

FIGHTING

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TALK



BATTLE in the TRANSKEI



CHIEF KAIZER MATANZIMA

'Independence'
in a State
of Emergency



CHIEF SABATA DALINDYEBO

THE WESTERN CAPE REMOVAL SCHEME

THE STATE OF THE LAAGER

No. 1 THE ARMY

The 'Gagging' Clause of the Sabotage Act

'Independence' Under Martial Law

IN the Transkei, swollen with police informers, bruised by the intimidation of the State of Emergency now 26 months old, the Special Session of the Territorial Authority has just ended. Parliament has only to rubber-stamp the new constitution for the Transkei, which will no doubt be done in the next few months, and the first Verwoerd Bantustan will make its official, though shaky, entrance.

The outcome of the proceedings of the Territorial Authority was a foregone conclusion. For this body is as carefully packed

with government appointed men — all, with the exception of an honourable minority, 'Yes-Chiefs' and 'Yes-Headmen' — as the South African Parliament is with Whites, and, after 14 years of carefully loaded delimitations and election gerrymandering, with Nationalists. Every man who sat in this recent session of the Territorial Authority is on the pay roll of the government. Decades of this system where heads of tribes have been converted into civil servants have meant that most Chiefs have forgotten or forfeited the habit of speaking for their tribes, when they know that what they say must earn their unpopularity with the Bantu Affairs kingmakers, even deposal or banishment.

The Sabatas are exceptional among the chiefs, but what is important is that **the little support that Chief Sabata Dalindyebo musters in the council chamber of the Transkeian authority is no indication at all of popular feeling in the Transkei, which is right behind him, indeed, would wish his opposition to go even further.** Commoners, the two million peasants of the Transkei, have long stopped expecting the chiefs to speak for them and about their grievances and demands. So the Territorial Authority debated and voted, but for the interventions of Sabata and his small group, it nowhere got to grips with the real problems of the people of the Transkei.

As important as the careful stage-management of the composition and debating affairs of the Territorial Authority, is the inhibiting effect of the State of Emergency, under which men can be whipped off to jail without trial and kept there for as long as the Special Branch pleases. **The Special Session of the Territorial Authority adopted a constitutional blueprint for the first 'independent' Bantustan — but was powerless to end the state of martial law!**

Elections in the first Bantustan will be an utter farce, and every Transkeian knows this. In the whole Council, or Parliament, or whatever grand name this body will be given, there will be only 45 elected seats (nine of these representing voters away in the urban areas) in a house of 109. This apart, any candidate who stomps the country opposing the fraudulent Bantustan scheme will be a sitting target for the police. **The government is not setting up this elaborate scheme to have it exposed, and opposed.**

It is because of this knowledge, as well as the remoteness of the TTA proceedings from the real problems of the Transkei, that more and more people are feeling that there will be no room for them in the forthcoming elections. Tentative moves to set up a political party — moves emanating from Liberals and former African representatives in Parliament — appear to have petered out. Policies have not yet been firmly moulded, but the trend does seem to be towards a boycott.

In its time the Native Representative

Council debated while the African people organised and fought for trade union recognition, for higher wages, for the vote, and then went on strike; and there came the time when the NRC members, disillusioned with their powerlessness, and hoarse from talking down a toy telephone, adjourned indefinitely in protest. **The new Transkeian 'Parliament' of 1963 holds out even less promise of being able to represent the views of the people than did the NRC in 1936, for even in those days that body had a majority of elected members.**

In the Transkeian House the Tembus, the leading tribe of the Transkei, have been foremost in their opposition to the fraud, and gave Sabata a mandate to disengage from the fares of the phoney independence being played out in the Umtata Hall. The poser for the Transkei is whether the Tembus will act in anger first, to abandon the Transkeian Territorial Authority and its grander successor of later this year; or whether the Government will dare to act against Sabata to try to silence him, bring him down from his chieftainship and expel him from the TTA and his influence from the Transkei. Any government servant who recommends this will start his government on a perilous course of action in the Transkei, and the Nationalists know this.

The three-day Special Session ended in mid-December with an attack on the Great Place of the Nationalist's key man in the Transkei, Kaizer Matanzima, and this episode, though not part of the proceedings, placed its seal on them. Chief Matanzima went from a House packed with his supporters and timid Chiefs to his home area ringed by an opposition growing daily more resentful, violent and bold. **This must increasingly be the picture in the Transkei: inside the government-staged debating shop, airy talk of self-government and independence; and outside among the two million, rumbles, then open outbursts.**

Three Men — Three Ways

The Transkei, though now living through the present war of attrition between Paramount Chief Sabata of the Tembus and Verwoerd's grand poo-bah and Commissioner-General Hans Abraham, still talks with relish of the last flaming row between Sabata and the Chief Magistrate in Umtata, Mr. Leibrandt. Leibrandt is said to have summoned Sabata and his Councillors to discuss 'the position in Tembuland' and to have flown off the handle and accused Sabata, by implication, of a deliberate policy of non-co-operation because he was accompanied by only one councillor. (The remaining ones, Sabata explained, had remained behind at his Great Place on tribal business.) In the midst of the row Leibrandt's eye fell on the metal badges worn on Sabata's lapel. One said 'Amandla Ngewe-

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BATTLEGROUND AGAINST APARTHEID

tu' (Power to the People), and the other was of Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned underground leader then being detained in the Johannesburg Fort pending his trial and sentence of five years in jail. What's the idea, the Commissioner spluttered, you're wearing African National Congress badges! "He's my uncle," was Sabata's bland and guileful reply, glancing under his chin at the smiling face of Mandela.

The curious thing is that the three most important figures in the Transkei, the main protagonists for and against Verwoerd, the three men symbolic of three ways of life and struggle, are all drawn from the Tembu Royal House, share a common grandfather and were groomed for chieftainship by the same Royal House tutor. Nelson Mandela, uncle of Sabata; Paramount Chief Sabata Dalindyebo, head of the Tembu tribe; and Kaizer Matanzima, promoted against tribal custom from a minor chieftaincy under Sabata to head of the Emigrant Tembus when the Nationalist administrators cut Tembuland into two paramountcies, in a blatant divide and rule policy, grew together in childhood. When Nelson Mandela turned from royal protocol to organising African National Congress branches and stood trial for treason, Kaizer Matanzima came to the Drill Hall to visit his cousin in the dock. But Sabata, not Matanzima, imbibed lessons from the trial and the political record and example of Mandela, and his resistance to the ruinous policies of the Nationalists and of White Supremacy.

Matanzima, arrogant, ambitious, power-greedy, explains his acceptance of the Nationalists' scheme for the first Bantustan on the grounds that this could be South Africa's first independent black state. Pretending to be concerned about getting Transkeian independence, Matanzima is actually playing the role of a Nazi protector, the strong man groomed by the Nationalists to keep down the people, to destroy physically the political fighters of the Transkei who, outlawed and persecuted in the Matanzima kingdom, are becoming a legendary inspiration to resistance.

It has been suggested that apart from the *gauleiter* role, there is another course open to Matanzima. That he could try to last a little longer in a Transkei hostile to his despotism, by demanding that the Nationalist talk about independence be made a reality. That he must find a way to keep his footing in a Transkei that will not long be satisfied to levy local taxes, without the ability to solve the country's crying need for large capital sums for development, that will not be satisfied with the right to rubber-stamp Nationalist policies, and pass some petty decrees, but with no power to repeal those laws which are at the heart of the disabilities of the Transkei and of all Africans. This alternative way that Matanzima may take, it is suggested, is to call the bluff of the Nationalists.

Is Matanzima likely to bite the Nationalist

hand that feeds and protects him? Ambition will no doubt drive him to demand a bigger and bigger share of the takings but Matanzima knows the Nationalists full well — for one thing this man is not a fool, nor is he untutored in Nationalist stratagems of 'native administration' — and he must know that *real* independence, granted by a Nationalist government, is impossible, and that if he overplays his hand he will be dashed to the ground by the Nationalists.

In any case it is not important whether Matanzima believes he can wheedle a greater measure of independence for the Transkei. What is important is not that he uses this bait to try to smother discontent, but whether the Transkei will bite at this line. And all the signs are that it will not. **There are many ways of judging whether power has passed into African hands other than the gain that accrues to a Chief Matanzima.**

Tides of Opposition

If there are two courses open to Matanzima — and men who know him well discount the chances of Matanzima being naive enough to think he can call the bluff of the Nationalists, without being destroyed by them — both land him in a nasty spot. Terror against the people will in time range the whole of the Transkei against all the chiefs who are party to Nationalist policy, and the elaborate system improvised for the new Transkeian parliament, and chiefs' control of their local areas, must collapse in ruin. An attempt by Matanzima, as representative of the chiefs co-operating with the Nationalists, to call the bluff of independence in this Bantustan will not please the Nationalists one bit, and show the Transkei that its suspicions and opposition have been well-grounded, for **the Nationalist Government, by the nature of things, cannot give the Transkei real independence.**

For the time being the government, and Matanzima and his allied chiefs are pretending that this independence will really bring big changes, that the Transkei likes the scheme, and that opposition is being smuggled in from outside. This is the old 'agitator' theory again and if there is anything in it, it should be simple enough to seal off the affected areas — which emergency measures have done repeatedly in the last two years — and to stop the trouble. But no one really believes this, and the Transkei knows that the opposition to Matanzima's policies is coming from right inside his own kingdom, and from within the borders of the Transkei.

