

FIGHTEING

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

Vol. 11, No. 4.

Price 6d.

TALK

MAY, 1957

Will Congress Be Banned?

THE NATAL SOCIETY
COPYRIGHT SECTION

By CHIEF A. J. LUTULI

15. MAY. 1957

THE BUS BOYCOTT: ROUND TWO



UNIVERSITY APARTHEID

Articles By PROF. Z. K. MATTHEWS and DUMA NOKWE



TREASON TRIAL PROFILES



THE NURSING BILL



Articles By C. W. M. GELL • M. B. YENGWA •
OLIVER TAMBO • L. BERNSTEIN



CHIEF A. J. LUTULI

A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS

"Fighting Talk"

Published monthly by the "Fighting Talk" Committee, P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg.

::

Annual Subscription: 7s. 6d.

::

Editor: RUTH FIRST.

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
FROM THE SIDELINES, by Oliver Tambo	2
WILL THE CONGRESS MOVEMENT BE BANNED? Chief A. J. Lutuli	3
TREASON TRIAL PROFILE: GREENWOOD NGOTYANE, by Vic Eddy	4
THE BUS BOYCOTT: Round Two, by L. Bernstein	5
THE PRESS AND THE BOYCOTT, by C. W. M. Gell	6
STATE INFORMATION AND THE RED TERMITES, by Lionel Forman	8
UNIVERSITIES UNDER FIRE, by Duma Nokwe and Prof. Z. K. Matthews	8
GHANA AND THE GOLD COAST REVOLUTION, by Alan Doyle ...	10
TREASON TRIAL PROFILE: Dr. G.M. NAICKER, by Alfred Hutchinson	11
STORY FROM TAUNG, by Henry G. Makgothi	12
NURSING APARTHEID, by a Correspondent	13
BOOK REVIEWS	14
ZULU WRITING, by M. B. Yengwa	15

BUT the end is not yet.
I can well imagine the Nationalists, in 1948, chanting with the poets:
"If I were Lord of Tartary
NOT YET Myself and me alone.
THE END I would provoke, oppress,
Exploit them one and all.
But here it comes, the day of days—
May 26 of '48
And I am Lord of Tartary!
Apartheid here, apartheid there
Apartheid everywhere;
Day in, day out; year in, year out;
Apartheid more and more.
Away with peace and friendship now
And even forever more;
Away with justice and the law,

FROM THE SIDELINES

This month's writer:
OLIVER TAMBO

DOES dictatorship, like charity, begin at home? Contemplate the political exploits of the notorious Dr. Verwoerd who, having wormed himself into the position of Minister of Native Affairs, has proceeded to reduce his Cabinet colleagues into nodding robots. Grabbing powers from them, he has inflated himself into a great Emperor, ruling over a black domain that spreads freely and extensively into other Government Departments, such as those of Finance, Interior, Education, Social Welfare, Commerce and Industry, Transport, Justice and Education.

With the Minister of Education, Arts and Science looking on helplessly, and the Cabinet nodding approval as of habit like hypnotised subjects, Dr. Verwoerd lunged out at the Universities and startled the entire world (except the Broederbond "world") with his Universities Apartheid Bill.

In characteristic fashion, he interposed himself between the Churches and God, claiming from both the power to dictate in matters of worship, and introduced a new sin, namely worshipping God at a place and time not approved by His Imperial Deity, Dr. H. F. Verwoerd. The wages of Verwoerdian sin is goal.

Horrified and indignant, the Churches and the public reacted uncomprisingly to Dr. Verwoerd's Bills, leaving him in no doubt whatsoever that his proposed law would be openly defied by the Churches as being no law at all. Like a despicable and spineless bully, he has now turned on those—the individual Africans—whom he considers weak and helpless, those he thinks cannot fight him, those he has given himself the power to deport or banish at will. Could anything be more contemptible?

WHEN the Nationalist fire-eaters and storm-troopers gate-carshed into political power in May, 1948, carrying bags of scorpions for the chastisement of all and sundry in the name of apartheid, few people in South Africa realised then that the ensuing ten years would see the country embark so definitely and, so it seems, irretrievably, upon that catastrophic road which is known historically to end where a yawning precipice begins.

Today, the South African Police are armed and ready to shoot, patrolling rural and urban areas. They set upon boycotters in much the same way as a pack of hounds would be sent after their quarry. The Special Branch is busy prying into the private lives of individuals, following persons round street corners and from house to house, and should they open their mouths, surrounding them and demanding to know where they were born. There are banishments, bannings, deportations, depositions of tribal chiefs, forcible removals of whole communities, police raids, mass arrests, mass hangings and treason trials. In short, there is a state of unprecedented unrest which grows in intensity as the parliamentary machine in Cape Town runs at top gear, churning out the apartheid laws to be ruthlessly rammed down the unwilling throats of the people. Did I say "unwilling throats"? That is not strictly correct. The United Party throats are not unwilling; the official Opposition is not doing much opposing—at any rate not officially. And that is why the Nationalists, in nine short years, have succeeded in doing so much harm to the cause of so many.

And down with liberty,
Away with all democracy,
Away with all freedoms.
And unless they call a halt too soon
I must go on, there's much to do,
For who will the apartheid apostle be
When I am gone—rejected or destroyed?
I cannot stop, I must keep on
Now that I'm Lord of Tartary.
When Parliament falls into the palm
of my hand
No freedom and no democracy
Shall be allowed this land to roam
Let laws and decrees this purpose serve
While I am Lord of Tartary.
Oppress and repress
Deport and depose—
These four bespeak my policy.
For I am bound to increase the dose,

The bitter pill of oppressive laws,
To delay the crack, the inevitable
doom
And remain the Lord of Tartary.
Wherefore in the name of White baas-
skap
For better or for worse,
Tomorrow to fresh laws and restric-
tions new."
The end is not yet. . . Dictatorship,
like a malignant disease of the human
body, grows from strength to strength
until it destroys both itself and the
body politic — unless it is vigorously
resisted and stamped out. The end is
not yet: not of Nationalist tyranny, but
nor, by any manner of means, of hope
for the future of our people and South
Africa.

STRIJDOM'S WAY — OR OURS

RECENT press reports have indicated that the Nationalist Government contemplates the banning of the African National Congress and making further very large scale arrests of its members.

It is apparent that these reports should be taken seriously. It is not the first time such threats have been made at Cabinet level. The present Treason Trial was itself preceded by a statement in the House that the Minister of Justice was preparing to make 200 arrests.

A pertinent question is: why this threat from the Government now?

There is no doubt that the emotional appeal to the colour prejudice of White South Africa has always paid the Nationalist Party handsome political dividends. It did so as far back as the issue of the notorious "Black Manifesto" during the regime of the Hertzog leadership of the Nationalist Party. It was this emotional appeal to colour prejudice, by the presentation to the electorate of a programme of apartheid, that swung the Nationalist Party under Dr. Malan into power in 1948.

Apartheid—or a Common Society

The coming 1958 election will hardly be any different. The African National Congress stands for a common society in our multi-racial country. This idea of a common society is consonant with a democratic outlook of life, whereas apartheid is a negation of democracy. A common society implies the acceptance of a free society where individual liberties, so long as they do not endanger the interests of the state, are paramount, and human dignity is upheld.

Apartheid is so contrary to natural, normal human behaviour that it has to be enforced by numerous stringent laws and regulations. Inevitably the country becomes a police state, as our country is fast becoming or is already. Apartheid violates all standards of decency and humanity. It keeps people ignorant and suspicious of one another. It results in race antagonisms and common loyalty to what should be a common country is never developed. Are there surer ways of retarding the progress of a country than these? It is only closer understanding among the peoples of a nation that has any prospect of creating a united nation living in friendship and mutual respect and these, after all, are the foundations cementing national security and stability. True friendship, mutual respect and understanding grows as a result of contact, based on equality and opportunity for all.

Apartheid makes such contact difficult, and now virtually impossible. Fear, suspicion and domination regulate human relations.

Is this what the Nationalists want? The early history of Black-White relations in South Africa points to the fact that South Africa was on the road to building a common society. This until White politicians introduced segregation by law. **I join those who challenge on historical grounds, and on grounds of normal human behaviour, the claim of the Nationalist Party that apartheid is the traditional policy of South Africa.**

No persecution will divert the African National Congress from working for a common society in our multi-racial country. This is the only realistic and humane policy.

This view is, of course, anathema to the apartheid policy of the Nationalist Party. The Nationalists have no

faith in a future where they will enjoy democracy in common with all the people in our land. The Nationalists look upon the numerical preponderance of the Blacks over the Whites as a threat to their existence. They view with apprehension the organisation of the African people under the leadership of the African National Congress. And so, as their fear mounts, we come to be regarded as the arch-enemy of Nationalism.

Strijdom's Way, or Ours

Perhaps we are. **South Africa must move either their way or ours.** And the threats of the Nationalist Government against us are a measure of the tide which is starting to flow our way. The Nationalist Party now acknowledges, albeit grudgingly, the power of the African National Congress as a growing political force in the country, and as a spearhead of the growing formidable opposition to its baasskap policy and its dictatorial method of government.

The recognition that A.N.C. policy holds out the only perspective for a truly democratic future in South Africa is not limited to Africans alone. Increasingly as United Party opposition to Nationalist policies grows feebler and more hesitant, more and more Europeans must also turn to Congress for its leadership in opposition. **Our common needs begin to transcend colour divisions.**

Whether or not the Nationalists take steps to outlaw the African National Congress this year, in the end such steps will be taken. For, I repeat, it is either their way or ours, and they know this.

The carrying out of this threat to ban the Congress would unquestionably cause relations between the Government, as representing the White section only, and the Non-Whites, to deteriorate still further to a point of open hostility and enmity. No government dare view with equanimity the creation of hostile feelings between it and any section of the people in the country.

We Will Shape the Future

Whether or not the Nationalists will succeed in destroying the African National Congress will depend not on the Nationalist Party alone, but mainly on the determination with which the Congress pursues its aims and carries the people of South Africa forward on the road to a true democracy, based on liberty, fraternity and equality, where moral values shall be respected in the conduct of government and in the regulation of personal relationships.

This Nationalist Party threat can be met and beaten. Not by turning aside from the struggle, but by the African National Congress and all lovers of freedom meeting it as a challenge, and answering that challenge by a bolder, more courageous and more vocal stand for all the things they believe in.

