

FIGHTING

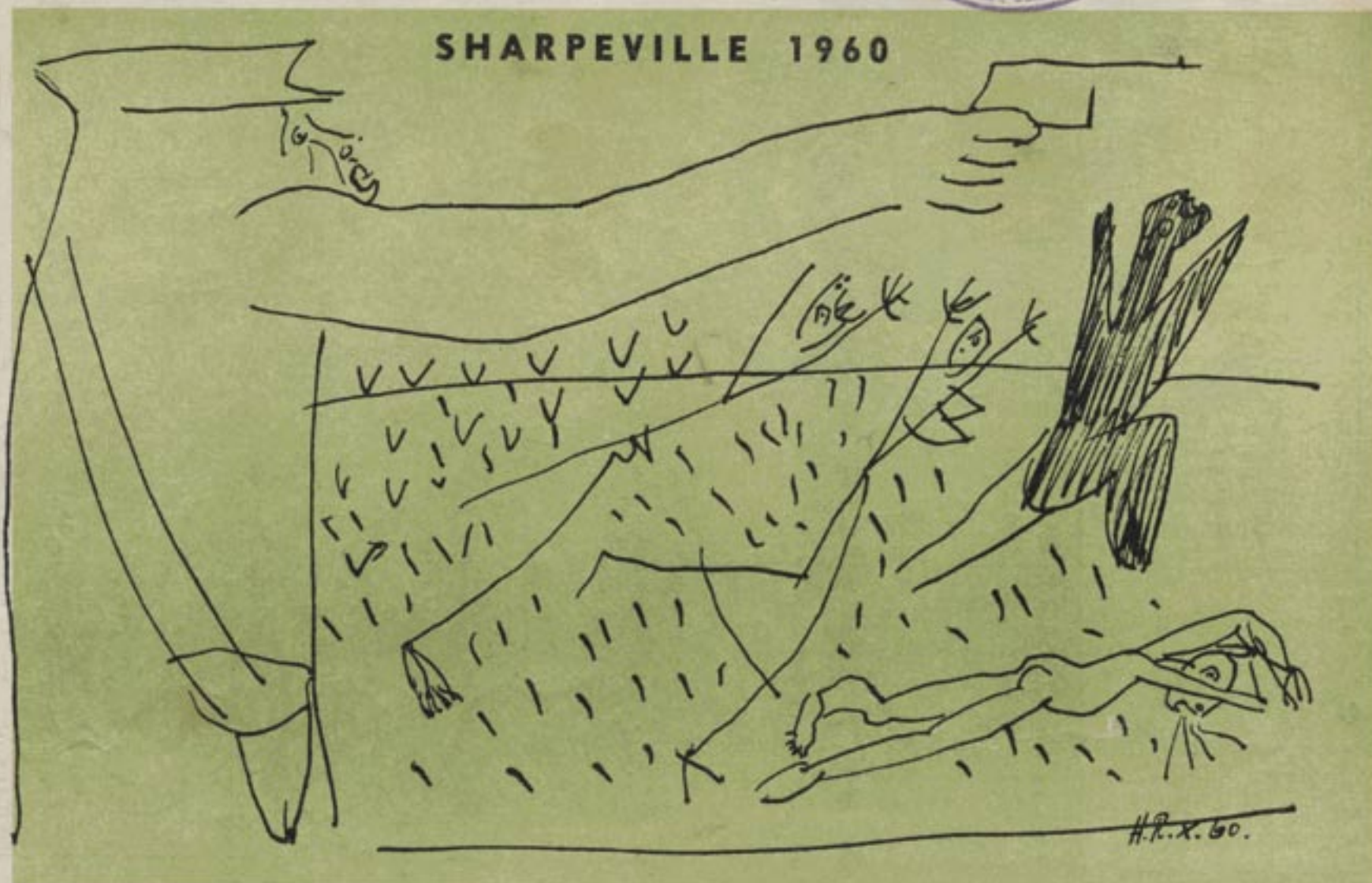
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TALK



THE VOTE AND THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

OLIVER TAMBO AT THE UNITED NATIONS

TENNYSON MAKIWANE WRITES FROM UGANDA

J. N. Singh on the
Indian Centenary

Lewis Nkosi on
'Leaving South Africa'

Special 20 Page Issue

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A JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Produced by the FIGHTING TALK Committee, P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg.



SHARPEVILLE

Drawings by Harold Rubin

TOP OF THE LIST

✓ 1960 has been the Year of Sharpeville — brutal police shootings, corpses across the street corners of Sharpeville and Langa, of pass defiance and burnings, and then the reprisals: raids and arrests, the declaration of the State of Emergency, and detention without trial of every freedom fighter of note in town and country. As the year of Sharpeville ends, the Nationalist Government embarks upon a new State of Emergency, this time in Pondoland. Sharpeville or Pondoland, the crisis is the same continuing one in a South Africa where a minority uses colour-bar and baton, law, prejudice and state machine to keep the majority of people subject. This is the South Africa which inspired the drawings of Harold Rubin in this issue, the *Elegy* by Jamaican playwright Sylvia Wynter (page 10) and a new discussion series on the *Lessons of the Emergency* started on page 5 by Dr. H. J. Simons.

✓ Representative of the South African United Front abroad, Oliver Tambo was one of the petitioners at the United Nations for South West African independence (the *Tambo U.N. Speech* is on page 12); and Tennyson Makiwane attended the *PAFMECA conference in Uganda* and reports on this on page 13.

✓ What is a responsible citizen? How does the Progressive Party solve the 64 dollar question of who should get the vote in South Africa? By preserving the rights of the minority at the expense of the majority, suggests L. Bernstein, in an analysis of the Party's franchise plan.



✓ *Lewis Nkosi*, refused a passport, tells why he quit South Africa (see page 11), and *Arthur Maimane*, now working in Ghana contributes a short story: *The Hungry Boy*.

✓ Also in this issue:
✓ Alex Hepple on Press Censorship page 7.
A Stake in the Land: J. N. Singh on the Indian Centenary page 8.
Pen Picture of a Pondo Exile: Khumanj Ganyile page 17.
Fidel Castro on Cuban Land Reform page 18.
Sport: Drop that Colour Bar by SASA secretary Dennis Brutus page 17.
Economist: Bantustans and Border Industries page 9.

4 EXTRA PAGES

This December issue has four extra pages to tide you over the end of this momentous year and into the beginning of the next.

Due to printers' holidays the next FIGHTING TALK will go to press only in the middle of January so will not be on sale till towards the end of that month.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY AND THE VOTE

by L. BERNSTEIN

What is a 'responsible' citizen? This is the sixty-four dollar question which was posed by the Progressive Party Conference over a year ago, when it came to consider which South Africans should be entitled to vote when the party comes to power. The question was referred to a Commission presided over by Donald Molteno Q.C. and comprising, we are informed by the party's leader, Jan Steytler, "... members eminent in many fields ... and some of the country's most brilliant constitutional lawyers." If this ungrudging praise is well merited, their combined talents have proved incapable of rising above the shallow and shoddy levels of typical white South African muddle-headedness.

64 Dollar Question

The extension of voting rights is the central question of South African politics. From its inception, the Progressive Party recognised the need for such extension. But to who? On this question the Molteno Commission's hands were, to some extent, tied in advance by the party conference, which rejected the idea of universal adult suffrage. It set the Commission the task of defining only suitable qualifications which would "entitle a South African to be considered 'responsible', and hence worthy to vote on the common roll." (Steytler's summary.) Here is where the muddle-headedness creeps in. Is an illiterate 'responsible'? Is a pauper 'responsible'? How does one judge within this restricted and somewhat academic framework?

The Commission, reasonably enough, decided that the test of 'responsibility' in voting should be whether the vote will be used to maintain democratic institutions. "We have kept in mind" they report "the general conditions which historical experience indicates are likely to favour the effective functioning of democratic institutions." Fair enough — if true. But this leads only to the next problem; what is this historical experience? Is it for instance, the experience of Germany in the twentieth century? If so, the moral is that education is no guarantee of the 'effective functioning' of democracy; the best educated population of Europe produced the worst excesses of dictatorship. Is it the experience of America in our time, where the most prosperous and highly-paid nation provides some of the worst examples of militarism, hysteria and corruption in the seats of government? Perhaps — since this is South Africa — it should be South African historical experience; here both high educational standards — compulsory for voters and coupled with a comparatively high school-leaving age — and high standards of living — at least for voters — have brought to power a government which effectively stifles the functioning of democratic institutions.

Lip Service

The Molteno Commission in fact relies on none of this historical experience. It pays lip service to experience, but quotes no experience of any country whatsoever. Instead, it repeats — and takes over as though it is the gospel, an extremely pompous, *ex cathedra* statement by Mr. John Strachey — one-time Mosleyite, one-time radical socialist, one-time Labour Party minister, and now heaven-only-knows-what.

"It is foolish and unfair to expect a high degree of sophistication from communities which have not long possessed a real measure of social welfare and economic stability ... Whenever the standard of life of the mass of the population is below a certain level of human welfare ... the masses either remain indifferent and sub-political ... or there will emerge a party of total opposition — in practice today a communist party."

Vox Strachey, vox dei. The Commission takes over and adapts this piece of philosophical twaddle. "Qualifications" it reports, "should embrace those elements of the po-

sophistication such as to enable them to feel sufficient identification with society as a whole — to possess sufficient 'stake in the country' — not to fall prey to totalitarian illusions. This is the only real test of 'civilisation' that we can conceive of."

Too Big A Stake

So then what is that 'economic level', and that 'degree of sophistication'? By now the Commission's views have been widely publicised. Standard IV education plus an income of £25 per month or occupation of property worth £500; alternatively a Standard VIII education; alternatively, bare literacy plus an income of £500 per year.* Here is where reflection on 'historical experience' was needed. It would have shown that the entire white South Africa electorate has attained this degree of sophistication and affluence. It would have shown that the overwhelming majority of our 'civilised' electorate had fallen prey to totalitarian ideas. It would have shown that this 'qualified' electorate has elected a Prime Minister, a cabinet, a senate and a parliament committed to the destruction of democratic institutions and practices, and based entirely on totalitarian — better fascist — principles. It would have shown that the 'totalitarian illusions' of the main political representatives of white South Africa do not arise because they have too small a stake in the country, but because their stake is too big, and can only be maintained by the colour-bar, by cheap non-white labour and by race oppression, which is the particular South African form of 'totalitarianism.'

Of this there is no glimmer in the whole report. Are these people serious? Or is the whole thing a gigantic hoax? Perhaps it is just that white South Africans cannot dare to look at themselves for a moment without blinkers; they cannot dare to look at reality, but have to fall back on mystical beliefs that 'they know the native' without having to look and study. No doubt the Commission will protest that this is unfair. Let us consider the rest of the evidence.

"In the circumstances of South Africa" reports the Commission, "with its considerable and developed White minority, non-White movements thus inspired (by nationalism. L.B.) can lead only to a racial clash with unpredictable consequences. For non-White nationalism, from its nature, must seek to dominate the White minority, just as White nationalism, from its nature, must and does seek to dominate the non-White majority."

Where were they looking when they produced this immutable truth? Certainly not at South Africa or South African reality. For here reality throws their reasoning back in their teeth. There is no "must" about it at all. Non-White nationalism, in this country has distinguished itself from many other nationalisms — and in particular from White, that is Afrikaner nationalism — by its steadfast refusal to seek domination over whites. Through the years, the African National Congress has been the only substantial, large-scale and popular voice of non-white nationalism; it has proclaimed, over and over again, the aim of non-white nationalism here — equal rights for all South Africans, equal rights for all national groups. It has set out, in the very first paragraph of the Freedom Charter "That South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white." On this policy it has made itself, in fact, the voice of non-white nationalism.

Why then must non-white nationalism seek to dominate the white minority? Because Luthuli and the A.N.C. must inevitably fail to carry the majority of the African people? No; in Tanganyika Nyerere and the National Union have proved it can be done. Because the A.N.C. has stopped fighting for its policy? No; because even now, illegally, it

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* Even these qualifications were raised by the recent Party Conference.

The Declaration of the 69 — the gilt-edged S.A. Foundation campaign — the United Party's activities overseas are part of a move to shore up the sagging defences of

THE WHITE SUPREMACY LAAGER

A new "peace with the Nationalists" offensive is being mounted by Big Business and the United Party.

The aim: a solid English-Afrikaans bloc to defend white paramountcy in the Union.

This is clear from:

1. The "Sixty Nine" movement to promote unity between the two white language groups.

2. A gilt-edged campaign by the S.A. Foundation to bring English and Afrikaans speakers closer together.

3. Appeals by business leaders, such as Mr. L. Lulofs, president of the Federated Chamber of Industries, for the "immediate elimination" of differences between the two European sections.

