

Peter Brown

THE NATAL COASTAL region of the Black Sash called a meeting in Durban to protest against the banning of Mr. Peter Brown for a further five years. Mr. Brown, who was the national chairman of the Liberal Party, has already lived under a banning order for five years. Mr. Alan Paton addressed the meeting and the following extracts are taken from his speech.

I KNEW every political thought, every political plan, that he ever had in mind. He never concealed any action from me. He never lied. He never intrigued.

Any kind of underground dealing was foreign — and always will be foreign — to his nature.

Another five years of a kind of imprisonment has been imposed on Peter Brown. Yet his offence is unknown.

He has not been brought before any court and proved to be guilty of any offence. Yet a sentence of great severity has been imposed upon him.

One of the most inhuman requirements of this sentence is that he shall not attend any gatherings, as this has been interpreted by the courts to mean that he shall virtually abstain from social life.

It is because Mr. Peter Brown does not give a slavish obedience to authority, and because he does not respect an order that permits injustice, that he has again been silenced and restricted. He does not see why he should refrain from making common cause with any South African who believes in the same things that he believes in.

One thing one has to learn in South Africa, and that is that there are some things that one must do and some consequences that one must suffer, even if they don't seem to change the course of events.

One does these things and suffers the consequences because that is what it means to be oneself, and there is a much worse fate than banning. That is to cease to be oneself and to have to lie and prevaricate and deceive — oneself as well as others — and to have tremendous principles and also tremendous reasons why one shouldn't stick to them."

Alice in Onsland

BARBARA WILKS

Barbara Wilks is Chairman of the Cape Western Region of the Black Sash. Regular readers of this magazine will remember her "Alice in Colourland" in the August, 1966 issue:

"BUT IT'S ALL EXACTLY THE SAME!" cried Alice (only worse, she thought though I can't say so to these horrid people. I know they'll Take Offence, and say I Don't Understand, and stuff and nonsense like that).

"Perhaps, though," she added, brightening up, "I've lost my way."

"I don't know what you mean by your way," said the Red Queen. "All the ways here belong to me."

"You see," explained the White Queen, "it's Onsland now, so it's all ours."

"You always behaved as if it always was," objected Alice.

"Nohow," said Tweedledum.

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee.

"Still the same stupid little girl," remarked Humpty Dumpty. "We used to have to share it with the Moles and the Owls, but now the Moles have *Theirland*, so they're no problem any more, and soon the Owls will have *Whereland*, and they'll be no problem either."

"But what do you mean about the Moles having *Theirland*?" asked Alice. "This is their land, just as much as it's yours, and anyway here they all are, doing all the work, just as they've always done!"

"Idiot!" screamed the Red Queen. "Stupid undermining liberalistic idiot!! Almost all the Moles are migrant workers now, and their

homes and their surplus appendages are miles away in Theirland. And very soon they'll *all* be migrant workers, and then everyone will be happy."

"Three rousing cheers," chorussed Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

"First of all," said Alice patiently, "even I know that you can't be a migrant worker in your own country, and second of all, would you please tell me what you mean by a surplus appendage?"

"Wives and children of course," Humpty Dumpty snapped. "And the old and infirm."

"But an appendage is an addition and an accompaniment, according to the O.E.D." Alice felt very proud of her learning. "So an appendage *can't* really be surplus, and anyway, how *can* wives and children be surplus? My father would never think of my mother and us children like that, and I'm sure the Moles don't think like that either."

"No one cares what the Moles think," the Red Queen roared.

"I don't think they can really think," murmured the White Queen. "But anyway the few that seem to be able to, tell us that now it's all quite lovely."

"I can't believe *that!*" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again."

"There's no use trying," Alice said. "One *can't* believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. It's ever so much nicer and easier to live in Onsland if you train yourself that way."

Some sad-looking adult Moles — many of them old and infirm — and quite a large group of children walked slowly by.

"Where are they off to?" asked Alice. "Poor dears! They look so downcast."

"There's gratitude for you!" snorted the Red Queen. "After all we've done for them too!"

"Ditto!" said Tweedledum.

"Ditto! ditto!!" said Tweedledee.

"They're being resettled," Humpty Dumpty explained. "They're going to those houses we've generously made available for them in those lovely resettlement villages back in Theirland."

"Oh!" said Alice. "Are they nice? And is there work for them there? And are there shops where they can buy food and schools

where they can send the children to, and hospitals and doctors and things like that?"