For myself **I am confident that the African National Congress will meet bravely this threat to its existence.** We know that the future will be shaped by our own actions. We, the African people, who far outnumber the other racial groups, cannot, in honour, hope to ride to freedom on the backs of other groups struggling for freedom. Such parasitic behaviour would rightly earn us the ire and contempt of our contemporaries everywhere. We must make our own history. And this means that all Africans should feel challenged to give the Congress full support, and make of it an honourable and effective spearhead of the liberatory movement and the principal spokesman of the African people.

There is another aspect of this threat which must be stressed. For the threat to outlaw its opposition reveals the Nationalist Party as having no faith in the democratic form of government, neither for Non-Whites nor Whites. In its ideology the Nationalist Party proclaims the right to trample on the rights of individuals. It resents opposition. It gives scanty consideration to the opinions of minorities and the voteless. It threatens the independence of local authorities, and now of churches, universities and other private agencies and associations. This trend in exercising autocratic Ministerial control is plainly and sharply revealed in some of the Bills now before Parliament, such as the Native Laws Amendment Bill, and the Bill providing for the establishment of so-called Bantu Universities and for refusing Non-Whites admission into the open universities.

Indeed, the determination to deny democratic freedoms to Non-Whites sooner or later becomes a threat to the democracy of every section, a threat inter alia to White citizens, and especially to those who oppose apartheid. In this regard, the threat to outlaw the A.N.C. is equally the concern of the White democrat, of the Coloured and Indian minorities.

TREASON TRIAL PROFILE



ACCUSED NUMBER 97 is thin and wiry, with a rugged face and humorous eyes. He has a halting, diffident manner and his speech is deceptively slow; only his eyes reflect the shrewd Xosa brain that is never slow and seldom unintuitive.

Greenwood Ngotyane, agitator extraordinary, was born in an African hut deep in the heart of the Transkei in October, 1922, and as one of the lusty four in ten odd who survive infant mortality, he grew—gawkily but surely—until he became a herd-boy at the ripe old age of ten or eleven, when his future seemed assured. But then a marvellous thing happened to young Greenwood; thanks to an enquiring mind and a tumbledown mission school, he learnt

Greenwood Ngotyane: Organiser from the Transkei

to read and write, and this great new gift imbued him with the two things Verwoerd must have had in mind when he concocted Bantu Education — an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and a feeling of discontent. The first led him to night classes and lending libraries, and the second led him into Congress, the Trade Union Movement and, incidentally, the Drill Hall.

He came to Cape Town, where the A.N.C. attracted him like a magnet. He became a fulltime organiser for that body and later for the Congress of the People. At the same time he successfully helped to organise the N.E. Railway and Harbour Workers Union until it became a flourishing and militant thorn in the side of the Administration. So exemplary a trade unionist was he, that in 1954 he was elected to represent South African workers at the W.F.T.U. Conference in Bucharest, the first African ever to attend an international workers' conference.

This trip to Europe remains the highlight of Greenwood's life. He is a man who radiates sincerity and good comradeship and his fellow-delegates quickly took him to their hearts. Unfortunately, on the way back he contracted a severe illness in Bulgaria and was confined to a hospital in Sofia. When asked how he was treated there, he gets a faraway look in his eyes and speaks almost wistfully of his period of illness. "They were wonderful, absolutely wonderful to me," he murmurs.

Back home again and well, he decided to get married and in true Xosa fashion he returned to the Transkei for this purpose, having gone through the formalities of courtship and lobola. He reckoned, however, without the Special Branch, who refused to

A ban might succeed in silencing the African National Congress, but **it could never drive out from the hearts of the people the Congress spirit**, and the eternal thirst for freedom which sooner or later would result in some action of the people to get their freedom. The African people have reached a stage of political awareness where, despite the Government propaganda to the contrary, they have confidence in the African National Congress and unreservedly accept Congress as their premier national organisation, pledged to strive for the attainment of the fundamental aspirations of the African people and the best interests of the country as a whole.

I urge the Nationalist Government to desist from carrying out its threat to ban the African National Congress. **The A.N.C. is no threat to the peace and progress of the Union.** It strives only to make democratic rights available to all people of our country regardless of their race or colour. In its fight for freedom it is pledged to struggle in peaceful, non-violent ways.

The African National Congress is happy to struggle to bring about a South Africa where peace and friendship on the basis of equality and mutual respect shall prevail. Afrika! Mayibuye!

credit that Greenwood Ngotyane would visit the Transkei for anything so unisister as marriage. They ordered a full enquiry and he was shadowed by large men in mufti. Not until he actually led his bride to the altar were the police satisfied that his visit was matrimonially—and not politically—inspired.

Upon his arrival in Cape Town he was promptly banned from all gatherings for five years. However, a man like Greenwood can do political work without attending meetings, as was shown when he undertook the election campaigns of both Ray Alexander and Len Lee-Warden, both of whom were returned with thumping majorities.

In spite of the vast amount of work he undertakes and carries out, he has never been known to refuse his help to any individual who happens to be in trouble over his pass or permit. Greenwood himself has suffered so much as a result of the Pass Laws that he has been known to spend days assisting a fellow "passless Native." At the moment there is an eviction order waiting for him in Cape Town; but it is one thing for unfeeling bureaucrats to issue orders—it is quite another to get rid of the Greenwood Ngotyanes of this world.

So now he sits in the Drill Hall dry dock unemotionally listening to the evidence that he has committed treason against the country of his birth and origin. His prospects, on the face of it, would appear to be black indeed, yet Greenwood would smile if you suggested such a thing to him. "As long as I have blood in my veins and a head to think with," he says, "there is always hope."

— VIC EDDY.

THE BUS BOYCOTT: ROUND 2

By L. BERNSTEIN

HOW many angels can dance on the point of a needle? The problem, it is said, can be debated learnedly and long by unworldly theologians. So too, no doubt, could the Alexandra bus boycott settlement. Can this be victory, it is asked, when the people pay the old fare of 4d., but the denomination "5d." appears printed on the ticket? Can this be victory, it is asked, when the duration of the settlement is dependent upon the Chamber of Commerce's £25,000 fund, with no guarantees for what happens thereafter? The debate can well be left to garrulous old men in wheel-chairs, for whom verbal exercise is all-important and the hard realities of life of no consequence.

The reality is that the people have returned to the buses, and still pay fourpence. The reality is that the employers as a class have been forced to give back to the African workers some part of the profits they obtain from their labour. This the talmudic theorists cannot dispute. But still some argue. The settlement, it is said, is not perfect. The "5d." symbol on the ticket, it is said, is the beginning of a softening-up process, preparing the people to pay fivepence in future. The limited duration of the Chamber of Commerce fund, it is said, gives PUTCO and the Government time to assemble its forces for another offensive against the people tomorrow. Perhaps so. The settlement is not perfect; the reality of life seldom conforms precisely to the perfect blue-prints of what-might-have-been prepared by ivory-castled planners.

The Next Round

But this is not the issue. The real issue, vital to Alexandra, and perhaps to all South Africa, is not the debate on the perfection or imperfection of the settlement reached. This is a red herring. *The real issue now is how best to use the breathing space provided by the settlement to prepare the people's forces for the second round of struggle which will come to full maturity when the Chamber of Commerce Fund runs out.*

It is in this light that the activities of those who denounce the settlement as less-than-perfect must be judged. Theologic hair-splitting removed from the scene of struggle and organisation is perhaps tolerable for those with patience. But brought into the arena of the people's politics it is intolerable and disruptive. This needs to be said, now and strongly. Those perfectionists who still, to this day, denounce the settlement and those who engineered it, may well act from sincere and honest motives. And yet they are wrecking all chance of turning the present, partial gains into a thorough-going and stable victory. Their sniping opposition, however well meant, has served only to rob the boycotters of the flavour of victory which they have won, and to lower their morale, hope and courage for the new stern battles which lie ahead to consolidate that victory.

Morale, hope and courage might seem insubstantial matters to those whose political armoury consists only of agitational phrase-mongering and "purer-than thou" denunciations. But they are now the heart and soul of the Alexandra and Witwatersrand problems. There can be none, even amongst those who engineered and accepted the present settlement, who can doubt that even more strenuous battles lie ahead. There is the battle to keep the fares to fourpence even after the £25,000 fund runs dry. But over and above that, there is the battle to win substantial all-round increases in wages for every worker and

a minimum wage of £1 per day, without which the matter of bus fares will be an eternal running sore, symptomatic of the poverty of the urban people. Only fools can seek to enter into these battles by destroying the people's confidence in the gains with which they have just emerged, by raising their doubts as to whether it was worth while, and by raising their suspicions against those who led. Men who would be generals must understand that substantial gains have been won; and that the confidence in their own strength which the people draw from such gains is the stepping-stone to new and greater gains in the battles that lie ahead. Unity, determination, courage won the gains of yesterday; tomorrow's battle, if it is to be won, must start from the pinnacles of self-confidence and high morale which can grow from such victories, but only if initiative amongst the people can be taken from the disruptive critics, and returned to those who can understand that even partial, temporary victory becomes a weapon to advance new conquests.