4. The United Party's "constructive" aid for the Nationalists by negotiating overseas for Dr. Verwoerd's republic to stay in the Commonwealth.

All these moves have a common inspiration: to fortify the crumbling bastion of White rule while there is still time.

They express the same neurosis which breeds the "laager complex" in the Nationalists. This is a sense of isolation, the impulse to close ranks, and to mobilise forces in the face of massive external and internal pressure.

Above all, these moves reflect a realisation that the rising tide of non-White liberation imperils all who have a stake in the South African social and economic system.

Crisis Call

In its zero hour crisis, the call has gone out to white South Africa: forget your differences, stand together, offer sacrifice in the cause of unity.

In political terms this is already leading to an appeasement of the Nationalists — the acknowledged champions of White supremacy.

Ultimately it could lead to total surrender to Dr. Verwoerd.

These indeed are Dr. Verwoerd's terms for "white unity" — his jackpot winning referendum slogan. Twice since October 5 he has declared: "We shall not surrender our principles for unity."

Whether the new appeasement phase will result in total capitulation is doubtful; for the sake of form differences will be preserved.

Safe Climate

But it is abundantly clear that business, mining, industry are seeking a *modus vivendi* with the Nationalists as a basis for reducing political differences between the whites and creating a safer economic climate for investment.

Prosperity and the removal of "frictions", said Mr. L. Lulofs, president of the F.C.I., go hand in hand.

"The most important and essential step to be taken right now by all of us is the immediate elimination of the so-called differences which are alleged to exist between the two sections of our European community", he told delegates representing £2,200,000 of manufacturing industry.

South Africa, he warned, would have to prepare itself for an "agonising period", and to weather storms in the near future.

For Mr. Lulofs, white unity is not only essential for prosperity, but also to defend European interests.

That this concept involved appeasement of the Nationalists is evident from the fact that the F.C.I. — so vocal after Sharpeville — has virtually ceased to criticise the Government.

The 69

But for a real insight into the new alignment between big business and the Nationalists one has to examine trends revealed by the movement of the Sixty Nine and the S.A. Foundation — two movements which launched campaigns immediately after the referendum.

The 69 — a movement based on the signing of a high sounding Declaration of Beliefs — consists of financiers, businessmen and industrialists, as well as high ranking Nationalists.

Although it claims to be non-political, its main plank is that whites should accept the republic.

To this end, bilingual study groups have been established throughout the Union, to promote unity.

"Our prime aim," according to Mr. H. Goldberg, secretary of the 69, and a U.P. right-winger, "is the fostering of white unity."

That leading Broederbonders, like Dr. W. Nicol and Professor Rautenbach, principal of Pretoria University, should lead the 69 is ample proof of Nationalist endorsement for the movement.

Nor is this surprising. The 69 are doing valuable propaganda for the Nationalists in dampening the forces of opposition — such as those in Natal — against a republic.

Millionaire Foundation

Big Brother to the 69 is the "Millionaires Club," or the S.A. Foundation, whose members are worth over £900 million.

This body has also its heavy representation of high ranking Nationalists

ers, a former Moderator of the D.R.C., —three Nationalist High Commissioners, the president of the Handelsinstituut, SABRA leaders and others.

Its director is South Africa's most senior Nationalist journalist, Mr. A. M. Van Schoor, who has worked on the Transvaler, Valerland, Burger and was recently head of SABC news.

It has two objectives — promoting better understanding along the two White groups, and telling the truth about S.A. overseas.

The Foundation enjoys Nationalist patronage too, as can be seen from the large numbers of directors of State-financed enterprises who are among its Trustees.

But it is not only business which has rallied to defend the interests of the White elite as represented by the Nationalist Government today.

The Opposition

The United Party — whose leader was recently leading the anti-republican forces, and refused to accept a republic under any circumstances — is now collaborating with the Nationalists in trying to keep the republic inside the Commonwealth.

Sir de Villiers Graaff and other U.P. leaders flew overseas immediately after the referendum on a diplomatic mission to persuade Mr. Macmillan not to kick the Nationalists out.

His ambassadorial activities on behalf of white South Africa fit into the same pattern as the efforts of business to unify English and Afrikaans people.

Both express a need to preserve the fortress intact and to shore up its sagging defences.

Yet another aspect of the same trend is the pressure from SABRA, the United Party and others for a "new deal" for Coloureds.

They are calling for the admission of Coloureds to Parliament in order to ally the 1,500,000 Coloureds to the Whites.

Again the inference is clear: The small white community must be strengthened by securing the loyalty of the "brown Afrikaners" — a term which is becoming popular.

These moves to consolidate the White laager are dangerous because the price which anti-Nationalists are prepared to pay is the sacrifice of their opposition.

But however far they go, they cannot succeed: the more White South Africa refuses to abandon its privileges, the sharper its conflict is going to be with the forces of the 20th century.

There is no question which side will win.

THE PAN-AFRICANISTS

The Pan-Africanist campaign of 21st March showed that small beginnings can have big endings. Also, that sometimes people gain more through their opponent's mistakes than from their own achievements. Thirdly, that white supremacy is less solid than it appears.

Taken by itself, the campaign did not amount to much. Only at Sharpeville and Langa was there a big response to Sobukwe's appeal. PAC's action was smaller than the recent upsurge at Zeerust, Cato Manor, Windhoek or Paarl.

It was the shooting that made March 21st a red letter day. The shots echoed round the globe, caused a panic in ruling circles, sent the share market rocketing downward, unleashed a storm of criticism of racial policies, produced the State of Emergency, precipitated the banning of the ANC and PAC, and changed life for many people.

Sharpeville's repercussions taught something about the function of pass laws, trends in the anti-apartheid front; divisions in the ruling class; the prison system; the Special Branch's methods.

The most important lesson is that a ruler's monopoly of force, like the hydrogen bomb, may have its disadvantages.

A repetition of the shootings might have been disastrous to the government.

When the police dare not shoot unarmed peaceful demonstrators, the strategy of non-violent protest opens up great possibilities.

Mixed Feelings

Reactions to PAC's effort varied greatly. Some of the severest criticism came from sections of the anti-apartheid front. Praises were sung in unlikely quarters.

The demonstrations led by PAC in Cape Town made a terrific impact on Afrikaner Nationalists. Editorial comment in *Die Burger* reached lyrical heights. I shall summarize briefly the leading article of March 31st.

It spoke of this new, young group of leaders as men so dedicated, disciplined and adept in the technique of revolt and revolution as to make the older and better-known Black leadership appear to be moderate and even decadent. PAC had recognised at a very early stage, even sooner than informed Whites, that an almost classic revolutionary situation existed which presented fantastic possibilities for an ingenious, audacious leadership.

Die Burger advised the government to renew their knowledge of the French and Russian Revolutions in order to grasp the deadly nature of the dangers that might result if these new leaders were under-estimated.

The Liberal Party, speaking through Contact, saluted Sobukwe and his fol-

This issue of FIGHTING TALK opens a discussion on lessons of the 1960 State of Emergency.

DR. H. J. SIMONS starts the ball rolling with a first article on the significance of the Pan-Africanist movement in the struggles of the voteless.

To guide this discussion series, Dr. Simon sets out six basic propositions which form the basis of his approach towards PAC, now banned, and its 'go it alone' policy. These propositions will be developed in later articles.

- 1 South Africans of all types form a single, indivisible society. No one group can isolate itself from the rest now or in the future.
- 2 Ours is a, multi-racial and multi-national as well as a class society. These categories are not inventions of the ruling class, but real entities.
- 3 No one national community can dominate the rest. Afrikaners cannot rule without the English; Africans cannot free themselves through their own, isolated efforts.
- 4 The disenfranchised people require maximum unity among themselves and with as large a section of whites as can be detached from the white supremacists.
- 5 Unity can take the form of single, non-racial organisations or co-operation between racial organisations. Differences of opinion on the respective merits of each are legitimate and should not be treated as acts of betrayal.
- 6 PAC was not justified in setting itself up as a wholly African organisation in complete isolation from the rest of the population.

lowers for showing themselves to be tired of mere talk.

PAC alone of all parties and movements had penetrated to the heart of things by recognising the need for bold, decisive action and by their readiness 'to give up life itself unselfishly'. It praised them for their single-mindedness, discipline and anti-communism. They had shown that they were not prepared to exchange the tyranny of racial domination for the tyranny of communism. Their only regrettable fault was a tendency to indulge in bitter racial attacks on Whites and Indians. (Contact, April 2, 1960).

The underlying drift of both comments is that the PAC had emerged as a successful and valued rival of the Congress Alliance. In other respects the evaluations are so faulty that they do not merit consideration.

Stole a March

Since the PAC deliberately set out to steal a march on the ANC, which had announced March 31st as the date for its own campaign, the African National Congress strongly disapproved. Mr. Nokwe's statements deplored 'sensational action which might not succeed', and 'ill-defined, ill-organised and undirected forms of action — especially if these actions took place in isolated areas'. They might only serve, he said, to concentrate the State's machinery of force in such areas and demoralise the people.

PAC might reply that the same risk has to be taken in every effort at organising a nation-wide protest, and that all battles will be lost except the last one.

The Non-European Unity Movement, which is determined to keep out of all battles until it leads the final one to victory, emptied its vials of wrath on the PAC's 'spirit of reckless bravado and adventurism', its 'enormous political naivete', its 'reckless irresponsibility', its 'betrayal of the people'. Tut! tut! Well, the onlooker who never puts his theories to the test can afford to throw bricks at the fighters in the ring. Or can't he?

My last extract is taken from a pseudo-Marxist pamphlet issued by The Workers' Democratic League. It starts with a resounding declaration: 'The seventeen days that shook South Africa and, indeed, the entire world from March 21st this year have forced an irrevocable turn in the history of this country.'

Unlike other critics, the writer believes that there are times when it is better to fight and lose than not to fight at all.

He blames the defeat on PAC's reliance on passive resistance, faith in African nationalism, and collaboration with the Liberal Party. The latter, he says, advised Phillip Kgosana, PAC's leader in Cape Town, to hold 'pointless demonstrations against police tyranny', seek negotiations with the Cabinet, and refrain from taking steps to destroy all passes.

We cannot say if the writer has inside information on the relations between PAC and the Liberals. Other explanations have been given for the demonstrations, the requested interview with the Minister for Justice, and the refusal to destroy passes. The latter seems to have followed a decision taken

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PAC and the Emergency . . . cont. from page 5

by the central leadership in Johannesburg before the campaign began; the other incidents complained of were not premeditated and resulted from police assaults on the men in Langa.

As for the faith in African nationalism, to deny its validity is tantamount to challenging PAC's claim to existence.

PAC owes its being and inspiration to the advances made by nationalist movements in other African countries. It went wrong in behaving as though it were in West Africa, and so ignoring the relations between classes and national communities in South Africa's power structure.

More on this later.

PAC preached non-violence, which is not the same as passive resistance, and also strike action, which the author of the pamphlet says is 'short of an armed insurrection, the most powerful to achieve their demands'. Does he think that PAC should have called for 'armed insurrection', or that the strike should have taken a violent turn?

Instead of debating these questions in the air, let us examine the strategy actually planned by PAC. For this purpose I rely largely on the explanations given by PAC spokesmen when addressing Africans in the Western Cape.

PAC's Strategy

Leaders claimed that Africans had done away with protests, mass demonstrations and 'cautious middle-class leadership'. They, the leaders, would be in the front under the banner 'no bail, no defence, no fine'. The masses would follow them to jail. This would be the first step to freedom; the last would follow in 1963.

Firstly, the passes are described as 'the root of oppression'. They are the source of all grievances.

'Our country is full of graves because of passes. We have no more money because of these passes. We have no more homes because of these passes.'

Secondly, the campaign is for total liberation.

'The campaign will free the African mentally and physically. We do not fight apartheid alone. We fight the whole of white supremacy. We will go on until the day dawns and the person's colour will be irrelevant'.

Thirdly, the people must be willing to face imprisonment, even death. The great men of African nationalism, Dr. Nkrumah and Dr. Banda, have set the example. Banishment holds no fears, for nationalism will sustain the exile.

Fourthly, men must serve out their sentences in jail. They should repudiate the law and its agents.

'When we are arrested we should tell the magistrate that the laws under which we are arrested are all made by white people. The police who arrested us are white people and you the magistrate are white'.

If the workers are in jail, industry will stop and the government will be forced to yield.

'The police will work at the docks and some will deliver milk. The white women will be busy washing napkins. If the whole industry stops, then you know that we have won the struggle'.

PAC wanted no violence. Top-ranking leaders, local speakers and articles drove the point home. Nobody must take a stone and throw it at the police. We will say that he is bribed to cause a disturbance'. They warned that the police, if given a pretext, would shoot. Once shooting began, the initiative would pass to the government. The people had to remain calm in the face of police provocation.

