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The Multi-Racial Conference

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'Zeke' Mphahlele writes from Nigeria

* * *

The Rickshaw's New Year

Short Story by Alfred Hutchinson

WISHING
YOU A
HAPPY
CHRISTMAS
AND A
PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR



A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS

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As our printers will be closed part of this month and next, there will be no January issue of "Fighting Talk."

By now, after ten years of them, there shouldn't be anyone in South Africa who doubts that the Nationalist Government are fanatical enough to do anything they decide is good for election vote-catching, irrespective of how impractical it may be, irrespective of how big a bill the taxpayers have to foot for it, and irrespective of what dislocation to industry or personal pain and suffering is caused thereby — just so long, of course, that the Nationalist sup-

FROM THE SIDELINES

This month's writer: ARNOLD SELBY.

The Immorality Act might have been intended to do many things.

But one of the results which could never have been intended is the great glare of publicity which the press now manages to throw

on every reported case of love (or lust?) across the colour barrier. In the good old days before

the Act, there was an unwritten South African code, honoured most scrupulously by the press, of

looking the other way whenever a fellow upholder of white civilisation was caught in flagrante delicto. Which had the result that the ordinary man in the street might have had his suspicions about the doings of his elders, betters and standard-setters, but was unable to have his suspicions confirmed.

Now however, some at any rate of the facts of the matter are beginning to come out into the light of day. They must provide very cold comfort for the Nationalist Party and its hangers-on, who always manage to pose so much holier-than-thou on these matters. Already anyone who is prepared to spend a ticky on the daily paper can lick a salacious lip over the 'Immorality Acts' of a couple of domineers, elders of the Dutch Reformed Church, high civic dignitaries and policemen. Not the least interesting fact about these goings-on is that it seems, invariably, that the European man did the inciting. Somewhere in all this there seems to be the moral — or perhaps in the circumstances lesson is a better word — that there are aspects of white leadership and baasskap which didn't appear so clearly before the Immorality Act was framed to publicise them. And of course there is the thought which keeps crossing my mind, especially in these days of argument about whether bootleg liquor is better than legally supplied liquor. Does illicit sex lead to increased sex, in much the same way as prohibition led to increased drinking in America? I throw out the suggestion to Mr. Piet Meiring of the Government Information Office that a series of authoritative statistics on this matter be produced to allay public apprehension. If the Kinsey report on the sex-life of the American male set the world by the ears, this one on South Africa would really be something.

In certain circles, I keep hearing the idea expressed that there is really no reason to get hot under the collar about this job reservation business, because — so the argument runs — there actually aren't any

Europeans willing to do the reserved jobs in the clothing industry anyway, and so no Non-European will really be thrown out of jobs. It seems to me it is time for these Rip-Van-Winkles to wake up. Some-
JOBS FOR WHITES ONLY
one should tell them the facts of life.

And one of the facts is that job reservation is not new. There has been job reservation of all the well-paid jobs in the mining industry for years. And from time to time, the mining companies have found that there just aren't enough Europeans in South Africa to do the jobs. So what have they done? Ignored the reservation? Not on your life. They have imported White miners from overseas. Recently there was a crisis in the Railway dining cars — not enough Europeans willing to become waiters. Although any of Verwoerd's Labour Bureaux could find him more than the number of waiters he needs — if he was prepared to employ Africans — the Government did an expensive job of recruiting waiters in Italy to fill the gap. And at a time when they were battling to make the Railway budget balance.

porters in the country aren't hit by it. If you have any doubts about that, just think of the millions of pounds being spent in administering pass laws, of the number of policemen, pass office clerks and pen-pushers who could be usefully employed doing something other than the sheep-farmers want, and of their deaf ear to all the complaints of the injustice and suffering that the system causes.

From this month's Multi-Racial Conference to 1958 — and new offensives against the Nationalists

Less than a year ago, the Strijdom Government delivered what it hoped would be the coup-de-grace to the cankerous "subversive" thorn in its side, the Congress movement. In December 1956, on a single day, 156 national leaders were arrested and held on a charge of high treason, for conspiring together to bring about a democratic, multi-racial state of their own pattern. But the hydra proves to have more heads than the limited, narrow minds of Nationalism can encompass.

December 10 — World Wide Protest

It is perhaps accidental but yet appropriate that within a week of the multi-racial Conference's open assault on the ideology of Nationalism should come an international assault — the December 10th international commemoration of the UNO Declaration of Universal Human Rights, to be observed this year by forthright condemnation of the policies of the Nationalist Government and public international vindication of its opponents. Nor can the impact

The Swing of the Pendulum

It is again December, slightly less than a year later. The Treason Trial has run less than half its weary passage through the courts. And yet already, before this article appears in print, a Conference is gathering in Johannesburg to sketch in the outlines of a future multi-racial society for South Africa. And at that conference will be men and women of all races, drawn from fields of opinion far wider and far more diverse than that, almost exclusively Congress, group of Treason trialists.

It must be a sobering thought for Nationalist Party strategists who know, from their own office-seeking pasts, that there is only one thing certain in the ebb and flow of politics, and that is that the pendulum of public opinion swings. The Multi-Racial Conference, opening not at the beginning but at the end of a ten-year period of fierce and unbridled Nationalist repression, is a measure of the force with which it begins to swing already, four or five months before the election.

The meaning and significance of the Multi-Racial Conference lies as much in the fact that it is being held at all as in the decisions it takes. Its very convening is a flaunting act of defiance for the whole ideology of Nationalism.

The proposal that African, European, Indian and Coloured should gather together as equals for discussion of the future is a bold challenge to the whole concept of apartheid. The tacit assumption that the future lies only in a multi-racial state is a frontal attack on the Nationalist ideology of separate racial territories under eternal White leadership. The clearly stated creed that there can be no resolving of South Africa's conflict without the agreement and participation of all racial groups is a direct negation of the policy of white baasskap. And when that act of defiance is made by such a group as this, by the country's leading academicians, religious leaders, scientists and non-party politicians, its impact cannot fail to move the whole country, no matter what disagreements as to details may reveal themselves, no matter what precise formulations eventuate from it.

of such a day be dismissed even by the most parochial and heavily-blinkered Nationalist politician.

Foreign observers have often commented wonderingly on the apparent paradox that here in South Africa, where repression is at its fiercest, punitive measures by the government against its opponents most severe — that it is here in South Africa that the current of opposition and democratic advance runs more strongly than anywhere else in Africa south of the Sahara. Partly, at least, that paradox can be explained by the moral courage and the strength of certainty which the South African opposition draws from such days as this, from the bolstering reminder that no matter how heavily they may be outweighed in their own country, they speak with the voice and conscience of mankind, on whose stature the Nationalist Government is a minor, irritating excrescence.

But it is not accidental at all that both the Multi-Racial Conference and the International Declaration on South Africa come almost a year after the Treason arrests, at a time when all save a few formalities of the Strijdom government case against the Congress movement has been laid bare before a court of preparatory examination. This is not accident but logic of history.

The 156 in the Treason Trial dock have blazed the trail of democratic change in South Africa. They have fought tenaciously for a long time, to break the crippling stranglehold of white-supremacist ideas on the minds of South Africans both black and white. They have fashioned and moulded the ideas of manhood and of nationhood which have brought the African masses out of the dark backward swamps of an imagined and historically fostered superstition of their own inferiority. They have steered a young generation of embittered men and women away from the morasses of African chauvinism, and blind revengeful terrorism, towards democratic consciousness and inter-race fraternity. They have roused the courage of a people first to shake off the fear of Nationalist reprisals, and then to move into offensive action against the Government, carrying every opponent of reaction with them. And, in doing this, gradually

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

and painfully, they have broken through the generations-deep crust of European racial bigotry, and allowed the new South African currents of democracy and racial brotherhood to grow up slowly, hesitantly but inexorably towards the light.

The Government that tries today to stifle a movement fails to understand its character. The Drill Hall 156 are not the movement; nor are the Congress organisations the movement which challenges Strijdom for the future of South Africa. *The 156 and the Congresses have awakened a whole people, and brought them into motion. When the Government struck against the 156, they were already too late.* The 156 were valuable, but no longer essential. The ferment which had started and spread among the people has a logic and a life of its own; it has grown fully fledged with its own two heads to replace every one cut off. Thus it was that in the midst of the Treason Trial, 50,000 people could plan, manage and carry through the Alexandra bus boycott to victory, carrying with them the support of thousands of recently awakened European men and women. Thus it was that on June 26th, hundreds of thousands of people in all the main cities struck work for one day in a counter-offensive against Nationalism.

And thus it is too, that at the height of the Nationalist repression, at the high-water mark of the bannings and proscriptions and deportations of its opponents, at the tail-end of its revelations of what constitutes treason to Nationalism, the multi-racial Conference gathers in Johannesburg. And thus it is that University professors, Black Sashers, Bishops, Liberals, Federalists, Labour politicians and business-men sit down to plan tomorrow, shoulder to shoulder with Congressmen, trade-unionists, radicals and rebels. The pendulum has swung far, far beyond its first feeble vibrations. And each new event moves it on.

It is the end of one year and the beginning of another. Already in the dying days of 1957, the outlines of 1958 begin to take shape. Already in the unexpectedly wide response to the Garment Workers' Union strike call against "job reservation", where thousands of workers not personally affected by the reserved categories stayed away, against the advice of their Union, as an act of political solidarity and as a protest against Nationalism; already the country is astir with preparations for a National Workers' Conference in February to take decisions, which the Multi-Racial Conference by its very nature cannot, to press home the attack against Strijdom's Achilles heels of wages and pass laws to victory; already the first great events of the new year cast their shadows before. Election year.