Giddy Slogans

Every people's struggle, it is said, is rich in lessons for those who take part in them. In this respect the bus boycott is no exception. In many areas "perfectionism" damped the flavour of victory and in some the settlement was, at first, rejected "until a minimum wage of £1 a day is achieved." No doubt the leaders meant well. But they became giddy with their own success, imagining that a boycott could bring not just PUTCO but the whole national body of employers to its knees. Setting the sights this high and raising the people's hopes so unrealistically could only make the settlement seem a let-down. There is a moral in this. Not the moral that leaders should not fire the imagination of their people with the wonders of the life that can be theirs when they find the ways to reach for it; this, the vision of a world filled with "singing to-morrows" is the star to which every people's dreams and strivings must be hitched if they are to go forward as far as their strength will carry them. Not that. But rather the moral and political leaders can only lead successfully while their feet are planted firmly on the ground of reality; that a struggle cannot be dragged beyond the limits of the people's strength, understanding and willingness to fight, no matter how radical and militant the slogans advanced by the leaders; that *leadership consists not only in knowing how to go forward, but equally in knowing when and how to stop, or to retreat in good order and in unity.*

Adventurers' Gamble

There are times—and the thirteenth week of the boycott was surely one—when it is impossible to go forward any longer without a pause to regain lost breath or recover balance; times when one step back is an essential condition for taking two steps forward. These are the times when leaders show their qualities. Hotheads, adventurers and those concerned only with their own reputations for militancy will continue to cry "Forward! Forward!" even while conscious that their own forces are being steadily pressed back, even though they lose control of the very fortresses which they stormed and conquered before the tide began to turn. A leader is not just a demagogue, a rabble-rouser, a fire-eater on a public platform. A leader needs to be a statesman, capable at every turn of the struggle of keeping close links with the people he seeks

to lead, sensitive to their needs and their instincts and their capabilities; a leader needs deep inner conviction, not of his own "superiority" to the masses, but of the overriding importance of the cause for which they struggle, which will enable him, when he must, to face the taunts of the adventurers and firebrands, if need be to "lose face," in order to take a step backward before all is lost. When that testing time came in Alexandra, the real leaders revealed their true mettle, while the adventurers cried "Forward!" even when it was apparent that their bitter-end actions could only result in the whole struggle being frittered away and lost.

It was in this testing hour that the central leadership of the African National Congress showed its quality and its statesmanship. The adventurers now claim that the A.N.C. "sold us out." The barren formalists, even in the ranks of the A.N.C. itself, claim that their leadership should not have intervened to win the people for the boycott settlement, because the boycott was the concern of the united-front People's Transport Committee and not of the A.N.C. It is a familiar spectacle, this seeking for scapegoats when the real progress of the people's movement falls short of the "what-might-have-been" dreams of visionaries. Never has it been less justified than now. No serious organisation can ever be bound, by the formality of a united-front committee's existence, to sit idly by and watch that committee fritter away the substance of people's victory, and fail to give leadership when leadership is needed. The united front is a means to unite the people for the advancement of their cause. And when some of the parties to it, because of wrong ideologies, because of adventurism or because of personal ambitions, misuse it to obstruct the people's advance, then those whose first loyalty is to the people's cause must serve the people where they can and as best they can, outside of it.

Congress Statesmanship

The first loyalty of the A.N.C. leadership was to their people, not to the Alexandra boycott committee. Only those on the inner leadership of the boycott will ever know the real, painstaking statesmanship which guided the A.N.C. leadership during this period; the self-

less efforts which were made to keep the united front together and united, to keep its links with the walking people close and indivisible, to broaden it out to represent every shade of opinion amongst the 70,000 people of the township. If there is credit attaching to the boycott committee for its determined and skilful handling of the boycott in all its earlier period, then much of that credit attaches to the A.N.C. which guided and influenced its direction. And if, in the end, it appeared that the gains of the boycott would be lost by adventurous calls for greater sacrifices than the people were then ready to make, it is to the credit of the A.N.C. leadership that it reacted as people's leaders should; that it pocketed its pride in order to recommend careful consideration and acceptance of the settlement.

Leadership is tested, not on paper, but in action. And the leadership of the A.N.C., which intervened directly in the boycott at the eleventh hour, has been vindicated by the people, who considered the settlement offer, used their own good sense to weigh up the possibilities of further resistance, and then accepted it. And in doing so, they rejected the adventurers who still cried "Forward! Forward!" That the acceptance of the settlement was disorderly and ragged—first Alexandra, later Moroka, and with Pretoria left outside the area of the settlement—is the result not of the A.N.C. intervention, but of the fatal divisions amongst the boycott leaders themselves, who failed to rise to the historic moment and seize the settlement and victory when both were there to be taken.

There are lessons to be learnt. There will always be lessons to be learnt. Such lessons serve to illuminate the path that lies ahead. We are face to face with the second round—the round of decisive, country-wide campaigning for an all round increase in wages, and for a national wage of £1 per day. The leadership is there and able; the energetic shock-workers of the people's movement are there, with more experience and understanding than of yesterday. The people are there, inspired by the simple Alexandra lesson of the power that is theirs, if they unite to organise and direct it. *The lessons have been recorded as armour for the future.*

The Press and The Boycott

By C. W. M. GELL

I think there will be general agreement that, within the inevitably restricted framework of its lack of really representative contacts among the African population, the Rand's English-language press did better than was to be expected over the bus boycott. For the first ten days or so both newspapers evidently tried their best to do an honest job of reporting. One paper continued to attempt this, at least as far as the "contemptuous" refusal of the Chamber of Commerce's "ingenious" refund offer on March 1. After that it rather "lost sympathy."

But the other paper lost its balance after the first ten days. Its reports thereafter were frequently travesties of the facts. When reporters of the paper, known to have been present at the events caricatured in the press, were taxed, they were sometimes able to produce their reasonably accurate

"copy," which had been discarded in favour of a version sucked out of some editor's or sub-editor's thumb.

Now I am aware that writing anything like this at a time when all manner of threats against the freedom of the press are blowing about, opens me to a charge of "consorting with or comforting the enemy." I, therefore, want to make it quite clear that whatever the defects of our present daily English-language press—and they are considerable—it is infinitely preferable to the even more glaring faults of the Afrikaans press or to the sort of press we should have were the Nationalists able to establish the "control" they want.

Playing Safe

The defects of the English-language press stem mainly from lack of real

competition. Our "conurbations" and their hinterland are so far apart and the potential reading public so small that each centre can support at most one morning and one evening paper, sometimes not even that. Since no press in the world is really free in any absolute sense—free, that is, from the predilections, prejudices or preferences of those who control or compose the papers — the best safeguard against suppression or distortion of news comes from the possibility of a rival presenting an obviously more authentic account. It is a very inadequate safeguard. But it carries with it the threat of readers changing over to the alternative that best satisfies their thirst for information, amusement (one is bound to admit it), the bolstering of their prejudices. Unfortunately, not only is there virtually no alternative English organ in most centres — the morning

and evening papers observe a convention of condensing or omitting news extensively reported in the other, even when they are not owned by the same group—but the “competition” provided by the Afrikaans press exerts a consistent influence towards “playing down” controversial colour issues in the battle for the Afrikaans reader. The Non-White reader potential is probably already more important than most papers realise but, not directly affecting national advertising revenue, it does not yet carry the weight it may well deserve.

Slanting the News

We have, therefore, the situation of a press owned chiefly by large financial or business interests, having a virtual monopoly in each local centre. The views of those interests naturally influence editorial policy. They sometimes also extend their baneful influence into the sphere of news coverage. And this, for reasons not difficult to discern, is what distorted the reporting (as distinct from the leader-writing which is always tuned to a certain “wave-length,” as readers of each paper recognise) of the one Rand Eng-

lish paper after ten days of boycott, and the other after March 1 or thereabouts.

This could be illustrated in much greater detail and with more authority by those having first-hand experience of what was going on. I shall confine myself to the very limited experience within my own knowledge or that of a friend in whose judgement and experience I have implicit faith.

The Rules of the Game

When the boycott spread to Port Elizabeth it was greeted in one Rand newspaper by a hostile editorial. The writer was evidently dismayed that the P.E. boycott was

(Continued on Page 15)

STATE INFORMATION AND THE RED TERMITES

A CONVERSATION PIECE BY LIONEL FORMAN

THE STATE INFORMATION OFFICE would, presumably, not issue its *Digest of South African Affairs* — a glossy, expensively produced magazine — if it did not hope that at least a few people overseas would be influenced by it. But what effect does the *Digest* have on its readers?

As a public service, and for the information of the responsible Minister, I have just completed a lightning world-wide survey. After untold effort I tracked down two readers, Mr. Mutt and Mr. Jeff, in a New York bus and, after shameless eavesdropping, I am able to present this exclusive report of their conversation:

Mutt: See in the *Times* there's trouble in South Africa again. This Strijdom feller's meddling with the Churches.

Jeff: Yeah. Bad lot, that Strijdom crowd. Need a poke in the nose. But one thing I will say for them—they know how to deal with their Reds. Banned them years ago.

Mutt: Funny thing, though. Got a copy of this *Digest* thing. Seems the Reds are doing pretty well.

Jeff: *Digest*? But that's not a Commie rag. It's a Government thing, isn't it?

Mutt: Sure is. Says the Commies in South Africa have “a masterly and brilliant organisation.”

Jeff: Yeah?

Mutt: Yeah. Remember this bus boycott they had?

Jeff: Quite a bit about it in the *Times*. Negroes said they wouldn't pay higher fares. Government said they damn well would. What came of it?

Mutt: They're riding the buses again.

Jeff: At the higher fare?

Mutt: Nope. Old fare.

Jeff: Makes the Government look a bit silly.

Mutt: Well, that's what this *Digest* is about. Seems this whole affair was run by the Communists. Says here: “Underground Red workers masterminded the progress of the boycott through all stages.”

Jeff: What do you know! The *Times* said a Negro outfit called the African National Congress, or something, was behind it. They reckoned this A.N.C. are a pretty representative crowd. Only body that can make any claim to speak for the Blacks, the *Times* says.

Mutt: Yeah? Well then, these Commies must be pretty unbeatable. It says here the A.N.C. is a Communist Party front organisation, made up of a “mixture of trained Communists, fellow travellers, and a leaven of unsuspecting left-wing workers.”

Jeff: Gee! Strijdom better act quick to stop the Reds getting hold of the Indians and the mixed breeds—and their trade unions.

Mutt: Too late. Says here they're all Reds. Worst of all, though, it says here that this A.N.C. has a “strong-arm organisation parallel in almost every respect to Hitler's stormtroopers who smashed all opposition with the fist, the whip and the jackboot.”

Jeff: Yeah. Read about that in the *Times*. Those were the boys who raided homes every night and rounded up thousands of people.

Mutt: Don't be silly. That was the police.

Jeff: Oh. Then they must have been the thugs who pulled people out of cars every day on their way from work?

Mutt: Don't be silly. That was the police.

Jeff: Let down the tyres of bicycles?

Mutt: Don't be silly.

Jeff: That was the police?

Mutt: Yeah. Come to think of it, the whole thing must be a printer's mix-up. This Strijdom crowd wouldn't run down Hitler's storm troopers. They were all for Hitler in the war.

Jeff: You reckon what they really mean is that they're modelling the police on Hitler's stormtroopers?

