

FIGHTING TALK

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SEPTEMBER, 1962

Journey to Rebel Angola



Writers of Africa

ZEKE MPHAHLELE



THE SHAKY GRANITE WALL

“No Easy Walk to Freedom”

Nelson Mandela

PROFILE BY MARY BENSON



'So it was in 1960 . . . when it seemed that the movement for liberation must surely be numbed by the long imprisonments of the Emergency that the time was ripe for a fresh lead, and a man was ripe for the moment . . .'

Nelson Mandela

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela might easily have been one of those chiefs who are puppets of the Republican Government, with a steady income, a shiny motorcar, and sycophantic followers; or he might have been a lawyer functioning within the framework of apartheid, living in a comfortable middle-class home, and finding an outlet for humiliation in sport and jazz. He MIGHT have been — but for his strength of character and independence of mind and his responsiveness to people's sufferings and the imperative need for justice — so that today, instead, he is on trial and treated like a criminal by the Government, AND respected by millions of people throughout the world who have been inspired to hear of his heroic opposition to the tyranny of that Government.

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Considering the perilous life he was to lead underground, it is comic to look back on his childhood in the early 'twenties when, as the son of a Tembu chief near Umtata, he found his strict tradition-bound life singularly dull, and envied the exploits of his more pebeian friends — such as stealing a pig and taking it to the forest to kill and roast and eat. But he enjoyed listening to cases in the tribal court and dreamed of becoming a lawyer. The seeds of rebellion against injustice were already sown when he went to Fort Hare in 1938 (after attending Clarkebury and Healdtown, the Methodist schools) and before he had completed his B.A. he was involved in a student strike against the authorities, who had reduced the powers of the Students' Representative Council. He and his friend, Oliver Tambo, were among those who were suspended. Back at the royal capital, Maseru, Nelson found that his cousin and guardian, the Paramount Chief, was planning a tribal marriage for him. He promptly fled to Johannesburg where, of all things, he became a mine policeman, sitting at the compound gate, clutching his "badges" of office — a whistle and a knobkerrie! However it was only for two days, as a telegram from the Paramount Chief tracked him down and he had to hide again. So naive was he that his ambition was to become a clerk in the Native Affairs Department but he had no idea how to set about getting a job, and when a friend said, "I'll take you to Sisulu, he might be able to suggest something", he was grateful. Walter Sisulu heard of his early ambition to become a lawyer and, much impressed by him, arranged with the aid of Gaur Radebe for Mandela to be articles to a firm of Jewish lawyers. (It is typical of Mandela's generosity towards political opponents that he gives due credit for this to Radebe today — a lesser man would have chosen to forget it.) At much the same time Sisulu gave similar help to another new arrival in the city, Oliver Tambo, and the three men became close friends.

During those turbulent war-time years, the three young men, with Lem-

bede, Mbata and Mda, founded the Youth League of the now-banned African National Congress, dedicated to galvanise the Congress into action, moved by the spirit of African nationalism. Mandela at this time was a tall striking athletic young man, meticulously dressed, aloof, strongly anti-communist and anti co-operation with Indians and Whites, as indeed were all the Youth League. But experience broadened him as he made friends at the University of the Witwatersrand — among them a fellow-law student, Ismail Meer, and Ruth First — and as he discovered that "White men could fight for the Africans" when he put Michael Scott up in his house for two weeks at the time when Scott was involved in the Tobruk shanty-town upheavals.

As soon as the Youth League's coup to replace Dr. Xuma by Dr. Moroka had

Profile
by
MARY BENSON

succeeded, and its dramatic Programme of Action had been accepted by the now-banned A.N.C., the great Defiance Campaign of 1952 could be planned. Mandela was a key figure in planning and in action — National Volunteer-in-Chief. His opponents accuse him of leaving to followers the self-sacrifice of defying and imprisonment, but for one thing his role was to tour the country organising, and for another the very nature of his activity was likely to result in arrest. Soon he and twelve other African and Indian leaders were in fact, on trial, charged under the Suppression of Communism Act and given suspended prison sentences. And the measure of the Government's fear of his ability was that he was placed under a fierce triple ban — banned forever from the A.N.C., banned from attending meetings (a ban that was regularly renewed) and, fur-

ther, restricted to Johannesburg district for two years. As a measure of African confidence in his ability, the Transvaal A.N.C. had elected him President-General, a role he could barely fulfil before the bans took effect. The great achievement of the Defiance Campaign is now history; the part played in it by Indians and by the handful of Whites, completed the transformation of Mandela's formerly narrow exclusive nationalism into a constructive force.

While bans and other forms of persecution showered thick and fast on opponents of the Government, the law firm of Mandela and Tambo, who had set up practice together in 1952, was active all over the country — defending many of the women arrested in the anti-pass campaigns for instance. During those years, anyone meeting Mandela for the first time might have been forgiven for writing him off as a handsome, rather superficial, but likeable well-dressed young man. They could not have known that he had conceived the M Plan — the basis for political organising — and that, restricted as he was, his acknowledged work had to be in the legal field — unspectacular. He is in any event a self-effacing man, sharing with his friends a dislike of the personality cult — the "charismatic" type of leadership that can undoubtedly help to unite followers but has obvious dangers.

It was during the long years of the Treason Trial that onlookers began to take notice of Mandela. It was not only that he, with Duma Nokwe, distinguished himself when the defence team withdrew during the 1960 Emergency and

left the defence in their hands during those tense months, it was not just the articulate attack of his evidence and the political intelligence this showed; it was something much deeper; it was a question of growth, and all sorts of people quite apart from friends or supporters of the freedom movement suddenly became aware of it and began to refer to "Mandela's increasing stature." It is, incidentally a quality clearly apparent in Lutuli's life, how over the years he has responded to challenge and grown through his response. So many men shrink into negation, or pull out of politics with one excuse or another, in face of the prolonged persecution and the frequent setbacks, but Mandela is one who does not get deterred, indeed is positively stimulated by obstacles. There is no doubt that although his growth has been partly due to his own integration, to his confidence in the justice of the cause, and to his development in political experience and knowledge, it is also due to the inspiration and support — as he puts it — of his wife, Winnie, the beautiful Pondo welfare worker, whom he married in 1958, and who immediately after their marriage took part in the women's spirited anti-pass campaign, and with Mrs. Nokwe, Mrs. Sisulu and hundreds more, was imprisoned, briefly, and emerged to continue, with them, working in the Women's Federation.

So it was that in 1960, when the ANC and PAC had been outlawed, and it seemed that the movement for liberation must surely be numbed by the long imprisonments of the Emergency, that the

time was ripe for a fresh lead, and a man was ripe for the moment. It was at this historic time that the bans preventing Mandela from attending gatherings expired and were the first time in 9 years not renewed, and he was chosen to be the main speaker at the All-In African Conference in Pietermaritzburg in 1961. After the long imposed silence it came as a revelation that he was so fine and forceful a speaker — one foreign journalist who had travelled widely in Africa and heard all the great leaders remarked, "a brilliant speaker — magnetic." The Conference — comprised of an unprecedented cross-section of townspeople and delegates from Pondoland, Zululand and other traditional centres — elected him leader of the National Action Council; the rest is recent history. The qualities exemplified by Mandela's activity during his 15 months underground, are a selfless dedication, a militant and constructive patriotism, and courage underlying great daring. But the portrait of him would not be complete without reference to his gentleness — remarkable in a man who was an aggressive boxer and gymnast — which is apparent in relations with his children; and his generosity, apparent in his readiness to listen to critics; and his gaiety, a reassurance in the midst of tension.

Now that Mandela has been captured by the forces whom he superbly eluded for 15 months, of one thing we can be sure, that he and his wife, Winnie, will show the same blazing courage that has so moved their friends during these desperate times.

No Easy Walk to Freedom

Nelson Mandela was a central figure in the 4 year long Treason Trial, acquitted at the end of it. A number of speeches and documents written by him were cited as evidence against him, among them a speech "NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM", extracts of which are published below to remind readers of the political issues involved in that trial. The extracts are taken from the Trial official record, on page 945 and onwards.

The Language of Action

"Since 1921 and year after year thereafter, in their homes and local areas, in provincial and national gatherings, on trains and buses, in the factories and on the farms, in cities, villages, shantytowns, schools and prisons, the African people have discussed the shameful misdeeds of those who rule the country. Year after year they have raised their voices in condemning the grinding poverty of the people, the low wages, the acute shortage of land, the inhuman exploitation and the whole policy of White domination. But instead of more freedom, repression began to grow in volume and intensity and it seemed that all their sacrifices would end in smoke and dust . . . Today the entire country knows that their labours were not in vain, for a new spirit and new ideas

have gripped our people. Today the people speak the language of action: There is a mighty awakening among the men and women of our country

(Then followed material on the Defiance Campaign.)

Flag in Every Battlefield

By the end of the year (the year referred to was 1952) more than 8,000 people of all races had defied. The Campaign called for immediate and heavy sacrifices. Workers lost their jobs, chiefs and teachers were expelled from the service, doctors, lawyers, and businessmen gave up their practices and businesses and elected to go to jail. Defiance was a step of great political significance . . . It inspired and aroused our people from a conquered and servile community of "yes-men" to a militant

and uncompromising band of comrades-in-arms. The entire country was transformed into battle zones where the forces of liberation were locked in immortal conflict against those of reaction and evil. Our flag flew in every battlefield and thousands of our countrymen rallied around it.

Today we are under totally different conditions. By the end of July last year (1952) the campaign had reached a stage where it had to be suppressed by the Government or it would impose its own policies on the country. The Government launched its reactionary offensive, and struck at us.

(The speech then detailed the arrest and trial of Congress leaders, the passing of the Public Safety and Criminal Law Amendment Acts 'which would permit of the most pitiless methods of suppressing our movement.')

'WE ARE PRISONERS IN OUR OWN COUNTRY BECAUSE WE

DARED TO RAISE OUR VOICE ...'

We had to analyse the dangers that faced us, formulate plans to overcome them and evolve new plans of political struggle. A political movement must keep in touch with reality and the prevailing conditions.

Long speeches, the shaking of fists, the banging of tables and strongly worded resolution out of touch with the objective conditions do not bring about mass action and can do a great deal of harm to the organisations and the struggles we serve. The masses had to be prepared and made ready for new forms of political struggle. We had to recuperate our strength and muster our forces for another and more powerful offensive against the enemy. To have gone ahead blindly as if nothing had happened would have been suicidal and stupid.