But a truly new year. Into the thick of the election fight, all the multiple efforts of 1957 enter — the strikes and boycotts, the Conferences and the declarations of belief, the pass-burnings and the demonstrations. All the cast-iron prejudices and preconceptions of the voters have been cast into a furnace of doubt, of fear for the future if the mad self-destruction of Nationalism be left free to ravage South Africa longer. The pendulum which through ten dark years has swung towards Nationalist victory at the ballot box has begun to swing the other way. To that end, every smallest act of democratic protest, every smallest declaration of conscience, every demonstration of inter-race fraternity, every courageous counter-offensive against repression has helped to weigh the scale.

The process has been begun, but not ended. It is the end of 1957, and the beginning of 1958. It is time to tip the scales, to mount a new wide offensive on every front against the tyranny of Nationalism, to strike out with new vigour and strength from the advanced base of racial co-operation which the Multi-Racial Conference has provided, to secure the final and permanent defeat of Nationalism in 1958.

The air is fresh with the scent of victory, and of a memorable, a glorious and a happy new year.

The Multi-

When the history of South Africa's struggle for sanity comes to be written, I have no doubt that the Multi-Racial Conference to be held in Johannesburg this month will merit important mention. For whatever its decisions, it must shape the political features of this country for many years to come. There is so much faith invested in its success that even its failure cannot have merely surface repercussions. Perhaps indeed, there is altogether too much expected of it. But to call the faith a mistake is not to shrink it down to a safer size. The Conference must succeed in forging a united front against apartheid, in creating a design that can contain men of every class and every colour to whom the policies and practices of racial tyranny are repugnant. If it fails in this, at a moment of swelling racial hatred and distrust, it may signal the final deforming diaspora of democracy. And though South Africa provides ample opportunities for ruin, it provides very few for repair. It is a heavy responsibility that the Conference bears. And it is essential that it should recognise and acknowledge this from the start.

The Bloemfontein Conference held in October last year prepared the way for it by examining the mutilations of apartheid and issuing a call to all South Africans to take a positive step to break down the colour bar in group relations. "In the interests of all the people and the future of the country, this conference calls upon all national organisations to mobilise all people, irrespective of race, colour or creed, to form a united front against apartheid". The cry was unambiguously for action, and the Johannesburg Conference has come in answer to it. The paramount purpose of the Johannesburg Conference therefore, is to create, not criticise. Lenses for scrutiny of the South African scene exist in sufficiency, some of them much better ground for analysis than a Conference of this sort. The Bloemfontein Conference analysed and discarded. What is required of its successor is synthesis, a uniting of disparate elements into the precipitate of a real democratic front against apartheid. And the front must not only exist, it must work to change and re-create.

The initiative of political action must be wrested from the grasp of the government, where it has been, except for the opening days of the Defiance Campaign and those few thunderous months of the Bus Boycott, ever since the filching of the African franchise in 1936. Survival is no excuse for atrophy. A

Racial Conference

by RONALD M. SEGAL

united movement dedicated to democracy insults its dedication when it whimpers its way to old age. Those who would always be on the receiving end, in action and ideas alike, cannot expect to generate a society shaped to their desires. We are being paralysed by protests in this country. We must learn that a march through the city streets on a Saturday morning impresses no one but ourselves, if it does even that any longer. The techniques of complaint are worn blunt by service. Non-White South Africa is aware of the sufferings it daily endures. And it demands something more than a fresh re-phrasing of its pain. If the Johannesburg Conference accomplishes nothing else but a further tabulation of grievances, it will be remembered only for its abdication of purpose and the injury it did the cause it was convoked to advance.

There are many of course, whose vision of political struggle is restricted to the placard and the pamphlet. And they are the rainmakers of growth, creating the climate of any political change. But the growth itself is unleashed by another energy, the passionate surge of a people towards its sun. Some few of those who dedicate their minds to the struggle, will then dedicate their bodies as well, their liberties and their lives. Many others will feel that they can do no more than they have done, and theirs must become the participation of the claqué. For any popular movement to limit its ambitions and dilute its activities in order to give even the reluctant a place is the suicide of its soul. A united front can only be built round a unity of purpose and technique. A front

that attempts to contain contradictory purposes and techniques within its walls ends up as a rambling political graveyard.

It is here that I feel impelled to express my misgivings of the Conference so far. The tight-fisted, almost grudging publicity that its organisers have accorded it suggests a meeting of Treasury officials in Downing Street to discuss Devaluation rather than a gathering of men and women drawn from every colour, class and occupation to spearhead a united popular movement against apartheid. And the publicity mirrors the composition. One would have expected, after the successes of the great Bus Boycott early this year, that no one who took his politics with sufficient seriousness in South Africa would ever again attempt to divorce the battle from its army. There on the roads of the Rand from the townships to the cities, the course of South Africa's struggle with its governors was beaten out by the thousands of firm decided feet. Whatever onslaught is launched upon the malignancy of apartheid can only succeed if it bears with it the energy and faith, the spontaneous enthusiasm of the millions who make up the limbs of South Africa. Yet what place have they been accorded at the Conference? Some few leaders of the Congress movement will be present, with a scattering of trade unionists and a little professional yeast. But no even half-hearted attempt has been made to ensure that there should be present as well representatives of that vast tumultuous bulk of Non-White South Africa, not organised into a party of opinion with a General Staff, but doing battle every day, with quiet persistence, against the army of its persecutors. Are those tens and hundreds of thousands of

men and women who fought cattle culling in the Reserves, who withheld their children from the new deformities of Bantu Education, who walked so many miles for so many weeks, are they not the stock of the struggle? Theirs is the shaping and theirs must be the summation. Yet were their opinions even sounded? Preliminary district and provincial Conferences to canvass ideas and select spokesmen should have been organised throughout the country. The money and work involved would have been forthcoming, and any difficulties encountered hurdled if skillfully approached. Was such activity considered indiscreet or frothily unrewarding? But the popular is not necessarily the hysterical. And the comatose is never the discreet.

To say that the organisation of the Conference so far, or at least that part of it that has been permitted any publicity, provides small cause for enthusiasm is not however to say that the Conference will be pointless and that its liberations should be disregarded. If the Conference is not anything like adequately representative of those who would shape South Africa in the image of democracy, it is nevertheless representative in part. And amongst the delegates are men and women who recognise the need for a militant coalition of democratic forces, for co-operation in the field of practical and positive political opposition. I cannot believe that they will allow the discussions to degenerate into futility. With all criticisms made, it remains a Conference of those who, in their various ways, detest the infamy of apartheid and would rinse the country clean of its stain. We must give it the support we give to its declared objectives and ensure as far as we are able that it will evolve techniques of struggle to further our shared aspirations. If it fails, there will be time enough afterwards for recrimination and disgust.

THE DECEMBER 10 INTERNATIONAL APPEAL

'The Time Has Come For A World-Wide Protest'

The time has come for a world-wide protest against the racist policies of the Government of the Union of South Africa. Freedom-loving people throughout the world have watched with great concern as the doctrine of white supremacy has gained increasing acceptance among South African whites. This racist doctrine — apartheid — has denied the African, Asian and Coloured people in South Africa even the elementary rights granted by any democratic state. Totalitarianism increasingly grips almost every area of human activity in South Africa. It is the only system by which apartheid can be imposed upon the South African people. As such, apartheid is a threat to the liberty of every South African, white or non-white.

Almost as shocking as these tragic developments has been the absence of any universal protest by the free peoples of the world. The Government of South Africa must learn that those who cherish freedom repudiate apartheid and similar racist policies anywhere. In addition, those courageous South Africans of all races who struggle to build a free and democratic society, must know that their efforts are supported by men and women of goodwill in all nations.

More than a hundred of the world's leading spokesmen for freedom from every continent have joined in signing a Declaration of Conscience. This broad response is probably unprecedented in modern times. The Declaration is the heart of a campaign that culminates on Human Rights Day, December 10, 1957, which has been designated the Universal Day of Protest against South Africa's official policy of racism. The signers of the Declaration call upon civic, labour, business, professional, political, educational, church and other leaders and organisations throughout the world to support the Declaration of Conscience and the Day of Protest.

This Declaration is an appeal to the conscience of people everywhere to condemn apartheid and to demand that the Union of South Africa live up to its obligations under the United Nations Charter.

The Rickshaw's New Year

by

ALFRED HUTCHINSON

All day Mkwanzazi had strained towards the crack, the promise of escape in the new year which was tomorrow. Even as he sat in his cart waiting for his turn or while he chatted with the other rickshaws, he had been straining like a horse in its traces. But looking at the sky, it had seemed ready to blot him out. Now he hobbled along the tarmac, still hot in the late afternoon.

He took in the festive city: its gay streamers and fat-blown balloons; the merry crowds thronging the streets; the tinselly generosity of its mingy heart. No, he could not be bluffed any more, he had fathomed its inner callousness.

"Hek! Hek! Hek! Get along, crooked-foot!"

Mkwanzazi knew without turning his head that it was the wit of the party, the red-faced young man with the ridiculous paper cap stuck to the back of his head. He should have refused to take them — the red-face and his two girl friends — he thought. And the hot tarmac stung his feet and its shimmer tugged his eyes into a painful stare. He shut his eyes and shook his head trying to fling the sweat from his eyes.