Mutt: Probably. Can't mean much else.

Jeff: Anyway, if these Reds are so strong, it's good the Government has started putting out some anti-Communist propaganda. What's this *Digest* thing like? Convincing?

Mutt: Stinks.

Jeff: Anyway, I suppose the Red propaganda isn't any better.

Mutt: Well, it says here the material they used in this boycott was “superbly written, distinguished by their clever and moderate language.

Jeff: Say, what is this State Information trying to prove?

Mutt: Looks as if the Reds are just about ready to take over.

Jeff: But hold on there. Does anyone believe that these Congresses are just Communist fronts? Don't they just stand for full equality?

Mutt: Well, this State Information department says that anyone who demands full equality is a Communist.

Jeff: Oh.

Mutt: Puts a different light on it, doesn't it?

Jeff: Yeah. That means you and me would also be Reds.

Mutt: Yeah.

Jeff: Looks as if the Reds are ready to take over.

Mutt: Yeah.

Jeff: Jolly good thing, if you ask me.

Mutt: Yeah.

UNIVERSITIES UNDI

By DUMA NOKWE

THE purpose of the Bill is to "provide for the establishment, maintenance, management and control of the university colleges for Non-White persons; for the admission of students to and their instruction at the university colleges; for the limitation of the admission of Non-White students to certain university institutions; and other matters incidental thereto."

One of the most striking features of this Bill is the absolute, unfettered powers conferred upon the Minister. Almost every section of the Bill repeats with monotonous regularity the phrases "the Minister may . . ." "the Minister shall . . ." "as shall be prescribed. . ."

That Minister

The Bill empowers the Minister to establish University Colleges for Non-White persons and authorises him to disestablish such a University College merely by publishing a notice to that effect in the Gazette. There is no limitation upon the Minister's power to disestablish a "University College." No enquiry is necessary beforehand, nor is it necessary for him to warn anybody that he is going to "disestablish" a College. The existence or non-existence of a college depends entirely on the desire of the Minister.

The council of a college is appointed by the Governor-General which in effect means the Minister. The Principal and members of the Senate are appointed by the Minister who is authorised to prescribe by regulation the powers, the duties, the functions and the allowances of the members of the Council and the Senate.

The Minister determines the faculties in a college, appoints the members of the faculties' boards and prescribes their functions.

Not even the students escape the ubiquitous discretion of the Minister. White students are prohibited from registering and attending Non-White colleges. It is the Minister who may refuse any student admission to a college, and who determines the number of students who can register for any course, the place where a student may reside or receive instruction and the disciplinary conditions under which students enter these colleges.

Stranglehold

The ministerial stranglehold over the staff of a "university" is dealt with in a special chapter of the Bill. All the posts in a College from the Dean to the sweeper are determined by the Minister, and he or his secretary has the "power to appoint, promote, transfer or discharge" persons.

The Bill provides the grounds on which a person who has been permanently (?) appointed at a university college may be discharged by the Minister and these include *inter alia* :

"Reorganisation or readjustment of the staff. . ."

If "in the opinion of the Minister his discharge will facilitate improvements in the University College at which he is employed by which greater economy or efficiency will be effected."

Again, no enquiry is necessary and the effect of these provisions is to make a member of the staff of a college hold his post through the grace of the Minister. In view of these clauses the qualification "appointed permanently" is completely meaningless.

The Bill deals at length with what is described as misconduct. There are 17 different forms of misconduct

defined and the Minister is authorised to make such additions as he deems fit. A member of the staff will be guilty of misconduct if he, *inter alia* :

"Publicly comments adversely upon the administration of any department of the Government or of any Province or of the territory of South West Africa."

"Propagates any idea or takes part in or identifies himself with any propaganda or activity."

"Acts in a manner calculated to cause or promote antagonism amongst any section of the population of the Union against any section of the population of the Union; or to impede, obstruct, or undermine the activities of any Government department."

The forms of misconduct are incidentally almost identical with those prescribed for teachers in Dr. Verwoerd's Bantu Education schools.

The Nationalists are so tired of criticism that they are not going to tolerate a professor who complains about the inefficiency of the train service. With these forms of misconduct we can say farewell to the ideas of those pro-

CREEPING CONTROL

By PROF. Z. K.

THE more one considers the implications of the Separate University Education Bill the more one is forced to the conclusion that it represents an outrage not only on the university education of the Non-Whites, but on university education in South Africa as a whole. The Nationalists' plan for University education can, like Gaul, be divided into three parts. There is to be the exclusion of Non-Whites from all White universities. There is to be the conversion of Fort Hare and the Medical School in Durban into state-controlled and not merely state-aided institutions. Finally, there is to be the establishment of more state controlled institutions on an ethnic basis for the different Non-White groups represented in South Africa. All the White universities are to be *state-aided* institutions and all the Non-White institutions are to be *state* institutions. But the experience of the Universities of Cape Town, the Witwatersrand, Natal and the University College of Fort Hare proves, if proof were needed, that in the Nationalist theory of government there is a very thin veil between state-aided and *state* institutions. This ought to be a warning to those university institutions which appear to be unaffected by the present Bill. Like the institutions directly affected by the Bill, the universities of Stellenbosch, Pretoria, Potchefstroom and the Orange Free State will have to watch their step because if any practices of theirs do not commend themselves to the government of the day, they will find their autonomy sacrificed on the altar of state-aid.

On the grounds that they are state and

not state-aided institu-
university institutions
the smallest measure

Every aspect of the
teach, who is to be
direct the affairs of t
be rigidly controlled
published summary o
Inter-Departmental Co
facilities for Non-Euro
subjects should be pe
versities. This prescrip
struction which purpo
present choice of su
students is somewhat
greater problem lies
concerned will be perm
ally as far as the so
cerned.

The Spy

In these fields of
authority can lay claim
for his views, the task
sists in the developme
and independent think
students, and no teach
can confine himself to
the views of others in
point is carefully conc
pleasing his superiors.
forfeits the respect of
of the discipline code
institutions, how will
able to conduct tutoria
discussions in which th
mind can be so fru
teacher be able to tell
is a member of the Sp
will the student know

ER FIRE

fessors and lecturers who do not subscribe to Nationalist ideas; farewell to critical research which reveals facts not approved by the Minister; farewell to free thought, expression and association by the intellectuals of our community.

The penalty for those professors and lecturers who contravene the code of conduct is dismissal, demotion, reduction of salary or a fine of £100! £100 fine for any professor of economics who dares to criticise the budget!

Apartheid

Separation is effected by three clauses which are also the three criminal offences created by the Bill. Firstly, no White student may register at or attend any of the Minister's colleges. Secondly, as from the 1st January, 1956, no Non-White student may register at a White university unless he was previously registered as a student at such a university or has obtained the written permission of the Minister. Finally, as from a date to be published by the Governor-General in the Gazette, no Non-White

... EVEN SPYING

MATTHEWS.

is the Non-White to be denied even self-government.

work—who shall fight and who shall institution—are to om Pretoria. The he Report of the nittee on Separate ns lays down what tted in these Uni- 1 of courses of in- to be based on the ts by Non-White umscribed, but the how the teachers ed to teach, especi- sciences are con-

ystem

ning in which no absolute certainty of the teacher con- of critical analysis on the part of his worthy of his salt mere re-hashing of rich his own stand- led for fear of dis- ach a teacher soon s students. In view the new university iff and students be and seminars, those clash of mind with ul? How will the hich of his students al Branch and how whether the teacher

has not arranged the discussion class with a view to discovering which of the students should be brought to the notice of the powers that be? In other words, the foundation for that mutual confidence which is the hallmark for successful teaching and learning will be totally lacking in these institutions.

Creeping Control

The White universities cannot themselves remain unaffected by the creeping paralysis of government control. Already the Prime Minister has stated that universities cannot be permitted to preach doctrines inimical to the national interest. This stricture was not intended to apply only to the Non-White universities but to all universities in South Africa. This means that politicians who are not distinguished for their freedom from emotive thinking claim for themselves a monopoly of appreciating what is and what is not in the national interest. From being centres in which everything is subjected to critical analysis by the best informed minds of the nation, the universities are to be reduced to mere echoes of the point of view of the government of the day.

Of a truth we stand on the threshold of a new era in university education in which the future intelligentsia of the country will grow up in watertight ethnic compartments, with everyone looking over his shoulder before he expresses a point of view. What a barren prospect for the rising generation of a young and virile nation living in a continent in which above all else a premium is to be placed upon the spirit of adventure, of challenging old ideas, of experimenting with new techniques and methods!

student shall register at any White university. There is a benevolent provision that this would not affect those who had already commenced their courses at such a university.

The maximum penalty for contravening any of the above is a fine of £100 with an alternative of six months' imprisonment.

The Minister who will wield the power of life and death over the Universities is not specified in the Bill; the Governor-General is empowered to define "the Minister" in respect of the different provisions of the Act. There is, however, no doubt that the bulk of these powers will be exercised by Dr. Verwoerd.

The original Bill contained clauses transferring the control of Fort Hare University College and the Durban Non-European Medical College to the Native Affairs Department. These provisions had to be withdrawn because certain formalities had not been complied with. However, the Separate Universities Amendment Bill, 1958, will certainly contain them.

Scrub Land

This Bill has aroused widespread indignation and has been condemned by all people except the most fanatical Nationalists. It is a sinister attempt to extend Dr. Verwoerd's "principles of education" to University education. These "principles" are already being applied in the primary schools.

"My Department's policy is that education should stand with both feet in the reserves and have roots in the spirit and being of Bantu society."

"The school must equip him (the Bantu) to meet the economic demands which the life of South Africa will impose on him."

"There is no place for him (the Bantu) in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour."

Dr. Verwoerd in The Senate, June, 1954.

The Nationalists have always been anxious to remove Africans and Non-Europeans from the Universities because, as Dr. Verwoerd says, "It is of no avail for him (the Bantu) to receive a training which has as its aim absorption in the European community. . . . Until now he has been subject to a school system which drew him away from his own community and misled him by showing him the green pastures of the European in which he was not allowed to graze."

The Nationalists are going to see to it that none of their "Bantu" long for the green pastures of the European. They want to produce "intellectuals" who will be content with the scrub grazing land of the Bantu. This, of course, means in Bantu education the complete destruction of what the sane and civilised world accepts as education.

