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OUR NEW AGE

COMMENT

AS each day makes more clear the fact that Britain has bitten off more than she can chew in Cyprus, a note of panic bordering on hysteria begins to enter the news reports of the British press. "No amount of secret diplomacy... can disguise the fact that the only real way out is for Britain to retreat from her present stand." So cables the *Rand Daily Mail's* correspondent in Nicosia. But sober sanity, and the realisation that Cyprus has been lost to imperialism for ever, finds no echo in the administrative and military policies of the British ruling class. Cyprus was conquered by force of arms. It has been held by force of arms. And today the attempt is being made to prevent its liberation by force of arms. British imperialism prepares for another, last-ditch stand against the people of the Empire. All the classic panoply of imperialism is here. There is martial law, and military occupation by British troops. There is the system of collective fines on whole villages, including the confiscation of livestock, homes and property, for every desperate act of retribution against the oppressors. These were the weapons which conquered and subdued an empire a century ago.

But this is the year 1956. The colonial people have learnt the science of the struggle for liberty. And the weapons of the past are proving ineffective against the movements of the present. Against their oppressors, the people of Cyprus presented a national united front in which all classes, groups and parties of the island joined to conduct a peaceful, political campaign. When that campaign became irresistible by other methods, the British Government answered it with a military dictatorship. The United Front held, despite every attempt to buy off sections of it with constitutional plans for a share in the spoils of exploitation. From political agitation, the people have moved to mass civil disobedience, marked by a unity and discipline which comes only from profound consciousness of the aims of the struggle. Where military and semi-military action has become necessary against the military dictatorship, it has been taken with discipline and courage, inspired by a great revolutionary spirit and tradition. There has been no sporadic, individual terror. There has been no sectarian running in advance of the people, which could have cut the Communists and the left wing off from Archbishop Makarios and the middle class. Against such a movement as this, all the arsenal of imperialism is proving itself impotent. Its last-ditch is becoming a grave of its own digging.

THERE was a time in India, Burma and the rest of the "brightest jewels of the Crown" when masses of ordinary people would pour into the streets to see the fanfare, elephants, uniforms and brass-bands that announced that Royalty was once again on parade. Every flicker of every Royal eyelash became headline news for press and radio. But the scene has shifted. Never have there been such crowds of welcome,

counted in millions in Bombay and Calcutta, as have turned out to see two ordinary men in ordinary, workday suits—Soviet visitors Krushchev and Bulganin. Statesmen in London and Washington who once swelled with pride at the Royal scene, turn pale, angry, afraid. Frenziedly they "warn" the Indian people against being misled; they "discover" the sinister intentions of the visitors; they "debunk" everything that the visitors have to say. To no avail. There has been no visit of foreigners in history more full of meaning for our times than this. For Krushchev and Bulganin come to India, not as Royalty demanding homage, but as ambassadors to the ordinary people of goodwill and friendship from a great nation abroad. In itself this is something new and great, marking the new world age where the struggle between war and peace is being determined by the ordinary people. In addition, their tumultuous welcome speaks of the tremendous warm, fraternal feelings that exist amongst the people of India for the people and the Government of the Soviet Union. Despite all the snarling in the Anglo-American press, pulpits and parliaments, the Indian people have come to know and love the people of the Soviet Union, not as individuals, but as protagonists of peace, of national independence and of social progress. "India", Nehru declares, "does not stand in any camp". But the people have had their say. Clearly, today, the people of India stand in the camp of peace and of equality of nations, whose advance-guard is the Soviet Union.

TO the fear-ridden racials who head South Africa's government, the very principle of international co-operation through the United Nations is gall and anathema. Criticism of South Africa's policies by world opinion is bad enough, but continual censure by an international organisation which Louw

THROWN OUT OF COURT

and Donges have so often described as "dominated by Non-European nations"—why, that can really not be stomachied. Swart would surely like to deal with those "Non-European agitators" under the Suppression of Communism Act! Denied such satisfaction, South Africa has year after year tried rather feebly to defend her discriminatory policies, worn thin the arguments against U.N. concern with discrimination practised by individual governments, and even tried to convince the world—and herself—that all except South Africa are out of step. This year South Africa goose-stepped out of the United Nation sessions and impressed none but Nationalists and the United Party which, before the Strydom and Malan governments, tried the same tactics and threatened the same policy of self-isolation from all the world.

As long as an exclusively White government whose very existence is based on discrimination, decides the way of this country, South Africa will continue to blot her world copybook. The deadlock will be broken here. The peoples' representative government will send a representative delegation to world forums and the days of unashamedly "justifying" racialism will be ended.

WOMEN AGAINST PASSES

The question is not: "Shall we carry passes or not?", but "What action shall we take when we are told to take out passes?", says HELEN JOSEPH, writing about the campaign of African women against passes today and in the past.

OCTOBER 27, 1955. Blue skies, green lawns, brilliantly coloured flowers, the Union Buildings, citadel of apartheid. This was the scene of the historic women's protest in Pretoria. Overcoming all obstacles, resisting all intimidation, nearly two thousand women, African, Indian, Coloured, European, had triumphantly made their way to the Union Buildings to deliver their protests against oppressive legislation to the Cabinet of the Nationalist Government.

Confronted with the refusal of the Black Sash women to include Non-Europeans in their protest against the Senate Act—the women of the Transvaal resolved at the Congress of Mothers held in August that a mass deputation of women of all races be sent to Pretoria to protest against the Bantu Education Act, the Group Areas Act, the Population Registration Act and other oppressive legislation. The day was set for October 27.

In September came the announcement that from January 1956 African women would be required to carry passes! And the campaign for the Pretoria Protest became the rallying point for the wide-spread anger amongst men and women at this new threat, this latest attack upon the African people. "Women Don't Want Passes!" became the slogan. Enthusiastic meetings were held in a number of places. Men and women attended and the men promised full support for their wives. On September 27th 1955 the police perpetrated their nationwide "treason" raids; the homes of many of the women leaders were raided, but the protest campaign carried on. Further police intimidation followed, both in homes and at meetings, where members of the Special Branch never failed to appear, complete with notebooks, following speakers for miles after meetings, often driving bumper to bumper.

The Protest had been planned as a public meeting in the wide road in front of the Union Buildings, to be followed by a demonstration march around the Buildings, while representatives interviewed the Ministers of Native Affairs, Justice, Labour and the Interior.

But a few days before the twenty-seventh storm clouds began to gather, for the government became aware of the size and significance of this mass protest and swung in with all its forces to prevent the protest from taking place. Pretoria City Council curtly refused permission for the meeting and the procession without giving reasons. The Federation demanded a meeting of the General Purposes Committee to consider an appeal against the refusal. The appeal was heard and lost—behind closed doors. The City Council pleaded the fear of public disturbance and the promotion of feelings of racial hostility. But the Federation knew that the protest must go on and that a way had to be found for the women

to present their demands. The solution was found—beguilingly simple. Each woman would go to the Union Buildings there to hand in personally her signed protest!

Hundreds of copies of the protest were rapidly distributed, one to each woman who had volunteered to join the protest.

But while this obstacle was being overcome, another, even more threatening, loomed ahead. Two days before the protest, all transportation licences for the private buses and the lorries were refused! Again no reason was given. But the women rallied in face of this new blow. Willing supporters lent cars and women organisers rushed to all areas with the message "No public meeting, no procession, no banners, no buses, but—we shall go by train!" During all these desperate eleventh hour arrangements, increased and unremitting police intimidation continued; women were threatened with arrest on arrival in Pretoria, truck drivers were frightened out of conveying women to the local railway station.

October 27th. The great day came and the eyes of South Africa were focussed on Pretoria. Would the women get there? And by eight o'clock in the morning, we knew that the answer was a triumphant "Yes". Already hundreds of women were waiting outside the Pretoria railway station; the first contingents had arrived. The Union Buildings stood aloof, unguarded; the gardens, ablaze with flowers, were waiting to welcome these courageous women who had come, not knowing what awaited them, what police terror might follow—mass arrests, baton charges. Would it be a repetition of the City Hall steps in May 1952 when the police savagely beat down defenceless women?