New Forms of Struggle

The Defiance Campaign with its thrills and adventure, has receded. The old methods of bringing about mass action through public meetings, press statements and leaflets calling upon the people to go into action have become extremely dangerous and difficult to use effectively. The authorities will not easily permit the calling of a meeting under the auspices of the A.N.C.; few newspapers will publish statements openly criticising the policies of the Government.

These developments require the evolution of new forms of political struggle which will make it reasonable for us to strive for action on a higher level than the Defiance Campaign. The government, alarmed by the indomitable upsurge of national consciousness, is doing everything in its power to crush our movement by removing the genuine representatives of the people from the organisations . . .

(The speech then dealt with bannings and proscriptions of Congress leaders.)

Meanwhile, the living conditions of the people, already extremely difficult, are worsening and becoming unbearable. The attitude of the Government to us is: Let's beat them down with guns and batons and trample them under our feet. We must be ready to drown the whole country in blood if only there is the slightest chance of preserving white supremacy. But there is nothing inherently superior about the herrenvolk idea of the supremacy of the Whites . . .

In Africa . . . the entire continent is seething with discontent, and already there are powerful revolutionary eruptions in the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Tunisia, Kenya, the Rhodesias and South Africa. The oppressed people and the oppressors are at loggerheads. The day of reckoning between the forces of freedom and those of reaction is not very far off.

The intensification of repression . . . is designed to immobilise every active worker and to wreck the national liberation movement. But gone are the days when harsh and wicked laws provided the oppressors with years and peace and quiet. The racial policies of the Government have pricked the conscience of all men of good will and aroused their deepest indignation. The feelings of the oppressed people have never been more bitter. If the ruling circles seek to strengthen their position by such inhuman methods then a clash between the forces of freedom and those of reaction is certain. The grave plight of the people compels them to resist to the death the . . . policies of the gangsters that rule our country. In spite of the difficulties, we have won important victories.

. . . Action has become the language of the day. The ties between the working people and the Congress have been greatly strengthened. This is a development of the highest importance for in a country such as ours a political organisation that does not receive the support of the workers is in fact paralysed on the very ground on which it has chosen to wage battle.

(The speech then dealt with the M plan to consolidate the machinery of the Congress, to build the local branches, to extend and strengthen the ties between the organisation and the people.)

Bright and Shining Instrument

From now on the activity of the Congressites must not be confined to speeches and resolutions. Their activities must find expression in wide-scale work among the masses, work which will enable them to make the greatest possible contact with the working people.

(There was a warning against place-seekers, splitters, saboteurs, agent-provocateurs, informers and even policemen who had infiltrated into the ranks of the Congress.)

In Congress there are still shady characters who masquerade as progressives but are in fact the bitterest enemies of the organisation. Outside appearances are highly deceptive, and we cannot classify these men by looking at their faces or listening to their sweet tongues, or by their vehement speeches demanding immediate action. The friends of the people are distinguishable by the ready and disciplined manner in which they rally behind their organisations, and their readiness to sacrifice when the preservation of the organisation becomes a matter of life and death . . .

To overthrow oppression has been sanctioned by humanity and is the highest aspiration of every free man. Ko-

tane, Marks, Bopape, Tloome and I have been banned from attending meetings and we cannot join and counsel you on the serious problems that are facing our country. We have been banned because we champion the freedom of the oppressed people of our country and because we have consistently fought against the policy of racial discrimination in favour of a policy which accords fundamental human rights to all . . . We are prisoners in our own country because we dared to raise our voice . . .

You can see there is no easy walk to freedom anywhere and many of us will have to pass through the valley of the shadow of death again and again before we reach the mountain tops of our desires. Dangers and difficulties have not deterred us in the past, they will not frighten us now. But we must be prepared for them like men who mean business and who do not waste energy in vain talk and idle action. The way of preparation for action lies in our rooting out all impurity and indiscipline from our organisation and making it the bright and shining instrument that will cleave its way to Africa's freedom."

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THE SHAKY GRANITE WALL

"Other countries continually predict unrest and even violence in South Africa . . . but South Africa enjoys stability, rest and peace," Dr. Verwoerd told the Nationalists at Dundee the other day. (*Rand Daily Mail*, August 13, 1962). Stability, prosperity, strength. That is the image of South Africa which millions of public money — and through the Foundation a lot of private money too — is being spent to project throughout the world.

It finds a reflection in the most unlikely quarters.

"The rulers of South Africa have the most powerful army on the whole African continent, they control the country almost completely through the police force, the economy is sound, and at present there seems no way in which to shake them." Thus Mr. Jordan Ngubane, vice-president of the Liberal Party, addressing a meeting in Cape Town. (*Contact*, 26th July, 1962.)

And, in the *Sunday Times* (July 15, 1962) Mr. Julius Lewin writes that prophecies of revolution and disaster are "fatuous." The country's economy is bounding vigorously ahead, he argues; opposition political organisations are "ineffective" and lacking in "wise leadership"; condemnation of apartheid by African States and the United Nations will never express itself in action or intervention. Liberals and democrats should forget about "big structural changes in South Africa" and content themselves "if only for our own peace of mind" with seeking "smaller, limited changes."

A tranquillising picture; most reassuring to prospective foreign investors and would-be immigrants. Why then is the Government and its new public relations men, Waring and Trollip, finding such extraordinary difficulty selling it?

The answer is twofold.

Firstly, it just isn't true.

And, secondly, the Government itself, as shown by all its current major actions, just doesn't believe it for one moment.

NIGHTMARE OF FEAR

The South African government and its white supremacy state are in a shaky position — and they know it.

When Fouché demanded a huge increase to R60 million for defence, no one in Parliament believed his fairy tale about a threatened invasion of the Republic. It is no longer considered politic for Nationalist defence ministers to come right out in the open and say — as Erasmus said more than once — that the army and the arms are for "shooting down the black masses." But Parliament voted the money all right — they knew what it was for. For the same purpose that the Government and the Nationalist Party are campaigning to arm and mobilise the entire white population, men and women. Because of the nightmare of insurrection that haunts them day and night.

Referring to the "beastly system" of suppression, which makes "living ghosts" of opponents of the Nationalist Government, the *London Times* asks "What is the reason for such intensification of defensive measures?"

"It is fear of the ultimate consequences."

The *Times* is right. These are signs not of strength and confidence, but of weakness and fear bordering on panic.

Verwoerd and his henchmen are a government of frightened men.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT

They show it, not only in the straight repressive measures which are converting South Africa into an armed camp,

living on its nerves in a permanent state of emergency; but also in a whole series of other measures which betray the fundamental jitteriness, bordering on hysteria, which is the present state of mind of Verwoerd and his henchmen.

Perhaps the outstanding example is the extraordinary "Bantustan" adventure.

A careful study of the Transkei plan will show clearly that the whole thing is a fraud — a travesty of independence and self-rule.

But we are used to fraud from the Nats. What is new and significant is that they have felt compelled, with such enormous trouble and ballyhoo, to launch this particular scheme at this time, to play with such infinitely perilous and explosive concepts as democracy and self-government for Africans, to concede in principle that Africans have the right and the capacity to govern.

Let us remember with what infinite scorn and dark misgivings that Nationalist leaders and their newspapers reacted but a few years ago when Britain, France and Belgium were compelled to concede various degrees of formal political independence in their African colonies. How we were told that they were handing over to a bunch of savages, unfit to govern; endangering White civilisation; plunging Africa into chaos.

True, you may say, they are not giving real independence to the Transkei or anywhere else; they are not really conceding any self-government; for they are taking good care to keep the reins in their own hands. But the essence is

that they are pretending to give independence; they are pretending to do exactly what, only the other day, they were shrilly condemning the west-European colonialist for doing.

Have they undergone a change of heart? Not on your life. No more than the British, French or Belgians underwent a change of heart. Just as they did, they are retreating — reluctantly, grudgingly, fraudulently, but nevertheless retreating — and for the same reasons.

Looked at from the point of view of the Nationalists, the Bantustan adventure offers no immediate benefit to the White Supremacy State. It is a gamble; an incalculable and dangerous experiment.

It is a panic measure, born of fear.

WOONG THE VOTELESS

Traditionally, and for as long as we can remember it, the Nationalist Party has shown the most arrogant contempt and disregard for the opinions, the humane feelings and the goodwill of the voteless Non-White people. "Die Kaffer op sy plek en die Koelie uit die land", was the traditional slogan of the platteland Nat. politician; they thrived on crude illusions of white superiority and contempt for others; and they stoked up racial arrogance among the voters with the same reckless disregard as they spat in the faces of the voteless.

I am far from suggesting that, fundamentally, the Nats have abandoned any of these attitudes, which are part of their very fibre and political being. Their arrogance and white chauvinism betrays itself in every action and gesture; they think they are being noble and generous when they condescend to refrain from kicking a black man.

But one would have to be blind not to see the very remarkable change which is coming about in Nat and Government public behaviour; how much more cautious and circumspect they are forcing themselves to be. Police and government officials are told to be "courteous and tactful" in dealing with Africans. Even to call them Mr. "Your pass, please, Mr. Dhlamini" — can you imagine? Of course, the essence of the thing is the reality of oppression, not the words in which it is clothed, but it would be unreal to disregard the meaning of these verbal concessions.

They are straws in the wind of change.

A few years ago the Nats would have scorned the idea of spending hard money to make propaganda among people who can't vote. Their only reply to Non-White discontent was repression and more repression. Quite obviously they couldn't care less how unpopular they were among Africans, Coloured and Indian people.

The shaky granite wall

(Continued from previous page)

Of course the fundamental reason for their unpopularity was their totally unacceptable policies of apartheid, white supremacy, ever-increasing white privileges and concessions at the expense of the others; policies which are utterly irreconcilable with the interests and aspirations of the masses. And the government is not prepared to scrap or essentially modify these policies; therefore any attempt to popularise the Nationalist Party among the Non-Whites is doomed to failure.

But this does not stop them trying. Never before have we witnessed such attempts, using all the resources of modern, high-powered publicity techniques, to "sell" the government to the voteless people.

"RADIO BANTU"

How effective is "Radio Bantu?" I wouldn't know. What we do know is that that SABC is keeping several full-time channels on the air in the African languages — at the expense, mainly, of the White listener, in the form of increased licence-fees, ruthless economies and a steep cut in the quality of broadcasts.