'If the police say you must disperse in three minutes, this is impossible for such a big number of people. That is the way they get a chance to shoot at the people. The police believe too much in shooting and this is not justified'.

PAC spokesmen anticipated that violence would blast its hope of developing the campaign to a point where the peaceful jailing of the masses would handicap if not cripple the economy and the administration. Let us say that the shooting at Sharpeville was not inevitable and would not have occurred if the police had been disciplined and shown restraint. But the police were not restrained.

PAC failed to foresee its inability to control their reactions, and made no provision for the situation that resulted when they resorted to violence.

According to one's point of view one describes PAC leaders as 'irresponsible' and 'naive', or regards them as the embodiment of their motto, 'Service, Sacrifice, Suffering'. Perhaps they are both. They certainly miscalculated the amount of support they could expect, and made insufficient preparation for their venture.

These are bad mistakes, but PAC is not the first organisation to make them. Who can tell whether the ANC would have fared better with the effort it scheduled for March 31st?

No, to criticise PAC, we must examine something more basic than its strategy. We should ask if there was adequate justification for its establishment.

Nationalism or Racialism?

I must assume that the reader knows the background of the PAC: its links with the African Youth League of the 1940's, the association with the almost mystical figure of Anto Lembede, the emergence of the Africanist faction of the ANC at Orlando, the attempts it made to capture the Congress and break up the alliance with the SAIC, COD, and other organisations.

Sobukwe has claimed that "Only we Africans, and no one else, can or will determine our policy". This idea is the essence of PAC's policy and finds its sharpest expression in the battle cry: IZWE LETHU! The Africanists of Orlando interpreted the slogan to mean 'unfettered freedom from foreign domin-

ation' and a repudiation of non-African leadership, in or outside Congress.

They accused the ANC of being 'wedded' to COD and the SAIC. The two organisations were not merely 'different'; they were opportunistic and existed 'to steer the revolutionary movement along constitutional paths of struggle and non-violence. In other words, to put a brake on struggle'. White and Indian allies of Congress were 'lackeys, flunkies and functionaries of non-African minorities'. They were, in fact, 'selfish white capitalists and the Indian merchant class'. White liberals were 'hypocrites, for they cannot accept clear-cut African Nationalism'.

Sport with Swear Words

This is the language of the NEUM. As one of its factions says of the other faction: 'A common sport amongst them was to fling swear-words . . .!' 'with amazing ingenuity and an enormous expenditure of energy they organised campaigns of slander against the Movement'. Now the NEUM (both factions) employs its talent for abuse against its spiritual progeny, the PAC.

Like the NEUM, but with greater consistency, Sobukwe has objected to the 'multi-racialism' of the Congress Alliance on the ground that it perpetuates group antagonisms, panders to white arrogance, and is a veiled method of safeguarding white interests.

Sobukwe leaves no room for participation by non-Africans in the African's struggle.

Two Charges

PAC's spokesmen level two charges against the ANC. One is that Congress has failed to reach its destination. The other, that it works with non-Africans.

'We resigned from the African National Congress because during our struggle it took Whites into it', says one speaker. Another calls the ANC a 'mixed-up organisation. It has the Congress of Democrats and the S.A. Coloured People's Organisation'. A third explains: 'We attack the ANC because it is affiliated to the COD'.

It is not just these organisations to which speakers object, but to non-Africans in general. I quote a number of passages from different speeches, not to prove anything, but to convey the general tone.

There is no room for Europeans in Africa. We do not want to chase Whites away from here. If we chase them from here we will have no servants. Their wives will work for our wives. The days of the Whites are numbered. We shall apply section 10 to them. If the Whites accept Africanism, that is good. Let them stay. If not, they must pack up and go. If any European or Coloured wants to join us he must first see the native commissioner and declare himself as a native and pay the £1.15s. tax. Let him rub out his name as a European. The Coloured or European can join the PAC providing that he admits

(Continued at foot of next page)

The Nationalist Government is itching to get its fingers on the press. The mammoth Press Commission inquiry is still not ended, but the first round of censorship control is being introduced through the clauses of the Publications and Entertainments Bill, now before a parliamentary select committee. This article by ALEX HEPPLE reviews the provisions of this Bill.

CLAMPS and CONTROLS

The Publications and Entertainments Bill is another of those measures to regiment the people of South Africa and compel them to conform to the narrow standards demanded by prejudiced politicians.

It was introduced in parliament last April but held over because of the early end of the session and will be dealt with by a Select Committee when parliament reassembles in January.

The purpose of the Bill is to apply a strict censorship over all reading matter and entertainment, both imported and locally-produced.

Significantly, it embraces the press as well as all other publications. Significantly for two reasons — firstly, because the Press Commission, appointed in 1950 has not yet reported, and secondly, because the Nationalists have been persistently and hysterically demanding drastic action to curb the "English press", which they look upon as one of their worst enemies.

Not Pornography But Politics

As far as general censorship is concerned, righteous people may easily be persuaded that such control is necessary to protect public morals or to safeguard the younger generation against the corruptions of smut. But pornography is not the real target.

This Bill is undoubtedly aimed at political opinions.

The authorities want to clamp down on those who hold and express political views which they detest. They want to suppress the publication of anti-apartheid news and views; they want to prevent the dissemination of publications which advocate subversive principles such as those contained in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights; they want the power to block the transmission of critical reports on the situation in South Africa.

PAC & the Emergency

that he is an African and not a European.

If we define racialism as a belief that a race is innately inferior or superior to one's own, or that it should be discriminated against, PAC is not racialistic. It wants to abolish racialism, even to the extent of assimilating Whites and Coloureds. It rejects alien rule and co-operation with non-Africans in the same way that Afrikaners have rejected English domination in every sphere. We should describe PAC's attitude as chauvinism and not racialism.

PAC stands or falls by its rejection of co-operation with non-Africans. If its 'go it alone' policy is wrong, then it should never have been formed.

Selected Censors

The Bill provides that all books and publications must be approved by a Publications Board, appointed by the Minister. Naturally, the Minister will take the greatest care to select the right people for this job.

The Board can prohibit "the manufacture, printing, publishing, distribution, display, exhibition, sale or offering or keeping for sale" of any book, periodical, pamphlet, poster, writing, drawing, picture, photograph, etc., which in the opinion of the Board is undesirable or on any ground objectionable.

Appeals against decisions of the Publications Board can be made to an Appeal Board, also appointed by the Minister and all decisions by the Appeal Board are final. No decision or steps taken by either the Publications Board or the Appeal Board can be tested or reviewed by any Court of law.

Press Control

The Board has no power to ban newspapers. The press gets special censorship treatment. First, there is the outright banning of newspapers considered to be "undesirable". On the passing of the Bill, it will become an offence to print, publish, distribute, exhibit or sell an undesirable newspaper.

A newspaper is "undesirable" if it, or any part of it, "prejudicially affects the safety of the State; or can have the effect of disturbing the peace or good order, prejudicing the general welfare, being offensive to decency, bringing any section of the inhabitants of the Union into ridicule and contempt . . . or is otherwise on any ground objectionable."

Prosecutions against newspapers can be instituted only by the Attorney-General. The definition quoted above is so wide that it would not be difficult for the A-G to frame an indictment against every leading newspaper in the country.

To succeed in their drive to the disciplined Christian-National, Republican State, the Nationalists must control the press. A free press thwarts them beyond patience. Action would have been taken long ago, were it not for the damaging repercussions. One is the curb on their own press, which the Nats. wish to avoid, and the other is a new outburst of world-wide censure against South Africa.

If the Government can persuade the Parliamentary opposition that some sort of censorship is necessary, it will be willing to risk overseas criticism and will find a way to protect its own press.

Emergency Powers

The State of Emergency showed what the Government is after. The draconic

powers assumed by the Cabinet last March, by use of the Public Safety Act, enabled them to decree that the publication of "subversive statements" was a crime, punishable by a fine of £500 and five years in jail.

The definition of "subversive statement" was so wide that the International Press Institute was prompted to comment, in an article entitled "South Africa: A Press in Chains", that "regulations couched in such sweeping terms constitute a serious threat to the free and responsible reporting of actual events".

Using the same powers the authorities raided the premises of several newspapers and closed down "New Age" and "Torch".

The State of Emergency was prolonged for five months and the Prime Minister issued a warning that even when it was lifted, he would not hesitate to reimpose it if he thought it necessary.

The Emergency must be related to the Censorship Bill because it indicates the form of censorship which the Government seeks to apply permanently.

The Select Committee

The Select Committee has been given leave to bring up an amended Bill. Like all Select Committees, the one that will consider the Censorship Bill will have a majority of Government members.

It is possible that some members will feel that the Bill does not go far enough. They may prefer the Bill proposed by the Cronje Commission, which submitted a report on Undesirable publications in October 1956.

The Cronje proposals included the compulsory registration of newspaper publishers and distributors and censorship enforced through severe penalties, including the blacklisting of editors, withdrawal of licences and fines of £1000 as well as imprisonment for five years.

A ferocious curb on political journalism was brazenly recommended by bland references to "communistic" matter, using the convenient, all-embracing definition of "communistic" in the Suppression of Communism Act. Any newspaper found to contain "communistic" matter would be permanently suppressed and its editor banned from employment in any capacity with any other periodical.

Who Wants Censorship?

There has been no public demand for an extension of censorship in South Africa. Only angry Nat. politicians, who hate having their policies censured by critical editors and journalists, are seeking to limit the freedom of the press. But they must be resisted. If there is to be any hope whatsoever for democratic discussion in South Africa, it is essential that public criticism of politicians, political parties and Government should be maintained. A free press is the life blood of democracy.

ON THE INDIAN CENTENARY

A STAKE IN THE LAND

by J. N. SINGH

1960 marks the end of a century in the life of the Indian people in this country. It was in Durban, that on November 16, 1860, the first batch of just over 300 settlers from India arrived in the S.S. Truro to commence a new life in a strange land. These first settlers and those who followed them for the next decade or so, are the roots which gave birth to the almost half a million of our people who now live in South Africa. Homage and tribute must be paid to these pioneers, who with their descendants have made a significant contribution to the economy, progress and development of Natal and South Africa.

In the Natal Parliament, one of the leaders of local European opinion, Sir Liege Hullet admitted that from the date of the arrival of Indians "began the material prosperity of Natal", and made it, just before Union, the premier producing province in South Africa.

Settlers

As the periods of indenture of the first arrivals ended, they became free to pursue the work and occupations of their choice. Many were employed on the railways and the coal mines, some took to gardening and farming of their own, others to domestic service and a few to business and commerce. In the wake of the indentured labourers followed numbers of Indians who came as free settlers and became pioneer traders in the towns and remote country areas, opening up new vistas of commercial life where none existed before.

At the outset there was no hint that differential treatment would be in store for any section of our people and the Indian naturally expected that he would be entitled to progress without any hindrance in whichever field he chose. But this was not to be.

Legislative and administrative difficulties were slowly being placed in the path of the small Indian community, especially in their right to own land and trade freely. They were also subjected to the paying of a heavy poll tax of £3 for every female over thirteen years and every male of sixteen.

They had already been hounded out and barred from the Orange Free State and the Transvaal had passed Law 3 of 1885, requiring every Indian trader to register at a cost of £25 and barring him from owning an inch of land, or enjoying the rights of citizenship.

In Natal a move was afoot to disfranchise all Indians and prohibit their future entry into the colony. In the Cape, however, there were no legal restrictions but the treatment of Indians was not free from humiliating features, for example Indian children could not attend public schools and Indian travel-

lers could hardly secure accommodation in hotels.

It was in such a climate that a young Indian barrister arrived in South Africa in May, 1893 to handle a brief in the case between Dada Abdulla of Durban versus Taib Haji Khanmamad of Pretoria. His name was Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. His fee was a free passage, expenses paid, and a hundred guineas for a brief lasting one year.

Gandhi

Gandhi left these shores 21 years later on 18th July, 1914, after a most eventful and historic sojourn in this country. During his stay we saw the birth of the first Indian political movement in the country. In May, 1894 the Natal Indian Congress was born. The first batch of Indians under Gandhi enrolled as volunteers during the Boer War of 1899 and their work was mentioned by General Buller in his despatches. War medals were conferred on 37 of their leaders.

It was Gandhi who led the great Satyagraha struggle for 8 years against the unjust and discriminatory laws of his day. It is now history that he successfully concluded that struggle resulting in the abolition of the £3 tax, recognition of Indian marriages, and permitting the re-entry into Natal of Indians previously domiciled here — the main grievances of the Indian people at that time.

