laws Amendment Bill, the Minister of Native Affairs stated that the object of the Bill before the House was to reduce social contacts between the races. He went even further and stated that in his opinion multi-racial organizations, or bodies working in a multi-racial field, should be split up so that the work in each group was controlled and operated by persons of that particular group.

This is no new philosophy in South Africa. In 1951 a National Conference on Social Work was called by the Union Department of Social Welfare and held at the University of Cape Town. It was made extremely clear from the beginning that this Conference was to be for White social workers only and that it would consider work among Whites. All preliminary attempts to persuade the authorities to allow non-Europeans to attend, or to widen the field to all social work, failed. Delegates were told that a similar conference to deal with Coloured, and another to deal with African, social work would in due course be called. As far as I am aware these promises were never fulfilled.

The point was raised at the beginning of the Conference by the official who opened it and was replied to in a diplomatic and most carefully worded speech by Professor Batson of the University of Cape Town. Professors Cronje (Pretoria) and Pauw (Stellenbosch) immediately rose to state in the most categoric and unequivocal terms that they were convinced that social work in each racial field could only be performed by trained social workers of that particular race, and by implication made it clear that particular problems in particular racial groups were different from the same problems in other groups.

Dr. Arnold Rose of the University of Minnesota in a brilliant pamphlet published by UNESCO has made it clear that there can be no scientific definition of race (South Africa's Minister of the Interior appears to be having the same trouble) and that there are no pure races anywhere. This pamphlet, together with others in the series, has been banned in South Africa. A mounting tide of writing from the pens of the world's most eminent authorities emphasizes that there are no basic biological or psychological differences between peoples of different skin

colours or nationalities or races (whatever that term may mean), and that such differences of behaviour as exist in given situations are due to environmental factors, customs and usage.

In the face of all this evidence, our politicians insist that juvenile delinquency among the Coloured people of South Africa is basically different from that among our Africans, and that both of these are again different from that among Europeans or Malays or Indians. A marital dispute or child neglect or the abuse of alcohol or narcotics have different bases and must be treated differently by different persons where they occur in families of differing racial origin. Theft by a European is different from theft by an African or Coloured person, and so is the question of poverty in its causation and side effects.

The business of a sociologist is to study society, and that of a social worker to see to it that individuals fit into their society correctly and that the relationship between the individual and his society is a healthy one. The commonly accepted view of society is that it is the relation between each individual and the people, groups and institutions around him. Where the individual is able easily to reach and maintain effective contacts with other individuals, groups and institutions, there are no social problems; where these contacts cannot for some reason be made or do not function easily and smoothly, there exist social problems which the social worker must try to solve.

The social worker is trained to understand these relationships, the cause of their dislocation and the technique whereby they may be restored again or others substituted. Where a man has migrated from rural areas to a distant city, he has lost contact with his close relatives, his friends, his church, school, hospital, clubs, shops, occupation and leisure activities. He immediately presents a social problem in the city because he has no effective relation to others. Where he is properly equipped by virtue of his education and background, he is fairly easily able to establish smooth new relations.

Where, however, he is illiterate and completely unused to the ways of a large city, he is unable to establish such relationships, and he presents a serious social problem which may take very many years to solve. The longer he is left to his own devices, the more complicated becomes the problem of fitting him into a new society, because he has begun, by reason of his isolation from society, to develop psychological disturbances, with consequent aberrations in his behaviour patterns. These

problems are the same the world over, and it does not matter whether a social worker has to help a Chinese paddy farmer to fit into a Johannesburg society of laundry workers or a tribal African into a society of operative factory workers or a poor white "bywoner" into a society of Railway lorry drivers.

The effect of poverty is to inhibit normal relationships between a man and his environment, because it prevents him from buying those things which others around him accept as the usual necessities of a normal pattern of life. He cannot educate his children as all others are; he cannot feed, clothe, or accommodate them properly; he cannot in any sphere play a full part in the life of the community, whether it be black, white or any other colour. The result of such a situation is that the poor man is again isolated from his environment and develops aberrations in his behaviour patterns.

It is easily possible to multiply these very simple and elementary examples of social dislocation a thousandfold and to quote other more complicated problems, but this is not necessary. In every instance social work has to deal with a problem of the individual and his environment and not with a person who, by reason of a particular skin colour, or the shape of his nose, hair and lips, manifests certain inherent and unalterable characteristics. Whatever his physical characteristics may be, social work is the job of assisting him to maintain effective contacts with his environment, and any trained social worker is equipped with the necessary knowledge for this task in the same way as any medical practitioner is trained to restore and maintain such factors as make for health, irrespective of the skin colour or ethnic origin of his patient. It is as ridiculous to say that a White doctor cannot cure a Black man's tuberculosis as it is to maintain that a White social worker cannot deal with the social problems of a Coloured person.

The implications of the Government's racial theories in the field of social work are dangerous in the extreme. Almost every social work agency not specifically connected with the Dutch Reformed Church—and many that are—work in an inter-racial field, or work among people classified in South Africa as people of a race different from that of the controlling body. Many organizations have no colour bar in their constitutions, and to yet others, an inter-racial nature is basic. Some organizations may have all-White or mixed committees and boards of control, and some, including some of these, have

persons of different ethnic origin on their staff. Some organizations have fairly well developed arrangements for dealing with the various ethnic groups separately, and others make no difference at all. The new proposals would affect profoundly almost every one of the many thousands of registered welfare agencies in the country and would amount to an attempt to unscramble a well beaten and thoroughly cooked omelette.

That there is every chance the impossibility will be tried has been evidenced by the recent legislation which split up the Nursing Council into completely separate White and non-White groups, the whole to be dominated by an all-White council on which the non-White nurses have no say. This has been done in the face of all the practical realities and in the teeth of opposition from all concerned. Disease germs know no racial boundaries and attack irrespective of skin colour, and our medical services have been geared to deal with disease while taking the practical situation as it finds it into account. By enacting the new Nursing Bill the Government has put upon the profession the most intolerable moral stresses, has evoked a completely unnecessary and self-destructing argument as to racial attitudes among nurses, and is imposing upon our hospitals enormous administrative and practical difficulties. If this can be done in the field of health there is no reason why it cannot be done in the field of welfare as well.

If the proposals are to be applied logically, as I take it is intended in the long run, it would mean that almost every charitable institution in the country would at some time or other have to cease functioning and reconstitute itself on completely different lines. Bodies working among Whites would have to restrict themselves only to people who are classified according to the Population Register as White, would have to have all-White committees and employ only White staffs. Since the Group Areas Act envisages separate areas for Whites, Coloureds, Africans, Malays and Indians, it would seem to be logical that there would be five different sets of agencies, each complete from top to bottom, operating strictly within its own ethnic group, and having little or no liaison with bodies operating in the same field with other ethnic groups.

There would, for example, have to be five different bodies dealing with tuberculosis, another five with mental health, another five with cripple care, and another five with child care, to name only four major fields of work. Whatever liaison is

achieved would obviously be at the top level only, under the supervision and guidance of only Whites, who, according to the theories of Professor Cronje and Pauw, do not understand, and cannot be expected to deal adequately with, the problems of another ethnic group. In the 1840's of Great Britain this sort of arrangement would have meant that the working classes of those days would have formed a completely separate group, which would have been expected to carry, operate and finance its own social services. Such an arrangement is obviously absurd and cannot possibly have been envisaged by any but the most bigoted of racialists.

Apart from these constitutional issues, there are also other practical matters to be considered. Charitable agencies exist largely on the donations and subscriptions of their members and interested persons; they have to employ skilled and highly trained staff, some of whom must be of graduate standard; they must work in close contact with each other to prevent overlapping and duplication and to pass on information and new techniques; they have to work in even closer contact with government departments of Health, Pensions, Labour, Social Welfare, Education and Justice. Would the fragmentation of social work bodies into ethnically self-contained groups make these practical aspects of their work easier?

It is obvious to me that those who contribute in cash and kind to any organization want, and are entitled to, some say in its management. In the Union of South Africa very few non-Whites are really in an economic position to donate to and support charities. If Whites are to be allowed no say in the operation of non-White charities and agencies, it stands to reason that they will be loth to contribute, and the charity will either go out of existence, or have to be supported almost entirely by the State. Almost 80 per cent. of the population of South Africa is non-White, and probably about the same percentage of the non-White people lives below the bread line. In addition, the majority of the non-White population of South Africa has (through no fault of its own) not reached accepted standards of literacy or adjustment to modern western standards. It is therefore obvious that the need for social and charitable work in South Africa is enormously greater among non-White than among White people.

Social workers are trained at our universities, and in addition there is a small school of social work for non-Europeans in

Johannesburg. I would estimate that some 90 per cent. of the social workers trained each year are White. If Dr. Verwoerd's theories are to be applied, there would obviously never be sufficient non-White social workers or trained administrators to tackle the enormous task awaiting them. The White social workers now employed in non-White work would have to find other avenues of employment, because there would certainly not be enough White social work for them to do.

The question of contact and liaison with other social work agencies and with government bodies would become almost impossible, firstly, because the plain multiplication of agencies would make liaison impracticable even if it were allowed, and, secondly, because the non-White organizations would experience the same difficulties which all non-White people already experience in making contacts with government departments. The government departments are almost exclusively staffed by White persons, and their attitudes to non-Whites who come to them is already well enough known except in a few notable cases.

It seems that if Dr. Verwoerd wants to put a complete stop to all social and charitable work among non-Europeans, he could hardly choose a more effective way of accomplishing this than by fragmenting all the agencies into ethnic entities. For this would be the effect of such legislation; the relief of distress, the help of the needy, the rehabilitation of the broken down, the re-establishment of man in his environment could not possibly proceed without the help, the work, and the interest of countless thousands of White people. The cessation of such work—even the slowing down of it—would have the consequence of allowing an already disintegrated and di located society in our locations and slums to degenerate into pure chaos. Already the morbidity rates from tuberculosis, gastro-enteritis, and other diseases of neglect, dirt, overcrowding and bad housing are the highest of any industrialized country in the world. In 1942 the Medical Officer of Health in East London reported that the infant mortality rate in that city was over 700 per 1,000 live births, and the figures for our urban locations exceed in general 300 per 1,000 live births. In the context of such statistics, any crippling of welfare work amounts to the assassination of a people. Only in a society with a schizophrenic heart like South Africa, could it be contemplated.

THE TRIAL TAKES SHAPE *

TONY O'DOWD

THE great Treason Trial has been in progress for six months now. The first stage involved the handing into Court of thousands of documents which had been found either in the offices of the various organizations concerned in the Trial or in the possession of the accused themselves.

These documents have been collected in a series of police raids over a period of years. There are documents of major political importance, like the Freedom Charter, the constitutions and programmes of the Congresses, the notes used in political discussion circles, and articles and pamphlets by the leaders of the Congress movement. Then there are hundreds of routine organizational circulars, letters and minutes. There is the private correspondence of the prisoners. There are numerous copies of publications freely available to everyone, such as the magazine *Liberation* and the newspaper *New Age*. There are copies of the works of Lenin, Stalin and Mao-Tse-Tung. There are also oddments, such as the two notices found at an all-day conference where lunch was being served to delegates—one reading "Soup with Meat," and the other "Soup without Meat."

With the next stage, the Prosecution led evidence of speeches made at Congress, and other political, meetings. The witnesses are detectives of the Special Branch of the Criminal Investigation Department who have regularly attended public meetings of the Congresses, the Peace Council, trade unions and other left-wing bodies. Some hundreds of meetings are to be dealt with in this evidence, which is still proceeding.

A feature upon which the Defence has commented in some instances has been the brevity of the notes of speeches taken by the detectives. Some witnesses had compressed the proceedings of a meeting lasting several hours into two or three pages of notes. In some cases the notes are so confused and incoherent that no clear idea of the speeches can be obtained from them. A number of the detectives have stated in reply to defence counsel that they have heard Congress speakers repudiate the use of force and violence and call for harmony between the Black and White races.

The third stage of the Crown evidence, which has been inter-

posed in the middle of the second stage, consists of expert evidence on Communism, the expert witness being Professor Andrew Murray, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Cape Town.

Professor Murray began his evidence with a brief account of the doctrines of Communism, touching on the philosophy of dialectical materialism, Lenin's theory of Imperialism, the doctrine of the class struggle, and the Communist view of the State. He was then asked to examine a number of the documents and speeches in evidence and asked whether they revealed Communist tendencies. He began by describing the method which he proposed to use:

"To find out whether a document is Communist, one applies four tests. The first is, you see if a document teaches direct Communism by quotations from the masters, Stalin, Lenin, Marx, and so forth. The second is, one tries to see whether the document paraphrases the Communist statements. The third is, one sees whether the policy supported by the document is what is called non-deviation, that is, whether it supports Soviet policy internationally. And then, finally, there is always a test of aesopism. One has to read the words carefully to see whether they have a superficial meaning, the facial meaning, or whether they are intended to convey something more."

The following are a few extracts from Professor Murray's evidence, illustrating his methods in operation:

- (1) **"I would point out that the second paragraph reads:** *The process of fascism has reached a stage in our unhappy country where it is becoming increasingly difficult . . . to make any effective impact on the situation. One knows that the accusation of fascism is often used, generally used by Communists against Capitalist countries. The second statement is this:* *The aims and objects of the Legion and its aspirations for ex-soldiers, economic, political and social, are now inextricably tied up with a state of democracy in South Africa. . . . Democracy in Western countries means one thing. In Communist language it means another thing, and if this document can be shown to be associated with Communist organizations, in any other way which I don't know, that sentence could be regarded as meaning democracy in the sense of a People's Democracy in the satellite states."*
- (2) **"Two paragraphs lower, the sentence agrees with Communist tactics, expressed Communist tactics.** *To meet this need at the moment there are the Springbok Legion, the Congress of Democrats and the Democratic League. None of these for various reasons is national in the sense that branches are established throughout the country. All of them are acting independently. There is a duplication of effort. All of them are relatively weak. It is obvious that it is in the interest of all that we should come together in one organization. Militant centralization is a very important part in Communist tactics."*

- (3) "The sentence reads: *The Annual Conference of the Springbok Legion re-iterates profound opposition to the Nationalist Government, to its practices of race discrimination and oppression and to the anti-democratic paths which it is pursuing towards a fully-fledged Nationalist dictatorship. The term oppression there deserves attention. Fully fledged dictatorship deserves attention. In line 5 the word fascism again occurs and in line 6 the term uncompromising democratic policy. This is a slogan now used by Communists in satellite countries and by Mao-Tse-Tung. . . . In line 7, the phrase occurs, Opponents of reaction. That phrase is a straight Communist phrase.*"
- (4) "This document falls into line with the Communist interpretation of the situation in this country. The basic argument is that the forces of reaction must be fought, and the document is aimed at fascism in South Africa."
- (5) "We read on page 1: *The movement as a whole is the people's answer to fascism and a drive to war. Also, The oppressed non-White majorities. Also, Relief from intolerable conditions. Also, The social, economic and political structure of South Africa has imposed on us this sectional form of organization. Also, We are presented with the need to withstand and defeat fascism. This is a non-deviation argument which interprets the South African situation according to the Communist interpretation.*"
- (6) "The following are a few of the non-deviation references to international politics which brand this document as Communist. Paragraph 1, referring to Kenya and the interpretation of the Mau Mau as a liberatory movement. Paragraph 2, in support of the policy described as peaceful co-existence or negotiation instead of war and the Five Power Peace Pact, which at that time was the proposal put forward by Moscow. Paragraph 5 remarks on the campaign against German re-armament. It is also in pursuance of Moscow Government policy."

After he had dealt with the documents, Professor Murray was asked to comment upon certain general propositions of political doctrine which were put to him by the Prosecutor. The Prosecutor said that the Crown would contend that all these propositions were to be found in the Congress propaganda of which evidence had been given. The Professor identified as characteristically Communist a large number of propositions, of which the following are a few examples:

That the property-owning class, referred to as the bourgeois or capitalist class must be destroyed.

That the South African state has reached the stage wherein capitalist imperialism has developed or is developing into fascism.

That the South African state is a colonial state wherein the liberatory movement must be promoted.

That ownership of property means control of political power.

That banks shall be transferred to the people.

That Russia must be defended at all times and remains the homeland of the revolution.

That action should be militant.

That contact must be made with youth associations and women's associations.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

CHRISTOPHER GELL

JUNE 26 is not yet a national holiday in South Africa. But it will be quite soon. What happened on June 26 this year, little as it was in itself, has made that clear. What was achieved has immense significance for the future. Coming after the Treason arrests, the bus boycotts, the Port Elizabeth dockers' "go-slow", the announcement of an economic boycott of Nationalist-manufactured products, and a whole series of massed, peaceful demonstrations by all races against various apartheid measures, it underlined for all but the wilfully blind that the basic initiative in South Africa has passed from White hands.

We must not exaggerate. The Nationalist Party will continue to control Parliament, the police, the armed forces. The outward show of "White domination" will remain quite awhile as living people calculate these things, though not very long as history reckons. There will be still greater oppression, suffering, deprivation of personal liberties (White as well as non-White), before we reach the lowest point in our appointed course. The façade will not crack just yet.

But the non-White majority now *knows* it is only a façade. Deep in their hearts the non-Whites, and particularly the Africans, treasure the certainty, proved by the evidence of their own eyes these last six decisive months, that working-class solidarity based on the indispensability of labour to an industrial economy is a liberatory weapon against which there can be no lasting defence.

June 26 has significance for South African non-Whites. It is the day on which, in 1950, the African and Indian Congresses really came together; on which, in 1952, they launched the Defiance (Passive Resistance) Campaign against unjust laws; on which, in 1955, they concluded the Freedom Charter, embodying their ideals for a shared, multi-racial society; and on which, in 1957, they first really put their shoulders to the key lever of liberation—industrial non-cooperation.

The call went out this June from the African, Indian, Coloured Congresses and their White sympathizers for a Day of Protest against the latest racialistic excesses of the South African Government. It was addressed to the urban non-Whites who are the especial target of apartheid. Each town was left

to decide its own form of demonstration, though prayer-meetings, closing of shops, and certain sorts of unprovocative assembly were tentatively suggested. And of the Union's major cities, in Cape Town, Durban, Bloemfontein and East London, little more, if as much, occurred.

In Johannesburg, however, where the Treason arrests and bus boycotts had left an aftermath of militance,* a one-day strike was called, despite its illegality, the massing of police, threats of dismissal from the Chamber of Industries and the Afrikaans Sakekamer*, and police advice to sack all absent workers.

