

# FIGHTING

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Vol. 13. No. 9.

DECEMBER, 1959

Price 6d.

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# WALK



Centre: The Driefontein camp for exiles.  
Left: Chief Mopeli in exile.  
Right: Elizabeth Mafekeng and her infant who  
escaped to Basutoland to avoid banishment.

**ELIZABETH  
MAFEKENG**  
and 80 Others

## South Africa's Exiles

Tretchikoff:  
Is It Art?

The Immorality  
Act

THE SACK OF FORT HARE

ZIMBABWE



# FIGHTING TALK

A monthly journal for Democrats

Vol. 13. No. 9  
DECEMBER, 1959

Published by the  
**FIGHTING TALK COMMITTEE**  
P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg

Price per copy: 6d.  
Annual subscription: 7s.6d.  
Overseas subscription: 15s.

Registered at the G.P.O.

Editor: RUTH FIRST.

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### NEXT ISSUE: FEBRUARY.

Due to the printers' holidays there will be no January issue of Fighting Talk. The February issue will appear towards the middle of January.

# BANISHMENTS:

"LET THIS BE A WARNING TO OTHERS!" is the brutal threat behind the banishment of Paarl's woman trade unionist Elizabeth Mafekeng who fled with her two month old infant to the mountains of Basutoland to escape the government's exiling order to the near-Kalahari area of Southey. In the same week Cijimpi Mnyandu, African National Congress leader from Natal's Umbumbulu District was banished at ten hours notice to Sibasa in the Northern Transvaal. Four months ago Worcester's ANC branch chairman Ben Baartman was ordered from his wife and children to a hut in Ingwavuma, a small village in the north east corner of Zululand, adjoining the Swaziland and Portuguese East African border.

Not a session of Parliament goes by but the Nationalists arm themselves with some new power against popular leaders and movements. The statute book is heavy with the Riotous Assemblies' and Suppression of Communism Acts, the Public Safety and the Criminal Laws Amendment Acts, amendments to the Urban Areas Act to give local authorities deportation powers, and then the Prohibition of Interdicts measure to block the attempt of any victim of these despotic orders to appeal for the protection of the courts or to query the dictatorial edict of the Minister.

Police raids and arrest, imprisonment and victimisation, gagging leaders and then putting them on trial for their lives: the Nationalist Government tries every form of persecution in turn.

The 1927 Native Administration Act under which any African can be thrown into isolation in the furthest corner of the country for an unlimited time under the convenient pretext that he — or she — is "inimical to the peace, order and good (!) government of the Natives residing there" is one of the rustier weapons in the armoury, but never used as freely as in the hands of this Government. Exiles sent into the wilderness by order of the Governor General stagnate in several dozen isolated spots in the Union.

### Key Resistance Centres

The homes from which they were banished, if plotted on the map, will show at one swift glance many of the key African reserves where the people rose in open struggle against the Nationalist Government, where Bantu authorities and rule by edict and stock culling and hated rehabilitation schemes came under heaviest fire, where Native Commissioners answered peoples' grievances and put down rebellious cries by calling on

the Minister to invoke his power of political exile.

When trouble flared in Sekhukhuleni and Zeerust over Bantu Authorities and passes for women the government tried to bolster unpopular chiefs acting as gauleiters for the Nationalists by exiling chiefs who truly represented the views of their people.

Tembu chiefs who expressed Tembuland's opposition to Bantu Authorities had barely returned from their deputation to Pretoria to state their objections to the B.A.D. when they were whisked off into exile, one to Kuruman, one to Louis Trichardt and one to Soekmekaar.

Leaders of the Evaton bus boycott were tried for treason and, when discharged from the case, ordered into exile, one of them for the second time.

Unrest broke among the people of the Witzieshoek Reserve in 1950 and Chief Paulus Mopeli and some of his followers have lived ruined lives in isolation ever since.

### Chiefs Deposed and Deported

Despite all the declarations that Bantustans are being ecstatically received in the Reserves, the B.A.D. is only too aware that in many cases it will have to remove physically those who oppose this policy most outspokenly, for the promises of self-government ring hollow.

Exactly four years ago, in November 1955, the Chief Journalist of the B.A.D. told the press "Native Chiefs who oppose Bantu Authorities will not lose their positions and the government will not take action against them." Once again B.A.D. actions have given the lie to honeyed words.

This very power of the Government to depose and deport Chiefs has been the main weapon held at the ready to force tribal heads to toe the Nationalist line.

Chief Msutu of Peddie died in exile.

Chief Abraham Molloa of Zeerust was banished to Ventersdorp and the official reason was "... involved in agitation against the administration."

Paramount Chief Moroamoche of Sekhukhuleni was said by the Minister to have "become a tool in the hands of agitators from the towns" and he was deported to Cala in the Transkei, to be allowed home some time later under special B.A.D. conditions not yet fully revealed.

### The 'Agitator' Theory

Exile is meant to serve several Nationalist purposes. The Nationalists re-

# Elizabeth Mafekeng and 80 More

solutely close their eyes to the facts and still try to believe that the widespread unrest among the great majority of the people of the Union is due to the "agitator," the "trouble-maker", the "cheeky kaffer". So, the theory goes, if only you can root out the agitator the people will turn from "subversive" activities to worship at the shrine of the Bantu Affairs Department and all it has to offer: inferior education for African children, tribal colleges, pass laws for women, a poverty-stricken dead end future and all the rest.

Time and again this theory has been tested in practice and found wanting, but the Nationalists refuse to learn from the lessons of Peddie and Zee-rust, Cato Manor and Mableskraal and, most bitterly in recent memory, Paarl, where the serving of the banishment order on Elizabeth Mafekeng, supposed to be in the interests of "peace and order", inflamed thousands of her fellow workers to explosive anger. Far from halting the struggles of the people the removal of their leaders stirs them to sterner determination to resist Nationalist policies.

Exile is intended to hold the victims up as examples of the fate that will be-

fall those who dare to stand out against the Verwoerds and De Wet Nels and also to break the spirit of the leaders of peoples' campaigns. The Minister told Parliament blithely earlier this year that the banishment orders are considered at least once a year and are left in operation "as long as it is deemed necessary."

When is an exile allowed to come out of isolation? When he has recanted? When he has given the B.A.D. an undertaking that he has learnt his lesson and will in future toe the B.A.D. line? The exiling Minister plays the part of the Grand Inquisitor. When he judges that his victim has been sufficiently broken on the rack there is little point in carrying the torture any further.

## Turning on the Towns

The ominous warning of the Mafekeng, Baartman and Mnyandu banishments is that now the Nationalists are trying this weapon not only against tribal chiefs and headmen and spokesmen of rural communities but increasingly against Congress leaders in the towns and trade union officials.

The Food and Canning Workers' Union of which Elizabeth Mafekeng was president has long been a thorn in the

side of the farmers in the Western Cape, who form a powerful lobby in Nationalist Party circles and have urged constantly that repressive measures be taken against the Union.

Is the action against Mrs. Mafekeng the Western Province farmers' lobby way of expressing their frustration at the growing resistance to their canned fruit in overseas markets? Or is it linked with the workers' opposition to the recent wage cuts recommended by the Wage Board?

Mrs. Mafekeng's case has become a cause celebre but the toll of exiles of the last ten years is now approaching close to one hundred and Mrs. Mafekeng's cause is that of the Mopelis and the Baartmans, the Gwentshes and the Godfrey Sekhukhunes, the Makes and the Joyis.

Every act of persecution of the democratic movement has had an effect opposite to what the Nationalists intended. The public outcry both here and abroad against the Mafekeng exile should be a warning to the Nationalists. These brutal banishments can taunt the people too far and make it difficult to restrain the fury that will be heaped upon the heads of those who today use the power of exile.

## KULUBAAS CAN'T— or The Dream of Kulubaas

by PHILIPPA MURRELL

In Africa did Kulubaas  
Five joyous Bantustans decree  
Through which five Ethnic bound'ries ran,  
And Culture flourished to a man  
In Tribal purity.

So miles of good Apartheid ground  
He covered in a leap and bound  
With smiling chieftains — fathers to the folk.  
And here were voices raised in adoration,  
For Kulubaas had freed them from the yoke  
of Learning and Miscegenation.

And oh! the deepest dongas did divide  
Gay Bantustan from White man's paradise.  
And Kulubaas, with reasonable pride,  
Spread news of this Great Justice far and wide  
Through cables in cleft sticks — his own device.  
And in their midst, a bland benevolence breathing,  
A smile from ear to ear his kind face wreathing,  
He stood, a mighty fountain, to restore  
With water pure those folk to whom the lore

Of Ju-Ju man and Voodoo were not rules  
To be obeyed by all but Reds and fools.  
And neath the sparkling streams which did envelop  
His Bantustan, he watched Bantu develop  
Along the lines he told them were their own —  
Until at last it seemed to Kulubaas  
That since the Abolition of the Pass  
Such humble happiness had ne'er been known.

. . . Then, midst his dreaming, Kulu heard from far  
Black peoples' voices prophesying war!