"Come along, crooked-foot!"

The raucous laughter stung him. Little Black boys sometimes taunted him, calling him "Donkey-horse" and yelling to him not to litter the streets, but this egging on stung deeper. A fierce recklessness gripped him. He shot up, curled like a buck suddenly hit, carried upwards on the girls' apprehensive titter as the small wheel at the back of the cart hit the road with a screech. For a few moments it seemed that he would spill his passengers and himself backwards and beyond. He remained for those few moments poised triumphantly in the air. Then he came down, broke into a lope like a wolf on the prowl. A flame of fire shot from his crippled foot. He broke into a pained hobble. But for those few loping strides, those moments above the pain, he had been himself ten years ago.

"Bravo, crooked-foot!"

Mkwanzazi hobbled, arguing whether to go on or to stop. He would go on: he had to go on. He knew this with the wet grip of his

hands on the worn handle-bars; knew it with the long years of the drag. Ten years ago he had been young and strong. But miles and miles of tarmac, hunger and the compound had broken him. Ten years ago he had come to eGoli, a strange place with houses reaching for the sky and with crowds as thick as swarming bees. How much humanity, how many boxes and packages he had drawn since then . . . And then the accident six months ago . . .

"No, my Boy," the doctor said shaking his head. "You'd better look for another job." His neighbour had interpreted.

But the doctor and some of his fellow-rickshaws had been wrong. He had returned to the cart, hobbling it is true, but he had returned. It was the life he knew. He had not made the choice. He knew the cart behind him, the weight of the load; he knew the maze of the streets whose names he could not read. He knew the hours of waiting at the rank to be hired; he knew the compound, the weary sleep and the long pull on the morrow. He knew Mafuta, the fat White man who hired out rickshaw carts at twelve and six a week after pocketing the ten shillings deposit. And he knew the nights of longing, when cussing his concertina which he carried at the back of his cart, he would sit at a corner of the compound and brand his nostalgia on other hearts . . . Next year it would be different. He would be with his wife, Nomsa, and the children again. He looked at the sky with supplication in his heart. A spasm of pain shot from his foot to his heart. Perhaps the doctor had been right.

"Come on, come on, crooked-foot! Hek! Hek! Hek!"

A bitter hatred filled his panting, bursting breast. He turned red hate-filled eyes on the merry party, in the street, in the cart. The red-face burst into loud laughter, wriggling his body in imitation of his hobble. He turned his eyes on the road once more. The shimmer was dying. He longed for the compound; for the dingy little window in the smutted walls. He longed for his concertina that he might wring his messages home. He shut his mind to the goading "hek! hek!" behind. He

lifted his mind above the pain of his foot. Maybe it would be different for his children — as Mabuza said. Maybe they would never know what he had known. The crack seemed to have narrowed into a thin fissure of despair. No, Mabuza was wrong: a White man would always remain a White man: he could not be otherwise. He used you and when you were torn and useless threw you away like an old shirt. It seemed like a bitterly-intoxicating discovery that he had just made. He would tell Mabuza just that — and at the beer-hall in front of the others. He threw the blackness of his heart on to the clouds that were slowly gathering ahead and promising rain. He spat dry spit into the street, and hobbled on.

Smooth well-fed White children prattled to the nannies in green. Laughter and song rose around him. A cracker exploded near him, startling him. He was wheezing and yet the long rise to Berea still stretched before him. His eyes smarted now not with sweat, but with unwept tears.

He pulled to a stop outside a block of flats and the party clambered off the cart. Swaying, one of the girls fell on to her knees. Mkwanzazi stood waiting to be paid. "Happy New Year, crooked-foot!" Mkwanzazi stared at the red-face. "Damn you, black bastard, Happy New Year!" He was drunk.

"Mali, Baas, . . . Four shellen sixpence . . ."

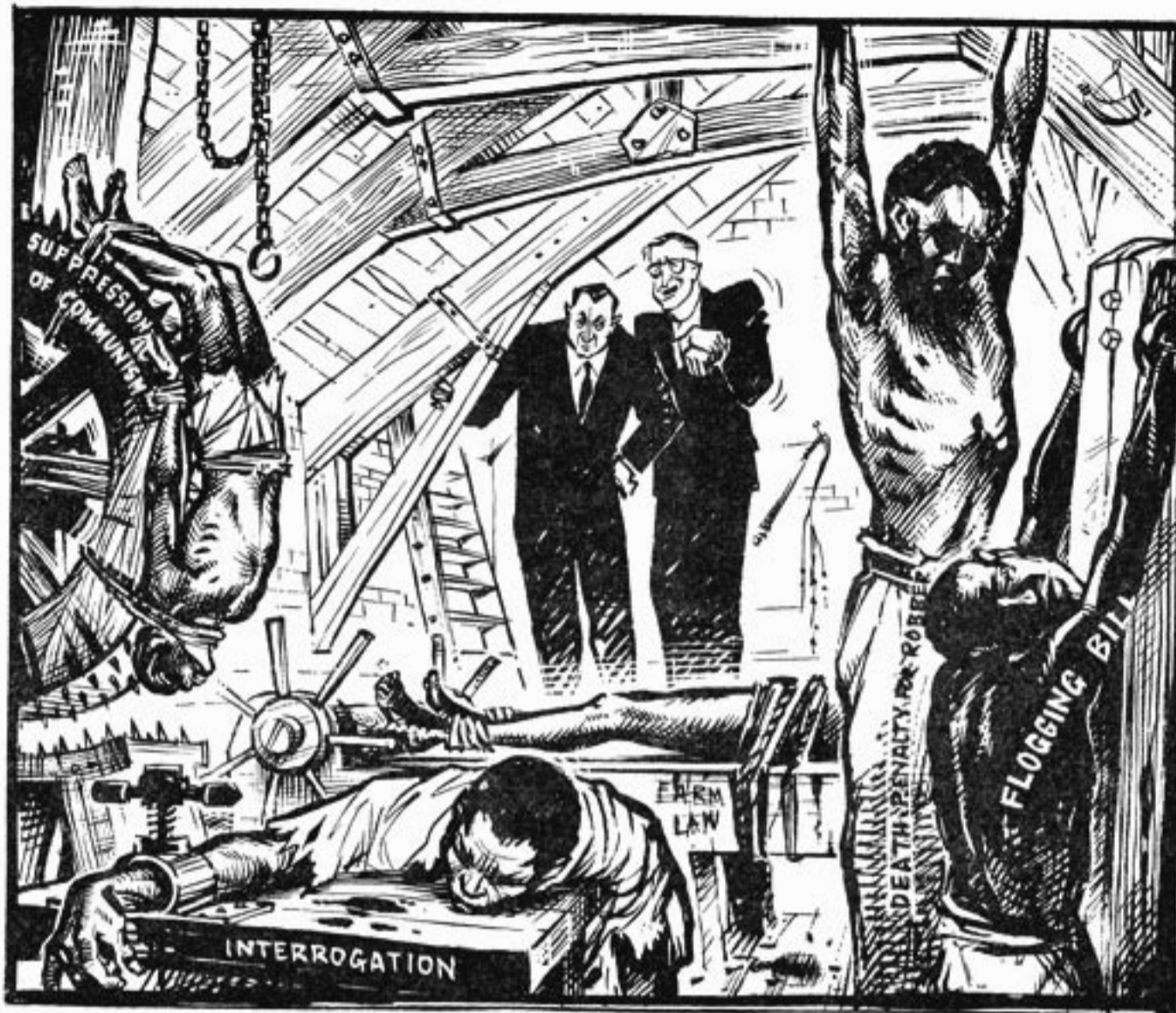
"Mali, your . . . Hamba, voetsek!" He waved him away with his hand. "Voetsek!"

Mkwanzazi's gaze did not leave the young man's face. The first blow crashed into his nose. He staggered back gripping the handle-bars of the cart. A flurry of blows dazed him. Then they suddenly stopped like a shot hard summer shower. Through the mist Mkwanzazi saw a police car and a policeman dashing out it towards him. He cowered.

"Ja, yini wena? What's up?"

"Lo Baas, . . . Mali kamina . . . Mali . . . mali . . ."

The policeman was not listening. He was listening to the red-face who was explaining to him and pointing at the girl who had fallen and was still rubbing her knees.



"All we need now is the death penalty for being black!"

With a flash of terror Mkwanzazi knew that he was being framed.

"No, no, Baas . . . Mali . . . mali . . ." He shook his head frantically.

"Shut up, kaffer-hond . . . Lo, Missis . . . Ja . . ." Mkwanzazi closed his eyes. The look in the policeman's eyes was terrifying. He waited for the blow. He waited, tensing to receive it.

"No, you can't do that . . ." Mkwanzazi heard a White woman's voice at his side. He knew her for a protector. The policeman turned champing his chin towards the girl who had fallen.

"He made her fall . . ."

"Nothing of the sort . . ."

"No, no, Missis . . . Four shellen sixpence . . . My mali, mali . . ." he said desperately like one clutching for salvation.

She turned to the red-face with anger, terrible anger shaking her greying hair. She turned on the policeman with fury. He was furious too.

"Pay the Boy . . . Pay the Boy," Mkwanzazi heard her say to the red-face.

The red-face shrugged his shoulders and sauntered with the girls on his arm towards the block of flats. She looked with disgust at the policeman who stood champing his chin. The policeman turned on Mkwanzazi.