In the event, the strike was officially described as "a washout, only 50 per cent. successful." A senior police officer said that "only 40 per cent. did not use the buses," though a cash check-up later revealed less than one-third normal takings. Actually, in the main industrial area and throughout most of the commercial part of the city, the strike was 70-80 per cent. successful. In other Reef towns the results varied considerably. But while politicians and policemen may congratulate themselves on this "flop", that emphatically is not the mood of sober-minded businessmen who realize this could be just the beginning. Nor are they hastening, as officially advised, to add to their labour anxieties by dismissing absentees. Far more realistically, the transparent excuse is tacitly accepted that "only intimidation" kept workers away. Honour is thus satisfied without more loss.

For Africans to strike is now a crime in South Africa. Because its lower-pitched objectives kept strictly within the law and therefore may make more appeal to the less militant centres which held aloof this time, what happened in Port Elizabeth may yet prove most significant of all. Here the prescribed activities for the day were (1) prayer in the churches, (2) boycott of the bus services, (3) lighting of candles in front windows and bonfires in back-yards after dark to the accompaniment of freedom songs and political propaganda.

It must be remembered that all gatherings of more than nine Africans are banned in Port Elizabeth. Further, on June 24, the dock-workers were convened under the eyes of uniformed police and harangued by an Inspector of Labour who told them in Afrikaans that "it will be very bad for you if you do not

*Significantly, the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce, which had bloodied its nose by being too co-operative with the Nationalist Cabinet in the early stages of the bus boycotts, excepted itself from these minatory attitudes and counselled "sympathy and discretion."

come to work on Wednesday.”

So broke the grey, drizzling dawn of June 26, most discouraging to bus boycotters. Some used the buses. No one denies it. The higher the percentage claimed by officials, the more surely they discredit allegations of “intimidation.” But the bus company admitted by midday that the boycott was “very heavy” and withdrew most of its evening services to save expense. At 5 p.m. the dock workers stopped work, declining overtime and night shifts, leaving three ships to await their return next morning and proving that their morale was unbroken by earlier dismissals during the “go slow”, or by the presence (four months later) of involuntary “scabs” recruited from the famine-stricken Transkei. For three hours in the evening an inter-denominational service filled New Brighton’s largest hall. The sermon’s text was St. John XV 12 (“This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you”). The service was attended by Special Branch detectives; and the police showed unusually wise forbearance when the churchgoers formed themselves into an impromptu, if technically illegal, procession and returned home singing hymns and African National Congress songs.

As daylight ebbed and the street lights of the White city began to sparkle below them, “European” housewives in the fashionable suburbs on the northern slopes of Port Elizabeth’s hill were astonished to see the glow of bonfires illuminating the flat, black anonymous space which accommodates 60-70,000 Africans in their segregated dormitory suburb for the night.

Yes, assuredly, in that glow and the candles in the windows of the little pill-box houses or at the “doors” of the site-and-service shanties, a new South African future was born on June 26, 1957.

PORTRAIT OF A SUBURB: HILLBROW

ARNOLD BENJAMIN

Staff of "The Star," Johannesburg

ONE can conjure a certain symmetry out of it. On one side of Johannesburg they piled the exhausted sand from the gold mines in great pale dumps; and later, those who prospered by the gold piled themselves up in tiers on the other side. This is Hillbrow, the nearest thing in Africa to a residential concrete jungle. It grows squarely on the Witwatersrand itself, the rocky ridge half a mile north of the city which marks the line of the gold reef. Here the pioneers set up Johannesburg's first suburb at a respectable distance from the dust and din of the mining camp. Soon the city became bigger and richer, and they moved on further out of town. And next, when Johannesburg had to grow vertically as well as laterally, Hillbrow came into its own again, and tall buildings crusted the ridge in crossword patterns. This, then, was the evolution of half a century: first a fashionable suburb, then an unfashionable one, and, finally, a middle-class, mass-produced warren.

Johannesburg people are given to pointing out that Hillbrow is the most densely populated square mile in the British Commonwealth. It is also the most insecure part of an insecure city. Its culture is cosmopolitan and unclassifiable. The main thing its inhabitants have in common is that they all live there for reasons of convenience, and none of them very permanently. You have a flat or a room in Hillbrow if you are young and foot-loose, old and lonely, or middle-aged and put off by the crime rate from taking a house in the suburbs. You live there if you are an immigrant, a student, a divorcée, an intellectual, a hospital nurse, a bachelor girl, a ducktail boy. Young, moderately-off couples start their marriages in a flat in Hillbrow and push prams on Sundays through its crowded streets.

Hillbrow's biggest boom days are over now, the post-war years when building owners could ask what key-money they liked, and lower-floor flats already had curtains up while the top floors were still grey uncovered skeletons. But new buildings still rear and jut, as high as the town planners will let them go, filling in the blank squares and shutting off someone's last segment of view. The urgency and instability persist. There is a regular shift of population: on the last day of the month

you can usually see removal vans standing at entrances, furniture arrayed on the narrow pavements. Among Johannesburg's more settled suburbanites Hillbrow has a certain name for fast living. Living in Hillbrow carries vague connotations of Bohemianism and night life. Certainly its cafés close the latest in town, and its streets are more animated at night than any other part of the city. By and large, this is the result of a lot of unattached people having nothing much to do in the evenings. Most of Hillbrow's population is young, nearly all of it English-speaking, and probably a good quarter of it Jewish. Perhaps it was this combination of circumstances that once gave the Liberal Party here its biggest-ever number of White votes. But the Liberals still came a long way from capturing the seat. Hillbrow is hardly a typical South African suburb, but it is not as untypical as all that.

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Hillbrow divides into three strata. Its core consists of flats, hotels, some office blocks, nursing homes, and more flats. The base is variegated: restaurants, bazaars, delicatessen shops, garages, radio shops, fruit shops, milk bars, coffee bars, "Greek shops," and umpteen pharmacies selling fancy goods in cut-throat competition with one another. (One chemist, aghast, once counted a dozen rivals in some 300 yards.)

The top stratum is the most homogeneous. Denoting it are rows of small windows at the top of each building, among the radio aerials and thin iron chimneys. These are the quarters of the servants who keep the flats clean, the "Locations in the Sky." Hillbrow is a classic example of Dr. Verwoerd's famous horror-tag. It is one of the many conveniences of the suburb that every Hillbrow flat is a service flat. And it is one of the fewer conveniences of being a "flat-boy" that you live on the premises in some relative measure of comfort. So the prospect of these servants' enforced removal to ordinary terrestrial locations appeals neither to them nor their employers, and produced a fury of practical, property-owning opposition from the City Council. In Hillbrow, for the moment, most of this penthouse proletariat stays on. They are tribal Africans for the most part, largely Zulus, supporting one or more wives in the reserves and departing intermittently to cultivate their patch of ground; "good workers" who worry few people apart from Dr. Verwoerd. It is only on week-ends and public holidays that there may be occasional trouble upstairs, when sounds of

drunkenness and fighting may echo down the lift shafts and make fearful caretakers ring for the Flying Squad.

Week-ends, indeed, are the only time one is really conscious of the roof dwellers other than as an army of flat cleaners. On Sundays one meets them at street level, gazing at the shop windows, lounging in the back lanes between the buildings, gathering at street corners. They even look different. The rest of Hillbrow dresses for sport or leisure in shorts and sweaters, slacks and sandals. But the Zulus from the flats discard their standard "boy" uniforms and dress up in long trousers and suits and hats. And there you can see one of the undeniable tokens of progress: a primitive people puts on its best clothes on Sunday, an advanced one puts them off.

With their strong tribal roots the roof-dwellers live, in this concrete heart of the city, lives that are strangely insulated from many of the tensions and hardships that are the lot of the average urban African. That is why Hillbrow is a place where, probably less mutedly than elsewhere in Johannesburg, one still hears music in the streets. On Sundays jiggging, jiving groups stroll past the flats with guitars, concertinas and the penny whistles that have become all the rage in Black Johannesburg. The penny whistle's fluting, a reedy obbligato to the city noises, somehow seems peculiarly fitted to Hillbrow. It could make an apt enough symbol itself of a contradictory society—a throaty, woodland note produced out of a bit of scrap tubing or curtain-rod.

The "flat boys" are less sophisticated than their girl friends, the nursemaids and cook-girls of the area, who are permanent city dwellers. And generally they have but a limited and superficial contact with city life as lived communally in the townships. Thus the bus boycott had little meaning for them, the June 26 protest strike even less. But their world is going to widen now. In terms of the "Locations in the Sky" edict, most of Hillbrow's roof-dwelling Africans will eventually have to move out to municipal hostels, or huge barracks, 12 miles or more from the city. There they will meet city Africans of other backgrounds; there they will become a part of township life with its squalor, its raids, its daily hours wasted in bus queues and overcrowded trains. Increasing awareness must result, whether through exposure to "agitators" or simply through keeping their eyes and ears open. And so, once again, apartheid marches blindly towards the same end as the forces

that oppose it. It is difficult to see the flat cleaners being unaffected by future boycotts or strikes.

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Hillbrow's tensions are of a diffuse kind, not so much evident between the races as inherent in its whole *raison d'être* and way of life. The pace of Johannesburg life is conducive to divorce and neurosis and delinquency; and Hillbrow, if only by reason of its concentrated thousands, seems to distil an essence of all these. Hints of violence underlie its prosperous, ultra-modern façade. There is the violence that comes with the servants' holiday drinking; naked violence sometimes at evening at the non-European bus stops and in the dark back lanes, where African thugs wait for victims, township style. Violence simmers, too, in Hillbrow's neon-lit, juke-boxy café life. In the last year or two the suburb has become celebrated as the haunt of "ducktail boys." Already they are so much a part of the local scene that the newspapers have dropped both the "boy" and the inverted commas. Ducktails, then, are blamed these days for almost everything that is going: assaults, car thefts—always at their peak in Hillbrow because garage space is at a premium—dagga smoking, and worse. Certainly they are beginning to appear now as something more serious than a Sunday-paper catchline. The problem is to-day's universal one of the teddy-boy, the rock-'n-roller, the teen-age delinquent. The name is new, but the hair-style, with the draped jacket, the drainpipe trousers and the rest—these are standard. Outwardly the Hillbrow kind are just unhappy-looking youths. To put them in their local perspective, one might call them white "tsotsis". They are expressing a similar rebellion and are the product of similar social change and disruption. It was the same pattern of post-war forces, indeed, that threw up the Newclare and Moroka slums on the one hand, Hillbrow itself on the other.

Anyway, the local ward councillor denies strongly that the ducktails live in Hillbrow; they are simply attracted from other suburbs, he says, by the bright lights. Be that as it may, Hillbrow's respectable folk are worried and are asking anxiously why there are not more police in the streets. (They were there all right during the bus boycott, and five hundred of them were on hand at the Drill Hall down the road on the first day of the Treason Trial.)

Flat life is cramping, unhealthy, probably un-South African.

The Union is a country of wide open spaces; Hillbrow has none at all. From a lower storey your standard view is of the honeycombed flat life across the road. From higher flats there are superb squared-off skylines, brilliantly-lit night views, and sometimes a fine panorama of the city's white towers below. Best view of all is from Hillbrow's tallest building, the 17-storey Metropolitan Heights. No doubt recognizing its pre-eminence, a young woman not long ago went to the top floor and threw herself off. The next day, among the curious and the morbid, came another girl. She asked where the woman had jumped from and then did the same herself.

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Morning and evening, Hillbrow's streets choke up with traffic to and from the city. There are long pastel-coloured cars from the northern suburbs, all fishtails and chrome, and big roaring PUTCO buses from Alexandra Township. The old, rattling red trams that serve Hillbrow itself are the most incongruous things among all its modernity. They are the sole relics of anything like a past; these, and the old double and single-storeyed houses whose tin roofs are shadowed and overtowered by the flats. Edwardian derelicts, some of them still display forlorn nameboards like "Kopje's View" and "The Look-out." To-day most of them are occupied by poor Afrikaner families; others have been turned into forbidding rooming-houses. One or two are said to be not of the best repute. On Hillbrow's busiest corner, where to-day the biggest chemist shop of all prospers, used to stand a little house once occupied by the young Smuts, then newly married and just starting out as the Transvaal Republic State Attorney. This chemist, hearing the story, had Smuts's widow unveil a small plaque. But nobody remembers the house and scarcely a soul notices the plaque. Attuned to the surge of the traffic and the bustle in the supermarket, people haven't the time to stop. Hillbrow impatiently thrusts aside its corrugated-iron past. The old houses become steadily shabbier—why spend money on them when their flat rights will bring in so much more?—and steadily they vanish.

The flats surmount and swamp them, five, ten, fifteen storeys, shoulder to shoulder, face to face. In staggered rows they breast the steep hill of the Witwatersrand and sweep down the other side. The blocks that date from the thirties, cheaper to live in, have some air of solidity despite the drabness of their

grey-plaster-and-face-brick exteriors. Their tenants are as a rule older and more settled. But it is the others that set the character of Hillbrow: luxury flats, bachelor flats, all uncomplacably "contemporary." They are filled with contemporary furniture and peopled by contemporary South Africans. Few window boxes, sun blinds, washing-lines, interrupt their clean dimensions. Their façades are gay with checks of colour, towering columns of glass, infinite repetitions of level and module. A shadow draws an identical diagonal across each identical balcony; they are bright and brave in the highveld sunlight.

Behind the buildings, though, or in the shadowed chasms between them, there are glimpses of uncovered concrete frames, exposed plumbing and spidery zig-zagging fire escapes. Some of the blocks put up scarcely five years ago already show cracked plaster and discoloured paint. In any case it is the newest, fanciest, glossiest of these buildings that have the most impermanent air. This may be a little Manhattan or a little Brazil, but it all happened too quickly, and the future of all this wealth is too uncertain. Seventy years ago it was bare veld, but what of seventy years hence? Even in a quarter of a century, some predict, Hillbrow will have turned into a vast multi-storeyed slum. Need one look very much further ahead than that, though? Sometimes it does not feel like it.

Johannesburg is the world's largest city among those which have neither river nor ocean to sustain them. Its only roots were in that uncertain yellow gleam far below. Life at 6,000 feet above sea level is both stimulating and enervating. If South Africa is a volcano, then Johannesburg is its summit, with Hillbrow at its uneasy, heaving brink. Dark stirrings from below are starting to reach even those topmost levels. . . . Meanwhile the new Hillbrow is like a giant cardboard world, made for cardboard people to live in. It was designed to give them a glitter and a show for just so long, a 20th-century backdrop against which to act out a last scene of delayed history.

Look across, from a Hillbrow rooftop, to those worn and wrinkled mine dumps on the other side of the city. They at least would preserve more substance as monumental ruins. . . .

“The Unbeloved Country”

THE tragedy of South Africa is to be a land without unity or repose. It has no long, unfolding past, out of which the future could be peacefully evolved; nothing rocklike upon which reform can be securely based. All is agitation, with hysteria not far below the surface. There is in South Africa no vast, steady, still centre of opinion: only centrifugal extremes, to which men are irresistibly drawn.

Fashioned for conflict, South Africa offers its choice: for black supremacy, or for white? Some—the best, maybe—reject the choice in favour of justice for both. But South Africa will not be denied. She takes those who seek justice through separation or *apartheid* and makes of them the unwitting tools of white supremacy; and she takes those who seek justice through integration or liberalism and makes of them the unwitting fore-runners and agents of black supremacy. Using both impartially, she hammers the native into a revolutionary force; the one loading him with chains, the other helping him to struggle free; both fashioning him into the instrument of final, bloody, irrevocable disaster.”

¶ The above is an extract from a remarkable article by Colin Welch in the February ENCOUNTER—an article which, as a correspondent in Johannesburg remarked, “analyses the situation in South Africa with a lucidity and sense of proportion that one had almost despaired of ever witnessing.” This is just one reason why you, a reader of *Africa South*, should make a point of reading ENCOUNTER regularly. Edited by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol, it is Britain’s leading monthly, and is available by subscription for 36s. (\$7.00) a year from newsagents or direct from ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

SOUTH WEST AFRICA

JARIRETUNDU KOZONGUIZI

A South West African Herero, graduate of the University College of Fort Hare, now studying International Law at the University of Cape Town

THE future of South West Africa is still uncertain. The United Nations Organization has asked the Legal Committee to find ways whereby the government of the Union of South Africa can be forced to respect the resolutions of U.N.O. and fulfill her obligations towards the territory. But South Africa is determined to continue her control without interruption or interference. The reasons for this obstinacy will emerge clearly from the examination of conditions in South West that is to follow.

Historical Background

First though, I should remove a general misconception. The blame for the deplorable conditions in South West Africa cannot be laid solely at the door of the Nationalist Administration. In point of fact, the conditions were the creation of a ruthless German regime, were perpetuated by a repressive though less ruthless United Party administration, and were merely carried to their logical conclusion by a morally anaesthetized Nationalist administration.

The dusk over South West came with the dawn of Imperialism in Africa. In the European scramble for Colonies, South West was left to the nails of Bismark, and what the Germans did to their booty has been best described by Prof. Bonn of Munich University when he addressed the Royal Colonial Institute in 1914 on German Colonial Policy:

“We wanted to concentrate on Africa the emigrants we were losing at the beginning of the Colonial enterprise. We wanted to build up on African soil a new Germany and create daughter states as you have in Australia and Canada. We carried this idea to its bitter end. We tried in S.W.A. and produced a huge Native rising, causing the loss of much treasure and many lives. We tried to assume to ourselves the functions of Providence and we tried to exterminate a Native race whom our lack of wisdom had goaded into rebellion. We have succeeded in breaking up tribes, but we have not yet succeeded in creating a new Germany.”

In their attempt to create a new Germany, the Germans waged a war of extermination both on and off the battlefield. The “Extermination Order” of General von Trotha anticipated no exception—“every Herero, with or without a rifle, with

or without cattle, man, woman or child, will be shot." An almost complete destruction of the social and political organization of the Hereros followed their rebellion and the surrender of their army. The Paramount Chief Samuel Maharero crossed the boundary into Bechuanaland and there took refuge with a section of his people. Meanwhile, the total number of Hereros had been reduced by 1918 from over 80,000 to only 15,000 people.

The political situation which followed during the next 18 years can be discerned in some of the findings of the Van Zyl Commission (1936), appointed, on a resolution of the Legislative Assembly of 1934 expressing dissatisfaction in the Territory,

"to consider from a constitutional as well as State financial point of view, how the government of the Territory could best be regulated, so as to secure a more efficient administration and a greater measure of content amongst the inhabitants, due regard being had to the character of the Territory as a Mandated territory and the rules of International Law governing the Mandate and to the Constitutional Law of the Union."

