

AFRICA SOUTH

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Special Features:

GRIM FAIRY TALES

by E. V. Stone, with illustrations by David Marais

THE FACT OF AFRICAN HISTORY

Articles by Basil Davidson, Roger Summers, F.S.A.,
Gervase Mathew, F.S.A., Dr. Saburi Biobaku

GHANA: THE MORNING AFTER

by Anthony Sampson



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THE FINAL STROKE

To those who exercise power over the body of an outraged people, a flourishing free press constitutes an ever-present danger. It informs and so stimulates opposition, it expresses and so consolidates it, it proposes and so directs it. The printed word becomes the iron lung of liberty, keeping the body alive when all the normal muscles of breathing have been sedulously paralyzed. And they must seek to control it, those men who enjoy government by force and by fraud, or they cannot survive. When once they have the press of the country in their fingers, to manipulate as they please, democracy has suffered its final stroke, and they may sit down at last to consume the funeral breakfast.

On the 17th November, 1948, Mr. Strijdom, then merely Minister of Lands, proclaimed, in a speech to the Transvaal Nationalist Party Congress, that "anybody who purposely tried to upset the Government's plan to put into operation its apartheid policy or who failed to do their duty towards the realization of that aim, would be guilty of treason, just as those who refused to take up arms in defence of their country would be guilty of such a crime." It was a characteristic statement, unvarnished by hypocrisy and stark in its arrogance. And one might have suspected that the character of the man who made it would quickly captivate a party that had ogled the debaucheries of Germany throughout the war. There were many then who dismissed Mr. Strijdom as a sort of intellectual hyena, comfortably, as though South Africa was not yet ready for the picking. And it was with their help that he became Prime Minister in 1954.

Since November, 1948, much has happened. The Criminal Laws Amendment Act, the Public Safety Act, the Suppression of Communism Act, the whole wild pack of laws that have mutilated our Statute Book, stand guard against any real exercise of political opposition to the insanities of the Nationalist Government. It was only a matter of time before a law savaging the Press joined the others.

On the 17th November, 1954, just six years after Mr. Strijdom defined treason to the country, a Government Gazette Extraordinary announced the appointment of a Commission of Enquiry into Undesirable Literature, and at the end of September,

1957, the Commission issued its Report. Though the document is lavishly larded with inanities and an oddly indiscriminate hypocrisy, its parentage is plain. Mr. Strijdom reached identical conclusions on the freedom that should be accorded public criticism nine years ago.

From the very first, the Commission disports itself naked among first principles. "The free and responsible individual willingly respects the norms and interests of the community and then has a lawful claim to freedom as his inalienable right; the free and irresponsible person ignores the norms and interest of the community and thereby forfeits his claim to freedom." (The Nature of the Problem—A 2:61). If this means anything at all, peeled of its nail-polish, it means that a writer is free only once he has put himself behind the political and moral bars of his society; he may criticize only as long as he does not criticize. How much more simply Mr. Strijdom said it!

In South Africa, the norms and interests of the white community are frozen into an antarctic rigidity. Any fundamental tampering with the assumptions that crank white supremacy must bring the whole machinery of rule abruptly to a stop. And no distinction is permitted to exist between the policy of perpetual white dominion and the country that has been compelled to submit to it. An attack on the ideology is an attack on the state. The Report rolls up its venetian blinds altogether in another section. "As the torch-bearer in the vanguard of Western civilization in South Africa, the European *must be* and *remain* the leader, the guiding light, in the spiritual and cultural field, otherwise he will inevitably *go* under. The undesirable book can and must be drastically combated because it is obviously a spiritual poison." (The italics belong to the Commission.) How such principles can be consonant in any measure at all with that democracy which the Commission expends so much energy in adulating, the Report does not say. But then perhaps the Commission considered it unnecessary to devote space to the question. It is, after all, only the Cabinet that needs persuading.

To the foreigner, the relationship of political literature with pornography must seem a completely adulterous one. But the Commission is clear-headed enough to see that in South Africa they are indissolvably wedded together. For both, in their very different ways, drain away the spiritual vigour of militant white rule. Political literature—and the only literature of

any real significance being produced in South Africa to-day is political in cast—startles the intellect awake. And in a white community politically paralyzed by years of reacting to circumstance with its blood, the agitation of thought is likely to have radical consequences.

