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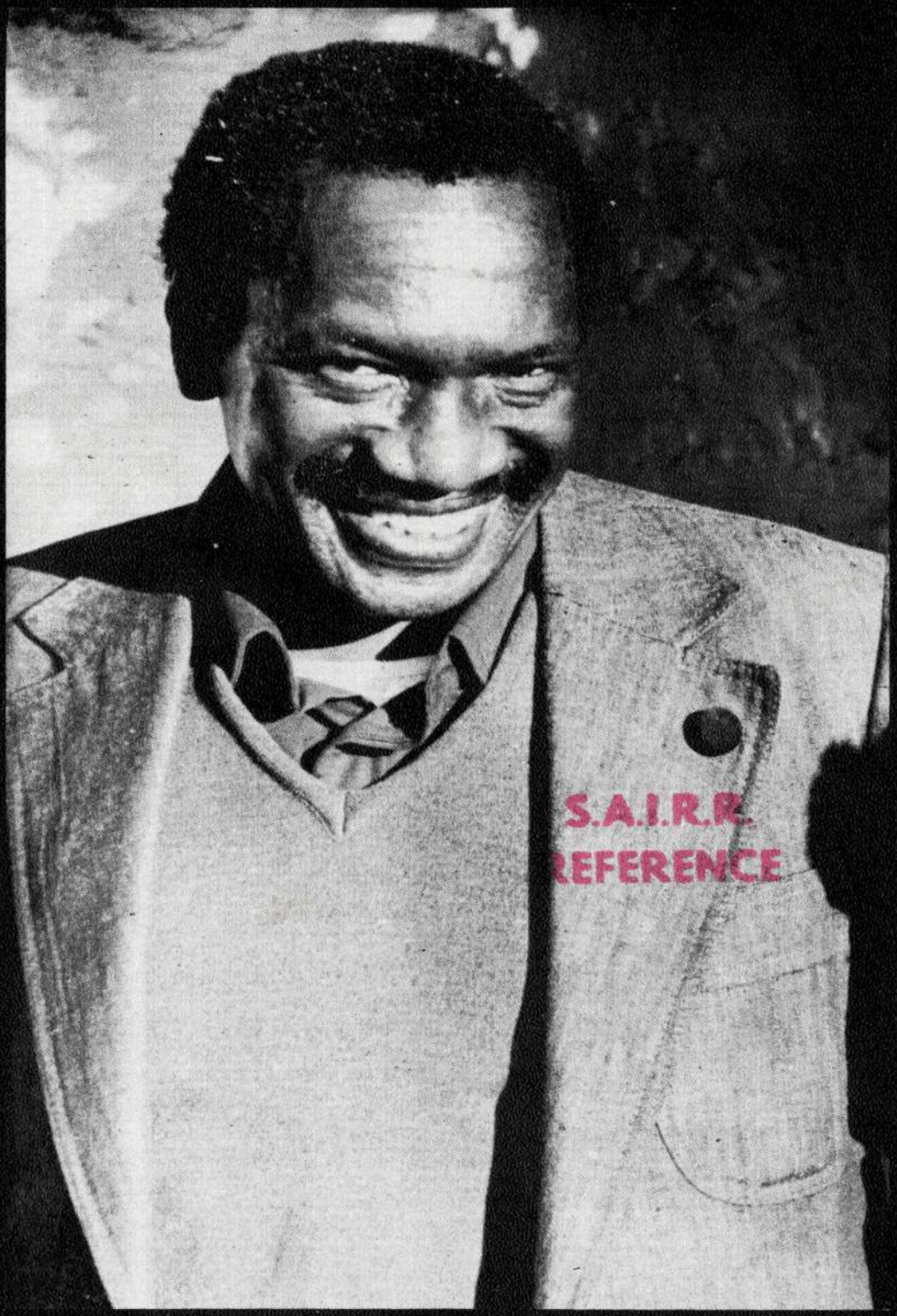

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL AND RADICAL OPINION

ISSN 0034-0979

VOL. 10 No. 3 MAY 1978

in this issue . . .

Cover Photograph — ROBERT SOBUKWE — taken by BENJAMIN POGRUND.

EDITORIALS

1.

TWO GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN

It is now some four years since Leo Marquard died. REALITY decided that this was an appropriate moment to honour his memory and remind its readers of what this great Liberal stood for. This we do in two articles by friends of his in this issue. Since that decision was taken Robert Sobukwe has died and he, too, we honour in these pages. One of the accounts we include here, of a friendship with Robert Sobukwe comes from Nell Marquard, Leo's widow.

As the tensions in South Africa rise and racial polarisation accelerates Liberal ideas are in danger of being forgotten altogether or discredited by distortion. Distorting Liberal aims has always been common practice amongst white reactionaries and it is becoming increasingly the practice amongst black radicals. Not only are Liberal aims distorted but so is the liberal record.

Before the early 1950s there was no politically organised body of liberal opinion in South Africa. People who called themselves "liberals" acted as individuals, some were less "liberal" than others and it is easy enough for critics of South African liberalism to find people they accuse of backsliding and not practising what they preached who, by present standards, would not be regarded as liberals at all. Leo Marquard would not be one of them. His whole life was an example of what a South African Liberal's life should be. This example he set as an individual while there was no organised liberal political life in South Africa and, in 1953, he was one of the founders of the Liberal Party of S.A., which attempted to provide an organised rallying point for the Liberal voice in our country. With the sane voice of his quiet reason Leo Marquard helped the Liberal Party's members, black and white, hammer out a policy which, by the time the Nationalist Government put it out of business, was not much different from the one that Robert Sobukwe subscribed to. It provided political rights for all, in a single South Africa, based on universal suffrage. It wanted an independent judiciary and a Bill of Rights which would protect individuals, not groups, It wanted equal rights for all in every sphere of life, a comprehensive system of social security to protect the weak, and a programme devoted to eliminating the consequences of past discrimination from which most black people suffered.

Leo Marquard believed that the best way to fight for the non-racial society he wanted was through a non-racial organisation. Robert Sobukwe, when he founded the PAC, established himself as the spiritual father of the present Black Consciousness movement. He believed that it was only by acting on their own that African people could generate the pride and self-confidence which was the necessary prerequisite for a successful political struggle against white domination. His vision of "Africa for the Africans" was essentially a non-racial concept. It will be

necessary, as the inevitable distortions creep into memories of what he stood for, that his successors in the liberation struggle are continually reminded that it was a **non-racial** "Africa for the Africans" that Robert Sobukwe wanted.

Because they died having achieved neither political success nor power Leo Marquard and Robert Sobukwe could be regarded as failures in their lifetimes. That would be a very wrong assessment. If they did nothing else they influenced every person with whom either of them came into contact. Their lives will only have been failures if we allow what they really stood for to be forgotten and a series of distortions to take their place.

Leo Marquard may have been the son of a Free State Dominee and Robert Sobukwe the son of a Graaff-Reinet woodcutter but, by the time of their deaths, either could have lived quite happily under a Government run by the other.

Surely South Africa has something to learn from that. □

2.

CLEMENS KAPUUO

The assassination of Clemens Kapuuo, the leader of the Herero people, was a terrible act. He had fought as long and as hard as anyone to bring apartheid to an end in Namibia, and longer and harder than most, and he did it on the spot, which is often more uncomfortable than doing it from a distance.

Clemens Kapuuo decided to give the Turnhalle solution to Namibia's problems his support and, whether he was right or wrong to do so was surely a matter for debate, not assassination. The suggestion that by accepting the Turnhalle he had gone soft on apartheid is quite ludicrous. It is more likely that he accepted the Turnhalle because he thought apartheid in Namibia was finished. It is also possible that he accepted the Turnhalle because he no longer had faith in the bona fides of some SWAPO policy-makers. And if it turns out that they were responsible for his killing, who could now say that he was wrong?

One hopes that Clemens Kapuuo's death will bring everyone involved in Namibia to their senses and to appreciate just how great their responsibility now is to agree on some solution which, even if it isn't perfect, might just work. Or are they all, – SWAPO, Pretoria, the Turnhalle – going to be so determined to see their own solution prevail that they will embark on a spiral of escalating violence – assassination followed by reprisal, border foray followed by hot pursuit – which may end up by leaving one of them in the seats of power but will, in the meantime, have destroyed a great many ordinary decent people? □

STEVE BIKO

As one whom his mother comforteth
So will I comfort you.
That is the prayer at death.

It was not the grievous shackle
Nor the torment of your stripping
Nor the naked journey
Nor the blow.

There was no face, no smile, no touch, no kiss,
No word.

We grieve outside the walls.

by Jacob Stern.

DIALOGUE AT EASTER

"You can't do this to me.
You can't just take away my land.
I'll have to call the police."
"We are the police."
"Then I'll appeal to the Government."
"We represent the Government."
"Then I'll kneel and pray to God."
"In South Africa God
is created in our likeness."
"But the God I know is a God of justice –
Jesus, for all mankind arisen."
"We think you'll drop that view of things
after a month or two in prison."

by Vortex

LEO MARQUARD: A MEMOIR

by René de Villiers

You might think that a Dutch Reformed Church parsonage in a Free State dorp is an unlikely incubator for liberalism. In Leo Marquard's case you would be wrong, totally wrong.

His mother was a major influence in his life (his father died when he was a few years old). She was a gentle and spiritual woman with an instinct for fair-dealing and tolerance and a deep compassion, which her children inherited. His maternal grandfather, Professor John Murray, of Stellenbosch, was a divinity scholar with an educational background from the Europe of the 19th century.

The white community of Winburg, where Leo was born and had his early schooling -- he was proud to call himself a republican burgher by birth -- was cosmopolitan and forbearing. Leo spoke of only one black man in his early life, Stefaans, coachman cum-handyman, who was more part of the family than anything else. The whites spoke Afrikaans or Dutch; many, including the Marquard children, usually spoke English in the home and both languages, but often Afrikaans or its equivalent, outside; others had German as their mother tongue. Ethnicity was unheard of: all were Free Staters first and foremost, South Africans, nothing less, nothing more.

The Rebellion of 1914 brought its tensions and heartbreaks for a small community split down the middle; and then came the Great War, with Leo following in his eldest brother's footsteps and enlisting for service in Europe. He had a brief spell with the Royal Air Force and later spent three years at New College, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar.

These two periods overseas were a major watershed in Leo's life. He came back to South Africa and developed into an inspiring history teacher. But he became much more: his public-spiritedness soon led him to found the National Union of South African Students. Potchefstroom, Stellenbosch and Pretoria provided some of his staunchest colleagues. The National treasurer at one time was Daan de Wet Nel, later Dr Verwoerd's "plural relations" henchman. Braam Fischer, from Grey University College in the Free State, was the Nationalist "Prime Minister" at one of the student parliaments. (Gys Hofmeyr, I recall, was Mr Speaker that year).