Gandhi has left us an inspiring heritage of courage, self-sacrifice, devotion and tolerance and an unshakeable faith in the priceless and matchless weapon of Satyagraha and non-violence.

Race Laws

As we move into the second century of our stay in South Africa, we find ourselves still far short of our ideals, ambitions and aspirations. We, who comprise 460,000 inhabitants in this land, about 3% of the total South African population, are still not recognised as a permanent part of this country, although we regard South Africa as our home and know no other. 95% of our people were born here. We are the most indigenous of all the communities in Natal. In Durban we are the biggest single group.

Yet we live in fear of being unsettled by such evil forces as the Group Areas Act, which by its displacements is causing untold misery, hardship and loss among our people and engendering bitterness and racial feelings. The uprooting and removals in Durban and other parts of the country under the Group Areas Act are the most shameful chapter in the history of South Africa under Nationalist apartheid rule.

Only a few days ago we have had foisted on us the unwanted, unsolicited

and deeply shunned and unanimously condemned separate ethnic Indian university on Salisbury Island. We do not wish nor will we endure the creation of an isolated island for our people as a whole nor for our students in particular. We reject this as we reject all other apartheid and discriminatory measures.

Closed Doors

Despite the tremendous sacrifices we have made in the acquisition of learning, by the self help we have practised in building of schools, we are still, at the end of a hundred years, short of achieving the desired standard of free and compulsory education, nor are all our children in school. Many opportunities in acquiring skill, learning, training and participation in various professions and trade remain closed to us. We are plagued with the restriction of job reservation and its consequential unemployment. We are still barred from freely moving from one province to another. We enjoy no voting rights of any consequence since the Parliamentary vote was withdrawn from our people in 1896 and the municipal franchise in Natal denied us in 1924.

Lest we be accused of a biased assessment and outlook, let me quote from the Natal Daily News:—

"As they commemorate the 100th anniversary of the arrival of their forbears in Natal, the Indian peoples look back on a period of struggle, endeavour and achievement of which they can be justly proud. Hedged about as they have been by natural and artificial restrictions on almost every front, victims of discrimination from the very beginning, a remarkable number have nevertheless triumphed over disabilities to make a worthwhile contribution to the life of the community . . . Now that nobody any longer regards them as visitors or temporary sojourners, the time has surely come to face the question of citizenship rights for those who have earned them and are able to exercise them . . . Simple realism and justice suggest that they at long last be given a permanent stake in the land they are helping to build."

As the smallest minority of the population of this country, our message to South Africa is one of hope that fair-play and justice will govern the attitudes and relationships of all our fellow beings towards each other. We do not consider ourselves the superior to anyone. We do not concede that we are the inferiors of any. We have the greatest respect for all our neighbours and fellow settlers in this land, regardless of race, colour, creed, or language. We expect a similar mutual respect from all of them.

We are determined to work for greater goodwill and tolerance among all men, to strive for a happier South Africa in which there will be lasting good relations among all sections of our people, with no artificial barriers and racial or colour prejudices to undermine human understanding and multi-racial harmony in this fair land of ours.

FIGHTING TALK, DECEMBER, 1960

Bantustans and Border Industries

ECONOMIST

The Government's policy on border area development has now been outlined in considerable detail.

Border areas are those within a periphery of 30 miles from Bantu Areas.

The Government plans to establish industries in these regions to enable the African workers to maintain their homes in Bantu Areas and to journey to and from their places of employment on a daily or weekly basis. In this way it is hoped to stem the flow of ever-increasing numbers of Africans to the existing industrial towns and cities or even to effect a flowback.

Most important is the hope that economic bases will be provided for possible Bantu political units (Bantustans) in future. The African workers will be near their homes, they will be settled and not migrant labourers.

Government spokesmen are blatant in acknowledging that this plan recognises the need to use economic policy to serve the political ends of their Bantustan dream.

The Prime Minister is now anxious for action even if it means forcing the pace of industrial growth in selected Border Areas.

At the same time all Government officials concede that the development of the Border Areas can succeed only in a climate of general industrial development in South Africa.

It is totally impracticable in a static or declining economy such as we are faced with today.

By rights industrial production in the Union — with the population going up nearly 2% every year — and savings as high as they are — should be increasing at a rate of at least 5% each year. But we have failed to increase our new investment tempo for the past six years. The last three have seen an actual decline.

The Government could well ask itself why industrialists are not willing to establish new undertakings.

Obviously we are not following policies that would encourage South Africa to develop into a mature industrial state. We are committed to ideologies that work against just these policies.

Instead of removing barriers we are creating new ones.

Only if the rate of industrial development could be increased would there be sufficient new investment to make the rapid development of some of the Border areas a practical proposition.

Ironically this would require amongst other measures a reversal of the very Bantustan policy that has given rise to the Border Industry plan.

Only by drastic policy changes would the confidence of investors both inside and outside the country be regained. At the moment they are not sympathetic to the complete subservience of economic policy to political theory. The Government is caught in a vicious circle of its own making.

Industrialists are agreed that there is no economic necessity for establishing

industries on the borders of the Reserves.

The Prime Minister in his recent statement was exaggerating considerably when he claimed that South African industries had become over-centralised in the Southern Transvaal, Western Cape, Durban, Pinetown and Port Elizabeth.

Only Durban can be called congested and even there the advantages of centralisation substantially outweigh the disadvantages.

As a result very strong inducements are being offered to bring about decentralisation.

Assistance with the development of basic services will be given.

Other proposed measures include the provision of housing for European workers, granting of higher depreciation allowances on factory buildings and plant; the construction and lease of factory buildings, the provision of capital funds through the I.D.C. lent at below bank rate, concessions on rail tariffs and possible compensation up to a maximum of 75% of the difference of the cost of establishing a factory in a border area and its market sales value after one year's operation.

Electricity by ESCOM will be laid on and most important, labour will be plentiful and cheap and there will be no minimum wage.

These inducements could obviously be very substantial indeed and the danger is they will lead to Border Industry factories having an unfair advantage over their urban counterparts. One must not make the mistake of saying that because there is no economic need to decentralise South Africa's industries, they cannot be economically decentralised. There are industries which lend themselves peculiarly to decentralisation and by purely objective economic standards, the borders of the Reserves are as good a place as any for their situation.

The important question is whether or not pressure will be applied to factory owners who are reluctant to move. The Government has stated categorically that this is a voluntary development. Nevertheless the Government is in a position to exert compulsion and it would not be the first time that the Nationalist Government has gone back on its word.

Any industrialist planning a major undertaking likely to employ large numbers of Africans might obtain all the substantial Government assistance detailed above — if he is willing to locate his factory in a border area.

The Government's powers over African labour in the urban areas are so comprehensive that it would be feasible that a factory owner could obtain a large labour force only if the Government was prepared to allocate such labour.

There are many uncertainties. One of the most vital issues yet to be clar-

fied is the question of the industrial colour bar. To quote Professor Sadie, an economist sympathetic to the Government:—

"No specific mention has been made about the position of the Bantu workers in the border areas in relation to the existing conventional and legal colour bar. Since the locality will be inside the 'white area' the question arises whether the ceilings to the progress of the Bantu in the skilled hierarchy will be lifted or not. If they are not, the economic motivation of the plan will be all but destroyed."

If both job reservation and the economic colour bar are maintained in border area factories, the whole economic case for the Bantustan policy falls to pieces — and with it the so-called political and social advantages promised by the Government.

On the other hand, if the economic colour bar is abandoned in the border area factories, this would constitute the most powerful competitive advantage of border area industries over the industries in the established industrial regions where the economic colour bar could not be maintained for long.

In any case the proposed new villages and towns in the Bantu Areas will be little different from the familiar locations outside the towns — residential appendages having economic bases in Border areas. In other words they will continue to live on the export of labour.

If the worker commutes on a weekly basis, that is, returning home at the week-end then once more housing accommodation must be duplicated and high transport costs will result.

It is impossible to believe that such communities have the makings of viable economic and political units.

Yet this plan is intended as a major project to accommodate future African population growth as well as the political and economic aspirations of the African people.

The African people are asked to support this ideal even when their lives in the economic field will still by and large be dominated by powers outside their control since they have no direct political authority to influence the economic decisions which will be taken mostly on the other side of the border and recent events have shown how little faith the African people have in decisions made in their interests by Government agencies.

The Nationalists are aware of many of these difficulties. Their answer to the industrialists is that they will not force the pace. Border industries will be established in only three specific and suitable areas, initially on a small scale and on a voluntary basis. To the critics of apartheid they say that the Bantustans and Border Industries will be developed with all possible speed. The Government's difficulty is that they cannot have it all ways, and time is running out.

ELEGY TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEAD

by JAMAICAN PLAYWRIGHT
SYLVIA WYNTER

I have been numb with my own pain,
Dumb till now,
I am ashamed.
It is the shadow of a body in the sun
That pierces me.
The face of my own son,
At peace, asleep.
All gold and brown in the sun,
Crucifies me.

Yet if I am honest with myself,
This crucifixion,
Is it by proxy?
For what is it to me,
That one man threw a stone,
One man more was shot down,
One more man died on a field of blood?
The shadow of his body swelters in the sun.

One man, a bag of blood and bones,
No pass to identify him except,
A bullet in the back to show him,
Made in South Africa.
That land to him was his beginning,
The land of his first lullaby, his first singing.

The wellspring of his laughing.
Now the sun sings a benediction over him.
The stench of his blood rises like incense,
The grass is green again, innocent,
Empty of reminiscence.
The shadow of his body grows thin on the ground,
O my God what a thing it is to die
And to have been black into the bargain.

* *

One hour ago it was morning.
The treetops lassoed the sun,
The hills trapped it in greenfastnesses,
The man leaped up to catch it,
Strained sunlight through his fingers,
Striped his body like a warrior's
The name of his laughing is a wild zebra's,
It flares out like a lariat.
A jet plane flashes an arc
Of silver in the steel blueness
Of a blue morning,
But the afternoon comes,
The sun, no longer drugged
With the green sap of leaves, of trees
Of the morning,
Fades into somnolence,
The hills have gone to sleep, their peaks
Burnished by last lingering light.

The man grasps at a bridle
That slips ghostwise through clutching branches,
The jabs into the sea.
The shadow of his body is ravished by the night.

* *

PAGE TEN



Drawing by Harold Rubin.

Cain, Cain, where is Abel?
Pilate what have you done with Christ?
The hills are sleeping like the disciples,
Like them the trees are drunk
And twist drowsed branches
In a last night of love
With the lecherous wind that lips their boughs,
Reconciles them to be crucified.
If the hills and the trees and Peter
Denied him, why should not I?
For what is he to me, this man,
This one black man that lies,
His shadow, vanquished in the sun?

Yesterday at Agadir, thousands died.
There was Hiroshima and the Jews
In Belsen. In the streets of Egypt,
A storm of bombs. In Hungary,
There were tanks. An eye for an eye,
And for one white tooth, ten black ones,
To be frank, even his shadow
Is the shadow of a shadow
That lurks fearfully
In the terrible white light of the sun,
Oh my God, what a thing it is to die
And to have been black into the bargain!

* *

All you who watch
On your several-inched screens,
Spare a startled thought
At this man's photograph.
From his right foot, the left is shot away,
A limp shoe dangles.
He bought it day before yesterday.
It was of white canvas,
And made a brave show,
As he walked, without a pass,
To the police station
Claiming not much, just enough
Dignity to go with his shoes,
His neat bungalow,
His cut-price respectability.
His dream to be deacon in his church,
One day perhaps officiate
At service, and with his skin still black
But his soul white washed
Make a basement bargain with religion
He walked along his neat street,
Brilliant with bougainvillea,
Wanting so little.

Conscripted into battle, fleeing,
He was shot down and with his death,
Dreamed the biggest dream of all:
That a man should walk erect and tall
And claim a place with God.

His respectable street,
Became a battlefield
The white washed fences
Are red in places.
Thousands of miles away, in a room,
Toasted by flames, harnessed
By the fury of men
With skin like milk, the carnage
Makes a good picture on the screen
The milkwhite skins are the makers,
The creators, and I must sing
The death of a man who was
A hewer of wood,
A drawer of water and kept his songs
Imprisoned in his limbs, his poems,
Legends to tell his children,
His monuments as fleeting as his laughing,
As gay, as warming.
I shiver in front of the harnessed flames.
On the screen the image is grey,
Like the day.

He was the last barbarian,
And had loomed enormous,
A symbol of terror caged in a city,
Instinct with violence, in spite of himself,
Threatening. On a day of blood,
An orgasm of machine guns
Severed him from living,
Crumbled his shirt. Like a dry leaf
He crumbles back into the earth.
A ricochet of bullets
Re-echoes the rustle of a skeleton tracery,
A last stem of memory
The shadow of his body, dying, replaces
His birth
He was the last barbarian
And as his mother goes, slow,
Her belly weighted with apprehension
She turns over face after face.
Reluctant
She searches for her particular pain.
You and I know that her search is in vain
The faces of the dead are all the same.