Protests in hand, the women made their way to the little gate at the bottom of the gardens. Many had walked the two and a half miles from the station, for it had been impossible to organise sufficient private or public transport. They came, dignified, determined, walking in groups through the avenue of lofty trees, along the terraces and up the steps, women of all races, united in their purpose, carrying their little children in their arms or on their backs, brilliantly clad in national costumes, in saris, some in their working clothes because they had no others; they came, mothers, grand-mothers, young girls, factory workers, office workers, housewives, domestic servants—the women of the Transvaal—until nearly two thousand had handed in their signed protests outside the Union Buildings and were seated in the amphitheatre in self-determined silence. Throughout that historic day, no instructions were given; the women made their protest in their own way, held the most inspiring demonstration in the history of this country, a revelation to South Africa and to the world of the courage

and determination of women, of the very women who are being threatened today with the degradation of the pass system.

The Ministers sulked in their offices, and refused to meet the women, but the protests were delivered and left outside the doors. And the two thousand women sat in silence until they rose to their feet and sang Nkosi Sikelela Afrika as it surely has never been sung before; it rose up as a paean of triumph, a challenge to fascism, past the Union Buildings to the very skies. And the determination of the women expressed itself for all time in their protest.

"We speak from our hearts as mothers, as women. Life cannot be stopped. We must love and marry and find a home. We must bear children in hope and in pain; we must love them as part of ourselves, we must help them to grow, we must endure all the longings and sufferings of motherhood. Because of this we are made strong, to come here, to speak for our children, to strive for their future.

We, the voters and the voteless, call upon you, the Ministers responsible for these Acts, and upon the Government and the electorate of South Africa, to hearken to the protest of the women, for we shall not rest until we have won for our children their fundamental rights of freedom, justice and security."

Throughout that historic protest, the keynote was the demand for freedom, the bitter burning resentment against the pass system of today, the pass system of tomorrow with its threat to the African women, its insult to all women. It is not the first time that the pass laws have been extended to women. South Africa's shameful history records that even before Union the Free State tried to force passes on women but with no success, for the women organised passive resistance, rejected the passes, paid their fines, went to gaol. And in 1913 the Free State women again led the campaign against passes. Six hundred African women marched to the Mayor of Bloemfontein and contemptuously handed him a bagful of passes. In Jagersfontein more women demonstrated; refused passes and refused to pay their fines, proclaiming that their children must be left to the care of Providence until their mothers and sisters have broken the shackles by means of passive resistance. But the Jagersfontein jail could not hold fifty-two women and they had to be conveyed on donkey carts to the village of Fauresmith. Did not Christ also ride on a donkey? In Winburg the women resolved to carry no more passes and eight hundred marched to the Town Hall. Hundreds were arrested and sent to prison. All resolutely refused to pay their fines and rumour had it that the government would have to send money and materials to extend the gaol! The struggle continued and in 1920 sixty-two women of the district of Senekal refused to take out residential passes, refused to pay the fine and were sentenced to one month's hard labour. And because there was no local prison these women were marched twenty-four miles to gaol!

The fight of the women then, forty years ago, was successful; the pass system for women was not enforced. And to-day the African women are as determined as their mothers and grand mothers. They will not accept this indignity, this outrage of human decency. And they will not be fooled by government propaganda that this is not a racial measure; they will not be taken in by the talk that since women of all races will be issued with

identity cards, the pass laws are no more. Verwoerd claimed in a letter to the Women's Federation; "The Pass System has been abolished, even for men".

But the African people know better. Daily, men are thrown into gaol for the lack of a piece of paper; daily, women wait in vain for the return of their men in the evening, only to learn after days have passed that they were arrested under the pass laws.

Facing this new threat, the African men and women have determined that the indignity of the pass system shall not be extended to African women. In every part of the country, in every town and village the determination is clear. The question is not "Shall we carry passes or not?", but "What action shall we take when we are told to take out passes? What shall we do in January 1956?" And this question demands an answer from the liberatory movement. This struggle against the pass laws is not a matter for African women alone, not a matter for the African people alone. It is part and parcel of the struggle for liberation. The extension of the pass laws to African women is a flagrant, vicious violation of the principles of the Freedom Charter, the corner-stone of the Congress movement. It is for the Congress movement as a whole to oppose passes for women, to oppose the whole Population Registration Act, the identity cards, the inhuman re-classifications.

But time is passing and January is upon us. The Government has announced that an immediate start will be made with the issuing of passes to African women. The people must be prepared and ready for action. The women need no convincing; they need only guidance and a courageous lead. The African National Congress Women's League blazed the trail at the Bloemfontein Conference "*We will not carry passes.*" The A.N.C. Conference followed with the appointment of a National Action Council and proclaimed the total rejection of passes for women. This may well prove to be the turning point in South African history, for a vigorous active courageous campaign against passes for women can sweep the country, bringing in all African women, both in and out of Congress. Just as the Pretoria protest drew all women together from the churches, the congresses, the trades unions, the "stokvelde", the homes, the professions, offices and factories, because they were determined to make their protest, *as an initial step*, against oppressive laws, so can the struggle against passes for women, on a national scale, widen the whole scope of the Congress movement and set the stage for the most truly national campaign that the country has yet seen.

The women are waiting for the Congress lead. In their present mood hundreds of thousands are likely to reject the passes totally. Their spirit is high, their anger deep. This is no defiance campaign against unjust laws which already exist; it is the determination of the women, the mothers of South Africa, that neither they nor their daughters shall accept this added humiliation. On this they take their stand. The coming year will be a vital one for the liberation movement, for it should see the translation of the mighty Congress of the People and the Freedom Charter into action to defend the freedom of the individual: carefully planned, decisive action which can translate at least one section of the Freedom Charter into reality. "The pass laws shall be abolished". For if this campaign is courageous and determined, not only can the passes for women be made inoperable, but the whole pass system, the whole Population Registration Act can be dealt a mortal blow.

Workers' Unity Could Defeat the I.C. Bill

By ALEX. HEPPLER, M.P.

"If they want to beat their enemies, the registered trade unions must change their ways . . . Trade Union apartheid has delivered the unions

into the hands of their enemies. The only alternative is to build unity on a multi-racial basis . . ."

THE Industrial Bill in its present form will destroy the Nationalist Government," says Mr. T. C. Rutherford, President of the Trade Union Council.

Will it? Many workers think it should and hope it will. However, as things are, the "registered" unions are in no position to prevent the Government from having its way.

Apart from the fact that the registered unions cater for a minority of workers only, they are not strongly united, nor are they militant. Most important, they are not sure where they stand on the question of trade union apartheid. To protect themselves against interference from the Government, the trade unions must be sure of organised support from the majority of workers. This is missing in the fight against the Industrial Conciliation Bill. Let us examine the questions of (a) representativeness, (b) unity and (c) trade union apartheid.

Strength of "Registered" Unions

Membership of "registered" unions is open only to White, Coloured and Asian workers. African workers are specifically excluded by law. The effect of this is too often ignored, yet it is the Achilles' heel of trade unionism in South Africa. It immediately reduces the potential of organised labour by more than half. Take private industry alone. The 1951 Industrial Census figures show that Africans comprise 53% of the total labour force in private industry, Whites 30%, Coloureds 13% and Asians 4%. In 1937 Whites comprised 42% and Africans 44%. Africans are being absorbed into industry at an increasing rate, and consequently the percentage of workers eligible for membership of "registered" unions is being steadily reduced. The exclusion of Africans from "registered" unions, simply means that such unions will always represent a minority of workers, and a shrinking minority at that. The significance of this should not be lost upon those who have had some experience of bargaining from weakness.

Unity

Next, let us see to what extent unity has been achieved. The TUC was formed in October 1954 to meet the challenge of the Industrial Conciliation Bill. It has succeeded in bringing together 45 unions with an affiliated membership of close on 150,000 members. To attract many unions that strongly supported Apartheid, it excluded African unions and unions with African members. In spite of this, several unions which took part

in the Unity Conference refused to be tempted. The South African Federation of Trade Unions (12 unions with 43,000 affiliated members), the Ko-ördinerende Raad van S.A. Vakunies (14 unions with 20,000 members) and the Federal Consultative Council of S.A.R. & H. Staff Associations (80,000 members) did not join the new federation.