The Commission reported sundry causes of dissatisfaction, such as the general feeling of uncertainty about the political future of South West. At the root of these the Commission found the established policy of the Union Government to settle its own nationals in South West. In point of fact, while furthering the interests of its own nationals, the Union Administration was neglecting to promote the welfare of the indigenous peoples. The Lands Settlement Act (1912) of the Union of South Africa had been extended to South West in 1919 to provide for the settlement of Union nationals in S.W.A., and in 1931 about 300 Boer families in a terrible state of poverty had been brought from Angola and given farms.

During this period (1918-1936), the Herero people, who by then had reoccupied their traditional and well-watered lands around Orumbo, were forced to move, at the point of a bayonet and after their huts had been burnt down, to the dry areas of Epukiro and Aminuis near the Kalahari Desert. Not even now is there peace for them, and again they are being forced to move from Epukiro and Aminuis even further into the desert. It is against this background that the policy of "Native Reserves" in S.W.A. must be understood, and we will deal with this aspect more fully at a later stage. It was also during this period that army planes were sent against the Coloured people of Rehoboth Gebiet when they protested against their ejection from their own land.

It is vividly clear from any study of the period that there was neither educational nor economic development of the indigenous peoples to conform with Article 2 of the Mandate:

“The Mandatory Power shall promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the Territory” and by so doing, enable these people *“to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world.”*

Consideration of the African as a significant factor in the Territory came about only in 1946. General Smuts had raised the question at U.N.O. of incorporating South West as a fifth province of the Union of South Africa. Several young Africans returned from the Union better educated than before and devoted themselves to exploring the constitutional position of the Territory, informing the Chiefs of their findings. At this time also, the Rev. Michael Scott appeared on the scene, having been sent to S.W.A. by the then Paramount Chief of the Hereros in Bechuanaland, who wanted to return to the land of his birth.

The United Nations pressed Smuts to show what his government had done for the indigenous peoples of South West Africa. The 1947 Report of the Union Government revealed only the neglect and the distress, and by then the first petition from the people of South West had reached U.N.O., protesting against the proposals of General Smuts and requesting that S.W.A. be placed in the hands of the Trusteeship Council. Before Smuts could decide on what path to follow in this new situation, his party was beaten at the polls, and the Malan Administration came to power.

First the new government tried persuasion, but when Mr. Eric Louw failed utterly to convince the Paris Session of U.N.O. that a policy of justice towards all was being pursued in S.W.A., it adopted a stubborn and unco-operative attitude. Turning its back upon the U.N. it declared: *“Ons sal nie buk nie”*—*“We shall not bow.”* And this has been the attitude of the Nationalist Administration in South West up to this day. The Territory has been incorporated, and, while its White citizens are lavishly represented in the Union House of Assembly, the Africans and Coloureds have been placed, by the S.W.A. Administration Act of 1954, in the protective care of the Union Minister of Native Affairs.

Social Conditions

The living conditions of the non-Whites in South West

have been well described by John Gunther in his *Inside Africa*:

"The Herero quarter in Windhoek is called simply 'the location'. Shanties, in one of the most gruesome and nauseating slums I have ever seen, are made of old automobile fenders, cardboard, petrol tins and bits of old cloth and basketware."

This applies to all the non-White living quarters throughout the Territory. The indigenous population lives in an agony of slums, poverty and wretchedness, while the European section is enjoying boom prosperity and lives in beautiful newly-built dwellings. The non-Whites suffer the sharpest discrimination in housing and other health provisions, and while numerous housing schemes have been devised and built for Whites, a single plan put forward for non-White housing as early as 1948 received no attention whatsoever until recently. Dr. Verwoerd, the Union Minister of Native Affairs, however, has brought pressure to bear upon the local authorities to implement residential isolation for the non-Whites. That the living conditions themselves were of little, if any, interest to him is clear from his directive, despite the repeated protests of the non-Whites affected, that the new Windhoek location be built five miles away from the town, and from the type of hut, not fit for human habitation, that is being put up in the new Okahandja location.

There has been a continued expansion of medical services in the Territory, especially in the establishment of new hospitals for non-Whites. But even in this field, discrimination is rife. Expenditure for the maintenance of the various hospitals is so ludicrously small, that even when new hospitals are established they cannot satisfy the needs of the people. For a White population of less than 50,000, £40,000 is spent in annual subsidy on State-aided hospitals, while only £20,000 a year is spent to maintain the State-owned hospitals of nearly 400,000 non-Whites. This grotesque disproportion makes the facilities of the new non-White hospitals often as useful as stage scenery, which is possibly why they were built. The non-White hospital in Windhoek has only one doctor to attend to all the patients, though now and then interns assist, and only four qualified staff nurses instead of the 15-20 required. The new hospital for non-Whites at Gobabis, to which the South African State Information Office has given so much publicity, has no full-time doctor, and newly-admitted patients have had to spend a whole night in the care of a nurse-aid before a doctor could be found to attend to them. There is not a single clinic in the Reserves.

Social and residential segregation is strictly enforced and no

non-Whites, except for a handful of Coloureds, live in White areas. The non-Whites have no access to the best cultural shows, which are unfailingly staged in the White areas. Embodied in the Mandate is the obligation to raise the social and cultural standards of the people, though surely the behaviour of the Administration would not suggest it.

Immorality in the South African sense, or private relations between White and non-White, is strictly prohibited by law, whilst the Mixed Marriages Proclamation of 1953 has made all marriages between Whites and non-Whites illegal. By law the non-Whites may not be in possession of liquor—either so-called European or home-brewed—though this is the salary many Chiefs receive in private from administrative officials for silence in the face of discriminatory legislation. Coloureds may have special documentary exemption. In spite of all these paper restrictions, however, drunkenness and immorality in the proper sense are lavish in the slums, and only a raising of the living standards of a desperate and miserable people can really eradicate the evil.

Most horribly of all, the Pass Laws are strictly enforced. In terms of the Native Urban Areas Proclamation of 1951, all the towns in South West Africa have been declared “proclaimed” areas, areas in which the various curfew and pass regulations apply. All non-Whites, African or Coloured, have to carry passes once they leave the “Reserves.” Women also, cannot move from one place to the other without a pass similar to that required of the men. The “Permit” system for non-White women is scrupulously enforced in the Territory. No non-White woman may remain in an urban area without a permit, even in the slums of her people. It seems that the whole Pass system, with all its terrors and cruelties, will be extended to women next year, when the deceitfully termed “Abolition of Documents Act” will be made applicable to S.W.A.

The description of economic conditions which follows will reveal the absurdity of the contention that the social facilities for non-Whites are commensurate with their contribution to the State.

Economic Conditions

At the bottom of the non-White sacrifice and suffering in South West is land allocation. Deprived of most of their fertile land, the non-Whites have been forced to flock to the towns as workers, where they live under conditions devastating

to the body and the mind. Ever since the German regime destroyed the tribal economy of the people, no attempt has been made to restore it or substitute a modern one instead.

Land allocation has been organized so as to encourage the influx of Afrikaners from the Union, and drain the Africans off the land in order to leave it free for immigrant occupation. This has been the policy of the Administration ever since 1919, even before the Union was presented with the Mandate. Under the Germans, of course, there was not even talk of land allocation, for it was all German land. To-day only 21,825,995 hectares are occupied by non-Whites, while the Europeans not only occupy 37,578,865 hectares of the best land, but have all the land unallocated at their disposal. Government and Crown lands "considered suitable for agricultural settlement" have continually been leased or sold to White settlers on easy terms. By 1939 most of the available Crown lands within the "Police Zone", the area outside the Reserves, had been disposed of, and the Government resorted to the purchasing of land from Companies in order to allocate it to White immigrant settlers. To-day even this source is exhausted, and now the Administration has embarked upon a new invasion of the non-White areas. The Damaras have been moved from Aukeigas Reserve to a dry, infertile area. A portion of the Reserve has been turned into a Game Reserve, and the rest of the land has been given to European settlers. The Hereros have been ordered to evacuate those areas in the Aminuis Reserve which are well-watered and best suited for farming and to move instead into the dry corridor lands between the Reserve and the Bechuanaland boundary, lands incidentally which the Administration claimed were too dry to be opened up for settlement when the Hereros requested their annexation before. The Nama people were told last year to move from Hoachanas, where trade in vegetables and fruit has been flourishing, to the already overcrowded Berseba Reserve, and the Administration has threatened to use force if they do not move promptly. All the land, of course, is to be given to White settlers.

Professor Reinholt Jones maintained in the *Race Relations Journal* of 1952 (Vol. XIX No. 1) that there was nothing in law to prevent non-Whites from acquiring land outside the areas reserved for their occupation. But in actual practice, it is impossible for them to do so. In reply to a U.N.O. Trusteeship Council questionnaire in 1948, the Union Government

stated that Africans generally had not yet reached a stage of development where they could benefit from individual land ownership, especially in the case of farms. And the Land Settlement Proclamation, as amended, provides that a lessee may sublet or assign or transfer his interest in land leased from the Government only with the written consent of the Administrator, *who may not give such consent if the subletting or transferring is to "Natives, Asiatics, or Coloured persons."*

The standard of living in the Reserves is particularly low. Africans have been forced to occupy the dryest parts of the Territory, where the subsistence capacity reaches its lowest ebb. The Administration does not deny the deplorable conditions, but seeks justification by claiming that the inhabitants themselves are lazy and indifferent to progress. The truth is, of course, that the inhabitants can have little enthusiasm for improving their land if the moment they have done so, they are required to give it up to White occupation. Even were they to feel sufficiently secure, they are never provided with the training necessary if they are to be equipped to carry out developments themselves. In point of fact, the Reserves are used as vast reservoirs of labour, and little attention is paid to them as long as the labour supply is steady.

Non-Africans are liable to income tax (low by any overseas or even South African standard), diamond tax, land tax, transfer duties, etc., whilst Africans are affected by direct taxation only through the dog tax, wheel tax and stock fees. But indirect taxation affects both African and non-African similarly; both groups pay the same for cigarettes and tobacco and various imported items. And the incredibly low wage paid to the African means that he pays a much higher proportion of his income in taxes, mainly indirect, than the non-African.

Wages

In Towns:

Average for Men	£2	0	0	a week
*Recruited Labour	£1	5	0	a month
Average for Women	£2	0	0	a month

On Farms:

General Farm Labourers	£1	0	0	a month
Shepherds	18	0	0	a month

*African Workers from the Northern Reserves recruited through the South West Africa Native Labour Association.

Education

Apart from economic advancement, education is the key to the development of a people. But in S.W.A. the Administration, apparently, has a different view; proper education is for Whites only. Small wonder then that the Territory had its first African matriculant in 1948 and its first African graduate this year. At the moment only six non-Whites from S.W.A. are studying at South African universities and abroad, and not a single one of them has a grant from the Government. The whole policy of the Administration could not have been more clearly exposed than in the remarks made by a Government official in S.W.A. to a non-White student who had applied for financial assistance. The Government, he said, would have no place for a post-matriculation qualified teacher in the African schools, as it was contemplated introducing "Bantu Education" in South West, and that did not need highly qualified teachers.

The invariable discrimination infects the provision of educational facilities. Of the £803,853 public expenditure on education in the 1952-53 financial year, £659,781 was spent on White education. During the 1952-53 financial year, the average Government expenditure *per pupil* was as follows:

White ..	£42 13 0	African (Police Zone)	£10 15 0
Coloured ..	£21 5 0	African (Elsewhere)	14 9

More vividly than anything else, these statistics indicate how enormously the education of the majority of the people of the Territory has been neglected. Many of the teachers are of very poor quality, and there are no prospects of any improvement at the present rate. Not a single African teacher in S.W.A. holds a Matriculation Certificate.

Politics

The administration of S.W.A. is solely in the hands of the Whites. Nazi infiltration into the German political movements during the thirties and the intensification of Nazi propaganda in S.W.A. during the Second World War led the Germans to lose their franchise rights in 1941 under the Smuts Administration. But the Nationalist Party, soon after it came to power, restored the franchise in 1949 and took control of the Legislative Assembly of South West Africa at the 1950 elections.

The Africans and Coloureds have no political rights at all, and the present Administration has made it quite clear that it has no intention of changing the situation. The Tribal Councils and Basterraad in the Reserves are of no political significance: for

a long time now they have been used to rubber-stamp the Government's repressive and discriminatory measures.

Political movements such as the African National Congress are non-existent, and the basis of non-White politics is on the whole tribal. This is, to a very great extent, encouraged by the Government's strict enforcement of ethnic grouping in all non-White residential areas. But a Consultative Committee at a chieftain level has been established to communicate with the United Nations Organization.

Politically the most vocal element are the Hereros. The other groups are just as aware of the injustice meted out to them, of course, but fear victimization. Particularly complained of by the Hereros are their increasing land hunger, the savage restrictions upon the movement of all the indigenous peoples, the absence of adequate provision for the education of their children, and the complete lack of representative and effective avenues of political expression. The other tribal groups are at one with the Hereros in these grievances. And the people feel that the only way by which they can accomplish their aims is by having South West placed under the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. They do not want to hear of any one country, least of all the Union of South Africa, being solely entrusted with the administration of the Territory.

The Government, on the other hand, maintains that the people are satisfied with the administration. Dr. Verwoerd, the Union Minister of Native Affairs, said after a tour of South West in 1955, that he had received letters from the Herero Chiefs asking him to extend the unpopular Bantu Authorities Act to South West Africa. But all the leading Chiefs of the Hereros denied having written such a letter when I met them in Windhoek early this year.

My personal feeling is that the question of South West Africa cannot be solved without a complete divorce of the territory from the Union of South Africa, and a realization on the part of the Whites in South West that the indigenous peoples must inevitably share in the rule of the country they live in. Only on such a recognition can a society exist in which both White and non-White will have a permanent stake.

CENTRAL AFRICA (II)

THE CHALLENGE OF FEDERATION

The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR CREECH JONES, P.C., M.P.

Former Secretary of State for the Colonies and United Kingdom Delegate to the United Nations

I THINK it relevant that I should start this article by saying that I was Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1946 to 1950 and took part in discussions in 1948-9 when the idea of federation of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland was referred to me. Earlier, the idea had been officially discussed and rejected, following the Bledisloe Royal Commission Report. However, and in spite of continued African opposition, the European representatives in the two Rhodesias pressed their views for an association of the three territories closer than the facilities afforded by the Central African Council. I was opposed both to amalgamation and federation, and again objected to Federation when it was later introduced, after I had left high office. Nonetheless, I have always felt that some close association between the three territories was desirable, useful and important.

My own view was that the European request for federation was premature and could not win African support. I felt that, whatever its existing limitations, the Central African Council could be turned into a useful instrument of consultation and co-operation and could be adapted to running certain common services. At that time I believed that it could operate with African acquiescence and increasing interest. In 1950, however, it was virtually dissolved.

I was opposed to Federation because I thought it wrong, at the behest of a clamorous minority, to impose a system of government to which the majority of inhabitants were manifestly opposed, which lessened the protection Britain had guaranteed by treaty and agreement, and which crystallized European political ascendancy in the constitution. It provided Africans with only inadequate safeguards and renounced Britain's ultimate authority in the matter of future constitutional amendment, if the Federal Parliament refused to accept the kind of amendment sought. Federation however, received the sanction of law from the British Parliament, and, although my doubts about its wisdom and illiberal structure never lessened, I took the view that the scheme should be given a chance and

tested by experience. I hoped that, could a generous spirit guide the working of the constitution as a genuine 'partnership', Federation might become a workable system, which would remove African suspicions and fears and bring the African community into harmony with it. So far my hopes have been disappointed, and African opposition remains as strong as before. Nevertheless, Sir Roy Welensky is determined in his course—to eliminate London responsibility altogether and secure the sovereign independence of the Federation. He said just recently that independence cannot be withheld much longer. But, he added, it would be wise to await the outcome of the constitutional conference to be held in 1960.

There are in Britain to-day widespread doubts about the future of Central African Federation. Oddly enough, they are not due to any refusal by liberally minded people to believe that Federation could succeed. Nor are the doubts confined to those who reluctantly acquiesced in the political change and thought that experience would inevitably demonstrate how unwise and politically unsound the experiment was. Most people, in fact, recognize that under Federation there have been important economic developments; such misgivings as they have, come from insufficient signs that 'partnership' is a governing principle of policy. Conditions have not strikingly changed, it is said, since Federation was imposed, and African opinion remains to-day utterly hostile and without prospect of reconciliation. Sir Roy has felt compelled to complain that the loyalty of Africans is directed to London rather than to Salisbury, and Africans seem to value their 'protected' status above citizenship of the Federation. In fact, the predominant mood of Africans is still resentful and sullen, and their spokesmen demand that the Federation be dismantled. In the circumstances, there is no internal unity or conception of national purpose, though it is on these things that the good and orderly progress of the Federation towards sovereign independent statehood must rely.

This state of affairs has created a chorus of demand that the British Labour Party should proclaim its determined support of Federation and Sir Roy Welensky. The reason is clear. There is every prospect of there being a Labour Government in Britain after the General Election, an event likely to take place within two years and before 1960. Events cast their shadows backwards, and Sir Roy is uneasy about the response Labour

will give in 1960 to his request for sovereign independent status. Conservatives believe that Sir Roy and his policy would be strengthened and his path in Central Africa made easier if Labour would give uncompromising support to this request now. In fact, they urge the virtues of bi-partizanship in colonial affairs. They forget that Labour policies are based on principles of some value in public affairs and that there are issues enough on which they themselves vehemently oppose Labour. Presumably, in this matter of Central Africa, it would be convenient to all concerned, *except the Africans*, if Labour would declare—that unity in purpose by Britain is above all things desirable, that it agrees that Sir Roy is right in his demand that the next Labour Ministry should surrender all responsibility for Central Africa, and that the Party should reject decisively all its sentimental notions about protection and trust! Henceforth, it is suggested, perhaps Sir Roy will disguise his contempt for much of Labour's policy and his scorn for London and its Ministers. In truth, his abuse of Labour spokesmen serves no tactical ends!

The Labour Party however, is not likely to fall into the error of making any such declaration. The future of the Federation raises issues of the widest significance which are of much greater importance than any problems related purely to the communities in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. A Labour Government has a moral responsibility over a considerable field, and the extensive implications of that responsibility in regard to the larger issues of race relations and human rights cannot be shirked on grounds of short-term expediency in Central Africa.