Soon, also, he and his wife, Nell, his life's partner, had established a night school in what we used to call the Location in Bloemfontein, and enrolled a group of young people to help him with the teaching. The pupils were mostly adults, and I remember one of them persevering until, about 16 years later, he obtained a bachelor's degree. Nell, and Leo's sister, Louise, also ran the child welfare society and the Wayfarers. When Leo helped found the South African Institute of Race Relations in 1929, he had been the guiding spirit in the Bloemfontein Joint Council of Europeans and Natives for some time. Public service came naturally to the Marquards.

I cannot remember hearing anyone talk about liberalism in those days. Leo and Nell, and those they attracted to them, simply practised it as a matter of course. They realised there was a need for the kind of service they rendered and they responded automatically.

What I did hear them talk of constantly was the need to improve the quality of life of the Natives, as we called Black people (Kaffir" was still occasionally used), the need for more and better education, the need to raise their standard of living. And of course, at that period, one heard them talk a great deal about Nazism and its attendant horrors in Europe, particularly its herrenvolkism and its anti-Semitism, both of which appalled them. So when war came Leo enlisted -- at great personal sacrifice and inconvenience, I might add, for he was already over 40. He enlisted, without fuss and bother, because he saw it as his duty to fight authoritarianism, which to him was the negation of liberty and freedom, the highest of all virtues.

Fortunately, although enlisting meant giving up school-mastering, he was able to use his teaching gifts in the Army Education Service with which Ernie Malherbe entrusted him. After the war his heightened sense of public service took him into a variety of spheres where he could continue to work for improved human relations and the advancement or at least protection of civil liberty. He was a liberal and proud of it. I imagine he would have agreed completely with Mrs Hoernle when, in her 1951 Institute of Race Relations presidential address entitled, significantly, "Rights and duties of liberals in South Africa", she said:

> "It is this our duty without fear or favour to say honestly what we think is wrong or inadequate and to hammer away at what we are fully convinced is right and necessary, remembering always that though the outlook is dark at times, liberty is not lost, is not irretrievable, until the desire for it is lost. So long as men have the will to be free and to grow mentally and spiritually, no man-made laws can prevent them from striving until they reach their goal".

The will to be free. That was the touchstone of Leo's philosophy and life. He wasn't a passionate being; but he believed passionately in liberty and strove incessantly to spread its philosophy. He was wholly without "side". He was absolutely honest and straightforward and forthright. And this produced in him the courage to say what he felt needed to be said and to stand up and be counted, no matter what the cost or the consequences.

Even after the Security Branch, in one of its craziest moments, searched his home and went through his papers for reasons known only to them, he carried on precisely as before doing what he thought was necessary and right. In fact, this incident brought home to him more than ever before the need to fight the authoritarianism of Nationalism. In this he was totally "onverskrokke".

Leo knew and understood Afrikaner Nationalism and could talk to Nationalists not only in their own language but in their own idiom. He had, in addition, a loathing for cant and hypocrisy. He was a no-nonsense man. The double-talk of so many in public life sickened him.

He was my idea of what a South African should be: tolerant, compassionate, unafraid and understanding, without a trace of racialism. He had a foot in each of the white culture camps and felt at home in both. Above all, I would

say, he was a man of rugged commonsense who managed to get tremendous pleasure out of life – an achievement to which his lovely sense of humour and his common touch contributed appreciably. He loved good stories and told many.

Nationalists, I believe, respected him, particularly his ice-cold logic and intellectual integrity. And although they started from the premise that he was politically "verdwaald", they, the "super patriots", were never able seriously to doubt his South Africanness, his "egtheid". In their heart of hearts they knew that there was nothing "uitheems" about his liberalism: they must have realised that he was a natural liberal.

But Leo was no starry-eyed idealist. He never had any illusions about the difficulty of the path the liberal in South Africa had to tread. In his first book on South African politics, "The Black Man's Burden", written under the pseudonym of John Burger and published in 1943 while he was serving in the Army, Leo wrote:

> ". . . liberalism is fighting a gallant rearguard action and all it can do is to try to prevent the forces of reaction from having it all their own way. It is, indeed, apparent that the limits of reformism have been reached and that any further improvement in the living conditions of the non-European proletariat will have to be achieved along the lines of industrial action rather than by liberal influence in politics."

"The Black Man's Burden" sheds a good deal of light on Leo's fairly radical early thinking and confirms, as I suggested earlier, that he was among the first to warn against the fascist cancer and to see communism in its right perspective. So, for instance, he wrote: "What the Nationalist Press mistakes for communism is sheer discontent blindly directed against an exploitation whose nature the African does not understand."

In another passage he pointed out that "the Union is a precursor, and not a follower, in the matter of racial doctrines. Long before the Nuremberg laws were promulgated in Nazi Germany, South Africa had laws compelling its citizens to be careful about their grandmothers". He saw the real peril facing this country as fascist racism and pinned his faith in a "strong and educated working-class movement of all workers, European and non-European. Along that path alone lies hope for the future."

Leo, perhaps more than any South African of his generation, tried to make people think in sane and unemotional terms about politics. He set countless men and women of all races on the road to thinking rationally and getting their priorities right. For that alone his memory deserves to be honoured. □

A TRIBUTE TO LEO MARQUARD

by David Welsh.

It is now exactly four years since Leo Marquard died at the ripe old age of 77. For some years prior to his death his health had been indifferent, but right up to the end he remained, for the most part, cheerful, and also intellectually alert and lively.

In watching a number of people I know grow old I have often wondered what circumstances combine to produce that mellowness and tranquility that were so characteristic of Leo. He could look back over a long life-time of rich experience, rewarding activities, interesting friends and colleagues, and he could, if he had been induced to do so (which I doubt) sense the glow of satisfaction that a successful career and life must bring.

More important, though, I think that Leo's serenity came from a combination of unshakable moral convictions about the nature of the just and compassionate society, and his never-failing openmindedness and willingness to consider new ideas. He was sincere in his beliefs and he never felt that sheer dogmatism was necessary for their defence.

It may seem that in the South Africa of 1978 to look with admiration at the life of a liberal is to engage in the celebration of lost causes. I have been saddened by conversations with some of my elderly friends to sense in them a feeling, not articulated in so many words, that all their efforts had been a waste of time; that the rise and consolidation of apartheid amounted to a trampling on their convictions and ideals.

Leo never indulged in this essentially self-piteous kind of thinking – or at least I never detected a trace of it: Neither was he unduly optimistic or immune to pessimism. I am sure that he would have taken the philosophical view that he had done his best, that he had never flinched from the consequences of his convictions, and that his efforts and those of others, while not reaping immediate benefits, would make their contribution in what was (and is) bound to be a protracted struggle.

Leo's concrete achievements as a scholar and publisher, aside from his activities in politics and student affairs, will stand as a monument to the acuteness of his intellect and his wisdom. **The Black Man's Burden,** published under the pseudonym of John Burger, and **Peoples and Policies of South Africa** are, in my judgement, Leo's outstanding books. The difference in tone between the two is also an interesting reflection of the probable change of Leo's thinking. The earlier book, **The Black Man's Burden** was published during World War II and reflects his concern with Fascism and its local offshoots or variants. The stance is much more radical than those, who like myself, knew Leo only in later times.

The outstanding quality of **People & Policies** is its ability to convey vividly a sense of the flesh and guts of South African society – more so than any other comparable introductory text. This book has run to four editions and was updated by Leo at least twice. I venture to express the hope here that someone might consider another updating so that its usefulness is not impaired.

The book which Leo might have written, but never did, was of course his autobiography. Some years before his death Peter Brown and I were involved in an abortive effort to persuade Leo to make a start, but, as I recall,

Leo snorted and said that he was far too young to consider doing any such thing!

The way lies open now for Leo's biographer. I hope that these few words of tribute might help to persuade some scholar or writer to undertake the project. The extensive collection of his papers is lodged in the University of Cape Town library, and many other sources would be available in the files of bodies with which he was associated. May I also take this opportunity of asking anyone who has letters from Leo or anecdotes about him to consider sending them to me for addition to his papers?

A biographer would have to go further than recounting the story of Leo's life and times. He would have to address himself to some of the hard questions that are being posed to liberals today, especially by the neo-Marxist left and, to some extent, by black nationalists. For example, has one of the historical roles of white liberalism been to lead African nationalism up blind, reformist alleys? Is it a conservative ideology, basically concerned with safeguarding capitalism? And have white liberals been hypocritical, insincere etc. etc?

Another interesting facet of Leo's life would be to trace the people to whom he was related and the number of pupils he taught who subsequently became distinguished in their fields. I often used to rag Leo about this, holding that there seemed to be very few (white) South Africans who didn't fall into these categories. His personal influence was immense. All who had dealings with him came away impressed with his vision and commonsense. So far as I am aware Leo had no enemies – and that is an extraordinary achievement for a South African who spent a life-time in public affairs. □

REFLECTIONS ON GRAAFF-REINET

by Peter Brown

Although there were many contacts between Liberal Party and Pan-Africanist Congress members during the few brief years of the PAC's official existence 20 years ago, I did not meet Robert Sobukwe at that time. In fact my one and only meeting with him took place only a few months before his death, in Groote Schuur Hospital, and lasted barely a quarter of an hour. Theo Kotze of the Christian Institute (both of them now banned), took me to see him. It was an inspired thought on his part, on the only day I spent in Cape Town in the whole of 1977, and one for which I shall always be grateful. For, to meet Robert Sobukwe was for me, at any rate, a quite exceptional experience. He had just had a massive operation, should still have been in bed but wasn't, was still very weak, was only just recovering the use of his voice, yet still gave the impression of immense strength. Many people have remarked on the fact that, in spite of all he had been subjected to, there was no bitterness in him. Nor, from my brief meeting with him, was there any despair or any frustration -- only a great sadness that the prospects for the full development of South Africa's enormous human and material potential were being frittered away.

So, on March 11th, one went to Sobukwe's funeral in his birthplace of Graaff-Reinet, to honour this remarkable man. What did one find there and with what thoughts did one come away?

We travelled to Graaff-Reinet not knowing at what time the memorial service was to be held and, in fact, we only reached the town just in time to join the funeral procession. The result was that the only seats we could find were so far from the central platform, where it was set up in the middle of the Graaff-Reinet Showgrounds, that we could neither see who was on it nor, later, exactly what was happening round it. We learnt only afterwards that the organisers of the funeral service had been forced to change the programme the previous day and that Helen Suzman and Benjamin Pogrund, a very old friend of Robert Sobukwe's, had been removed from the list of speakers.