And this opposition, feeling its strength, is beginning to see how the two opposition tides represented by the Sabata way (genuine patriotic adherence to the wishes and interests of the tribe) and the Mandela way (modern-style, militant political organisation), if they converge, can sweep to victory.

Both Feet Wrong

THE truth is that the Nationalists cannot put a foot right in the Transkei, and they are already getting a doomed feeling about their first Bantustan. Open terror, imposed for too long, will stoke up ever more violent resistance. Tembuland is flexing its muscles now; Pondoland has only recently been put down — temporarily — and the seeds of rebellion are still there.

For apartheid to work, in the sense that Transkeians must have factories and dams and power stations, and see their old, worn, over-worked labour reserve being turned into an economically viable independent state, millions of rand must be voted and spent, and **the white taxpayer will not stand for this.** The Transkei is an under-developed region and the recipe for advancement is simple enough — but the Nationalists will not supply the ingredients. The Transkei has the labour, but no power, no transport, no communications, no capital. As the expulsions from the Western Cape proceed the Transkei will have more labour than ever, but the millions recommended by the Tomlinson Commission as necessary for a scheme of over-all industrialisation and development are now an unsavoury memory to the Nationalists.

If, in a desperate, though unlikely, bid to save itself and apartheid from the acid test of the Transkei, the Nationalists try to push ahead with industrialisation and urbanisation, they will create in the Transkei, faster than ever, new forces that will rise to destroy them: African workers, removed from the land and based in factories who will turn from chiefs and tribal loyalties to trade unions and political parties, even though deemed illegal. The more earnestly the Nationalists try to make this scheme work, the more forces they will release to counter them, and bring them down.

The Transkei could well be the first battlefield on which apartheid will be defeated.

THE TWO STRONG MEN OF THE TRANSKEI

1. **Chief Sabata Dalindyebo**, with the Tembu behind him to a man, is the focus point of opposition to the government's fake 'self-rule' and 'independence' plans.

2. **Chief Kaiser Matanzima**, head of the Immigrant Tembu, is the man on whom the Nationalists lean heavily in the Transkei. He backs the Bantustan constitution because it will give the Chiefs power — as long as they do the bidding of the Government.

SOUTH AFRICAN, NIGERIAN WIN MBARI LITERARY PRIZES

Bloke Modisane, a South African actor and journalist and M. J. C. Echeruo, a Nigerian student, were the two winners of a literary contest for non-white African writers in English held under the auspices of the Mbari Writers and Artists Club of Ibadan, Nigeria. Mbari is associated with the international Congress for Cultural Freedom.

The contest judges were Langston Hughes, American Negro poet and playwright; Ulli Beier authority on Yoruba culture and lecturer at the University College, Ibadan; and Ezekiel Mphahlele, South African writer and director of the African programme of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Paris.

Bloke Modisane, the winner of the short story contest, recently played the leading role in the London production of Jean Genet's *The Blacks*. Before leaving South Africa he worked as a reporter for *Drum* and *Golden City Post* in Johannesburg. His winning story, "The Situation", concerns an educated African who finds himself disoriented in the tough world of a Johannesburg slum. Gaston Bart Williams from Sierra Leone won second prize with "The Bed Sitter", a humorous story about an African in London awaiting his future bride from home. The third and fourth prizes were awarded respectively, to Christine Aidoo, a student at the University of Ghana, and Arthur Maimane, a South African now working for Reuters in London.

M. J. C. Echeruo, the first prize winner for poetry, is a graduate of University College, Ibadan and is now studying at Cornell University in the U.S. The second poetry prize went to Dennis Brutus, a former teacher, now studying law at the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. K. A. Nortje, the third prize winner, lives in the Western Cape province of South Africa.

THIS SOUTH AFRICA

"Don't Dump Africans"

GRAHAMSTOWN

An appeal has been made by Mr. A. Lloyd, of Fish River, at a meeting of the Albany and Bathurst Farmers League here to farmers not to dump their discharged African labourers and their families on the side of the road.

R1,065 Fines

PORT ELIZABETH

Thirty-six Africans, including seven women, have been fined a total of R1,065 (or 1,115 days) in the Bantu Commissioner's Court here for permit and reference book offences.

Seventeen youths and five young men were sentenced to receive a total of 144 strokes for similar offences.

THE WESTERN CAPE REMOVAL SCHEME

By LEW BLOOM

AS long ago as 1955 the Government declared its policy "to eliminate" Africans from the Western Cape.

The figures of the mass eviction plan are staggering: there are in the Western Cape some 118,000 Africans: two-thirds are males, some 75% live in Greater Cape Town (including Bellville and Simonstown) and no fewer than 75,000 are employed, which is a very much higher proportion than in other groups. This is not a large group of unemployed being shifted to places where jobs await them, but a group that consists of a very high proportion of bread-winners, who are being shifted to areas that are already poverty-stricken.

One in Twelve

Africans in this area form about twelve per cent of the total labour force, and play a highly important role in such vital industries as stone and clay (67%) and building (48%). Apartheid government and quasi-government agencies in the Magisterial District of Cape Town employ nearly 5,000.

Africans are not taking work from Coloured labour, as government apologists imply in an attempt to split Coloured and African workers. During the past twenty years employment of both Africans and Coloured people has increased, and if economic activity continued to grow, so would employment. Because of discriminatory laws, and the lack of education and of technical training, about 90% of Africans are "unskilled", which makes even more remarkable their high level of employment, and from 1951 to 1960 the number of Africans in Cape Town has increased by 16,601, without any increase in unemployment.

Commensurate Growth

Only S.A.B.R.A., the Handelsinstituut and various Nationalist Party spokesmen have supported the removals, and have argued that they will benefit the population. Others ranging from the S.A. Congress of Trade Unions to representative meetings of Chambers of Commerce, industrial and commercial leaders, economists and trade unionists have condemned the removals as economic folly.

Backwaters

J. H. Levien (immediate past president of the Cape Town Chamber of Commerce) predicts that the removals will "turn the area into a backwater". G. T. Brice (at the Annual Congress of National Federation of Building Trade Employers) feared that they would "cripple" the building industry and his fear was unanimously endorsed by the Congress; Leo Katzen, Senior Economics lecturer of Cape Town University predicts that unless the government is prepared to subsidise industry no new investment will be likely and existing industry might move away. And all critics have warned of the danger of failing to attract overseas invest-

ment if there is not a stable labour force.

The replacement of African labour by Coloured labour is an impractical scheme: today's African labour is largely unskilled, and these jobs are unlikely to attract the more skilled Coloured working community; if they did wage bills would have to go up. Wages cut to the African level will either fail to attract Coloured labour or lead to widespread industrial unrest. Significantly, Coloured workers are well aware of these dangers to themselves of the removal scheme.

If wage bills and costs spiral, unemployment is a consequence. It is apartheid once again trying to put the clock back. It isn't rational economics: the government should be trying to expand the number of workers at a skilled level, to encourage the movement to the cities. Instead it tries to perpetuate a quasi-serfdom.

British textile industry was reported to want to settle in the Western Cape, but instead moved to East London. This is a sign of the future.

300 Million Rand

The Reserves to which the evicted thousands are to be crowded are already grossly overcrowded and starved of capital investment: it has been estimated that 300 million Rand will be needed to provide employment for the extra population, besides the 100 million to maintain the existing population. Where will these sums come from? Not even the paltry recommendations of the Tomlison Commission have been met, and political and social uncertainty in South Africa make it highly unlikely that overseas investment will flow in. Higher taxes? Unlikely too.

The Government will continue to allow the economy of the country to tick along at a static level, trusting to so-called 'political stability' for economic expansion, rather than accept that Africans are entitled to take their place in economic expansion growing from industrialisation and urbanisation.

And if the government can get away with this policy for Africans, one can expect similar removals elsewhere: isolated pockets of Coloured people in the Eastern Cape, the shuttling about of the Indians under Group Areas legislation.

The old story again: marking time; then stagnation, and always at the cost of non-white lives' dignity.