The syllabus will be planned by the N.A.D. to teach the students that there is "no place for the Bantu in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour."

How the lecturer in economics, anthropology, history, sociology and other sciences will teach his subjects without running the risk of having a police file opened for him remains to be seen. It is surprising that the Minister has not been specifically authorised to draw up lectures which must be endorsed and approved by the Nationalist Party congress or executive.

The destruction of academic standards in the tribal colleges is only the beginning of the assault by the Nationalists on all the Universities in the country. It is the supreme ambition of the Nationalists that they will so train the youth of South Africa that they will grow up in a world hedged in by Nationalist ideals, to serve the purposes of the Broederbond, and never question the direction charted by the Nationalists for the future of our country.

Ghana and the Gold Coast Revolution

By ALAN DOYLE

“THE day after my release from prison I was invited by the Governor to meet him at nine o'clock that morning. . . . I left the Castle with instructions from the Governor to form a Government. As I walked down the steps it was as if the whole thing had been a dream, that I was stepping down from the clouds and that I would soon wake up and find myself squatting on the prison floor eating a bowl of maize porridge. —“Ghana—The Autobiography of Kwame Nkrumah.”

KWAME NKURUMAH dictated this autobiography to his secretary in the “few minutes, whenever possible” that she persuaded him to set aside the multifarious affairs that beset him as Prime Minister and leader of his Party during the crucial period of Ghana’s transition to political independence. In the circumstances it is hardly reasonable to expect him to have produced a profound analysis of the momentous events in Ghana. He was too busy making history to write it; but he has written a racy and extremely readable story of his own life and the highlights of the Ghana revolution. From it he emerges as a remarkable and engaging personality. He may seem too egocentric for our liking, but, after all, self-portraits are necessarily self-centred. Nkrumah’s writing is refreshingly frank; there is none of the pompous stuffiness which makes the autobiographical writings of European statesmen works of concealment rather than revelation. He does not pretend to be modest. He has won success, and he glories in it; but beneath the glorification and the festival tone of the book, of which the quotation at the head of this article is a fair sample, there is a note of sober realism too.

For Dr. Nkrumah is not unaware of the greater problems now facing his country. The first aim of his Party, the Convention People’s Party, he writes in his Preface, was to gain political freedom. But:

“Once this freedom is gained, a greater task comes into view. All dependent territories are backward in education, in agriculture, and in industry. The economic independence that should follow and maintain political independence demands every effort from the people, a total mobilisation of brain and manpower resources.”

What is sadly missing in this book is a description, at least in outline, of the practical steps which the Nkrumah Government now proposes to take to attain that economic independence which it recognises to be essential to the maintenance of Ghana. True, there is a project to dam the Volta river and thus to generate electric power and construct an aluminium smelter. But this scheme in itself is insufficient to solve the many and pressing problems of the Gold Coast.

The Grip of Imperialism

Chief among these problems is that imperialism, with all its concomitant ills of exploitation, backwardness and wretched poverty still has a grip on the masses of the people. British and other foreign interests dominate the banks, the mines, factories and external trade of the country. Huge profits are drawn from the Gold Coast. It has a typical colonial monoculture—in this case of cocoa—and Lever Brothers’ subsidiary, the United Africa Company, controls a third of the export trade. Exports exceed imports to the tune of £44 million a year (the total State revenue of Ghana is only £36 million) and although Britain has had to concede far-reaching powers of self-government, she retains a stranglehold over the

rich resources of the country.

The results are plain to be seen. Wages range from 3s. a day for unskilled workers to 10s. for skilled men; cocoa farmers get only a third of the market price for their product; only 6 per cent. of workers are employed in manufacture.

Kwame Nkrumah repeats in his new book his faith in the anti-imperialist teachings of scientific socialism. “Today I am a non-denominational Christian and a Marxist socialist and I have not found any contradiction between the two,” he reiterates on page 12 of his biography, and it is plain that, unlike many radical politicians who have achieved personal success, he has not repudiated the ideas which won him the support of the masses.

Socialism for Ghana?

In his preface to the book, also, Nkrumah declares that “Capitalism is too complicated a system for a newly-independent nation. Hence the need for socialism.” But, though he proclaims himself to be a Socialist, the Convention People’s Party, which he founded and now heads, does not. Does the advance to socialism not require a workers’ party based on scientific principles? Will Nkrumah, like Nehru, find himself the prisoner of his bourgeois nationalist organisation the moment he seeks to disturb local vested interests?

Moreover, as a socialist, Kwame Nkrumah fails sufficiently to stress the economic roots of imperialism in Ghana, which remain even though Britain has been compelled to relinquish office to the elected representatives of the people. Although he speaks of “the economic independence that should follow and maintain political independence,” he apparently does not envisage that independence to be realised for a very considerable time. Speaking in the Legislative Assembly in March, 1954, he declared that the country lacked capital and personnel to develop industry, and “that the Government would encourage as much as possible the entry and investment in industry of foreign capital.”

“I realised that it would be many years before the Gold Coast would be in a position to find from its own resources people who could combine capital with the experience required in the development and management of new industries and that the country would therefore have to rely to a large extent on foreign enterprise.”

This seems to me to be an absolutely crucial point in the development of Ghana towards full independence, which is obviously a matter which does not concern Ghana alone, but is of tremendous significance for the whole Continent.

No one can deny the inspiration to the whole of Africa of the victory of the people of Ghana under the leadership of Kwame Nkrumah. The outward symbols of political power, the fruits of office, even the moving of the Prime Minister into the traditional British Governor’s residence at Christianborg Castle, all these are of tremendous importance and value, which only an abstract armchair socialist would deny.

Yet, so long as the keys to Ghana’s economy remain in alien hands, so long will true independence be absent, and its fruits in the form of higher living standards, health and social services and all the other amenities of modern life will be withheld from the people.

Other criticisms, too, could be levelled at this book and its distinguished author. As I said above, it is an autobiography and not a political thesis, and one expects

an autobiography to be primarily about its subject, the author. Yet, as presented by its Prime Minister, the winning and running of free Ghana seems to be far too much a one-man show.

The crucial period of the Ghana revolution was when Nkrumah was in jail, and with the country in the grip of a general strike the Governor was compelled to release him and ask him to take over and form a Government. The general strike had been called by the Trade Union Congress, independently of the Convention People's Party. The whole country was in a turmoil.

Now the impression given in this autobiography is that the whole affair was conducted and directed by the author through notes which he smuggled out of prison. No doubt there were such notes, and they played an important part in advising Nkrumah's comrades who were still outside leading the struggle. Yet the trade union leaders and others who were actually in the field directing operations in this critical period ungenerously receive scant mention; the Prime Minister's colleagues remain shadowy figures, names that appear in lists of the various cabinets that were formed from time to time.

One finds hardly any mention in this book of collective leadership by the Executive of the Convention People's Party or the Cabinets themselves. It is all "I considered," "I decided," "I appointed." Not enough "We." And not enough of the people. The lessons of recent history are far too much in our minds for us to overlook the terrible dangers of building a cult around an individual.

Yet, when all these criticisms have been made, full tribute and acknowledgement must be paid to the extraordinary achievement of Kwame Nkrumah. He transformed the politics of his country by breaking away from the conception of a national movement as a debating society for middle-class intellectuals, and building a new-type mass party of the common people. In this task he

showed himself to be a magnetic personality, a brilliant orator and a first-class organiser.

Always the People

The advance of Ghana towards independence has important lessons for the peoples of Africa, the last Continent to remain largely dominated by colonialism.

In the conditions of the second half of the twentieth century, with imperialism fatally weakened on a world scale, the advance of the rest of the Continent to national liberation cannot long be delayed. As has been shown in China, India, Burma, Indonesia and other Asian lands, by the Arab States of the Middle East, and now by Ghana, the colonial powers are no longer able to hold subject peoples under their domination once the masses of the people are organised for political action.

The conditions of emancipation have varied greatly from one country to another, according to the special circumstances prevailing in each area. And in Africa, as in Asia, it would be wrong to expect a common pattern to mark the conditions of emancipation in each country. The details of the road followed by the people of Ghana cannot be expected to be found or to apply to other African territories in different conditions.

Yet one thing is common to all the vast areas and populations which have won through in the struggle against colonialism over the past decade. They were not handed freedom on a plate, nor did they obtain it through skilful diplomacy of their leaders. It was the masses of the people, organised in mass action, who enabled men like Nehru and Nkrumah to sit down as equals with those who but the day before had held them in imperialist prisons, and negotiate the terms of self-government.

As in the past, so in the future, that is the rule for emancipation: Through the people, and only through the people, shall we win salvation. On their organisation, political understanding, determination, vigilance, sacrifice, depends the winning and maintenance of freedom.



TREASON TRIAL PROFILE: DR. G. M. NAICKER

horrors of a society that does not care: starvation, tuberculosis, slums . . . the suffering of children. And because he cares, because he loves and values life, Dr. Naicker did not don the blinkers but entered the fight for a just society in which life will be fuller, will be more joyous and the tragic waste of life be banished forever: the struggle for freedom.

A veteran leader, a courageous fighter—he opposed the Peggung Act passed by the Smuts government during the war years. He opposed and exposed the compromise leadership which accepted residential segregation. The expulsion of the "nationalist bloc" from the Natal Indian Congress led to the formation of the Anti-Segregation Council of which he was president. It aimed at non-European unity and can be regarded a forerunner to the co-operation of the Congresses. The Anti-Segregation Council was on a mass basis and embraced a militant programme. Some of the members are in the dock with him today: Debi Singh, M. P. Naicker, Mannie Pillay. At the general annual meeting in 1945, Dr. Naicker was unanimously elected president of the Natal Indian Congress, a position he has held ever since.

Like freedom fighters the world over, Dr. Naicker, too, is a "prison

graduate." In 1946 he led a batch of volunteers defying the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act. For this he served a prison term of six months and one week. Together with Dr. Dadoo he attended the First Asian Conference, visited India travelling the riot areas with Gandhi. Came the historic Defiance Campaign. Dr. Naicker led the first batch to launch the campaign in Natal. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

But others are imprisoned outside prison: cut off from their people, gagged, restricted in their movements. In 1952 he was banned from gatherings for two years. In 1954 he was restricted to the magisterial district of Durban. In 1954 he was again banned from gatherings for two years. This ban expired two weeks before the nation-wide treason swoop.