When a protesting crowd gathered round the platform and refused to disperse, in spite of repeated appeals over the microphone, it was still some time before we discovered that Chief Gatsha Buthelezi was on that platform and what that protesting crowd was demanding was that he should leave. All one sensed, as the appeals over the microphone became more desperate, was a steadily rising tension in the arena, until it was almost at breaking-point. It was at this point that Chief Buthelezi was persuaded to leave. Those moments between the time he stepped down from the platform and was finally out of the arena, seemed to last for ever. My own view is that he was lucky to get out of there alive. One stumble, one better-directed stone, and anything might have happened. As it was, the Chief and those who escorted him out showed great courage in the face of the most intense hostility. The hostility which forced Sonny Leon and the Transkei representatives and any other black person who had worked "within the system" to leave was not as intense, but still very strong. They had to leave, but they did so with dignity.

Whoever invited Chief Buthelezi to speak at Robert Sobukwe's funeral turns out to have done him a grave disservice and to have shown themselves to be quite out of touch with present political tensions within black society. Most of the black people attending the funeral were bound to be people who went to pay tribute to Sobukwe for the stand he had taken against apartheid from **outside** its institutions. It was inevitable that they should resent positions of prominence being given to people who had decided to work for change from **within** those institutions -- a course of action which they claim is a hindrance to the liberation struggle and whose advocates must be discredited.

Apart from any other considerations it was clearly of political importance for people working within the system to be on the platform at the funeral service. And to those who felt it would be wrong for people who had adopted an approach rejected by Sobukwe to gain credit from his funeral it was important that they should not be there.

A clash of some sort could hardly be avoided. It was the threatening violence of the form it took which was so disturbing.

What would Robert Sobukwe himself have felt about all this? Would he have regarded it as wrong to have homeland and CRC leaders given a prominent place at his funeral or would he have regarded it as an occasion for healing rifts? I don't know. All I do know is that he would not have approved of the manner of their going. I think he would have been horrified at the manner of Chief Buthelezi's ejection and at the removal of Benjie Pogrund from the list of speakers, for I can't see how this last can be regarded as anything but a racist act. I agree that, by virtue of his unique position in their liberation struggle, Robert Sobukwe had achieved a status which made his funeral much more than a private affair, and that it was right that the occasion should be used to promote the aims to which he had committed himself and to restate his vision of the new South African society. But it was not right to use his funeral to push views which were not his. If people thought it inappropriate to have homeland representatives on the platform so too was it inappropriate to remove them in the manner in which they were removed, so too was the exclusion of an old friend like Benjie Pogrund from the programme and so too was the tenor of some of the speeches and the songs, which were frankly racist. But let me say at once that such statements were very much outnumbered by others which reminded the world that Sobukwe's vision was no racist dream. After all, what he wanted was a Pan-Africanist Africa whose slogan would indeed be "Africa for the Africans", but which would regard as an African any person of any race who made his permanent home in and gave his undivided loyalty to Africa and expected no privileged treatment there. In spite of everything that happened at the funeral and some of the things that were said at it one came away with the feeling that the Sobukwe vision was still valid for most black people. There was certainly no feeling in those showgrounds of being a white speck in a sea of black hostility, photographers and pressmen moved about in the crowd with complete freedom and the address of the white minister of the local Methodist Circuit was received no differently from addresses by other ministers.

But after Graaff-Reinet, what of the future? What effect will the rejection of Chief Buthelezi have on the Inkatha movement and his new Black Alliance and his international position?

I think that the Black Alliance has suffered a setback and that the Chief could suffer serious international embarrassment particularly in Africa, though I very much doubt if the growth of Inkatha will be affected. It may even grow faster than it might otherwise have done, but for the wrong reasons – Zulu pride reacting to an insult to Kwa-Zulu's leading figure. Such a swing would be directed more against the young black radicals than against apartheid, which is what Inkatha is primarily concerned to oppose. Nor does it serve any purpose to write off the people who forced Chief Buthelezi to leave that funeral as irresponsible and impudent 'puppies'. Some of them may well be that but most are nothing of the sort. They are tough, brave and committed and they represent the new black mood which has been evident since Soweto. This is not a passing mood. It is here to stay until black aspirations are met and it will become an increasingly powerful influence in shaping the future of our country. Nor is it correct to say that it was only a small group of young people who wanted Chief Buthelezi and the others to leave the funeral. Certainly they were the activists but there was no sign from anyone of any age in the part of the audience where I was sitting that they thought it anything but right and proper that the people who left the funeral should have had to leave – and if they didn't like the manner of their going, they didn't say so. I suspect that there are a growing number of black urban areas in South Africa, where Inkatha and the Black Alliance could not rely on having friendly public meetings unless the area has a large Zulu population. The new mood of young black urban South Africa holds too wide a sway for that. Yet what happened at Graaff-Reinet tells only half the story. Chief Buthelezi remains potentially an extremely powerful figure in South Africa. Inkatha is developing into a mass movement, whatever its critics may say. It is drawing into political activity a large body of people who have never been involved before and, like the new black radicalism, it is destined to become a more and more important element on our political scene. It would be a great pity if the two movements were to continue to waste their energies fighting one another, which is what some of the bitter things said since Graaff-Reinet suggest they might end up doing.

Is the Government pleased by what happened at Graaff-Reinet? It must be very short-sighted if it is. It may find something consoling in seeing the differences between black opponents of apartheid so dramatically exposed, but those differences are not differences about the acceptability of apartheid, on which there is complete agreement. They are differences on how to get rid of it. Chief Buthelezi and those who work with him, grew up, on the whole, before 1948, in a society which, although in its actions it increasingly excluded them from its political organs, in its words held out the hope that one day all rights would be open to them. Black people were not to be rejected forever, only for the time being.

It is understandable, therefore, that with this background they should still hope to bring change through negotiating from within the system and trying to build a sufficiently powerful base there to force the Government to listen to them. Young black people have grown up never knowing anything but apartheid, a policy which totally rejects them as potential South African citizens. Why should they see any hope for change in working through a system built on such a total rejection of them? Yet, apart from a fringe group which would probably only be happy when it saw the last white person sailing away over the horizon, what they want is the same as Chief Buthelezi wants, full South African citizenship within a single country.

The Government's dilemma is that what both groups want is what it doesn't want to give, but unless the Buthelezi approach soon shows that it can produce results, that fringe element will start growing fast. Then where will the future of Afrikanerdom be?

Can the bitter differences revealed at Graaff-Reinet ever be bridged? If they are not, the future for all South Africans looks more ominous than ever. And one has only to ask the question to be struck at once by the great damage we have suffered through having Robert Sobukwe shut up like a pariah and held up as an ogre before white South Africa these past 18 years. For with him as a free man and with his vast prestige in all sections of the black community, things might never have come to this pass. Which raises another question which came to my mind on the way back from Graaff-Reinet. How much longer can we afford to have a man of the stature of Nelson Mandela cut out of our political life? □

ROBERT SOBUKWE:

A PERSONAL NOTE

by Nell Marquard

My friendship with Robert Sobukwe began and grew in letters. I first heard of him when my husband told of his reading a manuscript for the Oxford University Press and of his delight in Robert's quiet but searching sense of humour. Then, in 1960, came his call to Africans to hand in their passes and his arrest and trial. It was the time of Sharpeville and Langa, of Paul Sauer's statement that the old book of South African history had been closed at Sharpeville and of the suspension, for a few days, of the pass laws.

Robert's speech at his trial was impressive and moving in its statesmanlike reasoning, its dignity and its moderation. There was no mistaking his qualities of greatness and leadership. When, after serving his three years' sentence he was confined to Robben Island by the iniquitous "Sobukwe clause" in the General Law Amendment Act, I, like so many others, was deeply shocked, both at the injustice of it and at the thought of a man of his stature and integrity being condemned to the voiceless waste of solitary confinement.

I wrote to ask whether he would like me to send him "The New Yorker" and "The Listener". He welcomed them and I continued to send them to him even after he left the Island, later adding the (Manchester) "Guardian Weekly". From this grew an exchange of letters that lasted over the years.

I knew that everything sent to Robert was subject to strict censorship and I was careful to avoid anything that might interrupt our letters. Even after going to Kimberley he wrote that everything was censored, "so we will continue to keep to the mundane and the innocuous". (He never used exclamation marks.)

A letter from Robert was always an event. His "mundane" included talk of books and articles, happenings in the outside world, education, gardening in the arid soil of Kimberley, and much more. His comments were always interesting and thought-provoking. But what gave his letters their chief interest was the quality of the man himself. The tacit assumption of standards was not infrequently underlined by gentle irony. Humane, compassionate, humorous, his letters were a constant pleasure.

What he did not say was itself a mark of his quality. For all the waste of his best years, all that he lacked of human companionship, of his university work and freedom, he was not bitter. And he never complained. Sometimes he found an outlet in irony. Once he wrote: "I hope you were not alarmed by what Froneman said of me in Parliament. His approach to truth is that of a poet, not of a scientist". Only once did his irony have a bitter tang.

The highlights of his life in detention and restriction were the visits from his wife Veronica and from his four children. He wrote with delight when at last Veronica was to be allowed to spend her visit with him on the Island and not go back and forth to the township. Then after an article about him appeared in a newspaper, a woman offered to finance more frequent visits from his wife. Veronica was a nurse, he said, and could not take unpaid leave from the hospital every so often. "Besides, Oom Danie Nel will tell them that the 'Bantu' is never so happy as when he is away from his wife". But this touch of bitterness was an exception.

Robert's attitude in his own life struck me as being akin to what he once said in speaking of the situation in Europe. "Strange as it may seem, I have no fear of a world conflagration. I have a strong consciousness of God's active intervention in the affairs of the world. We are moving towards God's solution". Whether it was courage or faith or both, I seemed to feel in his letters a steadfast and whole spirit, not aware of its own courage.

A newspaper article said that among his regular correspondents were two ladies "whose interest in him is purely Christian". He felt there might have been the suggestion of a sneer; and fearing they might be deeply hurt because in writing to them he had given them to understand that he "valued the shared Christian experience", he not only wrote to them, but asked me to get in touch with them and assure them of his sincerity.

This considerateness was of a piece with his concern for his friends when, in 1965, he had expected at last to be free, and the "Sobukwe clause" was again invoked. It was a shattering blow to his hopes, but his first thoughts were for his friends. Having received a despondent letter from one of them he said: "I am writing to administer a timely antidote. I'll say more at a later date". He never said that "more", but some time later he ended a letter with: "Don't worry. I am quite all right". That was all he said about himself. Four years later we cabled him from London on his release from Robben Island.

Suffering in others hurt him deeply, and he found Snow's **The Masters** almost insupportable because of a "thin, choking pain that runs through his novels – a kind of primeval, community pain, unaccountable and incurable, that I find difficult to bear". On another occasion, when I had spoken of a time when he **could** write his memoirs, he quoted some lines from Mayakowsky which contained the sentence (which he did not apply to himself): "Where pain is, there I am". Then he commented on Kennedy's death and the messages of condolence from great men. "It struck me that a certain Jewish agitator was hanged outside Jerusalem and a mere handful mourned his death – among them a one-time tart. But today the great send messages of condolence in the name of that Jewish Rabbi". And he went on to translate a Xhosa condolence: "Daar het nie gebeur wat nie al gebeur het nie: slaap op jou wond".

