

FIGHTING

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TALK

THE NATAL SOCIETY
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A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS

OF WAR AND PEACE

COMMENT

IT is becoming as clear as a pikestaff that the days of the affiliation of exclusively European sports bodies international organisations is drawing to a close. If the soccer probe ends—as now seems likely—with a decision in favour of the Non-European body, the S.A. Soccer Federation, it will be the first breach in a once impregnable wall. In its way such a breach is inevitable, either now or in the near future. Only the head-in-sand delusions of White South Africans, who dream of 2000 years of supremacy, prevents the recognition of its inevitability. This is a new age. The colonial peoples of many lands have liberated themselves from centuries of subjection. The lands of socialism have broken out of the encircling fence of un-touchability which once surrounded them. Together they have entered into and transformed all the former preserves of the self-titled “civilised” nations, the imperial nations, the controllers of international sport, trade and politics. South Africa’s white monopoly of the Springbok badge, once accepted and even approved of by the caste-bound administrators of the sporting world, becomes an anachronism in the new age, a running sore, a reminder of inferiority, a standing insult based on colour which can no longer be tolerated in the reconstituted councils of the world’s sport.

But the first breach in the wall does not spell victory. Colour-bar thinking is deeply ingrained in white South Africa, and does not vanish in the face of international criticism. A decision by the Federation of International Football Associations in favour of the South African Soccer Federation will not radically transform the situation. For though the Federation has no colour, it also has no European membership. Its affiliation therefore—so runs the argument accepted by European soccer officials and the daily press alike—will be a hollow victory; for the South African government will never permit a Non-European team to travel abroad wearing the green-and-gold; nor will it permit visiting White teams to compete against Non-Europeans at home. As things now stand, it is argued, nominal affiliations of the Federation will mean real exclusion of South African teams from international contests.

And as things now stand there is some substance to the argument. But things must not be left to stand as they now do. Even a decision from the international sports bodies favourable to Non-European sportsmen is but the stepping-stone to victory, and not victory itself. That victory requires two further changes. It requires that truly national sports associations be built in which there are White and Non-White members on a basis of equality, and selected for Springbok badges on merit

alone. It requires also that the government be changed for one which really represents the people of all races, and which is based on the ideas of full race equality. Perhaps such changes are too much to ask of a soccer federation. But the road to the present breach has been paved not by sportsmen alone, but also by the efforts of the liberation movement, here and abroad, who have fought every stage of the way for the recognition of the equality of men of different races. This is not the end of the road. It is half time. There is a long way still to go before truly national teams, drawn from people of all races, carry the Springbok badge. It is that long-range goal which is set out in the Freedom Charter, and towards which sportsmen can only advance hand in hand with the liberation movement.

SOONER or later, truth will out. Even from the mouth of an American politician. In an unguarded moment of truthfulness, Mr. Dulles told the magazine *Life* that the path of American diplomacy as practised by himself consisted of bringing America constantly to the brink of war, without actually involving her in any shooting. The statement, which will have come as no surprise to most people outside the land of the Stars and Stripes, certainly raised a considerable furore inside it. Before the smoke had cleared, President Eisenhower rushed in to affirm that Mr. Dulles was America’s best Foreign Secretary ever! Vice-President Nixon, on the other hand, complained somewhat querulously that Mr. Dulles had been “indiscreet”. Overnight, for all the undecided, the truth stood revealed. Peace, spoken of so often and so loud by Mr. Dulles and the Government he represents, is not their policy. It is only discretion which makes them talk of peace while manoeuvring to keep their people and the world on the brink of war. This is something which will be remembered in the months ahead.

But in Mr. Dulles’ moment of truth, he still left much unsaid that needs to be said. If his diplomacy aims—as he says it does—to keep Americans just outside the shooting range, it is not so fussy when it comes to other people—as the men and women of Korea, China and Taiwan have reason to know. If his diplomacy is to bring America constantly to the brink of war, it is because this diplomacy has paid off record dividends to the multi-millionaire steel, chemical and armaments trusts which are the real power behind Eisenhower’s presidential throne. No doubt discretion leads Mr. Dulles to speak about his Government as “republican and democratic”. But, in fact, this is the authentic voice and character of imperialism, of the dying system which now preys on all mankind, and whose only art is the twin “art” of Mr. Dulles—war, and blackmail of war.

Bluffing, bribing, threatening; using agents and spies; speaking with honeyed tongues
these are part of the NAD technique to try to win African support for Apartheid

Out of The Dark Valleys

By HILDA WATTS

ANY government, no matter how despotic, needs support from some of the people if it is to maintain its rule. This was true of Hitler's fascist Germany; it is true of Strydom's Nationalist South Africa.

Without such support it becomes impossible to administer the laws. The complete and total opposition of the people to any of the government's measures would result in their becoming inoperable. It is not sufficient to have the support of a large section of the White electorate alone, nor simply the administrative machinery in the form of civil servants. There must be in addition a network of unpaid government agents among the mass of the people themselves, whose job it is to mislead and confuse the people, to confound united opposition to the government's policies, to re-direct the peoples' anger against the government into other channels, and to act as spies so that those who threaten to organise or unite the people against unpopular policies may be speedily removed, and others blackmailed by various means into silence.

Everyone knows how this was done in Nazi Germany. It is interesting to see the way in which the Nationalist government sets about the same task.

There are, first, the paid servants in the form of the Native Affairs Department, an organisation which today is undertaking a gigantic nation-wide window-dressing for apartheid; and which has a network of information officers up and down the country who are voting among the African people to win support for apartheid, and to obtain Africans—big or small, chiefs or nonentities, who will give their open support.

Father—Chief—God !

At the head of this most active and complex organisation stands the benevolent father himself, Dr. Verwoerd. Since he is the biggest chief of all, and sets the tune for those beneath him, let us start our journey into the dark valleys of apartheid propaganda with this self-appointed saviour of the African people.

It is not too much to assert that Dr. Verwoerd, like his notorious German predecessor, believes that he is god. He has an obsession with himself as the father of the African people. The NAD issues an "informal" publication called "Bantoe-Bantu" and anyone who does not suffer from ulcers and has a well-controlled blood pressure may read this magazine.

The man Kharibe who wrote a poem in "Bantu" to Dr. Verwoerd, for instance, describes him as the "Shepherd of the black races, the defender of the Bantu . . . our rock, our mountain . . . our refuge, our shield, the Saviour who has rescued us at the time of need". He goes on:

*"Glory unto thee, Dr. Verwoerd . . . thou hast answered our prayer . . .
 We now sit in the glory of thy good works,
 We shall never forsake thy laws, for they bring
 Plenty, wisdom and knowledge.*

*Dr. Verwoerd, thou art with us! Glory unto thee
 our redeemer!"*

Now Mr. Kharibe has not thought this all out for himself. For Dr. Verwoerd has invented a new kind of gobbledy-gook, a language overflowing with flowery similes, in which he chooses to address the African people. One has the impression that Dr. Verwoerd believes that he is speaking in the idiom of the people, and his officials and underlings also try to emulate the great man.

Thus, in his speeches, he likens "agitators" to the rock pigeons who hide during the night and come out at day to prey on crops; he compared critical speakers at one of his indabas to water which flows down a river without benefitting anybody, in contrast to his own speech which was water caught in a dam, watering both men and beasts. Typical was his New Year wish for the Bantu, when he called for dawn in which the darkness of uncertainty and suspicion is chased out by the light of knowledge, faith and trust.