* *

FIGHTING TALK, DECEMBER, 1960

LEAVING SOUTH AFRICA

by LEWIS NKOSI

I am writing this with a sense of grievance against the South African Government.

They have just forced upon me the cruellest decision I have ever had to take. When I received the news that I had been awarded the Nieman Fellowship to study at

Harvard University I promptly applied for a passport from the South African government.

I was sent from pillar to post, shuffling from one office to another to obtain an incredible number of documents that black South Africans are cynically asked to supply to the Department of the Interior before they are refused passports.

However, I was hopeful. This was the measure of my naiveté. In spite of the many Non-White people I know who have been refused passports before me, I was still hopeful. Human beings do not easily get used to the idea that the deprivation of their rights is a natural thing. So I hoped. I should have known better.

After four months of waiting I then received a letter "regretting" to inform me that my application for a passport had been turned down. And there was that idiotic, meaningless "Greetings!" at the end of the letter. I wish I could believe that anybody in that Government of mad men could regret depriving an African of his right to travel, the right of every free man.

One can't escape the feeling that the South African government has passed the phase of regretting anything.

When I received this letter I was suddenly faced with a crucial decision: was I going to allow the Government to hold me a prisoner in South Africa or was I going to take the wonderful opportunity to get out of the stinking hole and do some work in a freer atmosphere — even if for a little while? For a bit longer than was necessary, I wavered. As a writer I felt that to be without roots and without a country would sap me of the vital energy and inspiration that I could draw from the life of my people. I had no desire to become an American or an Englishman. So what was I to do but stay?

However, my friends prevailed upon me to go if I could find a way of getting out. My lawyer thought it could be done if I applied for an exit permit. We did and the Government, faced with the possibility of being exposed to more harmful publicity than their stupidity warranted, hastened to inform us that we would get an exit permit immediately.

So it was that I signed a document that I shall remember for a very long time. That document was to the effect that I was undertaking to leave the country permanently. Because I had gained a prized journalistic fellowship I

was being compelled to leave the country permanently. Anywhere else in the world this action would be incredible. The Immigration officer at the London airport had one phrase for it: "How extraordinary!"

So here am I! Last night I walked the streets of London watching black men walking about with their arms linked around their girls friends. Most of the girl friends were white. Nobody even stared! I, just out of South Africa, couldn't help looking out for a Sergeant van der Merwe who might suddenly crawl out of the dark!

On a Sunday night, there were crowds of people outside movie houses. All the films that I could not see in South Africa simply because I was black I could now go and see and nobody would ask questions. My thoughts were for millions of my African, Indian and Coloured brothers in South Africa who were still in the grip of a fascist government. Never had I found it more urgent to smash apartheid in South Africa than I did last night during my first taste of freedom.

At Leicester Square there were bookshops all over the place with books on fiction, art, capitalism, communism — the lot. Half of them I had never seen in South Africa. I suppose they would never slip through the fingers of our ever watchful Censors! One is only amazed that they still need a Censorship Bill in South Africa.

Here in London, with all the imperfections of English life, I feel free for a moment to think, to love, create without suffocation. For once I am glad I got out of the stinking hole! Somewhere in this London fog there is "Tough" Hutchinson, Bloke Modisane, Hazel Hutchinson, Todd Matshikiza! Somewhere there is Pat van Rensburg! Maybe we ought to wait for Tennyson Makiwane to come back from Africa so we can discuss plans for creating a Verwoerdstan for South Africans living in London! It wouldn't be amusing at all!

I passed South Africa House near Trafalgar Square last night and I stifled an urge to throw a stone.

Soon I hope to leave for America to take up my fellowship. For a while I am here, beginning to write, and I am liking it. I hope to return to Africa one of these days for with all the sense of freedom one has here, there is a sense of decay about the place that one cannot find in the young, virile Africa.

The death of a slave
Is something of a farce,
Nothing to mourn about, for at last
He is as other men, free.
The grave is his victory and perhaps
In a final confusion of graves
Even his dream of a white goddess
May find fulfilment
In an inadvertent caress
Of her hair and his bones
And no one will be there to care.

His ghost will find an equal place
In the greyness of your cities and your
conquests.
For you, the shadowless ones have won.
His shadow crawls away in the sun.
He was the last barbarian.
After him,
No one will come to affront
With their aliveness
As they leap to catch the sun
With naked hands assert the flame of
man
Against planes, armoured cars,
Atom bombs
And new discovered stars.

He was the last barbarian
And was mowed down
By a set of actions and reactions whose
eyes sought for a pale dawn
And woke up, terrified to envisage
The numberless shadows that
He had wiped out.
His fingers fall away from the gun.
There is a clatter of coins
On the ground. This is the sound
That Judas heard, the same sense of
loss when he learnt:
A man is as much as his shadow
Neither more nor less,
As much as his love.
I shall wake up confident
Assuaged tomorrow,
But tonight, Oh my God,
I weep the death of my shadow.

* *

Across the sky, the moon comes up
She and I alone and vast in a white
wilderness of stars.
Her metal arabesques
Sculptures hoarfrost on the green grass.
And yet she casts
No shadows to plaster up
The sores of this raw city
To plaster up my heart.
The road, gleaming with asphalt
Rushes dead bodies packaged in cars
Into the white night of hundred watt
Electric lights.
All the world is dead, my love.
The morning is bright.

South West: TORTURED TERRITORY

Oliver Tambo, formerly vice-president of the African National Congress was one of this year's petitioners to the United Nations Trusteeship Council for U.N. trusteeship of South West Africa.

He opened his statement to the international body by saying that he had asked to be heard in person because he knew that with the high principles which the Trusteeship Committee observed in the conduct of its affairs, and "true to its equally high respect for human values, this Committee would not stifle even a lone solitary voice, in spite of the fact that one does not have to travel far in Africa to find 12 million voices held, by force, in a state of complete silence.

To sit, as I now do, before this distinguished body of the leaders of mankind, drawn from and representing the countries of the world without distinction on grounds of colour, pledged to fulfil the great task of seeking a just, equitable and peaceful solution to the problems of man, and, in particular, to see, among the distinguished representatives, members of the black races of the world, is in my humble opinion the greatest hope for the future of the human race.

Referring to this fact in his address to the General Assembly on the 14th October, 1960, the Minister of External Affairs of the Union of South Africa stated

There is a factor in connection with the present situation which cannot be ignored, and that is the large increase in one single session of no less than sixteen new Member States from the continent of Africa.

This is indeed true and yet this is precisely the factor which, in relation to South West Africa, the Union Government has already ignored.

The resolute pursuit of gruesome policies in South West Africa in the face of mounting indignation on the part of the entire people of Africa and of the whole of the civilised world is the type of insanity which the United Nations can only condone or permit at the expense of much-desired peace and of its own effectiveness as an instrument for safeguarding and guaranteeing the welfare and security of the peoples of the world.

As a South African national, and expressing, as I know I am, the views of South Africa's voteless millions, I say that we are horrified and utterly ashamed of the record of contempt and defiance which the Government of our country and motherland has shown for world opinion and for the yearly and highly restrained resolutions adopted by the United Nations and its organs on the issue of South West Africa.

It is to us a matter of grief that our country should be placed by its white rulers in the role of what is perhaps the only international delinquent since Hitlerite Germany.

We shall spare no energies nor count any sacrifice too high in seeking to retrieve our country from the mire of apartheid with which it is being soiled, and presenting it to the world as a respectable, self-respecting country dedicated to the observance of the principles of the United Nations Charter and of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

South African representatives at the United Nations, no doubt accustomed to misleading, gullible and credulous audiences in the backvelds of the Transvaal, will tell this Committee of communistic petitioners and communist organisations. In their reluctance to face facts they will treat the Committee to learned argumentation on legal doctrines of limitless variety, but what their Government will not do is to respect a single resolution or demand of this Committee, or the United Nations, which bears on the reign of terror and murder so closely identifiable with the policy of apartheid and white supremacy.

Those who have spoken before me have in their testimony more than adequately demonstrated the nature and extent of the tyranny to which the people of South West Africa are being subjected by the Union Government. Over 14 years of patient pleading to the United Nations and over 14 years of United Nations annual resolutions have produced no change save the increasingly naked brutalities of apartheid, the increasing repression and persecution, the growing number of graves, and the tensions that have risen to breaking point.

Must Chief Hosea, that old and outstanding leader of men, submit yet another petition reporting yet another murder? Is Rev. Michael Scott to come back yet again, in the company of more exiles — survivors of a campaign of liquidation—from that tortured territory?

The United Nations is not powerless to act and to act effectively. In the name of the millions of black people in Africa and their friends in Asia; in the name of the millions who gave their lives to defeat Nazism only two decades ago, I plead for intervention now as an alternative to mass massacre later.

CENTRAL AND

During the last week of October, the 4th annual conference of the Pan-African Freedom Movement for East and Central Africa (PAFMECA) met at Mbale, a beautiful mountainside resort in Uganda. And with freedom in sight for the PAFMECA countries it seemed fitting that the delegates should be housed in the town's best hotel.

Yet there were considerations other than the beauty of the scenery that had compelled the choice of the venue. The conference had been barred from bigger Uganda cities like Kampala and Entebbe by Kabaka Mutesa II, who is planning a Katanga-like secession of the prosperous Buganda Province from Uganda.

By this the Kabaka invited plenty of trouble and put himself in the firing line, evoking strong attacks from the delegates who dubbed him the second Tshombe.

Represented at the conference were national organisations from the two Rhodesias, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya, Zanzibar, Uganda, Ruanda Urundi and the Congo Republic. Delegates from Mozambique were expected but did not turn up.

Since delegates from the Congo and Ruanda Urundi spoke French and understood no English, it was gratifying to note that Swahili proved to be a real lingua franca.

The conference was the most representative so far. Among the well known leaders who attended were Tom Mboya, Kanyama Chume and Henry Chipembere who had just served an eighteen months term of detention following the declaration of the state of emergency in Nyasaland.

Also present was Mr. Abdoulaye Diallo secretary-general of the All African People's Conference. The South Africa United Front which had been invited as an observer was represented by Peter Molotsi and myself.

Fixing the Date

After a prolonged procedural debate conference settled down to consider a lengthy agenda whose items ranged from fixing a date for independence to consideration of a federation of the PAFMECA countries.

The item of fixing a date for independence was a non-starter. Delegates felt it was futile to fix a date beforehand since this would only serve to disillusion the people if nothing happened by the promised date. At any rate, delegates pointed out, even the resolution of the previous PAFMECA conference which had called for the granting of Responsible Government to these countries by the end of 1960, had not been fulfilled. Only Tanganyika had attained Responsible Government.

The heads of the delegations took it in turn to deliver their policy speeches. As they took the platform giving their

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EAST AFRICA: THE ROAD TO 'UHURU'

various party salutes or shouting slogans ranging from the two-fingered victory salute of the Kenya African National Union, the "KWACHU" (the dawn must come) slogan of Nyasaland, the "Free-ee-ee-Dom" of Northern Rhodesia, they focussed interest on the problems peculiar to a given region.

Ruanda Urundi, the overall domination of the country by the Belgian Imperialists apart, is engaged in a tense class struggle between the Bahutu, the majority people who are the underdog in that country, and their feudal overlords, the Watutsi who wield what power there is in the hands of the local people, although they constitute only 1% of the population. Backing the Watutsi are the Belgian colonialists.

Similarly there is the Uganda problem. A Uganda delegate made many a delegate put his hand to the ear and listen carefully as he stated that 'In Uganda there is no colonial problem but the problem of the traditionalists,' the traditionalists being the Kabaka and those surrounding him.

On the Central African issue, the verdict was clear, Federation must go. This seemed quite obvious as far as Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are concerned, but was not clear what would happen to Southern Rhodesia left out on a limb.

Both the Kenya African National Union and the Kenya African Democratic Party claim that they want Jomo Kenyatta released, and each party has agreed to reserve a seat for Kenyatta in the forthcoming elections. Both parties want Responsible Government by next year, to be followed by Independence shortly afterwards.

Tanganyika, was in a category quite its own. It did not appear to have any problems at all!

Said the Tanganyika delegate "The date for our independence lies between January 1st 1961 and December 31st 1961".

Spanner in the Works

Uganda seems to be the spanner in the works as far as the movement for an East African Federation is concerned. The Kabaka (king) and his traditional group in the Buganda province, fearing to lose the Kabaka's kingly position to a central government of Independent Uganda, has instigated a secessionist movement unilaterally demanding independence and secession for Buganda by January 1st next year. Behind their Buganda tribalism and cries that 'Royalty must be preserved' lies the fact that this group makes up the landed gentry of Uganda and enjoys feudal privileges.