Something new, this. Hitherto the Nationalists have always plugged the notorious theory that the Africans, whose labour creates most of the wealth and so-called prosperity of South Africa, are already being over-"subsidised" by the Whites, and hence must pay for all "their own" services, education, etc., themselves. No doubt "Radio Bantu" is intended, primarily, not for the benefit of the Africans but of the Nats. and their white supremacy state.

But the fact is that, for a change, it is not the Africans but the Whites who are paying for it. And it offers no immediate advantage to the voters.

A lot of Nat. money has been sunk into "Elethu" and other pro-Government organs designed for Non-Whites. No doubt the investors hope, at some stage to profit thereby. But there can be no doubt that the primary motive is not profit but propaganda.

Take the sudden reversal of the liquor laws to allow Africans legally to buy spirits and other potables previously exclusively reserved "Net vir Blankes." Of course the wine-farmers and bottle stores are jubilant. But what has happened to all the strenuous opposition of the Nationalist Party to precisely this measure, voiced so stubbornly all down the years? It has melted away in the face of the overmastering need to remove the "pinpricks" — i.e. to remove "unnecessary" acts of discrimination which do not directly sustain the structure of white political and economic domination, African cheap labour and landlessness — the essence of apartheid.

There are other stranger new phenomena in Nat.-ridden South Africa.

Take the appointment of the "English-speaking Nats." to the Cabinet. "A shrewd move," said the wiseacre newspaper commentators. But did they think of the strong-arm methods — and the bitter home truths — Dr. Verwoerd had to use on the loyal, and ambitious, Nat. upper ranks to get them to swallow this promotion, over their heads, of two undistinguished Sappe, who only joined the Nationalist Party after and on condition of their Cabinet appointments?

Was this a mark of a strong and confident ruling Party? No, it was a sign of weakness and uncertainty. It was done because it was felt to be expedient, not because it was "known" (as Verwoerd always used to "know") that it was right. **A crack in the granite.**

Take the approval of Mr. Deane as workers' delegate to the ILO. The Nated white steel workers complained bitterly at allowing a Non-White to represent South Africa's workers abroad, although they knew full well that he went not to criticise apartheid but to make excuses for it. And that the government was hoping that a Non-White salesman for white baasskap might get a hearing where a White man would not. In fact he had little success, for his "product" was unsaleable — but that he was sent at all, with state approval and passport, would have been scarcely conceivable but a few years back. **Another crack.**

Take Mr. Maree and his Department of Asiatic Affairs. The intention is the same as ever—to drive the Indian population into ghettos and ruin them economically. But now, combined with the iron fist of the group areas board, we have the velvet glove of "courteous" efforts to woo bourgeois and potential quisling elements among the Indian community and drive a wedge into its midst.

One could multiply examples, all pointing in the same direction.

NO LETTING UP

What do these things show?

Most certainly they do NOT show that the Nats have the slightest intention of letting up on a single one of the fundamental pillars of apartheid; of giving the people land, votes, freedom, education, higher wages, skilled jobs or any of the other necessities which they are crying out and dying for the lack of.

But they do show that, though they are not in fact making concessions, they are now anxious to give the appearance of making concessions. And this is in itself of the most far-reaching significance in a Party which always boasted of its rigidity and its refusal to manoeuvre, which but yesterday announced the policy of the granite wall, and which never tired of repeating that "if you give the Native a finger he will want the whole hand."

We need not deceive ourselves that the Nationalists have been persuaded, at last, that the rest of the world is

right and they are wrong; that they have repented of their past and resolved to amend their evil ways.

They have done no such thing. They say they are determined to defend White Supremacy, stolen land and big profits to the last ditch — and they mean it. Hence the militarisation and the mobilisation, the Nazi laws and the police dictatorship.

But — and this is the new thing — the Nats today are overcome with profound doubts as to their ability to hold that last ditch, and they betray these doubts in all their actions.

They don't believe in their own highly-advertised picture of stability and impregnability. They are afraid; afraid of the people whom they misgovern; afraid of imminent revolution.

ARE THEY FATUOUS?

Are the Nats justified in these fears? Or are they merely being "fatuus", as Mr. Lewin would put it, conjuring up unreal dangers from their own bad consciences?

Which is the true image of South Africa? Is it the expensively-advertised picture of stability, harmony and progress presented by the State Information Department, or that of a country on the verge of insurrection which so clearly emerges from the panicky emergency actions of the government?

To those who have an eclectic or localised view of history, such questions will depend mainly on their own subjective frame of mind. A wave of strikes and demonstrations will convince them that revolution is "round the corner." When the state, resorting to brute force and widespread repression, survives the crisis, they will be equally convinced that the government is "immovable" — though all the factors which led to the strikes and demonstrations still operate, and the force and repression has merely driven the leaders underground and steeled their resolution.

But those with a true historical sense will discard their own personal emotions, and study objectively all the significant features in a given situation, in its time and place.

Central to any present discussion of our problems are the facts that we are living in Africa at a period when our whole Continent is in the throes of revolution. And this sweeping, and successful, revolution is directed precisely for freedom and independence from foreign rule and White supremacy.

Any assessment of the permanency and stability of white minority rule here which does not start with these facts is bound to be false and misleading.

The might and fire-power of the South African state?

It is far less than that of the French in Algeria, backed by the highly-industrialised economy of metropolitan France itself.

The rapid progress and development of our economy?

It is fundamentally lopsided and unstable, based on colonial-type exploitation. (Continued on page 7, column 1)

Bantustans: where is the money?

"Separate development", "self-rule" for the "Bantu Homelands" — these are the current clichés which have taken the place of "trusteeship", "guardianship", "civilizing mission." But the policy is still the same. Separate development is still segregation: the Bantu Homelands are still the same inadequate reserves and self-rule still allows the Republican government the final say.

Could the granting of self-government nevertheless set the stage for change? Could it produce new situations; could it introduce new dynamic factors; could it become favourable for liberation? This problem must be examined politically, sociologically and economically, and this article is concerned with the economic implications.

In general, the success of the proposal to grant self-government even on a moderate scale must depend on the government's ability to promote economic growth of a high order. Coupling the need for economic development with political independence, the government recently announced five steps to be undertaken to foster economic growth. They are:

- the development of agriculture, especially the production of raw materials;
- the utilisation of the Bantu Investment Corporation and a five year plan for industrial development;

The Shaky Granite Wall

(Continued from previous page)

tion of cheap African labour. The "prosperity" is confined to a small minority; while those who actually create the wealth starve amidst the luxury they have produced; while their wages are rigidly pegged in contrast with ever-rising commodity prices. This is not a stabilising factor, but a source of further unrest and disequilibrium.

The vigorous suppression of liberation and democratic movements?

It is here indeed that we come to the core of the myth of the stability and impregnability of the South African regime.

For in driving the Non-White leaders and their movements underground, in forbidding their activities under the most extreme penalties up to death itself, Verwoerd and Vorster are not only advertising their own lack of confidence, their inability to continue governing by means that display at least the outward trappings of democracy. They are also forging the means of their own destruction. They are ensuring that the movements which they proscribe will be purged of all impractical chatterboxes and careerists, temporisers and weaklings. That it will be purposeful, heroic and victorious.

This government is neither strong nor stable; it is inherently weak, vacillating and frightened.

The sooner the people realise this weakness and their own strength, the sooner the shaky edifice of baasskap will come tumbling down like a house of cards.

That is why those, however well-meaning, who help to propagate the myth of "stability" are doing a disservice to freedom, prolonging the agony of South Africa.

- the establishment of a special Development Corporation for the Transkei;
- the energetic promotion of border industries;
- the creation of towns in Bantu areas where wages earned in "White" areas could be spent.

Let us examine these proposals in respect of the Transkei, the first 'Bantu Homeland' to be granted self-government.

Falling Yield

In 1932, the average yield of maize in the Transkei was 4 bags per morgen. A family then was able to produce 16 bags per annum and its requirements were estimated at 15 bags. For more than a generation attempts have been made to increase the production; but the Tomlinson Commission found out that the yield had not increased at all and that a family could produce only 8.6 bags per annum as there was less land available. The balance has to be imported, bought from the local trader out of money earned outside the reserves. The latest figure available (1960) for production in all reserves is only 2.07 bags per morgen.

A new policy has been adopted. Since it will further the application of apartheid in urban areas if the Transkei can carry a larger population than at present, plus/minus one half the families there are to be removed from the land, leaving the remainder to earn a living by farming 'full economic units', i.e. units which will enable them to earn at least R120 per annum.

Making More Landless

Approximately 700,000 men, women and children must be shifted off the land in the Transkei, and jobs found for 140,000 breadwinners. Where are these jobs to be found, if urban centres like Cape Town are closed? One source will be in a top-heavy bureaucratic administration, paid for by the poor peasants. The 'sons and daughters of the Transkei' who have strayed to the cities are to be brought home to become administrative officials.

The area around Umtata has possibilities for industrial development. Here is water, transport, low grade coal, labour. But according to Prof. Houghton, writing in 1961 the last decade has produced only a furniture factory and a few brick kilns. Industrialists rule out the possibility of the development of heavy industry, but secondary and ter-

tiary industries might be developed. As European entrepreneurs are prohibited from establishing factories in the Transkei, they must be financed by the Africans themselves or by the government.

'Bantu' Finance

The Bantu Investment Corporation was established by special legislation in 1959 with a share capital of R1,000,000 (increased to R2,000,000 in July, 1961) to assist Africans to establish businesses and industries within the reserves. By 1962, Africans had invested R200,000 in this body. Since its inception it has made loans totalling R420,000 to 146 individuals or corporations. Most of these loans are for shop-keepers, not for industry and are not likely therefore to absorb a great number of workers. They include 44 general dealers, 6 cafes, 1 attorney, 2 dressmakers etc. The figures apply to all reserves, not specifically to the Transkei.

There are 10 Directors of the Bantu Investment Corporation — all White men. Their salaries total R40,000 per annum, plus allowances when in session.

The government is adamant that White capitalists shall not exploit African workers in the reserves. But it is prepared to use "White initiative, White managerial ability, White skill, White training ability and White money without the profit motive," and proposes a special Development Corporation for the Transkei to co-ordinate these factors. One group of industrialists has described the use of White money without the profit motive as 'probably the most unrealistic aspect of Dr. Verwoerd's new dream.'