For a white South African, however carefully he insulates himself, there is no real escape from the colour problem. He wakes up with it to the sounds of a servant in his kitchen and goes to bed with it when he latches the door at night. Assiduously it follows and catches him up. Some refuge, however temporary, is vital, a little while to fill his eyes and ears with something else. And this is found, by a staggering proportion of the population, along the technicolour passageways of the more lurid magazines and the crime-and-pornography paper-back. The existence of a flourishing literary underworld is cause enough for the concern of any government. But to the government of the Union, it bears the features of a catastrophe. Slush novels, horror comics and strip-tease serials provide a dangerous diet for a dedicated master-race. And throughout the Report, the Commission's horrified awareness of this fact stalks steadily. "The Europeans will be able to remain the leaders in this country only if they give guidance in the cultural, moral and religious sphere, i.e. if their cultural, moral and religious standard is high. . . . Disturbing signs of decadence are, however, already discernible; and there are also disquieting symptoms of inner decay. And the extent and nature of the undesirability of some of the publications which are produced, distributed and tolerated in the Union, constitute one of these danger signals of decadence—one of the ominous symptoms of inner corruption." (The Nature of the Problem—A 3 : 198.)

The Commission has excellent reason for its disquiet. In reaction to the implications of its racial policies, the white population of the Union is bursting out in moral boils. There is a terrifying white crime rate in the larger cities, and violence is simmering within the sealed-off suburbs of the whites as it has simmered for so long, with intermittent boiling over, in the shanty-towns of the blacks. The unbearable insecurity and frustration that produced the "tsotsi" are busy breeding the "teddy-boy"; South Africa is generating a white gangsterism as well as a black one, and for much the same reasons. Where economic pressures erode the blacks, moral pressures erode the whites. A fundamental fear of the future washes gullies

in both communities. Class grows no hedges. A startling proportion of those arrested for stealing motor-cars and an aimless destruction of property is prosperous in background. Teen-agers with pocket-money to spare picnic on theft. And dagga provides an extra tickle at parties.

What the Commission so fervently fails to see is that the growing market for pornography and cheap crime books among the whites is not a cause, but just another symptom, of the general decay. It is conceivable that paper-backs contribute to the spread of crime by glamourizing the criminal. But it is unlikely that they do more than bolster a tendency. The white community in South Africa is decaying morally because it is morally decayed, the rot is self-inflicted. If the government kills the conscience of a community, it should not be astonished to find it dead when suddenly it calls on it. It would be a strange man indeed who casually starved his servant to death with the approval of his neighbours and then shrunk from the prospect of stealing someone else's motor-car. No legislation can give a moral sense to a community the whole condition of which is dictated by its capacity to do without a moral sense altogether. The real printing-presses of the pornographic magazines and the paper-backs are the government benches of the South African Parliament. The crime wave swells up from the Statute Book.

It was hardly to be expected, however, that the Commission would recommend a retreat from the spiritual devastations of "apartheid". Committed to the lunacy itself, the objective of its Report is to commit everyone else. That in attempting to accomplish this, it should be prepared to bludgeon into a common grave all the principles of Western Protestant culture is signal evidence of the tracks South Africa has already made in the jungle of the mind.

The principal recommendation of the Report is the establishment of a special Publications Board to exercise control over the publication, importation and distribution of all books, magazines and newspapers. No periodical may be published unless it has been registered as a magazine or newspaper by the Board, no person may publish a book unless registered by the Board as a publisher, no person may sell a book or periodical unless registered by the Board as a bookseller, and no person, with the soothing exception of the Railways and Harbours Administration, may conduct business as a distributor without being registered by the Board as a publisher or bookseller.

To simplify the process of Censorship, the Board may, at its own discretion, declare certain classes of publications to be (a) 'exempted', when they may be distributed without scrutiny by the Board; (b) 'submitted', when they may not be distributed before a copy of each edition of every such publication has been submitted to the Board for inspection; and (c) 'controlled', when they may not be distributed before the Board has examined each edition of every such publication and expressly granted its permission.

The section of the Report devoted to Liability and Penalties is a piece of work that even the Prime Minister might envy. For here, in all its pure disfigured detail, is the landscape gardening of the Third Reich. The Board itself is to be possessed of the power to prohibit any publication that contains undesirable matter, with the right to appeal against any of its decisions conceded by the establishment of a special Publications Board of Appeal independent of the Courts. Newspapers published locally may only be prohibited by the Courts, but this can hardly be regarded as a surrender to normal democratic practice. For newspapers are newspapers only for as long as the Board chooses to consider them such. The Board may register newspapers as magazines and magazines as newspapers whenever it considers it necessary to do so. And, as though this were not enough, the Report recommends that the Board should be consulted as the expert witness in any Court action over the banning of a newspaper.