The head of a PAFMECA conciliation mission sent to see the Kabaka's supporters some time back was asked how many cars he had and how

many wives! When he had none of these things he was refused an audience.

The British Government has developed a system of dual government in the country, the colonial government being represented by the Governor on the one hand and on the other hand, the so-called Kabaka's Government.

The two Uganda national parties the Uganda People's Congress and the Democratic Party, campaigning on a platform of independence and equality, have made gains even inside Buganda. It was felt that a successful federation in East Africa would suffocate the Kabaka's moves out of existence.

Summit on Federation

The PAFMECA conference having agreed on the principle, decided to defer fuller discussion of the idea of a federation of East and Central Africa, to a summit meeting which would bring together the big guns of the movements in this area, such as Dr. Banda, Kenneth Kaunda, Joshua Nkomo, Julius Nyerere and Jomo Kenyatta, if the latter is released early next year as is expected.

Meanwhile Julius Nyerere, one of the leading apostles of federation in East Africa, considers that the inclusion of Central Africa does not conflict with his schemes. With his characteristic sense of humour, he said recently: "In Central Africa they are quarrelling about federation, well let's have a bigger one."

Time alone will show the value of the Mbale conference to the decisive issues facing East and Central Africa and embodied in their slogan 'UHURU NA MOJA' (freedom and unity).

The conference debates took interesting forms. When delegates expressed their passionate confidence in winning sweeping victories in forthcoming Legislative Council elections in Kenya, Uganda, Zanzibar and Nyasaland, the South Africans felt quite left out!

Knotty Problems

There were also sharp conflicting, even acrimonious exchanges. The basic conflict is what is the fastest way to "UHURU"! via the unity of the PAFMECA area or by dismemberment of unity schemes for the area.

The Central African politicians, adherents of the latter view believe that their road to freedom lies in the breaking up of the Central African Federation at all costs. The former view, held by leading East Africans, is that by using Tanganyika's favourable position and building up a federation now, not waiting for the independence of the individual territories, you will speed up the freedom of Kenya. Events in Central Africa this group argues, have strengthened the chances of making the C.A.

Federation more democratic. Instead of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia pulling out they might actually help to democratise Southern Rhodesia.

Finally, this group in East Africa believes that East and Central Africa pulled into some form of unity now, will so boost the strength of the African world as a huge market that the White settlers in the whole area will lose their importance.

Other important resolutions passed by the conference dealt with the Congo, the delegates pledging their firm support for the legitimate government of Mr. Patrice Lumumba.

Conference registered a strong protest against British military bases in Kenya which are now going to be prepared for delivery of nuclear weapons.

The South African issue was on the lips of every speaker. They would make the South African struggle their struggle, many delegates said. During the conference the local branch of the Uganda Democratic Party held an anti-Apart-held procession.

Conference decided to intensify the boycott of South African goods by getting dock and other transport workers to refuse to handle South African goods.

Nyasaland's Malawi Congress on the Monckton Commission

Now the Monckton Commission has reported its findings and the whole report runs into 18 chapters. There is only one recommendation which would stimulate the interest of the Africans and that is the one that deals with the question of secession. Everyone who values the principles of democracy knows that one man, one vote, is the cornerstone on which democratic society is built and will see there is no possibility of finding a democratic system of Government in Central Africa as long as the present Federation exists.

It is of no use mending the Constitution. If the draughtsmen have made a mistake when drawing up the plans of a house it is not right to alter the house built out of such plans. The best thing is to demolish the house and draw another plan which will enable a better house to be built.

As with a house, so with the drawing up of a constitution. If the Constitution is bad as the Federal Constitution is, it is better to tear it up and build another one instead of patching it up. What we want is a Constitution which will recognise men as men irrespective of their origin, which will give the people their rights as men without any reference to their racial identity. The division of seats on a party basis will only help to perpetuate racial antagonism. We want one nation and not two nations. Partnership presupposes the existence of two nations or separate races. One nation can only be achieved by following the example of Tanganyika. The political climate in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia is quite ideal for such a policy.

We do not want to make any comment on the other recommendations because we are not interested in them. All we are interested in is secession.

THE HUNGRY BOY

SHORT STORY

by J. ARTHUR MAIMANE

The sun was hot. The air was still in the noon torpor that hangs over Johannesburg on a December day. There was a dull rumbling from beyond the rusted corrugated-iron wall, punctuated by strident car hooters and the wailing of tortured tyres as motorists weaved their way through the mass of black jay walkers hurrying to the beerhall across the street.

He shifted his weight: the iron wall he was leaning against burnt through a new part of his worn shirt-sleeve; a bit hotter where there was a hole in the sleeve.

"Come on, Sonny! Gimme a piece of your meat?"

The eyes had given up pleading years ago. But not the voice — at least, not completely.

"Naw. Go get your own." A voice that should still be innocent grunted round a mouthful of fried meat. "Have I got to do your stealing for you, now?"

Two other black boys of the same age, who sat a little bit apart — one chewing a cob of yellow mealies, and another a big, bluish sweet potato — snickered.

Boy looked over their small, unwashed heads, towards the dusty, toasting football pitch. His eyes came back to Sonny.

The longer he looked at the rhythmic movement of Sonny's jaws, the more the hollow in his stomach hurt. He hadn't eaten since the night before. And today something had gone wrong. He had failed with all the pedlars who sold fly-blown meat, peeling corn-cobs and other food, to the beerhall patrons across the street.

Maybe it was because he was hungrier than usual. Anyway, he had failed — his timing had been bad. And now his pals — some of whom had managed to get their lunch by making use of the diversion he created in his unsuccessful attempts to steal — wouldn't give him a bite.

"Please, Sonny?"

"Naw!"

"But you always give me!"

"Not today."

"I'm really hungry."

"Me too."

The eyes that couldn't plead anymore began to moisten.

"I'm your pal, Sonny?"

"Not when I'm really hungry."

Boy — they called him Boy because nobody had ever bothered to ask him his real name, and he had almost forgotten it — fingered the bottle in his pocket.

Benzine. He could sprinkle some on his dirty shirt-sleeve and take a few whiffs. He would forget his misery then.

The thought made his empty stomach turn with revulsion. He was too hungry for that. Maybe after he had eaten . . .

The pain in his stomach was getting so bad he could no longer stand up straight — even with the support of the corrugated-iron wall. He was getting dizzy, and there was a thin screeching in his ears.

The film over his eyes was blurring his vision.

"Damn them! Damn my mother — and my father too. And damn my mother's man — and my father's woman, too!"

His friends looked up politely.

The thirteen-year-old voice raged on, heaping all the curses it had ever heard on its parents and anybody else connected with them, including the parents who bore them.

It had taken almost five years to bring him to this.

It had started with his mother's first gallon of hops — that is, the first she drank. It was one of the many concoctions brewed in Johannesburg townships and hidden in a hole to keep it safe from the police and make it ferment faster — that's the amount she had to drink, then, to get drunk. She still had resistance.

The amount had shrunk with every week-end, all-night "party". And she had wanted to get drunk more often with every beating his father had given her when she staggered into the smoky shelter they called a home below Orlando railway lines.

And her stubbornness had increased; to the point where she fought back when his father beat her. A drunken woman and a drunken man fighting; breaking the few sticks of furniture in the room, wrenching the drunken door further off its hinges and then plunging into the ever present mud puddle at the doorstep.

Hitting, swearing, scratching and tearing. Neighbours looking on. Passers-by stepping over the muddy, struggling half-naked bodies. Till somebody separated them. Or they were too tired to fight on. Or even get up.

Then night would close in and the maudlin reconciliations would begin, punctuated by the hoarse squeaking of the rusty bed springs. Developing to grunts, moans and heavy breathing.

Then quiet. And sleep. A dark void.

His mind had adjusted itself. He had long stopped whimpering in a corner when they fought. And no longer listened with wonder to the grunts, moans and heavy breathing.

Then his father had started staying out nights. There were curse-laden quarrels and more fights, when he returned.

And then the men had started drifting in. They would come in late; when she was sure his father wouldn't come back that night. Then he had started staying away for weeks. And the men had come in earlier.

The man with the ragged beard and scarred face, the one who had been so impatient. First the liquor then the pawing. At first she had refused. "Wait," she would say, "Let the boy sleep first." But the hops had been too strong for her, and she had surrendered before her son's puzzled eyes.

And the moans and heavy breathing had followed — with enough light from the flickering candle for him to see it all.

He had cried himself to sleep the first night. That was the last time he allowed himself to cry.

There was the day his father had come back after two weeks. There had been a regular man in the house for the last ten days, and his father had found him lying on the bed.

That had been a fight! All three were sober.

His father, with puffed lips and a swelling eye, had blindly packed his clothes and left.

He would never live with a loose woman, his father had sworn to the neighbours.

And she would never live with a man who had other women away from home, she had screamed at him as he left.

The next morning his mother had told him to call the "regular", father.

He refused. He was beaten.

It was the first of many beatings. But he refused to cry. That angered his mother more.

The beatings had gone on until he had decided in desperation to run away and search for his father. He had heard — when the women living in the same lane shouted their gossip at the communal tap — that his father was in George Goch. Living with another woman. Where is George Goch? he had asked the older boys.

You take a train to the city. Then you take another one. You get off at George Goch — the other side of the city.

ARTHUR MAIMANE was born in 1923 and educated at St. Peter's School in Johannesburg. A journalist till he left the Union for Ghana he has said: 'I felt stifled in my profession. I had reached the point beyond which only White people could go.' Working for Radio Ghana, Maimane is now writing a political novel.

He had done it. Sonnyboy who lived in the next shanty and sold sweets on the trains, had guided him.

His friend left him at the little station called George Goch, with many trains rumbling around him. Where is George Goch — the location? Over the bridge, boy, and across the street — but look out for the cars. You will walk down the road. You will see it. Go in through the gate.

He got there.

Where is my father? Who is your father? Johannes. What is his surname? I don't know. Where you come from? Orlando Shelters. Poor boy.

He wandered up and down the narrow streets, flanked by match-box houses that had similar grim expressions on their identical dirty faces. They seemed to cringe behind the many fruit trees crowded in the stamp-sized yards.

You could get lost here. The houses, the streets — and even the trees — look the same.

Can you give me a piece of bread, Mother?

Go away!

Can you please give me a piece of bread, Mother?

Whose child are you?

Can you please, please give me a piece of bread, Mother?

Here — and go away!

Can you please, please give me a piece of meat, Mother?

You'll have to work for it, boy.

I will, Mother — very hard.

Come in.

Big, evil-smelling drums. Wash them all, boy. And fast. They must be ready in the evening for the brewing.

I wonder if she brews hops?

When the sun set, he was standing inside the gate to the fenced-in location. The only entrance, he had been told. Hundreds of men and women streamed in. He didn't see his father.

Back to the huge dirty woman with bigger and dirtier drums.

If I work some more for you, Mother, can I get more food . . . and a place to sleep?

Yes.

Saturday and Sunday — when he managed to get away from the drums as enough had been brewed — he looked into every face, searching in every noisy yard. He had given up asking.

He saw him the next Saturday night. He would have seen him earlier, if it hadn't been so dark in the back yard where the men were drinking, laughing and shouting at each other.

He had to tug the man hard by the sleeve before he was noticed.

Dull, vacant eyes turned on him.

"Whatchu want, boy?"

"You know me, Father?"

A long, red-eyed look; a belch from a stomachful of foul-smelling beer.

"You my son?"

"Yes, Father." He giggled. "I have been looking for you — for . . . many days now!"

"Good boy!" An arm around his neck, squeezing the breath out of him. "You see this little boy, Kumalo? My son! Not seen him long time. Come all the way from Orlando to look for his father. Good boy. Knows his mother is a no-good bitch who puts any man who can buy her a drink in my bed."

He belched again, and the boy surreptitiously put his hand over his mouth and nose.

"Your father will take you home — my home! Don't you worry. Take you to your new mother. Nice woman — see your little sister."

New mother. Last time it was a new father. Trepidation grabbed his stomach with a hard, icy hand — and twisted.

Maybe she won't want me to call her mother. Maybe I'll like her and call her mother.

He helped his father down into the streets; shadows long before them as they walked out of the circle of a street light, shortening to a round blob as they entered the circle of the next. Then long shadows again, in front now. Then shorter. And then the blobs.

They turned into a gate. Round to the back. A tin shanty near the back fence. A heavy knock on the low door.

"Who's there?"

"Me!" A pause.

Rattle of a turning key: squeak of the opening door; a shaft of light.