Border Industries

There are no towns of any dimension on the borders of the Transkei, not one whose population is over 10,000. And there are no border industries. In the five towns of Matatiele, Kokstad, Elliot, Indwe and MacLear, there are mainly cheese and butter factories, and the average number employed is 17 Africans and 2 Whites. Indeed, development of border industries is not contemplated in respect of the Transkei. Most of these are planned for the Ciskei, Natal and Northern Transvaal.

It follows that large new townships in the reserves to accommodate workers who work outside in border industries, but who live at home in the week

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Journey to Rebel Angola ^{By} GEORGE M. HOUSER*

The natives of Angola and Mozambique are Portuguese, they feel themselves Portuguese and wish to remain Portuguese. Therefore, independence cannot be discussed . . .

— Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

The disturbances and conflicts in Angola are mainly the consequences of genuine grievances of the indigenous population against the administration of the territory, including dissatisfaction with economic conditions, the impact of African nationalism, the rise of political groups seeking redress of grievances and the right of self-determination, and the severe repression to which these groups have been subjected.

— from the UN Report of the Sub-Committee on Angola.

We entered Angola on January 5th and left on the 17th. In those 11 days we covered approximately 200 miles on foot, visited 12 villages, met hundreds of people, and returned with a full documentation of Portuguese repression. Unlike those observers who come as guests of the Portuguese and are flown from model farm to model school to model housing, we walked, ate, slept, and talked with Angolans. And I should like to assure Dr. Salazar that we met not one who would "wish to remain Portuguese."

Our guide and constant companion for the time we were in Angola was the liaison man between UPA (Union of Populations of Angola) headquarters in Leopoldville and the field organisation. He spoke French, Portuguese, and Kikongo. We met a few persons who spoke French and more speaking Portuguese, but the bulk of northern Angola speaks Kikongo.

We were supposed to enter Angola from the Congo in the dead of night. However, on the way to the border, we went through a storm and our car broke down, and by the time we had hiked to the frontier it was broad daylight. But there was nothing to fear, for no Portuguese troops were within 30 miles of the spot. There went Myth Number One: that physical control was in Salazar's hands.

Supplying Arms

It wasn't long before Myth Number Two was equally exploded: that the rebels were being supplied with arms from Czechoslovakia and other Soviet bloc nations. The day we crossed the border was, quite coincidentally, the occasion for a large stockpile of arms to be smuggled into Angola and distributed. Let it be clear: we had absolutely nothing to do with this event, we were only witnesses. But we can testify that the weapons came from Algeria and Tunisia and were not of communist origin. From Britain came land mines and Bren guns; from Germany hand grenades; from the U.S. light machine guns. Some 150 militants (as the fighting rebels call themselves) had been waiting for weeks for this shipment. Men from between 40 and 50 military sectors received their part of the shipment and then took to the paths heading home. For some, this was a three-weeks' journey. There was even a small group from a sector near Luanda, capital of Angola.

* With acknowledgements to AFRICA TODAY of the American Committee on Africa.

January is a rainy month in Angola. The hills were covered with a green and lush vegetation. Our path snaked up and down hills, through valleys, across streams. These we crossed on narrow logs, sometimes just laid across, sometimes fastened together and suspended high in the air by jungle vines. As we travelled south, the forests became deeper and thicker and wetter. But sometimes the paths went through elephant grass, 15 or 20 feet high, which scratched our arms. Still, both high grass and forest offered protection when planes came into view.

Silent Guard

We could always tell when we were approaching a village because quite suddenly we would come upon two or more armed sentries standing out of sight until we were almost upon them. We would stop and they would present arms. Sometimes they would ask to see our passports, for no one can travel through this territory without a bona fide UPA document. A little farther down the path, beyond the guards, there frequently was a gate obstructing our progress. Here another guard would be on duty who would take our passports from us, open the gate, and then give the passports to others who would sign them and return them to us.

Word was invariably sent ahead that white people were coming to the village; this, I suppose, was partly to permit the village to be prepared for the coming of visitors, and partly to protect us from being taken for Portuguese. In either event, we felt that it was a good practice. Usually, almost immediately upon our arrival in a village, a military drill was put on for our benefit. Sometimes as few as 15 or 20 would be participating in the drill and sometimes the number would range up to 100 or 150. I saw some young boys, not older than seven, drilling, using wooden guns carved from branches. Women as well as men participated, again mostly using

wooden rifles. The fascinating part of this review was always the singing of the UPA songs, some of them using clearly recognisable hymn tunes.

The Hard Life

The people live in huts, sometimes made almost completely out of grass, sometimes with mud and sticks added. Frequently there are larger huts where the young men and young women, in separate dwellings, are living dormitory style. Often there is a common kitchen and common table. Observing the life of the young people in this forest-living, I was reminded of summer-camp experiences.

There is no need for money. One lives on a subsistence basis. In the open approaches to the villages gardens have been planted, and this is the source of all food except what can be hunted. Twice we were given wild buffalo, once wild pig, one fish and eel.

In many of the centres the day's routine begins with a flag-raising ceremony, frequently a lecture on civic duties or national goals by the village president or military chief, and a presentation of arms by the local constabulary. Older people tend the gardens, soldiers mount guard and plan and execute military missions, and the large numbers of teenagers drill, learn patriotic songs, and in larger centres study from a tattered school syllabus or Bible.

In fact we were amazed again and again by the evidence of religious influence in the life of the people. The commander of the UPA forces, who was with us for about a week of our trip, carried two Bibles with him which he read regularly every morning and every evening. Some of the evening gatherings and song fests closed with prayer. Many of the songs are sung to hymn tunes. As we left one village, all the people joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again" in Kikongo words, of course. In the discussions which were held with various leaders

and with ordinary citizens in the villages, again and again there was reference to God and to the Christian life.

Air Raid Warnings

The villages are organised to meet the dangers of aerial attack. At the first round of an approaching aircraft, a whistle is blown and everyone immediately scurries to a specific task. The older people and the children are taken out into the forest, some of the supplies are stored in a safer location, and men with rifles and machine guns go to their appointed places to try to bring down the plane if it comes within reach. They claim to have shot down between 20 and 30 Portuguese planes in northern Angola in recent weeks.

Nationalist-held territory is in a very real, if rudimentary, sense already self-governing. In addition to the UPA-issued passports, there are customs posts, a communications and information system, village councils, a party, a trade union, and youth organisations. In sum, there exist the beginnings of a political state. I could not judge how far south this relatively tight organisational control extends. But I do know that at the arms distribution we witnessed, representatives were present from villages several hundred miles farther south than we reached. When the commander of the UPA forces left us, he had a week's march ahead of him to the location of his headquarters. I am in no position to judge whether any other nationalist organisations in Angola control an area similar to that held by the UPA. As yet there is no objective way of assessing either how far the UPA organisation extends, or whether other troops have a foothold in certain sections of Angola. What is known is that the revolt is extending to various parts of the country.

During our stay there was at least one engagement of Angolan forces with Portuguese troops in the area we visited. About 30 nationalists attacked an estimated 100 Portuguese who had penetrated the bush to examine a village destroyed by bombing on Christmas Day. The Portuguese were routed, and five were reported as casualties. Since our return we have received news of two other engagements. In one, a Portuguese patrol of 30 men had advanced, for heaven-knows-what reason, off the road and into the bush; they were ambushed and lost 17 men. In the other case, on January 29 a band of rebel guerrillas had stumbled onto a large Portuguese army encampment. In the ensuing combat the Portuguese lost, in killed and wounded, almost 100 men. Also one village where we stayed overnight has been burned by the Portuguese.

The People United

The war has had a unifying effect upon the Angolan people. There is much more contact between people from various parts of Angola than would be the case under normal conditions. The commander of the UPA forces, for instance, comes from the extreme southern part

of Angola. He is an escapee from the Portuguese army, as are many others who now help to make up the Angolan forces. Indeed, it was not unusual to find someone from another part of Angola in a high leadership position, either in the civil or in the military organisation of the UPA.

Since thousands of people are now living in villages in the revolt area, the question might be asked: "Why don't the Portuguese attack them and wipe them out by bombing?" The answer is that the Portuguese do not know where these villages are. They do not show on the map. Forest villages frequently have adopted the name of a village that one can find on a map, located along one of the Portuguese-constructed roads. But in the weeks after the outbreak of the revolt, the Angolans moved away from these open villages, which were subject to attacks either by planes or by soldiers travelling the roads in mechanised equipment. Some villages are brand-new; others are built on previously abandoned ancestral locations or are greatly enlarged villages that were already in existence. The villages along the roads, to which the Portuguese had forced the Africans to move so that their labour would be easily accessible, now are empty. Every day one can hear the Portuguese planes flying over the forest areas looking for some sign of life or for the tell-tale roof of a grass hut. But by now the Africans have learned to hide themselves pretty well.

Portuguese foot soldiers offer little danger of attack. There is no way to reach the forest villages apart from being dropped from the air or walking on the paths. In either case, it would be a very dangerous and almost suicidal mission for a soldier unfamiliar with the terrain. A paratrooper dropped from the sky would be an easy prey for guerrillas while in the air, and if he landed safely he would be in strange territory, out of formation, and on all sides open to ambush.

It is always possible that some African may become an informer and thus give away a village's location, opening the way for a possible air attack. For this reason, in even the deepest forest, precautions are taken. The food supply is kept not in the village, but in secret places farther out in the jungle. At least during the day medical supplies are also stored outside villages. One nurse told me that only in emergencies did people come to him in daylight hours. More normally sick call was towards dusk, when air attacks were a more remote possibility.

Under Attack

We witnessed such an attack only once. It was on Sunday, January 14. Planes were dive-bombing and dropping both rockets and incendiary bombs upon two villages we had visited the day before. We could see the planes, we could clearly hear the concussion of the bombs, and we saw the fires that resulted from the attack, which came toward the middle of the afternoon. The

next morning fragments of the bombs were brought to us. Now, as I write, I see them on top of a filing cabinet: how deadly they were, how peaceful they now seem!

On another occasion, while walking through the forest we heard a plane diving. We could not see the sky because of the foliage, but later we met some people on the path, who had come from the direction in which we had heard the plane. They were carrying copies of a leaflet dropped by the plane. The leaflet, in Portuguese and Kikongo, called upon the Angolans to end the revolt, to come back to the safety of Portuguese protection, to take their old jobs on the coffee plantations where the Portuguese would promise to shelter them from the UPA. As the leaflet was read aloud it was greeted with a mixture of laughter and anger.