"Trap jong—if you don't want trouble . . . Hamba!" The police car screeched angrily round the corner.

Mkwanzazi looked at the world purple in the dusk of his hurt. He turned to his benefactress. She was already walking down the street. "Dank, Misisis, dank . . ."

Mkwanzazi pulled his cart opposite the entrance of the block of flats into which the red-face had disappeared. He looked at it for a long time, with eyes red with weariness and unwept tears. He spat into the street.

He hobbled on, the pain dull-insistent in his foot. He hobbled on, a lone rickshaw with a twisted foot, carrying in his heart the anguish of the lost four shillings and sixpence for which he had worked and had not got. He suddenly turn-

ed his heart against the morrow. He looked at the sky. It was black with storm clouds ready to wash away the old year and usher in the new. The crackers exploded left and right of him but his ears were deaf to them. He headed for the rank. He felt bound to that cart, bound to it by some inexorable fate. The front bar beat against his stomach with the slap of empty bowels. The crack of escape had sealed. Perhaps he would be able to pick up a last load . . .

A few other rickshaws were still at the rank. He took his place behind them. They did not ask him about his broken lips and swollen eyes. He quietly pulled out his concertina from the back of his cart and cupped it tenderly. And the other rickshaws clustered around. Slowly he wrung his message out of it home, wringing too the bitterness out of soul, thinking of the stations to which that lost four shillings and sixpence would have taken him towards his wife and children. The others, listening, sent their messages home, too.

VOICES OF ANGRY MEN

BRITISH AND SOVIET VERSIONS

I found "Look Back in Anger", (the play which an official of the municipal Non-European Affairs Department declared unfit for half the city to see) a fine, stimulating work of art.

The play is something more than a study in disillusionment and frustration. Many among our Johannesburg audiences and critics do not seem to have got beyond the observation that the central character (given an absolutely virtuoso performance here by Alan Dobie) is a thoroughly objectionable, self-assertive, caddish and intolerable young man. But Jimmie Porter is what he is because of the historical conditions which operate about him. He is sensitive, artistic, affectionate by nature. He is highly intelligent. What has made him like that: rubbed raw and bleeding; bullying; showing off; making his own life and every one else's a tortured scream? The author's own answer is unspoken, for it is not referred to in the dialogue — the "Daily Worker" poster "TORIES DEFEATED: GREAT LABOUR VICTORY", that stares us in the face throughout the play, hanging at the back of the Porters' dingy two-roomed flat.

No Brave New Britain

To us in South Africa the play brings home as few things could the shattering disillusionment, the intellectual and moral damage wrought upon millions of the finest people in Britain, by the dismal shortcomings of the Labour Party leaders after the war. The people expected great things of Labour in the Government. The faith of generations of socialist pioneers and the aspirations of countless civilians, soldiers, sailors and airmen, who had stuck it out in the Battle of Britain and many another grim chapter of Hitler's War — all these were fastened upon the post-war Labour Government. But there was no Brave New Britain; no bold socialist measures; no onslaught on privilege and vested interest. Instead, Attlee and Bevin provided timid half-measures that left the class-structure of Britain intact, and a servile Tory foreign policy that relegated the country to the ignoble role of an aircraft-carrier and advanced base in Uncle Sam's Cold War.

On top of all that it was the Labour Party's fate, unwillingly enough, to "preside over the liquidation of the British Empire" — a large chunk of it anyway. Inevitably — given the continuance of capitalism — this meant a

decline of Britain's living standards and of her great power status. The Attlee Governments did not give the British people much to eat, except plenty of humble pie.

by

MICHAEL HARMEL

Osborne does not say all this in his play, but it helps to explain all Jimmy Porter's bitterness and angularity, and to make him a valid and convincing type. Jimmy will not appeal to many, as a person. But the really important and significant thing about him is that he is angry, articulate, afire!

The Way Out?

Critics complain, not without justification, that Osborne shows no way out. His hero complains that there are no great causes left to die for: there is a very Elliotish hangover of frustration. The play has its weaknesses, no doubt. But is it really the author's business always to present us with ready-made solutions? Jimmy Porter doesn't know the way out: to present him otherwise would be to falsify his character. But at least he recognises that there are problems, dreadfully serious ones, and doesn't try to run away from them!

The truly unforgivable sin is to tell us that "all that" — all that mess, meanness, bourgeois smugness, selfishness, stupidity, snobbishness, suffering and dreariness — really "does not matter." Osborne, unlike the bulk of contemporary writers and dramatists, most definitely does not commit that sin. He tells that it does matter, more than anything else, and something's got to be done about it. What that "something" is, Osborne leaves to his audiences to work out for themselves. I'm not so sure that I blame him for that.

Divine Discontent

The great and invaluable merit of people like Osborne's Jimmy Porter is that they are filled with divine discontent. Give them a cause they can believe in and understand, and they will live for it and die for it. A fire burns in their bellies. Of such stuff were made all the great prophets and reformers through history; the non-conformists, the breakers of new paths, the "white-robed sons of the gods," as Olive Schreiner put it, "with the light on their foreheads." These are the stirrers-up and the agita-

tors of humanity, the heretics who place fidelity to their truth above life itself.

Of course, it takes more than a fire in the belly to be a Buddha, a Jesus, a Socrates, a Galileo, a Marx. Unless the cause for which he fights is valid in its historical context, the angry man will be a futile man: a harmless Don Quixote, or an all-but-incomprehensible William Blake. On the other hand wisdom and vision are not enough — without the fire. A great and noble cause, by itself, is not enough: it demands, too, men and women who say, to this cause I give "all my life, all my strength."

So we must not try to squash these angry men, to soothe them or to quell their fire. We must not tell them to be sensible, to conform, to play it safe and not annoy the big shots. True, they may be wrong — they often are, and stubbornly wrong at that. If so we must meet them with an integrity and fearlessness equal to their own: neither soothing syrup nor intimidation can answer them. But when such men are right, they make history — else we should still be squatting in caves.

"Not By Bread Alone"

There are angry young men in socialist Russia too, and this should not surprise socialists who believe that all progress is achieved through conflicts and struggles and contradictions. Of course, their problems are not those of Mr. Osborne's Jimmy Porter. They live in a different world; one of expanding, not contracting, horizons. They are not bewildered or neurotic, and they do not lack purpose and direction. Yet they, too have their problems and, it seems, their frustrations as well. The time has gone past when socialists imagined that they did good service to their cause by claiming that the Soviet Union was without a blemish. Its fabulous achievements, today acknowledged by all but those whom it pays to conceal the truth and those whom they pay to do so, are the pride of workers everywhere; but many more mountains remain to be crossed before the Soviet pioneers attain the earthly paradise dreamed by William Morris. There are many things still in the Soviet Union to get cross about; and, thank goodness, young men to get cross about them.

One such character makes his appearance in the remarkable Soviet novel "Not by Bread Alone," by Vladimir Du-

dintsev. The book has created a great stir in the Soviet Union; it has been both praised and condemned. It was recently published in Britain and is now on sale here.

Angry Inventor

Dudintsev's angry man is an inventor, Lopatkin. All he wants is to get his new machine for mass-producing metal pipes given a fair test and, if successful, put into use for the common good. But at every turn he is blocked and given dirty kicks in the face by a gang of unscrupulous self-seekers, bureaucrats, intriguers and careerists in high places. All they want is that he should shut up and stop making a nuisance of himself. But he won't shut up. He can't. It's not in his nature. They try to buy him, but he's not for sale. He's one of those awkward types to whom integrity, self-respect and justice are more important than safety, comfort or anything else, and are always getting into hot water for that very reason. For his pains he is ostracised, victimised and even, at one stage, sentenced to eight years' hard labour on a framed-up charge.

Sharing the centre of the stage with Lopatkin is Drozdov: a self-made captain of industry, forceful, efficient, a man who gets things done. At first one can't help liking Drozdov, and even after Dudintsev's ruthless exposure of the man one can still understand how essential a role in the construction of socialism such people must have played, when one could not pick and choose one's human material but had to take what lay to hand, with all the scars and birthmarks of the old society. A fatal flaw mars Drozdov's character: what's good for him, he reasons, is good for society: his is not the lofty philosophical materialism of the scientific socialist but the vulgar mercenary "materialism" of the bourgeois. He lies, cheats, intriguers, sucks up to the powerful and crushes the weak on his upward path.

The novel derives much of its undeniable force and impact from the stark contrast between this gross, hogrlish creature and the integrity, austerity, purity and single-mindedness of Lopatkin.

This book has its defects as well as its outstanding literary merits, and this skeleton-like sketch does nothing like justice to it. But then I am not writing a review of it here: what concerns me is some of its repercussions.

Anti-Soviet Experts

Anti-Soviet "experts" have been quick to seize on the negative, critical aspects of Dudintsev's novel in order to try and make capital out of them. The incorrigibly malicious Edward Crankshaw wrote in the London "Observer" that

the book marked "the awakening of the Russian people to the true nature of the regime of Lenin and Stalin and Krushchev." The English publishers, Hutchinsons, hit a new low in publishing etiquette, with the slimy way they have inserted such cold-war "expertise" not only onto the dust-cover but even, by way of a prefatory "publisher's note", into the body of the book. However, they also allowed Dudintsev to answer in an Epilogue — of which I shall say more shortly.