"Open your eyes and see the blessings of which you have already heard", he intones, "let the plough sink in the wet earth and make use of the warmth which will come. Let the cattle graze in the young green grass. Do not sleep and wait until the drought or the night comes again. It is dawn for the Bantu"

With such strange language and confused metaphors—(does he really believe this is African idiom, or think it poetic?)—the benign father speaks to his people. As he speaks, he holds out a holy grail which he assures the people is within their grasp. Dr. Verwoerd and his officials tell the Africans that apartheid means self-government, prosperity, the building of rich towns and industries in their own territories. A veil is drawn over the bitter sufferings in town and countryside, over the raids, assaults, jails, deportations, shanty towns; over the sack-cloth farm-labourers shanghaied from their homes. The NAD is already busy with the setting out of a number of "potential towns in Bantu areas", says Mr. de Wet Nel, Vice-Chairman of the Native Affairs Commission, and in those areas there will develop rich cities, where African professional and businessmen will have a free field.

"A Million Openings for the Bantu" is the title that Mr. F. J. de Villiers, Under-Secretary for Bantu Education, gives to his address on graduation day to Non-European students. He chides Africans for not having produced skilled workmen and professional men. "How many dentists have we produced?" he asks them. "I know of none. How many doctors? A mere handful. How many engineers or architects? I know of none. How many businessmen? Very few".

Useless to reply to Mr. de Villiers: "How many faculties exist at Universities for training African dentists? "We know of none". How many for doctors? "Very few . . ." for he maintains the fault lies with Africans themselves, but once apartheid has become a fact, he says, thousands of African doctors, dentists,

businessmen, etc., will find ample scope for training and skill in "Bantu" territories.

Thus the first way in which the NAD seeks to win Africans to Nationalist policies is by deliberate lying; by painting a picture of a future which is economically and practically an absolute impossibility—as anyone who stops to think for a moment will realise; by concealing a hopeless future with a mirage of deliberate deception.

In this NAD wonderland, realities take on strange new meanings. The extension of the hated pass laws to women, with all its cruel implications, becomes a favour or benefit that is being conferred by a kind-hearted government. The sordid site-and-service schemes are wonderful housing estates; truth stands on its head.

Bluffing—Threatening—Buying

Then come the unpaid government agents, the individuals who give their support to apartheid. Who are they, how does the NAD find them?

There are three methods used to obtain this support. The first is by bluffing and lying, as we have shown here. Don't Africans want to be educated in their own tongue? Of course they do: well, says the government, that's but one of the privileges Bantu Education confers on you. Don't you want to preserve your race purity? Ethnic grouping will achieve it. Don't you want to run your own country? Here is the Bantu Authorities Act.

Then there are those who are not bluffed, but are bought. Directly or indirectly, they obtain certain advantages for themselves. These bought men include agents like Bengu who set up the Bantu National Congress and posed as a liberator of the people—until he was proved to be a common criminal.

Not much higher on the scale are those who are not bought directly, but yield to threats to themselves, their position or family. Into this category come chiefs, civil servants, teachers, who give way under pressure. Mr. C. N. Young, Under-Secretary for Native Areas, warned that those chiefs "who are unwise and do not fall into line with the Bantu Authorities idea will in future have no tribe". Chiefs and headmen well know that their status depends on their acceptance and co-operation in carrying out government policies.

No man can lightly throw away his livelihood, and each thinks to himself, "What will become of my family?" It is not easy to have to sacrifice one's own children . . . *yet these men poison the life-stream of our nation.* The choice must be made, and in the end those are happiest who, whatever the cost, have won the love and respect of their people; the future is theirs.

★ ★ ★

Scurrying around among the teachers, chiefs, clerks and other civil servants, the NAD finds individuals whose fulsome praise of the mighty Verwoerd and the wonderful NAD assures them that they will never be without a job as long as the Nationalists reign.

Praising the government for its good deeds, for instance, is one K. H. Mtshiselwa, who says, "*Do we ever compare our privileges in the Reserves with those of town people?*"

"Is anything wrong with the Bantu Education Act?" asks G. W. C. Poho. "The scale weighs favourably heavier in favour of the Afrikaner's handling of a *deserving Bantu*".

"Bantu Education is real, it is dynamic, and all-round, it is the instrument for laying the good founda-

tions of the future of the Bantu children", says M. E. R. Mathiva, "Bantu education is the upliftment of the Bantu children . . . it stimulates the Bantu child to think . . . it is progressive", and he concludes: "Well done 'Fathers of the Bantu Education' and may God prolong your days so that you may help us with new ideals".

"I regard the Bantu Authorities Act as the best piece of legislation ever passed", declares Chief Pilane; while the Rev. Wilfred Roxa of the Bantu Methodist Church writes to express his sincere gratitude for what the government is doing for the Bantu people. "Here is wonderful government", he exclaims, ". . . real freedom in disguise". (What a disguise!)

J. R. Matle describes ethnic grouping as "God's answer to us Bantu . . . other men call these ethnic groupings 'Apartheid', I say 100 times no".

One writes to say that what the government is doing on apartheid will exactly benefit all races proportionally. Another says "Bantu" (the magazine) has opened our eyes and we are today able to see the road that will lead us to new heights". Another reverend gentleman cries that "Bantu" has enabled him to understand the government's policy", without it his ears would have been open to false information spread abroad by biased persons.

Dangerous Words

Perhaps *Fighting Talk* readers are astonished to read these samples of the support the government is obtaining from certain Africans. But a word of warning—we must not simply laugh at the picture of servile, crawling creatures that it presents. These people become the spies and agents of the government, reporting every teacher who does not seem enthusiastic enough about Bantu Education, every chief who may waver in his praise of the government. They form, with the type of dubious financial backing that Bengu had, vicious little organisations with no membership, but the means to print racial leaflets stirring up hate against the Indians, Jews and other groups. There is the shady Supreme Council; the Abantu-Batho Apartheid Association for the promotion of ethnic grouping; the Bantu Nationalist Party for the advancement of Nationalist policy; and so on.

Their propaganda does find a foothold. Some people become neutral, some confused and apathetic; some become afraid and keep silent; some have their rightful anger diverted into anti-Indian or anti-Semitic hatreds. Still others enter the peoples' organisations for the purpose of confusing and splitting them; these may pose as opponents of the government; they must be recognised by their deeds, not words.

Every country has known such people. Kastner sold thousands of his own people to torture and certain death. Quisling, Petain, "Lord Haw Haw"—there were plenty of them. Inevitably the people found them out, but what suffering and damage they caused first! They all called themselves "nationalists"—just like the government.

★ ★ ★

"The history of the peoples of the world is an object lesson in separate development", writes the NAD in "Bantu". By what greater lie could they expose themselves! *The history of the peoples of the world is an object lesson in intermingling—ONLY THUS* has civilisation developed, by the constant intermingling of peoples and cultures. One reason for Africa's backwardness was this very fact, that for hundreds of years the African continent and her peoples were cut off from

the mainstream of the cultural development of the world; that African tribes, as Basil Davidson has written, in their southwards migrations, moved away from the cradles of early civilisation, so that their social evolution slowed up.

Civilisation is a great river that flows from nation to nation, fed by a thousand tributaries of different cultures and nationalities. The intention of the Nationalist government, through its many laws and acts, is to cut Africans off once more from the life-giving river, returning them to a backwater more foul and stagnant than ever in the past.

Couched in Verwoerdian language, the following little gem appears in "Bantu": "There are those who

refuse to believe that the Bantu can develop. Their tongues are often coated with honey and they are the vociferous ones who talk to you about suppression. Their voices echo from the dark valleys and are heard on the mountain tops . . . beware of these men with the honeyed tongues".

Yes, we know who are those "who refuse to believe that the Bantu can develop". The honeyed tongues of the kind father Verwoerd, his department, and the NAD's shady and servile supporters, cannot deceive the mass of the African people. From the dark valleys the people will surely arise, to scale the mountain tops of racial equality, justice, cultural advance and true humanity.

The Senate Act

A Milestone Forward or Back?

By P. ANTHONY

THE United Party has announced that it will challenge the validity of the Senate Act in the Courts. Its challenge will presumably be based on the argument that the Act represents an indirect infringement of the entrenched clauses of the Constitution and is therefore as invalid as the direct infringements of 1951 and 1952. Against this, the Government will argue that Parliament has the right to alter its own composition and that the motives with which it does so are irrelevant.