. . . A Zulu with an assegai  
His clouded eyes did pass,  
And then a beaded Xhosa maid  
As on her penny flute she played,  
Singing of Kulubaas.  
And as he heard within him  
The import of her song,  
To such a cringing fright did win him,  
As midst shouting loud and long  
His vision melted in hot air  
. . . this happy home, this Paradise . . .  
That all who surged around him there,  
With jeering voice did cry "beware",  
"This man is dangerous" they said  
And wove a circle round him thrice,  
"For he on fraudulence hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of cowardice."

# THE SACK OF THE FORT

Undergraduate pranks, from pantie raids to elaborate practical jokes, are legendary. Fort Hare University College, always affectionately referred to as "The Fort", was no exception. There was the famous mystery of the broken bell at Beda Hall on V-E night, and certain nameless people spreadeagled on a drainpipe between the floors at Eluk (the Women's hostel) one night. Best of all perhaps, that long queue waiting patiently in the evening drizzle for a non-existent film.

There were many others. But the Skull-and-Crossbones that flapped from the flagpole to welcome the new Principal, Dr. Ross, in October was no grim jest. It was a bald statement of fact that the intellectual cut-throats had taken possession: the old Fort no longer existed.

Essentially the Fort was like any other university. There was the same motley crew: slackers and swotters, socialites and scholarship boys: there were the usual examination anxieties, the intellectual ferment, the passionate reformers, the long verbose hours of florid discussion — the heady discovery of science and literature and philosophy and oneself. Students ploughed or passed, "floated" in pairs on the "220" from dining hall to Eluk, pored over the latest publications in the library — and there was the daily procession of science students from the laboratory, anonymous in the white lab coats, their eyes fatigue-shadowed after long hours over the microscope.

Through them moved the dedicated men, those who had quietly and resolutely set their course. Ntsu Mokhehle, moving deliberately to chapel as he was to move into the Presidency of the Basutoland National Congress: Stanlake Samkange, Hassan Mall and Duma Nokwe, preparing for their careers and their places in the Congress movements of Rhodesia and South Africa.

There were the eccentrics too: Hutch, profanely eloquent at the bottom of a rugby melée — as he was no doubt on the long road to Ghana — and others who communed with trees or conducted imaginary orchestras or roared to the dining hall on invisible motor bikes.

The Fort was a university. And a true *universitas* too in the diversity of its students. They came from all over Africa, and most learnt for the first time the continental place of their own country, and its contiguity with the rest of our continent. They came from Uganda, from Kenya, from everywhere — Seretse Khama, regally arrogant in

anticipation of the chieftainship of the Bamangwato he was to inherit, briefly: and Kaunda, who could evoke the Nyanja fisher-folk of the Nyasaland lakes with a few homesick phrases. Of course, there were no Whites, so that Fort Hare was never truly "open" or representative. But most of our continent was there, and when we met occasionally the students from Rhodes, it was to discover delightedly the basic similarity of all students. At the Fort, Coloured, Indian and African from a dozen different countries, lived, or learnt to live, in harmony and fruitful co-operation, mutually stimulating and enriching each other. There were occasional and isolated frictions of course, mostly it seems over attractive women (were affairs ever again quite so experimental and exquisitely difficult?) and clannish coteries that were remnants of tribal group-thinking but few could survive that constant circulation of ideas and the free intermingling that the Fort demanded.

All these strands were woven in the basic fabric: study and lectures and exams — except for those long hot days in the reeds by the Tyume, sprouting poetry or reforming the world.

Occasionally one had glimpses of the grinding sacrifices that made it possible for students to study: of poverty and oppression and racial anger, but the resolute moderation of the majority — articulate and acutely aware of the yoke of oppression — was surely one of the most remarkable things about the Fort.

The jubilation of the Nationalists and the Nationalist press at the sack of Fort Hare is in marked contrast: but amid their raucous acclaim they have said one true thing: the death of Fort Hare was "natuurlik." Fort Hare, as an intellectual institution, died a natural death. It would, indeed, have been unnatural for it to survive when education for the Non-White was being done to death: ten years ago there was whispered talk of police-informers, and hushed up inquisitions: even then there was the occasional flash of racial arrogance in the lecture room, the assumption of students "racially unfitted" for responsibility or certain ideas.

The pirate raids increased: Eiselen and De Vos Malan prepared their blueprints to keep the Non-Whites in perpetual servitude, and a farcical Commission into University Apartheid reported grudgingly that University apartheid was expensive and unwanted. From kindergarten to high school the education of Non-Whites was pillaged and

corrupted. At Fort Hare the infection festered until it came to a head in the sensational closure of the college, the students sent home and the place swarming with security police and stenguns.

After the raids, the occupation. The professors who held out for true education were sacked. The pirates' flag flapped over the Fort.

Fort Hare they often said, as if the place was one huge laboratory, was "an experiment in race relations". If it was, it proved a hundred times over things which surely did not need to be proved: "that the Native was educable": that "the different races could live in harmony."

Now it is to be the centre of a new experiment: whether the privateers of Potchefstroom and Stellenbosch who have taken occupation can produce a race of sub-humans, brain-washed and rotten with racialism. And whether they can be the successful carriers of the viruses of Baaskap and Bantustans, so that all Non-Whites will know forever that "there is no place for them in our society above certain grades of labour" and that "equality is not for them." From the lab they hope to pour a stream of depersonalised automata, responsive to the Master's controls.

Just as the old Fort, under Colonel Hare, was the springboard from which military and missionary mounted their attack on the old tribal order, so Fort Hare must now be the fort from which raids must be launched on the political consciousness and democratic demands of the people of South Africa.

And the shards and weed-choked rubble of the old military Fort are no more ruined than the Fort Hare University College we knew.

The gradual and pitiful despoilation of Fort Hare over the years fills one with a sick horror: but this pillaging and perversion of the old College rouses revulsion and loathing. The flag of the freebooters signals the beginning of a new assault: Belsen and the book-bonfires, and the reign of the jackboot are nearer.

But it will pass, for it came too late. The destruction of the university is also the beginning of a new Renaissance, as the students demonstrated when they greeted the pirates with the pirates' flag. And the resolute and dedicated men who grew to intellectual and political maturity with the help of the Fort will be in the forefront of the movement for freedom.

D.A.

# The Immoral Act

by H. MILLEN

"... the attempt to prohibit such intercourse, far from discouraging it or protecting the individual against himself, might... merely serve to increase the temptation on the principle that 'forbidden fruits are sweetest'. To draw attention, as the Act does, to one sphere of sexual intercourse only in order to penalise it must serve to make the individual aware of a form of temptation of which he might otherwise never have become conscious..."

Professor I. D. MacCrone, "Race Attitudes in South Africa", 1937.

Hardly a day goes past without the newspapers reporting at least one case of "immorality". As a rule the accused are a White man and an African woman. It cannot be said with certainty that the number of cases has really increased to the extent that this would imply, because it is possible that the police have recently become more zealous in snooping after suspicious couples. The other day a young constable met his death in the execution of his duty, when he surprised as immoralist in the act.

## Scandal

A surprising number of the men accused are important and highly respected members of the community, Calvinist clergymen, wealthy farmers and other staunch Nationalists. Far more terrible for them than the legal penalties imposed by the Courts, are the loss of employment, social ostracism and general scandal. One man, a reputed Transvaal tobacco king, even took his own life rather than face such consequences.

## Castration or Hanging?

Yet they go on doing it. Afrikaans "cultural leaders" are very perturbed about this matter, according to a recent issue of "Die Brandwag." One of them, a Professor van der Walt, described as a

sociologist, of Pretoria, told the magazine that there was too much publicity about all this. "The so-called freedom of the press is one of the greatest evils of the country," he said. Others agreed with the Professor on this point, but felt that penalties should be stepped up. Another Pretoria professor, Dr. H. J. Venter, was emphatic on this point. If a long jail sentence didn't help, he felt,

"they should be emasculated, since they are in any case poor human material."

Mrs. J. M. Raath, president of the Vrouefederasie (not to be confused with the Federation of S.A. Women) also agreed that "in certain circumstances" castration would be a solution. But a Rev. Norval of the Gereformeerde Kerk was of a different opinion. Sterilisation or castration infringed the scriptural injunction "be fruitful and multiply." He thought it would be better to hang offenders or sentence them to life imprisonment.

## Group Insanity

The incredible violence of such statements from people like professors and professional Christians points to something deeply irrational in their make up, something quite pathological. Professor MacCrone, in his classical work referred to above, tackles the problem from the viewpoint of psychology. He finds a sort of group-insanity among White South Africans. Some of their hostility to Africans "is of that sadistic kind in which a fusion of the aggressive and erotic impulses comes to be displaced upon the man with a black skin."

We find displayed in the social attitudes of members of the White group towards Africans

"those very features of aggression and repression, of segregation and isolation, of projection and phobia formation, which represent so many duplications of the defence formations of the neurotic individual."

## A Sick Society

We cannot contest Professor MacCrone's analysis — an extremely interesting and valuable one, it should be added, which traces far back into the historical roots of colour prejudice from the early contacts at the Cape. But MacCrone is a psychologist, not a sociologist. He therefore fails to trace the origins of such irrational, indeed insane, phenomena as the Immorality Act to the fundamentally sick society — diseased and rotten to the core — of which they are the product and the symptoms.

South African society is founded upon a lie: the lie of the divine right of the superior "race."

"Oh, what a tangled web we  
weave,  
When first we practice to  
deceive!"