I have quoted passages that show the serious side of the letters; but there was much more, ordinary, everyday matters, books, places, requests, including one for a rake (which, to my surprise, reached him), amused accounts of Xhosa foibles, and a great deal more.

What astonished me when I thought about it – for I had taken it so for granted – was his natural and unfailing sense of humour, often expressed in ironic comments. It was the ready humour that goes with a balanced outlook and a wholeness of spirit.

Our letters had begun with the slightly formal "talk" of new acquaintances, but had soon become easy, as regard developed into friendship and affection. When I eventually visited Robert in Kimberley he told me more of his experiences on Robben Island than had been possible before. I found the same dignity and warmth I had got to know in his letters and a great natural gentleness. I did not see him again until he went to Groote Schuur, where our meeting was a mutual happiness, though tempered for me by his illness.

When I think now of Robert Sobukwe, I think of the words of a song he once told me the children sang as they played – applicable as it is to his noble spirit:

"Whether we live or die
They will ever remember that we once were". □

A TRIBUTE—that was never paid

The address BENJAMIN POGRUND would have delivered at ROBERT SUBUKWE'S funeral.

Robert Sobukwe. My brother and my friend.

It did not matter that our skins were of different colours; that we came from such different backgrounds – he from a woodcutter's home in this village, the descendant of people who have spent centuries in the African continent; me a first-generation African, from a middle-class home in Cape Town. It did not matter that we did not have the same father and mother. We grew to be brothers. Over a period of 20 years our relationship of love and caring developed and deepened.

That Bob Sobukwe saw me as his brother and that I saw him as my brother already tells a great deal about him and about the South Africa he believed in and wanted. A country without blacks or whites, but of human-beings. A country where racism will be outlawed.

Many words about the greatness of Bob Sobukwe are being spoken today. They are true words. Many wonderful words have been spoken about him since he passed away two weeks ago. They are true words.

It is tragic that, in his lifetime, so many in South Africa spurned him; that so much of what he had to offer us was suppressed and locked away – in Pretoria prison, on Robben Island Prison, in confinement and banning in Kimberley.

But the test of a man can be seen in what he leaves behind him, in what he has left for us who remain in this world.

And we have from Bob Sobukwe that belief in South Africa of which I spoke earlier. One united South Africa, free of colour or tribal divisions. A South Africa devoted to justice and democracy for all its peoples, without totalitarianism, communism or any other crushing of the human spirit. It was a dream in his lifetime; yet it is more than a dream because in it lies the future and the salvation of all of us.

In all the years of his life, Bob Sobukwe did not deviate a fraction from his belief and always he wanted it to come about in peace.

Going closely with this, what we have from him is a love of people.

He practised this in his life to an extent that was incredible to behold. Even for his oppressors, for those who held him captive, there was no bitterness or hatred. Only a sympathy for them, a pity for them because of the way they behaved.

When we were together, it was I who would express the resentment, the anger, at the way he was treated. He would simply be amused, tolerant about those who had done humiliating things to him.

I would feel ashamed and embarrassed, as a person and as a South African, about the things that were inflicted on him – whether the cruelty of forcibly keeping him year after year on Robben Island in isolation, or the ugliness of the apartheid system in forcing us, when I visited him in Kimberley, to go and drive out among the thorn bushes to seek shelter from the sun, drinking our cool drinks and eating our pies. It was one of our moments of joy when, after several years of doing this, we discovered a cafe that actually did not mind if we sat down together to share a pot of tea. Provided that we sat in the black section of the cafe.

For Bob Sobukwe these were things to be taken in his stride. To him, they were examples of the weakness of his oppressors, of the desperate and ugly things that they had to do to maintain themselves.

He rose above it all; he was the giant; those who tried to debase him were themselves debased.

Whenever, during the dark times of his life, I went to give him comfort, I came away amazed. Because it was not I that gave him comfort, but it was he who gave me comfort.

And even in the last few months of his life: He could not but know then that it was the bannings enforced on him, confining him to Kimberley, which had prevented him from travelling freely to obtain the specialised medical attention which could perhaps have prolonged his life. Even then he did not lash out, as a lesser person would so naturally have done.

Yet none of this, as we well know, meant that there was any trace of weakness in Bob Sobukwe. For what he has also given us is the example of his strength and courage in sticking to what he believed. He applied this to a super-human extent. He asked people to do only what he himself was prepared to do. He was the first to lead the way – and to accept the consequences of what he did.

Many years ago I shared in his dilemma when Rhodes University offered him a fulltime job as a lecturer. At that stage, Bob was called a "language assistant" at Witwatersrand University. Now he had the chance of a well paid, status position to do the teaching and the writing that he loved. But he turned it down. He decided that his task was to give himself to his people. And he stuck to that unwaveringly to the end of his life, never regretting, never complaining, never losing his faith in his mission and in God's purpose.

Bob Sobukwe has also given us his thinking. Under the laws at present inflicted on us, I cannot quote his words. Even in his death the Nationalists are so frightened of the power of his thinking that they cannot be directly referred to. But we all know that it was he who took the ideas of black consciousness – so vital towards the gaining of freedom for all our peoples – and developed and refined them.

He applied his intelligence and his perceptions to our problems. The philosophies he presented are still with us; they have been carried along by another generation.

It is because of his thinking and the way that he lived it out that he has been rightly described as the "father of our nation". That is the nation which will come in South Africa. When it does, it will be, more than to anyone else, a memorial to Bob Sobukwe.

As we mourn him today, we need also to think of his wife, Veronica. In the years of fighting and struggle, Veronica stood like a rock, always there, bringing up the children and giving support to her husband. She fought with him and for him.

As we share in her grief, we give her honour and admiration. She is the mother of the nation.

And Bob's children. What does one say to children young adults – whose father has been such a mighty figure?

Their grief is our grief. We give them comfort as we seek comfort from who Bob Sobukwe was.

I grieve for my brother. South Africa grieves for its father, for this son of Africa.

Bob Sobukwe has passed away But he lives. He is belief, love, hope – and a great gift to all who knew him or of him. □

CONSTITUTIONS AND CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGE

A comment on the recent conference at the University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg

by Terence Beard

There is a propensity among South Africans, particularly among those who are far removed from the centres of power to hail events of a political nature in which they are participants or with which they are in some way associated, as historic occasions. Typical candidates for this kind of description are meetings and conferences, and the recent conference on Constitutions and Constitutional Change held at the University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg, was no exception in this respect. The conference at Balugha in November, 1973, was also hailed as historic as were several other meetings and conferences which could be mentioned. The Balugha Conference was hailed as historic because it marked the acceptance of a federal solution for South Africa's constitutional problems not only by the Progressive Party leaders who attended, but also by several 'homeland' leaders and a few academics. While it is true that the 'homeland' leaders were in positions of power, their power was strictly limited and regional in character and defined by the laws of the South African government. Their power to bring about a federal solution was only marginally greater than the other participants at the conference. The Balugha Conference remains unknown to the vast bulk of South Africans and is now all but forgotten by its participants.

But what of the Constitutional Conference? Firstly, it was the brain-child of Professor Denys Schreiner, grandson of W. P. Schreiner, a former Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and one of the important participants in the formation of the Union of South Africa. He is also the son of Mr Justice O. D. Schreiner of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court who sat on the bench during the constitutional cases of the 1950's. Professor Schreiner had in mind the papers and discussions which preceded the National Convention in 1908-9, feeling that a very positive contribution could be made by a conference of experts whose opinions could be invaluable to those charged with the responsibility of framing the new constitutional proposals which were made public last year, and which, if implemented, could crucially affect the future development of South Africa.

What distinguished this conference was that, despite the fact that it was organised by and held at an English-speaking institution, it was called to discuss not opposition proposals, not proposals which went against the current of government policy, but a constitutional framework which was devised by and which emanated from the government itself. Ought then, the claim by some of the participants, that the conference was an historic occasion, be taken as an indication that it was destined to have a significant influence upon those who largely hold our fate in their hands? Professor Schreiner would certainly ask no more than this.

The key to any attempt at answering this question, it seems to me, lies in an examination of the paper presented by Dr Denis Worrall, M.P. Dr Worrall spoke to a diagram which purported to illustrate the new constitutional framework. (See figure). The main problem which confronts one, and which confronted the conference, is the paucity of information concerning these proposals. There is as yet no draft constitution, and Dr Worrall was unable to give clear answers to many of the questions put to him, and frequently had to resort to the language of 'possibilities' employing qualifications of the type "I have reason to believe that . . .". Consequently the conference was not really in a position to discuss the proposals with any degree of clarity or precision. Dr Worrall's interpretation was no more than putative, and, what is more, a contradictory interpretation, implied by various ministerial statements, emerged. Dr Worrall's interpretation was in conflict in particular with statements made by Dr Connie Mulder to the effect that the white parliament would remain sovereign and white supremacy intact, and that the new system ensured that only white persons could be elected to the presidency. It might be remarked that Dr Mulder's interpretation of the new constitutional proposals is consistent with and is given credence by one or two significant statements printed in the pre-election edition of the National Party magazine **Pro Nat.** On the other hand Dr Worrall stressed that the new system was designed to work on the basis of consensus, that is to say, ethnic consensus, and that it would indeed be possible for someone other than a white person to be elected to the presidency. He went even further to argue that the new system could only work on the basis of ethnic consensus. He argued that while it is true that the ethnic or community assemblies would continue to operate on the basis of the majoritarian principle, and would appoint representatives to the joint bodies on that principle (and so presumably excluding opposition representation from the joint bodies), the joint bodies themselves would operate upon consensus terms. I believe that Dr Worrall sincerely believes that this is the path which the National Party should tread, and that it is also the path which they will choose to tread. His reasons for so believing, however, are privy only to himself. For while, like all political parties, the National Party dresses up its policies in nice-sounding phrases, it is necessary to sift out the dross and look at the proposals within the framework of present-day South African political realities.

This was perhaps the main failing of the conference, that for the most part papers were concerned with general constitutional principles and with constitutions in plural societies in general, so that very little time was given to South Africa in particular, and to the South African political, economic and social systems as they exist today. Only a few of the discussants and speakers from the floor brought home to the participants these realities, and these were mostly politicans speaking in their capacity as politicians. Significantly they revealed the lack of consensus between themselves and Dr Worrall, and the nature of the cleavages which separated them from the South African government. These speakers were notably members of the Labour Party and of the Inkhatha movement.