He is president of the S.A.I.C. and a leading Gandhi-ite. Today in the dock he can say: "I have abundant faith in the future of South Africa. History has taught us that the freedom-struggle cannot fail. . . . We are bound to achieve what is innermost in our hearts: for the struggle is for democracy, and human dignity. . . ." In a sense it is the new South Africa that is on trial; the South Africa that is the dawn. . . ." A. HUTCHINSON.

B LUFF, warm-hearted, genial—Dr. Naicker takes his place in the Drill Hall among the South Africans suspected of high treason.

Born in Durban in 1910, Dr. Naicker was educated in Edinburgh and Dublin. His work as a doctor brought him face to face with the

STORY from TAUNG

By HENRY G. MAKGOTHI

THERE is a calendar which the Native Labour Recruiting Corporation distributes widely in the reserves and rural areas. The drawing depicts an African youth gleefully milking a big, well-fed cow. The cow produces not milk but coins and notes by the bucketful! The caption above the drawing reads something like this: "Milk it, son, for its milk will make you strong, healthy and prosperous."

When I was in Taung, near Vryburg, recently I found this calendar adorning the earthen walls of many a hut I entered. Sometimes it hung next to another calendar that advertised the popularity of a local White trader, and on which appears a drawing of Jesus Christ bleeding on the cross.

The calendar of the N.R.C., of course, purports to tell the story of conditions of work on the mines. Only it is the story from the point of view of the mining magnate (who should well be depicted milking that cow, in this case African labour, and thus growing prosperous), and it is only half the story. The other half is told in Taung.

* * *

"How are things in Johannesburg? How is your case faring? And the boycott of the buses? We here in Taung take a deep interest in what is taking place in the big city. Perhaps we shall also benefit from your struggles out there. . . ." The old peasant had a slightly mischievous glint in his eyes. I noticed that physically he was a giant compared to the ordinary person one meets in those parts. At least his frame was straight, though he walked with the aid of a stick. He did not appear as skinny and emaciated as many of the folk I had seen, and he certainly did not walk as if he was forever borne down by a heavy load across his shoulders. We had just finished our breakfast, consisting of mealie porridge and a cup of milk. The next meal would be in the early evening and that would consist of porridge, a piece of pork, and possibly a cup of black tea. Pigs and goats are the only animals that the vast majority of the peasants keep, apart from fowls. It appears that these are the only animals that can withstand the barrenness that is everywhere. As for beef, that is a rare luxury indeed, and is eaten only when a beast has died. It is a hard life among these people. But somehow

everyone seemed eager that a visitor should have the best they could offer.

"Things are hard in Johannesburg," I replied vaguely. "The poverty and ill-treatment of the people is fast reaching a stage where it cannot be borne, and the people are trying hard to protect themselves. . . ."

"Yes, I lived in Alexandra for three years and I know something about it. But I think in Taung it is even worse. . . ."

"You see, when the Government first introduced the Irrigation Scheme we were told that we were on the threshold of prosperity and we were encouraged to join in the scheme. Every family was called upon to contribute £2 for the construction of the furrows leading to the lands. This was three years ago. The furrows have been built and completed, but still we continue paying. . . ."

"Several months ago we were told to pay a levy so that our wagons could move on good roads, but our wagons are not allowed on these roads that we built ourselves. It is said that the wheels will spoil the roads."

* * *

The Irrigation Scheme, I discovered, was nothing short of a monstrous bluff practised on the people. A man who joins the Scheme must work full-time on the lands and is not allowed to take up any other form of employment or to find some other way of augmenting his income—a condition that does not apply to European civil servants or to a favoured few who are thriving wonderfully. He is then supplied by the Government with implements and seed which he is told he need pay for only after his crop has been gathered. He goes on to his piece of land to work it. But then he is told that three-quarters of the land must be placed under lucerne. Lucerne grows well and is soon ready for the market. But the peasant finds that he is compelled to sell the lucerne to a speculator who has bought the contract from the Native Affairs Department, without the people knowing anything about it. The speculator is never around at the time that he is most wanted, and so the lucerne piles up and starts to rot. Then eventually the speculator comes and buys up the lucerne for a song. . . .

"But then, how do the people pay their debts?" I asked my informant with amazement.

"The people are getting deeper and deeper into debt. In fact, the majority can never hope to square their debts. They do produce a few bags of wheat, but it is just sufficient in many cases to enable them to meet some of their taxes, and to pay for the machinery that is sometimes hired out to them. The Government is the first to see that its accounts are met. In fact, it is not uncommon for a man to receive many accounts which he does not understand at all—the majority of the people are illiterate—and as he watches his crop of wheat being grabbed in payment for the accounts, to break down in tears when the official rudely leaves him half a bag of wheat for seed, and tells him to work harder."

"Surely," I cried in desperation, "the law does intervene at times?"

"The law here operates in strange ways. A neighbour of mine lost his two children a few months ago. It appears that the children were on their way to school one morning when they were accosted by two European men who were driving in a van. They asked to be directed to a certain farmstead and pretended to be confused when the children tried to direct him. So they asked the children to climb into the van for some distance. The children eagerly obliged, for had not the Native Commissioner made an appeal that the people should be friendly and helpful towards their White neighbours?"

"No sooner had the children jumped into the van than the Europeans drove off at top speed, till they reached a farmstead and brusquely told the terrified children to knock at the back door. They were received as if they were looking for employment."

"But this is plain kidnapping!"

"Well, when the father went to the police to report that his children were lost, the police listened to him and suggested that the children might have been drowned as they were crossing a stream. Maybe the father should make a search along the banks and come back to inform the police. . . ."

"He did eventually trace the children to the farm and he made his report to the police and the latter promised to make enquiries. A few days afterwards, he was informed that his children had gone to the farm looking for work, and as the farmer was rather short of hands at that time, why, he had taken them on. When the parent protested that the children should be at school, the police spoke about the period of 'notice' that the children would have to serve. After the children had served their notice, it was discovered that on the day prior to their

(Continued at Foot of Next Page)

NURSING APARTHEID

By a Correspondent

THE Government is this session introducing a Bill for apartheid in the nursing profession. Evidence on the subject, given before a parliamentary Select Committee, has been published. Dr. Eiselen, speaking as Dr. Verwoerd's mouthpiece, wanted Bantu nurses for Bantu patients, a training which "would fit them for their particular task," lower wages and a separate Non-White nursing organisation. That insidious "cultural" body, the F.A.K., advocated separate registration of White and Black nurses, different uniforms and insignia, and it has sponsored the Afrikaans Nurses' League as a pressure group within the S.A. Nursing Association "to concentrate on the things that really matter"—i.e. "standing together against integration" and encouraging wider use of Afrikaans.

Squeezing Non-Whites Out

The 1944 Nursing Act created a Nursing Council, to which all members of the profession could be elected, and a Nursing Association to which all qualified nurses must belong. According to Mrs. Searle, Transvaal Director of Nursing Services, Non-White nurses were admitted on an equal basis because there were then too few to constitute "a problem" and large scale training of others was not foreseen. "If we had known that this would be Provincial policy, I, for one, would certainly not have agreed to the 1944 Act. We would have fought it to the last ditch." It was largely at the instigation of Mrs. Searle that Dr. Stals, the Nationalist Minister of Health, in 1948, drafted administrative regulations to keep Non-White Nurses off the Nursing Council and the Board of the Nursing Association.

One may well ask why? Facts and figures are virtually unobtainable except in the carefully selected form published by the Nursing Council. It says that in 1954 there were 2,100 Non-White nurses out of a total of

TAUNG STORY (Continued)

discharge they had committed some petty theft. The employer was, of course, loath to bring this matter before the law. The law, as the father well knew, could take a serious view of such matters. Perhaps the parent and the employer could reach some agreement satisfactory to both parties. If the children could be made to work for another three months on the farm, the farmer would be quite prepared to let the matter rest there. . . ."

* * *

I stayed just a little over two days in Taung. But what I saw and learnt in that time gave me a good idea of what a defenceless people could suffer at the hands of the unholy alliance of Native Department officialdom, arrogant White farmers and unscrupulous traders.

13,309. It will not publish comparative figures of passes and failures by race groups on the formal ground that "our single register does not state the nurse's race." But a member of the Nursing Council, Adv. Van Reenen, told the Select Committee that "in 1953, 27 per cent. of the European and 51 per cent. of the Non-European entries were re-entries" (i.e. previously failed), that "for the last three years" European percentage passes had been 72 per cent., whereas Non-Europeans began with 82 per cent. in 1952, fell to 46 per cent. in 1945 and to 35.5 per cent. in 1953.

In order to meet this "situation" Adv. Van Reenen requires powers to "effect separation in all aspects of the nursing services, to differentiate in the training between the different races, keep separate registers, to differentiate in respect of the training according to existing needs, in other words, for skilful and less skilful nurses, with regard to both race and duties." Adv. Van Reenen, Mr. Van Schalkwyk, Miss C. A. Nothard (all of the Nursing Council) recommended "a basic and practical syllabus which will be of help to the Non-European as such" (echoes of Bantu Education). Since their "outlook on life" was different, their training must be different "if in the end we want them to have the same sense of responsibility." But "once you train them differently you must register them differently," which precludes their exercising the same responsibilities and thus learning (in the only practicable way) "a sense of responsibility."

There appears possibly to be some ground for the contention that on average it may take an African nurse longer to qualify than a European. This is not (as the F.A.K. said) due to "centuries of tradition, culture and civilisation which determine the European nurse's superior status." It is due primarily to unequal opportunities in general education (now aggravated by its Bantu-isation) and in facilities for nursing training. Mr. Van Reenen, Miss Nothard and Mrs. Searle all regard any joint training as wrong and "put a stop to it" whenever they can; the training staff for Non-White nurses is often inadequate and less experienced than for Whites; there are no facilities in the Union to train Non-Whites for fever, mental or orthopaedic nursing, theatre technique or mothercraft ("we allow Non-Europeans to practise midwifery within the hospital grounds provided they do it in the same way as it is carried out in their kraals"—Adv. Van Reenen.)