Everything we saw indicated that the morale of the people was exceedingly high. It is true that the UPA troops had virtually no training in military tactics, but they were learning with enthusiasm. Training comes in the process of the struggle itself. We saw no sign of target practice; ammunition is too valuable to waste. It has been publicly announced, of course, that Angolan rebels are being trained by the FLN in Tunisia and Algeria. Twenty-five to 40 were due back in Angola in February, and then another group will go to North Africa for several months' training:

Care For The Ill

One of the principal reasons for our trip into Angola was to deliver a supply of medicines. We knew from reports that a critical health problem confronted the people in the revolt area, who are cut off from medical supplies and from hospital care, since the missionaries who formerly worked among them are no longer there, and since they dare not journey to areas controlled by the Portuguese for fear of capture. Through the aid of some agencies in the United States we took in about 250 pounds of medicines (anti-biotics, anti-malarials, aspirins, and anti-diarrheals). With the assistance of doctors in Leopoldville, these medicines were divided into 43 packets, which were distributed to about as many villages in Angola. In each of these villages there was a small dispensary under the supervision of an Angolan with either nurse's training or other experience in hospital work. In one village the records showed between three and four hundred people treated in each of the last five months. We saw the distribution of most of our supplies to representatives of villages who had gathered at a central place. We personally delivered seven of the packets to villages we visited.

We returned from Angola tired and dirty, but exhilarated by the trip. We had seen the great courage and self-sacrifice of a whole people; we had seen the birth of a nation from the ruins of a colony; and we had confirmed that we, as Americans, could contribute to the struggle for dignity and freedom.

State Capital

By G. FASULO

The last article in this series outlined the early stages of the rise of state capital. In the earliest stage the state undertook a number of economic activities because there was no other way to get them done. In the second stage, during the first Nat government, state capital took on a political character and became an instrument for implementing white supremacist policies. The third period of UP government saw a considerable further expansion of state capital.

The fourth period was ushered in by the Nat electoral victory in 1948. The new Nats were a very different social force from what they had been in 1924 when they had first come into power. Then they had been an ordinary reactionary nationalistic party. In 1948 they were a totalitarian social movement, run by the Broederbond, saturated with fascist ideology, and embracing (1) "cultural organisations" like the F.A.K., (2) an economic wing which had fostered a small but aggressive group of Nat capitalist firms and captured a number of important trade unions, (3) an efficient and ruthless political party, (4) youth movements, (5) virtually the entire Afrikaans press and publishing industry, (6) the D.R.C., (7) the Afrikaans medium Universities and schools, (8) professional organisations, etc. Moreover they had very clear ideas about the state. They promptly purged the army, the police and the civil service of anyone likely to interfere with their plans, promoted broeders and began using the state to enrich themselves in innumerable ways. One of the main ways of course is the award of state contracts to Nat firms.

"The Nation"

The important thing in the present context, however, is that the idea of autarky came to the fore during and after the war. This is the idea, popular with the Nazis, that "the nation" can and should be made self-sufficient economically. As a result Sasol was founded to give South Africa "her own" oil, gas and chemicals, Vecor was founded to give her "her own" heavy machinery, Foskor to give her "her own" superphosphate fertiliser supplies, the National Finance Corporation to give her "her own" short term money market, the Fisheries Development Corporation to give her "her own" modern fishing industry. At present plans are well advanced for developing the automobile industry to the point where an entirely South African car can be produced, and the Board of Trade is investigating the possibility of establishing a tractor industry. In fact experience has shown that there is considerable scope for the establishment of industries with state protection to produce articles which were formerly imported. State firms, especially the Industrial Development Corporation, and Nat capital have been particularly active, but many non-Nat capitalists have also benefited. Thus the support of an important section of capitalists for the Nats has been maintained despite the widespread dislike of job reservation and certain other features of apartheid.

The State Sector

The size of the state capitalist sector is indicated below where the latest figures are available, taken from the South African Financial Year Book 1962, the State of the Union Year Book 1962, and the Official Year Book No. 30—1960.

TYPE	ORGANISATION	YEAR	ASSETS (R million)
Transport:	S.A.R. & H.	1959-60	1,329.6
Communications:	Post Office		?
	S.A.B.C.		?
Utilities:	Escom (electric & pneumatic power)	1960	491.5
	Rand Water Board	1959	47.5
Steel and Engineering:	ISCOR	1961	344.5
	USCO	1960	19
	AMCOR	1961	22.2
	VECOR	1961	8.5
Chemicals:	SASOL	1961	96
	KOP	1959	5.5
	FOSCOR	1961	6.4
Financial:	National Finance Corp.	1958	160.1
	Reserve Bank		2
	Land Bank	1961	266.5
	P.O. Savings Bank		?
	Industrial Development Corp.	1959	116.4
	Fisheries Development Corp.	1961	1

The figure quoted for the Reserve Bank is its normal issued capital; it holds the country's monetary and bullion reserves which are now at their highest level for a decade and a half. Not listed are several other government departments for which figures giving the assets are not available such as the Public Works Department and the Provincial Roads Departments. Not listed either are a number of subsidiaries of state firms: SAICCOR, SAFMARINE and others largely owned by IDC, Kolchem (Sasol), Ruberowen (Vecor), etc. Finally, the figures quoted above which apply to earlier years would have increased by 1961. Even so the total of the figures given above is R2,916.7 million. For comparison it may be remembered that in an earlier article an American magazine was quoted which stated that the Oppenheimer empire was worth about R2,000 million. Thus state capital is already much the largest single centre of power in the economy. The total of foreign capital is greater (R3,077 million in 1960) but the largest single foreign investment, that of the British capitalists was only R1,972 million in 1960.

The fact of the huge size and vast power of state capital is very important and it has usually been ignored by democrats, and indeed by everyone except the Nats. State capital is one of the chief sources of Nat power, and not economic power alone. Civil servants and employees of state capital probably number about one-fifth of the white population (Rand Daily Mail, June 23, 1962). Together with their families, these people are probably a near majority of the electorate. All the Nats have to do is keep the dependents of the state happy and they can remain in power indefinitely so long as there is no major extension of the franchise.

Expansion Schemes

Even more important, perhaps, is the fact that today the state firms are engaged in vast expansion schemes while private investment has almost ceased entirely. These expansion schemes are listed below. They began to be announced not long after Sharpeville and it is clear that they are part of a successful effort to keep the economy going despite world disapproval of the Nats and at the same time to strengthen the Nats' control of the economy.

Organisation	Expansion Expenditure	Period
ISCOR	R540 million	1960—1972
ESCOM	R160.4 million	1961—
P.O. telephone services	R100 million	1961—1966
Orange River Scheme	R450 million	1962—1992
Sasol	R60 million	1961—

(Continued on opposite page)

Theatre : Second Act

The Equity decision to ban performances to segregated audiences is a heavy blow against cultural apartheid. It means that shortly all British artists under the control of Equity will only be able to perform in South Africa if the performances are open to all. The decision has been welcomed, of course, by those who genuinely desire to see the destruction of the foul system which pollutes our cultural climate: it has also caused some angry muttering from the apartheid pit.

We have seen again the absurd situation where those who batten on apartheid suddenly let out heart-rending cries about the "poor, poor blacks" who will be the first to suffer: among those who have emerged as the protagonists of the Non-Whites are Brian Brooke, Leon Gluckman and Leonard Schach — men who were not particularly audible before in protesting against the exclusion of Non-Whites!

So the first round against apartheid culture has reached another minor climax. But much more remains. And there are many problems to be solved.

The preceding articles by L. N. Terry and Zeke Mphahlele have dealt with some of the conflicts in the situation, but there are others to be faced and solved.

These are some of the problems that arise: What is to be done in the case of an artist who comes to South Africa believing that he will not be subjected to the indignities of apartheid and then discovers too late that he has been misled: that his "unsegregated audiences" mean that whites and blacks will not be segregated in the same hall — they will simply be grouped together each in a separate venue (as happened perhaps in the case of Stravinsky)? What of the artist who plays to segregated audiences in Durban and then plays to unsegregated audiences in Johannesburg? Should he be boycotted? And how far

are we going to carry our insistence on audiences? Can we equate segregated audiences in the City Hall at Johannesburg (restricted to one racial group at a time) with those in (say) Kwa-Thema where audiences are officially supposed to be black only?

These are some of the questions that arise, and I would like to submit some tentative answers.

It must be remembered that the whole question of theatre apartheid has been handled very gingerly in the past and that it is only recently that attitudes on some issues have crystallised. Some are still unclear and need to be discussed. It is for this reason that I submit only tentative suggestions, so that these ideas too can be clarified.

It is important that artists — from anywhere in the world — should not be misled. There must be no opportunity for them to be deceived. It is essential that they be informed in advance. To attend to this may require the attention of a special body which can perform this function. Union Artists might well agree to function as this kind of watchdog — it deserves careful consideration. The alternative is to set up a Cultural Association which, apart from other purposes, will agree to tackle this job. We must ensure that "Ignorance is no excuse."

If any artist is prepared to compromise anywhere in the country, I believe that we must indicate our protest where ever possible. And this means that if he is prepared to give ANY segregated performance ANYWHERE then throughout the country we must demonstrate our opposition. In short, even if an artist gives SOME unsegregated performances, he should be boycotted at all.

Finally the difficult question of how far are we going to carry this in relation to shows given by indigenous artists. My answer roughly this: there are still, in every town, halls which are

available for mixed performances. These are the halls that should be used. It is true that profit margins may be reduced (though this can be met by having extended runs in the smaller halls: it is a matter of re-arrangement) but the people who are interested in cultural values should be the last to sell their artistic souls for larger profits.

Whether a show is given in the town or in the township, it must be insisted on that the show be open to everyone.

The Municipal regulations which prevent people of all racial groups from using a municipal hall together are the same regulations which prevent people of other groups entering a particular township. But there is this difference, that people can secure permission to enter a township: such permission must be sought where it is desired.

All these may sound like counsels of sterility, cutting off all the springs of cultural stimulation: but Non-Whites have been in the desert long enough and have learnt to endure. If we are to achieve the successful denouement of our fight against cultural apartheid it is necessary that we suffer a little more cultural deprivation. It is worth it.

But at the same time I believe that it is necessary to embark on a sustained and conscious programme of cultural development — in the theatre, in the field of music and in all entertainment generally. We shall be severely constricted — both by the repressions of apartheid and those we voluntarily impose upon ourselves, but we must press on regardless.