To entrench and preserve this, the keystone of the whole monstrous structure of oppression and exploitation, requires the continuous creation of a whole, infinite series of further lies. A whole system of falsehood develops like a cancerous growth within the body politic, destroying the healthy cells.

We have reached a position where our legislators are no longer able to distinguish lies from the truth. A new dictionary is required to redefine words and phrases as they are used and defined in our legislation. "Bantu Self-Government" means "Abolition of African Parliamentary Franchise." "Communism" means almost any humanistic outlook. "Abolition of Passes" means "intensification of passes."

And "immorality" means the act of sexual love between a couple of different skin-colour. Swart intends introducing more harsh penalties, flogging, and longer prison sentences, to check this unique South African crime, which brands over a million of our population with the stigma of an illegal and immoral origin.

"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret," — you can drive out nature with a fork, yet she will

(Continued on page 15)

# Nyasaland: An Interview with Chiume

What next in Nyasaland? Is the territory too poor to stand outside Federation? Is self-government with Federation acceptable to Nyasas? These and other questions are answered by KANYAMA CHIUME, Publicity Secretary of the Nyasaland African Congress who narrowly escaped arrest and detention during the emergency, and who now represents his Congress in London. The interview, exclusive to FIGHTING TALK, was conducted by EZEKIEL MPHABLELE.\*

**What should the British Government do, in the light of the Devlin Commission Report?**

The Devlin Commission report provided the British Government with a wonderful opportunity to re-examine policies in respect of Nyasaland and Central Africa generally, in order to have a fresh start on the future of these territories. To win the respect and co-operation of the Africans of Nyasaland, the British Government would be well-advised to stop ruling Nyasaland as a police state, to recognise the Nyasaland African Congress as the movement of the people, and to release Dr. Banda and all other detainees, and to accept the fact — as the Devlin Commission observed — that the people of Nyasaland are almost universally opposed to the Central African Federation. They must be given the right to independence outside the Central African Federation, with Dr. Banda as the obvious Prime Minister.

**Do you see any solution in a kind of compromise for Nyasaland on the issues of independence and secession?**

The Nyasaland African Congress, when Nyasaland has ceased to be governed as a police state, is determined to continue the struggle on non-violent lines, as it has always done, for the secession of Nyasaland from the Central African Federation and for independence. The ugly incidents which took place in Nyasaland are not the result of Congress policy or stand; rather, that of the Government which refused to recognise the right of the people of Nyasaland to self-determination, and insisted upon imposing on the Nyasa people a system which the Africans themselves know would lead to their perpetual domination. As far as secession and independence are concerned, there is no compromise, and all the British Government can do is to delay, but never prevent, freedom.

\* Ezekiel ('Zeke') Mphahlele is author of "Down Second Avenue", and was ANC representative to the Accra All-Africa Peoples' Conference in December 1958.

**Would Nyasalanders agree to self-government within the Federation, as Welenski himself has suggested?**

A compromise on a principle is the abandonment of the principle itself. The Africans of Nyasaland have no desire to have the Legislature in Zomba turned into a glorious Provincial Council controlled by Roy Welenski in Salisbury. The whole basis of Federation is the domination of the Africans by the Europeans, and whatever concessions — and it is not concessions Nyasaland Africans want — that Sir Roy Welenski may be intending to offer, they are directed at wooing the Africans to accept political slavery in their own country. The history of South Africa clearly exposes the hollowness of Roy Welenski's offers. It would be useless to accept self-government within the Federation, when the army, the civil service and possibly the police, will be controlled by Roy Welenski. We are convinced that nobody has the right to divide the affairs of Nyasaland into those which belong to a settler-dominated Federation and those which may be left in the hands of the Africans.

**What would you say to people who argue that Nyasaland is too poor to stand outside Federation?**

Nyasaland is not as poor as it is alleged to be. Certainly it is not a poverty-stricken pauper at the doors of Southern Rhodesia. It was viable, balanced its Budget and had a surplus. It is wishful thinking to imagine that Nyasaland could not have developed on her own within the last six years. To say so is to admit that those who are ruling it at the moment are incapable of developing the country and the sooner they leave the country in the hands of the people themselves the better. In assessing the so-called financial benefits of the Federation to Nyasaland, it is important to realise that Nyasaland labour contributes a tremendous amount to the whole economy of Central Africa. Over and above this, the geological potentialities of Nyasaland have not been fully tapped, though 38 economic minerals including radio-active minerals are known to exist. Its agriculture has not been fully developed, and its fish potential has not been fully exploited. Independence, as Guinea has shown, makes

available a tremendous amount of energy and enthusiasm, which imperialism suppresses, for the development of the country. The Nyasaland African Congress is convinced that this energy can be used so that with the labour of the country and its potentialities, the wealth of the country can be developed. Nyasaland might need outside help from various agencies such as the United Nations, and even from Britain herself, but Nyasaland Africans are determined that this outside help from whatever source, must not be allowed to decide the form of Government under which the Africans of Nyasaland are going to live and die.

**At the All-African Peoples Congress in Accra last December, a resolution was passed urging the Rhodesians and Nyasaland to withhold their labour from the South African mines and divert such labour to the development of their own countries, both as part of an economic boycott of South Africa and as an essential measure to put a stop to the disruption of family life in Central Africa. Do you think this resolution will get support in Central Africa?**

The Africans of Nyasaland regard their struggle for independence not as an end in itself but as a means to an end, and they are very conscious of the strategic position of Nyasaland in the struggle for the liberation of East, Central, and South Africa. An independent Nyasaland, therefore, would do everything in its power, including the development of the country itself, to help liberate South Africa from the chains of bondage.

**Is the defeat of the Labour Party in the general elections in Britain a bad omen for the trend of colonial policies?**

There is no doubt that the Labour Party is better disposed to the African struggle for freedom than the Conservative Party, and this can be explained by the fact that the history of the Labour Party has been a similar history of struggle as that of the people of Africa. Whichever party is in power in Britain however, the struggle for the freedom of Africa will be determined by the intensification of the struggle in Africa, and we will not yield an inch in this respect.

(Continued at foot of column 1, page 7)

# AFRICA AND THE UNITED NATIONS

The 1959 session of the UNITED NATIONS could well be called the Africa Session, with this continent jostling others out of the way for the central position on the stage.

Today the Assembly has 82 member countries. Before the end of next year Nigeria, the Cameroons, Togoland and Somaliland should be fully fledged members of UNO. In 10 years' time or less UN membership may top the 100 mark, and half the votes in the Assembly will be cast by new countries of Asia and Africa most of which simply did not exist as sovereign states when UN was founded.

Africa's march to independence is changing the character of the world body in more ways than one. The influence of the new African states and the need to win political favour with them has brought about major switches in the Africa policy of the United States which last year for the first time voted in favour of the resolution of criticism of South Africa's racial policy.

A large number of issues affecting Africa apart from the hoary annual of APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA are before this session of UN, among them:

The FRENCH ATOM BOMB TEST IN THE SAHARA against which world opposition grows stronger daily (see below).

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE BETWEEN ETHIOPIA AND THE ITALIAN TRUST TERRITORY OF SOMALIA which must be settled now that Somalia is on the verge of independence.

THE ATTEMPT BY PORTUGAL, PROBABLY TO BE

COPIED BY FRANCE, TO EVADE REPORTING ON THEIR COLONIES on the grounds that their colonies are overseas provinces of the metropolitan country. Since the acceptance of the De Gaulle constitution by some of France's colonies France may refuse to render reports on them in future.

Newly independent African countries may try to raise at UN the emergency situation in the CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION and the future of Nyasaland; and conditions in Kenya, for example the Hola and other detention camps.

The question of SOUTH WEST AFRICA. This item has been on UN agendas for thirteen years. South Africa is the only country that refused, after the second world war, to place its former League of Nations mandate under U.N. Trusteeship to be groomed and supervised for independence as was done for the Cameroons, Somaliland and Togoland. Five petitioners put South West Africa's case this year: the Reverend Michael Scott; Jariretundu Kozonguizi (first petitioner to come directly from SWA to UN); Mburumba Kerina (young Herero studying in the United States); Hans Beukes, the Coloured student who had his passport revoked when he won a scholarship to Norway and who left South Africa via Bechuanaland to go to U.N.; and two young Americans who visited SWA this year. There were strong moves this year to take the complaint against South Africa to the International Court at the Hague and to compel her to bring about UN trusteeship, and a growing impatience with South Africa's obstinacy in refusing to accept U.N. decisions.

## CHIUME

(Continued from page 6)

Why have neither the British press nor the authorities in Britain and Nyasaland yet disclosed the names of the Africans who have been nominated by the Governor to the Legislative Council?

There is a desperate attempt by the Nyasaland Government to try to build up Africans to take the position of Dr. Banda and his colleagues, and I believe that it was intended to have people in the Legislative Council who could be so built but they got 'obscures' to accept the nominated seats in the Council and this perhaps explains their failure to announce the standing of any of these people in Nyasaland Society.

Any other comments on Nyasaland?

It must be clearly understood that in our demand for the secession of Nyasaland from the Central African Federation we are not anti-White nor anti-Asian, but we are certainly anti-domination. We shall continue with the struggle however long and however difficult the fight, convinced that an independent Nyasaland will be in a far better position to fight for the liberation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, and the Protectorates.