The problem in Central Africa is the reconciliation of several races in its political life and the prevention of one or other community, *qua* community, from securing political domination. Such issues test Britain's intentions in respect of all emerging independent states in the Commonwealth, particularly the multi-racial territories. Her policy is felt and evaluated by non-European peoples everywhere. British policy in Central Africa will increase or decrease racial tensions, not only in that Continent, but well beyond it, and have a profound bearing upon international relations in the world for a long time to come. It will also have repercussions on the shape of the Commonwealth and the role of Britain in eliminating colonialism and pioneering with her dependencies a racially co-operative world. The work of Britain in helping to free from imperial bonds India, Burma, Ceylon, and recently, the West Indies,

Ghana, Nigeria, Malaya and other countries, would be overshadowed should Central Africa be surrendered to a European minority, and a final transfer of power made which fails to concede their rights to the non-Europeans and neglects the most complete guarantees for a political status as favourable as that enjoyed by the Europeans.

It is well, therefore, that Britain should straighten out her policy in respect of Central Africa, and persuade the European minority there that the interest of all lies in the existence of a well-founded democratic state. The surest means of entrenching independence will be a political system which commands the loyalty, good-will and co-operation of all the inhabitants of Central Africa. This will not be achieved if a large number of the Europeans in Rhodesia turn a half-regretful eye southwards to the land many of them have left, but whose conventions have become ingrained in their social and mental habits. The policy of the Union Government already embarrasses the Federal administration. The repercussions of its intolerable harshness and the re-actions to its doctrine of *apartheid* encourage suspicion and racial distrust throughout the Continent; so that, to the African, administrations outside the Union differ only in degree. Undoubtedly, a free state built upon foundations of justice and democratic principles for all its inhabitants would prove an effective guarantee of security and provide a strong barrier to the pernicious policies of the Union. It would deepen the spirit of independence and self-esteem in all its people. But to state this only emphasizes how far from attainment in Central Africa is 'partnership' between Europeans and Africans, the principles of co-operation between the races embodied in the preamble to the constitution and declared to be the basis of this great venture in statehood.

But the critic of Federation must be fair. It is hardly four years since the venture was launched. There were bound to be complicated difficulties in ushering in this new enterprise, in initiating its departments and finding experienced Ministers and officials. The pre-occupations of a new Government are many, apart from the replacement of one Prime Minister by another. In any case, there would be in the Federation insufficient opportunity in the time available to work out many phases of policy, to smooth out basic differences, unify earlier conceptions of race relations, and apply in all aspects of the Federation's life the idea of 'partnership' which had helped win

British consent to the experiment. The validity of these points should be acknowledged. At the same time, however, Sir Roy Welensky asks that independence should be conceded without much delay, before he has modified opposition to Federation by the majority of its inhabitants, or created confidence, or brought forward evidence of achievement to give support to the policy of 'partnership'. He is impatient and presses now for our judgment that Federation has so far succeeded and that his racial policies are bearing good fruit. He cannot reconcile himself to the fact that other territories are achieving independence and so outstripping the Federation. He requires us to trust our kin overseas to build a civilization in harmony with our best traditions, and he portrays himself as dedicated to the lofty purpose outlined in the preamble to the constitution. But the future of Federation cannot be settled by the British Parliament as an act of faith. The British public wants to see concrete accomplishments.

For Britain still has responsibilities and liabilities which she is obliged to respect if her honour is not further to be tarnished. The Prime Minister of the Federation knows as well as anybody the solemn trust which Britain must respect, and that this trust cannot be transferred to him without African consent. And it should not be forgotten that European settlers and miners entered the protected territories with full knowledge of what their status would be. Yet in spite of this, supervision over the Northern territories by the Government in London has been relatively slight and not the bogey of domineering Colonial Office rule which Sir Roy has created for his own purposes. The Prime Minister does his cause little good by appearing so over-anxious to be rid of the ultimate responsibility of the Secretary of State.

The evidence available must obviously be set against the difficult conditions under which the Prime Minister must work. He has undoubtedly to convince his Party and the Europeans in the Federation that the moral and practical merits of the policy of 'partnership' far outweigh those of the policy practised in South Africa. Unless he can do this, his political prospects are dim, and more reactionary forces will possess the government and use it to impose measures which have their inspiration in *apartheid*. Such a development would, of course, be an unmitigated disaster. It may be that the Federal Party leaders feel obliged to temper their speeches on African advancement

and race relations in order to win the plaudits of less enlightened electors, and that their real intentions are different. But do they really emphasize with sincerity the necessity for maintaining "civilized" standards regardless of colour? Do they really believe that political democracy should set no racial barriers to the number who can qualify for the rights of citizenship and for membership of political institutions?

The Federal Government is entitled to some credit for having encouraged the founding of the University College at Salisbury, even if at present African students have separate hostels and dining halls; for having removed some of the restrictions on public employment in the higher reaches of the civil service, and having brought citizenship within the grasp of protected persons. Protected status in the Northern territories will not be a disqualification for franchise enrolment. In Southern Rhodesia also, *apartheid* has been resisted, and the policy of segregation modified. The Pass Laws have not been repealed, but Africans in a few special categories may move with greater freedom. The Land Apportionment Act still causes the removal of hundreds of Africans from their holdings, and the Industrial Conciliation Acts still operate adversely for African industrial workers, but African trade union rights are under enquiry, and legislation respecting African membership of European trade unions is being considered. The limitations on skilled employment for non-whites remain, as do those on training and apprenticeship. Again, in Northern Rhodesia, while the colour bar still dominates allocation of work on the Copperbelt, Sir Ronald Prain has courageously forced open the door for the admission of selected Africans to more responsible and superior work, and has offered a Development Fund for improving the Northern territories. A Bill affecting racial discrimination in administration and social convention has also been passed, though much emaciated after the resistance it met. Yet the harvest for the cause of 'partnership' fails completely to satisfy African aspirations. Their gloom is unenlivened in the absence of bolder political strokes.

The citizenship concession has brought little enthusiasm to them because they have little desire, in the light of their continuing opposition to Federation, to alter their status as protected persons. And the removal of franchise disabilities from protected persons can only be real to them if the qualifications for, and the results of, the exercise of a vote are sufficiently

liberal. There is, moreover, the overshadowing fact that in the Federal Parliament the Europeans are strongly entrenched, and the Federal Government controls many major powers and all economic development. It is proposed now to enlarge the size of the Federal Assembly to increase proportionately the number of African seats. There will be eight seats reserved for Africans elected by all persons on the franchise roll, and there will be two Africans from each of the two Northern territories nominated by the Governor after indirect election from African Councils. The European members "representing African interests", elected by the top tier of the franchise roll in Southern Rhodesia and nominated by the Governor in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, will be retained.

The franchise issue is of fundamental importance, not only on the Federal, but also on the territorial, level. For certain of the African seats in the Federal Parliament, European votes will be in the majority, and in any case, the franchise roll will be of two tiers, with qualifications for the upper tier so high as to ensure complete European domination in all constituencies. The Prime Minister describes this as preserving the common roll while extending it downwards so as to put some Africans onto it. He proclaims the hope that his proposals will gradually eliminate purely racial representation—a hope assisted by another device by which, should an African be elected by some unlikely chance to one of the 44 seats in the Assembly, a deduction will be made, first from the number of seats reserved for elected Africans, then, when these are exhausted, from those for nominated Africans, and finally, from those of the Europeans representing African interests. The elimination of communal representation and of members elected for their race is a commendable thing when the political stage is reached for such a change, but a system which perpetuates European domination by disguised devices and hindrances to African participation and expression, must be regarded as vigorously illiberal.

But the political helplessness of Africans is not limited to the Federal political institutions. No African sits in the Southern Rhodesian Legislature, and African representation is no more than a helpless minority in the other two territories. Africans have no seat on the Governor's Executive Councils. Yet the doctrine of 'protection' is proclaimed for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and the governments of both territories exist primarily to protect the rights and promote the welfare of the

African populations. In the case of Southern Rhodesia, the franchise has recently been considered by the Tredgold Commission, and, as I write, proposals for a two-tier division of a common roll are being considered. Qualifications for the vote in Southern Rhodesia to-day are too high to admit many Africans to the register, and whatever prospect of enfranchising more Africans existed a few years ago, was quickly dispersed by putting the qualifications beyond their reach. The new proposals will make many more Africans eligible for the franchise, but give to their votes only a qualified value.

The frustration experienced by Africans in the two Protectorates might have been met by a new franchise law and by an alteration in the proportion of White-Black representation on the Legislative Councils. The reconstruction of these bodies is long overdue, and Africans are entitled to, at the very least, parity with Europeans in representation. The situation at the moment is intolerable, for direct African representation is withheld altogether from the Executive Council. It is not sufficient to accept the fact that in the initiation of policy the Governor and his officials on these bodies must act in accordance with the policy laid down by the Secretary of State. Nor can the situation in the Federation be justified, whereby no African sits on the Executive Council, and the African Affairs Board (on which three African representatives out of ten members sit) has not yet been brought into effective play to consider legislation as it affects Africans. All these disabilities emphasize to the African that his advance to a fair political system will depend on his own organization and struggle, that a democratic system may prove illusive because of the devices to protect European interests worked into the constitution, and that the final surrender by Britain of political power to the European minority, even with protections for the African embodied in treaties or entrenched clauses in the constitution, may confirm his subordination to European power.

Sir Roy has just been in London to discuss the advance in Federal status and prepare the way for independence. The Conservative Government agrees with him that he should have a permanent seat at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, that he should have direct access to the Queen, that he should appoint his own diplomats to courts overseas, and that the civil service should be transformed into a local one and the colonial officials steadily withdrawn.

But I do not think that the British Government can be very happy or complacent about the present situation. Some Ministers may think that African opposition will lessen as the virtues of Federation become more widely known and understood, but the frustrations they have suffered as a result of their political helplessness and the discriminations ringing them round have made the Africans bitterly hostile. And the bold implementation of a more liberal policy of genuine 'partnership' is unlikely now to decrease the tension or create a co-operative atmosphere. The outlook is serious and foreboding. The Africans insist that they have never agreed to having their country governed by European settlers, have never agreed that Federation should be imposed on them. They fear that 'partnership' is an empty flourish to hide a system which betrays their rights and their destiny.

One great obstacle has to be overcome by the Federal Prime Minister before independence can be conceded by Britain. When Federation was enacted, the Secretary of State assured Parliament that the constitution would under no circumstances be reviewed before seven years had passed. As for independence, he said it would be impossible to grant dominion status unless "there was a change in the constitution", and Her Majesty's Government would subject the constitution to all the safeguards necessary and take account of whether the majority of the inhabitants—all the inhabitants—were in favour of any altered status. He added: "It cannot take place with these safeguards until the authorities of the day are satisfied that the majority of the inhabitants so desire." That pledge has been renewed as recently as June of this year.

A Conference of the five Governments concerned is to be called in 1960. It will have no power to decide whether Central Africa should be dismembered and Federation abandoned; it can do no more than review the working of the Federal constitution and make such alterations in it as experience of its detailed working has shown to be necessary. The Secretary of State has said that any part of the working of the constitution, including racial representation, can come up for review. Unfortunately, the present constitution lays down that any change requires a two-thirds majority in the Federal legislature. In fact, the progressive political advancement of the Africans can only come about if the consent is obtained of a European Assembly in which at the moment only 9 out of a total of 35 members

represent African interests. As I see it, the British Parliament most unhappily parted with its power to amend when it passed the Federation Act, and put all future changes into the hands of the European community.

If, in the face of solid African opposition to Federation and demands for its dismemberment, the British Government finds itself unable to meet the requirement of sovereign independence which Sir Roy will advance, a first class crisis will occur within the Commonwealth. Certain of the Commonwealth nations will place themselves squarely behind the London Government, which will only be able to maintain its decision by employing stern measures. If, however, the British Government yields to the Federal Prime Minister, the situation will be worse, for it will then involve taking stern measures against the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Federation. The British Government will find itself betraying the high degree of trust and confidence reposed in it and the whole Commonwealth divided on support for African opinion. It is hoped that this is a hypothetical and unreal dilemma, which will in the end be avoided.

But it must be confessed that it will be difficult for any Government to unscramble the eggs which have been beaten to make Federation, or to disentangle the services and make three viable territories. Nyasaland has benefited by the distribution of federal revenues, and African services are being improved as a result. On the other hand, African fears are hardly allayed when they hear that development will proceed according to a European pattern in which their voice has never been given a hearing. Nor can their traditional rights remain unaffected as a result of profound economic changes over which they have no control.

It may be premature to pronounce upon the future of Federation before the next few critical years are over, but at least some steps should be taken without delay. The territorial and Federal franchise should be tackled now. The territorial Legislative Councils should be reconstructed, and parity of African representation conceded at this stage. Seats should immediately be given to Africans on all the Executive Councils. There should be a re-examination of Federal and territorial powers, in order that far greater responsibility may be exercised in the territories by the local governments. Such changes might help Africans to reconcile themselves to the Federal solution. Their demand for complete dismemberment of the Federation

will prove somewhat unrealistic now.

It is doubtful if the Federal Prime Minister himself regards the issue as already determined. His desire for a bi-partisan declaration, his awareness of the Commonwealth difficulties which would ensue if he forced the issue, his knowledge that African loyalty and co-operation have still to be won and unity secured, and the repetition by the British Government of its pledge that the consent of all the inhabitants must be obtained before independence can be conceded—all these factors indicate obstacles which will have to be surmounted. His anxieties will increase if his own followers prove more intransigent, and if the Africans show moderation and sound judgment in pursuing their objectives. And racialism is less of a vice among most African leaders than among the European population. Concessions to African opinion must be made, industrially and politically. The banning of Africans on the footplate, the restriction of their trade union rights, the bans placed upon their movement, such evidence of discrimination should be removed; and the increase in legislative representation, the granting of seats on the Executive Councils, the adoption of a straight-forward franchise in the Federation and the separate territories, are only a few of the measures which should brook no further delay.

And Africans must give themselves time to learn the workings of political institutions and the exercise of responsibility in territories where economic development is of first importance to themselves, no less than to the alien interests operating in them. A negative policy of Federal dismemberment is a desperate one at this stage and ought not to be seriously considered until all efforts at reform have proved unavailing. It may be that Federal politicians have said that genuine democracy will never come to Central Africa and that the most the 6,000,000 Africans can ever expect is to share half the power of government with 200,000 Europeans. But the British Government is unlikely to surrender the fate of these millions to so small a minority without the most effective security for African political advancement. If no future British Government would be in a position to restore the pre-1953 situation, it has not surrendered its powers altogether, and the critical period ahead gives opportunity for statesmanship which can greatly transform the present depressing outlook.

KAMPALA DIARY

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WALKING in the centre of Kampala you are beset by all the contrast, the bustle and collision that mark the growing new towns of Africa. Glass and concrete alternate with corrugated iron. The *basuti*, the sashed voluminous gown of the Baganda women, appears quite Victorian besides the sateen, bangles and wedge-heels you find at the ready on street-corners. Luganda, Gujerati and kitchen Swahili can all be heard in the space of five yards. You will see the features and bearing of every tribe in Uganda and a good many from beyond; Hindus, Moslems, Goans, English; an American tourist or two; some Italians, some Swiss; you may even see Ernest Hemingway by the Imperial Hotel, treading man's road between tusk and martini. The day is bright, the heat not overpowering, the streets thronged, hooting and vivid. In the shade of a barber-shop three buckled placards stare—the Queen, the Aga Khan, and the Kabaka.

Kampala is built, they tell you, on seven hills. I always count nine or ten, but certain and salient are those bearing the Roman Catholic and Anglican cathedrals—fittingly dominant in a town where the early wars between Catholics and Protestants still reverberate in politics. Kabuli, the hill of the mosque, faces them across the valley, and when the three buildings are floodlit on great occasions, the white minarets of the mosque float like the Heavenly City, while the red-brick cathedrals take on the tinge of Sodom and Gomorrah. Between are two lower hills. On one, surrounded by a high, elaborately woven grass fence, stands the Kabaka's palace; on the other, a fort. The site was chosen by Lugard.

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Imperium in imperio signifies the status of the four kingdoms of Uganda, of which Buganda is the richest and the weightiest politically. That there should be four, together with numerous other groupings—peoples, tribes, language stocks—is the factor working most against the growth of a united African political movement in Uganda. The Uganda National Congress, powerful as it is, is concentrated in Buganda and cannot approach the

position of dominance enjoyed, for example, by the C.P.P. in Ghana. Smaller parties such as Mulira's Progressive Party have a good many ideas (the policy of the U.N.C. is rudimentary) but little strength; and neither Musazi nor Kiwanuka, the dominant figures in the U.N.C., has anything like the overriding *charisma* of a man like Nkrumah.

Uganda unity requires one of two things, if not both—an Nkrumah as leader or a Strijdom as Governor. Lacking the former, the U.N.C. seems of late to have pinned its hopes on the latter; and the new Governor, Sir Frederick Crawford, is watched, and his record picked clean, for any evidence of settlerism, of favour for East African Federation, of *putting on the brakes*. His South African wife, his career in Kenya, his public demeanour, anything that may afford hope of a tyrant, is earnestly attended upon. That there isn't likely to be a great deal to seize hold of is a tribute to British intentions here, and the search itself is a comment of some irony upon history and politics in Africa. The Security Branch, it is true, continues to be alarmed by vigorous advocacy of self-government, but this is really a matter of finding an agreed language—a problem that has occupied governors and editors in other countries and for longer periods. The latest news, moreover, is of concession, not rigidity: direct elections are now to be extended throughout Uganda three years earlier than was formerly planned, bringing the rest of the country into line with Buganda at the centre.

Sir Frederick does seem prepared to put at least the minute hand of the clock back in one way. He and Lady Crawford began appearing early on at segregated functions and patronizing segregated institutions—a golf club, a swimming-bath, a banquet. One does not feel that the new Governor accedes to this kind of demand out of any deliberate intention to slight or in order to uphold a principle. As an old colonial hand he simply knows of no other way to behave. But at such functions in Sir Andrew Cohen's time, the large amount of space unoccupied by the Governor was a rather conspicuous part of the proceedings. Cohen was a man whose absence could be felt; and though by sticking to his principles he lost the support of the stiffer-backed Europeans in his own administration, without gaining much favour with the mass of the people, he nevertheless won as a man the respect and liking of a large number of individuals, including, very unofficially, many of the more extreme nationalists. And this regard survived even the Kabaka's

deposition and the stoning of the Governor's car.