As we are concerned here with "registered" trade unions, I shall not refer to the S.A. Congress of Trade Unions which has no colour bar, and is now the only federation catering for African trade unions.

Judging from their evidence to the Select Committee, and their general attitude, it is unlikely that the S.A. Federation and the Ko-ördinerende Raad will oppose the Industrial Conciliation Bill. The TUC itself has been extremely patient and thoroughly circumspect in its opposition to this measure. It has carefully pursued the recognised channels of approach and negotiation with the authorities. There has been no exhibition of the fiery fury that characterised the union leaders of other days.

Trade Union Apartheid

Cabinet Ministers boast that the main purpose of the I.C. Bill is to apply the policy of apartheid. Mr. Rutherford says that apartheid is not the real purpose of the Bill. Where does the truth lie? The Bill is quite clear. Sections 4 and 6 specifically provide for separate racial branches, facilities for racial breakaways, no registration for new mixed unions, a prohibition against Non-Whites serving on executives of mixed unions, while Section 77 provides for the reservation of occupations and industries on a racial basis.

Once these provisions are applied, members of registered unions will be further divided. In separating the White and Coloured members of unions, the Government is destroying workers' solidarity, fostering racial and rivalry and killing sound trade unionism.

Mr. Rutherford bases his argument on an offer made by the TUC to the Minister. The TUC, saying that it recognises that the Government is committed to a policy of apartheid, made an interesting suggestion to the Minister of Labour. They asked that before dividing the unions on a racial basis, the Government should first separate the workers in the workshops and factories and thus prove that Section 77 (Safeguard against inter-racial competition) is workable. The TUC made it clear that they made this proposal, not because they supported the principle, but because the Govern-

ment insists that Section 77 will protect workers against the obvious effects of apartheid in the unions.

As was to be expected, the Government turned down the TUC proposal. This should convince trade union leaders that one cannot reason with the Nationalists on the policy of apartheid. It varies to suit their purposes and simply means White domination through Nationalist autocracy, to ensure a plentiful supply of cheap, disciplined Black labour. Apartheid is a flexible policy which means whatever the Nats. want it to mean. There can be no logic, justice or uniformity about it.

The "registered" unions are in a dilemma over apartheid. Some of the powerful unions, which cannot be ignored, are jittery about racial intermingling in the unions. Even among those which have Non-White members, there is trepidation about mixed conferences. The exclusion of African unions and those open to Africans, from membership of the TUC, was approval of trade union apartheid in a practical way. It has made the "registered" unions vulnerable on this vital question.

Racial Propaganda

Since the 1930's the trade union movement has been subjected to a disruptive campaign, inspired by Broederbond Nationalists. The plan to get control of the trade unions and convert them into agencies of the Nationalist party was based upon racial agitation. Looking back upon the past twenty years, we can see how effective this campaign has been. The sufferers have been the "registered" unions, for it is their life-blood that has been drained away. Until now, they have been victims of internal subversion; with the passing of the I.C. Bill they will be further debilitated by legislative action.

At this time all trade unionists should keep in mind the various steps taken by the Nats. against organised labour, since they won the elections in 1948.

First there was the Commission of Inquiry into the affairs of the Garment Workers Union. Then followed the Industrial Legislation Commission, which is notable for the fact that none of its conclusions or recommendations was subscribed to by any trade union authority. In 1949, Africans earning less than 70/- per week were excluded from the Unemployment Insurance Act. In

1951 the Industrial Colour Bar was extended through the Native Building Workers Act.

To tame the unions, there followed the banning of many trade union leaders under the Suppression of Communism Act. Now that the "registered" unions are in the tumbril and on the way to execution, it is well to remember the passing of the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act, which was the preliminary to the attack on the "registered" unions. That law excluded African workers from the Industrial Conciliation Act, denied African trade union legal recognition and access to collective bargaining. Its machinery for the settlement of disputes is clumsy and complicated and it affords African workers no direct representation in the various committees and boards which purport to protect their interests. The increasing number of strikes demonstrates that unsympathetic officialdom is no substitute for trade unionism.

Total Unity Only Defence

The process of breaking the unions is continuous. The Government, stoutly asserting that it favours a strong trade union movement, misses no opportunity to weaken it. The sickness of race prejudice has eaten into the vitals of the registered unions and almost paralysed them in the face of their enemies.

Of course, this does not mean that the unions are beaten. There is still time to fight back and win. But if they want to beat their enemies, the unions will have to change their ways. The embers of militancy, which once fired the unions, must be made to glow again. For the registered unions this will not be easy. Lost battles have to be re-fought. Members must be made to realise that trade union apartheid has not saved them from disunity and disruption. On the contrary, it has delivered them into the hands of their enemies. The only alternative is to build unity on a multi-racial basis.

In their fight against the Industrial Conciliation Bill the "registered" unions would have been in a powerful strategic position, if they stood in open alignment with all other workers, irrespective of race. Such unity would make any Government pause.

MOSHESH—continued from page 7

The story is told of how, when some Boers cold-bloodedly shot a Basuto in the shadow of Thaba Bosigo, for alleged theft of cattle, Moshesh checked the elements which wanted to retaliate, and instead wrote a letter of protest to Stockenström.

Far from respecting Moshesh's desire for 'peaceful co-existence', however, the land-grabbing Boers only took advantage of what they regarded as a weakness. The prospects for peace were bright when Hoffman, who appreciated the futility of the frontier wars, was elected first President of the O.F.S. But he was soon forced to resign by burghers who felt he was too friendly towards Moshesh.

The measure of Boer encroachment can be readily appreciated, by the fact that in the 1860's they owned 15/16ths of Moshesh's former lands. To a great extent this was due to the double-dealing of the British, whose

policy was to prevent the emergence of a strong South African state, and who thus connived at Boer infiltration.

From Moshesh's point of view, however, a Basuto-British alliance would provide an effective counter-balance to Boer ambitions, and throughout his life he sought to secure a British guarantee of Basutoland's independence as a Basuto state. Influenced, doubtless, by his missionary friends, he felt that the only way to win this support was to persuade the British to incorporate Basutoland, and, when in 1867 Basutoland was annexed, Moshesh felt that his life's work was done.

Although subsequent events have shown that British annexation has brought much hardship to the Basuto people, it was difficult for Moshesh at the time to foresee what lay in the future. His main concern was to find peace for his nation, and to preserve their homeland from his aggressive neighbours—the Boers. As J. Grenfell Williams says in "Moshesh—The Man on the Mountain": "...he had chosen the way out which, he thought, would give (the Basuto) the best chance of surviving as a nation"

This is the second of two articles by MOSUPETSI on Moshesh, builder of the Basuto nation..

MOSHESH - STATESMAN FOR PEACE

"War, do not talk of war. You know how anxious I am to avoid war. I wish for peace—but when a dog is beaten it shows its teeth."

(Moshesh to General Cathcart 1850)

"My great sin is that I possess a good and fertile country."

(Moshesh, quoted by Theal.)

LAND. This was the key to Basutoland politics in the time of Moshesh; it was the key to the triangle of conflicting interest between British, Boer and Basuto.

Land. The Basuto wanted to retain what was theirs. The Boers wanted more and more for their flocks and herds. And the British used it as a bargaining stick between the two.

For many years the British strategy was to act as a kind of 'third force' between the trekkers and the tribesmen, assuaging the flames of land-hunger by offering to mediate in disputes.

Their surprise withdrawal in 1854, however, meant that there was no longer anyone to hold the scales between Basuto and Boer, no one to restrain the trigger-happy and wandering farmers.

Even before the dust had settled behind the departing British columns, the temporarily closed springs of conflict began to erupt, at first in a trickle and then in a veritable torrent. Gradually the farmers insinuated themselves further into Basutoland territory, forcibly ejecting tribesmen in their path. Sharp messages were exchanged. In 1858 Moshesh angrily warned President Boshoff; "stay off my mere skirt of land"; while the latter, for his part, threatened drastic action against "intrusion" on Boer territory.