Space forbids my going into these matters in any detail, and I shall therefore confine myself to a general discussion of the following question. To what extent has the South

African government, during the past thirty years, sought to reach a consensus on matters of fundamental disagreement, and in what contexts has a consensus been sought? The answer would seem to be that at no time since it first came to power has the National Party even thought in consensus terms, let alone sought a consensus, except within its own ranks. I exclude the amalgamation of the old Afrikaner Party and the Herenigde Nasionale Party which resulted in the present National Party. In any case this was a union within the Afrikaner nationalist movement. There is no doubt that the coalition of nationalist Afrikaner interests which form the basis of National Party cohesion is, and always has been, a prime consideration of the party leaders. In this sense the party is based upon democratic principles and upon consensus. These democratic principles are, however, vitiated by the cult of authority, a cult which goes a long way to explain how the new constitutional proposals could be made an election issue by the governing party itself, in spite of their nebulous nature and their not having been hammered out in any detail and in public. It explains why the government can go to the electorate and ask for a series of what amount to blank cheques, confident that they will be given a free hand by their supporters, constrained only by the necessity to place Afrikaner nationalist interests first. The breakaway of the Herstigtes under Hertzog was a result of a difference among the party elites as to where Afrikaner interests lay, given the new forces abroad which were seen as threatening their hegemony, and as necessitating a new interpretation of apartheid policies.

Dr Verwoerd himself made this quite plain when in April, 1961, he said in the House of Assembly: "The Bantu will be able to develop into separate states. That is not what we would have liked to see. It is a form of fragmentation that we would not have liked if we were able to avoid it. In the light of the pressure being exerted on South Africa, there is however no doubt that eventually this will have to be done, thereby buying for the white man his freedom and the right to retain his domination in what is his country."

As has been said, the National Party has never sought to establish consensus with parties or groups outside their own ranks, bur rather, in terms of their electoral blank cheques, to impose their policies upon a largely unwilling populace. One might go so far as to say that, given the legislative and executive practices of the National Party government, that it has translated the notion of parliamentary sovereignty from a constitutional and legal doctrine into a political doctrine such that parliament is seen as an instrument for making any laws whatever, regardless of majority or minority interests in the country as a whole. Parliament is seen as an instrument for giving ministers carte blanche within ever increasing realms of executive action, leading also to a reinterpretation of the Rule of Law. The Rule of Law applies now to the existence of covering laws which allow for the maximum use of executive discretion, embracing even matters which would normally come under the criminal law, and has thus ceased to be a principle which guarantees certain individual rights.

Majoritarian decision-making procedures have been employed to impose the policies of the governing party upon our heterogeneous and plural society without recourse to consensus outside the ranks of the governing party itself. In group terms this has meant the furthering of the interests of nationalist Afrikaners at the expense of all other groups. Of course this has been made easier by the fact that the economic interests of Afrikaners and English-speakers to a large extent coincide, and that the preservation of these interests of an economic nature has resulted in the muting of English-speaking political opposition. The nature of our plural society with its overwhelming black underprivileged and dominated majority can be seen as a kind of catalyst enabling the all but undisputed domination of Afrikaner nationalists in the political realm, and ensuring the reluctant acceptance of that domination by the minority English-speaking group. The pursuit of political absolutism by the governing group has thus been able to proceed gradually over the years with minimal opposition within white society.

Absolutism has been described by Preston King as involving "a movement of thought which both describes and recommends the 'illimitable' concentration or integration of political power." [1] For the absolutist "nothing is more important than order, that virtually anything should be done to secure it, that in fact, there is nothing which we may not be forced to sacrifice — to authority, to government — to obtain it. Hence the belief that the power of government must be absolute, perpetual, unlimited, above the law — if it is to do its job properly." [2] The claim, therefore, that the Afrikaner nationalist government seeks absolutism may seem in part paradoxical in the light of the decentralization or fragmentation which the 'homeland' policies involve. For are the present trends not in the direction of pluralism rather than absolutism? Is not the new proposed system a pluralist one? Preston King is concerned with the dependence of absolutism upon the **'ideology of order'.** But, as he points out, pluralism, unless it is taken to its extreme, is also so dependent, albeit less so. Both absolutism and pluralism are "aligned on an identical continuum: that which has to do with **how much** power is wielded from a given locus."[3]

The change from apartheid to so-called separate development did not, I believe, result from any basic commitment on the part of the South African government to an ideology of democratic pluralism with a consequent devolution of power, it is to be seen rather as a means of ensuring the retention of absolute power within a viable framework. Dr Verwoerd's statement quoted above is therefore to be interpreted as a recognition that absolute power over blacks is not possible in the long run, and that for its retention the geographical boundaries of South Africa must be redrawn so as to excise certain areas and with them the threatening majority. This would enable the retention of absolute power within a new and smaller geographical unit. And this is not a form of pluralism as it is usually understood. While it does certainly mean the creation of new loci of power, these are not created out of a basic belief in any form of democratic pluralism with its implications of ethnic consensus. Indeed the new power centres in the 'homelands' are a consequence not of consensus between blacks and whites, but of the implementation of government policy devised within the confines of the governing party and imposed upon the black population. At no stage have blacks been offered any alternative to separate development. Put crudely, this policy amounts to the excision of various geographical areas together with their populations in order to make possible absolutism within the territory which remains.

If now we turn to consider the new constititional proposals it might be argued that they do involve at least elements of pluralism, for they will create new foci of power within the white political system, and what is more, will create new joint bodies of an ethnically plural nature. There is a sense in which this is obviously true, but it is the sense in which pluralism is equated with ethnic differentiation. Ethnic groups are defined by the South African government by law and there is neither voluntary mobility between groups nor can individuals define their own groups. This is all determined from above. In these respects it is not possible to employ the usual concept of democratic pluralism with cross-cutting cleavages, inter-group mobility and voluntary group membership, and the new proposals are not pluralist in this sense.

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[1] Preston King: The Ideology of Order (Allen and Unwin, 1974), p.17.

[2] Ibid., p. 283.

[3] Ibid., p.21.

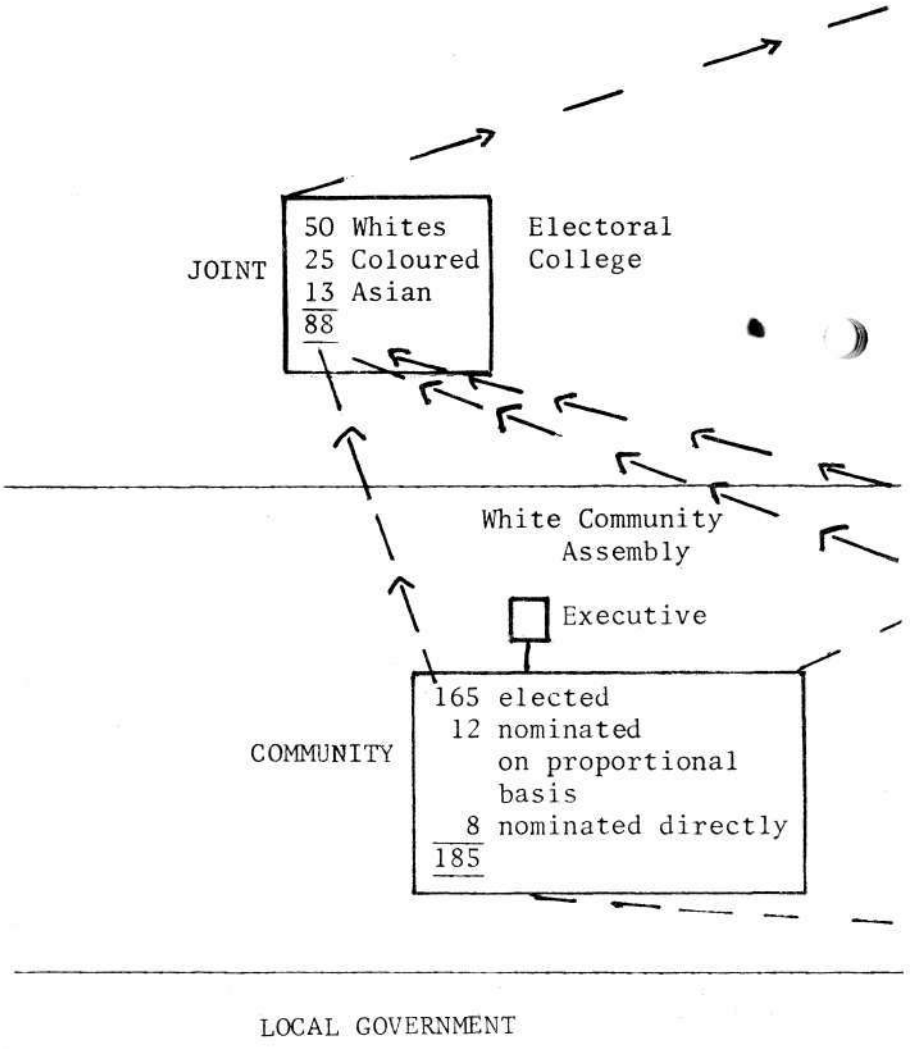
What however if we entertain the notion of conflict pluralism, to which Dr Worrall partly appealed. In this version the emphasis is upon elite accommodation, upon consensus at the top. In this model there need not be cross-cutting cleavages or inter-group mobility. The success of such a system depends upon the nature of the power and authority relationships within the different groups as well as upon consensus between the different group leaders. Elite accommodation may not prove possible where grass roots support does not accept the accommodation at elite level only. Many of the splits in the African nationalist movement in Rhodesia for example were due to this factor.

Thus the acceptance initially of the 1961 constitution by Joshua Nkomo led to his repudiation by a large segment of his following and to the formation of a rival movement. Joshua Nkomo was forced to withdraw his recognition of the constitution. But even supposing that this kind of problem does not arise, it is still necessary to suppose that it is possible within the given framework to obtain a consensus, and that the institutional imperatives demand that consensus be found. These two assumptions Dr Worrall makes.

If we focus upon the existing power structures, it is obvious that the real power is located in the white political subsystem, and as has already been said, Afrikaner nationalist power depends upon the maintenance of their majority within parliament, a majority which is secured by the relative sizes of the two main white population groups. The basically ethnic pattern of voting behaviour secures the Afrikaner nationalists a built-in majority, a majority so secure, in fact, that English-speaking voters have begun to display the 'band-wagon' effect and are increasingly voting for the party in power in the knowledge that there is no possibility of any opposition party being returned with an electoral majority. The beleagured garrison atmosphere which is steadily growing in South Africa is accelerating this trend.