The Krushchov Assessment

In a recent speech to Soviet creative and cultural workers, N. S. Krushchov referred to these attempts to use "Not by Bread Alone" against the Soviet Union. He roundly condemned the book. It contained, he said:

"tendentiously selected negative facts interpreted with an approach that is biased and unfriendly. Dudintsev's book has, it is true, pages that are correctly and forcefully written, but its general trend is basically wrong. The reader gets the impression that the author if the book does not care about having the shortcomings he sees in our life removed, that he deliberately exaggerates the shortcomings and rubs his hands over them with malicious glee."

Now, with all the great admiration and respect I feel for Krushchov and his colleagues and the brilliant job they are doing, I cannot but express my feeling that this assessment is somewhat unfair and heavy-handed; that in some respects it is wrong.

This reader, at any rate, did not get the impression that the author did not care about having the shortcomings removed. On the contrary, I am convinced that he cares passionately and earnestly about precisely that.

Weapons of Criticism

I have no doubt that Krushchov is right in saying that Dudintsev exaggerates shortcomings and thus presents an unbalanced picture of Soviet life. It is unbelievable that an industrial civilisation which produces such brilliant achievements as the Sputniks could be dominated by elements of the Drozdov type. But the question is not whether the sort of situation presented in "Not by Bread Alone" is universal, typical or even widely prevalent. The question is whether it exists at all. And, if it does exist, whether the Soviet writer is not justified in lashing out at it with all the weapons at his disposal.

Among these weapons is exaggeration — caricature, if you like — a characteristic weapon of all the fine creative

artists in the field of social protest and criticism. When Dickens satirised the private-school racket in Dotheboys Hall he was not slandering the British educational system, but exposing, and most effectively too, a specific and real evil.

Don't we whittle down the meaning of socialist realism when we insist that it can only be applied to a limited number of "prototype" art-forms? To my mind it is an outlook, which can be applied to nearly all existing art-forms, including social satire and the novel of social protest, and to new art-forms yet to be evolved. Every book cannot be "balanced" — or else they would all be the same — it is literature as a whole that should be "balanced" and present a true picture of society. For there are many facets to reality, just as there are many kinds of novels. Engels, as one can imagine, was wholeheartedly for a novel that was "tendentious" — that is, which expressed the author's views on life and public affairs. "But," he added in one of his letters, "I think that tendency should arise out of the situation and action, without being specially emphasised, and that an author is not obliged to give the reader a ready-made historical solution of the social conflicts he depicts."

That, surely, is an answer to those who condemn writers like Osborne and Dudintsev for not "showing the way out." They show us a problem, in a very sharp "exaggerated" way. It is for us, the readers and the audiences, politicians and ordinary folk, to tackle and overcome the problem. By drawing attention to the problem, as forcefully and dramatically as possible, the artist has already rendered a great service to his society.

That may be all very well, it may be objected, for the internal audience. But what about the foreigners: in Dudintsev's case, the anti-Soviet cold-war specialists who will seize upon the admittedly unbalanced picture he presents and distort it further for their own ends? Personally, I feel we need have no such fears. To the sensitive and intelligent non-Soviet reader, the text of the novel itself, the fact that it is published and read and widely discussed in the Soviet Union, is a more than sufficient answer to the cheap sensationalism and plain lies which Hutchinsons have seen fit to print on the dust-jacket and in the unwanted introduction. When he saw the "horrible articles by 'experts on Russia'," writes Dudintsev in his "Epilogue", he was horrified:

"I felt as though my novel — a peaceable ship in foreign waters — had been seized by pirates and was flying the skull and crossbones."

(Continued on page 11)

AN AFRICAN ABROAD

After seven hours' flight on the gigantic KLM plane from Jan Smuts we stopped at Maya Maya airport in Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa. The stewardess said to me several times, "You want something to read, sir? What will you have sir — coffee or fruit juice? Toilet room? — over on your right, sir." And that was a foretaste of the air one breathes outside South Africa. I was the only African on that plane. At Maya Maya I sat in the airy tea-room with the Whites, feeling rather lonely, but drinking in the hot steamy air of the Equator — for the first time since I was born. I was outside South Africa on that sixth day of September!

An hour later we took off into the clouds. Funny feeling it was to be coasting like that with banks of clouds under me, so close that I might reach out my hand for them. After four-and-a-half hours in the air we got to Kano, the northernmost large town in Nigeria. It was night time. A White stewardess escorted me to the airport offices. What multi-coloured lights Kano airport has. As I walked the proud land across the airfield on that mothy night under a cluster of tropical stars I said aloud to myself: What a sky, what a day in a man's life — September 6!

At the customs, immigration, health, luggage counters, everywhere, there were Africans on duty, not a single European. I was literally dazed, and from that time I seemed to be walking in my sleep. I was given a piece of paper permitting me to be in Nigeria as long as I shall be teaching. Otherwise I have to get another permit for whatever other purpose I may have. And no policeman stops a man to ask where he comes from unless he is brought before a court on a criminal charge. The paper is in my passport, lying safely in my wardrobe. At every counter the African officers literally peered into my face and mumbled "South Africa, South Africa", as if I were from Mars or the moon. I felt that these authorities were not just being polite to me: there was a genuine sense of comradeship, even at that level.

Next, to the airport hotel on the KLM van. The following morning, Saturday, I was fetched at 4.45 to catch the West African Airways plane to Lagos: A journey lasting two-and-a-half hours. I was wide awake now, my senses were alive with a violent feeling of expectancy. I've arrived, I said to

myself. I was met by the headmaster of the secondary school where I am teaching. Again I was handed from one African officer to another. I remember thinking during those moments, as at Kano, that in a South African civil service office I'd be trembling in a fit of emotional upset and mental agony inside ten minutes, enough to ruin the rest of my day.

by

EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE

Yes, I was in suburban Lagos. Suburban Lagos! How different from suburban Johannesburg, or Pretoria or Durban or Cape Town! Whites live where Africans live (not vice versa). Suburban Lagos teems with colourful life. You see the Africans in the flowing garments of their national dress, very clean, dashing about and chattering enthusiastically; a woman going down respectfully on one knee to greet an older man or woman, not bothering that other people are close in front or behind her on the pavement: Then you see rows of women selling cloth, groceries in kiosks along the street. And they stick to their posts till late at night, by candle or electric light. You hear radios blare lustily; you see women making up each other's hair in front of their houses. In comparison, the Greensides, Parktowns, and Killarneys look like large funeral parlours, frigid, polite, correct, detached and anaemic.

I could never stop asking questions once we left the airport. "I'm most happy you've come to join us," the headmaster said. "You have wonderful references — most glowing accounts of you." He himself holds the master of arts degree, which he took in Britain.

We plunged into Lagos city. Follow me first to the headmaster's house before I conduct you through the streets of this Nigerian hub of activity, this hot little hive of cosmopolitan sailors. "Welcawm to this contry," the headmaster's good plumpy wife said when she saw me. West Africans say "o" for English "u" (as in hut). But in words like "come", "some", "other", the "o" is phonetically pronounced and they sound like "cawm", "sawm", etc. This and other peculiarities lend a quaintly smooth accent to their English speech. Words like "learn", "verse"

and "first" are pronounced "larn", "varse", "fast". The nearest they can get to pronouncing my surname is Mfalele. They have no "hl" or "ph" sound in their languages. Incidentally, the main language of the Western Region, where I am, Yoruba, is a most unmusical language. Sentences end on a high note. When you expect something more to come, it doesn't and the only sound that still rings in your ears is like that from a deep hollow pit. Ibo, the main language of the East, is no better. Hausa, the language of the North, is the most melodic to listen to. It has the same tones as ours in the South, but none of these three languages is anything like Sotho or Zulu or Xhosa or Shangaan or Venda.

I had a Nigerian lunch that first day. Nigerians, like the children of the Orient, love hot curry and other spices. Rice and fish are staple foods, with yams — a shapeless monstrosity of the potato family as large as an average man's neck. It's pounded and mixed with cooked fish and the inevitable curry. Everything is fried with palm oil and groundnut (monkey nut) oil. Another staple is fried plantains. These are monstrously long bananas and they are fried in margarine or the other oils. All these items make good dishes, in addition to "fufu", or "eba" or "amala" — various forms of porridge from indigenous cereals. Rice is often cooked together with tomato sauce and raw tomato and curry. Delectable!

Lagos! A city that smells of spices. It has everything about it that I have seen represented in pictures of Asian life. An African city. Few Whites who own shops, few who are in government service — all looking very foreign, like men and women who have strayed from a jungle safari. They can't own land in West Africa. They lease it (shades of the Dube dwellers!). There is a sprinkling of Syrians and most un-Indian Indians.

Lagos is crowded. Many parts are like Sophiatown, Orlando. There is crazy traffic here. Members of the state police force control the traffic. If you can drive in Lagos, you should be able to drive with eyes closed in Eloff street. There are women police whom for a long time I took for Wayfarers. Maybe that is why one doesn't meet a policeman often here. He is too busy protecting human life and property, instead of looking after the law as he does

CAUTIONARY TALE

One day a thief went to rob the house of a rich merchant, and he climbed up the wall to an upper window. When he grabbed hold of the frame of the window it came away from the wall in his hand, and he fell and broke his leg. He brought an action for damages against the merchant, and said to the judge: "I went to rob the house of this rich man, but when I climbed up the wall and held on to the window it came away from its fastening, and I fell and broke my leg. I now claim compensation against the owner of the house for the badly-fitted window." The judge asked the merchant what he had to say in defence . . . The merchant explained that it was not his fault as he did not fix the window, and this was the work of the carpenter.