## WORLD-WIDE PROTESTS AGAINST THE SAHARA BOMB TEST

It is not surprising that General de Gaulle has decided to hush up the date of the French atom bomb test in the Sahara.

Such widespread protest has been aroused — from all parts of the world — that the French, understandably, are becoming a trifle embarrassed.

The big question, however is: Is France's "Man of Destiny" prepared to flout world opinion, jeopardise the move towards disarmament and endanger the lives of 200,000,000 in Africa?

One thing is clear: If de Gaulle is still so foolish as to believe that his reckless action will cover France with "glory", he is sadly mistaken.

Throwing bucketsfull of fatal radioactive dust over his neighbours — in Europe as well as in Africa — is not going to endear France to humanity.

More than that, by exploding a bomb at a time when the big powers are moving delicately towards disarmament will damage France's "prestige" — already badly tarnished in North Africa.

A huge wave of anti-French feeling is sweeping Africa.

Measures including economic sanctions have been discussed by West African leaders if France goes ahead.

A "summit" conference of Dr. Nkrumah, Sekou Toure and President Tubman, met recently to discuss counter measures.

This was followed by protest notes to France from Ghana (which were rejected) and a special visit to London by the Federal Prime Minister of Nigeria, Mr. Alhaja Balewa to ask Britain to intercede with France.

Two resolutions were passed by the Nigerian House of Assembly condemning the tests.

During the debate, Mr. Balewa said: "We would object to any tests in the Sahara. Our scientists have said they would have a very serious effect on our country.

"The Sahara is a very open place and prevailing winds . . . blow right over our country. We would have no objection if the bomb were exploded in France."



"You can't call the game off—I haven't bowled yet!"

Speaking to 2,000 people at a Trafalgar Square protest meeting, Mr. G. A. G. Fabure, representing the Nigerian Commissioner in London said: "The French have no right to pollute the air of Africa."

In Accra, a 3,000-person demonstration took place outside the French embassy after the French Charge d'Affaires had refused to receive a deputation led by Krobo Edusei, a Cabinet Minister.

Chanting "Down with De Gaulle", 300 members of the Committee for African Organisations and Direct Action Com-

mittee carried a banner through London reading: "France Get Out of Africa."

An appeal to General de Gaulle to call off the tests has been sent from Pretoria by the S.A. Mothers Anti-Atom Bomb Association.

King Saud of Saudi Arabia has cabled the secretariat of the Afro-Asian Council in Cairo condemning the French plan as "a horrible act against human rights."

### Scientists Protest

A glance at the rest of the world reveals mounting pressure against France's plan.

In Warsaw, the World Federation of Scientific Workers representing 24 countries has warned that the tests would have "incalculable political consequences."

The eminent writer and Nobel prize winner, Albert Schweitzer has warned that the full effects of last year's explosions may only show in 15 years. If world nuclear tests were to be resumed, public opinion, "the highest authority in this field" would react violently.

A dozen Italian professors of physics have denounced the tests as constituting a danger to the Italian people and have appealed for Government action.

Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister has made several representations to France asking for a cancellation of the tests.

The Burmese Peace Committee has sent a protest telegram to the French Government and has expressed its solidarity with Afro-Asian opposition to the tests at UNO.

A telegram of protest against the tests as "a peril both to the health of the African peoples and the peoples of Europe" has been sent to the Afro-Asian Solidarity Council by the Rumanian League for Friendship with the People of Asia and Africa.

In London the European Federation against Nuclear Weapons has sent a letter to all African governments offering scientific and legal help against the tests.

It is signed by Canon John Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral who is chairman of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

In over a dozen countries peace committees have also joined in the mounting clamour of protest.

As a fitting culmination to these world protests came the United Nations resolution calling on France to cancel her test explosion.

## LIONEL FORMAN

Before we knew that LIONEL FORMAN would undergo that open heart operation FIGHTING TALK had asked him for an article for this issue on "Current Soviet Writing on Africa."

Four days before he died Lionel wrote from his hospital bed to say: "Sorry I can't do the article this month but it involves looking up references I can't get at . . . I hope to tackle it in time for the January issue."

The article will not appear.

Lionel's death cut short his work on a thesis on the history of African political organisations, a study of the national question in South Africa, weekly articles in NEW AGE analysing world trends, countless other writing and study projects, and prodigious and unceasing political activity though most of his youth and all his adult life were dogged by serious ill health.

For Lionel was a man of versatile talent and great vigour of pen. From him flowed sober analysis, earnest argument based on his Socialist principles, the results of his historical research, and also satire and sarcastic humour written in breezy and biting style.

FIGHTING TALK readers will recall Lionel's articles on socialism, on "Treason Trials in South Africa", "Coloured Pioneers of the Congress Movement", "The Civil Liberties Battle in the United States" and many more.

Lionel will be missed not only as a writer, the field in which he made his greatest mark in the last years of his short life, but as a political figure in the South African Liberation Movement, as a fellow-fighter, as one of the 156 men and women of all races arrested in the treason swoop of December 1956, as a comrade who held tenaciously to his convictions.

His friends knew him as a man of lively and alert mind, serious and taciturn at times, at others puckish and amusing, always considerate, gentle and undemanding.

Lionel lived the greater part of his life knowing that his heart condition could prove fatal at any time, yet he refused to be considered an invalid or to spare himself. In the last few years he was devoured by an anxiety to complete as many as possible of his research and writing projects in the shortest possible time. He lived and worked under great odds, yet with determination, enthusiasm and an impressive courage, and the freedom movement and South Africa are the poorer for his death.

WHEN NIGERIA becomes independent on October 1, 196/ the name of the capital Lagos will be changed to Eko. Other place names in Nigeria will be rechristened with their Africa rather than their European names after independence. (Lagos takes its present name from a small Portuguese fishing village.)

BECHUANALAND HOPES for some form of self-government have suffered a setback in a report from the British High Commission office that "the time is not yet ripe for African members of the proposed Bechuanaland Legislative Council to be elected directly by inhabitants of the territory." The Council of 35 will allow for 21 'elected members', four nominated members and 10 official members but the elected members will be chosen by already hand-picked bodies, with Africans and Whites represented in equal numbers though there are 292,754 Africans in Bechuanaland and only 2,325 Europeans.

PATRICE LUMUMBA, president of the Congo National Movement should be released from arrest, said a protest by the All-African Peoples' Conference issued in Accra. "His arrest will not in any way deter the Congolese in their struggle for independence," said the statement.



# Zimbabwe

by HENRI BART

Reprinted from THE UNESCO COURIER  
October, 1959.

Ninety-one years ago a wandering hunter named Adam Renders returned southward from the unexplored lands of what would become Southern Rhodesia, beyond the river Limpopo, and made himself famous with a strange tale. Not far beyond the river, not as much as 200 miles beyond it, he had seen tall grey ruins in the bush. He could say little more than that, for he had never seen such walls and towers before; but the tale passed round, and grew the stranger as it passed, and those who heard it reckoned that Africa had once again sprung one of its surprises. A hidden civilisation in the northern plains: who could have expected that?

A German geologist called Mauch was next to see this mystery in towering stone. Four years after Renders, he in his turn came back across the Limpopo and declared that he had seen a fortress on a hilltop that was surely a copy of King Solomon's temple on Mount Moriah; below it, in the valley, he had seen a great building in stone that was just as surely a copy of the palace in which the Queen of Sheba had dwelt at Jerusalem in the 10th century B.C.

The story spread across the world. Thirteen years after Mauch's return, an unknown writer called Rider Haggard made name and fortune with a book called *King Solomon's Mines*, a fine romantic tale of diamonds and Africa. And a few years later the land was opened for European occupation by an invading British column, and many more reports came back. Yet Renders and Mauch, it seemed, had not exaggerated: the ruins really were tall and spacious—and inexplicable. Could any African "native" have built them? The idea seemed absurd. Here an alien hand had been at work: another and much earlier conqueror from outside. England was only entering on that vanished conqueror's heritage.

## Gold Rush in the 'Land of Ophir'

"Today then", wrote one of the pioneers of 1891, the year when the British took possession of these lands to the north of the Limpopo, "The Englishman is in the land of Ophir — opening afresh the treasure house of antiquity . . .

(and soon) we may expect to see the image of Queen Victoria stamped on the gold with which King Solomon overlaid his ivory throne, and wreathed the cedar pillars of his temple."

And then it was discovered that the ruins of Zimbabwe were not alone. Little by little, as pioneering columns pushed northward across the plains and spread away on either side, men stumbled on many other such ruins: none of them so large and splendid as Zimbabwe, but all of them bearing an undeniable stamp of dignity and civic strength.

Yet if this was the Land of Ophir, the source of all those talents of gold which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, surely much of it must still remain? Many asked themselves this question; and many hastened northwards in the hope of treasure. They found unmistakable signs of ancient mining: hundreds, even thousands, of abandoned mine workings thirty or sixty feet deep or so, scattered across the land. They staked new claims; and they were not always disappointed.

Others took an easier road to wealth. They plundered the ruins. A prospector called Neal teamed up with a couple of hopefuls in Johannesburg to form an Ancient Ruins Company Limited, and managed to loot 500 ounces of worked gold from burials in the ruins of Rhodesia before high authority, realising what precious knowledge was probably being lost forever with the gold, ordered them to stop. That was in 1900. "But the damage done", wrote the late J. F. Schofield, "was immense, for everything except the gold was treated in a most reckless manner" — while the gold, or most of it, was melted down and sold.