It is difficult to prophesy the outcome of the legal proceedings. It is likely, however, that the Government will win. They have made new appointments to the Appeal Court specifically for this purpose and, from a purely legal point of view, they have some strong arguments on their side.

If the Government wins in the Courts, what then? It is safe to assume that the United Party, whatever brave words may be heard from them, will do nothing more about it. The United Party cannot oppose the Senate Act on grounds of democratic principle. They are incapable of producing a plan for a new, effective and democratic Senate and they realise that no great enthusiasm can be aroused for a return to that resting place of tired party hacks, the old Senate. Most important of all, the United Party is afraid to arouse strong public feeling on any issue whatsoever. The U.P., therefore, will write some pious generalities about the Senate into its programme and then subside into impotence.

No Positive Policy

It is because the European public realise this, even if only half-consciously, that such movements as the Black Sash have come into being. Like the Torch Commando, the Black Sash movement has mobilised the great mass of semi-articulate opinion which demands some kind of active and firm opposition to the Nationalists. But, like the Torch Commando, the Black Sash have failed to find positive demands round which to organise its supporters

into an effective force. It is a negative, amorphous movement whose leaders deliberately avoid the adoption of any positive policy for fear of splitting their organisation. It is anti-Senate Act but pro-nothing in particular. It presents no coherent alternative to the drift from democracy. Such a movement can have only a short term role to play and it will not be long before it begins to decline.

Undemocratic Constitution

The Senate Act cannot effectively be opposed unless it, and the alternative to it, are placed in their proper context. The Senate Act is no isolated piece of villainy by an isolated group of swindlers. It is part of the inevitable heritage of South African bogus democracy. Its seeds were planted in the nineteenth century, when the Cape Parliament deliberately raised its franchise qualifications in order to reduce the numbers of Non-European voters. Ever since then, South Africa has lived under a shoddy compromise between democracy and dictatorship. What has been compromised once can always be compromised again. So we find Governments continually tinkering with the compromise, shifting it usually a little further towards dictatorship, now and then a little further towards democracy. The South African constitution has always been a thing of expediency and power politics, never a thing of principle or logic. In such a set-up a Senate Act had to come sooner or later.

New Principles Needed

The remedy, therefore, for this Senate Act and for future crimes of the same kind, is not to return to the status quo of 1953, or 1948, or 1935, or 1909. It is to create a new constitution, worthy of being defended, capable of supplying the forces for its own defence, founded on principle—a democratic constitution.

If this truth can be put across to the worried, deluded members of the United Party and the Black Sash movement the Senate Act will be remembered not as a milestone in the progress of fascism but as a step towards its destruction.

The High Commission Territories and South Africa

THE FORGOTTEN MILLIONBy **ALAN DOYLE**

EVERY now and then, whenever there is a suitable opportunity, South African Prime Ministers like to issue a public demand for Britain to hand over Basutoland, Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland to the Union. This always pleases both the platteland and the Chamber of Mines, and to please both these difficult customers is the highest ambition of South African Prime Ministers.

The platteland is always afraid that the British Government may commit some blunder in the territories and allow their inhabitants some genuine democratic rights, which would foster aspirations and discontents among Union Africans. Moreover, although the Nationalist leaders have become the most ardent defenders of British imperialism, it satisfies a profound emotion among their followers when, as here, they find an issue on which they can appear to be standing up to Downing Street.

As for the Chamber of Mines—its recruiting companies draw up to 70,000 labourers a year from the three territories.

Union's Argument

What is the Union Government's argument for incorporation?

It says that the three territories are economically integrated and practically surrounded by the Union; that the Union cannot "tolerate" foreign bodies in its midst—in this respect Dr. Malan's arguments in 1954 sounded ominously like Hitler's over Sudetenland.

There is also a "legal" argument. The South Africa Act—the South African Constitution, which was originally an Act of the BRITISH Parliament (1909)—provides for conditions under which the territories *may* be transferred to the Union. This, claim the Union's spokesmen, amounts to an undertaking to transfer. (They conveniently forget to mention that the previous clause of the Act provides for conditions under which Rhodesia and Nyasaland may be transferred to the Union).

The Nationalist Government has hinted at threats of economic retaliation to enforce its demand. But the outcry from Free State farmers when an attempt was made to restrict entry from Basutoland, and the rapid withdrawal of that attempt, suggests that the threat is unlikely to be applied, for it would hit the Union's exploiting classes harder than anyone else.

Britain's Reply

When the South African Prime Minister demands that the three territories be handed over forthwith, the British Prime Minister rises, amidst cheers in the House of Commons. To the delight of both the Tory imperial-

ists and the Labour Party liberals, he proclaims that Britain will not fail in its sacred trust of retaining the Government of the territories. "There can be no question of Her Majesty's Government agreeing at the present time to transfer", declared Mr. Churchill in April 1954. He repeats the pledges made at the time of Union—no transfer without (a) consulting the peoples of the territories, (b) giving the U.K. Parliament an opportunity to express its views.

In these days when, as in Cyprus, Malaya, Kenya, Sudan and quite a number of other places, the local inhabitants are demanding with crude vigour that Britain should relinquish its sacred trust and get out of their countries, it is extremely gratifying for a British Prime Minister to be able to point to at least one corner of the globe where this is not so. For, though they have little reason to be satisfied with the administration of retired British army officers under which they at present suffer, there is no doubt that the people of the territories are unanimously opposed to incorporation into the Union under the Nationalists or any other all-White Government.

Thus the little drama is very satisfactory to both Prime Ministers. The man in the Cape Town Parliament wins support from all Parties as he makes strong demands, backed with threats, for the territories. The man in the Westminster Parliament is applauded Right and Left as he rebuts the demands and makes solemn pledges. (Actually the pledges are as empty as the threats. A promise to consult people before transfer is effected in meaningless. He does not promise to be bound by the people's decision. We in South Africa, after years of such "consultation" with Advisory Boards, etc., know exactly what it is worth!)

The Forgotten Million

Throughout these proceedings the assumption is made that the future of the three countries is a matter to be settled between Westminster and Cape Town. And the further assumption is made that the only possible alternative is whether they should be governed by White men from England or White men from South Africa.

These assumptions overlook the fact that there are over a million people living in the High Commission territories and that these are the people most concerned with the questions under discussion. It is true that these peoples have as yet not fully entered into the debate. But it is also true that when they do they will have the last word. The days are past when the fate of any group of people, however small, could be settled by threats,

(Continued on page 7)

bargains and negotiations between foreigners. We are on the threshold of a new era symbolised by Bandung.

A New Pamphlet

In such circumstances it was with much hope that one turned to a new pamphlet* written by an African about the future of Bechuanaland. Unfortunately, Mr. Tshekedi Khama disappoints these hopes. It is true that he answers the arguments of the South African Government and refutes them — for example he shows that Bechuanaland is not economically dependent on the Union and that for its chief export, cattle, Rhodesia and the Congo offer as good a market if not better. He also complains of many shortcomings in the British administration and demands certain political reforms. But on the great central issue—the rights of the peoples of the three territories to self-determination and full democracy—Mr. Khama fails to speak up.

Indeed, by implication, he concedes that Britain has the right to dispose of the three countries, and that their inhabitants are “not ready” for self-government. Therefore Mr. Khama shows that he has not freed his mind from imperialist influences; mentally he is still living in a past period.

How to Consult?

Mr. Khama takes as his starting point the promise of the British Premier to “consult” the people of the territories before transfer. How, he asks, is such consultation to be carried out, since there is no representative body which can speak on behalf of the people? The Chiefs no longer, in many cases, speak for the people. The tribal kgotlas, he says “would be easy victims for political exploitation”, whatever that may mean. Therefore he says, there should be a Legislative Council in each territory.