Livestock

The Government's crass policy stems partly from political ideology: there must be "the greatest possible separation between Bantu and non-Bantu" (Die Burger), and the mass-removals are seen as the most perfect expression of this policy. Dr. A. L. Geyer speaking at a SABRA conference admitted that "if the government plans to

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THE STATE OF THE LAAGER

A New Series Dissecting the White Supremacy State

No. 1

THE ARMY

BLOOD and BITS

By PETER THOM

"I can give any power contemplating an attack on South Africa the assurance that we will fight. We will fight until the blood rises to the horses' bits, and I can tell you that the blood won't be on the bits of our horses only."

The man who said this is the Nationalist Minister of Defence, Mr. J. J. Fouche, who is theoretically responsible for the defence of 16 million South Africans. He said this to the Free State Congress of the National Party, meeting in Bloemfontein on 14th September, 1961.

We know these speeches — the hideous fear they reveal, the panic, the colossal irresponsibility. We know whose blood will go first and we know it will not be the blood of Fouche's soldiers. We know that Fouche is arming against his own countrymen; they are the power he fears. This particular speech is distinguished from all the others only by a grotesque sense of romance.

Nightmare Minds

But there is nothing feudal about the Minister's methods of fighting. His speech was mainly a crude scare device. For the rest, the Minister was talking politics, not military strategy, when he spoke of blood and horses' bits. The blood is real enough — the horses' bits, we must realise, illustrate no more than the nightmare minds turning Nationalists to bloodshed.

The fundamental hopelessness of Nationalist politics prevents them from realising how weak they really are. Within these enormous limitations, the Government's top military strategists appreciate many of the needs and weaknesses of a White army of reaction. Professor L. J. le Roux, an authority on one of the most important — and secretive — military planning bodies, the Council for Defence Research, has said that the Government's defence problems "should be seen against a background of limited man-power long international boundaries and long lines of communication" (reported in the *Rand Daily Mail* — ironically and perhaps significantly — exactly one year after Fouche's blood and bits speech).

Algeria-Style

Two things have determined Nationalist thinking of Defence: the growth of the liberatory movement in South Africa and the revolutionary war in Algeria.

"A re-appreciation of the situation and a careful study of the course of events in Algeria have shown that the possible major task for the South African Defence Force is likely to be one of conventional warfare

against lightly-armed forces of aggression", said Mr. Erasmus, the previous Minister of Defence, in a key policy speech in November, 1959. "Attacks by subversive elements can best be beaten off by fast, lightly-armed security forces".

Two high-ranking officers were sent to Algeria early in 1959 to study exactly how the French Army attempted this.

Until the middle 50's, the main object of the Defence Force was to help the imperialist powers in a possible campaign against independence movements and "Communist penetration" in the Middle East gateways to Africa. Under Erasmus and Fouche it has been recast — from a heavy expeditionary armoured force — into lightly-armed highly mobile policing regiments scattered over the country. "Mobility is the primary aim of my defence system", said Fouche in August last year. A hundred of the old heavy Centurion tanks have been sold to the Swiss. A few others are stored away in case the Government should want to drive an invasion through neighbouring African states.

The Defence Force is now being equipped for three possible military operations. The first and most important is anti-guerilla operations to suppress revolution within South Africa. The second is to invade neighbouring territories on a limited scale, if the Government thinks this necessary. The third is to fend off an attack on South Africa, which Nationalists genuinely believe may come from the Afro-Asian bloc and probably from the sea.

"Defence strategists say that the logistics of an offensive operation against South Africa from within the continent itself would present almost insuperable difficulties of transport and supply" (*Rand Daily Mail*).

Votes of Millions

Fouche plans a vast increase in the size of the standing Army, the Navy and the Air Force. Last year (1962) Parliament voted a gigantic R120 million to be spent on the Defence Force — R20 million more than South Africa spent on the war effort in the peak year of the Second World War. About 13 per cent of the total budget was allocated to arming the Whites.

The United Party backed the Defence vote whole-heartedly. "We support each and every step mentioned by the Minister, but we are not sure they are sufficient to make sure that we can win", said a leading U.P. Senator. Even more will be voted this year.

Fouche boasted in June last year that the Defence Force could mobilise 250,000 men. The Government plans to train 60,000

youths for the Citizen Force between 1962 and 1966. 15,000 White youths will be called up each year for an intensive nine months' military training programme. Commandos, school cadets and women's pistol clubs (organised by the police) are receiving more training and more equipment. The retirement age for officers has been raised, and those who fought in the Second World War have been told to register with the Defence Department.

Over the next three or four years the bulk of Defence expenditure will go to modernise and expand the Air Force with the latest fighter, observation and transport aircraft, bought mainly from Britain and France. Weapon research — including bomb-carrying rockets — is now a major part of the Government's over-all programme.

An authority on the Atomic Energy Board, Dr. Andries Visser, announced that South Africa should manufacture atom bombs to use against "loud-mouthed Afro-Asian states", and though the statement was later denied by the chairman of the Board, an unnamed scientist said: "It is within the bounds of our resources to make an atom bomb" (*Rand Daily Mail*, 12 January 1962).

The various branches of the Defence Force are now more self-contained. The Army has been equipped with light aircraft to do its own reconnaissance work. ("Our 'eyes' will be available to the police whenever there is an emergency," says the commanding officer.) South Africa's first paratroop unit, trained in Britain, has begun strenuous anti-guerilla field training movements. The Navy is to have strike aircraft and is also being equipped with small powerful craft to patrol the coastline. At the same time the separate branches of the Defence Force are being co-ordinated by a recently established joint headquarters.

Policeman and Soldier

Very significantly, the Police and the Army are working closer together. The police are becoming more of an Army and Army units are being adapted to police work. This has increased the power of the police over the Defence Force.

During the 1960 emergency, Citizen Force officers were heard complaining that they had to take orders from policemen. This is what the Government planned. The 26,000 police are South Africa's "first line of defence", said President Swart, then Minister of Justice, in 1959. That year Erasmus, who became Minister of Justice for a short spell after Fouche took over Defence, re-defined the police command boundaries to coincide with the Army commands. On August 26,

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BLOOD and BITS

(Continued from previous col.)

1961, Fouché announced in the Senate that an interdepartmental committee had been set up to co-ordinate "internal security work" between the Defence and Police Forces. Since then police have received military training with machine-guns and other Army weapons (*Sunday Express*, 9 September 1962). The Defence Force, in turn, is organising groups like the Mobile Watch, commando sentinel platoons (brand-wag pelotons) and "sharpshooter" squads as security shock-troops. These commandos — now being increased by 25 new English-speaking companies — are "the foundation-stone of the Army", according to Fouché.

Troop Movements

Ever-accumulating evidence proves there is an unofficial military alliance between the remnants of White baasskap in Africa — Verwoerd's South Africa, Salazar's colonies and the Federation of Central African White settlers.

When revolution flared up in Angola in 1961, the South African Defence Force rushed troops to Walvis Bay and to the South-West Africa-Angola border. These troops crossed repeatedly into Angola without hindrance, some moving (unofficially) as far as Luanda. There were reports in South African newspapers that the Government had dispatched them after receiving "an urgent communication" from the Portuguese Government (*Rand Daily Mail*, 15 June 1961).

This perhaps was one of the main reasons for Fouché's tour of Europe later in the year. Accompanied by Commandant-General P. H. Grobbelaar, chief of the S.A.D.F., and Vice-Admiral H. Biermann, Navy Chief of Staff, Fouché held long talks with top Government officials in Lisbon and Britain. During their tour, the South African Defence team saw demonstrations of the French Mirage III jet, the British Lightning missile and the American F104 Star jet fighter.

Soon after troops had been sent to the Angola border, the Government announced that a military base would be established at Walvis Bay. Speaking in the Senate in August the same year, Fouché announced that Britain, France, the United States and Portugal had been invited to attend South African military exercises in the past, and would continue to be invited in the future. Early in 1960 South Africa sent its first military attaché to the Federation; last year there were reports that South African paratroopers had trained with the well-established Federation paratroop unit. In South Africa itself, army camps have been set up in the Transvaal 40 miles from the Bechuanaland border (at Zeerust) and near the Swaziland and Mozambique borders (at Middelburg).

Arms from the West

The Western powers have not ceased to supply the Nationalist Government with

arms. Although plans for a regional defence alliance on the lines of NATO and SEATO have been dropped, the imperialist countries continue to arm South Africa, Rhodesia and the Portuguese colonies to protect their enormous financial interests here. Britain has invested more than R1,000 million in South Africa alone; America, R400 million; and France, Switzerland and West Germany are increasing their share of the pickings.

★ The British Government has downright refused — repeatedly and in Parliament — to ban arms shipments to South Africa. They say that only arms for external defence are supplied. But from Britain came the Saracens used at Sharpeville. Tear-gas comes from Britain. The Nationalist Government has bought eight of the new British Mark II Victor bombers, suitable for carrying nuclear weapons. Coastline patrol Buccaneers were bought last year. Defence Force radio equipment is supplied by a giant British electronics firm, Plessey International. By agreement the British Navy still has rights to Simonstown, while Britain still allows the South African Air Force flying rights over the Protectorates.