When it came to explaining the origin of these ruins and mine workings, the "legend of Ophir" for long led the field. Amateur archaeologists, eagerly investigating these ruins with their minds full of remote antiquity, declared they were Sabaeian and Phoenician. They belonged, that is, to a period going back some thousand years and more beyond the beginning of the Christian era. These battlements and towers, it was said, were manifestly the work of civilising

To the south of Salisbury lie the ruins of Zimbabwe. With its massive stone walls, terraced battlements and towers, Zimbabwe is only one — though the best preserved — of a score of ruins in Rhodesia, which, together with even more sites where gold, copper, iron and tin were mined, prove that an African civilisation grew and flowered some 12 centuries before Europeans entered the land.

intruders from the north, from beyond the seas: they were not the work of native Africans. Nothing like them, after all, existed anywhere in southern Africa: nor was it in any case thinkable, it was added, that the savage ancestors of these savage natives whom Europeans were even then subduing with such toil and bloodshed could ever have raised such monuments to a civilised past.

But a few others were not of this opinion. On the contrary replied Selous, some of these Africans are still building in stone in much the same way; and some of them are still sinking mines. It was hard to deny authority to Selous, for none of the wandering hunters of those pioneering days knew the country half so well. The controversy raged.

Impressed by the bitterness of argument, the British Association entered the fray in 1905. It appointed a trained archaeologist called David Randall-MacIver to make a report on these much disputed ruins. MacIver's findings added fuel to the flames. He dismissed as nonsense the claims of ancient or foreign origin: the ruins, he said, could be proved to be relatively modern — dating perhaps to the 14th or 15th century A.D. — and in his opinion they were undoubtedly the work of native Africans.

The "Ophir-ites" were not dismayed. They returned to the charge. And they returned with such good effect that a quarter of a century later, in 1929, the British Association appointed another trained archaeologist whose work, it was thought, must surely carry conviction. Three years later Miss Gertrude Caton-Thompson published her great book, *The Zimbabwe Culture*, and confirmed the substance of everything that MacIver had said about Zimbabwe. The ruins, she found, were mediaeval in date and Bantu in origin. They were probably a little older than MacIver had thought; but not by much.

## Stone Monuments to an Iron Age

Even in face of this — and Miss Caton-Thompson's book has since become the "Bible" of all serious archaeological investigation in southern Africa

(Continued on page 14)

# He Wanted No Tomorrow!

As far as I know, Alfred Hutchinson was front page news only once in his life. For a brief moment the press featured his arrest in Tanganyika on a charge of entering the country without official documents. For a day or two, while they filled in the background of Hutchinson's career — A.N.C. official, school-teacher, treason trialist, — the news-hawks followed his story. They told of Tanganyika's declaration that he was a prohibited immigrant; of Christian Action's immediate offer of an air-fare anywhere he desired to prevent his forced repatriation to South Africa; of his air flight to Ghana and his appearance at the Accra Conference as a delegate of the African National Congress. And there the story ended. After a brief moment, Hutch faded from the news as suddenly and mysteriously as he had crashed into it.

Because of this brief moment, Hutch is remembered by many only as the **Treason Trialist who got away**. There have been others who have remembered him as the one who **ran away**. It is the measure of the man, perhaps, that amongst this second group there are none of those who would have the best reasons for bitterness and envy — none of the hundred and fifty five who spent over two years in the same Drill Hall, in the tedium and privation of the treason trial; none of those many A.N.C. officials and leaders who have lived through the same endless round of Special Branch persecution and harrying of the past several years. Almost all of these whose views I have heard feel a glow of satisfaction that Hutch, finally, got away from it all.

## The Special Plea

Perhaps this is because Hutch is something special. Not special because he got away. Others have done it before, often more easily, more legitimately, less painfully. Amongst the Non-White writers of talent, Arthur Maimane, Bloke Modisane, Zeke Mphahlele have all made the break from Verwoerd's South Africa. Before then, even before the days of Nationalist government, there were others who made the break, so long ago and finally that they are no longer 'our people' but aliens — Gerard Sekoto, painting rootlessly in Paris, Peter Abrahams writing rootlessly in London. Doubtless those who knew them all could enter special pleadings, special justifications for their decisions. South Africa is a grim place for

L. BERNSTEIN writes on  
"ROAD TO GHANA"  
by Alfred Hutchinson

all who are not White. It is doubly grim for those who feel, react and desire more keenly and sensitively than the rest of us, and thus are able to depict their emotions artistically and dramatically to others.

I knew Hutch. I did not know the others except as nodding acquaintances. For Hutch I can enter the special plea and the special justification. I doubt if it is necessary. Hutch is — above all else — a writer. And the justification of a writer is his writing. In his few months of escape in Ghana, Hutch has justified his decision by writing a book, a fine, sensitive book, worthy of his great talent for descriptive prose. In all his years in South Africa he wrote little — an unsuccessful and unsatisfactory novel, some promising short stories, some magnificent but slender descriptive sketches mainly for small circulation magazines like *Fighting Talk*. None of it was worthy of the real ability of the man. And all of it written with such tremendous pain and suffering, such torturing, and only under relentless pressure and nagging by editors and friends. In South Africa as it is today, Hutch's talent would have slowly shrivelled up and died, leaving behind it only the stray flash of inspiration to tell of what might have been.

## All Set for Tragedy

All the worst combinations of the worst features of South African racialism seem to have afflicted Hutch. With one White grandparent and both parents African, Hutch was patently Coloured. Yet he chose to live as an African, taking lodgings in African areas, making friends chiefly amongst Africans. Elsewhere even in Africa, this could mean little more than choosing the special economic privileges reserved for Africans. In South Africa it set the stage for tragedy. In his book Hutch tells of the nightmarish hounding to which he was subjected by Pass Office officials under Special Branch police inspiration. On the one hand, he is arrested and charged for being a Coloured man in an African township without a special permit. Almost simultaneously he is charged with being an African, not registered with the pass office. The tragic climax comes when the man who

has lived, by choice, as an African has to prove in court that he is Coloured, or be deported from the town — perhaps to a Bethal farm.

## Triple Crisis

The story is wonderfully told, with those flashes of great descriptive writing of which Hutch is so capable. It is told almost in undertones, played down with tremendous dramatic effect. Alongside this climax to his troubles, Hutch tells of the other prongs of the triple crisis which determined irrevocably the decision to get away without delay. He tells in the same studious understatement of Hazel, the European woman with whom he fell in love, a hopeless, tragic-destined love if lived out in South Africa against Immorality Acts and Mixed Marriages prohibitions. This affair, too, moves to climax, with police seeking Hazel for deportation — clearly such a woman is 'undesirable' in South Africa — and taunting and threatening Hutch with an immorality prosecution. Finally, to make the cup run over, is the tale of confusion and uncertainty of future which again disrupted the even tenor of treason trialists' lives when the crown suddenly withdrew the indictment, without any indication whether the ordeal of trial would commence again, or when.

## Out of the Strait-Jacket

Here was the turning point in Hutch's life. As he writes himself: "I wanted no tomorrow" — not in South Africa. Without passport and without permits, Hutch followed the 'underground railway' to liberty. His book tells not only of the making of the decision, but of the journey itself, of the people of Africa with whom he rubs brief shoulders in the trains and the buses, on the stations and in the jails that marked his passage. No one has ever written of Africa as Hutch writes. Every picture comes alive with living people, struggling towards life against all the cruelty, indifference and persecutions of Southern Africa. Here, in the pages of "Road to Ghana" is the justification for Hutch's decision to travel the road. Africa would be poorer if this book had not been written.

And I have no doubt that in South Africa it would never have been written. For over two years, during re-

**ROAD TO GHANA** will be published in the new year.

# SPUTNIKS AND SOVIET SCIENCE

cesses and lunch adjournments of the treason trial, I talked to Hutch of books and of writing. Always Hutch was on the verge of writing; always he was preparing, gathering, planning to make a start. On and off over the years he spoke of the book he was going to write — a book of the farm labourers in the Bethal fields, of their lives, their passage from the pass-offenders police cell, the meaning for them and their people of the treatment and inhumanity of the Bethal labour system. That book was never started.

Life in South Africa was a strait-jacket for Hutch. Just keeping alive, just keeping sane, just staying human and unscarred was as much as a man of his sensitivity could compass. Above this there was neither time nor energy nor even any longer the compelling urge to create. All his life, for some reason I have never understood, Hutch has been known to his friends as "Tough." In his way, I suppose, Hutch was tough. He followed his conscience into jail in the Defiance Campaign; he fought the good fight for freedom with the Congress movement when to do so invited persecution and hounding; and finally he travelled the road to freedom in Ghana the hard way, the hunted way, unafraid. Hutch does not frighten easily. Perhaps then he is tough. But no artist of his compassion, with his sensitivity, could be tough enough to survive the ordeals which life heaped on his head and yet have strength to write creatively in a way which needs all of a man's sensitivity and heart.