"Probably." The White Queen yawned. "If not sooner, then later."

"The whole point is," the Red Queen snapped, "that when I want a Mole to do some work I get one. What happens to him the rest of the time is *not* my concern — nor what happens to his family. There is Theirland, and here is Onsland, and thank goodness for it too. Come on!"

"But why do they have to go there?" Alice was in a very persistent mood. "Because I know lots of them have lived here for generations, and think of here as their home."

"That's why we resettle them there," said the White Queen. "We're so kind and logical! And we're going to make them *all* citizens of Theirland very soon, and that'll be a step in the right direction."

"They'll be *de jure* citizens at least," commented Humpty Dumpty.

"But what really counts is *defacto*," said Alice smartly. (Her governess had given her a Good Grounding.) "And what help is it to them saying they'll be *de jure* citizens of bits of Onsland which you now call Theirland when they'll spend all their working lives here anyway?" She felt quite hot and bothered as she spoke. *How* they upset me, she thought!

"Their roots," said Humpty Dumpty surlily, "are in Theirland, willy nilly, and it's our duty to see that their roots stay there, and don't come creeping into Onsland, and if they do we must dig them up and replant them there. Come on!"

"But if you really mean what you say about them being citizens of Theirland," argued Alice, "it should be a foreign country where they can be completely independent — and I'm *sure* that won't be the case."

"Do you always mean what you say?" asked the Red Queen.

"Yes," said Alice. "And I say what I mean too. What about you?"

"Shut up!" said Tweedledee.

"Shut up! Shut up!!" said Tweedledum.

"Abuse is *not* argument," Alice remarked stiffly. "But if you call *that* a step in the *right* direction, I wish you'd take a step in the *left* direction."

"Oh!" gasped the White Queen. "Oh! oh!!!"

A strange, shadowy shape suddenly materialised above Alice's head. It was difficult to make it out, but it had curly hair and a

fig leaf which kept going and coming. It also had very long claws and a great many teeth. It grinned rather nastily at her.

"Goodness," said Alice, "who are you?"

"Ssh," whispered Tweedledee, "ssh. Say nothing, or it may be the worse for you. And ask no questions, or it will be." And the others all fell flat on their faces and lay quite still.

The shape stretched out its long claws towards the group, and then it began to vanish slowly, but before it had quite disappeared it suddenly came back and bared its teeth at Alice.

"I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and disappearing like that," said Alice sturdily. "Are you trying to intimidate me?"

"Ssh," murmured the others, still flat on their faces, and the White Queen reached out a trembling hand and pulled Alice down on the ground beside her.

After a few minutes they all cautiously raised their heads and glanced around. The shape had disappeared, so they stood up, looking rather pale and nervous.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" asked Alice. "What was that anyway?"

"It's the new Boss." Humpty Dumpty's voice was very quiet. "We don't quite know what to do about him. So sshh."

"Come on!" said the Red Queen, striding off at a great rate.

"Everybody says 'come on' here", thought Alice, as she went slowly after her. "I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!"

A bus went trundling by, and in an effort to get away from them Alice tried to jump into it. But Tweedledee was too quick for her and pulled her back.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"That's one of *their* buses, stupid," said Tweedledum. "You can't travel on it. *We* have our own. This way it lessens friction and tension."

"But we always used to go in buses together, and it was much nicer that way. And I can assure you *I* never felt any friction or ten-

sion, and I don't suppose anyone else did either!" Them and their silly feelings, Alice thought. How do they dream up such stupid things!

"Anyway," she went on, "what about the Owls and Wherland? Where is Wherland?"

"That's the point," said the Red Queen. "It isn't anywhere yet. We're leaving *that* problem for our children to solve."

"But till then," Humpty Dumpty joined in, "we're laying the foundations for an uplifting and glorious future for them all on their own, and they even have their very own Council!"

"You see," said the White Queen confidentially, "we're *unscrambling the egg!*"

"You can never," Alice said, "unscramble eggs, so why try? ...Anyway, I love them scrambled. They're much more interesting all being mixed up like that!"

"Oh, sshh," implored the White Queen, casting her eyes upwards.

"And," Humpty Dumpty went on, "they now have their very own political parties, so they aren't interfered with at all by *our* political parties!"