What would the function be of these “Legislative Councils”? Mr. Khama’s answer shows the whole limitation of his outlook, his lack of African patriotism and the democratic spirit. The so-called Legislative Councils he has in mind are “proper representative institutions capable not only of dealing with matters of purely local concern but also of sifting and organising the views of their people and presenting these to the British Government when matters of national concern are discussed”

No Faith in the People

The trouble with Mr. Khama is that he is out of touch and out of step with his own people, and he has no faith and confidence in them. He considers them to be backward and ignorant, but in the matter of Seretse and Ruth (to which he does not refer) and in many other matters they have shown themselves to be far more advanced and progressive than he.

He claims the right of Africans not to self-Government now, but “to strive and reach political maturity . . . to be trained so as to take full part in the Government of their Territories”. He asks for the right of Bechuanaland, not for self-determination, but “to suggest, if not to choose, which of the two neighbouring states, i.e., the Union of South Africa or the Central African Federation, they should be joined to”. Pah! What a servile spirit! “To suggest, if not to choose”. And to choose what?

*“Bechuanaland and South Africa”, by Tshekedi Khama. Published by the Africa Bureau, 30 Old Queen Street, London SW1, Price 1s.

Whether to be ruled by White men from the Union or from Southern Rhodesia!

The Real Protector

“Without any doubt”, writes Mr. Khama, “not a single group of people (in Bechuanaland) would today be in favour of the transfer of the Government of their country to the Union of South Africa”. That is true. What is required, however, is not a sort of Advisory Board to make known this opinion to the British Government, but a broad mass organisation of the people of Bechuanaland to make effective their demands for self-government and freedom from domination by the Union, by Britain, by the Federation or anyone else.

Both Mr. Khama and (in her introduction to his pamphlet) Miss Margery Perham appear to assume that having “consulted” the Africans of the territories the British Government would be bound in good faith by their decision. This assumption for some strange reason ignores the obvious and glaring example of Nyasaland, where having “consulted” the African people, the British Government—obedient to powerful financial and mining interests—utterly disregarded their wishes and transferred the Protectorate to the Federation.

The only real protector of the people of the High Commission Territories against rapacious South African imperialism is NOT the treacherous British ruling class. It is the sound and militant organisation of the people themselves—closely allied with their brothers and sisters: the oppressed Non-European people of the Union and further North.

To those who believe that such organisation is not possible among the peasants and migrant labourers of these territories, the formation of the Basutoland African National Congress in sufficient answer.

This South Africa!

“Lines of idle ships, and a few vessels trying to discharge with derricks, bore testimony yesterday to the fact that the crane drivers have more to say in the workings of Table Bay harbour than . . . anyone else. The crane drivers just did not turn up . . . There may be meetings in railway offices when the leaders of the crane drivers will be spoken to severely, but not much else can happen.

The port cannot do without its cranes and

none can be sacked; they are all bilingual.”

*Cape Times 4/1/56
Sent in by N. D., C. T.*

Speaking at a conference of the newly formed African Chamber of Commerce,

“The Rev. R. Mlomzale, of the Methodist Church, Somerset East, said that had there been an opening for him in commerce he would probably have entered business instead of the Church”.

*The Star 13/1/56
Sent in by F. R.*

- *Fighting Talk* offers 5s. prizes for the best examples of “This South Africa!” sent in. Indicate the source of the quotation or extract, and sign your name and address. Entries for the March issue must reach P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg, by February 18.

Basil Davidson, who has just returned from a trip to the Middle East writes on

EGYPT AND THE MIDDLE EAST

If it were that Egypt wants to prepare for war? I do not think so.

Egypt, in this context, is the military regime that was installed by General Naguib and other army officers, which forced the British out of Britain's old established bases in the Canal Zone, and which is now controlled by Colonel Gamal-Abdel Nasser and his "military junta".

Now, on the face of things, this is neither a peaceful-aiming nor progressive regime. It looks all too much like another batch of "strong men" who have climbed to power through seditiously treading on the faces of opponents and competitors. After all, it has smashed the right-wing Muslim Brotherhood and set aside the comparatively "moderate and parliamentary" Naguib. It has also waged a ruthless war against Egyptian democracy, driven many from their employment, imprisoned many others.

If that were all one could say about the new Egyptian regime there might be few people to defend it. As it is, though, people to defend it include all or nearly all the leaders and sash-and-Me of the powerful monarchist, group, party, and genuine armies of Arab Nationalism in Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco and perhaps elsewhere.

And the reason for this is not difficult to see. For in spite of its poverty of ideas, its contempt for democracy, its ignorance of the people, and its present incapacity to see much further than immediate objectives, the new Egyptian Government has struck a powerful blow for Arab independence in North Africa and in the Middle East.

The real reason why the British and American Governments have objected so strongly to the sale of arms to Egypt by Czechoslovakia (or other allies of the Soviet Union) is not because this sale increases the danger of war in the Middle East, but because it gives Egypt a new possibility of shaking free from Western control, from imperialistic control,

The new Egyptian regime, in short, is converting in the name of a middle-class revolution against foreign control.

In overthrowing the corrupted and utterly subjected monarchist regime latterly headed by King Farouk, Nasser and his friends have undoubtedly opened a wide gate for Egyptian national development. In purchasing arms from countries not committed to the imperialist military system of N.A.T.O. and the Baghdad Pact, the Egyptian Government has taken a step towards clearing the way for the creation of a self-governing Middle East—and therefore, ultimately, for a peaceful Middle East.

It has also demonstrated that the peace of the Middle East cannot be safely kept by one-sided systems of alliance and imperial control; and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the Leader of the Labour Party, has now officially recognised this, for British Labour, by inviting the British Government to consider means of discussing Middle Eastern problems with the Soviet Union.

Against the tremendous background of the Arab national awakening from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Atlantic, the Arab-Israeli quarrel is of secondary importance. Given intelligent action by all the Great Powers, this quarrel can be easily settled.

Whether they know it or not, those in Britain who oppose this new Egyptian Government (for its foreign, not its home, policies) are revealing themselves (scarcely for the first time) as people of the same school of thought as those who oppose freedom for the people of Egypt.

Both concepts are really part of the same attitude.

Both aim at maintaining in the strategic area of the eastern Mediterranean a pattern of imperialist control which a peaceful world cannot stomach. For the pattern is out of date. The interests of peace demand its final abandonment to the dustbin of history.

ISRAEL'S ARMS CRISIS

THE Middle East has for some months now been passing through troubled times. Following the Czech arms deal with Egypt, anti-Egyptian war hysteria in Israel has reached an unprecedented level, being whipped up by press, radio and government spokesmen alike. Government Ministers spoke of the possible need to launch a "preventive" war against Egypt, and the fascist Herut party, backed by the party of Big Business, the General Zionists, have demanded an immediate declaration of war on Egypt. But nowhere was the enthusiasm for "preventive" war greater than in New York, where the newspapers warmly advised Israel of its "obvious advantages".

By a
Special Correspondent

protests or sword-waving by Israel's leaders over these "cheap" Anglo-American arms.

Nuri Said, Iraq's Premier, announced at the opening of the Baghdad Pact conference that "Iraq feels free to use her military forces against Israel", and more recently in January in the Iraqi Parliament he said that "every gun, tank or plane received by Iraq will contribute to the solution (!) of the Palestine problem". But these guns, tanks and planes evoked no protest from the Zionist leaders.

One may learn a very important lesson from all this. Not only do the American military pacts with Arab states offer no security for Israel but on the contrary they represent a deadly threat to Israel's security. As long as Anglo-American imperialism has its hold on the Middle East there will be strife and bloodshed there.

Military Alliances

One may ask then what the true explanation is of the hornet's nest roused in Zionist circles by the Czech arms deal with Egypt. Let us consider the political background.

In 1950 Britain, France and the United States divided the Middle East arms market amongst themselves in their notorious Tripartite Declaration. The Israeli arms market was allocated to France. Israel has ever since been buying arms freely from France.