Only once before did Hutch really write a complete book, a novel. I have not read it, though those who have tell me that it is far from being his best work; at the time he was young, learning the writer's craft, immature. Yet a local publishing firm accepted it for publication. Hutch once told me the story of that affair. He was asked to call on the firm to discuss terms. He went. He was received as a White South African customarily receives a 'boy'. He was not asked to sit down. No one shook his hand. The boss remained seated and talked; Hutch remained standing and listened. Terms were handed out, as though he were a house-boy applying for a post. Hutch left the office bitter and disgusted. The novel went with him; he threw it into a drawer, and never afterwards tried to get it published. Somehow in that incident there is the microcosm of the man Hutch. White South Africa coldly reduced him from the status of writer to the status of 'boy'. From that blow the writer never really recovered until he shook South Africa and its caste society off his back.

Did you know? The Russians are using television to photograph the moon; the first sputnik had a thrust of 400,000 lbs.; their Synchrophasotron weighs 36,000 tons and has a diameter of 60 yards.

Did you know that the Soviets were first in the production of electric power from the atom, to fly around the world without refuelling, to have automation?

Where is the longest canal in the world, the biggest man-made dam and hydro-electric power station, the only anti-magnetic ship in the world, cameras which take 50,000,000 pictures per second, or cameras which photograph the ocean depths at 30,000 feet down? Who has the most accurate clock in the world? The Russians do.

This is the theme of "Secrets of Soviet Science". But as the author points out they do not keep their secrets but publish them widely. This book does a good job of breaking through local news selection that keeps this information from us.

Pity though that a book on the wonders of Soviet achievement should reflect so badly on British bookbinders that pages 49 to 65 (in my copy anyway) should be missing!

**SECRETS OF SOVIET SCIENCE**  
by Lucien Barnier. Published by Allan Wingate. Price: 21s. 6d.

This book is a reprint of various articles published by Russian authors and scientists. Ari Sternfeld deals with the general background to adventure in space and then the story of the first three Sputniks is told, in a series of 14 short articles.

The first article by Sternfeld is excellent and worth a second reading since it gives a down-to-earth analysis of Astronautics. The other articles are badly chosen, I'm afraid. Press cuttings at best make poor reading a year after they have first appeared. These cuttings are not well chosen from those available and no attempt has been made to edit them. The result is that we learn that the radio transmitters worked on 20 and 40 megacycles in about four of the reprinted art-

"Road to Ghana" is the proof that a free country has liberated not only the man but also his talents. Hutch, at long last his written a book comparable to his talent. Always there were in him ideas, stories, pictures, bubbling to burst out into words and print. Now he has broken the strait-jacket, "Road to Ghana" is the justification not only of Hutch and his decision to get away from this country. It is also the vindication of all those, amongst them the editorial staff of this journal, who have always held that Hutch was amongst the best, perhaps the very best writer South Africa has produced in our time.

icles. This together with other such repetitive matter becomes annoying.

The subject matter of the articles is interesting and written in a popular form for the general reader. It would have been much more satisfactory however to have had one of the Soviet popular science writers commissioned to write a unified book on the subject. This book is indeed a very poor substitute for the real story as told by the Russians themselves at the time when these things were happening.

**SOVIET WRITINGS ON EARTH SATELLITES AND SPACE TRAVEL.** Published by MacGibbon and Kee. Price: 21s. 6d.

Dr. R. E. PRESS.

Here are some books you can afford to buy this Christmas. Because book prices have now risen so high, these are all in the "paperback" category; and in the fashion of paperbacks are not newly issued books but, generally, reprints. But no less readable for all that. Here are some worth reading that are at present on the bookshop shelves:

**SPARTACUS**, by Howard Fast (Panther). A gripping novel of the revolt of the Roman slaves against a decadent society.

**STALINGRAD** by T. Plivier (Berkeley). The grim tale of the destruction of the German Army, seen through German eyes.

**SHAKA ZULU** by E. A. Ritter (Panther). A magnificent documented history of one of the greatest figures in the past of this country.

**KNOCK ON ANY DOOR** by W. Motley (Fontana). The story of how slum life turns a young man into a juvenile delinquent.

**DANCE IN THE SUN** by Dan Jacobson (Ace). A tale of South African conflict and suspense by a South African writer.

**THE INFORMER** by L. O'Flaherty (Four Square). The fate of a police agent in the days of Ireland's revolution.

And in more serious vein:

**THE VOYAGE OF THE LUCKY DRAGON** by R. E. Lapp (Penguin). The true story of the Japanese fishermen who fell victims to the first H Bomb test.

**HIROSHIMA** by John Hersey (Penguin). The moving account of the death of a city when the first atom bomb was dropped.

## Job Reservation and the Unions

In South Africa it is an important event when a contribution to trade union literature is made, for this does not happen often as can be seen from the fact that during the last ten years only four little books have appeared, three of them written by Mr. Alex Hepple. The reasons for this may suggest themselves after reading H. J. Simons' and Ray Alexander's 40 page pamphlet "Job Reservation and the Trade Unions."

This pamphlet is undoubtedly a "first" in the field of trade union literature. There is no other full study of the South African industrial colour bar and the role of the labour movement within its framework. Written by two experts (Dr. Simons lectures and writes on African Government and Law at the University of Cape Town and Ray Alexander is a trade unionist victimised by the Government for her opposition to racial discrimination) the job reservation schemes of the present Government are seen in perspective.

The authors trace the industrial colour bar to its genesis and bring to light in a unique way the standpoints of political movements and workers' organisations who in their times have opposed or supported the industrial colour bar.

The booklet is thus a handbook for every worker anxious to fight for the right to skilled work. More than that, it will be a standard textbook for research workers and the student of our economic structure for the writers have painstakingly tapped every source to reveal the truth behind the colour bar.

In a modest foreword, the authors write, "this little book describes some of the methods used to keep workmen of different races apart and the effects upon the trade union movement". For the serious trade unionist however, the pamphlet does more than that for its objectivity has a compelling effect upon him to examine his attitude to this subject in a new light.

"The Nationalist job reservation schemes are explained as a system "to give White wage earners an exclusive or preferred claim to selected occupations in industry, commerce and the public service through statutory and administrative discrimination against Coloureds, Indian and African workers." The pamphlet systematically shows that "this system extends ideas and practices that go far back in our history and that a division of labour between White and Brown people was established in the early days of White settlement at the Cape."

The authors take the reader through the history of the colour bar in the mining industry, and, from official statements relate the Nationalist Party's crude concept of racial discrimination. The two opposite traditions in the trade union movement — socialist and liberal thought as opposed to White supremacy — provide some hard facts which every trade unionist should know. A chapter on Job Reservation in action hits home the tragedy of racial discrimination and its effects on Non-White workers. Finally the pamphlet discusses the formidable barriers in the way of Non-White workers whose time has come to reassess their positions in the trade union movement. It concludes on the note

that though the Non-White workers have not up to now turned the slogans EQUAL RIGHT TO WORK AND EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK into "a major battle cry" the new trends in the trade union movement will forge a stronger trade union movement which will break through present restrictions and provide their political organisations with a firmer basis.

The pamphlet's appearance coincides with significant stirrings among Non-White trade unionists who are bearing the brunt of the new I.C. Act and are looking for a way out of its clutches. They will find it a helpful guide. This study is also bound to make its mark on the trade union movement as a whole, for its searchlight on the industrial colour bar extends far beyond the confines of Clause 77, (the job reservation provision), of the new I.C. Act.

JOB RESERVATION AND THE TRADE UNIONS, by Ray Alexander and H. J. Simons. Published by Enterprise Publishing Co., P.O. Box 40, Woodstock, Cape Town. Price: 2/6d.

Leon Levy.

## New Watches

Edgar Snow wrote in 'Red Star over China' one of the earliest and most impressively prophetic descriptions of the new China in the making in the rough caves of Yen-an in the days when the names of Mao Tse Tung and Chou En Lai meant little to the outside world. The far-seeing perception of Snow's early days seems to have deserted him in later years as he joined the highly competitive band of foreign correspondents who flitted from one war front to another and in the wake of news headline personalities, quizzing everyone from Gandhi to King Ibn Saud, Truman to Stalin's son, the Viceroy of India to Churchill.

Where accurate reportage and painstaking detailed study made Snow's first great book, rushing about the world's capitals to be 'first' on the spot mars this one.

Snow's journeyings and some autobiography are written against the background of rather superficial commentary on world politics in an atmosphere frozen by Cold War icicles which seem to have laid their chilly finger on the writer too.

Snow's old magic is recaptured only in chapters that deal with those early days in China and in some fascinating accounts of conversations with statesmen, Nehru and Gandhi foremost. He tells the story of how he and a superstitious Irish friend were struck by the fact that their wrist watches stopped at an interview with Gandhi and again when Gandhi was assassinated and then, ominously, at an interview with Nehru. What evil omen could this be? It was Nehru "this son of occult Asia who tilted his Gandhi hat to one side and smiled 'What you need,' he said, 'are new watches'."

This is the theme on which Snow ends. New Watches are needed. It is far too

## A China Geography

This is one of the few books available to readers in the West dealing with the geography and the economic development taking place in China. Indeed in school and other text-books China is treated in such a scanty fashion, completely out of proportion for a country of 650 million people and an area of over 3½ million square miles.