★ Since the end of the war in Algeria, France has found a ready market for her surplus weapons and arms production in South Africa. From France come 1,600 m.p.h. Mirage jets, Alouette helicopters and an undisclosed number of small Fouga strike jets. A French armaments firm that produces rocket missile components for NATO, Le Carbone, has established a factory on the Reef that can produce rocket equipment. A French armoured car, the Panhard AML, is to be built under licence on the Reef for the S.A.D.F.

★ From Belgium comes the automatic FN rifle — manufactured in South Africa, supplied to every man in the Citizen Force and soon to go to the Commandos to replace outmoded .303s.

★ From Austria comes a light-weight highly manoeuvrable military truck, the Haflinger. It will be built on the Reef.

Arms Factories Here

The Government is now determined to make South African arms production independent of overseas resources.

"Fears that Western powers might be persuaded by unfriendly nations not to supply South Africa with military equipment was the reason behind the recent warning to newspapers against publishing stories about South Africa's military plans, the Army Chief of Staff, Combat-General S. A. Engelbrecht, told me today", reads a *Sunday Express* story which speaks for itself.

South African industrialists are now making automatic rifles, mortars, revolvers and bombs. The South African mint operates a munitions plant, Oppenheimer's African Explosives and Chemical Industries monopoly are building three new armaments factories for Government contracts at a cost of R20 million.

"There is hardly a Reef engineering factory not involved in some way in munitions

production", says an unnamed authority quoted by the *Star* (28 March 1962). Not only is the Government spending heavily on munitions — the Army has to maintain more than 10,000 new recruits a year who need new clothing, footwear and blankets.

Intensive arms production is now moving South Africa into a war economy. Wages and employment are more dependent than ever before on heavy defence spending.

Weapon production and Defence contracts helped rescue the economy from the post-Sharpeville depression. The editor of a journal serving the foundry, welding and production engineering industries is reported by the *Star* (28 March 1962) to have confirmed "a marked and appreciable increase of activity in scores of smaller shops where, a month or two ago, they were desperate for orders".

Top Secret

Fouché has warned the Press not to publish stories about South Africa's military plans — only official hand-outs can be used. In any case, the Official Secrets Act effectively frightens the national newspapers from fully investigating and printing arms production stories. The Defence Force has tightened security around military installations, erecting double barbed wire fences which can be mined if necessary, and posting look-out towers over strategic areas throughout the country. African watchmen have been replaced by a special White security battalion organised to guard depots and arms dumps.

The Defence Force is now one of those sacrosanct "patriotic" organisations, like the police and the Government service. To criticise is to commit an act of national treachery against the principles of White civilisation.

The Nationalists — with absolute control over the Defence Force — have now geared it to the war they are determined to cause. This was Erasmus's job. He lost it because he frightened business, industry and foreign investors with his talk of Algeria; and because he antagonised the old-guard militarists consolidating Nationalist power. Now the Government are confident of their strength they want the technical knowledge and experience of the old guard. Thus the "White unity" Defence campaign. Basic policy remains unchanged.

The Defence Force is now a Nationalist private army. Occasional slips show the Nationalists know this. Simply because he is a top party official, Mr. Jack Steyl, powerful behind-the-scenes secretary for the Transvaal, inspected Commandos at a full-dress military parade at Alberton in May 1961. Parallel with Nationalist intrigue is the indirect over-all control of the Special Branch. This is inevitable. The Special Branch spies on the politics of the people. The regular police enforce their findings. And where the police cannot hold the people, the Defence Force is called in under police direction and surveillance. So long as force is used to suppress the people's resistance to unjust laws, Army, Navy and Air Force take orders as the military-wing of the secret political police.

FIGHTING TALK, JANUARY, 1963

'Writers, as individuals and as a community of artists must take action against the barbarians,'
says J. B. BOOTH

Silent Poets, Strangled Writers

IN 1962 a fresh barbarism was perpetrated in South Africa. While the civilised world has repeatedly been shocked by revelations of the inhumanities committed here in the name of racial supremacy, the "Gagging Clause" of the Sabotage Act should move all humans to the profoundest disgust. It is a disgust which must find expression in action.

What does the Gagging Clause mean? And what can be done about it?

The General Laws Amendment Act—to give the Sabotage Act its official name—was aimed at those who seek in ANY WAY to change a state of society intolerable to the majority and portending destruction to all. A special clause in the Act enabled the Minister of Justice to gag those who might speak or write against the system of oppression which the world knows as apartheid. To date the Minister has listed 102 persons. Nothing they say or write may be quoted or printed. Anyone printing whatever they say (or are purported to have said!) is liable to imprisonment. If they cause anything to be printed, they will be imprisoned themselves.

Silent Poets

Among the 102 gagged are journalists, many of whom made their living by writing. They are no longer able to do so. Among them were numbered, too, novelists, short-story writers and poets. All these people have been silenced. They may not utter, print or publish a single word in their own country. If their writings are published outside, the publications on entry into South Africa have to be mutilated and their words torn out.

Strangled Throats

If the Act itself is directed against sabotage of the structure of Apartheid, the gagging clause is itself a sabotage of the human spirit. Men and women are damned to silence without trial. They are forbidden to communicate their emotions, experiences and visions to their fellow men. Protest is strangled in the throat. The creative outpouring which could enrich the community is blasted.

True, in the context of the overall savagery and barbarism which "General Law" means in South Africa, this is a trifle. But no one in the world who cares for freedom of thought, speech and the human spirit can permit this particular act of barbarism to pass in silence.

It is important to know what the Sabotage Act and the "Gagging Clause" in particular mean. It is more important that something should be done about them.

It would be unreasonable to look to the gagged for protest. But there are many more who are free to speak. They should speak out now.

Greasy smoke from the gas ovens drifted across bustling towns in Germany. It swirled across playgrounds and into classrooms and through the studious closes of the Universities. The atrocities went unheeded. We remember now with shame the

On the Gagging Clause of the Sabotage Act

absence of vigorous protest. No one who cares about freedom of the human spirit or the freedom of creative talent can remain silent before this ugly imitation of Nazi ugliness.

Writers in particular—a notoriously vocal tribe—should be the first to declare their opposition. Writers in South Africa should be in the lead. But the whole international community of all those who care for the arts or are in any way connected with them should register their protest.

Writers outside South Africa are in a particularly strong position. There are numerous ways in which they can demonstrate their disgust. It would be especially shameful for them if South Africa were allowed to preserve its disgustingly hypocritical façade of culture while at the same time perpetrating this rape on the human spirit.

Writers' Action

What does this mean in practical terms? What can writers do? There are several possibilities. South African writers, and writers throughout the world, should first of all declare their opposition and contempt for this measure. They must go further and hold up this disgusting gallows to the contempt of the entire world.

And then, to demonstrate the genuineness of their opposition, they must both as individual writers and as a community of artists take action against the barbarians.

They must refuse to have their books sold in South Africa: they must refuse to grant performing rights for their works in South Africa's apartheid theatres, cinemas and concert halls: they must refuse to have any truck with Apartheid in South Africa: and there must be a concerted international explosion of disgust against the cretinism and prostitution of the human spirit which exist in South Africa.

But this means turning South Africa into a cultural desert?

The alternative is to provide compost for a dunghheap where noxious and strangling weeds proliferate.

What of profits? Of prestige? Of those with crusading zeal to bring humanism to the new Neanderthals?

We shall see. We shall see how many high-sounding phrases are belied by a low greed for profits or prestige. We shall see how much crusading is mere cant.

How is it to be done? There are P.E.N. clubs throughout the world; there are Writers' and Artists' Guilds; there is the Congress for Cultural Freedom; most important of all there is the great international agency of UNESCO. If all these can be mobilised, a telling impact can be made.

It will not bring the "Baasskap" barbarians to their senses. But it will establish the contempt and opposition of the world. And it will hearten those who are trying to keep alive the flicker of human values in South Africa as we go down into the Pit.

It is a small flicker. But if the flame of freedom is ever to burn again in South Africa, it will have to start with small beginnings. It will have to start in the conscience of a few individual writers in South Africa and all over the world.

It will have to start soon.

BY THE WAY . . .

A SATIRICAL SKETCH was censored from an LP album by Mike Nichols and Elaine May when it was released in Britain. The album, a best-seller in the U.S., runs 65 seconds short in the overseas version. Missing is this imagined conversation between a German scientist working on the U.S. space programme and his wife. HUSBAND: "I am so happy our country is going ahead faster, dearest, in the arms race." WIFE: "I am too, sweetheart, and I am so happy that you are part of it." HUSBAND: "We are doing better every day. Only today we took a giant step on Thor. Vanguard is looking better. If America, our country, goes along like this, soon, darling, we shall rule the world." WIFE (shouting): "Ja! Today America, tomorrow the world. God bless America." When the London *Daily Express* asked Mercury Record officials why the sketch was removed, it was told that the dialogue was "thought to be offensive." "Offensive to whom?" the paper asked . . . At a meeting last spring of the German Society for the Protection of Animals, Dr. H. Korkhaus, vice president of the society, lectured on the cruelty to animals in Jewish ritual slaughtering. A shout, "They should go back where they came from," was greeted with applause. The society passed a resolution urging the West German parliament to pass a law making kosher slaughtering a crime.