So the judge sent the police out, and the carpenter was arrested. The carpenter, however, said there was nothing wrong with the window itself, but it had been badly fitted by the mason. Then the mason was brought before the court and charged with the crime.

"Wallahi", he said, "it is not my fault. While I was fit-

in the Deep South of our continent.

Where there should be pavements there are rows and rows of men and women — more of the latter — who sit and sell miles and miles of cloth for the national dress. Much of it is locally spun and woven, much of it imported from Japan. So pedestrians edge into the streets and hooters are used with fiery zeal. And the bicycle population! Cyclists look like locusts when they stream into town in the morning.

In spite of the sticky heat and the crowdedness, Africans here place a premium on personal cleanliness. They take great pride in their clothes and they are seldom shabby-looking. The place is too hot for women's stockings and hats. Not even White women ever wear stockings or hats. Africans in the civil service and in the professions interchange Western with Nigerian dress. Men, Black and White, go to school, to church, to functions, to hotels, in shirt and trousers only.

Here are African opticians, chemists, magistrates, prosecutors, judges, chief justices, importers and exporters, city medical officers of health, engineers, dentists, chartered accountants, etc. as well as teachers, lawyers and doctors. The Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation is manned by a few White technicians, but the announcers and officials are African. There is a rediffusion service in addition. BUT it is expressly for those who cannot afford radio sets. It means they can only hear programmes from the local studio: the same programmes others listen to, not inferior, as in Johannesburg.

I have been to the various hotels here, where the word **apartheid** would be a swear word. You sit and drink your beer or whatever your stomach can accommodate without any impudence: it isn't called for. Scores of Africans sell

European beers and wines on licences, like any white bottle store in South Africa. Nigerians consume large quantities of German- and Holland-brewed lagers. Yet drunken brawls or wandering drunks are hardly ever heard of or seen, in spite of the fact that strong drinks are to be had in any store or hotel or club.

Every hotel has a big well-lit yard with one furnished section for those who want to sit and drink, and another where they dance to band music. Apart from night clubs, this is a favourite form of night life. Jive is popular, but so is the West African "highlife". The music for this is a mixture of the Cuban rumba and indigenous rhythms. The dancers move soberly, except for a few variations in step. Just the right dance for a hot tropical night!

All West African secondary schools prepare their pupils for pre-university Cambridge exams. This is the "school certificate" which takes five years. Only one public exam is written — the final. The syllabuses are exactly like those for British students who write Cambridge exams. (No Verwoerd frustrations either!) There is a University College of London University at Ibadan, 86 miles north. It's a fascinating experience teaching Nigerians. After two months here I'm still a centre of attraction among the boys. Most secondary schools here are separate for boys and girls. Ours is for boys — 300 of them. No fewer than 10 high schools serve Lagos alone. And what magnificent buildings! It's glorious to be back in the classroom, to smell the dust of chalk and to try to mould tender minds.

There is a good deal of ignorance about South Africa in West Africa as a whole, but people are all eagerness to know. I plan to be still in West Africa when Nigeria's Independence Day comes

ting the window into the wall a pretty girl passed wearing a dress dyed a most beautiful colour. This distracted my attention, and through that the window was not securely fastened to the wall." So the girl was sought out by the police and brought to the Court, but she explained that it was not her own beauty which had upset the mason, but that of her dress, which had been dyed a special colour by the dyer.

When the dyer was put in the dock he had nothing to say, except that he had no idea the dyeing of the dress would have this effect. "You are guilty," said the judge, and turning to the police, "Go, take him to his shop, and hang him in his own doorway."

It seemed that at last justice had been done and the case settled satisfactorily, but suddenly the police came back to the court room. The dyer, they said, was a tall man, and the doorway of the shop low, and they could not hang him there. "Go," said the judge sternly, "and find a shorter dyer who will fit the doorway, and hang him."

Arabian folk tale retold by C. S. Jarvis in
Happy Yesterdays

in 1960. Don't I feel lonely? Yes, often a paralysing wave of homesickness sweeps over me. Continually I think of you in the Deep South, fighting, stumbling, rising and still fighting on. But of that, later. The contrast between me in Nigeria and me in South Africa is too violent to sum up in a few words. I'm still groggy from these new experiences. I know soon the restless little imp inside me will be telling me to wake up and do something.

P.S. I took my Reference Book with me by mistake — brown cover, not green! Shows you how the bitterest weed can grow into a man's system and stay there, stubborn as kikuyu grass.

Voices of Angry Men

(Continued from page 9)

But only those whose minds are already filled with invincible anti-Soviet prejudice will draw from this book the type of phoney conclusion which the Hutchinsons and Crankshaws would seek to guide them into. The rest will understand that, as Dudintsev writes:

"We Soviet people jealously guard the basic principles of our life, that uplift of the soul and that purity of new human relations, which springs up in us from our early years. And with all the force of which a dedicated man suddenly torn from a beloved activity is capable, we repudiate those who bring disillusionment, introversion and selfish calculation into our ranks; we pour out on them all our anger . . ."

Yes . . . that anger again. I believe that flaming anger of the "dedicated man" is a noble and cleansing thing, whether it flares out in London or in Moscow.

SPOILING FOR A SHOWDOWN

by GEORGE HORNE

There is a striking similarity between the role which the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines, in its hey-day, used to play in South African politics, and the role now being played by the Northern Rhodesia copper companies in the politics of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

In fact, the two big groups of copper companies — the Anglo-American Corporation and Rhodesian Selection Trust — probably have a greater influence on Federation affairs than ever John Mar-tin and his ilk exercised on South African affairs.

For example, in 1955, £100.2 million worth of copper was produced in Northern Rhodesia as against £177 million worth of gold produced in South Africa. The copper was produced by four large mines, under the control of the two corporations mentioned, whereas the South African gold was produced by 54 large mines.

Copper Profits

In 1956 the direct contribution of the copper mines to the Federation's net domestic output was about 27.3 per cent.; its contribution to the Federation's fiscal revenue was 37.5 per cent.; and in the first nine months of the year copper accounted for 64.5 per cent. of exports.

The profits of the copper companies are staggering. The four mines between them produced £121,000,000 worth of copper in 1956. In July last year Roan Antelope paid 100 per cent. dividend; while on June 30 the reserves of Rhokana stood at nearly £30,000,000.

The Honeyman Commission of Inquiry, which investigated the periodic strikes by the European Mine Workers' Union, paid tribute to the copper companies for their important role in the Federation.

It said: "The rights and wrongs in industrial conflicts should not be judged only on niceties of the interpretation of legal documents, however elaborately drawn. This is particularly important in the case of an industry which occupies such a pre-dominant position in the economy of the Territory and the Federation. The conduct of the parties must be considered in the light of the responsibilities they owe not merely to their members or constituents but to the community as a whole."

There is plenty of evidence in the Federation that the copper companies, winning under the fall in the copper price from £437 a ton last year to £186 a ton today, are spoiling for a showdown, both with the European mine workers and with the African miners and the African National Congress. They will have the full support of the government in this showdown.

The Honeyman Commission, for instance, has recommended drastic legislation designed to break the hold the European Mine Workers' Union has over its members; it has even gone so far as to suggest that Southern Rhodesia's restrictive industrial laws should be extended to Northern Rhodesia. At present there is no statutory definition of a strike in Northern Rhodesia.

Mass Deportations

But the heaviest blows have fallen on the African Mine Workers' Union. First, a number of its most skilled members have been moved up into the African Staff Association, a "tame" union, created expressly to undermine the solidarity of the African miners. Second, during the State of Emergency on the Copperbelt last year, 32 leaders of the African Mine Workers' Union were summarily banished, including the general secretary and most members of the Supreme Council.

The next move by the copper companies was to win Mr. Lawrence C. Katilungu, president of the African Mine Workers' Union, over to their side, and persuade him to set about "reorganising" the union, i.e. turn it into a "moderate, responsible union."

Mr. Katilungu, however, has found the task an almost impossible one, in spite of the encouraging words of the management. Membership of his union has fallen off considerably, and Africans — miners and others — have let him know in no uncertain terms what they think of his "betrayal."

Mr. Katilungu has clashed head-on with the African National Congress which, on major issues, would probably command far more support among the African miners than the present "tame" leadership of the union. In any case, it remains to be seen just how far Mr. Katilungu is prepared to go in the cause of the mining companies. He must know that, if he swings over too far, he

will lose what little trade union and political power he still possesses.

Settler Schemes

Awkward times are looming on the Federation's horizon, and the copper companies are getting ready to face the situation. This means that the power of the European and African unions must be broken, and that the African National Congress, both in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, must be made to accept the "independent status" which is planned for the Federation.

The purpose of this move towards "independent status" is to place the Africans of the northern territories completely under the control of the White settler Federal Government. The view of the White authorities in the Federation is that the Africans cannot be "dealt with" effectively as long as the Colonial Office (subject to pressure from British public opinion) is there to act as a buffer between authority and the Africans.

The 1960 "independence" talks no doubt will be a polished piece of trickery. The Federal Government, egged on by the copper companies, are becoming impatient to "run their own affairs." They feel that they can never deal satisfactorily with the Africans of the northern territories (who are British Protected Persons), as long as these Africans are able to look to Whitehall for succour (although Whitehall, instead of providing this succour, has contented itself with making sympathetic clucking sounds).