The chapter include physical features, mineral resources, climatic conditions, soil, vegetation, economic growth of the various administrative regions — first in a general sense, and in the second section of the book, in extreme detail. Of particular interest to colonial readers would be the description and equal treatment of the "border" regions, such as Tibet, Sinkiang, Inner Mongolia, etc. consisting mainly of non-Han inhabitants. The economic growth in these areas, together with the development of the road and rail systems is a pointer to what can be achieved in "backward areas" in a comparatively brief period of time.

The book is well illustrated but I feel that some of the topographic maps could have been improved by the use of different colours, rather than the blurred effect obtained by different cross shading.

A very useful volume which should be obtained by any broad-minded person concerned with developments taking place in the world around him.

R.R.

A SIMPLE GEOGRAPHY OF CHINA — Wang Chun-Heng). (China Knowledge Series).

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: The U.N.'s STEPCHILD is the title of a booklet issued by the America Committee on Africa putting the case for United Nations action against South Africa which has refused to place South-West under international trusteeship. With a foreword by Martin Luther King this booklet advocates taking South Africa before the International Court for her failure to carry out her mandate.

Published by ACOA, 801 Second Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

late to restore colonial empires in the world, he argues. The world has reached the crest of an unexampled floodtide of human advance. Snow urges that it is time for every nation to cast out the beam in its own eyes before seeking to cast out the mote in a neighbour's eyes. Accurate telling of the time for human advance is all very well, but warm human goodwill alone won't make the clocks go.

JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING by Edgar Snow. Published by Gollancz. Price: 24s.

# Tretchikoff Comes To Town

We've never known such goings on! Tretchikoff, like the circus, has come to town.

Advertisements the size of big brass bands — only twice as loud, and canvases to make tent builders blush.

Signed hocus-pocus going cheap and full houses every performance.

This is big business. Twenty-one thousand - pounds - worth - in - the - three-months kind of business.

One thing seems clear. He certainly knows how to promote his merchandise. Well packaged presentation all displayed in a manner worthy of a Rembrandt or a Leonardo da Vinci. But alas, the paintings in the eight-inch gilt edged frames are not the old master at all — they're Tretchikoff.

But I'm not writing this as an analysis of sales promotion. This is an attempt to understand the appeal that Tretchi's pictures have for the general public.

Primarily, it is his realism; but realism — even "craftsmanship" on its own, has nothing to do with greatness in art. A great picture can be characterised by realism, but it is not the realism that makes the picture great. Many of us, in fact, believe that the more realistic a picture is, the better it is. Tretchikoff's success depends on it. We notice that some pictures are more accurate in their realism than others, and so, apparently, we assume that some artists are unable to paint as literally as others. The greatest artists we likewise appear to believe are those whose paintings achieve the greatest realism.

Now this is not true at all. The paintings of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian — yes even Rembrandt — have been surpassed in sheer photographic accuracy by many artists whose work never got anywhere near a museum at all.

In Tretchikoff's pictures, the excessive photographic realism, by its overexact demands on the artist can well prevent a picture from being great.

Take his painting "Pottery woman". A good looking woman dressed to the nines in tribal dress decoratively standing forever in front of a stone wall. It was the wall that got me. Built up grain by grain of paint mixed with Alabastine or some such material, moulded together to make the rocks. I had the feeling that I should remove one and let the wall come tumbling down — to see the effect, if any, on the tribal humpty-dumpty pottery-woman.

## SOME STRAIGHT TALK ON PAINTING

by  
ARTHUR GOLDREICH

### Story Telling

All his pictures are literary, they all have story telling qualities. Some tell a great deal more story, put more emphasis on the story idea, than do others. Generally speaking, in one kind of picture, the story is the most important consideration; in other kinds, the story is only secondary. As in all story telling pictures Tretchikoff's are very realistic, because a realistic depiction brightens the dramatic literary effect. Although such pictures are often painted with great technical skill, their primary interest lies in the story they tell, as for example in the, now famous, picture "The Dying Orchid" weeping its poor broken heart out, on the steps of some posh joint or other because like Cinderella it has had to leave the ball.

The story — not the manner of painting of the picture — supplies the real drama, the interest, the attraction.

### The Fatal Flaw

Herein lies the fatal flaw — a flaw that leads, I believe to lack of permanence. Such art doesn't wear well over a long period of time.

For example, a picture with a clever story-telling might catch one's eye immediately and cause one to buy it and hang it on a wall where he can see it often. Hanging on the wall however, day after day, week after week, month after month, the clever idea loses its charm. In fact, the cleverer the idea the more tiresome it is likely to become — like the novelty records played over and over. (Seems to me Alvin of the Chipmunks is not long for this life.)

Possibly this is unfair, possibly the example is too extreme. Very well, let the story telling picture be a bit simpler and more profound, not merely superficially clever. Suppose for instance it is a still life called "Rose in decanter" or "Arum lilies" or "Yellow Chrysanthemums."

You think it is a lovely picture and the artist has caught it perfectly. Hang it on your wall and love it. But then what happens? In real life things would change. The light would vary, the sha-

dows would lengthen, the colour would change with the light. The petals would look different when the wind blew. The smell would be there. One would at least have to change the water in the vases. In this constantly varying real life scene the flowers could well continue to be of interest.

### Frozen Forever

But with the picture this would not happen. Once the painter stopped squeezing out his tubed flowers, not a petal or stamen, leaf or bud would or could move forever after. Every motion would be deeply frozen forever.

Nor would light and colour change in the slightest degree — except, perhaps, to get brown and dirty with age. The picture would be born dead. Of course, this would not become immediately apparent to the owner, because it might take some time for him to become familiar with its many details. (He may never look at the picture enough to get really acquainted with it.) But sooner or later, if he looks at the picture long enough, he must subconsciously realise that he is looking at the same unchanging, unchanging scene. And inevitably this unchanging scene may bore him to the extent that his eyes no longer see the picture on his wall and then it is really dead — forever.

"But," you say, "this can happen to any picture!" It can happen to any picture whose main interest lies in the real-life scene it reproduces, in the story it tells, in the memories it evokes. But there is another, different kind of picture that does not wear out so easily — a picture whose appeal is not to the memory, but to the eye.

It is the picture whose structure, whose design is such that it interests the eye in itself and need not depend on nostalgias the way Tretchikoff's pictures do.

The old masters, who were also realist painters did not neglect design or other purely artistic qualities of their pictures. With all this, how dull is so much of their subject matter to us today — but how interesting their manner of painting!

Of course the crux of the matter is that art must change, must grow and develop or it dies.

If this may seem a bit strange to some of us who enjoy seeing this sort of realism, let us remember that we look at only a few pictures and for a short time.

(Continued on next page)

## Tretchikoff

With the coming of the camera and the colour film we can — perfectly — in a fraction of a second at the cost of a few shillings achieve what the artist can only approximate after hours of diligent labour.

I think that a man who sits down and copies something, no matter how cleverly, is not producing a work of art.

An artist must make something out of nature, not merely copy it.

He needs to use the elements in nature and translate them as design on the canvas. The forms and colours of one element must happily relate to the form and colour of the other.

### Design Imprisoned

Tretchikoff with his constant desire for realism has imprisoned design. His "Self-Portrait" with the crows-feet at the eyes and his furrowed forehead scratched in with the back of his brush is, I think, a good example. The head, painted in greys staring out of an explosive, disordered, background, hovers above a dead amputated hand carrying a brush. You see, the hand and the brush just had to be in the picture. How else could you know that he was a painter?

Compare this to a Rembrandt portrait. I think we would have to go far to find as many hauntingly beautiful real people as are to be found on Rembrandt's canvases. And surely, there were not that many in Rembrandt's circle in his own time.

The point is, that the beauty and the glory of these faces did not come from the models but from Rembrandt alone. What Tretchikoff portraits do not have is the emotional, deeply felt expression of the painter himself, not of his subject matter. Rembrandt didn't copy — he created. Cezanne did the same. He painted still-lives, landscapes, portraits. In all of these the important aspects were what he called his "sensations". He tried to "realise his sensations" on canvas when he painted. Confronted with the bewildering maze of details that constitute outdoor nature, he sought first to analyse, to simplify the confusing scene before him, and second to synthesise, to recreate or "realise" the mentally simplified scene on the canvas. In both processes, analysis and synthesis, his aesthetic emotions guided his thinking; his strong natural sense of design dominated the creative rebuilding of the scene in his painting.

He disdained to "imitate" as he called it. He tried to capture the essence of what he painted. When he painted fruit

he wanted to portray the roundness of his fruit, not how appetising it looked.

The difference is the difference between a work of art and a piece of advertising which is the most I can say about Tretchikoff's pictures.

### Psychology of Selling

Well then, if this is all true why is his work so popular? How is it that queues form to buy his prints? Why do old ladies patiently stand waiting under the sign that reads "Autographed Tretchikoff prints. On sale here"? How well Tretchikoff understands the psychology of selling. Personal service from the master himself. A smile, a

flourish a "with love from Tretchikoff" at no extra cost. This, I think must account for the rate of his selling but what accounts for the volume of business?

Because, like the comics or T.V. soap opera, a Tretchikoff picture needs no earnest effort to understand or read it. It doesn't take much to drift mentally into the arms of his slightly erotic, exotic "Balinese Girl" or to be on more than nodding acquaintance with "Miss Wong."

Isn't this all in painting, what Mickey Spillane is to literature? A doorway to cheap and easy thrills — no mental effort required, the complete best-seller with all the gimmicks.