Next Month:

**Zeke Mphahlele on
the First International Congress
of Africanists, held in Accra.**

FILMING 'A WORLD OF STRANGERS'

Went to see Henning Carlsen's *Dilemma*, a film whose secret production in South Africa caused such a furor, with a feeling of caution. To tell the truth, this feeling of wariness was not simulated for the occasion, since in South Africa all too often the meaning in a work of art is obscured, even lost, in excessive but irrelevant emotion.

Also I imagined that since the film was presumably sympathetic toward the African I would be more than usually incapacitated by my emotional involvement in responding to it in an intelligent manner—by which I certainly mean in an exigently critical fashion.

I saw the film twice in London private studios. I also spoke to Henning Carlsen just before he flew back to Denmark after taking care of distribution business.

In putting down these responses, I have tried as much as it is possible to eschew the inconsequential gossip which still surrounds, and perhaps will always surround, this film.

The first time I saw it a group of us expatriate South Africans sat tensely in the darkened studio, swept over by waves of emotion as the images, one after another, evoked memories of pain, laughter, fury and sharp ironies associated with South Africa. We were also trying, I suppose, to recapture the lost echoes of South African speech, to recall the look of harsh sunburnt faces of white South Africans and the laughing, but inscrutable faces of the blacks.

There was a howl of recognition, for instance, when a policeman's face, captured momentarily by the camera during a pass raid in a Johannesburg street, suddenly froze into a terrifyingly immobile fury.

The next time I saw the film I was much more detached; also on second viewing the faults I had not noticed before showed glaringly.

The judgment that must be delivered here, quite early, is that Henning Carlsen's film fails—and fails because Carlsen doesn't seem to have known what to do with the black people who appear in it. This seems to be a pitiless judgment to make; yet apart from the scenes he shot on the spot—the carnival-like shots of Africans at the Zoo Lake on a Sunday or the sequence of crowds streaming into the Orlando station—Carlsen was clearly helpless as to what to do with Africans.

This is not as frivolous a criticism as might appear because Henning Carlsen demands of his hero, the Englishman who comes to South Africa, to make certain invidious choices, and urges him to observe the differences between the black and the white worlds. And Henning Carlsen pictures the township as somewhat better, less decadent, more honest, than the rich white suburb where the whites no longer seem capable of enjoying themselves. Yet his scenes of townships show life there to be

anything but open and joyous; even his shebeen scene is so bleak and apallingly lifeless that one is at a loss why Steven Sithole, the African who befriends the Englishman, bothered to take him to the township as though it were any different from the rather dreary Parktown cocktail. The Africans that Henning Carlsen has gathered into the shebeen scene are so lifeless and subdued that only the arrival of the police is able to shake them from their stupor—and for once one is grateful for police action.

Henning Carlsen tries though. From time to time the camera shifts from the main people in the story to the hall where African musicians are rehearsing; though one is thrilled by seeing those happy black faces and listening to the catchy township tunes, since all the time the musicians are divorced from the ethos they are supposed to symbolise, they fail to suggest the tremendous vitality which is supposed to distinguish their world from that of the white suburb. They finally dissolve into stereotypes of "nimble-footed, golden-voiced Negroes".

It is clear from now on that only Steven Sithole, the disgruntled African intellectual, must articulate the black man's dilemma, though I don't know that "articulate" is the right word, since this has to be done not so much through merely griping about "the black man's troubles" as it must be done through a direct communication of a certain style of suppressed rage which, in Nadine Gordimer's novel, "A World of Strangers," constantly shifted Steven Sithole between extremes of depression and volatile action, which was a ceaseless quest for a sense of life.

I am not at all sure that the ineptness of this part is due entirely to Henning's failure at directing the African actor. It seemed to me that he got very much out of him, for the African actor tries admirably to carry the part. Nevertheless it was too intellectually complex a part to be done without the risk of the actor merely sounding flatulent. Where he speaks the lines, for instance, he is not at all convincing. He sounds as though he is surprised that he is able to articulate his situation, to say nothing of his other musician friend; one is only relieved to see him retire to his township wife.

What Henning Carlsen does succeed in doing, and what ultimately lifts this film far above the ordinary level of cinematic escapism which usually emerges from the South African film studios, is his portrayal of the growing polarisation between the wealthy white suburb and the poverty-stricken township; and he does this by a skilful use of the symbols of success: there are shots of the Johannesburg bowling club, of palatial mansions and a soap-sudded girl lounging in the bath from which, one is almost persuaded, she can only emerge with the assistance of an African servant. While the camera pans across the wall of a cathedral a voice in-

A Response by LEWIS NKOSI

tones a prayer, "Thou preparest a table in front of mine enemies;" and again we switch to a public bench labelled "For Europeans Only," with a white lady sitting on it with obvious enjoyment of the scenery around her.

Finally, Carlsen implies that not only has the dialogue between the white suburb and the black township completely broken down, but communication between white South Africans and outsiders has grown increasingly difficult. The Englishman is shown emerging from a dance with his South African sweetheart; he is whistling a song which has just been composed by his African friend called Sam Mofokenzazi. "That sounds like the name of a Native," the girl tells him innocently. He admits he is a native. "But you said he was your friend?" she observes with an amazing absence of malicious intent. She simply cannot get into her head that the composer could be both.

Cecil Rowe, who is shown as the rich but somewhat empty-headed girl, is played with a shattering honesty by a young South African actress now in Britain. She is totally believable and happens to be blessed with the kind of face in which all the contradictory passions of the country seemed to be burned forever. Also there is a telling scene at a mixed black and white party in which Steven Sithole offers a white girl a cigarette he has first put into his mouth to light; the young white South African girl is shown in that agonising liberal equivocation which is more emotional than rational, and therefore ends by winning her all the sympathy. It is one of the extraordinary touches which distinguish this film.

FINEST VALUE IN PIPES

DR. MACNAB

FILTER

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FIGHTING TALK, JANUARY, 1963

AN AFRICAN PARNASSUS

HEAVENSGATE, poem cycle by Christopher Okigbo—drawings by Demas Nwoko. 5/-.

POEMS, by JOHN PEPPER CLARK—linocuts by Susanne Wenger. 6/-.

24 POEMS, by Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo—illustrated by M. E. Betts. 6/-.

AFRICAN SONGS, by Leon Damas—illustrated by Georgina Betts. 7/6.

DRAWINGS, by Ibrahim el Salahi. 6/-.

DRAWINGS, by UCHE OKEKE.

(All published by Mbari Publications, Ibadan). Copies available from INSIGHT PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 2068, Cape Town.

Mbari Publications is giving shape to nothing less than an African Parnassus. But which is the operative term? Mr. Ulli Beier, who is clearly a moving spirit behind the venture, would presumably make it "African". "The most striking feature of these drawings . . . is that they are so obviously African," he says in his introduction to the drawings of Uche Okeke, and goes on to comment with approval on "the pre-occupation of many African artists to assert their African identity."

However, "Paranassus", connoting nostalgia for European sources of inspiration, tells at least as much of the truth about the work published in these little books. Most of these poets and artists are imaginatively drawn not one way but two. And the resulting tension is, I think, more important than either their African or their Parnassian quality alone. It is the chief source of their creative energy and their most fruitful themes.

This battle of ambivalence is perhaps epitomised (or is it satirised?) in Christopher Okigbo's quaint parenthetical explanation in these lines:

"Mask over my face—
my own mask
Not ancestral—"

The ancestral mask of "African identity" sometimes gets in the way. On the other hand the whole subject of Mr. Okigbo's at times rather abstruse cycle of poems (a short glossary would have helped) is his struggle to push free of another mask that has been imposed on him, the mask of Christianity:

"so comes John the Baptist
with bowl of salt water
preaching the gambit:
life without sin, without
life. . . ."

What gives the struggle its difficulty and thus its importance is the fact that Okigbo's repulsion is mixed with a powerful attraction to things Christian. Of church organ music, for example, he says:

"I have listened to the wind leaning
over its loveliest fragment."

Of his attraction to things European in art, the many echoes of T. S. Eliot that ring frankly through his lines provide one distinct kind of evidence. Demas Nwoko's interesting, witty drawings show a fine imaginative sympathy with the poetry he is illuminating.

I cannot say the same for Susanne Wenger's linocuts accompanying the poems of John Pepper Clark. Though some of them are pleasing in themselves, their deliberate primitivism threatens to prejudice some of the issues Mr. Clark is battling to bring to resolution.