Perhaps a word is necessary here on the colour bar. There is legally none at all, as there has not been since 1922. In hotels, restaurants, bars and cinemas, one may see all three races mingling, though there isn't as yet very much companionship. In Kampala there are one or two all-white places of entertainment. There is a hotel with a swimming-bath which poses as a club (you can get in for sixpence if your skin is the right shade). There is a night-club whose one claim to glory is that Prince Aly Khan was refused admission there (he had to fly on to London and console himself at the Savoy). And there is, crowning what is undoubtedly one of the seven hills, the same crumbling bastion that you find from Lagos to Zanzibar—the European Club. Here it is called the Top Club, to distinguish it from its multi-racial rival down the hill. There is a not easily definable air about such places; some are shabby, some are still plush, but all are unmistakably on the skid, and even the crispest table-cloth seems conscious of it. Though the strong shift in social emphasis initiated by the Cohens seems due to suffer a slackening or even a check now, it is a matter of small conjecture how much longer the Top Club will justify its title or even continue, in its present form, to exist.

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Entebbe, the centre of government—a quiet place by the enormous lake—and Kampala, the centre of commerce, are twenty miles apart, a humming half-hour on an excellent road. You have an imposing view of Kampala as you come over the final hill from the south, but the approach is mutilated for the sensitive colonial servant by a social, political and architectural excrescence known as Katwe. Katwe ruins that excellent road. It is a shabby, straggling, iron village-become-suburb which seems to express its personality in two things: bananas and printing-presses. Since *matoke*, a preparation from green bananas that tastes like yam gone slightly sour, is the staple diet of the Baganda, the banana-market in Katwe has a certain symbolic significance. The printing-presses have a significance a great deal more practical. They look as if they were designed by Benjamin Franklin, but they are the voice of African nationalism. Here smudged vernacular sheets with names like "Flash of Dawn" appear, are suppressed, and phoenix into being again under a different name. The headquarters (one above the

other) of the Progressive Party and the Uganda National Congress are to be found in Katwe. Meeting, discussion, intrigue, manoeuvre, argument, all the energy and activity of rising political consciousness, are concentrated in Katwe. The Security Branch distrusts the place, and the authorities neglect it. Its one street has been given a coat of tar recently; what it needs more is a public library and a debating-hall. The world gives this village little attention, but Katwe may yet command it.

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Katwe is not placed on one of the seven hills—or on any hill. Makerere, the University College of East Africa, very decidedly is. Makerere Hill is on the other side of town, but you may find your way to Katwe from there if you try. Katwe has already found its own way to Makerere—under college auspices last year an extra-mural course for party-political organizers took place, with field-work that involved the holding of street-corner meetings on actual political issues. There was a rather stiff fluttering of quills in the security offices, but the course took place, and some of the lecturers were Government servants. To a South African this kind of thing is beyond comprehension, but it happens in Uganda. Makerere, though it is distrusted already by Whites, especially in Kenya, would do well to make more contact with its surroundings in such ways as this.

Life in the college is organized along the lines of an English residential university, but since Makerere hasn't nearly the resources of, say, Achimota, progress is slower and amenities less. The strong leavening and sophisticating effect that a large body of non-African students would have, is lacking. But the college is expanding rapidly, the few Europeans, Asians, Goans, and Africans from Zanzibar and Nyasaland as well as from Kenya and Tanganyika, give it an "open" and unisular character, and a very large and very necessary programme goes forward. Makerere's principal function is to turn out an administrative and technological élite ready to provide the structure of government and commerce in East Africa in the future. As far as Uganda is concerned, self-government is impossible without such a corps; yet self-government is the expressed intention of all parties to the debate. It seems a pity that Katwe and Makerere do not come more often together. The college has much to offer, not least an assemblage of experts whose advice would greatly benefit any party policy committee.

A nationalist movement with little policy or patience, a government with rather ponderously enough of both—this is the classic British colonial situation to-day. But in Uganda there is a third force—it is the force of the Buganda Establishment—the force of the King, his Court, and his (for it is still his) *Lukiko*. The Kabaka is a force himself—a small but very erect figure with a cane, a Saville Row suit, an English voice astonishingly English, and the demeanour, quite unaffectedly, of a King. To see a group of Baganda fall to their knees as he passes arouses no democratic protest, in me at any rate. They smile and chat to him, kneeling, with the respectful ease of men who are assured of things, as in the days when kingdoms were. One can imagine the Kabaka in war—“a little touch of Harry” at the garden-party, if not in the night, is very much the kind of effect his passage exerts on his subjects, even on those who are prominent in Congress. But sooner or later Congress and Kabaka will be at odds. The policy of the Establishment is simple—kingship. The Kabaka is a King, and a King is unshackled, whether it be by the British while they are here, or by the legacy of “constitutional monarchy” when they are gone. To a statesman of the Buganda court indeed, “constitutional monarchy” is a phrase about as comprehensible as it would have been to any of his counterparts in the Middle Ages.

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Kampala is well served by the international airport of Entebbe close by. Thus you may listen to Julius Katchen, trapped on his way to Johannesburg, performing on the grand piano purchased, imported and maintained by the Uganda Musical Association for such high purposes. Outside of music, however, life is a little narrow for Europeans. Only by breaking the caste habit can you discover Kampala in all its singularity—and beauty. You can go to naked concrete dance-halls where the regular followers of the art carry hip-flasks of gin to lace their beer. You can visit quiet shaded bars where the Goan mechanics will attempt to engage your scorn against “these bloody Indians.” You can go to a Baganda wrestling contest—Cumberland style—with plenty to drink and drummers to encourage the contestants. You can attend a musicale at an Indian home; a fine, easy, personal, old-world affair, where any of the ladies may slip off her sandals to join the musicians on the floor and sing; where the children sit heavy-eyed—unless they are given the chance

to play the drums—until the last guest has departed; where the drone of the *tamboura* and the whining of the *sitar* are pointed by the lugubrious little drums called *tabla*; where girls dance with ochred palms and the petulant spot between the eyes, majestically to the ancient rhythms. But this, too, will go, as the West rolls over Africa—bringing marketing-boards, parliaments, and ultimately, one supposes, television. Kampala is still a town of three peoples, but the ways of the smallest group—the Europeans—seem destined to shape the future. How much will be gained, and how much lost, will only be fully measured afterwards.



ISRAEL AND AFRICA

E. BEN-HORIN

An Israeli Expert on African and Middle Eastern Affairs

WHEN the colonial Gold Coast this year became sovereign Ghana, amidst joyous celebrations attended by messengers of goodwill from all over the globe, many Israelis heaved retrospective sighs of envy thousands of miles away. They recalled, by comparison, their own transition from tutelage to independence some nine years earlier. The Gold Coast had been evacuated by the British Colonial Government, if not enthusiastically, at least with excellent grace. For years constitutional and administrative preparation had smoothed the way step by step. In Palestine, on the other hand, the Mandatory Government had left in a manner that spread the almost general suspicion of a sinister design to create such chaos as would lead to an early return of British troops. In Accra, on the 6th of March, 1957, high-ranking emissaries of scores of nations, large and small, stood smiling godfathers at the Ghanaian cradle, vying with each other in the showering of gifts and blessings. Around Jerusalem, on the 14th of May, 1948, five Arab armies were converging to strangle Israel at birth, while the rest of the world stood by fascinated, gloating or anxious, but practically motionless.

The circumstances attending Israel's establishment determined the development of her international relationships. Her immediate neighbours—Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon—would normally have been her closest natural partners in economic, cultural and political exchanges for mutual benefit. For a short while, indeed, soon after the Arab war against Israel was brought to an end by a series of Armistice Agreements, hopes in Israel were high for an early, full peace settlement and for the beginning of a new era in the Middle East. But disillusion followed quickly as vociferous Arab leaders erected their barriers of boycott and threatened the early resumption of war. As the prospect of peace receded, Israel's overriding policy objective became the safeguarding of her national security. To achieve this in a reasonable measure, Israel knew she had to increase her population rapidly by immigration (which anyhow coincided with a trend among Jews in various lands); develop

her economic resources with utmost speed (which large-scale immigration made imperative in any case); and devote the greatest attention to those nations, far and near, who were able and willing to contribute to her physical security—militarily, economically and politically.

Yet Israel has always been conscious of her position—in cultural history as well as in geopolitics and in economic matters—at the junction of the Asian and African continents. Her earliest communal experiences in antiquity were in Mesopotamia (now Iraq) and in Egypt. From the area around her she absorbed considerable cultural influences. She radiated back even stronger ones through her biblical teachings, which formed the basis not only of Christianity, but also of Islam. The record of history shows that her trade moved in two directions: along the Eastern Mediterranean coast to her north, and southwards through the Gulf of Eilat to Ethiopia, Arabia and into the Indian Ocean. After her recent national rebirth, her intercourse with the peoples on her periphery blocked, she has not hesitated to reach beyond the wall of hostility to contact her neighbours' neighbours. In Asia this has meant Turkey, Iran and the nations of South and East Asia. Success has been significant, though not without exceptions. In Africa, quite apart from her friendly and many-sided relationship with the Union of South Africa, it involved making herself better known to the independent and nearly independent non-White peoples of the continent.

Israel's first modern political experience in Africa was with nascent Libya, when, in 1949, the so-called Bevin-Sforza plan came before the United Nations. Under this plan Libya, which had been lost by Italy through the war, would remain under international tutelage for a period of ten years, after which time she would presumably be fully prepared for the privileges and responsibilities of independent statehood. Defeat of the plan at the U.N. would mean immediate independence. It soon became evident that the advocates of continued tutelage and those of immediate independence were exactly matched. Israel was thus faced with a grave dilemma. Her vote would be decisive. Libya's population is almost exclusively Moslem, and her proximity to Egypt was likely to facilitate the spread of Egyptian influence there, at least during Libya's early hesitant strides onto the international scene. And Egypt was the mainstay of the fiercely anti-Israel Arab League. An independent

Libya might, therefore, be of rather doubtful value to Israel. On the other hand, Israel was quite newly independent herself. She was in sympathy, as a matter of principle, with any movement for national liberation as such. Moreover, she wished to demonstrate her good intentions to the Moslem world and even to the Arab states themselves. Libya could provide the opportunity. Not much gratitude was expected, but who knows, so went the argument, perhaps goodwill might be reciprocated, or, at least, moderation encouraged. Thus Israel cast her vote against the Bevin-Sforza plan and helped establish an additional Arab state. To many it came as something of a shock when not long afterwards Libya joined the Arab League and faithfully endorsed the League's intransigent hostility to Israel.

The case of Libya with its moral is too easily forgotten to-day by Arab propagandists in both Asia and Africa, who accuse Israel of not joining in the "struggle against colonialism," whether in North Africa or elsewhere. Nobody need exhort Israel on the principle of anti-colonialism. The long record of suffering of the Jewish people and Israel's own hard struggle for freedom from foreign bondage are deeply engraved into her political consciousness. However, we have no less an authority than India's Mr. Nehru, that great arbiter of political morality, for the statement that although "ideological urges play some part . . . in the final analysis, all foreign policy concerns itself chiefly with the national interest." (*The National Herald*, Lucknow, India, August 1956.) Every nation's first interest is national survival. Israel, besieged, boycotted, blockaded and threatened as she is, could not entertain any thought of furthering Colonel Nasser's own dreams of Empire in the abused name of anti-colonialism.

Early in 1956, Israel took another minor step of goodwill toward a newly independent Arab nation in Africa. The Sudan had just gained sovereign statehood, and Egyptian and some pro-Egyptian Sudanese papers reported that a message of congratulations had been received in Khartoum from the Israel Government, but that the Sudanese would disdain to reply to a state which in Arab eyes did not exist. Many Israelis see something like poetic justice in the fact that in recent months both Libya and the Sudan have expelled Egyptian diplomatic representatives for subversive activities and have in general greatly cooled toward a Cairo whose protestations of friendship have become suspect by the ample evidence of tireless plotting.

Israelis have also welcomed signs that such Moslem states in Africa as Morocco and Tunisia are realizing that their own interests and those of Nasser's Egypt do not necessarily coincide. Israelis have appreciated the fact that Tunisia's Mr. Habib Bourguiba last year sent a strong delegation to participate in an agricultural congress in Israel; they take this as evidence of his independent approach to some Middle Eastern problems.

Israel's main efforts in Africa, however, have been directed towards those nations of West and East Africa who were not inherently prejudiced against her on religious or racial grounds. She started somewhat late, but has already made significant strides towards fruitful contacts in the commercial, technical and cultural fields, and seems to have obtained a fair measure of understanding in political matters. In West Africa, Israel's trade in both directions started barely three years ago and, while still worth only a few million dollars last year, is on a steep incline. Imports of fine woods for Israel's plywood industry, of cocoa and of various oils, come from Nigeria and Ghana. Exports of cement, cars and other industrial products are sent in return there, and also to French Africa. Trade is likely to develop much further now that Israel's main shipping line has initiated a regular frequent service through the Mediterranean and Dakar to ports as far as Point Noir. The economies of Israel and most of the countries of that area are easily complementary, and, recognizing the potentialities of trade, if prices and quality are competitive, a West Africa Trade Corporation has recently established itself in Israel with the Government's encouragement.

However, Israel is also active in West Africa in economic spheres other than trade. On her own soil, she has had the unique task of providing economic nourishment out of what was essentially desert, swamp and eroded mountain, for a population doubling and doubling again, and yet again, all within less than a generation. These tasks have produced reserves of original experience and advanced skill in such fields as large-scale popular housing, in soil-conservation and water uses, in co-operative farming and marketing, in technical and vocational training, in public health, and in a considerable range of other matters, all of which are of vital interest to many rapidly developing countries in the two formerly "colonial" continents. In Liberia, with which official relations are at present still on the "popular" level, Israel's firms have secured—on an internation-

ally competitive basis—interesting contracts for urban construction. With Ghana, Israel's relationship is already of a much wider scope. It has always been a cardinal point of Israel's policy to offer to share the specialized experience which it has been her good fortune to accumulate, often through trial and error, with nations interested in it. Not all, or even most, of the new African and Asian States, are interested. Israel's Arab neighbours, of course, would rather cut their noses to spite their faces. Other countries wish to combine economic and technical co-operation with economic aid, which Israel, being at the receiving end herself, is far from able to provide. In at least two cases, however, those of Burma in South-East Asia and now Ghana in West Africa, the recent development of Israel seems to have fired the imagination of top-ranking leaders and awakened the desire to look to Israel on a significant scale for what may suit their own immediate tasks. In both cases an ideological affinity may have been initially responsible, for in both countries, as in Israel, the labour movement plays a decisive part in political and economic life. Israel's contacts with Ghana are, however, of much shorter standing than those with Burma. Less than two years ago, the first unofficial, though prominent, visitors from the then Gold Coast and their Israeli hosts seem to have impressed each other rather well. In November, 1956, Israel established a Consulate in Accra and raised it to an Embassy after Ghana's independence. Her Minister for Commerce and Industry, a high-ranking member of the Cabinet, led her delegation to the Independence celebrations in Accra last March and discussed opportunities for economic co-operation. He also announced the permanent establishment of three one-year scholarships in Israel for advanced Ghanaian students. Since then, the Government of Ghana has published news of the projected establishment of a joint shipping-line with Israel, operations to start very modestly, as did Israel's own, now flourishing, merchant fleet. A number of Israelis, experts in their fields, have already been invited to serve Ghana in various capacities. A youth delegation from Accra is, at the time of writing, on its way for a study tour of labour institutions in Israel. In view of the tasks confronting Ghana; of the determination of her leaders and their devotion to those tasks; of the common ideological ground she shares with Israel; and of Israel's own lively official and popular interest in Ghana, the present relationship between the two countries should,

by the nature of things, steadily grow and spread in the clear, enlightened self-interest of both. The trend will, of course, be confined within the physical limits of what they can usefully mean to each other. Compared to the role that some large powers are likely to play in Ghana's development, Israel's contribution must needs be modest. It may nevertheless be qualitatively remarkable.

Not long ago, a very average Israeli expressed in an Accra newspaper a hankering after pen-pals from Ghana. He had hoped for half-a-dozen answers. Within a week he was flooded with more than one hundred and fifty airmailed replies, most of which had been obviously prompted by a specific desire to have a pen-friend in Israel and not just someone anywhere abroad.

In East Africa, Israel's closest non-Moslem neighbour is Ethiopia. Not much is known about contacts in antiquity between the ancient Kingdom of Judah and Ethiopia; there was probably some small regular trade through the Red Sea and the Gulf of Eilath. Legend, however, abounds and has provided a certain sentimental undertone to the modern relationship. According to Ethiopian tradition, the Ethiopian Imperial house descends from a liaison between King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; the Imperial Seal to-day is still the Lion of Judah. Also, there lives in Ethiopia a sizable Jewish community, the Falashas. Outwardly hardly distinguishable from their Coptic fellow Ethiopians, this very old community maintains that it came from ancient Judah after the destruction of the First Temple, over 2,500 years ago. Probably the more correct view is that they are Ethiopians who at some time, centuries ago, embraced Judaism *en masse*, but they too add to that unusual undertone. In more recent times, Israel's contact with Ethiopia has been almost continuous. The Abyssinian Coptic Church has considerable property in Jerusalem. So has the Imperial family. When his country was invaded by Italy in 1935, Emperor Hailie Sellassie's first refuge was Jerusalem, from whence he eventually went to London. He is a figure known to quite a few veteran Israelis, and he, in turn, has become acquainted with the aspirations of the Jewish Community of what was then Palestine. Since the liberation of Ethiopia in the war, a few Israelis have held government appointments in Addis Ababa. However, it was only in the spring of 1956, after the visit of senior Israeli officials to the Emperor had paved the way, that relations at the level of Consuls-General,

i.e., still short of full diplomatic ties, were established. There they rest at present. It would seem that Ethiopia's political relationship with Israel is not unconnected with her position *vis-a-vis* Egypt. Lying astride the Blue Nile, Ethiopia is deeply affected by any scheme concerning the future use of the Nile waters. By the same token, she figures prominently in Colonel Nasser's ambitions of expansion. Cairo radio has repeatedly vilified the Emperor and his government. One such broadcast (July 18, 1955) called Ethiopia "a country which, like a whore, has sold all its treasures to give pleasure . . . to the imperialists and their dark scheming." Matters have gone so far that earlier this year the Emperor himself found it necessary to denounce publicly Egypt's meddling in her internal affairs. Nasser's military attaché in Addis Ababa was recently expelled. Ethiopia and the present government of Egypt would, therefore, seem to be at serious loggerheads. At the same time, there may be—judging by outward appearances—a feeling in Addis Ababa that one should be careful not to provide Cairo with material for subversive propaganda among Ethiopia's 3-4 million Moslems.