For this purpose, it may be necessary to establish a body which can set out to perform all these functions, but that is another matter.

In the meantime, we have finished one act in the conflict with apartheid. On to the Second Act.

J. B. BOOTH.

State Capital

(Continued from previous page)

In addition R69.1 million is to be spent this year on army, navy and air force stores and this is acting as an important stimulus to pep up the economy. A most important bit of autarky is that "we" are getting "our own" armaments industry.

Border Industries

Probably the most important development because it is the newest and one which seems to have been ignored or dismissed by democrats is the start of big and serious expenditure on Bantustan and "Border Area" development. This may be the start of a new period, a period of "separate development" in the life of state capital in South Africa.

The approaching exhaustion of the water resources of the Vaal River makes it necessary in any case to plan development in other river basins and the Nats are taking the opportunity to plan the Orange River Scheme and the Tugela Basin Development on Apartheid lines. There is no reason

to doubt that the resources of the state and of state capital will be used to construct water, power and transport services to make "border area industry" developments profitable, and once they are profitable all sorts of capitalists with Nat capital and possibly Japanese capital in the lead will move in. Already Escom and the IDC are committed to these schemes and R76 million of the government's R114 million five-year Bantustan development plan has been allocated to building African urban housing in the reserves for peasants to be taken off the land and made into border industry workers (Rand Daily Mail, April 16, 1962).

State capital is the biggest grouping of capital in the country. It is growing particularly rapidly at present. It plays a vital role for the Nats in stabilising the economy and influencing business. That is by placing its contracts with Nat firms it has helped Nat capital to grow, and because state firms are the source of most of the new business today it has helped to keep industrialists politically subdued. The fact that Nat capital and state capital are being used to carry out the same policies and to assist each other is leading to an increasing fusion of the two. Nat capital and its growth will be dealt with in the next article.

Writers of Africa

By
ZEKE MPHAHLELE

The distinctive feature of the June conference of African writers of English expression held at Makerere College in Kampala, Uganda was that there was not occasion for woolly nationalist sentiments like "solidarity", "African Personality" or "negritude". We have come to expect such sentiments in conferences of writers or men of culture whenever the subject of African culture is discussed by blacks. And then of course white Africanists start thinking that they have discovered something startling about Africans, and immediately go into research.

We had a French-speaking editor who was sent to represent Presence Africaine of Paris. We worked so hard that he had no chance to make a statement on *negritude* which he had asked for time to give. When he did get a word in edgeways, it was in anger at what he thought was philistine behaviour on our part to "presume" to examine a poem by Senghor during a workshop session. We simply could not dare to try to understand the poem in translation, he said. Although it was also meant to reflect badly on Gerald Moore (the Makerere tutor whose translations of French literature have been praised by worthier men), the shaft merely hit and bounced without upsetting Mr. Moore. That was the last we heard of *negritude* from a protagonist for the rest of the week.

Writers of Africa

Here were 30 writers: Ghanaians; Nigerians like Chinua Achebe (novelist); Wole Soyinka (the volatile playwright and poet from Mbari Writers' Club); Gabriel Okara (poet); East Africans like Rebecca Njau, Grace Ogot, J. Ngugi; South Africans like J. Arthur Maimane, Bloke Modisane and Lewis Nkosi. Alex la Guma and James Matthews could not obtain passports. There were radio writers and editors of literary journals.

This conference had been called by Mbari Writers and Artists Club of Ibadan, Nigeria, under the sponsorship of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, an international organisation in Paris. I had had the privilege of being among the Nigerian writers who launched the club last year and obtained the help of the Congress to lease a building to house an Africana library, an art exhibition room and an open-air theatre. Since then, Mbari has held art exhibitions, a music festival, play productions, a school of visual arts (twice conducted by Julian Beinart of the department of architecture, University of the Witwatersrand). Mbari also publishes good African writing which normally would, for commercial and "aesthetic" reasons, not be touched by big publishing houses (e.g. Alex la Guma's *A Walk in the Night*, which is among the most beautiful literary pieces to have come out of South Africa for a long time). This last activity, together with the short-story contest and the Makerere conference, are an effort on the part of Mbari to outgrow its parochial beginnings and spread out over Africa.

Langston Hughes, the American Negro writer, and Saunders Redding, a Negro critic, spoke on the American literary scene and the place of the Negro

in it; Arthur Drayton, a Trinidadian teacher of English literature in Nigeria, read a paper on West Indian writing; Gerald Moore read one on French African literature. The aim of these items was to acquaint the thirty writers present with literary activity in other parts of the Negro world so that they may look at themselves in relation to it.

Why Negro and not world literature? Precisely to show that, however our common colonial or underdog situations may have conditioned our writing, we must one day outgrow the habit of thinking of our blackness as something to trade on, something that will perpetually make the content of such writing; that we should see ourselves as part of humanity, suffering or in bliss.

Poetry of Protest

I cannot imagine what new thing Richard Wright would have had to tell us about the Negro underdog had he lived longer. On the other hand, Negro protest poetry finds intense expression in men like Langston Hughes and Stirling Brown. James Baldwin erupted like an earthquake and seemed to bring a new element into Negro writing and then, in his new novel, *Another Country*, he went down to the lowest level of the American mainstream on which float corpses, meaningless sex orgies and sex violence. There is a point at which the colonial situation as reflected in works by West Indians — George Lamming, Sam Selvon, Andrew Salkey, V. S. Naipaul, John Hearne and others — is no longer relevant, and the rootlessness of their characters is just another aspect of a general problem.

Opening with Aimé Césaire's dramatic statement, "Blackness is not absence, but refusal", Gerald Moore, in his paper on realism in French African writing (and the lack of it), commented: "The trouble with refusal as a permanent literary posture is that it is inclined to produce writing which is concerned with public gesture rather than with private and particular observation." Indeed, one finds a good deal of romanticism and rhetoric in French African poetry of the *negritude* school. Addressing Negro-American soldiers, Senghor says:

*Under your closed faces I did not
know you*

*But as soon as I touched the
warmth of your brown hand
I murmured to myself: Africa!*

*And I found once more the lost
laughter, I heard the ancient
voices and the roaring of Congo
waterfalls.*

Contrasted with this, the Nigerian Gabriel Okara's poem, *Spirit of the Wind*, although it speaks of his lack of freedom, establishes his immediate individual presence. Immediacy and personal experience is a typical feature in English African poetry in Nigeria and elsewhere. The poem opens with:

*The storks are coming now —
White specks in the silent sky.
They had gone north seeking
Fairer climes to build their homes
When here was raining.*

and closes with:

*And urging, a red pool stirs,
And each ripple is the instinct's
vital call,
a desire in a million cells
confined.*

*O God of the gods and me
shall I not heed
this prayer-bell call, the noon
angelus, because my stork is caged
In Singed Hair and Dark Skin?*

And yet French African fiction, like the novels of Camara Laye, Mongo Beti and Ferdinand Oyono, has social realism, although it treats of a peculiarly African experience. These novelists write about the black-white encounter with a devastating irony that has no parallel in English African prose.

Spotlight on Critics

During the sessions designated "Critic's Time", the conference examined Cyprian Ekwensi's *Jaguar Nana* (Nigeria), Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart* and *No Longer at Ease*; Sol. Plaatje's *Mhudi*; Peter Abrahams' *Wild Conquest*; William Conton's *The African* (Nigeria); Alex la Guma's *A Walk in the Night*; short stories by South Africa and East African writers. The East African short story is still in its infancy, and in Nigeria and Ghana it was born earlier but has never grown. Ghana has not produced a novel yet, and its poetry still wallows in the shallows of nationalist sentiment. Nigerian drama has an impressive record in the plays of Wole Soyinka and in John Pep-

per Clark's beautiful verse play *The Song of a Goat*, which was produced during the conference by a Kampala theatre group.

During Critic's Time, the writer was confronted with various candid opinions about his work, and because there was no mutual back-scratching, he was, I think able to see a general trend in the comments, even after a heated debate.

The Key Questions

In the afternoons we broke up into discussion groups to examine the state of the novel, short story, drama and poetry in Africa.

Questions arose like: How important is the African novel? What are its themes and styles? How does an African writer face up to the problem of translating into a foreign language thoughts and feelings that originally operate in his mother tongue? How can protest writing as we see it in South Africa transcend parochial dimensions? Does the fact that an African writer has to be published overseas not demand from him a false tone because he has to write for a non-African audience which must perforce determine what the publisher brings out?

It was generally felt that it is better for an African writer to think and feel in his own language and look for an English transliteration approximating the original. In any case, the richness of English goes a long way to compensate for such a difficulty. And one often is not sure if one started to think in one's mother tongue or in English. A writer should not fear to do violence to standard English if he finds it cumbersome, it was thought.

What is the African writer's audience? Because he has to be published overseas, he has often to change his stance and adopt a diction which he would not use if he were writing for his immediate audience. Also, he often pauses to explain his setting at length, sometimes with heavy anthropological detail, because he is sure a European audience wouldn't know. He is often afraid to experiment with styles for the same reason. Perhaps if he were writing directly for his immediate audience, he might take liberties with styles and leave much to the reader's imagination. He would also not need to be exotic for export purposes. It became clear during discussions that an enterprising publishing firm is badly needed in Africa which, with the help of heavy subsidy, can venture to take material without asking the usual question, "Is this for a specialised audience that a European wouldn't appreciate?" Mbari Publications try to do this, but has very limited resources. On the question of an audience, Saunders Redding said: "A writer creates first and communicates afterwards."

The artistic problems of the protest writer such as we find in South Africa were investigated. While it was generally agreed that protest writing need

not be bad, the South African writers pointed out that, except for an occasional long piece like *A Walk in the Night*, social and political conditions made it extremely difficult for one to organise all his mental and emotional resources for writing a novel. So the short story was a common medium. There is the allied danger, even in the short story, of creating situations in which the chief character is pathetic rather than tragic. The writers felt that although the African knows the white man only as an employer, even here an author might exploit the privilege he has of penetrating beyond the visible crudities of the white man's behaviour.