## Zimbabwe

(Continued from page 9)

for the relatively modern period — a few wishful-thinking romantics still cling to the legend of Ophir. All authorities now accept the general conclusion which Miss Caton-Thompson reached. A radio-carbon dating from pieces of timber, taken from the base of the main encircling wall at Zimbabwe, suggests that some structure was already here in the 6th or 8th century A.D.: and the general time-scale of these ruins is now agreed to refer to a period ranging from about 500 A.D. to about 1750 A.D. Valuable information tending to the same conclusion has come from the painstaking work of Mr. Roger Summers, Keeper of the National Museums of Southern Rhodesia, and his colleagues.

What, then, should one think about this most remarkable complex of stone ruins in a land where people had never been known to have built in stone, nor possessed the civic coherence to need and justify such palaces and forts and chiefly dwelling places? The answer of the experts is that these many ruins of Rhodesia, with Great Zimbabwe most prominent among them, mark the early growth of an Iron Age — an age of metals — across some twelve centuries before Europeans entered on a land they thought entirely savage. They are the solid and indisputable fragments of a truly African civilisation which, if illiterate and technically limited, nonetheless offers once again proof of the skill and ingenuity of men who are thrown, as these Africans were thrown, almost entirely on their own resources.

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# Is there anything in TELEPATHY?

by Dr. EDWARD ROUX

Telepathy occurs prominently in some types of science fiction. It is a method of communication between humans and the inhabitants of other worlds. It is often assumed that many of us are in fact, slightly telepathic and it only requires a little more civilisation, with perhaps a mutation or two, to make the whole human race thoroughly telepathic. After all, telepathy simply means turning in to thought waves, and since there are so many waves in the ether why not add a few more? A century ago nobody knew anything about electromagnetic radiation. Our great grandfathers would have refused to believe that a man's voice could travel to the other side of the earth in less than a second, or that visual images could be transmitted by electrical apparatus. So why not accept telepathy?

This facile argument by analogy proves nothing. If thoughts can be transferred from one brain to another without the mediation of sight, hearing, touch or the other known senses, then it is up to those who believe this to prove it by the type of evidence that is acceptable to critical and sceptical minds.

## Ghosts by Hearsay

There has always been hearsay evidence of telepathy, as of ghosts, poltergeists, clairvoyance and communication with the dead. It is only in the last thirty years or so that certain investigators have come forward with evidence for telepathy derived from controlled experiments conducted in university laboratories. This evidence has proved so convincing to certain other scientists (usually not psychologists or biologists) that they have accepted it as showing, if not all that is claimed for it, at least something outside the realm of ordinary experience.

## Card Guessing

The evidence for this so-called extra-sensory perception has come in the main from experiments with card guessing. Suppose we have two persons claiming to be capable of thought transmission, the agent who sends the message and the subject who receives it. We give the agent a pack of cards, well shuffled, and ask him to look at them in turn, while the subject at the other end of the room writes down the names of the

cards. If the subject gets them all right we shall be amazed, but knowing that all sorts of tricks are possible with cards we shall hesitate to explain the performance as due to telepathy. If every conceivable precaution has been taken, such as isolating agent and subject in separate rooms and excluding all possible means of visual or oral communication and if the subject continues again and again to name all the cards in the pack, we shall have very strong evidence for extra-sensory communication.

Actually no exponent of telepathy has ever been able to provide this kind of irrefutable evidence. What happens in practice is something more obscure.

This is the sort of thing that may happen with agent and subject in the same room. Guessing through a series of packs, the subject scores an average of two right per pack. This is more than would be expected by pure chance, which should give an average over a large number of runs of only one correct guess per pack. The odds against scoring one hit when guessing through a pack are one to one (even). Odds against getting two right are roughly 50 to 1. There would be nothing strange if this were to happen occasionally.

## Telepathy or Trickery?

But the odds against two right in two successive packs would be 2,500 to one; and against getting two right in four successive packs, 6,250,000 to one. These figures look very impressive and the subject who is able to score thus slightly above average in many trials in succession undoubtedly has "something." That something may be telepathy but it is more likely to be some little trick in the form of a clue provided by the agent which ensures at least one correct guess in every pack. The clue could be a soft cough or some slight movement by the agent when a particular card turned up. This would be difficult for an onlooker to detect, especially if by prior agreement between subject and agent a different card was chosen each time or if the signals were varied. Thus the subject would score one hit on the average by pure chance and another hit by a trick. Even if one does not know what the trick is, the fact that over a large number of runs the average score was two, points strongly to trickery. It is easier to assume this than to suppose

that the agent and subject possess marvellous powers of extra-sensory communication. The wonder and the mystery fall away and the astronomical numbers become meaningless.

Many complicated experiments on telepathy have been reported and extravagant claims have been made. But in cases where there is good grounds for supposing that the reporters are honest it is almost always possible to point out how the trick could have been done. That the results are due to trickery is further supported by the tendency of telepaths to lose their powers suddenly and then to fail to recover them. These lapses generally occur when a hostile critic comes forward with a plausible explanation of how the result was obtained.

EDWARD ROUX.

## The Immoral Act

(Continued from page 5)

always return — goes the old Latin tag. We can predict with mathematical certainty that whatever savage punishments and evocations of mass-hysteria the Nationalists may employ, they will never conquer human nature. Indeed, the mere attempt, with all its ghastly implications, has already forced many thinking people — at the very brink of insanity — to cry halt to this grotesque tragedy. Thus, even the conservative "Sunday Times" (8th November, 1959) agrees, editorially with a reader who proposes the Immorality Act be scrapped.

But scrapping the Immorality Act means, in the last resort, scrapping all the immoral institutions which produce such abortions. Questioning it, recoiling from it, implies in its logical consequence the repudiation of the entire complex of discrimination and group domination which is South Africa.

Thus the growing revulsion against this extreme of lunacy and dirty-mindedness may well mark the beginning of the collapse of the entire crazy, gimorack structure which has produced it.

# THE RUGBY TOUR AND THE MAORIS

South Africa is on record at a meeting of the International Olympic Committee as saying there is no racial discrimination in South African sport but pious declarations of this kind have a way of boomeranging on those who make them. Next year's proposed tour of the Union by the All-Blacks — but with Maori New Zealanders excluded as a concession to South African racialism — is catching South African colour bar sportsmen with their pants down.

The announcement by the New Zealand Rugby Union that the players who have been asked to prepare for the trials are all Whites and that Maori New Zealanders have been left out in deference to South Africa's racial prejudice has sparked off a great campaign of opposition to the tour in New Zealand.

The opposition is based on the simple principle that there should be no racial discrimination in sport and that merit should be the only criterion.

The protests have come in New Zealand from 18 major trade unions, the whole of the public service association, the four universities, civic and cultural bodies, ex-servicemen, the press, all the churches, with the support of the national church councils.

There have been banner demonstrations at rugby matches where the Governor General was present, university processions through the major towns, deputations to the Prime Minister — who is also the Minister of Maori Affairs — and mayors of towns, and a demonstration by an ex-serviceman in the House of Parliament, where he flung his medals at the feet of the Prime Minister. All Maori institutions and organisations — with the exception of one associated with the Rugby Union — have protested against the tour and the churches have declared that it was having a bad effect on their missionary work. It is also having an impact on the New Zealand relations with the South-East Non-White neighbouring countries.

There has been a protest march in Britain and an attack on the tour on TV, and groups in America, including the Quakers, have also made protests at this discrimination.

Most important, a series of Citizens' Associations have been set up in all the major towns of New Zealand — twelve to date — with the specific object of fighting this issue, and they are led by a Maori — Roland O'Regan who is regard-

ed as the finest surgeon in New Zealand. They have had numerous protest meetings and have just launched a petition for which they plan to get a million signatures. This will be used to demand a meeting with the Prime Minister to ask him to intervene in an action which is contrary to New Zealand's policy of not discriminating against any section of the New Zealand population.

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## JOHN PLAYER on the ALL BLACKS TOUR

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In South Africa opposition to the Tour has been led by the South African Sports Association (SASA), the co-ordinating body supported by eight national non-racial sporting bodies and more than 70,000 sportsmen. Two other sporting bodies are now considering affiliation to SASA.

SASA has written to the New Zealand Rugby Union, the Prime Minister the International Rugby Board and the South African Rugby Board. Its opposition is based on the exclusion of Mao-

ris from the team on grounds of race, and on the total exclusion of Non-White South Africans from participation in the national game.

Opposition to the tour arrangements has been expressed by a number of newspapers in the Union. The Sunday Express, major Sunday paper, ran a poll which indicated that the majority of its readers felt the team should be picked on merit and not on race.

The churches — notably the Anglican and Catholic — have already expressed opposition to racial discrimination in sport and may do so much more forcibly in the near future. So too the Liberal Party. Already the Transvaal Indian Congress Youth League and the Natal Indian Congress have condemned the tour. The Congress of Trade Unions is opposed to the idea of racialism in sport and will express opposition.

The South African Rugby Federation — a non-racial organisation — has opposed the tour, and many letters have appeared in the Press — from White and Non-White alike, condemning the tour.

SASA's stand is quite clear: If there is to be discrimination in the Tour it should be abandoned. The next few weeks will give South African sportsmen of all races the chance to defend real sportsmanship.

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