Tiny room. Crowded with a double bed, elevated on bricks; wardrobe with a broken full-length mirror; big oval table and six chairs; day bed and stove. Hot and stuffy. A crying child, perched on a woman's tilted hip.

"You're drunk again. Who is the dirty little boy?"

"Boy . . . dirty? Oh! Yes. My son. Come all the way from Orlando to be with his father."

"You mean . . . he's coming to stay here?"

"Of course! He's my son, isn't he?"

He stayed there three months. Then he left. Nobody had asked him to call the woman "mother." But he had done it.

"You happy, my boy? Like your father's new home, eh? And your new mother. Fine woman. Not like that bitch in Orlando. She . . ."

"She's my mother. Dno't you say such things about her!"

"Ha! You talk back like that to your father?"

"You talk like that about my mother?"

"Ha!"

Nobody talked much to him. He got his food two times a day, the sofa to sleep on, and nothing else. He wanted more; he wanted a home, not a house to sleep and eat in.

Carry your bag, missus?

Boy! Don't beg here! Don't you know this is not allowed here?

Not begging. Want to earn money for bread.

You talk back? I arrest . . .

He was gone, dodging through the thick Saturday-morning market crowds.

The smell of freshly fried meat hung in the still, hot air, keeping aloof from the many other smells. It made him hungry and faint.

The heavy, moist smell of fermented beer from beyond the red-painted corrugated-iron wall tried to push him away. But the sharp, salty smell of frying meat on the coal braziers and on the row of tables below the iron wall beckoned to him.

How long have I been standing here? Won't somebody give me just a tiny bit of meat to take away the dryness in the mouth? And choke the hurt in my stomach?

Come here!

He looked around. The little boy was thin. Hungry, like himself. His head seemed too big for his scrawny neck. The eyes were deep and bright, with a furtive question behind them.

What is it?

Hungry?

Yes.

Come.

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Over the street, and along the railway line, skirting a rusted, flaking corrugated-iron wall. A group of boys, squatting in the sun. Smoking.

Where do you come from?

Orlando and George Goch.

Hungry? Want to join us and steal food?

Yes. Food!

He's afraid! Sissy.

You afraid?

Yes . . . no!

Take this. Give you pluck.

Dirty little balled-up rag; smelling of benzine.

Put it in your mouth — and pull!

The fumes seared his dry throat, twisted his guts, and made him cough.

He fell on his knees and tried to vomit. Only a lonely, ragged ribbon of foamy saliva hung from his lower lip, waving in the breeze like a tired banner.

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Sissy!

Naw; he's too hungry. Time to get lunch anyway. You stick here, Boy. Back soon — with food.

He lay there on the knotty tufts of turf that seemed to press right through his empty stomach to his spine. His mouth hung open. Trying to vomit again. Nothing. He had to blow three times before the banner of saliva fell down. He spat. Nothing.

Shouts and curses from the direction of the food-laden tables outside the beerhall. Scurrying feet and hoarse snickers.

They were squatting around him.

Here, eat.

Where you get it?

Stole it.

Won't they catch us here?

Naw. They can't leave those tables alone for a minute!

They stole everywhere: shops, food pedlars, cafes, at the market. Anywhere where there was food. Sometimes, when their ragged pants began to trip them and encumber their running, they stole clothes.

Where's your mother and father, Sonny?

Donno. Pa was arrested — sent to the farms.

Mother?

I donno.

One year . . . two years . . . how long?

Donno.

He looked down. Sonny had finished his meat and was stretched out in the ragged sliver of shade from the rusted, perforated iron wall.

He looked across the shimmering football ground. Bantu Sports Ground. Bantu Hungry Children's Ground.

There was shouting and laughter from the street behind him. Must be near two o'clock. They're going back to work now. Stomachs full of beer. Half drunk.

Sonny was snoring; a smile on his dirty little face. Dirty, distended little stomach going up and down, peeping through the torn, dirty-rag that was once a shirt, and receding again.

The other two were also asleep. Rather, they were unconscious. A few whiffs of benzine had helped pull the loose corners of the blanket of sleep tightly round their young worldly-wise brains.

The painful lump in the pit of his stomach turned violently. He gasped, sat down quickly on the thick turf. He had never before been so weak from hunger.

He stretched out and closed his eyes. Maybe if I can sleep I'll feel better when I wake up.

He lay on his back. But his empty stomach pressed down nauseatingly on his spine.

He turned on to his stomach. But the turf seemed to press through his stomach to his spine.

He lay on his side. His stomach hung down to one side and was uncomfortable.

He tried a few variations on these positions, but none was satisfactory. At last he sat, leaning weakly against the hot wall, his legs stretched out before him. His head was light and the buzzing in his ears was deafening.

I must do something! he told himself, his watery eyes

wandering listlessly over his sleeping friends. The greedy, selfish pigs! Leaving me to starve to death while they sleep so soundly! They deserve to burn in hell.

Why not? He suddenly went cold, then numb, at the thought that flashed through his head.

Why shouldn't they burn? Especially Sonny: He deserves it more — he was supposed to be my friend!

I'll fry him some nice meat!

He feverishly fumbled for the bottle of benzine in his pocket, afraid the mad thought would leave him before he had carried it out.

His fingers were too weak to pull out the cork, and he had to use his teeth.

This will frighten Sonny — he always said he didn't want to go to hell. He leaned over, and carefully sprinkled the benzine over Sonny's clothing, making sure none was wasted on the bare flesh that showed through the tears.

Not too much, he cautioned himself: Just enough to teach him a lesson!

He brought out a dirty match stick from his shirt pocket and part of a match-box. With a few dirty papers gathered into a heap, he carefully struck a light, shielding the flame with his palms, and lit the papers.

Then he scooped the burning papers in his hands and hastily dumped them on his friend's stomach.

For a moment nothing happened.

Then long orange flames shot up, Sonny jumped up screaming and cursing — followed by the screams of the other two urchins, who had been awakened by the sudden searing heat.

Before he was properly on his feet, Sonny was running towards the street, screaming all the way.

And he followed dumbly behind.

In the crowded street a surprised man grabbed Sonny and another hung on to Boy when he cannoned into him.

The room was cool and quiet. It had a high, beautiful ceiling. Everybody walked on tiptoe and talked in low whispers. Many white faces and only a few black ones.

A white woman stood up.

"Your Honour, the welfare officers have investigated this boy's background," she said. "It's rather sketchy. We went to the place in Orlando where his mother lived; she has moved, and nobody seemed to know where to. Same for his father."

"This is disgraceful! How can this kind of thing be allowed to happen in a civilised country?"

"It does, Your Honour. I have several more cases on my docket. It's shameful!" She bit her lower lip and visibly stopped herself from giving this new Juvenile Court magistrate a lecture on what does happen in a civilised country.

"What do you suggest?"

"Send him to Wierda Hostel, Your Honour."

The harsh, dry scribbling of pen on paper.

Then, turning to the interpreter:

"Tell this boy that we are sending him to a house of correction. Tell him if he was older he would have gone to prison for almost killing the other boy. Tell him that at Wierda they will teach him to read and write, and he will learn a trade. When he is big, he can come out into the world and be a responsible citizen."

The interpreter turned towards the frightened, puzzled and clean-scrubbed boy. He looked vacantly above the boy's head and recited, in the vernacular, what he had told scores of such boys: a little of what the magistrate had said, and more of his own personal advice.

"You have no father, you have no mother, my boy. You have nothing but yourself. Nobody owes you a living. At 'Six Mile' you will learn two things: how to make an honest and dull living; and how to make a dishonest and easy one. The choice is yours . . . and may God help you, for it is hard to choose!" The interpreter ended, already facing the bench with a vacant face.

A uniformed policeman led the boy into a room where a few boys were already gathered.

"Another client for the Tsotsi Factory," he said casually to the man in charge and walked back to the courtroom.

Khumani Ganyile: Pondo Exile by SIPO MAKANA

Anderson Khumani Ganyile was born and bred in Pondoland, in the Bizana District. His humility, simplicity and lack of personal ambition make him a likeable person. Within this quiet African there is a grim determination to achieve the "aspirations of the masses", as he puts it.

He always argued that academic achievement should not make us keep aloof from the struggles of the people. The workers are the backbone of the liberation movement, he always reminded us as his fellow students. "Service, Sacrifice and Suffering" are what he called the three S's which he believed would bring about the new Africa visualised in the Freedom Charter. Even as a young student at Lovedale he always started discussions on how we could get the people well organised.

Yet he is a man of few words, essentially a man of action.

He was impatient with people who obstructed progress. At school he had the harshest words to say against SOYA. He ever referred to them as a "Society of Young Asses" who would never achieve anything as long as they spent their time criticising the Congress movement.

Although he was a hard working student and very well behaved he earned himself the hatred of the Lovedale superintendent who said he deserved no education because

he was a hot-head.

It was at this time at Lovedale that he and a fellow student were collected and rushed to the offices of the Special Branch at Alice where they were interrogated about their political activities and those of their fellow students. Calm, quiet and unyielding Ganyile refused to sell out. To his great surprise he found a number of letters he had written to friends kept in the offices of the Special Branch. Yes, they were on his track.

When the S.B. could not establish that there was a branch of the now banned A.N.C. Youth League the superintendent took up the matter himself. He told Ganyile that he would not take any disciplinary action against him and his friend provided they wrote him a "letter of apology". And in these letters they were supposed to admit that a branch of the ANCYL had existed at Lovedale; their positions in the organisation; that meetings were held without the knowledge of the authorities; that they had been warned time and again by the Superintendent that political activity at Lovedale would result in immediate expulsion. This was the letter of apology they were required to sign. Khumani refused to sign. The Superintendent would certainly have taken disciplinary action against the two students but they had strong backing

so that if they were expelled the whole school might have closed.

At the end of that year the superintendent refused to make out a testimonial for Ganyile to proceed to Fort Hare, nor to sign his College application forms. Nevertheless the Registrar of Fort Hare admitted Ganyile. He played an important part in the political life of the College and when he was thrown out of Fort Hare at the beginning of this year he said "Even if I do not complete my studies I will remain a human being." This is Ganyile the man.

He always contended that the Bantu Authorities would never be accepted by the people because they are a negation of democracy. When he returned to Pondoland and worked among the people the qualities of leadership that were latent in him came out in the course of the struggle against the Bantu Authorities.

When I wrote and asked him what plans he was making to complete his studies he replied that he was not thinking about that now, and that his whole mind was devoted to the struggle the Pondos were waging. "You cannot fight for People. You must be with them," he said.

Today the young brave fighter is in exile and I am sure this will not break his spirit. I know he will continue to serve his people, sacrifice himself and suffer.

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CUBA'S LAND REFORM

Naturally, in theory everybody agrees with agrarian reform. Nobody would dare to deny it unless he were a fool. In Cuba, even the landowners agreed about agrarian reform — to a purely theoretical reform, as long as it was not applied.

In my country such reform was inevitable. More than 200,000 peasant families lived there landless and unable to sell their produce. Without agrarian reform my country could not have taken its first tottering step towards development, but we were able finally to take that step. We agreed on an agrarian reform. It was a radical reform, extremely radical, but only to some. It was a reform that would settle the problem of the landless peasants, that would settle the problem of the supply of indispensable foodstuffs, that would settle the problem of agricultural unemployment, that would end, once and for all, the ghastly misery which existed in the fields of our own country.

And that is where the first major difficulty arose. In the neighbouring Republic of Guatemala a similar case had occurred. When the agrarian reform was agreed to in Guatemala, problems mushroomed. And I notify my colleagues of Latin American Republics and of Africa and Asia—and I notify them honestly and sincerely—that when they plan a just and fair agrarian reform they must be ready to confront situations similar to that which confronted us, especially if the best and largest lands are in the hands of the monopolists of America.

Can you gentlemen understand or conceive of a poor, underdeveloped country carrying the onus of 600,000 unemployed, with such a high number of sick and illiterates, whose reserves have been sapped, that has contributed to the economy of a powerful country to the tune of \$1,000,000,000 in ten years — can you conceive of this country's having the wherewithal to pay for the lands that are going to be affected by the agrarian reform, or at least pay for them on the conditions on which they wanted them paid for?

What did the American State Department put to us as its aspirations for its affected interests? It put three things to us: speedy payment, efficient payment and just payment. Do you understand that language? Payment—speedy, efficient and just. That means, "Pay now, cash, on the spot, and what we ask for our lands."

We were not 150% communists at that time. We were just pink at that time — slightly pink. We were not confiscating lands. We simply proposed to pay for them over a period of 20 years, and the only way in which we could pay for them was by bonds at 4½% which would be amortised yearly. How were we going to pay cash, on the spot, and how could we pay for them what they asked? It was ludicrous.