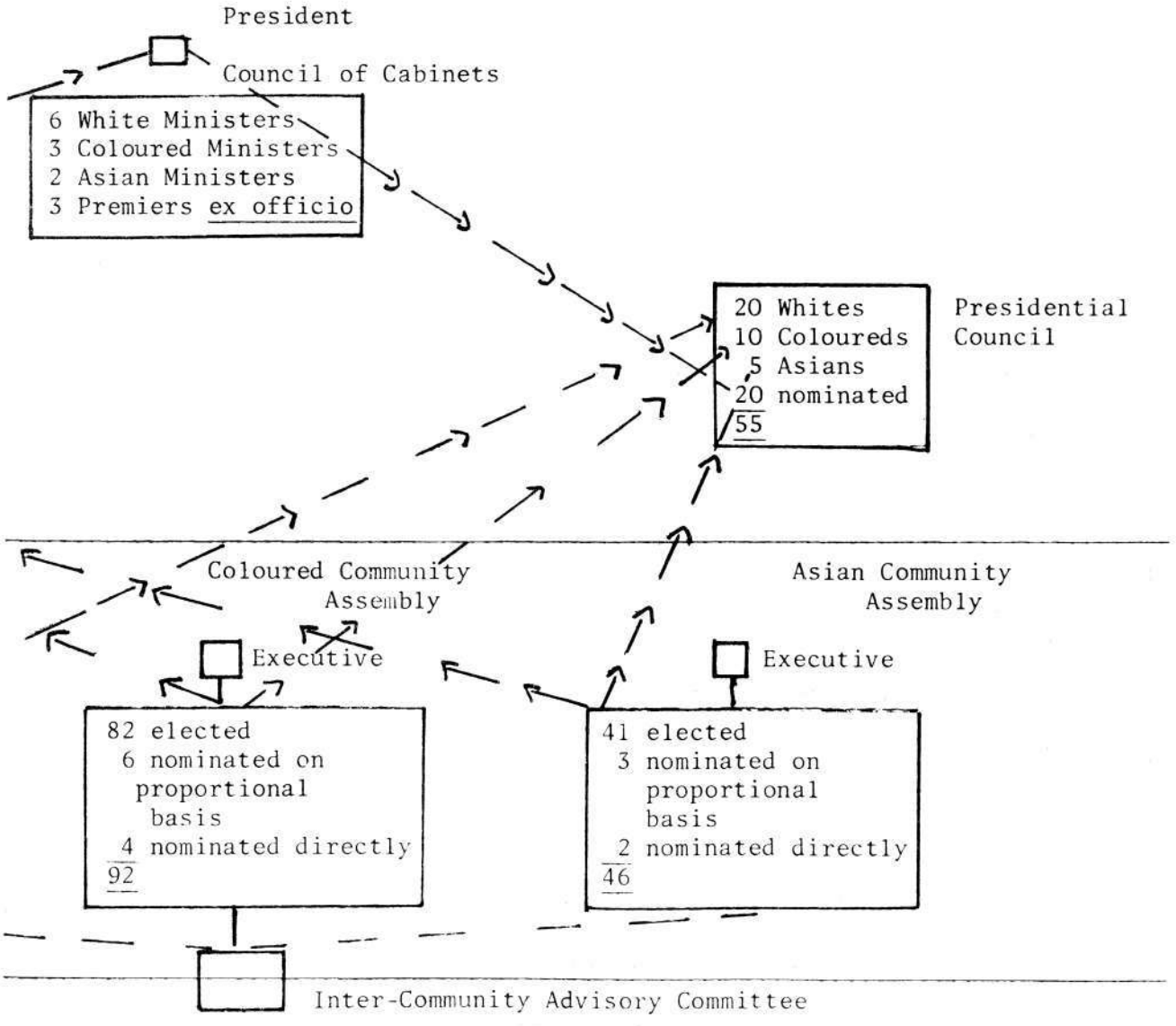
If we assume that the maintenance of Afrikaner nationalist hegemony is the goal, then it would follow that any political dispensation for Coloureds and Asians would, in order to be consistent with this goal, have to exclude them from the white subsystem. For were they to be included within this subsystem their votes, taken together with the votes of the white opposition, could and possibly would outnumber those of the Afrikaner nationalists, and so permit of their electoral defeat. While Afrikaner nationalist domination demands the inclusion of the English-speaking group within the **same** political subsystem, it demands the exclusion of the Coloureds and Asians. And it is precisely this which the new constitutional proposals seek to achieve. For the framework illustrated in the diagram allows prima facie for control by whites, particularly as the president is to be vested with strong executive powers. If the white parliament is to retain its present sovereign position as Dr Connie Mulder says it will, it becomes difficult to see how the new system can be described as pluralist except in a very attenuated sense.

If this argument is wrong, and the aim of the government



is indeed to institute a system based upon an ethnic consensus, there are alternative constitutional schemes which go a lot further towards the attaining of such a goal than the proposals which have been put forward. Let us entertain the possibility of a system based upon ethnic groups which could only work upon the basis of consensus. Dr Worrall presented the conference with a definition of ethnicity in terms of which Afrikaners and English-speakers could be regarded without qualification as separate ethnic groups. There is thus an asymmetry in the new proposals, concerning which Dr Worrall remained silent in spite of the point having been raised from the floor, for there are not separate assemblies for the Afrikaner and English-speaking groups. If separate assemblies were to be introduced (say on the basis of a population ratio of 3:2), then the Joint Electoral College, for example, could consist of 30 Afrikaners, 20 English-speakers, 25 Coloureds, and 13 Indians. The election of the president would thus necessitate a consensus between at least two groups, assuming that only a simple majority is required. If say, a two-thirds majority were required for his election, this could only be achieved with the cooperation of members from at least three groups and the support of at least one member of the largest group (the Afrikaners) would be necessary to achieve the necessary 59 (out of 88) votes necessary for the election of the president. If the numbers in the Presidential Council and th Council of Cabinets were adjusted accordingly to allow for the necessary proportions it would then make government by consensus a much more likely possibility than does the present set of proposals, and, what is more, it would allow for a 'fall-back' position such as described by Sir Richard Luyt in his account of Guyana. If whites had reason to fear for their security as whites, by voting together they could outvote the other two groups, but in cases where their security was not in jeopardy varieties of voting patterns and consensus would be possible. The irony is that this scheme fits Dr Worrall's consensus model better than do the existing proposals and is more consistent with his own definitions and theorising. In any case, IF ethnic groups are to be the basis of our political system, why exclude one of them, and a fairly large one at that, from participation except as an under-represented minority in a Community Assembly dominated by another group? There is little doubt that the oft alleged apathy of the English-speaking group is due to their being so under-represented because of their minority status in our first-past-the-post electoral system. The new system ensures their exclusion at the Joint level unless they throw in their lot with the Afrikaner nationalists even where their interests diverge.

Why then should the governing party have framed the new system in the way they have done, if not to ensure their own domination by including the English-speaking as a minority in the white Community Assembly, and by including the Coloureds and Asians in separate assemblies which can then be dominated in turn because of the overall white majority resulting from the inclusion of the English-speaking group in the Afrikaner-nationalist dominated Community Assembly.



In the November, 1977 edition of **Pro Nat,** in a series of questions and answers on the Constitutional Plan the question is asked:

Q: For how long will the position of the whites remain safe under the new dispensation? The reply is as follows:

A: The position of all three national groups will be safeguarded in the new Constitution. However, if the N.P. should no longer be in power in the White Parliament tomorrow **or in the future,** (my italics) none of the three groups will be safeguarded. For that reason the N.P. must retain control of the White Parliament. If the Opposition should come into power tomorrow, it can alter and entirely rewrite the Constitution of South Africa with a majority of one only. They need one chance only to do so. There is only one entrenched clause in the Constitution, viz. the language clause, which requires a two-thirds majority before it can be amended. If the Opposition were to come to power, it would repeal this plan and replace it with a new plan bringing in the Coloureds and Indians, as well as the Bantu, into the White Parliament. This will not only mean the downfall of the Whites in South Africa but also the termination of the rights of minority groups.

Again, in the editorial of the same issue of **Pro Nat,** the writer states:

> "You will be aware that the pressures on South Africa are increasing and intensifying. You will also understand that **these internal pressures can only be eliminated if you and your government are prepared to accept political situations which are incompatible with the South African conditions, its society and its belief in democratic government and processes."** (my italics).

It is against this kind of statement and against the background of the National Party practices and strategies of domination that the new proposals must be seen. Dr Worrall has produced no evidence and no good reasons for his interpretation of the new plan as a democratic pluralist one based upon the necessity of consensus. His interpretation depends upon the disregarding of the whole nature of the South African political culture and the disregarding of the political history of the past thirty years.

In the discussion of Dr Worrall's paper attention was drawn to the exclusion of the African population from the proposals, but space does not allow for a discussion here, and in any case the general theme of Separate Development has been dealt with frequently in **Reality** and elsewhere. What can be suggested nevertheless, is that, from the point of view of those in power, it would be better to devise a system which includes the African population now while the balance of power remains in their favour, rather than later when the balance of power will have shifted against them. Rhodesia might well be regarded as a paradigm case of the trends in Southern Africa, and if we consider the the kind of compromise which the white Rhodesians might have made as recently as the Pearce Commission, let alone the Tiger and Fearless talks, can there be any doubt that from the point of view of their own interests and futures, they have been shortsighted, to say the least?

The sooner the National Party government realises this, the better for all of us whatever our origins, our colour or our language.

I have dwelt at some length on Dr Worrall's contribution to the conference because it was the one paper which dealt directly with the new constitutional proposals and because it was delivered by a member of the governing parliamentary party, and a member of the party committee which drew up the proposals.

Again, space forbids my dealing at any length with the other papers. Suffice it to say that a number of very interesting papers were read, in particular those by Professors Johan van der Vyver, Ben Vosloo, Marinus Wiechers, and Laurence Schlemmer, and also by Sir Richard Luyt. What was interesting was the concern with rights, the control of the executive, and with democratic pluralism.

Was this an historic conference? It is obviously not possible to provide an answer yet, but the answer will depend upon whether or not South Africa does develop in a consensus direction and whether such goods as rights, and the Rule of Law come to be taken more seriously. What did come across forcibly was that in the words of Edmund Burke "A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation. Without such means it might even risk the loss of that part of the constitution which it wished the most religiously to preserve." This was a common concern at the conference, but what is in some doubt was how many of the delegates paid heed to the warnings implicit in the points made by Selby Ngcobo, David Currie and others, concerning the exclusion of Africans from the new proposals. □

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THE FUTURE

OF THE UNIVERSITY

The Future of the University in Southern Africa, edited by H. W. van der Merwe and David Welsh

(David Phillip, Cape Town, 1978. R12.)

Reviewed by Edgar Brookes

In this most interesting and apposite book problems which affect Africa as a whole and the Republic in particular are dealt with in a spirit of clarity and understanding. As with most anthologies of opinion there is not complete uniformity of outlook, but there is a considerable amount of common belief and the book should at any rate stimulate and help thought. We owe a debt to Dr van der Merwe and Dr David Welsh for having compiled this book and for their own contributions to it.