Clark, with a greater range and variety, is no less sophisticated a poet than Okigbo, like whom he sometimes echoes Eliot, as well as Hopkins and Yeats. He also frequently employs, to poignant or ironic effect, the bold device of allusion: so one comes on many phrases from Shakespeare, the Bible, Blake, etc.

The poignancy and irony derive from the fact that Clark has been shaken by a vision of European criminality, and would if he could return to the womb of his African-ness:

"But take me by the navel
Close and I will go in stark
Out of hurtful light
For I will be again the dark
Child safe from lunik blight." —
Darkness and Light.

But he knows that he cannot, and often doubts the wisdom of the denunciations and simplifications he has been tempted into making:

"Sweet Mrs. Gamp, not a coward,
Followed her man into the wild
And wiping gentle hands on her eyes,
Without bias,
Delivered amid cries in the mission
ward
A wisdom-teethed child.
Is it truce or ruse
That peace which passeth all understanding
O big brother in heav'n!" —
Ivbie II.

The point is that this impressively gifted poet is beyond simplifications, beyond a complacent acceptance of things "obviously African" or a complacent rejection of things obviously European. I like his satire on an obviously European attitude toward things obviously African in these lines:

"Rare works of art discovered in
Tin mines! Another at Benin
of great historical
Interest in London Moscow NewYork"
—Ivbie I.

Rabearivelo, a poet of Madagascar who died in 1937, composed his verses in French, and they have been translated, to very pleasing effect, by Ulli Beier and Gerald Moore. This time Europe appears in a tremulous sensibility recalling Baudelaire and Rimbaud, and the African setting becomes exquisite and mystical; instead of a clash of influences, there is a felicitous blending

"here where all religions meet—
and poems too."

Again it is Ulli Beier, with Miriam Koshland, who renders into English the "African Songs of Love, War, Grief and Abuse" of Leon Damas who had adapted them in French from various African languages. Here for once we have the voice of Africa pure—and simple, with the simplicity of folk songs. The love songs, with their wry and bawdy humour and their Chinese delicacy of form, are particularly pleasing.

The drawings of Uche Okeke have the interest of weirdness. He uses the graphic devices of biological diagrams to render, in a manner that somehow recalls the forms of Joan Miro, creatures not quite human, animal or vegetable which might serve to illustrate the fantasies of Amos Tutupla.

Ibrahim el Salahi's drawings are both decorative and of a mysterious hypnotic force. Like Clark and Okigbo, he too has found his individual creative path *between* the spheres of African and European inspiration, rather simply *within* either.

With this list Mbari Publications makes a fair bid for a place among the only two or three established publishing houses on the continent of Africa that are of much consequence for the production of poetry in English. The racial qualification which Mbari applies in its selection, apparently as a matter of policy, is a dubious intrusion in the field of art. But there is a grave imbalance in this connection resulting from old discriminations in the opposite direction, and for the time being Mbari's policy can only serve to repair it. The new venture is unreservedly welcomed.

Lionel Abrahams.

SANTA ISABER

by Leon Damas

O I shall go to Santa Isaber
O I shall go and see my love

My love lives at Santa Isaber
With her mother beautiful and rich
And my love is beautiful too. The other
Women are slaves compared to her.

O I shall go to Santa Isaber
O I shall go and see my love
They say she has loved two men
And the men have been my friends
They say that she loved two friends
That to both of them she made love
That already there are four hands
That have plucked the flower with which
I was going to adorn myself
O I shall go to Santa Isaber
O I shall go to see my love

If my love ever becomes my wife, pretty
Kodio,

I would know heaven on earth.
But if she really gave herself to others
Woe to them and woe to me
I would kill those who took my flower
The flower of Santa Isaber
O I shall go to Santa Isaber
O I shall see my love

For surely they have lied
The tongue is quicker than the tongue
And speech is quicker than the wind
And hatred is a galloping horse
With her mother my love awaits me
My love awaits my return
O I shall go to Santa Isaber
O I shall see my love.

THE U.N. OPERATION IN KATANGA

WHAT really happened in the Congo?

And, for that matter, what exactly is going on there now? The great, major events of this tragic drama, which could not be hidden, stand out like mountain peaks. All else is hidden in a dense mist, the creation of Belgian imperialism and its British accomplices, and of the deliberately obscure and even falsified picture presented by the "United Nations". (I shall come presently to those inverted commas.) The obscurity about precise events in the Congo is typified by the mystery which even now surrounds the circumstances of the death of two of the main participants: Patrice Lumumba and Dag Hammarskjöld.

Much light is shed into these dark places by the publication of Conor Cruise O'Brien's remarkable account* of many events in which he was directly concerned. It took a good deal of strength of character for Dr. O'Brien to publish this book. As a former official of the UN, he is, theoretically bound by its staff regulation enjoining secrecy and stating that "these obligations do not cease upon separation from the Secretariat". To follow the letter of this regulation, the author would have had to submit the text to the secretary-general, U. Thant, for approval, and as he says, it is—to put it mildly—extremely unlikely that any Secretary-General would authorise an account "which besides being obnoxious to some members of the United Nations is different from, and in part inconsistent with, the official UN version."

His justification for defying regulations and revealing what he knows is that it is in the long-term interests of the United Nations itself, and the cause it represents of peace, that the truth shall be known.

"The United Nations is hurt, not by the truths now here published, but by the elements of falsehood in the version which it itself has maintained."

The Irish Delegate

It would be difficult to underestimate the importance of Dr. O'Brien's testimony, for in many ways he is a unique witness. As a delegate of the Irish Republic to the General Assembly from 1956 to 1960, and as UN special representative in Tshombe's Elisabethville in the crucial months which preceded and included the armed clash between UN troops and the Belgian-backed, Belgian-paid and Belgian-led "Katangan" troops, he was in an excellent position to see what was going on in crucial areas of this great drama in the heartland of Africa—which is in so many ways the drama of Africa itself. Let us briefly recapitulate the bare bones of the situation at that time.

The Belgians never intended to confer genuine independence on the Congo. They intended and confidently expected that the Congo Republic would be a mere façade, behind which they would dominate the economic and political life of the country as before, with the local politicians being satisfied with the honours and emoluments of office, while power resided in Brussels.

It came as a terrible blow to the Belgian political and financial rulers when they discovered that the leaders of the young Republic were not prepared to play this sordid game. In Patrice Lumumba they found neither a Tshombe nor a Youlou (De

Gaulle's tame President of the "other Congo"—across the River in Brazzaville), but a dedicated African patriot determined to lead his people to genuine independence and freedom.

The reaction of Belgian imperialism, headed by the Union Minière octopus on the Copperbelt, was immediate, desperate and ruthless. They determined to do all in their power to smash the Republic of the Congo. First by dismembering it (under cover of so-called Katanga "secession" which deceived no one) by re-annexing the richest Province. Secondly by letting loose all its powerful forces of intervention and disruption against the Lumumba government before it could consolidate itself.

Lumumba's Appeal

The newly-established Lumumba administration lacked the experience and forces to deal immediately with these blatant acts of aggression and intervention. It lacked any sort of national military defence force—the only armed force in the territory was the so-called "Force Publique", which had been recruited and trained by the Belgians, not to defend the country but to suppress internal risings. Certainly, Lumumba enjoyed overwhelming support among the masses of the people. But he lacked the organisation and know-how to mobilise this great force effectively, and was beset with advisers, some no doubt well-meaning, who counselled that the government should rather seek outside aid. It was in this situation that the legal and recognised government of the Republic of the Congo turned to the United Nations for military and other assistance to defend its unity and integrity against Belgian aggression and intrigue.

It seemed to be a reasonable move. After all, the overwhelming majority of the UN members, headed by the Afro-Asian and socialist countries, were wholeheartedly in favour of the lawful Leopoldville government and against the Belgian interventionists, their mercenaries and their puppet Tshombe-Munongo "government" at Elisabethville. And, at first, it seemed also to be a successful move, for both the General Assembly and even the Security Council responded with clear-cut (so it seemed) and vigorous resolutions calling on the Belgians to quit, demanding the ending of the Katanga breakaway and the unification of the Congo. More—UN promised, and took immediate steps to send, troops and military assistance to Leopoldville.

But that is where things started to go wrong. Once the UN troops actually arrived, they behaved in a very strange manner indeed—and have continued so to behave until now. Instead of backing Lumumba, who as Prime Minister had called them in, they stood by and encouraged the Mobutu rebellion and the Kasavubu intrigue. The UN troops, at the most crucial stage, forcibly prevented Lumumba from addressing his people over his own radio station in Leopoldville. They stood by while Mobutu imprisoned him—and handed him over to the anti-UN junta of Tshombe and Munongo, to a certain and horrible death. They did everything but what they had been sent to do—to expel the Belgians and their mercenaries and to end the secession of Katanga—which they still have not done now, at the end of 1962.