The subsequent history of the Middle East is largely one of imperialist efforts to organise aggressive anti-Soviet military alliances against the opposition of the Arab people. This is the key to the understanding of all recent developments including the Czech arms deal and Israeli reactions.

The initial attempts (1950 to 1955) to draw the Arab states into the aggressive Middle Eastern "defence"

organisations were an utter failure. But later the notorious American-sponsored military alliance between Pakistan and Turkey was formed, to be followed, in the latter half of 1954, by the military pact between Turkey and Iraq. Then the full force of imperialist diplomacy and intrigue was brought to bear on Syria, which has a common boundary with Turkey and Iraq.

In face of the violent opposition, expressed in the Syrian Parliament, press and mass demonstrations, to Syria's joining the Turco-Iraqi alliance, American agents attempted to effect a military coup in Syria—but the coup was crushed. Then, early in 1955, Turkey brought her armoured divisions up to Syria's northern border and declared that Syria's northern provinces "belonged to Turkey", while the United States promised to guarantee Syria's borders if she joined the proposed military pact!

Egypt stepped into the breach. Nasser promised to come to Syria's aid in the event of her being attacked. Israel was the next power in the game, and on February 28, 1955, Israel launched her notorious attack on Gaza in which scores of Egyptians were killed; and this at a time when the Egyptian frontier was no more troubled than any other Israeli frontier and certainly no more troubled than it had been since 1948.

Conditions for Arms

For many months afterwards the Egyptian frontier was the scene of Moody retaliation and counter-retaliation; and the three Western Powers stopped the sale of arms to Egypt. Then the United States announced that she would sell Egypt arms—if she joined the Turco-Iraqi alliance. Britain promised a limited quantity of arms—in exchange for concessions in the Suez; and France promised arms—if Egypt stopped supporting the Arab struggle for independence in Morocco and Algeria. So Nasser appealed to Czechoslovakia which agreed to sell Egypt arms unconditionally, in exchange for cotton and rice.

The arms deal was described in the New York Herald Tribune as a "major defeat for American diplomacy in the Middle East" and America's George Allen came flying to Cairo in

a frantic but unsuccessful last-minute attempt to undo the damage.

Israel's leaders, true to their self-assumed role of America's gendarme in the Middle East, whipped up frenzied anti-Egyptian war hysteria in Israel and launched two large-scale attacks deep in Egyptian territory, in Khan Yunis and Kuneila, in which scores of Egyptians were killed or taken prisoner.

And inside Israel, as well as out of it, emergency arms appeals were launched to help Israel in her self-imposed emergency.

Later when Syria suggested to the Lebanon that she join the Syrian-Egyptian Defence Pact, as a counter to American pressure on her to join the Baghdad Pact, Israel's broadcasting station warned the Lebanon, in the name of the Israeli government, not to sign such an agreement with Syria; and two days later Israel attacked Syrian outposts near the Sea of Galilee and killed 35 Syrians in a savage attack condemned even by Israel's reactionary press.

The Acid Test

"Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad". The Czech arms deal enabled Egypt (and Syria) to withstand the imperialist pressure to force her into a military pact with the United States. No amount of "left-wing" Zionist demagoguery about "Czechoslovakia's helping feudal Egypt" against "progressive Israel" can bring the issue.

Today in Israel the Mapai, Ahdut Ha'avodah and Mafpan Parties which have an absolute majority in the Israeli Parliament, are participating in a government coalition which is officially negotiating for a military pact with the United States.

Egypt, on the other hand, has increasingly been following a policy of independence and political neutrality, wriggling out of the British and American stranglehold, insisting on loans without prior political conditions, and launching herself on the road of free economic development.

The issue in simple terms was: Czech arms to Egypt unconditionally or American arms to Egypt together with British or American-officered Egyptian and Syrian armies.

Have the Zionist leaders not learnt that a British-officered Jordan army has meant blood and tears for Israel? Have they learnt nothing from Iraq's Nuri Said who boasts that America's Baghdad Pact weapons will be used to "solve" the Palestine problem?

(Continued on page 10)

Three times in the last 18 months the United States has stood on the brink of an atomic war in Asia, said the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, recently. This was his diplomacy of "deterrence", which caused a world outcry this year.

WHO IS THIS MAN DULLES?

WHO is this man John Foster Dulles?

He is the 67-year-old U.S. secretary of state, a Wall Street lawyer who was not elected to his high post, but was appointed to it by President Eisenhower as a representative of the most powerful U.S. industrial and banking corporations. The people were never consulted on the choice.

On the one occasion when John Foster Dulles presented himself as a candidate for public office, running for U.S. senator in New York state in 1949, he was soundly trounced.

There was never any doubt about where John Foster Dulles stood on such questions as fascism, democracy, war and peace.

The rabidly pro-Hitler organisation America First, the members of which were indicted for treasonous activities during the war, counted Dulles among its supporters. All the legal documents pertaining to the incorporation of America First were prepared by the legal firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, of which Dulles was senior partner. Mr. and Mrs. Dulles were listed in the official records as top contributors.

(Continued from page 9)

Have they forgotten that Mr. Dulles, with an eye on Israel's rich oil, uranium and phosphate deposits in the Negev demanded on August 26, the cession of the Negev by Israel, stating that the difficulty was "that even the territory which is barren has acquired sentimental significance?" Have they forgotten Anthony Eden's brazen demands for territorial concessions in the Negev, for the purpose of joining British-dominated Jordan with the Suez Canal? How long would it take for Anglo-American imperialist blackmail to extort from Israel these very territorial concessions if it were backed up by the armed force of American and British officered armies in Egypt, Syria and Transjordan?

Let Israel thank her lucky stars that the Czech arms deal has delivered her from this trap! The self-imposed role of policeman of the Imperialists in the Middle East is for Israel the road to national suicide.

Contact with Hitler

BUT his contacts with the Hitler regime were much closer. Through the J. Henry Schroeder Bank of New York, which is linked with the banks under the same name in London and Berlin, Dulles established direct financial ties with the Nazis. Dulles' law firm represented the N.Y. Schroeder bank, while his brother Allan Dulles (head of the U.S. cloak and dagger spy and terror organization) was a member of the bank's board of directors. Before the war, Dulles was a frequent visitor to Nazi-Germany. He championed the cause of fascism in not too subtle a way, advocating the policy of doing business with Hitler, while his law firm looked after the interests of many U.S. firms in fascist Germany.

One week after Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia, Dulles saw no threat to the U.S. On the contrary he described the regimes of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito as "dynamic".

In 1940, in the midst of his war against the British Commonwealth, Canada and other countries, Hitler attempted to get new support from U.S. industrialists and bankers, sending over Dr. Gerhard Westrick to make the contacts. Westrick's campaign was sparked by none other than John Foster Dulles. He introduced the Hitler emissary as a man of "high integrity", who worked for him in Berlin, and for whom he developed a "high regard". Mr. Dulles notwithstanding, Westrick failed.

Dulles' championing of Hitler was accompanied by no lesser admiration for Generalissimo Franco, for Hirohito, for Pilsudski and other gentry of this kind. And his law firm figured in many deals involving one or another of the mentioned fascist states.

Anti-Semite

ONE significant aspect of political kinship with fascism is his racism and anti-Semitism, demonstrated during his senatorial campaign in 1949 when he ran against Herbert Lehman, the Democratic Senator from New York state.

Speaking in Batavia, New York, on October 6, 1949, Dulles said:

"If you could see the kind of people in New York City making up this bloc that is voting for my opponent, if you could see them with your own eyes, I know that you would be out, every last man and woman of you, on election day."

It did not take much imagination to detect the racism contained in this sentence. Every one knows that close to a third of the population of New York City is Jewish. In addition there are many Negroes, Italians, Puerto Ricans and other ethnic groups. The Dulles appeal was a call to the pure "Anglo-Saxons", who constitute the majority of the upstate districts, for a holy crusade against the "foreigners" and "Jews".