"Independent status", of course, is not an end in itself: the end is the labour position on the Copperbelt. The ideal the copper companies have in mind is cheap skilled African labour. Figures published the other day disclosed that in 1956, a total of 6,852 White miners earned £15,724,696 — an average earning per miner of £2,295; while 39,035 African miners earned £6,246,164 (plus food) an average earning of £160 a year.

The position is ridiculous. The copper companies think so too — for different reasons. Their mouths must water when they think what profits they could make if the mines were operated by skilled Africans at perhaps only slightly higher wages. If the colour bar was really eliminated, then the White

(Continued on next page)

Konni Zilliacus uses his pen in the good cause of peace. In the past, his books have been authoritative, well documented and scholarly challenges to the follies and disastrous policies of governments which use military might to advance national policies. In the course of his career, both literary and political, he took sides with Tito in the bitter post-war clash between the Yugoslav and Soviet Communist parties and governments. That perhaps explains something of the purpose which moved him to write "A New Birth of Free-

dom?", sub-titled by the publishers 'World Communism Since Stalin.' For Zilliacus came under strong fire from Eastern Europe for his partisan support of Tito. During the last period of what he himself calls "the Stalin era" he was accused, in absentia, of spying and inciting imperialist diversions against the states of Peoples Democracy.

Target in Sight

In the circumstances it is, perhaps, understandable that Zilliacus should seek now to justify his past. In doing so, it would not be unexpected if he chose, as so many others have chosen, to use the opportunity to revenge himself against his accusers, by attempting to stab at the vitals of Communism with all the power of his pen. Zilliacus does not do so. He has not lost sight of his target. He returns rather to the crusade for peace, pushing aside the natural temptation to retaliate for wrong suffered, in order again to press a powerful case for a settlement of the East-West cold war through a deliberate renunciation of anti-Communist anti-Soviet policy by the West.

Unsure Ground

On his specialised field, the world struggle for peace, Zilliacus is on firm ground. But when he ventures out of that field into an attempt to explain and analyse the why's and wherefores of present-day Communist policy, to argue its validity and to attempt to judge the still extant differences of approach between the Soviet Communist Party and its opposite number in Yugoslavia, Zilliacus steps onto territory where he is not well grounded. Here certainly there is need of a command of dialectics, and a thorough knowledge of Marxism. Zilliacus, in these matters, appears to be somewhat out of his depth. Good intentions are not enough; good understanding is also required. To a Marxist there would be little surprise at the apparent contradiction between the real friendliness of relations established between Khrushchev and Tito as heads of their respective states and communist parties, interwoven with the simultaneous and surviving disagreement about the Yugoslav road to socialism. This contradiction, to the Marxist, would be the stuff of progress; but to Zilliacus it appears an unravelable knot. So too, to a Marxist, Zilliacus' statement that "Before he (Stalin) was attacked he ordered the Communist Party to oppose the war . . ." will sound indescribably silly and childish, unworthy of any serious political commentator.

Cold War Age

But more than that. Zilliacus is at pains to point out to the people of the West that the West bears a large measure of the responsibility for the excesses and the draconic punitive measures against real or suspected enemies of the state which characterised the latter days of 'the Stalin era.' The cold war, a Western policy of military encirclement and of preparation for aggressive military putsch against the U.S.S.R. which started in the midst of the anti-fascist war, called forth much of the desperate self-preservative reaction in the U.S.S.R. and its neighbours,

And mixed with the great deal that is new, interesting and valuable in this book is a fair amount of Zilliacus' own comment which I found both silly and irritating. The whole book is a collection of personal observations, interviews and official government and Communist Party statements gathered by Zilliacus during recent visits to the U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia and Poland, with a minor passage drawn from Czecho-Slovakia. Only the publisher knows — or does he? — why this interesting though fragmented

SHOWDOWN

(Continued from previous page)
labour force would diminish substantially.

Struggles Ahead

But all this scheming is not going to produce results without a struggle. The A.N.C. in the two territories is determined to resist Federation; the European miners are determined to resist African advancement; and the African miners are determined to resist intensified exploitation. The situation bristles with tensions.

It is easy to understand therefore why the copper companies and the government authorities are so active at present. They must prepare the stage for the pending struggles. Hence the Honeyman commission; hence the banishment of African leaders; hence the various new laws which are being introduced at this very moment.

An example of one of these new laws is the Northern Rhodesia Police Amendment Bill, which compels any person who wants to convene a meeting or form a procession to apply to a "regulating officer" for a permit. Under the Bill, too, any regulating officer may issue orders for regulating the extent to which music may be played on public roads and streets on the occasion of festivities or ceremonies. He may also issue orders directing the conduct of assemblies in any public place within his area and the route and times of the procession.

The next two years are likely to be fateful years in the Federation. Big issues are at stake. Some Government spokesmen are confident of success; but others, who have a better appreciation of the mood of the African people in the Federation, are less complacent. They admit frankly that serious trouble is likely.

What is the link between the new Khrushchev-led line of Soviet policy since the death of Stalin and the 20th Communist Party Conference and the struggle for world peace? As Zilliacus sees it, the new direction of Soviet policy, the new attention being paid by Communists everywhere to the overhaul of their democratic processes and to the elimination of the abuses which are associated with "the cult of personality", open up fresh prospects for a rapprochement between East and West, and for a real peaceful co-existence of the Socialist and capitalist worlds without recourse to military blocs, threats of 'massive retaliation' or stockpiling of 'atomic deterrents.'

(Continued on next page)

A TIME TO DIE

James Aldridge writes each new book with more craft and skill than the last; the dialogue grows sharper, the always keen ear for a foreign turn of phrase grows keener, the suspense grows tauter, the plot knits tighter. But somehow the end effect seems to get steadily less worth while. It is difficult to understand why it should be so. The reading of his new novel 'I wish he would not die', for all its craft and skill, leaves the feeling that somewhere the spark has been lost. Perhaps it is that Aldridge is becoming obsessed with a character — the lone, bitter, introverted technician, the man who does things and knows things in a lonely sort of way, but who beats his brains out endlessly against a crushing blank wall of society about him. Until he is pulped to dust.

In this book it is Scott, a lone-wolf British officer in the desert armies against Rommel, hemmed in by the incompetence and well-bred blunder of the army brass about him, torn in the conflict between what society would make of him and what he would wish himself to be, caught between the cross-fires of rising Arab nationalism and British imperial policy. Until he rises for an heroic moment to his full stature as a man; and is killed.

Without Blood or Passion

But Scott, finely drawn though he is, credible, human, is becoming less a character than an Aldridge type, the repetition of the leading figure in 'The Diplomat' and in 'Heroes of the Empty View.' Or perhaps an understudy of the type. I must confess to being tired

of him. Not that Scott makes this a poor book. It isn't. It is one of those books that you cannot put down until it is finished. And yet, when it is finished, it leaves an empty feeling. The dust-jacket claims that this book "will enhance Mr. Aldridge's already considerable reputation." It probably will. And yet so far as the man Scott or the type Scott is concerned, I am not one of those who wishes he would not die. Frankly I wish he would, and leave Aldridge free to recover some of the good red blood and passion that characterised his earlier work, to rediscover people who not only have brains and nerve-ends, but hearts as well, to write again as he did, so magnificently, in what is still far and away his best book, "The Sea Eagle."

I Wish He Would Not Die, by James Aldridge. Published by The Bodley Head. 12/6d.

Satellites and Space Travel

The first animal in history has entered the cosmos. Now the idea of travel in space leaps from the fantastic to the real. Where can I read all about it, you'll be asking?

Books there are, by Willy Ley, Van Vogt, and a lot of others but good books are almost non-existent.

East European Trips

(Continued from previous page)

tary survey deserves the sub-title; 'World Communism Since Stalin.' The author attempts here neither a world survey, nor an authoritative and profound treatise on Communism. He gives an account, much of it not previously published to my knowledge, about many new developments in Eastern Europe, and a background to an understanding of them. It is a personal, rather than an objective, scholarly view, and for that reason it is still not the book that will one day emerge about the new birth of East European freedom. But until it is written, this is the best of its kind, a first skirmish with a subject that has been far too little discussed, pondered over and dissected for the rest of the world.

A New Birth of Freedom? by Konni Zilliacus. Published by Secker & Warburg. 21/-.

To my mind a good book on this sort of subject must have the following qualities. Firstly it must have scientific integrity and have its roots firmly in scientific fact. Secondly it must be written with some artistry and it must incorporate sufficient scientific detail and theory to explain the subject. Lastly it should delve into the future and prophesy but, unlike the gipsy, not from cards, but from fact.

Apart from a few books for children I found only two worth reading.

"Once Around the Sun" is mainly about the planned co-operation of scientific associations throughout the world to investigate the Earth for the benefit of man. It tells how teams of scientists from all countries, Communist and capitalist, have broken down some of the cold war barriers in order to investigate phenomena such as the Aurora (northern lights), jet magnetism, gravity, Cosmic rays and others. It deals with rockets and satellites only in as far as these scientific tools can help man to discover and conquer his world. It puts these new achievements of man in their correct perspective and tells how rockets and satellites can help to explain relativity, geomagnetism, the weather and other things.

"Man into Space" follows in the tradition of space fiction but is better than most as the author is not a "crank" or a "mystic."