Cuba's Prime Minister Fidel Castro spoke for 4½ hours before the United Nations. This is an extract of his speech dealing with Cuba's land reform policies.

It is obvious that at that time we had to choose between agrarian reform and nothing. If we chose nothing then there would be a perpetuation of the economic misery of my country, and if we did carry out the agrarian reform then we were exposing ourselves to incurring the hatred of the government of the powerful neighbour of the north.

We went ahead with the agrarian reform.

But the trouble was that in my country it was not only the land that was in the hands of the American monopolies. The main mines were in the hands of those monopolies. For example, Cuba produces nickel. All the nickel was exploited by American interests, and under the tyranny of Batista an American company, the Moa Bay, had obtained such a juicy concession that in a mere five years — mark my words, in a mere five years — it intended amortising an investment of \$120,000,000. A \$120,000,000 investment amortised in five years. That was a juicy plum. And what is more — and this is an absolutely certain fact — completely tax-free.

The Cuban Revolution had to receive its punishment. Punitive actions of every type — even the destruction of those foolhardy people — had to be carried out against the audacity of the Revolutionary Government. On our honour we swear that up to that time we had not had the opportunity even to exchange letters with the distinguished Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, Nikita Khrushchev. That is to say that, when for the North American press and the international news agencies who supply information to the world Cuba was already a communist government, a red peril 90 miles from the United States, with a government dominated by Communists, the Revolutionary Government had not even had the opportunity of establishing diplomatic and commercial relations with the Soviet Union.

Then the threats began, the threats concerning our sugar quota.

Earlier it was not a question of quotas; it was a question of customs tariffs. By force of one of those laws or one of those agreements which are made "between the shark and the sardine", the United States, through an agreement which they called a reciprocity agreement, obtained a series of concessions for its products enabling them to compete easily and displace from the Cuban market the products of its friends, the English and the French, which often happens among friends. In exchange

for this, certain tariff concessions were granted on our sugar which, on the other hand, could be unilaterally changed in accordance with the will of the Congress or the government of the United States.

As the United States government was conscious of the importance of our economy to the American market, the government began to issue a series of warnings that our sugar quota would be reduced further. Concurrently, other activities were taking place in the United States of America, the activity of the counter-revolutionaries.

One afternoon an airplane coming from the north flew over one of the sugar refineries and dropped a bomb. This was a strange and unheard-of event, but we knew full well where that plane came from. On another afternoon another plane flew over our sugar cane fields and dropped a few incendiary bombs. Thus these events which began sporadically continued systematically.

On one occasion 80 workers were killed when a mysterious explosion — an explosion that was too mysterious — took place in the harbour of Havana, an explosion of a ship carrying Belgian weapons to our country, after many efforts made by the United States government to prevent the Belgian government from selling weapons to us.

Pirate planes continued to fly over our territory dropping incendiary bombs. Millions upon millions of pesos were lost in the burning fields of sugar cane. Many people of the towns, humble people of Cuba, saw their lands burning, and they themselves were burned in the struggle against these fires, against these persistent and tenacious bombings by these pirate airplanes.

The aerial incursions finally ended, and then came economic aggression.

We wanted to sell our products and we went to seek new markets. We signed a trade treaty with the Soviet Union, according to which we would sell them 1,000,000 tons of sugar and we would purchase a certain amount of Soviet products or articles. Surely no one can say that this is incorrect.

At one fell swoop our sugar quota was cut down by about 1,000,000 — sugar that was already produced, that had been prepared for the American market. That measure had been prohibited expressly by the regional organisations. As all representatives of Latin America know, economic aggression is expressly condemned by regional international law. Yet the government of the United States violated that right, wielded the economic weapon and cut our sugar quota to almost 1,000,000 tons.

But what happened in Costa Rica (at the meeting of the Organisation of American States, to which Cuba's protest was sent by the UN? Lo and behold, by an ingenious production a miracle

happened in Costa Rica. What resulted from Costa Rica was not a condemnation of the United States, or the government of the United States — and I do wish to avoid any misunderstanding about our feelings: we regard the government of the United States and the people of the United States as two completely different entities. The government of the United States was not condemned in Costa Rica for the 60 overflights by pirate aircraft. The government of the United States was not condemned for the economic and other aggression of which we had been the victim. No, the Soviet Union was condemned. That was really bizarre. We had not been attacked by the Soviet Union. We had not been the victims of aggression by the Soviet Union. No Soviet aircraft had flown over our territory. Yet in Costa Rica there was a finding against the Soviet Union for interference.

The Soviet Union only said that, figuratively speaking, if there was military aggression against our country the Soviet Union could support the victim with rockets. Since when is support for a weaker country, support conditioned on an attack by a powerful country, regarded as interference? In law there is something called an impossible condition. If a country considers that it is incapable of committing a certain crime, then it need only say that such a possibility is unheard of. If there is no possibility that Cuba will be attacked, then there is no possibility that the Soviet Union will support Cuba.

History will judge that sad episode in Costa Rica.

My people have learned in the school of these recent international events. They know full well that, even though their right to vindication has been denied, even though aggressive forces are marshalled against them, they still have the final and heroic resource of resisting. Even when their rights are not guaranteed by the Organisation of American States, they can fight.

We are a whole people, firmly united, a people with a revolutionary conscience, defending our rights. This should be written in capital letters for the enemies of the revolution in Cuba to read clearly. For if they are still unaware of this fact they are most lamentably mistaken.

The Revolutionary Government, in but 20 months, has created 10,000 new school-rooms. In this brief space of time, we have doubled the number of rural schools — schools that had been set up in 50 years. In this brief period of time, the Revolutionary Government has built 25,000 houses in the rural zones and also in the urban areas. Fifty new townships are being built in these moments. The most important military fortresses today house tens of thousands of students. In the coming year, our country intends to start its great battle against illiteracy, with the ambitious goal of teaching every single inhabitant of the country to read and write. Thus, org-

anisations of teachers, of students, of workers, are going out—the entire people is preparing itself for an intensive campaign to wipe out illiteracy.

Today our people are receiving the assistance of hundreds of doctors who have been sent out to the field to fight against the endemic sicknesses, wipe out parasites and improve the sanitary conditions of the nation. We have planted close to 50,000,000 trees.

Youths who were unemployed, who were unlettered, have been organised by the Revolutionary Government and today are being gainfully and usefully employed by the country, and at the same time they are being prepared for productive work. We have increased our agricultural production, because, first of all, the Revolutionary Government turned more than 100,000 agricultural workers into landowners, and at the same time preserved the large-scale production by means of agricultural co-operatives.

At this moment, the Revolutionary Government is carrying out a programme of industrialisation of the country, and the first plants are already being built in Cuba.

We have reasonably and sensibly utilised the resources of my country. Previously, for example, \$35,000,000 worth of cars were imported into Cuba, and \$5,000,000 worth of tractors. We have turned this fraction upside down, and now we are importing seven times more tractors than automobiles.

In view of the tremendous reality of underdevelopment, the government of the United States now comes out with a plan for social development (elsewhere in Latin America). Naturally it is something that it is concerning itself with some of the problems of Latin America. Thus far it has not cared very much. Is it not a coincidence that now, at this juncture, it is worried about these problems? Is the fact that this concern has emerged after the Cuban revolution purely coincidental? Surely they will label it as a coincidence.

Why does the United States government not wish to speak of economic development? The answer is clearcut. Because the government of the United States does not want to quarrel with the monopolies, and the monopolies need natural resources. They need investment markets for their capital. That is the paradox.

The case of Cuba is the case of all underdeveloped countries. It is, as it were, the case of the Congo; it is like the case of Egypt, of Algeria, of West Irian; it is like that of Panama, which wishes to have its Canal; it is like that of Puerto Rico, whose national spirit they are destroying; like that of Honduras, a portion of whose territory has been taken away. In short, although we have not made any reference specifically to other countries, the case of Cuba is the case of all the underdeveloped colonial countries.

The problems which we have been describing in relation to Cuba apply perfectly well to all of Latin America. The

control of Latin American economic resources by the monopolies — which, when they do not directly own the mines and take charge of the working of them, as in the case of copper in Chile, Peru and Mexico and in the case of zinc in Peru and Mexico, as well as in the case of oil in Venezuela — when this control is not exercised directly it is because they are the owners of the public service companies, which is the case with the electric services in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia, or of the telephonic services, which is the case in Chile, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Paraguay and Bolivia. Or, if they do not exploit our products, as is the case with coffee in Brazil Colombia, El Salvador, Costa Rica and Guatemala, or with the exploitation, marketing and transportation of bananas by the United Fruit Company in Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras, or with cotton in Mexico and Brazil, that economic control is exercised by North American monopolies of the most important industries of the country, dependent completely on the monopolies.

Woe betide these countries on the day when they too shall wish to carry out agrarian reform! They will be asked for immediate, efficient and just payment. And if, in spite of everything, they carry out agrarian reform, the representative of a Sister nation who comes to the United Nations will be confined to Manhattan; they will not rent hotel space to him; insults will be poured upon him and he may even, possibly, be mistreated, in fact, by the police themselves.

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The Progressive Party and the Vote (cont. from p. 3)

carries on the fight for its line against the bought opponents in the Bantu Authorities, against the Nationalist hirelings of apartheid and against the Johnny-come-lately Pan-Africanist Congress. Because the fact of South African white racialism must inevitably turn the non-whites to counter racialism? No; because an increasing number of whites have taken up the fight against white racialism, and proclaim their support for non-white liberation and thus their fitness to live as equals and partners in a South Africa where the majority of votes are cast by non-whites.

Starting Point

There is only one reason for the Commission's blind insistence that history **must** work to defeat the policy of black-white co-existence in freedom. That is because only thus can they support their own conclusion that 'qualifications' for voting dare not be set so low as to enfranchise the whole adult population. **The Commission sets this down as its conclusion; but in reality it is the starting point.** Whether they are conscious of it or not, this is the process of the Commission's reasoning.

Minority and Majority

So, too, on the second task set the Commission by the Party conference — "To promote means of protecting the various racial groups in our country from domination, and to ensure this for all time." In Cloud-Cuckoo Land, no doubt, this would mean safeguarding minority rights. But this — did the Commission recall the fact? is South Africa. The first question here is not the safeguarding of the rights of minorities, but the establishment of the rights of the majority. Until the majority of the South African people have voting and political rights, there are no minority rights to safeguard. But this brings us back to the question of voting rights. Will the Commission's proposals in fact give the majority of the population a majority of votes?

"As a matter of fact" they say in self explanation, "the recommendations as to qualifications have been made without any evidence as to the numbers of persons of the various national groups who would initially be enfranchised. Assuming however, that White voters would initially be in the majority, the minority safeguards (proposed) should effectively protect the non-White peoples against discrimination or oppression."

Curiouser and curiouser. The minority safeguards should effectively protect the majority of the population against the

majority rights of the minority. Are they serious? Is it really necessary to consider in detail the "minority safeguards" proposed, an elaborately elected Senate in which every Senator would have to gain a portion of the votes of all races in his constituency, when this muddle-headed formulation is its basis?

In justice to the Commission, let me add that they too saw the dilemma into which this type of reasoning was leading them. They try to talk their way out of it: "It is impossible to have constitutional safeguards for individuals or groups or both, and, at the same time, to give free rein to the "democratic" majority principle. For the latter principle is the antithesis of the former and automatically defeats it." Unconvincing, even to the Commission itself; for having said it, they immediately embark on the task of providing individual and group safeguards, by producing a Bill of Rights which they seek to have entrenched in the South African constitution. Here is the most valuable and important contribution made by the Commission.

The Bill of Rights is the Progressive Party counter to the Freedom Charter of the Congresses. In another article at a later date, I hope to compare these two documents section by section; they show some remarkable similarities — but also some remarkable differences. But the most significant difference is this. In the Bill of Rights there is no right to vote, no right to stand for or be elected to any state or government body! Here, in this vital field, in the very centre of South African politics, the dilemma of the Progressive Party reveals itself. It is trying, desperately, to have its cake and eat it; to uphold democratic institutions while rejecting the basic democratic concept of the right to vote; to safeguard fundamental civic rights while denying the only right which can bring those safeguards into operation.

The report is a classic piece of South African muddle-headedness. And yet it does a service. It opens up for serious discussion amongst the white electorate the question of an alternative electoral system to the dark dictatorship of Dr. Verwoerd. It raises for consideration — and sooner or later it **must** be considered by the whole democratic movement — the question of minority rights, which will become a real problem **after** the first question of securing majority rights has been won. It raises afresh the question of legal guarantee — but not the most important question of political struggle for — basic human rights for all South Africans. Perhaps now that the door has been opened on these matters, a ray of light may be shed by other minds to light up the maze into which the Commission has led the Progressive Party.

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