Germany and Korea

NO sooner was the war against Hitler over, than Dulles began an active campaign for the rebuilding of the shattered German war machine and for the rehabilitation of the defeated Nazis.

On, February 5, 1947, Democratic Senator Claude Pepper of Florida had said on the floor of the U.S. Senate:

"Mr. Dulles obviously proposes to nullify the spirit and letter of the Potsdam agreement. His proposals would restore to Germany the power to wage war upon the United States and the world and to dominate the economies of western and eastern Europe, all of necessity, of course, with American capital. They would . . . create a blood clot in the arteries of the United Nations by setting up a western bloc based upon a restored Germany and directed against the assumed threat of eastern Europe."

It has taken him eight years to get as far as he has with rearming Germany — by no means successful yet.

Time magazine's choice as "the man of the year" is pictured as the most travelled U.S. secretary of state. His travels were indeed extensive. Their

PROFILE by
CECIL WILLIAMS

RETURNED FROM AUSCHWITZ

KRYSTYNA ZYWULSKA is a Polish writer, specialising at present in creating vivid, amusing, sometimes trenchant sketches for Warsaw's Satiric Theatre. She is in her thirties, has a clear sun-warm complexion, large grey eyes, small bright lips and fair hair with a careful, careless cut to it. She is a particularly graceful

purpose was invariably the same—to kindle the flame of war.

His trip to Korea in 1950 laid the groundwork for Syngman Rhee's aggression against the Korean People's Republic. He was in South Korean trenches only a few days before Rhee launched his attack on North Korea.

Most Hated Diplomat

UPON his assumption of the state secretaryship, Mr. Dulles went to Europe. In arrogant Yankee style he tried to bludgeon the European people into immediate ratification of EDC. But the people of France, Italy and Britain refused to be intimidated. A subsequent trip of his to the same countries months later saw the treaty still unratified. It also saw the fear and hatred of Mr. Dulles growing among the widest sections of Europe's people. If there is one statesman who is universally distrusted, disliked and disdained, it is John Foster Dulles.

In April of 1954, the much-travelled Mr. Dulles went to Europe again, this time to convince France of the need to continue the war against the people of Viet-Nam. It was at the height of the battles for Dien-bien Phu. He came back a disappointed man. His mission had failed.

In 1955, this "Mr. Evil" proclaimed the preventive war policy for "instant and massive retaliation". The picture of thousands of hydrogen-bomb planes, roaming the skies, bringing complete destruction to great and ancient cities and clouds of life-annihilating radio active dust in their wake — that is John Foster Dulles' threat to try to bend the world to the will of the U.S.A.

And this is the man who is a member of the World Council of Churches. It's as if the devil would sanctify his deeds with prayer.

dancer: has a mezzo voice, which she displays in singing a vast repertoire of Polish and Russian folk songs. She also clutches out of the past an English ragtime number, "Yes! we have no bananas". Krystyna is gentle, considerate, full of sympathy and patient. She laughs gaily and unrestrainedly.

And Krystyna sighs.

When I hear a sigh behind my back, I know Krystyna has approached. If I turn quickly, I catch a slow veil of sorrow over her eyes—if I am quick.

On her left foreman there are tattoo marks and for all the world to read, ingrained forever, there are the figures 55908. This woman spent more than two years in the Nazis' extermination camp at Auschwitz.

As a student her law studies came to an end with the invasion of the Nazis. While still a girl, she became a member of the Polish underground resistance movement. By devious, dangerous, and painstaking efforts, she assisted Jews to escape from the Warsaw ghetto. She helped to coordinate the scattered activities designed to assist the Allies. Finally she was arrested in Warsaw on suspicion. After spending eight months in the infamous Pawiak gaol, she was sent to Auschwitz for extermination. She is alive today not because of one miracle at the camp, but because of a thousand miracles, each of which snatched her back from the "Street of Death".

When the Nazis were evacuating Auschwitz on the approach of the Red Army, Krystyna risked one kind of death in order to avert another death at the next camp to which the prisoners were being marched. She broke from the endless procession, and gained her freedom and her life.

I have read the English translation of Krystyna's book, "I came Back". She wrote not about herself but about the death-in-life, the life-in-death that was Auschwitz. But as she writes of her dear friend Zosha, of Tania, of Wana, of the hunger and filth, of the disease and degradation, as she writes of the inescapable knowledge of the gas chambers and the crematoria, so

there emerges the personality of the woman herself. I do not attempt to describe that personality, except to say that last Wednesday afternoon, when I finished reading her book, I washed my hands, put on a clean shirt and combed my hair with a new painful, almost frightening consciousness of the wonder of each act. I was afraid to meet Krystyna at dinner.

But her reply to my half-expressed feeling was: The Nazis killed four million there. Out of my transport of more than two hundred women fewer than forty came back.

Her courage is renewed each day, as she contributes to the building of socialism in Poland and peace in the world.

She sends this message to South Africa:

"I would like to come to South Africa to speak to you in person. One day I shall. From my years in the extermination camp I learned, above all, two things, which I would like to pass on to you—and to the whole world.

The first is this: The horror of the extermination camp reflect, not the bestiality and depravity of the German people, but they reflect the working of a "system", which the German people in particular and the people of the world in general allowed to develop. Once the "system"—at whose heart is the debasement of the dignity of the human individual—is allowed to take root, then inevitably the horrors follow.

I must say that in essence I see no difference between what the Nazis did and what French men are doing today in North Africa; what British men are doing in Kenya and Malaya; and—dare I say it?—what certain white men are doing in South Africa, with the permission of their fellow white countrymen.

The second thing I learned is that the "dignity of the human individual" is no empty phrase. Amongst the millions of men, women and children who came to Auschwitz I found less noble characters, of course; but my memories are of courage beyond telling, of compassion, of unbelievably beautiful dignity.

With such recollections in my mind I send to the South African black and white fighters for freedom and peace my best wishes for the endurance and boldness which will bring speedy victory".

Tornado

SHORT STORY

By D. A. LEONARD

ONE hot summer's afternoon, during the wash up after Sunday lunch, Sam Modise suddenly took off his ragged apron and sneaked out the back way. He went to visit his wife and children in the Greyville location some ten miles out of town.

Had you asked him, "Why?" his reply would certainly have been, "I wanted to see my family", which was no answer, for it was not his afternoon off.

Obviously something had moved him to this unusual course, something between him and his wife, some subconscious link which warned him of the danger through which his family were to pass so soon. Certainly he could not have known of the avalanche of tragedy which was to overwhelm the little location that afternoon.

As we take up the story, Sam was walking along the tarred main road which wound through the hills, and passed the Greyville location whose houses, though several miles distant, could be seen across the undulating lands.

Thunder rumbled from the south-west as he paused to look at the darkening sky. It seemed to herald one of those sudden thunder-storms to which we who live on the Transvaal high veld are so accustomed during the summer months. The storm which was gathering was different. Sam could see that at once. Its approach was insidious, ominous. The slow clouds rolled up gradually until they formed a dark purple mass on the horizon. This mass seemed to grow from the ground upwards, higher and still higher. At its summit, a mountain of cloud, grey swirling wisps rushed across the narrowing patch of blue sky in all directions, creating a disturbance vast and violent, in contrast with the gradual accumulation of the heavy clouds below.

There were no birds flying. The veld lay quiet, empty in a humid silence which oppressed almost beyond endurance. There was a vacuum which created tensions and awakened restless forebodings.

An appreciation of the devastation which was to come upon the village suddenly possessed Sam. His immediate reaction was to try to find some way to avert the tragedy. But the elemental furies were at that moment moving surely and sullenly towards him across the hot veld, inexorable in their lust for destruction, overwhelming in their power to destroy.

There was nothing he could do. Realisation made him beserk with anxiety, with terror. He was unable to think. His one desire was to get to his family. He ran along the road until he reached a short cut across the farmlands. It meant trespassing with the risk of being shot at, or flogged, if he were caught.