"If you all live in the same country," said Alice, "you should *all* be able to belong to whatever political party you want, and not be kept in separate compartments. And how much power has their Council got?"

"Quite enough for their needs," said Tweedledum, "and it sounds so good, you know."

They turned a corner and came upon a group of Owls being addressed by another Owl. A collection of Onslanders were standing slightly apart, listening to him.

"Do let's hear what he's saying," Alice said.

"Just a moment!" The Red Queen bustled forward, very officious. "A mixed audience can only attend a political meeting if the greater majority is of the same pigmentation as the speaker, and I'm not sure —"

"How ridiculous!" Alice remarked. "And a majority is greater anyway, so what can you

The de jure population of any Bantu Homeland consists of the de facto Bantu population, which is the permanent resident population of that Homeland, and which is present therein at a specified time, plus those members of the Homeland nation who are absent from the Homeland concerned. In terms hereof the de jure population of the Transkei therefore comprises all the Bantu who are resident in the Transkei at a specified time, plus those who are connected with the Transkei nation, but settled outside the Transkei at that time.

The Deputy Minister of Bantu Administration and Education.

Hansard No. 17 Col. 7137, 3rd June, 1969.

mean by a greater majority?"

"No!" said Tweedledee. "It definitely won't do! We *will* make up the greater majority if we listen to him, and we *can't* do that. Come along!"

"Here they go again," thought Alice. "And where are we off to now?" she asked.

"To the trial, to the trial!" they chorussed.

And before you could say "agitator" — always supposing, of course, you wanted to say "agitator" —

"Agitator!" shouted the Red Queen.

— there was Alice in the witness box. The Red King was sitting in front of her, with the two Queens on either side of him. In the dock were three vague figures, with hoods over their heads, obscuring their faces. The wind suddenly changed, and began to get up.

"What do you know about this business?" the King asked Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever*?" persisted the King.

"Nothing *whatever*," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the Queens.

"I think it's unimportant," said the White Queen.

"The wind is getting up," said Alice. *I think you should take shelter.*"

"Silence!" roared the Red King, and went on to himself in an undertone "important — unimportant — unimportant — important" as if he were trying which word sounded best. The wind was getting stronger and it ruffled Alice's hair.

The White Rabbit entered importantly, bearing a piece of paper.

"Evidence, Your Majesty," he said.

"Suppress the evidence," shouted the Red Queen.

"Let us consider our verdict" said the Red King.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first — verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice. "And there's going to be a terrible storm very soon."

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice.

The wind became very loud and strong at that moment, and it started shrieking round them all, till Alice felt quite deafened. It roared and ranted and tore at them until it was difficult to stand up and face it. It was more

like a whirlwind than an ordinary wind, and as it swept by it caught up the Red King and the Queens and everyone else, and bore them off, swirling about, far away and far out of sight.

Then there was silence, a lovely, peaceful, waiting sort of silence.

"Well," Alice thought, as she straightened her sash, "they can't say I didn't warn them!"

ROSALIE DRIVER

IT is the measure of Rosalie Driver's worth that, although she had been far from well for a number of years, her death came as a severe blow and a shattering loss to her Black Sash colleagues in the Transvaal. During the last few years she was still doing so much Black Sash work and undertaking so much more than she was asked to do that one could not realise the extent of her illness.

Rosalie was a member of the Black Sash from its beginnings. Her ideals were Black Sash ideals and she helped to formulate much of our policy. Whatever she undertook to do she did without fuss and when she disagreed with proposals she did so firmly and forthrightly. One knew where one was with Rosalie.

Her particular talent was the organisation of demonstrations and vigils. This she did with great skill, infinite patience and a sensitivity and regard for other peoples' feelings.

These skills and talents were appreciated by all members throughout the organisation who got to know Rosalie at the many conferences she attended. She was only unavailable for the last few, and up until then attended every one. Rosalie was never a conference talker, but her tremendous value lay in the sound assessments she made of discussions and the wise advice she could always be relied upon to give.

Her death will be deeply felt by the Waverley Branch of the Transvaal Region. It is no disrespect to anyone to say that for many years Rosalie was solely responsible for keeping Waverley going and with the support of its members, maintained its existence when all other branches had ceased to function.

There was a warmth a human and a down-to-earth quality in Rosalie which everyone who knew her loved and admired. We miss her tremendously and our hearts go out to her husband who stood by her and assisted and supported her in the work she loved and did so well.