They correctly point out that before 1960 such universities as existed in Africa north of the Republic were projections onto African soil of the university experience of the Western World. African universities in the 1950s and early 1960s did stand for high ideals of scholarship, for standards comparable with those of universities in the wider world and with such qualities which would make them genuine, if still junior, members of the commonwealth of learning. But they did not take sufficient account of the background and needs of African countries. Here we come to a great difficulty, for if we dwell too much on topics of African circumstances we may find ourselves supporting the ideas of the notorious Eiselen Commission.

Almost nostalgically our minds go back to the Mediaeval University. You could travel from Naples to Oxford without having to learn a single new language, for Latin was the medium of all those Universities. No European state in those days tried to force opinions of its own on the Universities or their teachers. But if **Regnum** did not interfere with **Studium, Sacerdotium** did. In other words the Church had to see to it, and did see to it, that religious error was not propagated in the Universities.

To a great extent English in modern Africa (and of course French in parts of West Africa) plays the rôle which Latin did in Mediaeval life. The Church no longer intervenes to prevent the dissemination of heresy in the universities. It is somewhat surprising that the State has interfered to only a small extent with the universities and their work – that is, outside the Republic of South Africa. True enough some universities have been created (in order to satisfy national aspirations) which have been too small. But on the whole one is struck by the way in which the independent African states have accepted university ideals even to the extent of maintaining a high proportion of expatriate teachers from Europe rather than appointing inadequately qualified professors. On the whole the university ideal has been fairly adequately maintained in independent Africa.

There are, however, questions which obtrude themselves. President Nyerere has laid down three requisites for the attitude of a university, and one of these three is "socialism". Unless one is by conviction a socialist, can one justify this while objecting to "nationalism" or "apartheid" as a requisite in South African universities? Before coming to the Republic one should note the considerable measure of praise given in this publication to the University of Rhodesia, which has managed to preserve an independent outlook in the face of very difficult political circumstances. It seems that real credit must be given to its Rector. Professor Craig, and to others responsible for its policy.

We now come, as alas we must come in the end, to the universities in Southern Africa. Alone among African universities and almost alone among the universities in the world, these universities are racial, or ethnic. This is not by their own choice. Legislation has enforced this, even though the universities are definitely and strongly opposed to it. The three interesting articles on "Black South African Universities" do not lead one to support this very real restriction. What matters in some ways even more is the extent of Government control over these newer universities and the lack of student freedom. After all student freedom is one of the most fundamental characteristics of a true university. It is admitted that the security police have paid student informers to report on their fellow students. Few things can be more harmful to the spirit of a university than to have to look over one's shoulder and drop one's voice when discussing controversial questions. Whatever is to be the future of the ethnic universities or of those white universities which are deprived of the right to teach black students, the need for student freedom is an urgent and clamant necessity.

It must be admitted that the libraries and the laboratories of the new universities have been equipped on a far more generous scale than were those of the older universities in their early years. It must be admitted that a good many academics of ability are teaching in these ethnic universities. Nevertheless the fact remains that over the whole continent of Africa, the South African universities are the ones which have departed most widely from the university ideal.

Perhaps the ideal university will never exist everywhere. But is is remarkable that Africa should have done as well as it has. There are pitfalls into which African education might have fallen but which it has managed to avoid. In the Republic of South Africa, despite the many very questionable features, university life still contains a good deal of independent and useful thought. May this increase year by year.

We tender our thanks to Dr van der Merwe and Dr Welsh and their contributors for this stimulating and valuable work. □

MASHANGU'S REVERIE

and other essays

(Published by Ravan Press)

Reviewed by NTOMBI DWANE

Professor Noel Chabani Manyanyi currently Professor of Psychology and Dean of the Faculty of Arts at the University of the Transkei has written a book in two parts. The first section of the first part of the book is called "Mashangu's Reverie". It is a fifty-two page exposition of the life of a black South African in American society. Dr Mashangu, despised and "ignored in his own country" has to make himself acceptable in a university situation in America. He realises the harm done by South African society to him, so he undergoes therapy in order to effect a kind of reconciliation with society. He knows that he harbours strong feelings of resentment and inadequacy. However, he stops the therapy sessions abruptly after receiving a letter from a Mr Potgieter, first secretary to the Consulate in New York. The letter concerns his application for renewal of his South African passport, but carries a veiled threat and the implication that his passport will be withdrawn.

Faced with this open hostility, all his earlier attempts at self-understanding and reconciliation with white society are rudely shaken. He finds himself unable to be philosophical about the black man being his gaoler anymore. On an earlier occasion he had told his Nigerian friend, Chivuso, who lives a life of apparent aimlessness in America: "You may not agree but I think we are responsible for our feeling of perpetual victimisation . . . The black man must stop feeling victimised. He must stand out straight, tall and clearly".

He now sees no point in trying to adjust to white society. There is no need to try for acceptance anymore, so he tells Dr Davies: "Something happened today . . . a kind of culmination in a long array of insults which have been heaped on me since I was born". From now on he will allow bitterness and hatred to take their course in his life, and he tells the psychoanalyst: "When I left South Africa, I was holding on tight-fistedly to compassion and tolerance, I used to think that it was always possible for 'humanism to triumph over tyranny; they have incubated the beast in me to maturity – to go out into the jungle in search of other beasts." And indeed he does. On that same evening he goes out with his mistress, Okike and spends a strange evening with a racially mixed group where the blacks try to liberate themselves by humiliating the whites. The latent racial hatred is brought out in conversation and jokes even between couples who live together.

The second section of the first part of the book is a scholarly analysis of the feelings and attitudes expressed in the first section. Here Manyanyi delves into the unconscious in literature and art. It is the literature and art of the people that conditions them to certain ways of behaviour. At the same time as indoctrinating, art and literature can arouse an oppressed group from its complacent sleep. He says: "Art, like an unconscious process, possesses the quality of shocking us out of our complacency by reflecting those contradictions and dimensions of human existence which prey on us while we sleep."

The author touches on "socialisation" – rearing children, and deals in reasonable detail with "radical positivism" in black writing.

The black writer as a "radical positivist" is engaged in the struggle to set himself free. Like the "slavish slave" depicted by Franz Fannon, who rises to manhood and murders his master, the black writer may have to write in a shocking way in order to achieve "purgation" that is essential to his development as a man. Black writers, he urges, must not shrink from the violent reverie, because it is a ritual that is essential for their liberation so that they may live as the equals of their former white masters.

This essay is a scholarly piece of work, it needs to be read by many, especially blacks. However, it presents some problems. There is rather much use of psychological and psychoanalytical technical terms and concepts. For the layman it can be discouraging to read, and this is a pity, because, like Franz Fannon's books, it is one of those that as many people as possible (blacks as well as whites) should read in order to realise the extent to which we are de-humanised (all of us), and need liberation so that we can take one another seriously, that is, as humans.

The second part of the book is divided into two essays. The first essay "The Baptism of Fire" is a study of the situation of the black man in South Africa after the coup in Mozambique. Various points are made in this essay. Some of them are:

1. There can be no genuine and honest study of black attitudes and feelings as long as the research is done by members of the superordinate group – the whites. Whites cannot articulate an experience they have not undergone, and so Prof. Manyanyi calls for encouragement of a literature of the oppressed by the oppressed.
2. The siege-culture that is emerging amongst blacks – the "black-ethnicity".
3. The "dustbin" revolt or the urban revolts of 1976.
4. He poses a question: "Can racist attitudes change? A difficult question since removal of racist legislation will not leave a vacuum. "Meta-racism" in the form of class distinction will creep in.

The last essay – "Universalism, Particularism and Africanisation" is concerned with South African universities. These are particularistic, he writes, especially the Afrikaans and black ethnic universities. The English-speaking regard themselves as being more universal, but he seriously questions this. It is a good essay in which he stresses the value of the relevance of a university. South African universities must be of Africa and concern themselves with the needs of Africa. He poses significant questions: "Is universalism as professed by the English-medium universities a realistic option for current and future South African conditions? Secondly, is the ethnocentric particularism of the Afrikaans-medium universities and those of blacks for that matter a viable option?" And his answer to both questions is "No!"

The whole book is worth reading by all those who are concerned about the present situation in Africa in general, and our country in particular. Living under siege, as the various racial groups are doing in South Africa today, we can never make a significant contribution to a South Africa of the future. We need to liberate ourselves, and in so doing, allow others to achieve their liberation. They are essays written by an articulate and sincere man of Africa and he presents several challenges of great relevance to our situation. The essay on universities is particularly important, not only for those whites who feel called to help the "poor blacks" by going to teach at the government ethnic universities but also because of the great need in this country to answer honestly the question: "What is truth?"

Manyanyi's book is well researched and painstakingly compiled. It is bound to rouse strong feelings especially among those well meaning whites who do a lot of "good work" but without reference to the "poor blacks" they mean to help.

The book is published by Ravan Press 1977 and runs into 106 pages, so one does not need to take the whole week reading it. It is not the sort of book one can describe as spell-binding, because it touches on so many important matters that are thorns in the flesh of race relations, not only in this country but throughout the world where blacks live with whites. □

THE CELIBACY OF FELIX GREENSPAN

(Lionel Abrahams : Bateleur Press)

Reviewed by Tony Voss

Reading this book evoked in me a variety of responses: curiosity, amusement, anger, frustration, some admiration. Let me try to explain.

The book is described on the title page as "a novel in 18 stories": I don't think this device works. it leads to some narrative repetition and to one or two awkward moments when the author has to remind the reader of what has gone before. Since each story can focus only one relationship, if that's the right word, one doesn't consistently get from the book that sense of varied ongoing life, that sense of the reality of others that we get from some novelists.

But the book does have one theme, even if it doesn't have one plot: and that theme is the growth, or rather the struggle to selfhood of its hero. Felix (nobody ever calls him Mr Greenspan) is the spastic son of middle-class Jewish parents, offspring of the diaspora and the suburbs of Johannesburg. Educated at home and in homes, at special schools and at the University of the Witwatersrand, he struggles for mastery over his disabilities, for knowledge and experience. The personality of Felix Greenspan emerges as a product of achievement rather than organic growth.

This is a romantic book: the picaresque account of a sensibility rather than a character. The determinants of Felix's personality seem to have been born with him: his physical disability, his Jewishness, his South Africanness, yet, particularly in the second half of the book, but effectively from the second story ('Adventure One'), Felix is consciously voracious for experience, his sensibility taking into itself everything that his life has to offer. In my view, partly because of the nature of the subject-matter, the third-person narration was a mistake – it maintains a sense of detachment, Felix is observed throughout rather than identified with. To read constantly about Felix as 'he' when he is the only 'I' in the book is a strain, but presumably the author consciously chose this alternative.