Meanwhile there is lively contact in practical fields. Israel's imports from Ethiopia are large, amounting to nearly 5 per cent. of that country's total exports. An Israeli firm owns and operates a meat packing plant processing 95 per cent. of Ethiopia's export meat. Exports from Israel, though much smaller, have already increased fourfold in as many years. With the establishment of freedom of shipping in the Gulf of Eilat, a small fleet of merchant vessels goes regularly to and fro. It also goes southwards to the ports of British East Africa, where trade with Israel is minor but not without potentialities.

The steady growth, in quantity and quality, of Israel's ties with the African continent is an end in itself. Allowed and encouraged to develop, these ties can only be of solid gain to the countries sharing them. They will provide Israel with an opportunity to make a modest but not unworthy contribution to the fulfilment of some of the economic and social tasks facing new nations. Finally, they should be another step in showing the futility of the Arab attempt to erect a wall of isolation around Israel. They might thereby ultimately help make wiser and more constructive counsels prevail in Cairo, Damascus and elsewhere, and thus further, however small the prospects may appear to-day, the return of peace at last to the Middle East.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE

II: TRADITIONAL POETRY

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IN the Introduction to his *Zulu-Kafir Dictionary* (1857), the Rev. J. L. Döhne, Missionary to the American Board, writes as follows:

"Some have expected to find much poetry among the Zulu-Kafirs, but there is, in fact, none. Poetical language is extremely rare, and we meet with only a few pieces of prose. The Zulu nation is more fond of 'ukuhlabela', i.e., singing, and engage more in 'ukuvuma amagama ezinkosi,' i.e., singing the praises of the chiefs, than any other Kafir tribe. But their capabilities in this respect are very limited. The highest song of praise for their king is composed of a few hyperbolic expressions. Other specimens consist of the frequent repetition of one sentence . . . regarding some object, such as a cow, a dog, a dance, a girl, repeated in a singing voice—or they are a mere imitation of a roaring war noise, that of a wild savage animal, of the clashing of shields or spears. But nothing like poetry or song exists—no metre, no rhyme, nothing that interests or soothes the feelings or arrests the passions—no admiration of the heavenly bodies, or taste for the beauties of creation. We miss the cultivated mind which delights in seizing on these subjects and embodying them in suitable language."

According to his own account of himself, Döhne worked for ten years amongst the Xhosa-speaking people in the Eastern Cape before going to Zululand. His dictionary was published after ten years of work amongst the Zulu-speaking, that is, after twenty years of work amongst several peoples who spoke one or other of the mutually intelligible Nguni dialects. There can be no doubt that during that period Döhne acquired a working knowledge of Nguni in general, and of Zulu in particular. His flat denial of the existence of poetry amongst the Zulu-speaking people can therefore be attributed not to a lack of understanding of the language, but to his conception of poetry. This conception is implied, rather than stated. Apparently, on looking for trochees, dactylic hexameters, iambic pentameters, rhyme schemes, etc., and not finding them, Döhne would have forgiven the Zulu bards if at least they had composed some poems dealing directly with the stars, the moon, and the milky way. Having looked for these in vain, he concludes that there is no poetry. In Döhne's pronouncement one is reminded of that attitude, so well described by Otto Jespersen, of "men fresh from grammar-school training" towards language. To these men,

"no language would seem really respectable that had not four or five distinct cases and three genders, or that had less than five tenses and as many moods in its verbs. Accordingly, such poor languages as had either lost much of their original richness in grammatical forms . . . or had never had any, . . . so far as one knew, . . . were naturally looked upon with something of the pity bestowed on relatives in reduced circumstances, or the contempt felt for foreign paupers."

Watts-Dunston defines poetry as "the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Accepting this definition, as we do, for our present purpose, we find that in the indigenous languages of Southern Africa, including Zulu, there is a wealth of traditional poetry covering, in its subject-matter, the whole range of human experience and emotion—of the young child excited about the "funny" movements of the frog, or curious about the timid little bird that hops and flutters about from twig to twig; of the youth in the joys and pangs of love; of the vigorous hunter or warrior; of the aging man longing to rest with his fathers in the land of the spirits; of the clan or tribe reliving its past tribulations and triumphs, etc.

These emotional experiences are expressed communally in song, speech and action. There is therefore a strong dramatic element, and to draw a dividing line between the lyrical and the dramatic is impossible. We can, however, make two divisions, namely, *lyric and dramatic verse*, which includes nursery rhymes and jingles and all the various kinds of songs, e.g., love-songs, work-songs, hunting-songs, war-songs, etc., and *praise-poems*. The latter is a *genre* for which no exact parallel is to be found either in classical or in modern Western poetry. In spirit, content and form, it partakes of the features of the epic on the one hand, and of those of the ode on the other. In general, Bantu traditional poetry has much in common with Hebrew poetry. There is no "regular metre" in the classical sense, but there is marked rhythm achieved, *inter alia*, by means of balance of thought.

LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC VERSE

In some songs, the words are more important than the tune, while in others there is little or no meaning in the "words." Generally in a song there is a leader and a chorus. If the words are very important, they fit into the part sung by the leader, and the chorus takes up a refrain, either in some meaningful word or words related to the main theme, or in meaningless, monosyllabic ejaculations like the English *fa la la* or *yo ho ho!*

In the following love-song, the Xhosa girl yearns for an

absent lover:

*The far-off mountains hide you from me,
While the nearer ones overhang me;
Would that I had a heavy sledge
To crush the mountains near me;
Would that I had wings like a bird
To fly over those farther away.*

The Xhosa young man who looks forward to meeting the girl he loves after a strenuous day's work apostrophizes her as follows:

*Shade wherein I rest when I am weary,
Fount whereof I drink when I am thirsty.*

The prospect of a mother-in-law is seldom a pleasant one. The Hlubi girl who would rather continue to enjoy her youthful freedom than get married, sings appealingly:

*Alas!
No more daydreams, tall proud maiden!
O father! O mother!
Why marry me off so young?
Think of her who is not my mother,
How is she likely to handle me?*

But there is the other Hlubi girl, to whom even the prospect of a cruel mother-in-law pales into insignificance as she realizes how fast she herself is aging:

*Come, it is late in the day!
All those of my age are married,
And now I wander, wander all alone.
Hold back the sun that it may not go down
Without carrying the news (of my betrothal to some one).*

The song of the aging maid is highly dramatic. As they sing, the leader and the chorus hold their hands appealingly to one side, and they sway their hips from side to side with graceful modesty. Meanwhile the young men, who hum the bass softly in sympathy, walk slowly in a row along the line of girls and gaze tenderly into the face of each one, especially that of the leader.

But the very next day, these young men might be miles away from these scenes of love, out in the wilds after big game, and

some of them might never return. As they left the royal place, they used to announce their departure on such an expedition with a hunting-song. One of these is a famous buffalo-hunt song, versions of which are to be found amongst the Hlubi and the Zulu:

Ye ha he! Ye ha he!
A mighty whirlwind, the buffalo!
Make for your homes, you who fear him.
They chase them far! They chase them near!
As for us, we smite the lively ones
And we leave the wounded alone.
Ye ha he! Ye ha he!
A mighty whirlwind, the buffalo!

The Zulu warriors used to salute their king as follows:

Bayede!
Thou art the heavens,
Thou, elephant-born!

But the kings had ideas of a heaven elsewhere—a life of peace and quiet in the land of the spirits of their royal ancestors. So to these ancestors they used to offer the following prayer:

Hear thou, O King, tallest among the tall!
Offspring of Mandondo Gumede, most beautiful!
I linger here to beg of thee, first-born:
Let us weave us a rope, O 'Mandi, son of Jama,
And go to heaven where the evil may not climb,
For should they try, they break their tiny toes.

The idiom, style and technique of the traditional lyric are easily adaptable to new conceptions. We have evidence of this in a Xhosa hymn composed by Ntsikana, the first convert to Christianity. Ntsikana was completely illiterate. Before he was converted, he was a diviner and a great leader of dance and song. The hymn that he composed was accompanied by dancing and singing in the traditional manner:

Thou great God that dwellest in Heaven,
Thou art the shield, the stronghold of truth;
'Tis Thou, and Thou alone, that dwellest in the highest,
Thou the maker of life and the skies,
Thou the maker of the sparse and clustered stars,
As the shooting-star doth proclaim.

*The horn soundeth aloud, calling us
 To Thee, great Hunter, Hunter of souls,
 Who maketh one herd of friend and foe,
 All covered and sheltered under Thy cloak.
 Thou art the little Lamb, Mesiyas,
 Whose hands are wounded with nailing,
 Whose feet are wounded with nailing;
 Thy blood that streameth for ever and ever
 For the sake of us men was shed.*

PRAISE-POEMS

To the Bantu-speaking Southern Africans, the praise-poem is their proudest artistic possession. It is in this *genre* that the greatest possibilities of a Bantu language as a medium of literary expression are to be found.

The subject of a praise-poem may be a nation, a tribe, a clan, a person, an animal, or a lifeless object. The poem may be party narrative, or partly or wholly descriptive. It abounds in epithets, very much like the Homeric ones, and the language in general is highly figurative.

The bard, who was both composer and public reciter, was versed in tribal history and lore, as well as being witty. He held a position of honour in his community. It was therefore the greatest ambition of every boy to be at least a public reciter, if not a composer. In fact, every boy was expected at the very least to be able to recite his own praises, those of the family bull, those of the favourite family cow, even if composed by someone else, and was also expected to know the traditional praises of certain species of animals and birds. Any boy who lacked these accomplishments was held in contempt by the men as well as by other boys.

Rubusana's anthology of Xhosa praise-poems includes the "praises" of a boy who knew *Rhini* (Grahamstown), *Qonce* (King William's Town) and *Tinarha* (Uitenhage). On finding at these work centres that all the men had to be at work in the morning at six o'clock, the boy composed a poem in "praise" of himself:

*A mighty bell is six o'clock!
 I went to Rhini and found the men
 Driven by six o'clock;
 I went to Qonce and found the men
 Toiling at six o'clock;*

*Back at Tinarha I found the men
Bullied by six o'clock.*

The boy is obviously having a dig at the men. He is amazed and amused to discover that there are places in the world where these supposed "gods" are so helpless and powerless as to be enslaved by a mysterious sound named 'Six O'clock'! His literary effort may seem puerile, but in essence the conception here is not different from that of the "machines of the mines" that enslave "the tribes of the Black One" in Vilakazi's poem. But there is something more. In suggesting that he himself is 'Six O'clock', the boy is cleverly insinuating that he is mightier than any man in the community.

In the experience of the present writer, the tradition of the praise-poem is strongest amongst the Hlubi. Now scattered all over Southern Africa, the Hlubi were once upon a time the most powerful of the Nguni tribes. Their power was broken after the death of the legendary Bhungane. Of the sons of Bhungane the most famous was Mpangazitha (Despoiler-of-the-enemy), who held his own section of the Hlubi together for a long time in the era of Shaka. His downfall was brought about by internal quarrels. Betrayed by one of his half-brothers, he was defeated and killed by the Ngwane chief, Matiwane, on the banks of the Caledon.

Every clan among the Hlubi has its own praises. These make reference to heroic incidents in the history of the particular clan. The language is very hyperbolic, and "the sea" often means nothing more than a big river. From their praises, it is clear that the Hlubi tribe consisted of once independent clans who came together under various circumstances, thus swelling the numbers of some magnificent chief.

In order to join the Hlubi, the Masingila clan had to fight their way across one of the big rivers that flow into the Indian Ocean. They slew so many of the enemy that the water turned red. They are therefore praised as follows:

*Beautiful as the blades of grass in summer
They came, from the seas, the blood-red sea,
That mighty river unfordable to men,
Crossed only by swallows, because they have wings.*

The Rhadebe clan, whose brave sons are always ready to lay down their lives in defence of their homes:

*They whose gates are not barred with poles,
But barred with the heads of warrior-men.*

The Nozulu clan, whose daughters are famous for their beauty:

*The beautiful Nguni of the Mother-of-the-heavens,
Who came fresh and beautiful as the cornfields in autumn,
Smooth and bright as the round stones of the river.*

In this last one, the Hlubi pay compliments to the mother of the famous Mpangazitha. She belonged to this clan. The legend is that her people came as refugees to the Hlubi. In order to enter Hlubi territory, they had to cross a big river. To make sure that they should be welcome, the parents decided to dress all the beautiful girls as attractively as possible and let them go ahead of the rest of the group. The girls crossed the river and took a path through the cornfields. It was autumn. When the Hlubi saw these young women emerge from the fields, their admiration knew no bounds. "As beautiful as the cornfields themselves!" exclaimed one. "As smooth as the stones of the river they have just crossed!" observed another.

When the rest of the fugitives saw how kindly the girls were received, they decided to follow. On reaching the royal place, they were told, "If you are related to such beautiful young women, you cannot be bad people. We welcome you!" Mpangazitha's mother was a descendant of the leader of this fugitive clan.

So much for the praises of clans. We now proceed to give extracts from the praises of the chiefs.

The praises of Mpangazitha, leader of the Hlubi:

*The Despoiler-of-the-enemy, kinsman of Jobe,
He is the clearing-and-frowning skies,
A thunderer like the heavens above,
Ever smiting man, but never decried;
He is the thudding myriads of Zikode and Dlomo
That came thudding amidst the land,
Till all the nations quaked with fear;
He is the wielder of the brain-weighted club,
The true guardian of his people.
He is the fleetfooted buck of Mashiya and Dlomo
That gores as it dashes along.*

Shaka, King of the Zulus:

*He is Shaka the unshakable,
Thunderer-while-sitting, son of Menzi;
He is the bird that preys on other birds,*

*The battle-axe that excels other battle-axes;
 He is the long-strided-pursuer, son of Ndaba,
 Who pursued the moon and the sun;
 He is a great hubbub like the rocks of Nkandla
 Where the elephants take shelter
 When the heavens frown.
 'Tis he whose spears resound causing wailings,
 Thus old women shall stay in abandoned homes,
 And old men shall drop by the wayside.*

Apart from describing the hero in general terms, a praise poem may devote some lines to narrating specific exploits in the life of the subject of praise. Lerotholi, grandson of Moshoeshoe ("Moshesh") and hero of the Gun War (1880-1), has his triumph recorded as follows:

*Deep in his pool the crocodile glared,
 He glared with his blood-red eyes,
 And lo! the young White braves were drowned,
 Aye, they fell into the jaws of the snake,
 The black snake, khanyapa, King of the Waters.*

Khanyapa, King of the Waters, is supposed to have the power to "call" people into the deep pool where he lives, by merely glaring at them. But these powers are sometimes attributed also to the crocodile, *koena*, which is the totem of the House of Moshoeshoe.

Ncaphayi, leader of the Bhaca, was famous for his skill in jungle warfare. His favourite tactic was to make his men retreat into a forest or jungle in a seemingly disorderly manner, as if routed. But in a short time, the pursuing enemy would find themselves encircled by the Bhaca. Ncaphayi used this tactic against the Mpondomise and defeated them, slaying their leader, Velelo, below the Nqadu mountain-forest (about fifteen miles east of the Umtata River). So,

*He is the light feather arching and vanishing
 Only to feast on men below the Nqadu mountain;
 He is the jungle-home of leopards and lions.*

But it must not be thought that these bards were mere flatterers. While they drew attention mainly to the good and praiseworthy, they also had the licence to make sharp criticisms of the habits of their subjects. It is here that the bard found the

greatest scope for his wit.

Dingane, murderer and successor of Shaka, was mean and greedy, always having a ready excuse to "eat up" the cattle of his wealthy subjects:

*He is the needy offspring of Mpikazi,
With eye forever cast on the people's herds;
His cattle are gathered like honey-combs,
Found and seized wherever he goes.*

Luhadi, chief of the Bomvana, was very licentious:

*Below the rocks it is dreadful to behold,
For there are the handsome and their concubines.*

Ngangelizwe, chief of the Thembu, was so tyrannical that many of his subjects fled to other lands:

*See how the doves flutter and huddle,
Dismayed at the sight of the eagle.
Woe to the dove that has no wings!*

There are some modern Bantu-speaking poets who seem to think that the praise-poem has had its day. But there are others who have shown very successfully that the idiom, style and technique of the traditional praise-poem can be applied most effectively to modern themes. Among the latter is the Xhosa poet, Mqhayi. When the Prince of Wales visited South Africa in 1925, Mqhayi "praised" him, and in the "praises" he apostrophized Britain as follows:

*Ah, Britain! Great Britain!
Great Britain of the endless sunshine!
She hath conquered the oceans and laid them low;
She hath drained the little rivers and lapped them dry;
She hath swept the little nations and wiped them away;
And now she is making for the open skies.
She sent us the preacher: she sent us the bottle,
She sent us the Bible, and barrels of brandy;
She sent us the breechloader, she sent us cannon;
O, Roaring Britain! Which must we embrace?
You sent us the truth, denied us the truth;
You sent us the life, deprived us of life;
You sent us the light, we sit in the dark,
Shivering, benighted in the bright noonday sun.*

ANGLO-SAXON DREAMS

At ten o'clock, in summer-time at night
The little cocks crow.
Nothing ill afoot—no lamp-light ghosts,
Just foolish cocks
Arching, arching for very joy at the too-hot stars.

At ten o'clock, in summer-time, at night
The dogs all smile
And eat flowers wisely, listening for the beetles,
And sigh and whisper,
Weathering, weathering the witch-free noon-like night.

Beatitude for all through my memories
I dream my child books all through,
And no Africa for me or the world
Whiles I dream grace for them,
These dogs and cocks—
Golden in my fairyland.

MICHAEL PICARDIE

HIGH FENCE

MICHAEL FISHER

THE store was always full on a Saturday morning. Most of the people from the Chief's kraal and the surrounding villages came in if they could on a Saturday morning. Some came to sell grain and to spend the money on new clothes and bicycle parts, but the majority came only to buy a tickey sweets or a shilling sugar and to stand and stare and talk to their friends.

Milton, the store manager, wrapped up a shirt for his cousin Amos and took the pound note offered and wandered up to the till. He stood waiting by the till for the owner to look up from his desk where he was trying to work out some invoices. Howard Loury got up and came over and took the pound.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five and six, 'Nkos."