Keeping Control

That these considerations of the Non-White nurses' "own good" were not the only or even paramount reason behind the move for nursing apartheid clearly emerges from other parts of the evidence. Mrs. Searle said that one of her greatest difficulties in recruiting White nurses was the fear that they might at some time come under the "control in any sense" of a Non-White nurse or doctor. "It is not for me to indulge in ideologies. I have to be practical."

Miss M. G. Borchards, Chairman of the Nursing Association, and Miss Nothard were very averse to allowing Non-White nurses to have a separate organisation, as suggested by Dr. Eiselen. "We want the Non-Europeans to have the guidance of the European nurse, who will advise and keep them on the right road. We have to retain

control over the Non-Europeans, to keep them in order and, by doing so, allow them to develop." Therefore they wanted to keep the Non-White nurses in subordinate "groups" within the Association, "represented" on the Board by one White member (out of 16) and able to submit proposals only if approved by the White branches. Miss Borchards and Miss Nothard agreed with the Transvaal Provincial Administration that a separate body might develop "as a Non-White trade union" and become "political" or "Communistic." It would have the additional disadvantage of disqualifying the Association from its international affiliations, though whether the proposed hardly disguised colour bar gets round that difficulty is very doubtful.

A similar dichotomy of purpose was very obvious in Mrs. Searle's lengthy evidence. After a long dissertation on "my idea of nursing" which envisaged every nurse having "a deep understanding of the psychological, sociological, physical and mental factors in illness"—a very worthy and seldom perfectly attained ideal—she described "the Non-White nurse as a good technician at the most, unable to discharge, either through training or in the care of the sick person, these functions of a nurse, viz. the psychological and sociological care of a patient" (except, of course, "to her own people"). We have, therefore, to choose between "a professional service to the people of South Africa or just a technical service on the lowest possible level as it exists today in all countries where nursing services are run by Non-Whites."

Unequal—Yet Competition

One might have supposed from this that the superior virtues of all White nurses over all Non-White nurses would obviate any question of competition for their services. Not a bit of it! Mrs. Searle hardly paused to draw breath before expounding the necessity of a colour bar, not merely to prevent Non-Whites obtaining supervisory posts but also to prevent "completely free competition which could wreck the nursing services." Mrs. Searle described with horror ("it only lasted for half an hour after I arrived on the scene") how she had thrice found Non-White staff nurses supervising non-White wards in which White student nurses also worked. "It was during a time of great shortage and they did it to keep the Non-European wards open." In future are they to shut in similar circumstances? And then she warned that the private employment of Non-European nurses "must be stopped" or else these "mere technicians" will undercut and debar the White nurse from private duty nursing altogether!

Finally, it was interesting to find Mrs. Searle and the Transvaal Administration at one about the danger of "swamping" in an "integrated" service. The Hospital Boards of such enlightened places as Wolmaransstad, Lydenburg, Krugersdorp, Klerksdorp (see their Group Area records) had embarked on a correspondence about swamping, enjoying refreshments together, attending meetings and social functions together and the "obviating of all irregularities such as, *inter alia*, equality." So the Transvaal Executive Committee endorsed "the traditional South African way of life, viz. that the European must hold his own separately." But the imposition of a legislative nursing colour bar and a ban on the private employment of Non-White nurses by Whites is one of the most explicit admissions yet made that "the European can hold his own" only by erecting artificial barriers to keep the "inferior" Non-White out.

THE SUEZ DEBACLE

THE merit of Paul Johnson's "The Suez War" lies not in any new light it sheds on the British action against Nasser, but on the clarity with which all the public and widely known facts are assembled together to produce a devastating indictment of the British Government. Here are recorded the acts of blundering imperial reaction which led Britain to its greatest military fiasco, and accompanying economic and political debacle. It is written, as so many press reporters' books are, in order to drive home a single, simple point. "Our leaders are guilty men. So long as they go unpunished, all of us are accessories after the fact." Johnson, assistant editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, hits hard at Eden and the Tories. "The ablest of his generation," he writes of Eden, "had been killed in Flanders; he soon won preferment in the Tory Party." And, as is to be expected from an experienced reporter, he makes the story

spring dramatically alive and gripping.

But, as so often happens with books by reporters rather than historians, the story is told on a rather shallow, superficial level. There is, for example, no explanation offered for the United States' policy towards Nasser and Suez, other than the personality and petty finaglings of John Foster Dulles. Dulles' dyspepsia, it would appear, is the reason for the sudden withdrawal of the U.S. offer to finance the building of the Aswan Dam, which set in motion the whole trail of events leading to the Suez War. In the same strain is the childish story that "... reading a copy of the British weekly 'Illustrated' (Hussein) saw an article entitled 'Glubb Pasha — Uncrowned King of Jordan. . . .' In a moment of childish anger after reading the article, Hussein ordered his dismissal." This piffling nonsense may serve the Sunday newspapers, but it is not to be expected in a supposedly serious study by a

serious writer. Nor can one condone the failure to mention, even in passing, the feelings and outlooks of the Egyptian people and government about events which, after all, concerned them more than anyone. This glaring omission serves to underline the insidious anti-Egyptian, anti-Nasser, flagwagging Britishism of Johnson's views, coupled with anti-Soviet prejudices which weakens Johnson's desperate and sincere attempt to indict the British Government, and so restore the honour and prestige of the British people, who, by and large, opposed Eden in his great adventure.

THE SUEZ WAR. By Paul Johnson. Published by MacGibbon & Kee. (With foreword by Aneurin Bevan.) 12s. —L.B.

HOWARD FAST TRIO

Howard Fast, at his best, is very, very good. But not even his most ardent admirers will be able to claim that his most recent works are anywhere near his best. That he is versatile is shown by the fact that his three most recent works are a play (*General Washington and the Water Witch*), a collection of short stories (*The Last Supper*), and a novel (*The Story of Lola Gregg*). But in none of them does he approach the great writing of which he is capable, and which reveals itself only in his historical novels.

Not that one can brush aside any of these recent works as worthless. They are far from that. But they are, perhaps, unworthy of the talent which created them. Of the play there is little to say. It is a fantasy, woven around that fateful moment at which Washington decided to lead the beaten, broken and battered remnants of the revolutionary army back across the Delaware River, to attack a vastly superior force of imperial troops—the moment which turned seemingly certain defeat into a crushing revolutionary victory. "My opinion," writes Fast in a foreword, "is that (in this work) he is a more truthful Washington than I presented in 'The Unvanquished.'" Perhaps so. Certainly he is more human, more given to human weaknesses than the cold, aloof character of 'The Unvanquished,' published at the beginning of World War II. But he is also a less heroic figure, a less historic figure than the earlier Fast portrait of the great bourgeois revolutionary leader. And therefore, it seems to me, a literary portrait of less validity and power than Fast's earlier one. The fantasy links the revolutionary past with the witch-hunt of revolutionary ideas of the present, making of Washington

not only yesterday's revolutionary hero, but also the symbol of today's revolutionary martyrs.

The theme of witch-hunting appears to have become something of an obsession with Fast. I say this not in criticism so much as in sorrow. The theme runs powerfully through the majority of the stories in "The Last Supper," and is the whole theme of "Lola Gregg." That it is so is understandable; Fast has been persecuted, hunted and imprisoned by the American witch-hunters. Such a life as his in the past ten years, such an hysteria as America's in the past ten years, cannot fail to leave deep-etched scars upon a writer of sensitivity and courage. But the witch-hunt is not—and never will be—the whole of life in America; it is the bitterest and the blackest part, but only part. An obsession with the dark, dying and decadent is an unlikely field for literature to flourish, especially when that literature is to be born from the pen of a man like Fast, whose whole mind and outlook seeks out the growing, living and flowering side of life.

Fast is too large an artist not to be aware that his latest work falls short of his strivings. "This little tale," he writes in an epilogue to "Lola Gregg," "suffers from the author's own experience. The making of literature is, in my opinion, a matter of reflection, contemplation and objectivity—but for more years than I care to recall, all of these have been denied me. The literature of agony, written at the moment of agony, has validity but not greatness. . . ." "Lola Gregg" is literature of agony, the tale of a Communist hunted by the F.B.I. and of the agony of his wife and family and friends, which ends in his own crucifixion at the altar of McCarthy Americanism. It is told in words of stark terror and tragedy: "The story . . . suffers," writes Fast in his epilogue, "because I know it so well and so currently; but perhaps the telling of it will help to end this long time of insanity we

have endured." Probably so. It IS difficult to write from such close quarters. And nowhere is this more apparent than in the final chapter of the story, which Fast himself describes as having "... a degree of melodramatic implausibility." For this chapter is based not on the generalised experience of life as interpreted through the artist's eyes, but on an actual incident which happened to an American Communist war hero, Robert Thompson. In this final lunatic act of a mad age, Thompson was brutally assaulted in prison by a fellow prisoner, a Croatian charged with a breach of the immigration laws, who hoped thus to demonstrate his thorough "Americanism," as it is defined by McCarthy mania. Perhaps there is, in the Lola Gregg version of this horror, validity. But certainly there is no greatness.

"The Last Supper," like most collections of short stories, is both good and bad in patches. At its best, as in "Christ in Cuernavaca," and "My Father," it is very good, producing all the great compassion and humanity of Fast at his best. Perhaps, significantly, both these stories keep off the well-trod path of the witch-hunt obsession. From this it does not follow that all the many stories about the witch-hunt fall short. Some do. But others, and, significantly again, those which are not so close to the reality of Fast's own life and agony, come close to his very best work. "Upraised Pinion" tells the tale of a former Communist who decides to make a deal with the F.B.I. at the expense of his comrades, while "A Walk Home" reverses the pattern to a profoundly moving story of the simple worker who refuses to deal in human lives with the F.B.I. because he places too high a value on his manhood.

Like everything he writes, this collection of Fast's short stories will help to "end this long period of insanity," and so restore the conditions of life in America in which Fast will once again produce the works of greatness and validity which were his before the insanity became endemic.

HOWARD FAST: *General Washington and the Water Witch*—a play in three acts, 11s. *The Last Supper and Other Stories. The Story of Lola Gregg*—a novel, 10s. 6d. All published by The Bodley Head. L.B.