Why? What went wrong? Why this start-

ling contradiction between the solemn resolutions at Lake Success and the actual behaviour of the UN representatives on the spot in the Congo?

Dr. O'Brien does not give us all the answers, but he certainly supplies the reader with a wealth of material from which he can draw his own conclusions.

The Congo Club

The quest begins not in the Congo but in New York, in the very structure and fabric of UN itself, of which the author provides a vivid and intimate picture. It is one thing to carry a fine resolution on the floor of the General Assembly. It is quite another—as we in South Africa know all too well—to see it carried out in practice. The latter depends upon the real (as opposed to the publicly-expressed) intentions of the member-states, and in particular upon the activities of the permanent machinery of the UN controlled by the Secretary-General.

Whatever the formal resolutions of UN might say, they had to be "interpreted" and implemented by the full-time officials, particularly, at that time, and concerning the Congo, by the late Dag Hammarskjöld and his immediate circle, Cordier, Wieschhoff and Bunche, of whom O'Brien writes:

"they were, all three, Americans and they were at this time the closest advisers of the Secretary-General."

Together, these four constituted the inner conclave of the so-called "Congo Club"—a strictly unofficial faction in the UN which "consisted of an inner core of Americans round Mr. Hammarskjöld, with an outer casing of neutrals." The socialist countries were deliberately excluded from the "Club", which in fact handled and guided all UN activities in the Congo.

"Care was taken," writes Dr. O'Brien, "to see that no member of the Secretariat who was a citizen of a Communist State saw the Congo telegrams. Mr. Georgi Arkadev (of the USSR) who was then Under-Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs, did not have access to the Congo files in the custody of his subordinate, Heinz Wieschhoff. Wieschhoff, in practice though not in theory, worked direct to Hammarskjöld, ignoring his superior officer Mr. Arkadev."

Dr. O'Brien, it is true, defends the integrity and loyalty to the UN of the American officials. But as he points out himself, their primary objective was always to further the US obsessive anti-Communist campaign. And it was they, not the delegates of the member countries at the General Assembly, who decided how and when UN forces should be used.

Fall of a Prime Minister

Let us take the way Lumumba was ousted. At the end of August, 1960—Lumumba having then appealed in vain to almost every government, including the United States, for aid—a certain amount of Soviet equipment and personnel arrived.

"On September 5th, 1960, President Kasavubu with, it was believed at least the approbation of U.S. Ambassador Timberlake . . . declared on Radio Leopoldville that Lumumba was dismissed. . . . On the same evening, Lumumba, on the same radio, declared Kasavubu dismissed. On the following day, at 1.30 p.m. Mr. (continued in next column)

* "TO KATANGA AND BACK—A UN Case History", by Conor Cruise O'Brien. Hutchinson's, London. S.A. Price: R3.55.

PHONEY "OBJECTIVITY" : The A.N.C. Examined

U.N. and Katanga

(continued from previous page)

Andrew Cordier used UN forces (Ghanaians) to close Radio Leopoldville. Kasavubu could still be heard throughout the Congo and was . . . on Brazzaville Radio and Tshombe on Radio Elisabethville. Lumumba, however, by Mr. Cordier's decision, could not address the people whose uncontested Prime Minister he had been the day before. Mr. Cordier also, by closing the airports to non-UN traffic, rendered it impossible for Lumumba to obtain outside aid whether Soviet or African and very difficult for him to rally aid inside the Congo.

"Had it not been for Mr. Cordier's vigorous action, there is little doubt that the support Lumumba could have rallied at this crucial moment would have been most formidable. US Ambassador Timberlake himself, no admirer of the Prime Minister, is reported to have said that if Lumumba had walked into any gathering of Congolese politicians as a waiter with a tray on his head he would have come out as Prime Minister. As it was, however, Lumumba's authority never recovered from the blows dealt him, not only by Kasavubu and his diplomatic backers, but also by the United Nations force."

Thus Patrice Lumumba, the Prime Minister who had called upon UN forces to help him to maintain order, expel foreigners and secure the unity and integrity of his country, was ousted by those very forces. Disorder was intensified, with the gangster-in-chief Mobutu ruling as he pleased. The foreigners remained. In Katanga, Tshombe and his Belgian "advisers" continued to thumb their noses at the UN and its resolutions. And Lumumba began his bitter journey towards the day when Godefroid Munongo, Tshombe's sinister Minister of the Interior, announced that he and his companions, Okito and Mpolo, had been killed. (According to a witness before the UN Commission on the death of Lumumba, Munongo murdered Lumumba with his own hands on January 17th in Elisabethville. Said the witness, Munongo "took a bayonet from the rifle of one of the soldiers and drove it into Lumumba's chest.")

Resolution "With Teeth"

The reaction of the Afro-Asian and socialist countries at UN to these events was one of furious indignation. They demanded effective and vigorous steps to clear out the European mercenaries and "advisers" from Katanga and reunite it with the Congo. A new resolution was passed "with teeth". It was after this resolution that Conor O'Brien was sent to Elisabethville, capital of Katanga.

I have no doubt that he—like many other UN personnel, both civilian and military, were loyal to this resolution, and did their best to carry it out. In fact, that was his personal downfall: that he placed loyalty to the decisions and intentions of UN before loyalty to the person and intentions of his chief, Dag Hammarskjöld.

In the first place, he is an Irishman, and the Irish have as much reason to detest colonialism as any nation (I wonder what
(continued on back page)

THE 25,000-page Record of the Treason Trial, together with the huge bulk of documents handed in as "exhibits" are housed in the Supreme Court in Pretoria. Of course it is a slanted record, consisting largely of police evidence selected to show the Congress movement in the worst possible light. All the same, and making allowance for this bias, it is a mine of important historical material. Some unknown historian of the future will doubtless find it an invaluable source in reconstructing a tempestuous decade in the development of a great people's movement, and in recording the determination, courage and resourcefulness of its leaders in the face of increasingly drastic persecution and suppression by the State—in which the Treason Trial itself was an important phase.

That historian has certainly not made his appearance in the person of one Edward Feit, who having examined the Record in the course of working for a Ph.D. at the University of South Africa, has embodied his dubious conclusions in a pretentiously titled booklet* which has now, unfortunately, been published under the auspices of the British Institute of Race Relations.

Mr. Feit sets out to retry the accused, not it is true for Treason, but for what he calls the "failure" and "weakness" of the Congress alliance. Having announced this purpose in his opening paragraph it is hardly surprising that he comes to the conclusion after sixty pages that the A.N.C. is "a spent force. Its downfall seems complete."

In his preface the author announces that "the subjective nature of much of the literature that has appeared on the A.N.C. has led me to believe that an objective study, based on documents, might be useful." If you will substitute for "subjective" the word "sympathetic" and for "objective" "hostile" you will have a fair description of the Feit method. For despite all his endeavours to make it appear so, there is no objectivity in this account.

The documents relied on are not only the trial record. Mr. Feit quotes extensively from some other material: the rancorous anti-Congress polemics of the Africanists, the *Bantu World* (described for innocent British readers as 'an African newspaper'), Dr. Xuma ('one of the most astute African politicians'), Mr. Jordan Ngubane and Dr. Willie Nkomo (described as—in 1958!—"the African National Congress leader"). Mr. Feit's sources are severely limited to proving his thesis. It is perfectly clear he has never spoken to a Congress leader—any African political leader?—in his life. Maybe he felt, unlike Oscar Wilde (I never read books sent me for review. . . . I find it prejudices me against the author) that the less first-hand material he obtained the less chance his prejudiced thesis would have of being disturbed.

Where, then, he departs from the trial record, it is to trot out all the hoary old Africanist canards, long repudiated and disproved here, this time for the benefit of the overseas reader. We are told that the Congress leaders (described, in PAC style, as "Charterists"—without quotation marks) secured ratification of the Freedom Charter "by a stratagem. They packed the conference hall with their supporters." This served "not to unite the leadership but to divide it further." The C.O.D. and other allies really were running the A.N.C., etc.

* "South Africa. The Dynamics of the African National Congress." London Institute of Race Relations. 75c.

Here is a fair example of Feit's logic and his methods:

"The expulsions (of Leballo and Madzunya) added substance to the rumours that it was not the African National Congress but the other Congresses allied to it, through their influence in the National Consultative Committee, who had decided upon the expulsions." Try and sort out the meaning of that sentence!

Here is another piece of Africanist "history" as "objectively" related by Feit:

"The expelled Africanists formed the Pan-African Congress in 1959. With them went the Orlando branch, the largest and most active in Congress. The weakened African National Congress remained, but the initiative passed to the firebrand Africanists, who adopted a more militant course. The P.A.C. launched an Anti-Pass Campaign, which caught on rapidly, forcing the A.N.C. reluctantly to follow suit."