In the Councils at Thaba Bosigo, feelings ran high, and it was with great difficulty that Moshesh was able to restrain certain elements in his tribe from launching a full-scale war on the Orange Free State.

Armed with guns and possibly aided by the Transvaal, the Boers were in a position to do great damage to Basutoland. The ravages of a protracted war, Moshesh felt, were a heavy price to pay for peace. Once again his thoughts turned to a settlement of the difficulty by negotiation; and inevitably his thoughts turned to the British.

It was in these circumstances that Moshesh agreed to accept British "arbitration" in this and other disputes which followed. The Basuto were always the losers in these arbitrations, an example of which was the Treaty of Aliway drawn up by Sir George Grey in 1858. By this "peace settlement" Moshesh was deprived of a large portion of his land, was forced to surrender 40,000 cattle, 5,000 horses and 60,000 sheep; two of his sons

were taken as hostages and those missionaries who espoused the cause of Moshesh were expelled.

Why did Moshesh accept these harsh conditions? Why such tremendous concessions to "buy peace"? Why did he preserve faith in Her Majesty's Government, despite its duplicity?

The suggestion that Moshesh was simply naive or allowed himself to be deceived by flowery promises may be dismissed immediately. All writers are agreed as to his astuteness and deep insight into human nature.

Nor can we accept the suggestion of cowardice or military weakness. Moshesh's generalship was second to none and his fighting machine had proved its superiority time and time again. Even Theal admits (in "Fragment of Basuto History") that: "For every White man that could take the field he had at least twelve well-armed warriors at his back and almost impregnable country to defend himself in."

What, then, is the key to Moshesh's foreign policy? Perhaps the answer is given by Moshesh himself when he tells the sabre-rattling Cathcart: "War, do not talk of war. You how anxious I am to avoid war. I wish for peace . . .", and then his poetic explanation, "Peace is the rain which makes the grass grow. War is the wind which dries it up."

Here, in these words, lies the answer: Moshesh wanted peace not for expediency's sake, but for life's sake. War meant destruction and death; peace, plenty and prosperity.

"Moshesh saw the world from a different point of view from that of most African chiefs," writes C. G. Woodson. "He was humane, truthful, sagacious, peaceful and forward looking in the hope of a better day for Africa. This millenium, he thought would come, not in the continuation of self-exterminating wars, but in learning from others the best of their culture, to unite with that of Africa for a regeneration of growth into a higher stature."

With minor exceptions Moshesh was eminently successful in uniting the numerous African peoples of Basutoland by peaceful means. Theal says: "Moshesh . . . had always tried to conciliate . . . persons rather than subdue them by force." On one occasion, having repulsed the Matabele impis, he sent the retreating forces a generous gift of cattle "that you may eat them on your way home". So moved were the defeated Matabele by this gesture, that they never attacked Thaba Bosigo again.

Towards the Boers he was equally magnanimous; he resisted great provocations in the interests of peace.

(Continued on previous page)

This short story based on a Defiance Campaign episode by a young Coloured writer is being published in an American anthology edited by Langston Hughes.

The Bench

by RICHARD MOORE

"WE form an integral part of a complex society, a society complex in that a vast proportion of the population are denied the very basic privileges of existence, a society that condemns a man to an inferior position because he has the misfortune to be born black, a society that can only retain its precarious social and economic position at the expense of an enormous oppressed proletariat!"

Karlie's eyes shone as he watched the speaker. Those were great words, he thought, great words and true. The speaker paused for a moment and sipped some water from a glass. Karlie sweated. The hot October sun beat down mercilessly on the gathering. The trees on the Grand Parade afforded very little shelter and his handkerchief was already soaked where he had placed it between his neck and his shirt collar. Karlie stared around him at the sea of faces. Every shade of colour was represented, from shining ebony to the one or two whites in the crowd. He stared at the two detectives who were busily making shorthand notes of the speeches and then turned to stare back at the speaker.

"It is up to us to challenge the right of any group who wilfully and deliberately condemns a fellow group to a servile position. We must challenge the right of any people who see fit to segregate human beings solely on grounds of pigmentation. Your children are denied the rights which are theirs by birth. They are segregated educationally, socially, economically . . ."

Ah, thought Karlie, that man knows what he is speaking about. He says I am as good as any other man, even a white man. That needs much thinking. I wonder if he thinks that I have the right to go into any bioscope, or eat in any restaurant I prefer, or that my children can go to white schools. These are dangerous ideas and need much thinking. I wonder what Ou Klaas would say to this. Ou Klaas said that God made the white man and the black man separately, and the one must always be "Baas" and the other "jong". But this man says different things and somehow they seem true.

Karlie's brow was knitted as he thought. On the platform were many speakers, both white and black, and they were behaving as if there were no differences of colour among them. There was a white woman in a blue dress offering Nxeli a cigarette. That could never have happened at Bietjiesvlei. Old Lategan at the store would have fainted if his Annatjie had offered Witbooi a cigarette. And Annatjie had no such pretty dress. These were new things, and he, Karlie, had to be careful before he accepted them. But why shouldn't he accept them? He was not a coloured man anymore, he was a human being. The last speaker had said so. He remembered seeing pictures in a newspaper of people who defied laws which relegated them to a particular class, and those people were smiling as they went to prison. This was a strange world.

The speaker continued and Karlie listened intently. His speech was obviously carefully prepared and he spoke slowly, choosing his words. This is a great man, thought Karlie.

The last speaker was the white lady in the blue dress, who asked them to challenge any discriminatory laws or measures in every possible manner. Why should she speak like that, thought Karlie. She could go to the best bioscopes, and swim at the best beaches. Why, she was even more beautiful than Annatjie Lategan. They had warned him in Bietjiesvlei about coming to the city. He had seen the skollies in District Six

and he knew what to expect there. Hanover Street held no terrors for him. But no one had told him about this. This was new, this set one's mind thinking, yet he felt it was true. She said one should challenge. He would challenge. He, Karlie, would astound old Lategan and Balie at the dairy farm. They could do what they liked to him after that. He would smile like those people in the newspaper.

The meeting was almost over when Karlie threaded his way through the crowd. The words of the speakers were still milling through his head. It could never happen in Bietjiesvlei, he thought, or could it? The sudden screech of a car pulling to a hurried stop whirled him back to his senses. A white head was angrily thrust through the window.

"Look where you're going, you black bastard!"

Karlie stared dazedly at him. Surely this white man had never heard what the speakers had said. He could never have seen the white woman offering Nxeli a cigarette. Karlie could never imagine the white lady shouting those words at him. It would be best to catch a train and think those things over.

He saw the station in a new light. Here was a mass of human beings, some black, some white, and some brown like himself. Here they mixed with one another, yet each mistrusted the other with an unnatural fear, each looked down upon the other, each moved in a narrow, haunted pattern of his own manufacture. One must challenge these things the speaker had said . . . in one's own way. Yet how in one's own way? How was one to challenge? Slowly it dawned upon him. Here was his chance, the bench. The railway bench with the legend "Europeans only" neatly painted on it in white. For one moment it symbolised all the misery of the plural South African society. Here was his challenge to his rights as a man. There it stood. A perfectly ordinary wooden railway bench, like hundreds of thousands of others in South Africa. His challenge. That bench, now, had concentrated in it all the evils of the system he abhorred. It was the obstacle between himself and humanity. If he sat on it he was a man. If he was afraid he denied himself membership as a human in a human society. He almost had visions of righting the pernicious system, if he only sat on that bench. Here was his chance. He, Karlie, would challenge.

He seemed perfectly calm when he sat down on the bench, but inside his heart was thumping wildly. Two conflicting ideas now throbbed through him. The one said "I have no right to sit on this bench"; the other said, "Why have I no right to sit on this bench?" The one voice spoke of the past, of the servile position he had occupied on the farm, of his father and his father's father, who were born black, lived like blacks and died like mules. The other voice spoke of the future and said, "Karlie you are a man. You have dared what your father would not have dared. You will die a man."