Howard carefully pressed the right buttons, although the till was no longer able to register anything.

"Is it for that man at the end?" he asked.

"Yes, 'Nkos."

"A shirt his size costs ten and six."

"It's for his piccanin."

"Oh. That's your cousin Amos, isn't it?"

"No, 'Nkos. He's somebody else's cousin."

Howard wondered whether he should go down and look at the shirt. Then he thought it was too hot to take so much trouble. He went back to his desk. He sat and tried to concentrate, but he found it difficult amidst the noise of so many people.

Occasionally Howard looked over to where Milton was working. As often as not he found that Milton was looking back at him, sideways, out of the corner of his eyes, so that the white showed. Why does he look at me like that, thought Howard. What has he got to hide?

Later Howard went over to the grain-shed to buy grain. As he went out the door he stopped and looked at Milton. He wondered, as he always did, how much he trusted him in the store alone. But then, he didn't trust him even when he was in the store with him, so what difference did it make? He's on the wrong side of the fence, he thought. As my manager, he should be on my side, but he's still an African, on the other side, cheating me. He is ambitious, too. Some day soon he

will leave the Reserve with the money he has earned here and go into business in Bulawayo. He is on the way up. Just as I am on the way down, thought Howard. We should meet somewhere.

Of course, in a way they were related. Perhaps that was why Milton brought him chickens occasionally. He had never worked that one out. The chickens were tough old things, but a nice change from his usual dubious steak.

Howard forgot Milton and weighed and bought the maize and rupoka and kaffir corn (known here as K.C.). There was a long queue of young girls and mothers with grain in wide grass basins, enough to get them a new petticoat or head scarf; and there were some men leading teams of oxen pulling grain-loaded sleds made of a forked tree trunk.

When it was finished, he went outside and looked round the store buildings. He felt reluctant to go back into the store yet. It was getting on towards mid-day and it was very hot. The white-washed buildings shimmered in the heat and hurt his eyes with their brightness. The heavy thud-thud of the mill engine where maize was ground seemed to keep time with the ripple of the haze. He looked at the white buildings he owned, and looked down beyond them, to the cattle and goats grazing in the shade of spreading trees and the river running wide and reed-fringed now with the summer rains.

He flapped the flies away from his face. He felt very glad that it was Saturday and that he could close soon and go up and drink all the gin he wanted to without having to keep awake for the afternoon.

He went back into the store and took a turn at the counter. He liked getting things for his customers, and the money felt good when he knew it was his money. Every now and then he forgot the price of a bottle of liniment or a baby's water-proof pants, but he did not need to go and look it up in the stock-books. Milton knew. Milton always knew and would tell him with his head twisted sideways, looking up at him from the corner of his eyes, the white showing, a small smile on his lips, as though they were accomplices in some giant confidence trick. That was all very well, thought Howard, but then he goes away and sells something more to one of his numberless relatives at half its price, and we are on opposite sides of the fence again.

He was serving the last small boy wanting a packet of sweets, when he heard the sound of the car. He thought, there goes

my quiet drinking time. Yet these will be the first white men I have seen in a month. I should be pleased to see them.

He went outside. It was the Land Rover belonging to Harding, the Native Commissioner at Sentalo, which was the police and administrative centre of the Sentalo Native Reserve and lay thirty miles away over very bad roads. The car stopped by the path up to his house. He went over.

Harding got out. He was a thick dark man with black eyebrows. He had Witherton with him, the Agricultural Officer, who was lean and stooping.

"Hullo, Loury," said Harding. "We seem to have arrived in time for lunch. Quite a coincidence, hey? Ha. You know Witherton, our A.O.?"

"Yes," said Howard. "You go up to the house. I'll join you in a minute."

He went back to the store and gave out the weekly wages to his workers, deducting what they owed him in the credit book. Milton's wages were two pounds fifteen and he owed seventeen and six.

"Here's your money," said Howard, giving him one pound fifteen. Milton smiled at him sideways and went away.

#

He went up to his house with the thatched roof among the bouganvillea, and poured them gins. They stretched out in his arm chairs and looked round with small interest at his books and pictures.

"Well," said Howard. "Have you come to see me?"

"Oh, no," said Harding. "Not at all. We just dropped in. We came down to see the Chief and tell him about next month's cattle sales. Why? Is something on your mind?"

"Oh, no," said Howard. "Not at all."

They sat and drank for a while in silence. Then they went into the dining room for lunch.

"Nice furniture," said Witherton.

"Why?" said Harding. "Is it something special?"

"No. Not very special," said Howard.

Old Moses waited on them in his white uniform. He gave them rissoles and salad. When he had gone, Howard got up and fetched from the sideboard the few bits of cutlery that Moses had forgotten.

"I gave a permit to some people from Bulawayo to come down

here and fish today," said Harding. "They'll be pitching up some time this afternoon and will be camping the night. They looked a pretty rough crowd to me. Two men and a woman. They had drunk a bit when I saw them."

After a minute he said, "I suppose you've got a gun?"

"No, I haven't, actually."

"Nothing at all? With the fine duck shooting you have here?"

"I don't want to shoot the ducks. They look very pretty."

"Supposing there is trouble down here amongst the natives. You're alone here, and it's two hours by road to us, and there is no telephone. Aren't you scared of that?"

"I am sure that you as N.C. will see that there never is any trouble."

"Ha. You must be scared of guns then. What do you do about snakes?"

"I've got an old golf club, a number seven. I hit them with that. It's very useful."

Presently Harding said, "I'm sorry you haven't a gun. With those people coming down."

Howard said, "I suppose I'll be all right. Don't worry about it."

"I wasn't worrying about you. You're none of my concern. But I don't want there to be any trouble down here with my people."

Moses brought in some tinned pears and a slab of cracked cheese. They ate those and then went back to the sitting room and had some more gin.

"Actually, there is something on my mind," said Howard. "One of my staff is stealing from me in the store."

"That's not my job," said Harding. "Send for the police. I'll get Sergeant Hunt to come down from Sentalo if you like."

"No, I don't want that. I have no proof. But I wouldn't want the police. I thought, since you know these people, you might be able to say something?"

"I couldn't say anything. You ought to speak to the Chief."

"I have. But he's a sly old devil. He looked at me and screwed up his face and gave me one of those toothless grins, you know how he does, and said, "Mr. Loury, you know that all black men are dishonest. There is little I can do. And you may find that what you are missing is not stolen but borrowed." I asked him what he meant by that, and he gave one of his cackles of laughter, the silly old man."

Harding said, "The Chief is a capable and just man. I will not have you laughing at him."

"I was not laughing at him."

"I am not surprized he would not help you if that is your attitude towards him. Now nobody will help you. Anyway, who do you think is the thief?"

"Milton, my manager."

Witherton laughed. "Then it's all in the family," he said.

Harding said, "That does make a difference, you know. In a way he is related to you."

"That's not true!" said Howard.

"Oh, yes. You have been sleeping with a native girl for some time now. And she's Milton's sister."

"How do you know?"

"It's my job to know things like that. I'm good at my job."

"Then how does Witherton know?"

"Listen, Loury, everyone at Sentalo knows. Why do you think nobody's invited you to any parties for so long?"

"All right. I see. Then we won't talk of it any more."

"Yes, we will. I have been meaning to talk to you about this, and now seems a good time. I hear this girl . . ."

"Please don't call her 'this girl'. Her name is Susan. She is a decent woman, and I paid a good lobola for her, and her father consented."

"I have spoken to her father. At the time he wanted the cattle, but now he is sorry. For I hear you have made this girl pregnant. Or did somebody else do it?"

"Certainly they did not. If she has a child, it is my child."

"That is a very great mistake, don't you think? What is going to happen to the child when you leave? For you are going to leave, aren't you, Loury?"

"I don't know."

"I understood you came out here on the death of your father because death duties and taxes were so heavy in England. You wanted to make some money quickly, and you heard you could make a lot of money out of a native store. Then you were going to start in business in Salisbury and bring a girl out from England and marry her. Isn't that so?"

Poor Margaret, thought Howard. I must write to her soon. I haven't written for a long time. "You know a lot," he said.

"It's my job. You are only here with my permission, and I only let you take over the store on the recommendation of

important friends of yours. They seem to have made a mistake. There is a law against what you are doing in South Africa. Perhaps there should be one here. To protect my people against people like you. But I can take back my permission and get you kicked out of this store within a month."

"That would help neither the woman nor the child."

"Then what are you going to do about them?"

"I don't know."

"How long will you be staying here?"

"I don't know."

"What will they do when you leave?"

"I don't know."

Later Howard stood and watched them as they drove away, bouncing back up the dirt road in a cloud of dust. I don't understand people like that, he thought. I don't understand them at all.

He went into his bedroom and took off his shirt and trousers and lay on the bed. He thought of Witherton, who had asked, "Do you have her in the house? I mean, does she live here as well as sleep here?" Damn him for his prurient curiosity, he thought. He only wants food for the gossips at Sentalo.

He turned and looked at the books beside his bed. There were a few books of poetry and some of philosophy. Which of them shall I read, he thought. He sighed and took up the Agatha Christie lying open face downwards on the table.

#

It was much later when he was woken from a heavy sleep by a car hooting loudly down by the store. He got up and swore and put on his clothes and went out, the afternoon sun striking hard on his eyes still dark from sleep.

There was an old beaten-up Buick with a truck back standing by the petrol pump. It was covered with dust.

"Hi," called a man from the car. "Let's have some service!"

There were two men with heavy bodies and tough scarred faces. They wore shorts and a shirt and were very sunburnt. The girl wore white shorts and a tight shirt of some black shiny material. Her face was sharp and hard, with two thin lines of cracked lipstick across it. They are none of them very handsome, thought Howard.

He filled the tank with petrol. The pump was hand operated, and he was sweating when he had finished. "That's eight

gallons. At four and twopence a gallon."

"It's four bob in town," said the driver.

"There's the transport to pay for."

"It's too much."

He accepted four shillings a gallon.

"Why do you live in this god-forsaken hole?" said the girl.

"I like it."

"It's a god-awful bloody road you live on."

"Yes."

"You live here alone?" said the other man.

"No, Joe," said the girl. "Remember they told us he had a kaffir girl with him?"

"Oh, yah. So you're the guy with the black woman? Tell me, I hear they're pretty good? You know, they got all the tricks?"

I would rather like to hit him now, thought Howard. But really the afternoon was too hot to get silly.

"I live here alone," he said.

"No telephone here?" said the driver.

"No."

"What do you do with yourself? Do any shooting?"

"No. I haven't any guns."

"You hear that, Joe? He hasn't any guns."

"If you want to fish," said Howard, "the river's down there. Why don't you go and jump in it?"

"You watch your step," said the driver.

"What's your name?" said the girl.

"Howard Loury."

"Well, Howard, these boys are going to camp tonight, but I hate camping. What do you say that I come up and spend the night at your place?"

The men laughed. "You old bitch, Liz," said Joe.

"What's he got to offer?" said the driver.

Howard thought of it. It had been a long time since he had seen a white girl, and except for her face she looked good. Then he thought that he had no desire to be unfaithful to Susan.

"I don't think that's a good idea," he said.

"He would rather sleep with his kaffir girl, Liz," said Joe.

"You watch your step," said the driver.

"Jesus, the bastard," said Liz. "I wouldn't be in the same house with him. He probably smells like a black man."

They drove off down to the river. Howard looked after them

and thought, I don't understand them either. I don't understand those sort of people at all.

#

He walked up the road between the kraals, avoiding the cattle standing in the shade and flapping his hand at the flies that rose round him from the dung. He came to the thorn fence surrounding the Chief's private kraal and wondered what he should do now, for he had not called on the Chief before, and had only seen him when he came down to the store to buy a plough or trek chains.

He called to a piccanin playing in the dust. "Go and ask the Chief if I may come in and speak to him," he said in Sindebele. The Chief's mud hut was set apart from the others and was square, not round, and had windows with glass in them. But then the Chief was a rich man, with more than a thousand head of cattle, a new Chev. truck, a dark grey pin-stripe suit he wore on his trips to Bulawayo, and a wife who had been a qualified teacher of music before she came here where there were no pianos.

The Chief came out of the hut and walked towards him as though Howard had summoned him. He was wearing his usual khaki shirt and old dungarees, torn at the knee. This is wrong, thought Howard, he should not come out to meet me. And when they went through the ritual of greeting, there was a gleam in the old man's eye, for he had come out with the purpose of making Howard uncomfortable.

"Chief," said Howard in English, "three people have come to fish. I don't think they are good people. They may want to cause trouble and break into my store."

"Yes," said the Chief.

"I was thinking that perhaps one or two of your young men would be able to guard the store, if you were to tell them."

"Oh," said the Chief. "Last time we spoke it was about a black man who was a thief. Now it is about white men who are thieves, and you want my black men to guard you from them?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how that can be. I agree it is well known that all black men are dishonest, but it is also true that all white men, who kindly bring us the law, are honest. Now you want thieves to protect your store against honest men?" He

screwed up his face and grinned.

He is laughing at me, thought Howard, and what answer can I give him?

He walked back. Down by the river he saw the egrets wheeling, white against the red sunset and the blue storm-cloud, in the north, and he heard the geese and the plovers and the herons calling to him, but he would not go down there this evening.

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It did not rain and the night was hot. Howard lay naked under a sheet and turned restlessly, not sleeping very much. He was awake when he heard, about midnight, a shot fired and, a moment later, another one.

He got out of bed and put on his dressing gown and took a torch in a hand that was not steady and went down to the store where the sound came from.

He saw the two men and the girl standing by the Buick. The driver had a revolver in his hand. In the back of the car he saw a pile of clothing and the safe from the store.

"What the devil is going on here?" he said.

"They attacked us," said the driver.

He swung the torch and saw Busu, a tall man, one of the Chief's sons, sitting on the ground looking at his leg which was bleeding fast. He had a native axe beside him. "My father told me to come down and watch," he said.

"I too came down," said another voice, and he saw it was Milton, with blood coming between the fingers of his hand, which he had clasped over his left fore-arm. "I was cutting the tyres with this," and he kicked another axe lying at his feet. By now there were many more Africans in the shadows.

"They attacked us," said the driver. "You see what happened. You better watch your step too. Stay where you are."

"Oh, no," said Howard. "I think it is all over now." He felt very much afraid, but it seemed to be an abstract feeling, without present relevance. He went up to the man. "You had better give me that gun and stay here," he said. "There's not much point in your trying to leave. Not with your tyres like that."

"We'll take your truck."

"No. I sent the distributor rotor up to the Chief to look after

this evening, in case you wanted to steal it. I'm afraid he will not give it to you."

"We shall walk then."

"This is a Native Reserve, and they wouldn't let you get very far, not after shooting these two. No, I think your best plan is to go up to the house for a drink. You would probably like one. Then the Chief's driver can take you over to Sentalo in his truck. That is probably easier than waiting for them to come and fetch you. You go up to the house, and I'll come and get you a drink when I've looked after these men. And do give me your gun."

Howard took the gun out of the man's hand.

He went over to Milton and looked at his arm. "I'm sorry you did this," he said to the driver. "These are brave men, and this man is a relation of mine."

Later that night the truck left for Sentalo with the three white people in the back. Busu needed to go to the Sentalo Clinic, and he travelled in front with the Chief's driver.

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The following morning they got the stolen things out of the car and put them back in the store. Milton helped, his arm in a sling.

When all the clothing was back on the shelves, Howard looked at it and said to Milton, "Are you sure this is all? I thought there was a bit more than this on the shelves yesterday?"

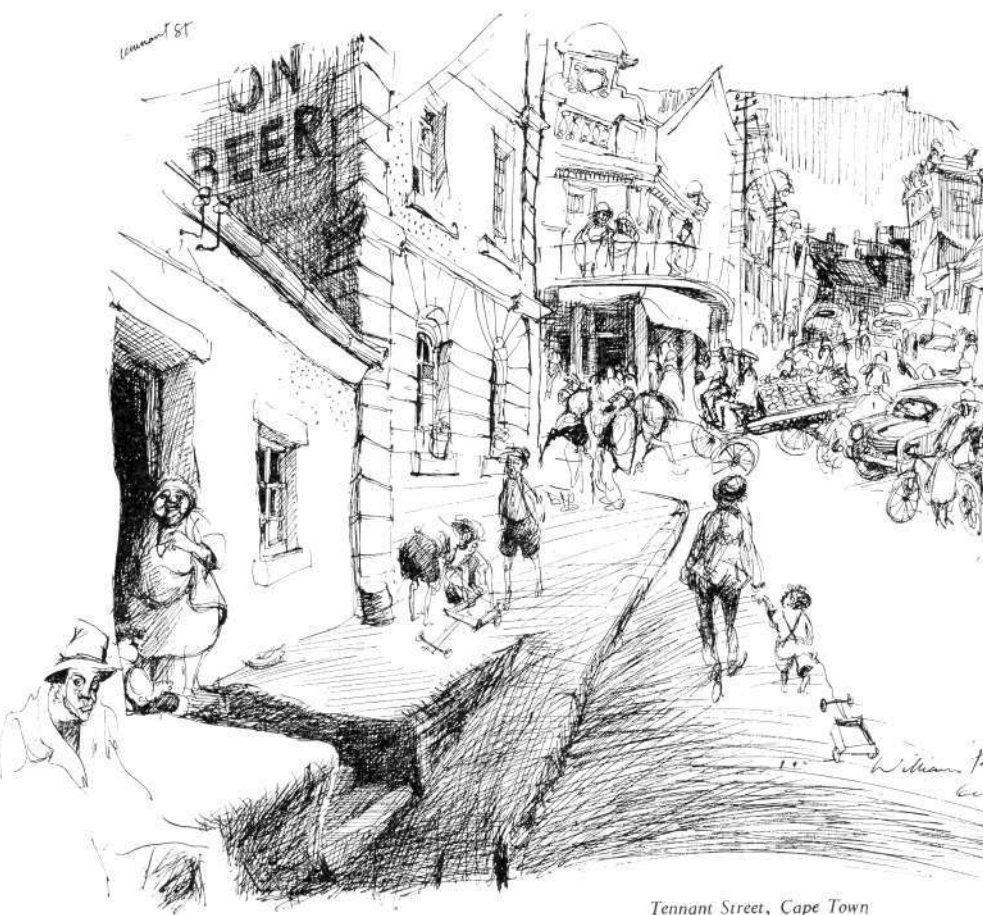
Milton said, "Perhaps those men carried some away with them. They were clever men."

Howard grunted. He did not think they had done so.