Geography of Writing

A survey of African writing showed that South Africa and Nigeria are producing more creative writing than any other region in Africa. Ghana follows and then East Africa. There is practically nothing from the Central African Federation. In the field of drama, Nigeria and South Africa are in the lead. In Ghana, the poetess Efuwa Sutherland has started a theatre project. Johannesburg has the African Music and Drama Association with a drama workshop. Athol Fugard's *The Blood Knot* (which was read in the play-reading session) was mentioned as an important landmark in the creation of non-racial theatre in South Africa. Nigeria's playwright, Wole Soyinka, launched the 1960

Bantustans

(Continued from page 7)

ends, such as are being developed in Natal, are not to be built in the Transkei. Development of towns here must be alongside the present European towns of Umtata, Idutywa, Butterworth etc. These towns are supposed to create tertiary employment — brick manufacture, laundries, motor-car workshops. But they do not exist as yet. Of the R76.9 million earmarked for housing Africans in reserves, within the next five years, only R3.3 million is earmarked for the Transkei.

Nor is there evidence of any provision for technical training. If it is anticipated that towns will be built and manufacturing industry develop at a later stage, then the interim period should be used to train the Transkeian youth now for the jobs that will be open to them later.

Rights and Livelihood

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is little co-ordination between the increased political rights and responsibilities on the one hand and the creation of opportunities for economic

Masks which has produced several Nigerian plays. In East Africa, the method is being used successfully of throwing a Swahili story over to a group of radio actors who then improvise dialogue and histrionics as they go along.

Five publishers' representatives lined up for questioning at one session. Were African writers being considered as black writers for publication? Do publishers have African readers? If not, how can the African writer be sure that he is being read by someone who appreciates his peculiar setting and social milieu, inasmuch as an African reader could not always project himself successfully into a European setting? The publishers asked the writers to trust their sense of judgment in selecting manuscripts.

Among the practical proposals that came out of the conference were that there should be writers' workshops lasting three to six months each year, attached to African universities. Writers and teachers could be seconded to conduct the workshops. Mbari Publications project should be encouraged as a conscious effort to find African writing. Literary journals in Africa should be more enterprising in canvassing good writing in various parts of Africa. To do this, they have to be heavily subsidised. Travelling theatre, particularly for East Africa, is important to jack up the standard of acting and production.

advancement on the other. And this is to be expected. The policy of withholding political rights from Africans has no moral justification and has evoked strong international criticism. Yet those who hold power in South Africa are determined to hold on to this policy.

The government has tried to solve the conflict by the usual method of apartheid — the granting of political rights in a separate specific area. Self government is to provide a moral basis for its apartheid policy. The need to give rights to Africans in urban areas will be removed on the grounds that they have full rights within their own home lands. The need for economic development comes only second. The Transkeian government needs financial assistance, the government will be willing to provide it; but this is not in order to improve the standard of living of the thousands of African tribesmen and workers, it is in order to bring about good relations between the new government and the Republic and secondly to 'deprive the international struggle against South Africa' of a scoring point. Only in an integrated society with a government representative of all sections and one economic policy for the country as a whole will the reserves become economic assets.

On a Sun-Drenched Plateau

Saturday afternoon. A calm summer afternoon, the air so clear and pure that beyond the skyscrapers one could see the blue broken line of mountains, twenty miles away.

Sam Davids stood on the balcony of his flat in Hillbrow, in his shirtsleeves, his arms outstretched, palms resting on the balustrade. His belly sagged forward. Through the thin shirt material he could feel the crumbly roughness of the concrete railing against his flesh. He glanced down surreptitiously; this slack protuberance of his own body never ceased to surprise him. His face became very stern as he drew in his breath, lifted his head, contracted his diaphragm and squared his shoulders. A moment later his stomach bulged forward again. He belched. His skin soaked up the heat. There were tiny sweat drops on his forearms, little golden lights in the thick coarse hair.

"Sam?" His wife's voice was a thin thread of sound. "Sam! Bring me a glass of water. I've got a headache."

As he walked in to the darkened bedroom he was momentarily blinded — then white, black and grey after-images swam in front of his eyes. He could see Hilda, his wife, stretched out on the bed in a flowered dressing gown. "A glass of water. I want to take an aspirin. For my head." There was infinite martyrdom in her voice.

The maid had drawn the curtains in the kitchen and in the sterile dimness he went to the refrigerator and poured a glass of iced water. When he gave it to Hilda she grimaced, holding her head with one hand as she gulped the tablet.

Sam went outside again and took up his former position. On a balcony of the building opposite a man stood in exactly the same stance as his own, fingers tapping on the railing. Their glances caught, held for a moment and then they both looked down into the street below. Sam had a bird's eye view of his car, standing in a row of others. Its roof was faded and dust-streaked. For a moment he considered the picture of himself in shorts, sluicing the car, but he dismissed it. It was too hot. Also he had no hose. He would give Alfred, the flatboy, half a crown to wash it down during the week.

At that moment, Alfred accompanied by two other Africans, appeared in the street below. All three were clad in long-jacketed, double-breasted suits and Sam, knowing Alfred only in his uniform of cotton singlets and shorts, did not recognise him. He watched the three figures out of sight, thinking with an almost affectionate derision: "Idiots! To dress like that in this heat. But what do they know?"

Now he walked the length of the balcony and stopped at a wire tray holding three geraniums and a primula. The flowers were wilted in the heat, the leaves yellow and dropping, the earth in the pots hard and baked. He tiptoed through the bedroom, fetched a jug of water and went back. His wife turned over on her side.

As he poured the water he let it dribble in a lukewarm stream over his fingers. It remained on the surface of the pots in a brown foam until he dug at the soil with his pen-knife. This done, he returned to the centre of the balcony and leaned forward, his weight supported on his arms. The man opposite had not moved. On the balcony below him sat two elderly women with white lost faces. On the adjoining balcony was a young man, whistling tunelessly. They all appeared transfixed, as though under a compulsion to remain in one spot, staring with an intent yet unseeing gaze.

In the street below, two little girls were jumping over a rope. "Poor little beggars," Sam thought, sad that they should be doomed to the treeless streets. Unbidden, there

came faintly to his memory the purple-shadowed kloof of his childhood with its mingled scents and smells of blue-gum trees, dassie manure, damp earth and woodsmoke. He smiled wryly, unwilling to formulate to himself the irony of this nostalgia for the small detested dorp whose shackles he had broken as soon as he could.

With a sudden access of energy he moved a canvas chair into a corner, sat down to test whether the sun would be in his eyes, stood up, moved the chair into another position and then tiptoed into his bedroom to fetch a book.

"Sam!" Hilda's voice was querulous. "I had just dozed off. You've done nothing but walk in and out since I went to lie down. You know I've got a headache."

He fumbled at the bedside table, found a book and tiptoed out again. As he blinked in the bright light he saw, to his dismay, that he had taken the wrong book. Tantalisingly, he could see the other lying on the little table; could even read the print on the first page. In an agony of indecision, as great almost as if he had to lead a group of men in the face of enemy machine-gun fire, he hesitated on the threshold of the bedroom door. Then, as though taking part in an elaborate pantomime, he screwed up his face and put one foot down.

"SAM!" The voice was unbelieving. "Are you determined not to let me sleep? I've never known anyone so inconsiderate, so . . ."

"Keep quiet," he said, suddenly angry. "I'm getting a book." He selected it with care, walked firmly from the room, pulled the chair about on the balcony, sat down, sighed heavily, lit a cigarette and began to read.

In a few minutes his eyes closed, the cigarette fell from his fingers, the book slipped down onto his stomach and he fell into a doze, so light that he knew he was on the balcony of his flat and could identify the sounds of passing cars, voices in the street, a door slamming in the building, the strum of a guitar. Yet he was asleep and as the sun caught him he did not stir, but remained sprawled in the chair, his mouth open, his head disjointedly turned to one side, the heavy flesh under his chin hanging in folds, his shirt opened at the waist revealing a roll of white skin. When he became fully awake an hour later he had an excruciating pain across his eyeballs, his neck was stiff and his mouth so dry that he could not swallow.

Hilda came out onto the porch, in her gown, her hair uncombed, her eyes vague. She yawned. "I'll make tea."

"Now my head's splitting. Give me an aspirin."

"Well, if you must sleep in the sun."

He stumbled past her and made his way blindly to the bed, where he lay down, holding his head between his hands, moaning softly. When Hilda brought the tea he took one gulp to swallow the aspirin and waved her away. She drank her tea moodily, staring at him and then went inside.

As his head eased he felt stifled in the airless room and after a while joined Hilda on the balcony, taking up his usual stance. The man on the opposite balcony was still there; it seemed that he had not moved all afternoon. The elderly women were also sitting like pale, withdrawn ghosts.

About them a Highveld sunset flared and dissipated itself against the concrete walls and on the unreflecting surface of the tarred street. Only the myriad window-panes glowed golden for a moment and, against shielded eyes, this too was lost. In the magically cooled air, the geraniums and the primula revived.

From an African Notebook

By
ZEKE MPHAHLELE

I was thinking of Kampala, perhaps the most beautiful tropical city in Africa. I was thinking of the hectic previous week at the conference of African writers in that city, the eager volatile young writers who were there and the things we talked about. I was thinking of Baganda, of the dinner Bloke, Arthur and I had at the house of the Kiso-Sonkoles; the steady, solid, cosmopolitan Mrs. Kiso-Sonkole, herself South African, who left the Cape 22 years ago, of her conspicuous South African presence among Baganda women although she speaks their language and dresses like them; I was thinking of the portrait of her step-daughter, now the Kabaka's wife; of Mr. Kiso-Sonkole, the Muganda husband who was telling us on the way to his house something of the social and political structure of Baganda: feudal, proud, unassimilable, seldom giving way for anyone who is not one of them.

Mr. Kiso-Sonkole himself in government, sounded approving, and even justified the relationship between Baganda and the other smaller and weaker kingdoms. He was proud to be able to say that a Muganda who finds himself in Toro or Bunyoro territory does not become integrated into that society; vice-versa, a "foreigner" from another part of Uganda is not absorbed by Baganda. I put the question in another way: Is it not because a Muganda refuses to be integrated and, as a society, do Baganda not make it impossible for one to be absorbed? Hesitating a bit at first, he said yes.

Our host felt proud to be able to say that Obote, the leader of the Uganda People's Congress, could only have succeeded, as he did, to take over the central government from Kiwanuka of the Democratic Party by a coalition with Kabaka Yekka, the Baganda (monarchist) party; Obote realised, he said, that only the man who comes to terms with the Kabaka as an institution can hope for a long term as central Prime Minister. And of course it is now well known that the Kingdom of Buganda has succeeded in remaining intact and inviolable even inside the context of democratic parliamentary government. Has the British government laid the ghost of indirect rule? Can the ghost be placated? Don't we even now hear its deep and hollow howls from across the border in Kenya, where John Ngala is insisting on tribal regionalism?