I can count at least seven gross misstatements in those three sentences (try counting yourself!) but, and this is the infuriating thing about Feit, it is all palmed off on the unsuspecting overseas reader, who cannot be expected to know anything about the intricacies of Congress history in the fifties, with an air of academic suavity and impartiality.

Feit never once warns his readers about the notorious and audacious mendacity of Africanist polemics, or the reckless rumour-mongering of the "Bantu World", dealing with Congress affairs at that time.

He does not mention or quote the repeated, patient, detailed refutations of all these wild allegations which he passes on, the articles of Chief Lutuli, the innumerable analyses and replies in *New Age*, *Fighting Talk*, *Liberation* and other journals supporting the Congress alliance. He never once quotes any of these periodicals. In fact he rarely quotes any Congress leader except in the characteristic vein of frank self-criticism which can help to buttress his case.

And yet Feit seldom permits himself a direct onslaught on the Congress leadership. "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," he prefers to maintain a tone of "liberal", if somewhat condescending, detachment, to follow the technique so biting defined by Pope:

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

Occasionally, the "liberal" mask slips, affording a revealing glimpse of the author's real political outlook. "The definition of what constitutes a Communist is fairly wide (which is not in itself unreasonable. . . .) the powers of the Minister . . . are considerable." "Movements seeking radical changes in the political system, and hence in the form of the State, must expect governmental action to be directed against them."

Feit thinks the main achievement of the A.N.C. (that's the "faint praise") has been its impact on the Europeans. The Liberal and Progressive parties formed, and the Nats. and the U.P. have "to some extent liberalised their racial programmes." One cannot avoid concluding that he contemplates what he considers to be the demise of the A.N.C. with a good deal of satisfaction; the funeral oration is barbed with ill-concealed malice, and nothing would shock the orator more than the reappearance of the "corpse" alive and kicking!

A.N.

U.N. and Katanga

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they are thinking in Dublin, by the way, about their Government's ganging up with the colonialists to support Verwoerd!) Also one shouldn't forget that the Irish are particularly sensitive to the imperialist trick of "Partition".

In the second place, Dr. O'Brien is a warm and sympathetic human being who was deeply shocked and horrified by what he found in Katanga.

He found the whole political, military and economic power and wealth concentrated in the hands of the White minority. The Tshombe "government" was nothing more than a sort of Advisory Board or Matanzima-Bantustan. "The whole apparatus of law-officers, political police and prison officials was in the hands of the Belgians." The territory was swarming with Belgian and other European political and army foremen—many of the latter being French fascists fresh from Algeria and thirsting for revenge. The Africans in the urban locations and—worse still—in the rural areas were living in a state of desperate poverty and fear. Dr. O'Brien paints a horribly vivid picture of the ravages of the White-led "Katanga" troops in the interior, the burnt-out villages, the massacres, the beatings.

His job was to help bring about the unification of the Republic and to end the secession, and throughout the rest of the book we find him attending, earnestly, energetically—and hopelessly—to this task. He repeatedly meets Tshombe and his "Ministers", Belgian industrialists and administrators. He argues, pleads and negotiates—for the repatriation of foreign "advisors" and mercenaries; for the release of political prisoners; for Tshombe to meet the representatives of the central government to negotiate for unity. He warns and threatens that if unification is not effectively brought about by discussion the Republic will have to use force. And in the end, force is used.

But all to no avail. His mission was doomed to failure from the start. Because not only Belgium, but also Britain, France and, just across the border, Welensky's Northern Rhodesia were openly and with impunity defying the United Nations and backing the Tshombe regime. Because the Republican government itself was not headed by determined patriots, but by men of the type of Mobutu, Ileo and Kasavubu, more concerned with the desires of the United States than with the liberation of their country. And because the Hammarskjöld administration of UN was never prepared to back up the threats of the government of the Republic with effective action in terms of its mandate.

Money Screams

On the 9th September, 1961, the Republic of the Congo issued warrants for the arrest of Tshombe, Munongo and three other members of the Katanga "Cabinet" on charges of sedition, murder, arbitrary arrests and torture. The UN forces in Elisabethville were requested to execute this warrant. Fighting broke out between UN and Tshombe forces; but Tshombe promised Dr. O'Brien over the telephone to submit and order the cessation of resistance to UN. Instead he sought refuge in the house of the British Consul and then fled across the border into N. Rhodesia. Fighting continued, accompanied by a tremendous wave of pro-

The Western Cape Removal Scheme

(continued from page 4)

remove Africans from the Western Cape failed, the whole idea of *apartheid* would become absurd and should be abandoned".

So for the sake of a slogan, for the sake of *baasskap* and white supremacy, 118,000 people must be herded like livestock from one place to another, regardless of their wishes, their needs, and the needs of society.

The Cape is the last, if somewhat battered, stronghold of a crumbling tribalism, and every African who lives and works in the towns is an enemy of the mischievous, romantic concept of Bantustan: the town worker has ceased to be a peasant and one sees already the emergence of a politically aware working-class. The Government's policy is an attempt to interfere with the process of industrialisation that would continue to draw into the modern industrial world growing numbers of Africans.

Tshombe propaganda in the capitalist Press everywhere. As the author writes:

"When Katanga is hurt, money screams, and money has powerful lungs. The reaction of Press and public opinion (in the West) was . . . an ear-splitting and almost universal howl of execration."

In fact only sixty were killed in the fighting; but the newspapers went to town with wild stories of "UN atrocities". Hammarskjöld panicked. He issued a false statement of how the fighting had broken out—saying UN troops had been attacked. He ordered an unconditional cease-fire—ignoring the question not only of the arrests but also of secession, the central issue. And he decided to fly to Ndola for negotiations with Tshombe—the fatal flight on which his plane crashed and he was killed.

That was fourteen months ago: we are on the verge, as I write, of 1963. And everything is still the same. Tshombe still balancing precariously in office—one could not say "in power". Munongo still making blackmailing threats to blow up the hydro-electric power station if secession is ended. UN still passing resolutions.

The Congo story is not yet ended. So far it has been a tragic story of trust and hope betrayed, a story rich in lessons for Africa and the world.

Dr. O'Brien has done a valuable service by setting forth the truth about what he knows of that story. It is not the whole truth; as he himself says: "Neither I nor anyone else knows the whole truth."

What he has told has important lessons for those who tend to place overmuch reliance on the United Nations as an effective instrument for bringing about changes—in South-West, for instance, or in this country itself. The General Assembly, it is true, is a valuable forum for mobilising world opinion and moral support for the oppressed. But so long as the imperialist powers continue to defy its resolutions with impunity, and as long as they dominate UN's administrative and executive machinery, it is vain to expect effective democratic intervention from the United Nations. Those who want freedom, in the Congo or anywhere else, must take it themselves.

According to a government official, the policy of mass-removals is "already a success" (*Cape Times*, Oct. 6, 1962). In the past two years in the Western Cape the African population is said to have been reduced by "quite a few thousands", and in one unnamed district, registered African workers were 2,626 in mid-1960 and are now 1,709, a drop of about 33%.

Guinea Pigs

A success indeed! At the Athlone Advice Office (sponsored by the Black Sash and the S.A. Institute of Race Relations) in May-August 1962, 256 males and 349 females who were "Endorsed Out" came for help and advice; every day about five people are ordered by a petty official to leave home, place of work, sometimes even their children, and to go to some place where they might find neither work nor housing nor schooling for their children.

Professor Sadie of Stellenbosch has stated that the removals were a "guinea pig" to determine if *apartheid* were practical; De Wet Nel smugly concedes that "there might be some slight and temporary hardship involved", but that he had often warned that "the government's policy of separate development called for sacrifices from all sections of the population", and he complained that "too much fuss is being made about the removal of Natives from the Western Cape".

Sadie forgets that he is discussing the happiness and security of men, women and children, and not guinea pigs. Africans are well aware that if any section of the population is to make sacrifices, it will not be the supporters of the government.

The social consequences of the removals are immeasurable and may endure for a generation. The uprooting of people whose only fault is to have been born Africans in South Africa, who have hewn their little lives out of the unpromising granite of *apartheid* society, in the face of official disapproval and despite the ceaseless pricks of discriminatory laws and practice, can only harden the growing distrust of Africans for Whites, and accelerate the tempo of hostile and aggressive nationalism. Every home destroyed by its breac/winner's inability to carry on working in the town, every man or woman "Endorsed Out", has had the rudiments of political education.

Apartheid planners hope by expelling Africans from the Western Cape to seal off, behind the wall of the Cape reserves, the flood waters of African organisation. This policy is having the exact opposite effect: witness the story of Paarl.

And if only the Nationalists were not blinded to any but the most temporary of comforts for White-supremacy society, they would realise that shipping the virile African community into the wastes of the Transkei and the Ciskei is storing up a fund of dissatisfaction, misery and trouble there that will make all previous outbursts seem like a game.

But this is *apartheid* at work, and, it is said, those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

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