Karlie took out a cigarette and smoked. Nobody seemed to notice him sitting there. This was an anti-climax. The world still pursued its monotonous way, no voice shouted "Karlie has conquered!" He was a normal human being sitting on a bench on a busy station, smoking a cigarette. Or was this his victory? The fact that he was a normal human being? A well-dressed white woman walked down the platform. Would she sit on the bench, Karlie wondered. And then that gnawing

voice, "You should stand and let the white woman sit." Karlie narrowed his eyes and gripped tighter at his cigarette. She swept past him without the slightest twitch of an eyelid and walked on down the platform. Was she afraid to challenge, challenge his right to be a human being? Karlie now felt tired. A third conflicting emotion was now creeping in, a compensatory emotion which said: "You do not sit on this bench to challenge, but you sit here because you are tired. You are tired, therefore you sit." He would not move because he was tired, or was it because he wanted to sit where he liked?

People were now pouring out of a train that had pulled into the station. There were so many people pushing and jostling one another that nobody noticed him. This was his train. It would be quite easy to step into the train and ride off home, but that would be giving in, suffering defeat, refusing the challenge, in fact admitting that he was not a human being. He sat on. Lazily he blew the cigarette smoke into the air, thinking...his mind was far away from the meeting and the bench, he was thinking of Bietjiesvlei and Ou Klaas, how he had insisted Karlie should come to Cape Town. Ou Klaas would look so quizzically at one and suck at his pipe. He was wise to know and knew much. He had said one must go to Cape Town and learn the ways of the world. He would spit and wink slyly when he spoke of District Six and the women he knew in Hanover Street. Ou Klaas knew everything. He said God made us white or black and we must therefore keep our places.

"Get off this seat!"

Karlle did not hear the gruff voice. Ou Klaas would be on the land now, waiting for his tot of cheap wine.

"I said get off the bench, you swine!"

Karlle suddenly whipped back to reality. For a moment he was going to jump up, then he remembered who he was and why he was sitting there. Suddenly he felt very tired. He looked up slowly into a very red face that stared down at him.

"Get up! I said. There are benches down there for you."

Karlle stared up and said nothing. He stared up into very sharp, cold grey eyes.

"Can't you hear me speaking to you, you black swine?" Slowly and deliberately Karlle puffed at his cigarette. So this was his test. They both stared at each other, challenged with eyes, like two boxers, each knowing that they must eventually clash yet each afraid to strike first.

"Must I dirty my hands on scum like you?"

Karlle said nothing. To speak would be to break the spell, the supremacy he felt he was slowly gaining. An uneasy silence. Then, "I will call a policeman, rather than kick a hot-not like you! You can't even open your black jaw when a white man speaks to you!"

Karlle saw the weakness. The white youth was afraid to take action himself. He, Karlle, had won the first round of the bench dispute.

A crowd now collected. "Afrika!" shouted one joker. Karlle ignored the remark. People were now milling around, staring at the unusual sight of a black man sitting on a white man's bench. Karlle merely puffed on.

"Look at the black ape! That's the worst of giving these Kaffirs enough rope!"

"I can't understand it, they have their own benches!"

"Don't get up, you have every right to sit there!"

"He'll get hell when a policeman comes!"

"Mind you I can't see why they can't sit where they please."

"I've said before, I've had a native servant, and a more impertinent..."

Karlle sat and heard nothing. Irresolution had now turned

EMMETT LOUIS TILL

(1941-1955)

Emmett Louis Till, a 14-year old Negro boy was the victim of a brutal lynch murder in Mississippi last year.

What have they done to you,
Emmett Till?

What is this sacred blood
That they spill?

It is a nation's soul that they kill!

The beast has taken his prey
In the light of the southern day.
What shall wash the blood away?

They have not counted the price.
A child was their sacrifice.

The river is rising again,
Emmett Till;
The river of righteous men
In their will,
And the beast shall cringe in his den,
Emmett Till.

They have builded their altar high,
The mute bones heaped to the sky.
You shall topple it with your cry,
Emmett Till.

Martha Millet

to determination. Under no condition was he going to rise. They could do what they liked.

"So this is the fellow, eh! Get up there! Can't you read?" The policeman was towering over him. Karlle could see the crest on his buttons and the wrinkles on his neck.

"What is your name and address! Come on!"

Karlle still maintained his obstinate silence. It took the policeman rather unaware. The crowd was growing every minute.

"You have no right to speak to this man in such a manner!" It was the white lady in the blue dress.

"Mind your own business! I'll ask your help when I need it. It is people like you who make kaffirs think they're as good as white men! Get up, you!"

"I insist that you treat him with the proper respect."

The policeman turned red.

"This . . . this . . ." He was at a loss for words.

"Kick up the hotnot if he won't get up!" shouted a spectator. Rudely a white man laid hands on Karlle.

"Get up! you bloody bastard!"

Karlle turned to resist, to cling to the bench, his bench. There were more than one man now pulling at him. He hit out wildly and then felt a dull pain as somebody rammed a fist into his face. He was now bleeding and wild-eyed. He would now fight for it. The constable clapped a pair of handcuffs round Karlle's wrists and tried to clear a way through the crowds. Karlle was still struggling. A blow or two landed on him. Suddenly he relaxed and slowly struggled to his feet. It was useless fighting any longer. Now it was his turn to smile. He had challenged and won. Who cared at the result.

"Come on! you swine!" said the policeman, forcing Karlle through the crowd.

"Certainly!" said Karlle for the first time, and stared at the policeman with the arrogance of one who dared to sit on a "European" bench.

A PROFILE

by HARRY BLOOM

Trevor Huddleston —
A Man Afire

THE news that Father Trevor Huddleston is being recalled from the Union has left a feeling of stunned dismay among a large section of the South African people. Just how large that section is, will never be known, for his influence has spread further than even he himself realised. Certainly the overwhelming majority of the Non-White people will never forget him and will feel his recall as the loss of an extraordinary champion and an inspired leader. But even a large section of the Europeans will miss him, including many who never came in contact with him, and indeed many who could not bring themselves to support his stirring challenge to the race concepts of White South Africa. For although they never supported him, they would like his work to continue, for he represents a cause which even they do not wish to see die out. As long as Father Huddleston is here (whether or not one agrees with his attitude) honesty, decency and civilised concepts remain alive in this country, and we still have some respect left in the eyes of the world—that seems to be the view, and now that he is going there is an uneasy feeling of a prop being knocked away from under the public conscience. He was, in a sense, the conscience of White South Africa, a public lightening conductor, and there is widespread apprehension at losing him. Of course, for those who were close to him, both in his work and his outlook, the reaction to losing him is much less complicated. For them, it is the sorrow at losing a wonderful friend and invaluable comrade-in-arms—a disheartening setback in the fight against Nationalist barbarism.

I believe that others will come forward to take Father Huddleston's place—the struggle is too urgent, too important, and it will not flag, but nobody will ever play the role with such brilliance, and courage, such inspiration and determination as Father Huddleston has done.

Man of Fire

This handsome, humorous and warmly human priest has made an extraordinary impact on the public life of South Africa, as much by his personality as by his work. No one who meets him fails to be impressed by his charm and simplicity and vivid personal magnetism. He is one of those men who draw all eyes, all ears, on himself; whether he is conducting a party of visitors over his school, or talking on a platform, or merely conversing in a crowd, it is impossible not to pay attention to him. This, added to a wonderfully keen mind and a remarkable gift for the devastating, apt phrase has made him the delight of journalists, especially those from overseas, who would never dream of a South African itinerary that did not include an interview with Father Huddleston. Long experience in the centre of South African

conflicts has made him an expert in the art of "public relations", an art that he does not hesitate to use. "Why not?" he asks "It is absurd to deny oneself the use of all legitimate weapons in this fight." He fights vigorously, and with deadly effect. Without hesitation, he takes on single-handed the Information Office, the various official "journalists" of State Departments, the whole propaganda corps of the Government, and he routs them every one. They hate him, but respect him, and deal with him with nervous care. He has a natural gift for putting his personality across which has made him into an outstanding and world-known radio and television celebrity. In spite of his crowded activities he has found time to write a book about his work in South Africa, to be published next Spring under the title "Nought for Thy Comfort," and because of the world-wide interest that his work has aroused, it is sure to be a best-seller. In his zeal for work, he is a man afire. Not only does he stand for a magnificent cause, but he puts it over with superb style.