I was remembering Baganda aristocracy and the night they turned up in a painted and trimmed packet at Kampala's National Theatre to see a Nigerian play, *Song of a Goat*, by John Pepper

Clark, produced by a local group as part of the writers' conference programme. What beautiful women Buganda has! But it looks like a catalytic kind of beauty, the kind that does things to the contemplator without advancing or going out of reach, without wincing if you continued to stare at it. Mocking, captivating, frightening. The aristocracy has been consolidated by education, having greater privileges to attain it than the people lower down.

I was thinking of the tomb of the Kabakas, in a hut outside the city, and the women who squat inside all day, because they are "married" to the spirits.

And then the journey to Nigeria from Entebbe, via Ucumbara in Ruanda and Leopoldville. The scruffy Air Congo plane (which service is said to be the African facade for Belgium's SABENA) and its scruffy, unpleasant, rude Belgian air hostess, who with the help of the Congolese steward, succeeded in causing an explosion of tempers and harsh words from all of us writers on the vessel. Come to think of it, a crowd of black faces must be overwhelming for a Belgian girl anywhere. We have a way of frightening white people by simply sitting or standing and looking at them. It was at Leopoldville my suitcase was stolen, during changing of planes. Somebody "forgot" to transfer it with the other baggage to the next Air Congo plane. It simply did not arrive with us in Lagos. For two weeks I stayed in Ibadan in my jeans and casual shirt, and no reply was forthcoming from Air Congo.

I was thinking of all these things as we flew in a KLM plane bound for Johannesburg. And still Kampala was swimming before my closed eyes, enticing me to come back; a city that is an exotic mixture of India and Africa. And then we touched down at Maya-Maya airport, Brazzaville. My French lady assistant, Françoise, was waiting for me and we would continue our West African tour from here, scouting for writers and artists and groups that are interested in such cultural activities. But I had time to toy with the idea of letting the plane take me to its destination. For a few breathless seconds I wavered, and the whim passed

LEOPOLDVILLE

The third week was about to end, and still no suitcase. We crossed the Congo River by ferry to Leopoldville on the other side. The previous day I had gone a little lower down by car, almost opposite to where the river bed is steep, and the Congo tumbles down furiously and roaringly. It is violent here, and its waters leap and break, alive as though with deliberate vicious intent. Looking at it conjured the still-vivid memories of my childhood in Pietersburg, when I stood on a promontory overlooking a ferocious river carrying its loot of trees

and boulders and carcasses. And I seemed to feel the flood of terror coming back from those years, lapping at my heart as I watched the Congo . . . Just here the river splits in two to embrace a small forest island where no human foot has ever trodden, and yet it is not far from the bank on either side. With a river like this, the island needs no further protection.

After a fifteen-minute ferry trip we were at Customs. On both shores, people are being constantly searched, made to open suitcases and parcels, so that there is a continuous din. You realise at once that there is no friendship between Brazzaville and Leopoldville authorities. Between the two, the passenger is but a mute ant. I saw an African girl on the Leopoldville side, obviously still in her teens, ordering people this way and that. I looked at her face and saw the shadow of a cloud sweep over it as it took on an air of authority, which looked incongruous with such a tender age. Heavens, I thought, what authority does to human beings!

All immigration and customs officials are Africans on both banks. One small man looked at my passport and decided that I did not have a Leopoldville visa. I didn't have, but when one is coming for a day only, one does not need a visa. One simply leaves one's passport with the authorities and picks it up when re-crossing. In any case, if you have a Brazzaville Congo visa, which I had, as well as Françoise, one is supposed to be regarded as coming from Brazzaville Congo, unless one is entering at an airport. So the man got tough. I told him I only wanted to go to Air Congo to find out about my suitcase. He became progressively angry. "C'est fini," he said. "J'ai plus rien à dire" — it's finished, I've nothing more to say. Can we telephone Air Congo from here? "Si vous voulez" — if you wish (for all the good it will do you, he was suggesting). Of course, we couldn't raise a decent reply. All week we had been telephoning those Belgians and each time we were told the man in charge was not in. He never phoned back either. They had ceased to be just white people to me: they were Belgians.

We took the next ferry back. I thought about that small man. Leopoldville Congo is one huge screaming event, I thought. "King" Albert Kalonji of south Kasai is being released by Adoula, the Congolese Premier. Gizenga is still under arrest. Adoula is trying to keep alive a wounded elephant that is kicking and screaming — the Congo — and not knowing which limb to touch. UN is trying to plead with the British financiers who have invested heavily in U Thant, acting secretary general of the Union Minière, to urge them to dissuade Union Minière from paying taxes to Tshombe's government and thus helping him to continue defying the Central Government. And, literally on the phy-

sical fringe of these things, here is a small immigration officer who has taken over what was a Belgian function. He does not even seem to understand the contents of a passport or only partially understands his work and its importance in international relations. He can exercise authority with a snap of the fingers, and he sees himself as an arbiter of some portion of man's fate. Does it matter that I am black, that I am a South Africa who is still in the position the Congolese were yesterday? He has won power from an oppressor who despised him if he did not brutalise his body. He must use this power. What is a man who has lost a suitcase? These are the things I felt I should like to think, and which I thought because they were the right things to think these days. But I wonder now . . .

The next day we presented a stamp from the Brazzaville authorities which merely states "Vu à l'arrivée" — seen on arrival; and we were let through. I shall not waste time giving an account of the arrogance the Belgians at Air Congo and SABENA exhibited at the airport. It's enough to say there were vague promises of cross-communication between airports — another week of it, maybe months — but they know, as I do, that the case was stolen and they are evading the issue of compensation. It does not matter that I presented a baggage tag.

ACROSS THE RIVER

The image of a man standing on the edge of the grandeur of Leopoldville and looking across the Congo at the dirty, pox-eaten face of Brazzaville has often been used to symbolise what the Belgians did for "their" Congolese which the French did not do for "theirs". There is no doubt the Belgians did a lot to make themselves comfortable, and Leopoldville has good long streets and some impressive buildings. But the African locations, although better built than the Brazzaville locations, which are mud structures, are still locations, without electric lightning. They are segregated from European suburbia. As always happens when independence comes to a city with ghettos, moving out of one to a better house among whites assumes snob value. Harlem in New York is in the same position. But the government will certainly not come round to things like these for decades, if ever.

The night I spent in Leopoldville I was taken to three night clubs. Only in one, where most of the whites were UNO soldiers, black danced with white. In the other two, the Belgians danced among themselves or sat in a corner away from the Africans. Obviously these Belgians still have not reconciled themselves to a Congo under African control. They cling desperately to what is still left for them — a house in a white area, a golf or tennis club — like soldier ants that resist being burnt out and cling to the wall or pillar, if only because their original home has nothing more to offer. I can imagine such peo-

ple saying among themselves: Let's see if these blacks can do without us. Tragically enough, their implication is right. One goes through different emotional states in one's attitude to the colons, either Belgian or French. At first they are hateful; immediately after the deluge, they are pathetic, and now they are only ghastly, bloodless. Like creatures that have been violated. Is there after all such a thing as the violence of Africa? No, I think with regard to the colons, their ghastliness is due to something rotten at the centre, inside the man. And when the deluge comes, it looks as if they were being brutalised by an external mysterious force. This must also account for the low morality among the Belgians and the French in Central and West Africa. Teenage girls can be seen moving around with older men in the "whites only" night clubs, and people who can be relied upon to know best say men have been seen chasing their wives in the streets in their nightgowns.

No French colon takes part in the fascinating and vibrant cha cha cha life of the night clubs in Poto Poto, the largest African location of Brazzaville. The life here is just too big for them. And even if the Africans were allowed in white clubs in town, the average person would most likely not go. The only British colons in a corresponding situation who look demoralised are those of Northern Nigeria. In other places, the Africans are perhaps so strong-willed that the whites hardly attract one's attention, as in Nigeria and Ghana.

BRAZZAVILLE

Brazzaville Congo has a small population of 800,000 and is "independent." Fulbert Youlou, the President, has all the power he could ever want. His ministers look after themselves very well, and several own a few cars each. The people speak openly about "thieving" and other forms of corruption within the government. The men who really operate the machinery of government are the French — in each department. And it is no secret at all that they are fascists who came here directly from the wartime Vichy brood. But the people are utterly helpless. At least in Leopoldville the recent Congo upheavals have shaken the youth, and those I met there, who go to an institute of political studies, are very much alive, even if only in a state of sometimes pointless agitation. It is not that the French have done anything to the Congolese on the Brazzaville side, but that they did nothing, either kind or overtly brutal, to them.

These people simply have no ambition to better themselves. What does one do to bring a man into a twentieth century consciousness who is quite happy that he has enough food to subsist, which only a little labour can keep supplying? In both the Congos, lads who finish secondary school and cannot afford to go to University, simply have no employment to go to.

I was amazed to find that a large number of government people in the ex-French colonies and Leopoldville Congo are Freemasons. This is because a large number of the French and Belgians who thrived in colonial governments and are still running them, are Freemasons. So the black freemasons now in power, from the President downwards, keep the white members of the brotherhood working for them, and the devil take the hindmost. So everyone but the man who is governed is snug and happy and things shall be as they have always been. Except in Dakar, Senegal, there are in ex-French colonies no equivalent of the University of East Africa, the University of Khartoum, the Nigerian universities of Ibadan, Ife, Lagos, the University of Nigeria, the University of Ghana and Fourah Bay College in Freetown. A large number of French-speaking Africans still go to the Sorbonne. They come back — when they do — already suspect and tend automatically to be regarded as men of the opposition by the established "independent" governments. Or else they have no choice but to enter civil service and for ever shut up.

Just as French freemasonry is reflected in internal power shufflings; so are the Catholic-Protestant cleavages one finds in French politics to be noticed in the former colonies. There are only few indigenous papers such as found in English-speaking countries. Many of the journals are Catholic, Protestant or belong to one chain of French metropolitan papers or another.

And the Congo River goes on, tumbling down ferociously to the Atlantic. An unnatural boundary between two Congos that could be one great country, with one greater Bakongo nation. But then for centuries this mighty dark river has been used for a number of dark things; the slaves that were ferried across it, the slaves whose bones have been washed down to the sea or are even now still lying white, restless in the pit of the river's belly — a testimony of blacker days.

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FIGHTING TALK, SEPTEMBER, 1962.