Later Milton came up to the house where Howard was having his Sunday gin. Howard went to the door and found Milton with two fat white chickens in his arms.

"I brought these for you," said Milton, "because I am sorry you are still missing some things from last night."

He stood twisting his head sideways, looking up at Howard from the corner of his eyes, so that the white showed, a small smile on his face. Howard took the chickens and started to smile too. Then he laughed, and it ended with them both laughing, for they understood each other very well.



Tennant Street, Cape Town

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

ALEX LA GUMA

THE smell of unwashed bodies and sweaty blankets was sharp, and the heat in the cell hung as thick as cotton-wool.

The man on the rope mat beside me turned, grunted and flung a long arm across my face.

"How do you do?" he said, waking up and giggling.

"Very well," I replied soothingly, for he was a little mad.

In the dark other bodies turned, cursed and tried to settle back into perspiring sleep.

"Did Joey bring the eggs?"

I could make out the dim shapeless bulge of his body curled up on the mat. He had entered the seventh of his ten-year sentence for culpable homicide, and being shut up so long had unhinged him somewhat. He was neither staring mad nor violent. His insanity was of a gentle quality which came in spells. It was then that he would talk. Otherwise he was clamped up and retired, like a snail withdrawn into its shell. He was friendly enough, but it was the friendliness of a man on the other side of a peep-hole.

To the rest of the inmates he was known as Ou Kakkelak, Old Cockroach, and was either the butt of their depraved humour or completely ignored. He took everything with a gentle smile. From parts of his conversations during his spells I gained the impression that he was an educated man and might have been a schoolmaster before he had committed his crime. "Cora," he went on in the dark. "You know, I like that part where Juliet dies over Romeo's body."

From somewhere beyond the high barred window came the steady crunch of boots as a guard passed in the night.

"Is the heat troubling you?" I asked as kindly as I could make it. "It is damn hot, isn't it?" He did not reply. I decided to do a little probing. "You speak of Cora now and then. Who is she?" But he had turned on his side and was asleep again.

In the morning there was the usual shouting and clanging of doors. Blankets were folded; the long lines of convicts streamed down to the yards. The guards stood by, lashing out with leather belts.

"Spring bliksems! Come on, you black bastards!"

We squatted, packed into the cement yard, and breakfasted on mealie meal and black bitter coffee. Old Cockroach sat near me, smiling his gentle, vacant smile and wolfing his food.

I saw him again when we were locked up after supper. He sank down in his place beside me. Around us secret cigarettes were emerging, the primitive flint and steel contraptions were struck, and smoke drifted up from behind cupped fingers. Figures in washed out red shirts and canvas shorts packed the floor of the cell.

"Here we are," Old Cockroach said and giggled at me. "The wreckage which mankind, on its onward march, left behind."

"Well," I answered, smiling at him. "Perhaps its better to say that we are the results of mankind's imperfections."

"Perhaps. Perhaps. I wonder where Joey is tonight." He sat with his knees drawn up and his long arms clasped about his shins, gazing vacantly about at the faces around him. "Ah, there he is now."

I looked and said, "That's Smiley Abrams. Remember? That's not Joey. That's Smiley Abrams."

"Oh, ja. He's here for murder. I believe he's killed three people in his lifetime. They got him for the last one. An ape-man roaming a jungle. Here he is king. In a cave the cave-man is king."

He fell silent again. Around us conversation took the form of a low muttering that formed a ragged buzzing. I sat with my back against the concrete wall and looked at Old Cockroach. He was tall and thin and bony, folded up now like a carpenter's ruler. His skin was as dark as burnt leather, and he had slightly negroid features and kinky hair going grey, close to his skull, like a tight-fitting cap.

"This place is like an oven," I said, trying to build up another conversation.

"Cora," he rambled. "I think——"

"She'll turn up on visiting day," I told him, although I knew she would not, whoever she was, because nobody had ever visited him for as long as I had been in. I began to wish I could learn more about him.

From outside came the scrape and thump of boots on the stone staircase. Steel gratings clanged like boilers being opened and closed. Silence fell in the stone caserne with the finality of

sound on a radio being switched off. Cigarettes were killed and carefully concealed, and each man retreated quickly within himself and looked dumb.

Through the peep-hole in the heavy, studded door a voice trumpeted angrily. "Hou julle bekke! Shut your filthy mouths, you bastards."

The silence remained inside; a cautious, discreet silence which hung like a veil while the gratings clanged and the footsteps receded. When they had faded completely, the veil was lifted slowly and carefully as the broken murmurs came out of hiding.

Smiley Abrams climbed to his feet, kicked a pathway through the sprawling humanity around him and plodded deliberately towards the door. His great shoulders hunched under the torn red shirt. He hawked and spat straight onto the door and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Then he turned and stalked back along the pathway to his place.

"Just a warning," Old Cockroach smiled. "No, not meant for those 'corpies'. He can't afford to be hard-case with them. That was really meant for us all. The ape must make it known that he is still king of the jungle, even if the elephant is bigger than he is."

The sun faded beyond the barred windows like lights being dimmed in a theatre. It had become hot again in the caserne, and from the bucket latrine came the sharp, acid smell of ammonia. Old Cockroach lay back on his mat and pulled the thin blanket up to his waist. He did not seem to feel the heat, but just lay there, calmly gazing at the dim bulb in the white-washed stone ceiling. It was as if he had drawn an invisible armour around himself.

"Have you any family, old man?" I asked, gently attacking the armour.

"Huh?" He looked blank and then smiled softly at me.

"A man's got to have somebody. People." But the armour was tightly strapped and riveted.

The next night started much the same. The heat was overpowering, and the stench of bodies increased quickly. Men fought and clawed around the water buckets, snarling like jackals around their carrion. The cave-man, Smiley Abrams, hurled men from the centre of the turmoil, growling and snapping at his cringing subjects. A man rose to challenge him. A great, clubbed fist drew back and then struck with the sound of a pick-handle against a pumpkin. The rebel went

down like a stricken ox and lay still, to be trampled by the others.

"A slave has revolted," Old Cockroach observed in a voice as gentle as the fall of dust. "Do you know that the whole of mankind's history consists of a series of revolutions?"

"You're an educated man, Old Cockroach," I said. "You don't belong here. How did you come to kill anybody? If you don't mind me asking."

"I used to be a schoolmaster," he replied, confirming my old suspicion. Then his mind wandered again, and he murmured, "I hope Joey brings that book he borrowed last week. Treasure Island. Have you ever read Treasure Island?"

"Yes. Long ago, when I was a pikkie."

The brawl around the water buckets had subsided since they had both been emptied. There would be no water for the rest of the night. Men sat around, hunched stark naked under the light, exploring their clothes and blankets for lice. The cracking of the vermin between thumbnails sounded like snapping twigs. My own body was slippery with sweat.

It was no better when the light was turned off. The cloying heat and the stench of the latrine seemed to take advantage of the darkness. Old Cockroach had settled down on his blankets and I could hear him scratching himself. I was doing the same, and sleep became impossible. From all around us grunts, curses and tiny cries came like suppressed voices out of hell.

". . . Cora," Old Cockroach's voice came out of the dark, quiet as a trickle of sweat. "Cora."

"Take it easy, old man," I murmured.

"Oh, you're not Cora. . . ."

"Nay, man. Sorry, though."

Silence.

I decided to probe a little more. "By the way, who is Cora?"

Silence. Then he said, "Hullo, Joey. I'm glad you've come. I'll tell you a story. Would you like to listen to a story?"

"Okay. That would be fine."

"Alright, then. It was a long time ago. A very long time ago, I think. I was in love with her. You don't think this is going to be a silly story, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"I was a teacher at a junior school and was doing a varsity

course in my spare time. And I was in love with Cora. She was beautiful. Really beautiful. Her skin was soft and smooth and the colour of rich cream. She was almost white, you see. I was in love with her. We had grown up together in Dublin Street in Woodstock, and I think I must have been in love with her as long as I can remember.

"I became a schoolmaster. We were going to be married, and I worked hard because I wanted her to have everything that would make her happy once we were married."

He was silent again while the sounds of sleep went on around us. When he went on his voice had taken on a dullness. "Then she began to find that she could pass as white. She could pass as white, and I was black. She began to go out to white places, bioscopes, cafés. Places where I couldn't take her. She met white people who thought she was really white, and they invited her out to their homes. She went to parties and dances. She drifted away from me, but I kept on loving her.

"I talked to her, pleaded with her. But she wouldn't take any notice of what I said. I became angry. I wept. I raved. Can you imagine how much I loved her? I grovelled. I was prepared to lose my entire self-respect just to keep her. But it wasn't of any use. She said I was selfish and trying to deny her the good things of life. The good things of life. I would have given anything I *could*. And she said I was denying her the good things of life.

"In the end she turned on me. She told me to go to hell. She slapped my face and called me a black nigger. A black nigger."

"Then you lost you head and killed her," I said quietly. "That's why you're here now."

"Oh, no," Old Cockroach answered. "I could never have done that to Cora. I did lose my head, but it was Joey whom I killed. He said I was a damn fool for going off over a damn, play-white bitch. So I hit him, and he cracked his skull on something. Ah, here's Joey now. Hullo, Joey. I hope you've brought my book. . . ."



BOOK REVIEWS

The Race Question in Modern Science—*by various writers.* 1956.
London: Sidgwick and Jackson for Unesco. 373 pp. 17s. 6d.

THERE was good reason for South Africa's withdrawal from Unesco and for the banning in the Union of some Unesco literature. Taking the establishment of racial equality as an urgent matter of international importance, Unesco has in recent years stimulated a number of social scientists to look into and report on the educational questions involved in the achievement of this avowed aim. This book is the product of one such effort. It is an international symposium on various aspects of race and race relations, all the nine contributors being specialists in the subject. It is now recognized by all informed people that races (as distinct from individuals) are not unequal in their average mental endowment and potentialities, a fact that cannot be proclaimed too often in places like South Africa or Kenya or Mississippi. The defenders of racial inequality have therefore fallen back on cultural differences in their efforts to keep one race in subjection to another. Even then, they have to evade the awkward fact that African or Asian or Latin American peoples do not oppose the westernization of their own cultures; on the contrary, they welcome the process (especially in the form of industrialization) and complain that the colonial powers are reluctant to assist it. The people in every under-developed country feel the same way as the Bantu do when they are told by their masters that Bantu culture must at all costs be preserved and that the way to preserve it is by Bantu (not true) education. Those who perceive how fraudulent is this type of thought do not deny the reality of cultural differences. They simply refuse to make these differences the basis of unequal opportunities in education and in economic life.

These and many other issues are clearly explored in this valuable book. The essays are almost uniformly sound in quality, but a special word of praise should go to Dr. Kenneth Little of Edinburgh University for his masterly contribution on race and society. It is appropriate that an Englishman in this company should have the courage to admit the existence and the significance of colour prejudice in Britain to-day and to trace its roots in the growth of imperialism. It follows that as imperialism declines, so does prejudice.

JULIUS LEWIN

Rebels Daughters—by *E.S. (Solly) Sachs*. Published by MacGibbon & Kee. 238 pp. 21s.

THIS is a book which should be read widely, particularly by trade unionists. They would learn from it how one of the largest unions in the country has been organized by hard work, persistence and courage on the part of Solly Sachs himself and numerous garment workers. And European workers would learn that they too are a part of the working class, and that there was a time when strikes and other forms of militant action alone could put an end to sweated conditions and win the wages and status which they now enjoy. One of the most striking features of the book is the description of these low wages and of the general exploitation that prevailed in the industry before Solly Sachs and his comrades achieved their notable successes.

At that time the majority of the workers were Europeans, mostly Afrikaner women. To-day, African and Coloured workers form the majority, also in the Transvaal. It is a pity that Mr. Sachs has given little space to a discussion of these newcomers, and so has also largely avoided a discussion of the delicate but vital questions relating to the industrial colour bar and the relationship between the different groups of workers.

Mr. Sachs is widely known as a staunch fighter for equality and against race discrimination. Yet, it was under his leadership that the Coloured garment workers in the Transvaal were organized in a separate "No. 2 branch", which he calls a "parallel organization", that set a pattern to be followed later by other unions (p. 119). The Coloured No. 2 branch elected its own officials and executive, but, says Mr. Sachs, "by unanimous decision agreed to leave the administration of its finances in

the hands of the Central Executive Committee". He might have added that the C.E.C., which consisted of Whites only, had sole control also of negotiations with employers, elections of industrial council members, and other aspects of the union administration.

One wonders why Mr. Sachs sees a difference between this arrangement and the policy of General Smuts, which he denounces in these words: "His policy of Christian Trusteeship towards the African people differed from apartheid only in degree, not in substance" (p. 168). Also, what is the difference between Mr. Sach's "parallel organization" and the provisions in the Nationalist Government's Industrial Conciliation Act which compels non-racial (i.e. mixed) registered unions to have an all-White executive committee? Mr. Sachs might well claim that his invention was followed not only by other unions, but also by Ben Schoeman and the Nationalist Party Cabinet.

The weakness of the book reflects the tragedy of Mr. Sachs's career as a trade unionist and working class leader. Whilst believing in the brotherhood of man, he adopted for tactical reasons a policy of opportunism that led him to deny his faith and yield to the evil which he was pledged to destroy. That may well be written as the epitaph of official White trade union policy in South Africa.

RAY ALEXANDER.

The Last Trek—by Sheila Patterson. Published by Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., London. January, 1957. 336 pp. with chronological table, bibliography and index. 28s.

IN choosing to trace "the development of Boer into Afrikaner, of oppressed nationhood into oppressive nationalism", and in the end to prophesy its "glorious sunset defeat—if the bulk of the Afrikaner nation persists in its arrogant and uncompromising white nationalism", Miss Patterson will wait in vain for much public praise for her effort in South Africa. No people riding the tide of political and economic success will listen kindly to a verdict that it has "no future (hence the Last Trek) in the world of to-day" because its "uncompromising values and attitudes are too directly in conflict with those of the outside world and with the conditions of survival". 'The Last Trek' is, however, not a "sleg-sê" book.

It doesn't seem to have arisen from malice and is certainly not written in accents of bigoted antagonism towards the Afrikaner. The writer tries to be as objective as anybody may. Consequently she does not hide what she considers commendable in the story and character of the Afrikaner; nor does she neglect to point out, here and there, how frequently the contemptuous, superior, jingoistic, and often unreasonable attitude of the victorious English was responsible for a whole set of responses which stimulated Afrikaner nationalism in the political, economic and cultural field. The book is, nonetheless, "concerned with the Afrikaans-speaking group only", and, considering the close inter-action of English and Afrikaans aspirations and attitudes, one wonders if the story of Boer becoming Afrikaner can really be told exhaustively and successfully without the writer's covering, in the same volume, and to a greater extent than Miss Patterson has done, the concurrent development of South African Britisher into English-speaking South African.

The writer has a keen eye for what is odd and paradoxical in Afrikaner life; and although her work contains some factual

Peter Abrahams

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mis-statements and a few more half-truths, many of her observations surprized me and indicate a better insight into present-day politics in South Africa than that possessed by most of the outsiders who have lately tried their hand at an analysis of the South African scene. She covers the vast field of the Boer's past history and the Afrikaner's present economic, educational, social and political life, at the same time presenting the reader, in palatable form, with a variety of useful statistics and references. Her story flows easily, and Miss Patterson has obvious talent.

She quotes Prof. Arthur Keppel-Jones as writing of the English-speaking South African: "It is not that we feel a special antipathy to Afrikaners. It is merely that whatever contribution we make for the good of South Africa and the world must be our own contribution, derived from our own history and tradition and arising spontaneously in our own breasts. We will not wear the cast-off clothes of another man". Is this, I thought, reading 'The Last Trek', not the whole and simple truth about the Afrikaans-speaking South African vis-à-vis his English-speaking compatriot? Or is he indeed such a difficult and different sort of creature? Anyway, to look at oneself as others see one, warts and all, is often interesting and seldom unprofitable. In this spirit, I am sure, many Afrikaners would like to look at this latest portrait of themselves, sub-titled "A Study of the Boer People and the Afrikaner Nation".

J. D. DU P. BASSON, M.P.

Going Home—by Doris Lessing. (With illustrations by Paul Hogarth.)
Michael Joseph. 253 pp. 21s.

DORIS LESSING spent her childhood in Southern Rhodesia and grew up there. In 1956, after a break of six years, she went home again. No other writer can carry her readers with her to share so vividly the refound delight and sorrow of memories, as sight and sound and smell recall them from the past. This renegade alone has the power to make a Rhodesian farm real, close and dear. But among White settlers she is a renegade, and she has no pity on those who exploit the African people and never cease to insult, disparage and abuse them. There is no exaggeration in her account of Black or White. Every reported saying echoes a hundred in one's own Rhodesian experience. From page to page through the book there are

splinters of dialogue that tell the whole story of the sad, frustrated Europeans for whom the Federation is a loved and dishonoured home, a place in which to find a fortune or a land of exile. Each splinter is true and pointed as an arrow and each brings out the bitter feud of Black and White that made the past relentless, and will make the future unforgiving if we are not quick to change.

Change is recorded. "When I left home (Rhodesia) everyone was saying that the natives must be advanced slowly; the time was not ripe; you can not civilize barbarians in under a thousand years . . . but since the recent events in Kenya, which were like a burglar alarm in a rich house, the intelligent Whites are saying: We must create a small privileged class of Africans to cushion White supremacy. It is what Huggins has been saying for years; and now it is official policy."

With that change there is a change in African demands, from equality of privilege for a few to acknowledged rights of equal citizenship for all.

The privileged middle-class Africans are branded as traitors almost before they have come into existence. African opinion repudiates them and acclaims the masses who must gain freedom and political power. This nationalist movement goes against all the author's belief in the common aims of humanity, but her first thought is to condemn the greed, exclusiveness and jealousy which produce the poverty among the Africans that she describes with such terrible effect and such terribly objective precision. So many who preach multi-racial co-operation condone the present poverty. Doris Lessing's condemnation is absolute. Her feeling for common humanity has nothing to do with that appeasement of greed and domination which Africans find and despise in Capricorn and Moral Rearmament.

This book comes at the moment when Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation, has renewed his claims, with threats renewed as well, for less "interference" by the Colonial Office in the affairs of the Africans, who, he complains still look to Parliament in the United Kingdom for protection.

Here is a meticulously balanced account of the record in "partnership" with the African people, on which the Federal constitution was said to be based. It is on this record that Sir Roy's ability to govern the Africans justly must ultimately be based.

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