"Apartheid is Blasphemy"

Father Huddleston is a young man—he is forty-one—but he has crowded several lifetimes into the twelve years he has spent in South Africa. He frankly admits that he "found himself in South Africa", that it was the injustice, poverty and degradation in which the Non-White people live, that spurred him to a new concept of life and work and released his powers. Yet, at the same time, he never fails to admit his deep debt to the Community of the Resurrection, of which he is the Provincial, or head, in South Africa. He is merely a practising Christian, he says. If to carry on the teachings of Christ takes him into the field of politics, he does not shirk doing it. "Apartheid is blasphemy," he said in a recent radio sermon. His work, purely as a priest, has, in the curiously twisted setting of South Africa, brought him into violent conflict with the government, but that is no reason, in his opinion, for abandoning the work.

As a monk, he is pledged to a life of poverty, chastity and obedience to his clerical superiors, and this, by releasing him from the personal involvements that beset most men, gives him the disinterestedness, the concentration of energy, and the fearlessness that make his work so effective. "I could not conceive of my work except as part of my life in the Community of the Resurrection," he has said. "Everything I have done and become is the result of the inspiration I derive from the Community." Because of this he takes the decision to remove him with a calm mind, with philosophical resignation, although it is no secret that it is a bitter disappointment to him.

He arrived in South Africa in 1943, to become priest-in-charge of the missions in Sophiatown, Orlando

and Pimville. His first appearance in church, was, he says, "a frightening experience." Fifteen hundred people attended the service, and he felt himself suddenly appalled at the task of trying to know and understand these strange, silent people, speaking a different language and living in so vastly different circumstances from those he had known. He persevered, with many misgivings and a deep sense of inadequacy, but soon his work bore fruit. His kindness, his warmth, his sincerity, quickly won him friends, and soon, all over the townships, people were talking about the new Father from England. Still, he was then little known to the general public.

Then came the now famous Sophiatown Squatter's case. The Johannesburg City Council condemned a number of families to spend the winter out in the streets. The people refused to leave their houses and were summoned to court. Father Huddleston went with them, sitting among their supporters in the Non-European public gallery. The magistrate, without looking up, imposed fines and ordered the families to be evicted; and then Father Huddleston stood up in the well of the court and protested. He refused to sit down when the magistrate ordered him to do so, and the court had to be adjourned. The Chief Magistrate came out and warned him "not to bully my magistrates." The case received great publicity as a result of the protest, and the Municipality was forced to rescind the order.

Champion of Peoples' Causes

That was the start. And since then there have been protests, incidents, campaigns and projects, without number and without cease, with Father Huddleston always in the centre. The Newclare Squatter's case, when two thousand families were forced to camp on a square for nine months, while the police refused to take action against the gangsters who had taken possession of their houses; the Children's Feeding Scheme that provides school-time meals for tens of thousands of Non-European

children deprived of the benefits of the school feeding that European children enjoy; the Western Areas Removal Protest against Dr. Verwoerd's crazy project to bulldoze down one of the most densely populated and highly built-up areas of Johannesburg; the campaign against the barbarous Bantu Education Act; the building of a swimming bath in Orlando;—these are merely some of the issues and projects. His enterprises range from vast public schemes to those involving small groups or single individuals. It was he who discovered and launched Jake Tuli; who fought for Stephen Ramasodi's passport; who organised the jazz band named after him. His mail is inundated with appeals from college graduates looking for jobs, from homeless families, from sick people, old people, people in every imaginable kind of distress. So widespread are his activities that he has been registered by law as a "charitable organisation"

His loss will undoubtedly create a void in the public life of South Africa. It is hard to imagine how any one man will be able to take over the work which he will leave unfinished; but perhaps in years to come there might be some benefit from his recall. He is going back to England to become a trainer of novices in the Community, and possibly, in time, others will come out to South Africa with the stamp of Father Huddleston on them.

Meantime, for the Non-European people, it is a grievous loss. True, the hope, the courage, that he has implanted in their hearts will never die. True, they will never forget this glittering champion, nor the inspiration that he gave them. From this point of view, he is not entirely leaving South Africa—a large and important part of him will remain, and will continue his work under his own momentum. I know that he, as well as we, will find some consolation in this. But in spite of this, we cannot feel anything but sadness at losing him. When we say goodbye to Father Huddleston let us also say, "Thank you for your twelve magnificent years in South Africa."

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JUVENILE CRIME

HE was an African youth of 16, very small and thin for his age. The charge against him was that he had stolen four watches from a shop. Although there did not seem to be much evidence against him, he pleaded guilty. It appeared that he came from Alexandra Township where he lived with his family. The Magistrate was reasonably sympathetic and kindly in his manner—on the surface, at any rate. As this was a first offence there was no report from a probation officer and the boy was sentenced to cuts—I cannot remember how many. It was very simple and very quick. But then came the shocking part of it. The magistrate asked the youth whether he was working or went to school. The answer was that he did neither. "That is what is wrong with you," said the magistrate, "You don't want to work. There are lots of jobs in Alexandra if you look for them. . . ." "on farms," he added, as an afterthought.

Knowing myself, though very imperfectly, the tremendous problem of unemployment that exists for Alexandra youths and the appalling lack of adequate schooling facilities, I was shocked at the ignorance or thoughtlessness by this magistrate. It seemed obvious that with such an approach there could be but little chance of help from this source in the fight against the rising tide of delinquency. After about five hours of waiting, this youngster would receive his beating and would be turned out into the bleak and hopeless world of Alexandra Township, where his only prospect of work was that of becoming a farm labourer at starvation wages in a completely strange atmosphere, away from his family and his friends.

No Chance to Change

Delinquency in Alexandra Township, where young lads and men are not allowed, as of right, to take jobs in their natural labour market, Johannesburg, is perhaps worse than elsewhere, but it is symptomatic of the whole situation because the causes are perhaps more clear cut here than anywhere else.

In a way one cannot even blame the magistrate. His attitude probably arose from a kind of helplessness. For what could he do in the situation? He cannot get permission for every workless youngster from the Township

who is convicted of an offence to work in Johannesburg. Influx Control would soon see to that! I can just hear officials say, "Why should we let in these little thieves? If we have to

by

SHULAMITH MULLER

let anyone in from Alexandra Township, we'd rather let in the honest fellows." I remember the case of a young African who had been convicted of striking at the Golf Club where he worked. He left the club and sought work as a gardener in Johannesburg. This is one occupation which is usually open to the youth of Alexandra Township because of the great shortage of labour. Everything was fine until the Influx Control official phoned the ex-employer of the youth. As soon as he found out that he had been involved in a strike he refused him permission to take up even this most menial of jobs! The reason? "We cannot allow undesirable Natives to come into Johannesburg to work," he said. Undesirable—at the age of 16!

And so these youngsters are convicted and caned and returned to where they come from until they have been before the courts a couple of times and there is the chance that they may be sent to a reformatory. At this stage the Social Welfare official is called in. I do not know if this is the case with European juveniles, where they are possibly called in even in the case of a first offence, but it is certainly the case with Non-European "delinquents".

Not that the calling in of these officials is of much use. There are, I know, sympathetic and good welfare officers, particularly amongst the Non-Europeans. But from what I have seen—with one notable exception—I have been frankly horrified at the manner in which they have treated their cases. And this applies not only to Non-European cases but also to European cases, as I will later show.

Class Bias in Court

I am reminded of the case of the African youngster up for about the third time on a charge of theft and

about to be committed to a reformatory. The probation officer recommending his removal to such a place—a European—read out his report on the child almost like a school child would read out a lesson. There was not an ounce of humanity in his report—there were only answers to a questionnaire. According to his report the child was uncooperative at home and did not want to work. The magistrate asked the official how he got his information and the reply was that the child's mother and the neighbours had told him. He had not even spoken to the child!