The Celibacy of Felix Greenspan is an ironic and metaphorical title, since a lot of the hero's energy and time goes into the pursuit of love and sex. What we have is a portrait of a singular young man as writer and as lover – in a way that is unusual in South African novels of this kind, there is virtually no concern with the young man as citizen. In this respect the mode of the book is lyrical rather than narrative. As far as I could tell the South Africanness of the hero is only intermittently of material significance. As Felix is emerging from the end of his first consummated love affair:

> A girl walked past him . . . A hopeless pang told him that he was re-entering desire, the prison in which he had lain, and certainly would again, an incorrigible fool of a detainee, at the mercy of unreachable girl after girl. (p. 128)

Perhaps that word "detainee" betrays the South African idiom of the book, but it is used here with no consciousness of the irony of its political reference. In the story called 'London', Felix is asked for his signature as a pledge "for a boycott against apartheid". "How can I" he replies "if I'm going back? " The South African setting is most poignantly obtrusive when fear causes Felix to break off his relationship with a black woman ("he had forgotten her name! ") with whom he has found "the completest lovemaking, body to body . . . that he had ever experienced."

Each of the two longest stories is concerned with Felix's relationship with one of his teachers. Skipper Ross, supervisor of the Home where Felix is an inmate, preaches the gospel of perfection:

> You have to overcome the limitations of your self and supersede your passions. That is the road to perfection.

But in the story called 'Perfection' Felix admits to himself that he cannot live up to Skipper's hopes. Felix's other teacher is Johan de Waal ("wellknown South African author" – a portrait of Bosman?), who is the artist rather than the preacher – the exponent of discipline and accommodation rather than transcendence.

"If the muse flirts with you in Newtown, you must be glad, even if she plays hard to get in Kensington. If she's kind to you in Newtown – Newtown, you know? – then she's interested in you. And if she spurns you in Kensington, that's all right. She wants you to get to know something about her."

But the story "Knowledge" ends with the deaths of both Mr de Waal and Felix's friend and fellow-spastic, Edwin. And from his first knowledge of death and art, Felix moves in the next story, "The Moment", to his first carnal knowledge.

In the last story "Invisible Worm" Felix's relationship with Lucilla, a relationship into which he has put all his patience and devotion, and which may be approaching marriage, is suspended in his realisation that she is "like my sister". In the final moments of the book he has turned to a woman with whom his "literary business" has brought him into correspondence, and who has agreed to let him write to her "with a total openness". **The Celibacy of Felix Greenspan** ends:

On the second of January he wrote to Veronica Steen, 'Thank you for accepting me. Now I'll open to you, my woman, my secret love, my joy . . .'

For Felix Greenspan, writing and sex, if not art and love, have come together.

(But somehow, all the relationships are unsatisfying – figures tend to come and go with no sense that they have a life and individuality independent of their part in the life of Felix Greenspan.)

The book ends in suspense, but looking forward.

For my money, the childhood episodes of the book are the best: although there is some nice wit and humour in the adult episodes too. Perhaps the narrative technique and Mr Abraham's sometimes archaic style suit the world of childhood better. It is difficult to maintain the kind of detachment required to respond to the slightly ingenuous note by the author that the "book is fictional and is not meant to be read as an account of real people or occurrences." In the later stories the autobiographical pressure seems particularly heavy.

In the end Felix maintains his celibacy: it isn't just that he isn't married, but that he has not achieved a relationship of lasting communion. Is it a peculiarly South African phenomenon that so many relationships that look like love turn out to be something else? Felix's black mistress is a client in the end: his spiritual lover may as well be his sister.

Read it. See what you think. □

a child's guide to politics

by Nigel Gray

Reprinted from Peace News 15 July 1977.

I was out walking
the other night
alone in the forest
and I got such a fright
I heard a scuffle
and then a yowl
and I saw a mouse
grabbed by an owl
well my feet took root
like weeds in the ground
I should have said something
but I made no sound
I just stared at the mouse
blood wept from its head
like that runny honey
that slides off your bread
I should have done something
but what could I do
invite a bite from a bloody great owl
well I mean

would you?

Extract from: 'The Employment Process: A Manual on Black Labour' by Willie W. van Breda, Personnel Research Division, The University of the Orange Free State.

"SELECTION AIDS IN HOMELAND CIRCUMSTANCES

In order to improve the process of homeland selection, the following are suggested:

(a) Contact the tribal labour bureau prior to a visit in order that they can make it known.

Inform present employees well in advance in order that they can tell their friends and family.

(b) Do not let the tribal labour bureau select workers in advance: it may result in favouring.

(c) Check the applicant's reference book and turn those away with defect reference books and poor service records.

(d) Let the remaining applicants run-on-the-spot in order to eliminate the unfit and sick ones - tuberculosis cases are especially reduced drastically in this way.

(e) Explain to the remaining ones precisely what work they will be required to do, for whom they will work, what their remuneration will be, contract conditions and procedures which will be followed. This facet is very important with a view to the prevention of future problems. A group of Bantu, for example, on their arrival in the White area, were not willing to work for the supervisor to whom they were assigned because he was not the one who hired them in the homeland.

(f) Interview each applicant and pay attention to work history, training, education and domestic circumstances, appearance and whether the person has the necessary limbs.

(g) Always select more workers than necessary and tell the reserves to be present at time of departure. If any of the workers do not turn up, their places could be taken by the reserves (who were also selected for suitability).

(h) If possible, transport the workers personally to the White area.

(i) Perform medical examinations on arrival as well as testing and selection with a view to proper placement."

SHORT STORY By Gertrud Strauss

TRAMPING ON EACH OTHER

I have two distinct memories of Mr Lategan. One of the sound of his feet on the wooden boards of our school hostel's dining room. Another of the expression on his face when he bent down over the table the post was always spread out on, the last time he was about to cross the room before he went on holiday and then to another school.

Actually the room, though I called it a dining room, had no such separate function. In those days we had only the one room to eat in and learn in and relax in, which also served as a walking-through room for anybody wanting to reach the side of the building furthest away from the school. Where Mr Lategan had his room. And the one time I have remembered clearly of all the times that he must have tramped across was so audibly impressed on my memory because while Mr Lategan was treading the space between door and door I was listening to the Hungarian Rhapsody. Or trying to – leaning over the hostel's hand-yanking His Master's Voice gramophone, on the same side table as the post got sorted out on at lunch time. It was afternoon and later than we normally expected the teacher to come in from the school. It must have been else I wouldn't have got caught like that.

The Hungarian Rhapsody was not the most popular of the records we boarders played – of the others that we preferred I can remember vaguely that they might have had the flavouring of the Bluebird of Happiness and somebody's famous March. But the Rhapsody was strictly for very occasional play though it had something the matron pretended to like, as she once made us put it on again when we had stopped its incomprehensible rhapsodic swirl.

I don't know how it was that I sometimes listened to the Liszt on my own as I didn't care for it much when others were around but it may have been because I felt of the few records we had, each one deserved to have a turn. And the truth was that gradually, as I got to know the piece better, I got carried away by it more and more. The music brought out my goose-flesh and worked me up and calmed me down.

When the door nearest the school opened and Mr Lategan walked in I felt done for. The mad flow of the Rhapsody had trickled out into moody bits of hurried notes interspersed by lengthy, petulant pauses. And I knew there wasn't very much forthcoming just then. I prayed there might be and wished I could speed up the 78 revolutions to double speed, but of course I couldn't and I heard Mr Lategan's regular steps treading hard and loud and monotonously, and all my Franz Liszt could produce was low register gasps – and more pauses. And the steps brutal and loud and heavy trod him down and traversed that interminable long space from door to door. And my record revolved shakily with more pauses.

I sweated for Liszt's honour, I wanted to say, Meneer, if you would just wait and listen you would hear how it all builds up again and ends in triumph. It's not such a stupid piece at all, though it may seem a bit foolish, my sitting here bare-foot and listening, but there's something to it. But to my great shame and embarrassment all that did happen while the big male feet trod and the sound of the steps boomed and the table shook was that just before the futher door was reached and opened the music rebounded with another brief hiccuping gasp and Mr Lategan slammed the door behind him. And that was that.

My other memory of Mr Lategan has the visual emphasis, the caught-in-action still of the photograph. But it needs more explaining.

We were all of us against Mr Lategan. Oh, it wasn't that he was Afrikaans and our upbringing German, it was more that being Afrikaans he didn't fall into the pattern of another Afrikaans teacher we had had. The previous one had always read love stories from the 'Huisgenoot' and Mr Lategan didn't. And he didn't show any love for us either and we had decided that we would show him that we didn't like him more than he liked us by not giving him a present when he left school. And what's more, to emphasize how much we disliked him, we would give a present to a German student teacher who had been at the school for only a term. And that present would be twice as big as it would have been if we had bought a present for each. There were some of us girls who felt some doubts but the farmer sons were adamant, they would most certainly not give a single penny for Mr Lategan. And so it was.

I didn't see from close quarters how Mr Lategan conducted himself over the incident of not being given a similar shaving and grooming kit in leather case as the student teacher received. I was allowed to be sick and I stayed in bed and the bed had a good view out of the door and into the big room. When I heard the door at lunch time I felt safe to look. I could take the long view and remain unobserved. And, though I had feared otherwise, I gave fifty percent chance to the possibility of seeing a man who had learnt his lesson and not suffered too badly. As the others had maintained he would. I had virtually talked myself into counting on that possibility – so when I saw Mr Lategan's face it came as a shock. I knew then that I had been right all along. In my foresight and fears and even in my keeping out of it – though one should live up to one's convictions as many times as one possibly can. After all I hadn't liked him either.

Mr Lategan stood there looking at the post -- as usual. I saw that he was concentrating hard. He had to, he didn't want any post to be left lying around after he'd shaken the dust off his feet. But it didn't seem as though he was thinking of letters while he was looking at them so piercingly. His pre-occupation with the table-top and the letters, his bending over them, looked like the ordinary routine. But there was too much worry or sadness or hurt pride in his face to delude me. I didn't know which or what exactly the expression on his face meant. But like the glare of the exposure on a photographic plate, it gave me a jolt and a sting.

I remember myself freezing up with a lot of unchewed carrot salad in my mouth, sick children's lunch was always early and that day there was an awful lot of juice from farm oranges in the carrots. And I couldn't eat when I'd seen Mr Lategan's face.

The children coming in from school took no notice of the bent figure, they kept on streaming past and Mr Lategan seemed oblivious of them and the sound of their tramping feet. I felt rejected for them and for myself, I wanted to give them another chance, Meneer, they are not so cruel really. But after standing absorbed for a long time Mr Lategan went and did just shake the dust off his feet – and the door slammed quite hard on the further end of the room, where I couldn't see it.

It was raining that day, I remember too, and that Mr Lategan looked wet and wore a coat and that he had a moustache and dark, wavy hair. But more than anything else that in the vast room on the table where I had had the gramophone on another day the post was spread out and that he was intensely pre-occupied, steeped in emotion, as I could be in the gloomier notes of the Hungarian Rhapsody. (Copyright) □