PRESS and THE BOYCOTT

(Continued from Page 7)

organised by the African National Congress and it reacted to this intrusion of "political" influence into a "purely economic" dispute by wild allegations of intimidation and resentment among P.E. Africans. With some reason I felt in a better position to assess the facts than the writer. However, I have also had several years of writing letters to this paper and understand that the game must be played according to certain rules if you want to get published at all. I therefore tempered my length and language to what is usually acceptable. And I confined myself to correcting certain errors of fact in the editorial and to stressing the simple, if obvious, point that if African demands for redress of genuine economic grievances are always treated as a "trial of political strength," inevitably the demand must come for the radical alteration of the existing political system. This having been the course of the bus boycott dispute, I suggested that there was little point in continuing to differentiate between "economics" and "politics." I did not add, as indeed I felt, that the distinction had long lost any worthwhile meaning. But the letter went unpublished.

"Subbing" the Correspondence Columns

The second incident concerned the other paper which had much longer retained its "sympathy." When it reported the "contemptuous" rejection of the offer of the Chamber of Commerce and a consequent decline in White sympathy, I wrote to say that I thought this a pity—both because the Chamber's offer had been "ingenious" only from a White point of view, and hopelessly impractical in its then form from an African's, but also because the "contemptuous" meeting was open to other possible interpretations. I then went on to quote the first-hand account given me by a very experienced British journalist on whose judgement I completely rely. To him the most marked feature of the whole boycott campaign was its spontaneity, its growth from the roots up, the absence of any "imposed" leadership or tactics. The rejection meeting of March 1 was "contemptuous" only if it is regarded as "contempt" for Africans to go on fighting for **their** solution and to do so with ebullient good humour, near-unanimity, complete discipline and absence of violence.

The paper published my letter with its entire core missing, leaving only just some

amiable requests for continued White sympathy and a reference to Government intransigence. I do not at all imagine that every word I write is valuable or sacrosanct. But surely such mutilation of a signed letter deserved at least an acknowledgement that it had been abridged? If not, when is such an acknowledgement ever to be made? One knows that there are many occasions when harassed sub-editors have to cut to fit letters into available space. But the cuts in this letter were not in that category. Nor was the counter-interpretation of the "contemptuous" meeting offensively or even sharply phrased.

One is forced to comment that the fight for a "free" press would be more convincingly waged if that press would free itself, at least in its avowedly "free correspondence" columns, from some of its own inhibitions and special pressures on racially controversial topics—especially when "the Natives" look like asserting their own strength and rights, as Minister Schoeman's intransigent folly has taught them to do.

THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON AFRICAN LITERATURE

THE first pioneers who landed on Zulu soil wrote what might be described as a tourist's view of life in Zululand. Captain Allen Gardiner was one of those who visited Natal and Zululand during the last century, and he is known for the books he wrote in English, like his "Journey to the Zulu Country," in which he described Zulu social organisation and the strong bias in favour of military organisation and discipline. It is to Allen Gardiner that we are indebted for the pictures and descriptions of the Zulu personalities which are in James Stuart's Zulu books.

The first Zulu literature emerged about 60 years ago, near the close of the 19th century. Stuart's books ranged from Zulu legend and mythology to historical accounts. He reduced to writing many of the "Iziniganekwane" (tales and fables) and would earn the name of the Zulu Aesop. His "Vusezakithi" (Reviver of our own stories) is based wholly on these fables. Then, in his "Hlangakhula," he occasionally relates a true event in Zulu history. It is in these works that we find the preservation of the Zulu verse work "Izibongo," the praises to the important Zulu kings.

Taking Roots

For two or three decades after the publication of Stuart's books there was no work of any consequence in Zulu literature. It was not until Dr. John L. Dube, the founder and former

principal of the Ohlange Institute, published his "Intsila ka Shaka," which ranks very high among Zulu literary works, that Zulu writing began to grow firm roots. From about 1930 onwards, we find a constant stream of new writers employing a variety of themes and styles, all making their contribution to Zulu literature. While Stuart was an Englishman, the modern Zulu writers are almost without exception Zulu-speaking Africans.

Dr. Dube's "Intsila ka Shaka" is patterned as a novel although some critics contest that it not one. It has its setting and background in Zululand. It depicts life at the Zulu court and portrays Zulu gallantry very well. Other works by Dr. Dube are "Isitha Somuntu Nguye Uqobo Lwakhe" (A Black Man's Enemy is Himself); and "Ukuziphatha Kahle" (Good Manners). Both these are didactic and moral essays.

In the early thirties appeared the first works of Mr. R. R. R. Dhlomo, the present editor of the Zulu weekly, "Ilanga Lase Natal." He has specialised in historical novels, portraying Zulu monarchs like "Ushaka," "UDingane," "UMpande" and, lately, "UCetshwayo." His works are written in good prose, but as historical works they have the weakness of being incomplete and dependant on Zulu history as told by the White historian. Dhlomo's books, as almost all Zulu

works, are written for use in the schools. They have to be passed by the Literature Committee of the Bantu Education Department. This might explain some of the obvious omissions of certain events in Zulu history. Apart from the historical novels, Dhlomo has written "Indlela Yababi," in which he ridicules the morals of African youth in the cities and paradoxically portrays the virtues of the old way of life—the humble existence in the kraal.

works, are written for use in the schools. They have to be passed by the Literature Committee of the Bantu Education Department. This might explain some of the obvious omissions of certain events in Zulu history.

Apart from the historical novels, Dhlomo has written "Indlela Yababi," in which he ridicules the morals of African youth in the cities and paradoxically portrays the virtues of the old way of life—the humble existence in the kraal.

First Novels and Poetry

In the late thirties the late Dr. B. Wallet Vilakazi emerged on the literary scene. He was a Doctor of Literature and a brilliant scholar of Bantu philology and linguistics, a lecturer in Bantu studies at the University of the Witwatersrand. He introduced a new feature into the realm of Zulu literature. His work "Inkondlo ka Zulu" was a book of Zulu verse modelled after the great works of the English 18th and 19th century poets, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Byron and others. Most of Vilakazi's poems are works of "art for art's sake." Except in a few cases, he does not portray the life of the Zulu people, their suffering, their pleasure, their hopes and fears. He wrote about Nature and the glory of the Great Kings. Vilakazi is also the first man to introduce a true Zulu novel. His "Noma Nini" is a brilliant romantic novel with its background in

(Continued on Back Page)

ZULU WRITING

(Continued from Page 15)

the Groutville Mission Reserve, during the early years of civilisation in Natal. Incidentally, Umvoti, better known as Groutville, was the birthplace of Dr. Vilakazi. Vilakazi also wrote "uDinisiswayo ka Jobe," a historical novel about the prominent chief of the Mtetwa tribe and at one time the most powerful tribe in Natal, later conquered and annexed to the Zulu tribe by Shaka. His other novel, "Nje Nempela," is based on Bambata's armed resistance of 1906. It is well plotted and the use of language is very good. In collaboration with his colleague, Dr. C. M. Doke, Vilakazi also produced a Zulu-English dictionary.

Eman H. Made is another writer who has made a name for himself. He started writing by producing "Amaqawwe Omlando," a survey of European history from Julius Caesar to Alfred the Great. His novel, "Indlal'fa Yase Harrisdale," is well written and he produced also a collection of poems entitled "Umthi Wokwazi Nezinye Izingoma." He has been writing consistently since the publication of his first books, and his later works show great improvement.

C. L. Nyembezi, a professor of African Studies at Fort Hare, has written "Mtanami Mtanami" (My Child, My Child), which is considered the best Zulu novel to date. He depicts the changing scene in African life from the patriarchal and pastoral economy to the industrial and capitalist economy, and its attendant evils. His pen has also produced "Ubudoda Abukhulelwa," a captivating novel.

The 'forties saw quite a number of new writers on the scene. To mention only a few, B. J. Malinga wrote "Umbazwane" and other works, L. Mcwango wrote "Manhla"; J. W. Nxumalo wrote "Uzwelonke" and I wrote "Inqaba ka Mabelemade."

In the field of poetry, too, others have followed Vilakazi and Made,

among them the late Mihembu, Kunene and Dhlamini.

Drama has been neglected to some extent in Zulu literature. Ndebele's "UGubudela ka No Matshali" is a fine play, cleverly written, which is based on an old Zulu legend of a man who outwitted the cannibals. Other works in drama are translations from English. K. E. Masinga, a Zulu announcer at the Durban station of the S.A.B.C., has produced a few Shakespearean plays translated into Zulu. Another man who has translated Shakespeare is O. Shange.

Zulu literature is still in its infancy, but there is no doubt that in the last 20 years it has made tremendous strides. Writers first produced collections of short, unrelated stories, mostly about old Zulu history and folklore. After Dr. Vilakazi's "Noma Nini" writers have produced stories with good plots and far more original and imaginative in conception. They have drawn their plots by and large from rich Zulu history, though many have plotted their stories from the changing social and economic conditions of African society.

Censorship

However, African writers have thus far not been able to interpret African life as it truly obtains today. Their characters are those of the mine boy, baffled and afterwards corrupted by city life. They have not yet characterised a Mandela, educated, independent and politically victimised. They have not yet created an Alexander, rich, successful and prosperous in business.

It is obvious why the writers avoid such plots and characters. These books would not be accepted by the Literature Committee and the only market of consequence for Zulu books is the schools. The picture painted by writers might be accurate of the present day South Africa but, even if real, such themes would illuminate the situation that official policy tries to suppress: the emergence of Africans to full equality with other South Africans, despite attempts to keep them in perpetual subjugation.

FINEST VALUE IN PIPES

DR. MACNAB

FILTER

SELECTED
BRIAR



STEWART'S

REXALL PHARMACY

S. JOFFE, M.P.S.

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

280a, LOUIS BOTHA AVENUE
ORANGE GROVE
Phones 45-6243/4

LIBRARY THEATRE

Opening May 18th

at 8.30 p.m.

Cecil Williams

presents

The Strong are Lonely

"Emphatically the best
play in London . . ."

— The Times.

Booking at Show Service,

PHONE 22-8232

Standard Furnishing

(Pty.) Ltd.

30d, 30e, VOORTREKKER STREET
AND 35a, PRINCE'S AVENUE
BENONI

For The Best In Furniture

Perfect Writing

Instruments

Burnham



Your friend
for life!