He slipped unhesitatingly through the barbed wire fence and began to walk hurriedly across the flat lands, bending low, conscious that he could be seen for miles.

There was no one about. The farmer dozed peacefully on his stoep after a heavy lunch, and his African labourers were having a beer drink in their own kafferstad.

A small herd of afrikaner cattle grazed on some

open ground ahead of him but the herd boy was asleep somewhere in the long grass.

The clouds had moved towards Sam and were massing almost overhead now. The light was failing and twilight, deepening rapidly into darkness made the going difficult. He had to pick his way with care, stepping slowly, peering for boulders and feeling ahead for rough ground. The light was treacherous too, flickering in a strange way so that it became impossible to focus properly. Objects ahead lost their outline and quivered or wavered, like a jarred jelly.

A few drops of rain spluttered on the brown rocks leaving stains which spread slowly and darkened the ground. Then . . . silence again. The silence of death.

A large black bird flapped by in slow flight, fleeing majestically before the approaching storm. The echo of its wings in the eerie pause clapped like pistol shots and continued to be heard for some while after the bird had passed from Sam's sight.

The herd of cattle, now far behind Sam, were toy-like and unreal on the shadowy veld. They too were disturbed at the strange weather and the faint sound of their distant lowing could be heard from where he stood.

The storm approached, terrifying in its silence. The muggy heat gave way to a sudden stream of icy air which caused Sam to shiver in the midst of his sweating and to draw his arms across his body, huddling within himself for warmth.

Sam was frightened as never before. He was accustomed to the usual storm with its flickering lightning and its thunderous barrage. Many the time had he cowered under a stunted thorn tree from the sheets of flooding rain and battering hail-stones whilst the wind whined across the open veld. In the silence which he now endured, he missed the comfort of those accompanying noises, the company of the elements in the usual phenomena of nature. As an African, these things had a place in his world and their absence was strange, frightening in its novelty.

There was nothing, nothing in the veld . . . only the great mass of cloud, purple and black, swirling and deepening above his head. Now the only light came from a point in the western sky where the clouds ended, rather like the sea on the edge of a golden shore. Strangely, this sunlight intensified rather than lessened the gloom, for it emphasised the ominous line of the clouds without penetrating to the world beneath.

The last shred of light vanished. Only darkness . . . silence . . . cold . . . remained.

Then he heard a noise . . . a noise such as he had never heard before . . . a distant murmur which in seconds became a menacing roar of malevolent fury. The onset from behind was so sudden that he imagined for one frenzied moment that he was about to be run down by a speeding truck or an electric train, as the clattering whine came towards him.

Giddy and with flaming lights before his eyes, Sam made one last effort to reach the village. He could already hear the chattering cries of the people as they fled for shelter, leaves before the storm . . .

The veld filled with the noise of the approaching fury. The ground shuddered. The world seemed to dissolve into the din.

In the midst of the ensuing chaos a tremendous gust of wind caught Sam and whirled him high into the air over the rocks which sheltered the village, the black teeth bared, dashed him down and left him crumpled, inert

★ ★ ★

Sanna, his wife, was not in the village that afternoon. Sam was not expected and she had taken the children some distance the other side of the village to gather wood in a plantation of gum trees. There they had worked surrounded by the cool gloom, screened from the approaching storm. Yet it grew so dark that Sanna became fearful, gathered wood and her children together and set off across the veld, unaware that on the other side of the village Sam was making his last effort to reach her.

At the moment the tremendous wind struck Sam, she turned and threw herself to the ground, but before that she had a momentary glimpse of a scene which became imprinted on her mind as the opening and closing of a camera shutter photographs the scene before it on the film within. The village lying at peace now, quite still, was swept by a tremendous racing column of cloud, half a mile wide and reaching high into the menacing sky, into a gyrating confusion of dust and uprooted trees, pieces of iron sheeting and wooden beams, as the houses disintegrated in the sudden onslaught of wind. A cow sailed across the sky, hundreds of feet up. A motor car crashed to the ground some distance from the road from which it had been swept.

The wind struck the place where she lay, and she was swallowed by the roaring maw and swamped in the flooding rain which suddenly descended.

She huddled close to the ground, choked by the dust and bombarded by falling stones and debris. How long did she lie there? She did not know. She was engulfed in endless time. She could not think. No human being could think at such a moment. She was conscious only of the noise echoing and re-echoing in the great void about her . . . and the great veld about her . . . filled with nameless ceaseless sound . . . and the children's hands held fast in her own.

Suddenly it was gone. It did not retreat nor diminish. It just ended, vanished.

All was quiet. There was no peace, only an exhaustion of the elements, the stillness of a world shattered, lying prostrate . . . unconscious, perhaps dead.

The rain commenced once more, falling with tears of relief from the brightening sky, no longer tortured by the heavy clouds and the wind, radiant in the golden glow from the setting sun.

Sanna stood up, weak and trembling of body and wavering in mind as she tried to control her senses, to bring the world into focus once more.

Thunder crashed again but it was only the sleepy mutter of tired nature, reassuring to the woman as she stood blinking in the strong light.

Slowly the sun sank into a red ball and the shadows lengthened as she made her way through the silent mud towards the site of her hut, the children clinging to her.

An occasional bird encouraged by the clearing sky, chirped uncertainly. A flight of white birds passed swiftly overhead in extended order.

The people of the village were stirring. The mud bricks had dissolved into the wet veld and not a hut remained. A litter of splintered wood and bent iron was all that was left. The festering dung-heap that was Greyville had gone. There were no power lines nor drainage pipes to leave their marks upon the veld.

Alas, many of the people were gone too. They lay, mangled and twisted beneath the ruins of the village.

Oh joy! The filth and the squalor, the disease and the horror in which they lived had gone too. The storm had swept all away, purified the earth and left it clean for the new community to build on its soil.

Sanna came to where her house had been. There was nothing . . . only the crumpled body, Sam's body, lying across a broken bed, his head plastered with red mud.

★ ★ ★

The rescue parties of White men came, armed with lights, in a roar of hurrying motors late in the night. They came in response to the call of an exhausted African who ran to the police station in the town.

They worked hard and dispensed medicine and soup and sympathy to the hurt and the bereaved in generous measure. They found Sanna sitting amid the ruins of her home and led her and the children to the warmth of the great fires which they built and gave them warm dry clothes.

They worked to exhaustion in the cold rain which set in during the night, lavishing all the warmth of human care from the town on the stricken African community.

Two successive dawns found the rescue squads still busy. Ambulances and mortuary vans sped back and forth. An unending stream of lorries loaded high with food and building materials provided the life blood for a new village of mud houses and hessian shacks which grew like toadstools over the new grass of the sparse brown veld.

Within a week life was normal in the village which was once more forgotten by the people in the town. They did not see the festering wound which they had opened once more on the good earth.

OLD CHINA NURSERY RHYME

By Ma Fan-to

The little darling wants a slice of cake,
the little darling a peach would take;
do stop that row,
not for you just now,
little darling, little darling,
don't stamp your feet,
there are so many little darlings
looking for grass to eat.

Heinrich Heine

ON February 17 this year, the world will commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich Heine, Germany's greatest lyrical poet.

Heine's anniversary will be an occasion for honouring not only his works, but also his passionate love of the ideals of social justice, his great feeling of human brotherhood, and his desire that men should enjoy freedom and peace, bread and roses.

Heine is one of the great figures of world culture chosen for commemoration this year by the World Peace Council.

HEINE was born in Dusseldorf on December 13th, 1797, and he died in Paris fifty-nine years later. His life-span embraced one of the most fascinating eras in European history. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars had ushered in the century of the common man; the age of *laissez-faire*, the free-trader and the Chartist. But Napoleon's fall brought a terrible reaction; it brought the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance. It brought Metternich and Guizot.

In his poetry and prose, Heine reflects these turbulent events with the sensitivity of a great artist. Because he was an artist and not merely a reporter, his writings portray a deep, penetrating analysis of his subjects. His political articles stand to this day as masterpieces of logic, insight and warm humanity.