Chapters on "The Space Man", "The Space Station", "The Moon Car" give

one some inkling of the scope of this book. It must be remembered that it was written before the launching of the Sputniks and this is its most serious defect, for the author is isolated from the most advanced work in this field. Oberth relies on American and British work and refers to people like the German scientist Werner Von Braun, with whom he worked under the Nazis when they produced the V2 Rocket, then leading in the satellite field. (Despite reports that the Russians are using captured German scientists, Von Braun and Oberth, two leading Germans, are both working for the Americans.) Soviet developments date this book badly and underline the obstacles to scientific progress created by cold war divisions and hostilities. Oberth seems to sense the futility of this and expresses a longing for peace in the world, the pre-requisite for the great strides forward that science can take in our age.

The only other available writings I can recommend are the proceedings of the British Inter-Planetary Society and other such institutions.

Unfortunately our choice is limited by the Government policy of book banning.

Dr. R. E. Press.

Once Around the Sun, the story of the I.G.Y. 1957-58, by Ronald Fraser, Hodder and Stoughton. 18/-.

Man into Space, by Hermann Oberth. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25/-.

Pirow's Old Ghosts

There is already an authoritative life of Hertzog in Afrikaans (by C. M. v.d. Heever) and a competent and objective one in English (by L. E. Neame). Pirow's work, as a life of Hertzog is therefore a bit superfluous. This, however, does not really matter because we have here, not a life of Hertzog, but the political reminiscences of Oswald Pirow. The subject of the biography emerges from the shadows only in the light of the author's own activities.

This is even crudely done. "I, on the suggestion of his private secretary, entered the room . . .", "I re-organised the Defence Department . . .". "My whole time . . . was taken up by General Hertzog and his plans. I was sent for at all times of the day . . ."

THE DRILL HALL

Pirow's first visit ever to the Drill Hall is duly recorded. During the 1922 strike "I suggested we might as well go to Defence Headquarters, the so-called Drill Hall . . . (there) we renewed our offer of intervention to the officer in charge." The only intervention this officer would allow was to insist that the strikers be called upon to surrender. "I said flatly, 'To go to the strikers with Smuts' original advice of unconditional surrender is just sheer lunacy'." Later, General Smuts "from the Drill Hall launched a campaign in which planes, artillery, machine guns and rifle fire was applied on a scale unknown since the Anglo-Boer War . . . The surrender of the strikers was followed by trials for High Treason and murder . . ." Another Government once implied that Oswald Pirow was a party to treason.

Of his period as Minister of Justice, Pirow is silent. At a time when the Nationalists are "saving the White garment workers," it is perhaps as well not to mention another time when with Pirow in the role of Swart the Nats. charged them down with batons and mounted police.

WOULD-BE DICTATOR

Altogether, this book nurses fond memories of an era outstripped by events. It was an era when politics were a white man's game in South Africa; when on the world scene socialism and national liberation were the dreams of men in prison; when the little would-be dictator, Pirow, could bask in the glory of interviews with Hitler, Mussolini and Salazar.

Pirow tries hard to conjure up the old

Readers Views:

The Economic Boycott

The Editor,
Fighting Talk.

A democrat should not have to resort to "smears" and the introduction of "red herrings" when replying to those who criticise him. I am, of course, referring to Alan Doyle's "reply" to the letter from the Durban Boycotters. There are failings in their arguments, but Doyle does not answer them. He has, rather, used the techniques mentioned above to silence his critics. Unfortunately it is a method resorted to only too often in the Congress Movement (and if used only once, it is still too often). Instead of meeting argument with argument, and defeating one's political opponents in open political discussion, phrases such as "wordy and pretentious", "I doubt very much whether they have studied the subject at all", "I can't argue with people like that", etc., are used and that to all intents and purposes, is the end of the matter. In the same way all critics within the A.N.C. are labelled "Africanist", as if a label is capable of destroying dissenting opinion.

Firstly, that certain financial groups are Nationalist controlled and spearhead the drive by "Afrikaner" (for want of a better word, and no racialism is intended) capital for economic control of the country cannot be denied; but it is equally true that on the boards of directors of many of these companies Non-Nationalists are also found. To draw the line therefore between Nationalist and Non-Nationalist control is therefore extremely difficult and cannot just be brushed aside.

How else can we account for Chief Lutuli's presence on the Board of directors of an insurance company which in turn is linked up with a company boasting Tom Naude as a member of its board, or that the boycott of a subsidiary of the Cigarette company originally selected by the N.C.C. of the Congresses was dropped — as the adverts appear-

ghosts. Some of them still walk, but like Pirow, they no longer frighten. They may now and again briefly come into the limelight, but in fact history has long since passed them by.

M. Muller.

J. B. M. Hertzog, by Oswald Pirow.
Published by Howard Timmins,
price 22/6.

ing in New Age bear witness to?

As for the paragraph on "People's Capitalism" no one on reading the Durban letter can honestly believe they were victims of this type of thinking. Here is a classic example of the "red herring" type of argument; introduce a subject having no bearing on your opponent's criticism, demolish it, and lo and behold, the criticism itself is disposed of.

Secondly, Doyle answers the question which he himself poses "What are the more urgent problems"? as follows:

"Passes. Low wages. Police Terror. Shocking conditions. Who is responsible? The Nats." Come, come, Mr. Doyle, the Nats have only been in power since 1948, and each and every "urgent problem" was present before they were voted in. The responsibility lies within our system of exploitation, with the Nats representing the most terroristic section of the exploiters because (a) they have arrived comparatively late on the scene in the struggle for control of our economic resources, and (b) because their accession to power coincided with an upsurge of political and national consciousness amongst the oppressed and down-trodden in the Union.

Finally, lest there are any doubts about my supporting the boycott, let me say here and now that this is not the case, the point at issue is how incorrect criticism must be answered.

V. S. Goldberg.

The Editor,
Fighting Talk.

Alan Doyle should be strongly rebuked for the abuse and swearing contained in his letter in your last issue. The 'Durban Boycotters' made serious political comments which deserve serious political answers. Among other things Doyle describes our Durban writers either directly or indirectly as, "pretentious, contemptuous, guilty of fallaciousness and shallowness, stupid, pandering to backwardness, not friends of the Congresses". Doyle must learn better before he comes to grief. Emotional abuse does not help Congress. In addition, his letter was very unclear.

Doyle claims that the Nats are responsible for "passes, low wages, police terror, shocking conditions". He imagines that the Nats control S.A. He is wrong. S.A. is controlled by the capitalist class; English-speaking, Afri-

kaans-speaking, American and British. The Afrikaans-speaking capitalists only own 2% of the capital in the mining industry and they probably own less than 10% of all the capital in S.A. In fact, the main owners and controllers, and therefore oppressors, are the British and American investors. The Afrikaans-speaking capitalists are only very, very junior partners in the firm of South African Capitalism Ltd.

Doyle claims that there is a Nationalist Party inspired economic drive to capture capitalism in S.A. He is wrong. Neither Doyle nor Lawson have proved this. There are no facts to support the assertion that a particular firm can be called 'Nationalist controlled', that is, controlled by the Nationalist Party. There is, it is true, an economic movement of the Afrikaans-speaking capitalist class, which receives support and encouragement from the Nationalist Party, because these capitalists have

helped to create and bring to power this political party. The N.P., however, rules our country for the entire capitalist class, not just for Afrikaans-speaking capitalists. The entire capitalist class fights viciously to continue making maximum profits from the workers, at the expense of the living standards of all the people.

Finally, Doyle must appreciate that apartheid, reserves, passes and locations are only some of the methods by which the capitalists force profits from the workers. The abolition of colour discrimination involves an attack on profits. Therefore, the Freedom Charter attacks ALL big capitalists. ALL big capitalists attack the people. We, in our turn, fight ALL big capitalists, not only Afrikaans-speaking capitalists.

Lack of space prevents further comments.

Yours for the FREEDOM CHARTER!
J. Mokhelehi.

ALAN DOYLE COMMENTS:

This correspondence raises two kinds of issues. Firstly, my debating manners; secondly, the merits of the present economic boycott.

So far as the first type of point is concerned, let me say frankly that, re-reading my letter in the November issue and taking into account these readers' reaction, I am satisfied that my letter was unnecessarily rude and irritable, and I apologise. It was not my intention to evade any issues but rather to lend point and pungency to those under discussion; anyway I obviously failed and merely sidetracked attention from the subject matter.

Regarding the merits of the economic boycott, I do not believe that the Nationalist Party alone is responsible for all the oppression and exploitation in South Africa. I was suggesting a LINE OF ARGUMENT whereby, simple, non-political people could be induced to take part in the boycott ("You, quite rightly, hate the Nationalists, for what they are

doing to the people. Here is a way of hitting back, when most other ways of protest are being shut.") In doing so I over-simplified and incorrectly formulated a part of the argument (the "what-they-are-doing-to-the-people" part.) But that does not invalidate the argument itself: there are plenty of perfectly sound and genuine grievances which the people of nearly all classes and racial groups have against the Nationalists.

Both Messrs. Goldberg and Mokhelehi raise the point that the Afrikaner Nationalist capitalists represent only a section of a multi-racial capitalist class which is responsible, as a whole, for the present system of exploitation. Is it possible, or desirable, then, to isolate the Nationalists economically? These correspondents concede the existence of a Nationalist economic movement closely associated with the Nationalist Party, but stress the difficulty of identifying it and (at any rate, Mokhelehi) query the usefulness of so doing. Are they right?

I have dealt with these themes already, to some extent, and would like, when Fighting Talk has space, to return to them. In the meantime it would be interesting to hear other readers' views on these subjects.

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