Nor does this attitude apply only to Non-Europeans. European children also come in for their share of what I consider to be inadequate handling by the Juvenile Courts. I think it is interesting to note the class attitude that exists in regard to the treatment of delinquency amongst European youths. Very often whether the juvenile's action is regarded as merely a prank or criminal seems to depend very much on whether that juvenile has a working class or middle class background. Readers may remember recently a feature story in a local newspaper of a youngster from a very respectable, rather upper class home, who found a horse and simply led it away. It was ultimately restored to its rightful owner, an African, and the incident was generally treated as something of a joke. There was obviously no talk of a prosecution—quite rightly. But then why, in another case, prosecute an equally young boy for "stealing" a live turtle—and give him cuts for it? I do not think it coincidence that this youngster came from the Southern Suburbs, a working class area. So also did the youngsters who were brought up for damaging the premises of a play centre at a park. One of these children was 9, the other 12. The damage done was small and nothing was taken. Yet the probation officer, without giving the court any idea as to why he thought the children had behaved as they did, simply said that they were naughty and that a good hiding would do them good! The magistrate was himself slightly shocked and asked whether the probation officer did not think that the one youngster of 9 was a bit young for cuts. But on his reply that he did not

think so, the magistrate sentenced him to four cuts. The child was taken out, crying bitterly, to wait two hours to receive his hiding. And these were European children.

I still remember the feeling of shock I felt at the first case I ever witnessed in a juvenile court. The accused were little boys who lived in Boom Street, Pretoria—a very poor, European working class area. They were convicted of stealing a small quantity of scrap iron—ideal play material—which was admittedly lying on an unfenced piece of ground. And I had a guilty pang as I remembered similar exploits of my own in my youth and realised that no one would ever have dreamt of prosecuting me, coming as I did from an average middle class home. There is no doubt that class status has an important bearing on whether or not the European juvenile is to be prosecuted—except, of course, where the offence is a really serious one.

It is true that some good does come out of our juvenile courts. I am told, for example, that at least 70% of the young Africans committed to Diepkloof never again appear before the Courts. They are, apparently, there taught a trade and placed in reasonably good employment at the end of their period and so integrated into the community. A clear indication, of course, of what is basically the cause of the delinquency. But one cannot help a feeling of hopelessness about the problem of juvenile delinquency in South Africa, both amongst Europeans and Non-Europeans.

Root Causes

There is no doubt that crime amongst Non-European youths is a menace to everybody and more particularly to the Non-European people themselves. They suffer the most from the young tsotsies who steal and rob from them and who gamble and assault other Non-Europeans. But how to curb it? One does not have to be a sociologist to know that the basic causes of crime amongst Non-European youth are the lack of opportunity and poverty which are the natural result of the colour bar; the constant degradation of the Non-European because of his colour; lack of security, lack of proper physical care from parents who have not the time to give their children the love and security they need. Until the basic economic and social problems are adjusted to allow the Non-European to fulfil his role as a citizen

of the country according to his abilities, juvenile delinquency amongst Non-Europeans will grow by leaps and bounds. And no amount of caning or imprisonment or even sympathetic treatment from the courts is really going to help until these basic causes are removed.

One would imagine that with all their many privileges the position amongst the European youth of our country would be different. But it is a fact that juvenile delinquency amongst Europeans is also increasing by leaps and bounds. And it is my opinion that it is the very same colour bar which causes so much delinquency amongst Non-Europeans which has the same effect—for obviously different reasons—on the European youth.

Because of his colour and because of the shortage of labour for those more skilled jobs from which Non-Europeans are excluded, there is no limit to the opportunities for the European youth. The relative ease with which material comforts can be obtained, the feeling of "natural" superiority, have led to a general contempt for such things as learning and culture. One has only to note the decline in Afrikaans literature to realise how serious the position is. Our South African European "civilisation" is clearly in a state of decay. The colour-bar has created a world of vast opportunities for European children without imposing on them the obligations which should go hand in hand. The fact is that no matter how low the European may sink, he is always superior to the Non-European. This master race theory breeds brutality and contempt towards the Non-European and finds expression in crimes against them—assaults and robberies and so on. But it is an attitude of mind which leads to a general deterioration of morality, and the crimes then turn against the European community as well, and so we also have a general increase in crime amongst European youths.

The Answer

What is the answer? I think I am safe in saying that in the present society in South Africa there is *no answer*. Youth clubs, better sporting facilities, even better schooling for Non-Europeans may help a little but will not root out the basic evil. It is true that one must face the immediate problem, what to do with these youngsters who are in fact caught breaking the law, often seriously. This is, after all, the problem of the

Courts. Must they inflict a caning? Must these youngsters be put in hostels or reformatories? When faced with this problem it is hard to find an answer except, possibly, to say that every child—and adult too, for that matter—should be given a chance, and *practical* assistance, towards rehabilitation.

But the answer to the basic problem is a political one. Remove the colour bar, remove economic inequalities and give everyone the same opportunities. Proper integration of the individual into the community is the best answer to the problem of juvenile delinquency. There has never been a child who is born evil.

AFRICAN ART ON VIEW

AN extremely interesting exhibition of African art from a number of centres on the Continent was recently held in the foyer of the Johannesburg Public Library.

Unfortunately the people whose interest in this exhibition would surely have been of the very greatest—the local Non-European artists—were debarred from seeing it, as were all Non-Europeans. It seems that "Let us Black Folks Read" is not the whole story as far as the Library authorities are concerned!

The exhibition consisted of paintings from a number of mission art centres. Those from Brazzaville in the Belgian Congo and from Cyrene in Rhodesia were particularly outstanding, the former for their liveliness, their skilful, delicate composition and their sophisticated choice of colour; the latter for their choice of subject-matter. These paintings consisted of scenes showing the arrival of the White man, ever so pompous and full of the undoubted "superiority of Western civilisation". The larger picture stood out for its particularly humorous presentation.

Some local work which was also on view undoubtedly had to take a very second, and even third place beside the more tropical talent. Dullness, both in choice of subject-matter and in colour and composition was its keynote. What a disappointment to find this, particularly as the certainty exists that the potential is there, and only the right sort of encouragement is needed to see a truer artistic development. What about it, you local artists?

B.L.

CRITICISM AND COMMENT

LIBERAL PARTY POLICY

A member of the S.A. Liberal Party, *CLAUDE FRANKS*, writes on the criticism of the Liberal Party's handbook, which appeared in the November issue of "Fighting Talk".

IN the November issue of *Fighting Talk*, Mr. Peter Meyer contributes what he loosely terms a review of the Liberal Party's handbook of policies. It is as constructive and objective an appraisal as one would expect from a Coca-Cola magnate reviewing the latest Pepsi-Cola product.

Even the first words in the foreword do not escape Mr. Meyer's feverish search for grounds of attack. "Today we are the only party in South Africa which really knows where it proposes to go", he quotes Mrs. Ballinger as saying. Mr. Meyer replies smartly: "There is, of course, the Freedom Charter, Mrs. Ballinger!" And a very good reply it might be too, if the Freedom Charter were a political party.

Mr. Meyer then deals with the laws to which the Liberal Party is opposed, enumerated, he says, for the first time. (Not only was the list enumerated and proclaimed at the Party's first Congress in 1953, but it was subsequently used by the Congress of Democrats in its submissions to the U.N. Commission on South Africa!) The compilers of the policy will be grateful to Mr. Meyer for spotting two omissions, the Squatting Act and the Settlement of Dispute Act. Mr. Meyer also finds very significant the omission of the Departure from the Union Regulation Act—an Act which came before Parliament after the booklet was published! This section of the booklet, it may be mentioned, is carefully headed: "The law is stated as at December, 1954."

But the really absurd and objectionable feature of Mr. Meyer's writing is that he pretends to see something significant and sinister in the "gaps in the legislation . . . singled out now by the Liberal Party for criticism." Is the Liberal Party for or against the Settlement of Disputes Act, he wants to know. I suggest that Mr.

Meyer knows the answer perfectly well: first, because of the tough fight against the Act put up by the Liberal members in Parliament; secondly, because the handbook endorses the Declaration of Human Rights; and thirdly, because the handbook proclaims, on page 10, that "the right to join and organise trade unions should be enjoyed by all, while no employees should be debarred from direct participation in the determination of their wages and working conditions through the process of collective bargaining". Is Mr. Meyer still in doubt as to where the Party stands on this Act?