Heine reached manhood and entered university as a law student at a time when anti-Semitism was once more rife in Germany. If anything, it was even more virulent than during the pre-Napoleon days. This was to exercise an enormous influence on the poet's later work, and it had in fact a profound influence on the man himself—he became converted to Protestantism. In seeking to overcome some of the vicious obstacles to his career, he had performed an act which was to haunt him for the rest of his

life. "I am now hated by both Christians and Jews", he wrote ironically to a friend.

He graduated in 1825, but he had no heart for law. He had already published a number of poems and articles which not only established him as a talented man of letters, but began a new era in German poetry. As he himself said many years later, "With me the modern German lyric began". He was the last of the Romantics, and the first of the great Moderns. Under the financial pro-

By

VIC EDDY

tection of his wealthy uncle, Solomon Heine, he devoted himself entirely to his writing. Inevitably his advanced views clashed with the rigid arch-reaction of the authorities, and he was forced to flee his homeland. In 1831, he arrived in Paris where, for most of the remainder of his life, he remained.

Heine's major poems, which include *A Journey to the Harz*, *Travel Pictures*, *Germany—A Winter's Tale*, *Hebrew Melodies* and *Atta Troll*, are great works of art which will live as long as men draw their inspiration from the fight for human dignity and freedom. For it was to the Paris Commune and the Polish uprising that Heine looked when he put pen to paper. It was the spectre of liberty that guided his hand in everything he wrote. Nor was his vision confined to the somewhat limited concepts of most of his contemporaries. He looked forward to a future when "It will be a beautiful day. The sun of freedom will warm the earth more gladly than the entire aristocracy of nocturnal stars. A new race will arise . . . Together with free birth, freer thoughts and feelings will come into the world—of which we, who were born in servitude, have no conception".

It is interesting to note that his acquaintance with another German emigre, Karl Marx, gave his political essays a very pronounced direction. He blossomed out as a pamphleteer and newspaper contributor and evoked the displeasure of even the tolerant French authorities. But his popularity and international reputation gained in stature.

Unfortunately, Heinrich Heine's poetry is of the kind which does not lend itself readily to translation. Much of the acid of his satirical verse is diluted when read in English. Nevertheless, his English readers today are numbered in millions, as indeed his readers in any language. His shorter poems, such as the famous *Lorelei* have become so much a part of German folklore that even the Nazis, a century later could not eradicate them. Textbooks in the Third Reich described the author of *Dei Lorelei* as "anonymous". No man could ask for a more handsome tribute.

Let us in South Africa honour the memory of the genius whose role in history is described in his own too-modest words:

"Truly, I do not know whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be placed on my bier: Poetry, much as I loved it, has always been to me only a sacred plaything, or, at best, a consecrated means to a heavenly end. I have never laid great store by poetic glory, and whether my songs are praised or blamed matters little to me. But lay a sword on my bier, for I have been a good soldier in the wars of human liberation."

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"Fighting Talk"

7/6 A YEAR

**READERS'
COMMENT**

THE LIBERAL PARTY

Sir,

One can sympathise with Claude Franks' ire in his article published in your last issue, but one cannot permit that sympathy to obscure how neatly he avoids answering some of Peter Meyer's most substantial criticisms of the Liberal Party (November issue). Much of Meyer's article was, in my opinion, carping and perhaps a little petty. But where his comments had substance, they deserved better treatment than they received. For example:

Mrs. Ballinger: "We (Liberals) are the only party in South Africa which really knows where it proposes to go."

Meyer (November): "There is, of course, the Freedom Charter, Mrs. Ballinger".

Franks (January): "And a very good reply it might be, too, if the Freedom Charter were a political party".

Really! This is schoolboy repartee of the very lowest order. There is the Freedom Charter. It has been accepted as the political objective of what is certainly the widest political alliance in the country today. It is *not*, as Mr. Franks so condescendingly points out, a political party, but a creed. But let Mr. Franks forget the debating points. Where does the Liberal Party stand in relation to the Charter? Do those who uphold the Charter also ". . . really know where they propose to go?" And are they going the same way as the Liberal Party? This is the substance of the issue raised by Peter Meyer. Just because his journalistic punch-line obscures it a little is no reason for Mr. Franks to wriggle round it. Some plain Liberal talk on this problem would make better reading.

Before reading Peter Meyer, I too had come across the Liberal Party booklet, and had read it. Like Meyer, I was somewhat taken aback by the statement that the aspirations of the Non-European peoples "have the profound sympathy of the Liberal Party".

Meyer comments: "Have you ever read anything more detached, more aloof?" Mr. Franks' defence is no defence. Meyer, he says in his rejoinder, "criticises the Liberal Party for saying it *supports* the Non-European people . . ." (My emphasis LB). "What rubbish!" May I add,

what mis-quotation! In fact, the booklet "The Policies of the Liberal Party" rams home the point more clearly than did Meyer. I quote from the booklet:

"The Party will co-operate actively with other (political) parties on issues upon which there is agreement.

"The Party welcomes exchanges of views and information with those (non-party political) bodies sharing its objectives and ideals.

"In their aspirations . . . the Non-European peoples have the profound sympathy of the Liberal Party.

(My emphasis throughout.—L.B.).

Read like that, as they appear in the booklet, one after another, the last statement is, as Meyer says, "aloof, detached", or perhaps downright condescending.

It will, no doubt, be argued by Mr. Franks that further on the booklet expresses the "sincere desire of the Liberal Party to co-operate" with the Congresses in their struggle. But even this lacks the firm assurance given to the South African Political Parties that: "The Party will co-operate actively".

Either Mr. Meyer is right, and the Liberal Party is detached and aloof from the struggles of the Non-European people. Or the Liberal Party is being particularly mealy-mouthed in its statement of policy on the question, in the hope that what they have to say won't stick too firmly in the gizzards of non-Liberal or illiberal Europeans. Some straight explanations from Mr. Franks, shorn of debating points, would be in order.

Yours faithfully,

L. BERNSTEIN.

Sir,

I think Claude Franks has made his points fairly against Peter Meyer's criticism, which I feel was strongly based and arrived at, perhaps over hastily due to bias which I can fully appreciate and understand, but do not commend.

Yet the grounds for criticism remain, and are not dismissed nor disarmed by Claude Franks' reply, how-

ever just. For it is clear that if the Liberals demand universal franchise for South Africa, that is not a liberal policy but a radical one; and it becomes obvious that in claiming to favour a liberal policy they are merely seeking to gain a wider support among the Europeans than would be possible were they to proclaim their belief in a radical change, which is in fact a revolutionary one. In a word, they are committed to a policy of expediency which is frankly opportunist.

Now it is obvious that a party which relies to any degree upon such support and succeeds to any extent in gaining it, will be rendered thereby impotent. A call for universal franchise would be tantamount to political suicide, and self-preservation would compel them to evade, to temporise and to dissemble.

"Oh the brave music of a distant drum", said Omar of old. And because the challenge that awaits them is not at the moment one which they will have to consider immediately it may be that one could not substantiate a charge of dishonesty; but one may predict with certainty that the time must come when it will be possible both to make and substantiate it.

"Know thyself"—that is the supreme wisdom. It is not given to everyone to be endowed with the temperament necessary to face and endure the bitterness of the political struggle and to face frankly the naked brutality that has come into being. But if the Liberals would see themselves in that light, they would be able to realise that they would be contributing more to the ends they seek by retiring from the field and giving moral and financial aid to those who are better equipped for the fight.


As it is they merely befog the issues and bemuse those whose environment makes it difficult to see the picture.

Clearly, I make my criticism in no hostile spirit, for I appreciate the dilemma of those who are sickened at the stark inhumanity of life in South Africa, yet are temperamentally unable to escape from their frustrations, yet must find at the same time a means of coming to terms with their conscience.

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