And where are all these gaps which justify the heading "Omissions" for this section? Mr. Meyer is extraordinarily vague: "And surely there are pre-1948 Acts demanding total repeal besides the ones mentioned in the booklet. Is the Liberal Party for or against these Acts?" The Party will be delighted to answer this question as soon as Mr. Meyer names "these Acts". Until such time as he is able to specify *one* pre-1948 Act the Liberal Party has omitted to condemn, I suggest it is presumptuous and impertinent on his part to describe the list as "inadequate".

The prejudiced and puerile nature of Mr. Meyer's attack emerges again in the later portion of his work. "There are further chapters," he says, "but they don't take one much further. The points made in the booklet are often quite good, but a lot of things are left unsaid. This is the fundamental flaw (in the booklet) . . . (It) merely rambles on, touching on some matters and ignoring others". This is all Mr. Meyer can find to say. A searching analysis, indeed!

Mr. Meyer further criticises the handbook for not specifically condemning the slave-labour conditions found on mines. May I inform Mr.

Meyer and any others who are puzzling their heads about the Liberal Party's view, that the party is against slave-labour conditions.

But Mr. Meyer descends to his most fatuous when he criticises the Liberal Party for saying it supports the Non-European peoples in "their aspirations towards economic, social, educational and political advancement and in their desire for liberation from restrictions and humiliations which should be suffered by no human being". Mr. Meyer's comment is: "Have you ever read anything more detached, more aloof?" What rubbish! Does Mr. Meyer really feel that the Liberals came together because they felt aloof towards Non-European aspirations? "It shows that the Liberal Party does not want to be regarded as part and parcel of the Non-Europeans, that it is a White Party willing only to "represent" the Non-Whites", he says. Of course it is not part and parcel of the Non-Europeans, nor is it a White Party—it happens to be one of the very few non-racial bodies in this country.

So too one must dismiss with contempt Mr. Meyer's assertion that the Liberal Party in its franchise policy ranges itself for all practical purposes on the side of the White supremacists. This of a party which, in a country where the main parties are battling to deprive the Non-European of every right, proclaims a universal franchise.

May I say in conclusion that I apologise to Mr. Meyer for any undue harshness in my language; but we of the Liberal Party receive so much criticism based on prejudice and nothing else from the Nationalists, that one cannot take similar criticism when it is levelled at us by people who purport to be our friends.

(Readers' Comment is invited)

THIS SOUTH AFRICA!

"Employers and employees of the Industrial Council for the Clothing Industry (Cape) met . . . to pay tribute to Mrs. Rose Crawford, vice-chairman of the council and secretary of the Garment Workers' Union, on her retirement after 20 years association with the council . . ."

"Mr. A. A. Millar, one of the founders of the Council, said that she had aided the workers through thick and thin. Proof of this was that there had never been a strike among the garment workers."

Cape Times 15.12.55.

(Sent in by N.D.)

"THE PROTECTORATES I HOPE TO SEE"

"I want to let my pen run freely in opposition to or in agreement with Dr. Jowitt" (who wrote in the November issue of "Fighting Talk" on the threat of incorporation to the Protectorates), writes MOTSAMBI K. MPHOTO.

I AGREE with Dr. Jowitt that no African with the least knowledge of the South African daily treatment of the Africans, conducted under the pretext that the government is keeping law and order, can dare accept incorporation. If making someone carry a piece of paper and arresting him when he is found without it, is maintaining law and good order then we do not know what law and order is.

We in the Protectorates are not aggressors. We are friendly, peace-loving nations. It is not for South Africa to tell us how safe we could be in her rough discriminating hands.

One funny thing is that the South African Government expects the British Government to force us to accept incorporation because they forced Federation of Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia and South Rhodesia on the Africans. Britain will go on losing the confidence and the respect of the people as a protecting power.

It is for Britain to rebuild the broken faith in her African colonies by avoiding previous mistakes. Then we shall believe that consultation will be of some value. Because the peoples' word will judge.

Yet I must disagree with Dr. Jowitt: there are barriers in the Protectorates. It is true we have no Bantu Education Act. But for years we have had a very inferior education indeed, so inferior that Native Education which was also inferior to that of Europeans in the Union was better than ours, especially in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The fact that our standard six had three grades, first second and third, is proof. A student who had a second grade pass could only be admitted into the Union on the recommendation of his teacher provided a White minister of religion concurred. This has played an important role in delaying our advancement.

Yes, a stranger perhaps would think that there was no colour bar. In 1943 and 1953 Mr. B. B. R. Mathula applied for accommodation in the Lobatsi hotel. The manager's reply was, "We, the Whites, have no accommodation for Natives in our hotel." Thus we have a colour bar in at least one of the three Protecto-

rates, namely Bechuanaland. For correctness sake let me leave out Basutoland and Swaziland. In Bechuanaland we have a colour bar as sharp as it is in the Union. We read in a book written by an Englishman and published in Great Britain entitled "Ruth and Seretse", that before leaving Lobatsi for their banishment the Khama family joined Seretse at Lobatsi. And one day Mrs Ruth Khama was told by a lady serving in the hotel that she was not recognised as a European, therefore could not be served in the presence of Europeans. Who was better than Mrs. Ruth Khama among them I do not know. But I can guess some of them called themselves Europeans although they had never put their foot in Europe.

If this happened to the Chief's wife what about the common man? There are also pass laws in Bechuanaland, although people do not carry them about. But when an African leaves Bechuanaland he is issued with a travelling pass and not a passport as in the case of a European.

There is also a colour bar in salaries. Nearly all the work in the District Commissioner's offices is done by Africans. Do they get the same salaries as those White ladies and gentlemen doing the same work for the same administration in Mafeking and in the reserves?

We are not prevented by legislation from meeting together should we number more than ten. One may say we have no Suppression of Communism Act. But one cannot deny that we have a suppression of opinion Act, or Proclamation which I believe is not gazetted. This ungazetted Act or Proclamation is used daily by the chiefs, supported or their actions endorsed, by the District Commissioners or government officials. There are what are called junior tribes in Bechuanaland. Makalaka in the Ngwato reserve, Makoba or Bayei in the Batawana reserve, Makgalagadi in the Bakwena and the Bangwaketse reserves. Take the Bayei in the Batawana reserve. This act or ungazetted proclamation has been used to rob them of their rights to graze as any Motawana does. A Moyei cannot plough as he pleases, a Motawana may tell him to go away at any time.

They can never become headmen among their own people or tax collectors as they are too inferior for such positions. And yet they are able. And they are in the majority.

Who can say that the Bamangwato, at least a greater section of the Bamangwato, did not accept Seretse Khama and his White wife? Can anyone deny that Rasebolai was not forced upon the Bamangwato by the use of a police army from all over Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland and S. Rhodesia? Did the supporters of Seretse not serve up to three years in jail? The Bamangwato are not free to meet even now.

"They are not subjected to legislation which cannot be referred on appeal to court." Here again I think Dr. Jowitt is at least pointing two fingers at the Union of South Africa, while the remaining three are pointing at us. In the Batawana reserve again the majority of the population are not recognised. The Bayei cannot become members of the African Advisory Council which meets in Mafeking. The members of this Council include illiterate people so that there is no excuse for excluding the majority of the people in this council. They are not given the chance whereby they could show their failure or success. They have grievances which they want the chief to hear. But they were refused a hearing by the chief who also refused them a letter of appeal to take the matter to the District Commissioner. The matter did not end there. They went to see the District Commissioner to ask him for advice. He too refused them a hearing. What court can they go to in Bechuanaland, because the government and the chiefs are the appeal courts? Can a commoner win a case against any chief who has acted wrongfully against him in any court in Bechuanaland?

I am looking forward to Protectorates full of new life. I look to Protectorates with enough industries, Protectorates where children shall not hunger, where all shall enjoy equal human rights. Where all shall be equal before the law and when no man shall be refused a hearing either by the chief or district Commissioner. Those are the Protectorates I hope to see not long off.


Ruth Reed
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