The most bizarre punishments are proposed for imposition by the Courts. If anything in any issue of a periodical publication is found to be undesirable, the Courts may, in addition to any other penalty they should consider necessary, withdraw the registration of the periodical for a period not exceeding two years, during which time the owner may not apply for the registration of any other periodical. And if registration is withdrawn because anything in any one of its issues is found to be 'communistic', the periodical becomes forever ineligible for re-registration, and its owner may not apply for the registration of any other periodical until five years after the date of the withdrawal. Editors who slide once may find themselves expelled from their profession, for the Courts are to be empowered to prohibit them from any work on any periodical publication: for a period of two years, if any issue of any periodical they edit is found to contain undesirable matter, and for a period

of five years, if the undesirable matter is 'communistic'. If a distributor is discovered handling an undesirable publication, he may lose his registration as a publisher or bookseller for a period not exceeding two years, and, if the undesirable literature is 'communistic', for a period not exceeding five years. Booksellers face similar penalties. Prison terms of up to five years and fines of up to one thousand pounds are also recommended for various infringements of the proposed law or failure to comply with its provisions. But in the company of the techniques of economic terror evolved by the Commission, these ordinary methods of punishment tend rather to lose their lustre.

It is difficult to treat that section of the Report defining the undesirable with any of the wide-eyed consideration that it deserves. The whole reads like a broad and highly improper burlesque of itself.

"In general, printed matter or other objects, or any part thereof, shall be undesirable if they are deemed indecent, offensive or harmful by the ordinary, civilized, decent, reasonable and responsible inhabitants of the Union."

(The Proposed Provisions 2 : 1.)

Since, on the Commission's own showing, the ordinary, civilized, decent, reasonable and responsible white-skinned inhabitant of the Union—it is improbable that the Board would choose a black-skinned inhabitant as its witness—gorges himself with growing appetite on the most lurid crime and pornographic paper-backs while showing an increasing repugnance to serious literature, it would appear that all the wrong books will be banned and only the flesh-coloured monthlies left on the register of periodicals. This, however, is clearly not the objective of so high-minded and politically vigilant a Commission. So it is safer to assume that the ordinary, civilized, decent white-skinned inhabitant of the Union will be summoned to give evidence only once and that the search will then be narrowed down to a pursuit of the reasonable and responsible. It is to be feared though, that any reasonable and responsible inhabitant of the Union will regard most of the Board's objectives with revulsion, and, with reason and responsibility sent the same way as civilization, ordinariness and decency, the Government itself will be forced to undertake the work of the Publications Board.

"In particular, printed matter or other objects, or any part thereof, shall be undesirable if they—

- (b) are subversive of or endanger, or tend to be subversive of or to endanger, the morals or moral conceptions cherished and respected by the ordinary, civilized, decent, reasonable and responsible inhabitants of the Union . . . or
- (e) eulogistically depict, represent, describe or portray, or tend to eulogize, miscegenation, sexual relations, intermarriage, or other intimate social intercourse between Europeans and non-Europeans; or
- (f) tend to engender or have the effect of engendering friction or feelings of hostility between the European and non-European population groups of the Union or between its various non-European racial groups; or
- (g) propagate or tend to propagate the principles of communism, or promote or tend to promote the spread of communism, or propogate or further or tend to propagate or further the achievement of any of the aims of communism." (The Proposed Provisions 2 : 2.)

The effrontery of it is rank. One wonders what sort of argument could be produced, even by the Commission, against declaring the Report undesirable under (b), (f) and (g). The Board, however, is likely to be much less discriminating in its choice of victims. Since statutory communism in South Africa covers any agitation against the present structure of society and (b), (e) and (f) cover everything else in sight, the only way publications critical of the government will be able to survive is not to appear at all.

In South Africa to-day, those in power remain in power only through the ruthless exercise of force against an increasingly hostile population, and they hear in any criticism made or reported by the press the voice of that population raised in inflexible protest against them and what they are doing. They would silence that voice, because they are stupid men and they believe that if they can kill the voice of the opposition, they can kill as well its will to overcome them. That is not so. And how can it ever be so? As long as there are men and women alive in South Africa to whom the right to live lives free of fear and violence, the right to possess and to enjoy, the right to preach and to pray are rights without which life is void of value, so long will a free press survive in the hearts and minds of South Africans, however deep its public grave is dug.



"A harmless little operation, we assure you, and guaranteed to prevent your reading."

A QUESTION OF NORM

DAVID MARAIS

Cartoonist of the 'Cape Times'

"M'LORD, since this is the first prosecution under the Suppression of Undesirable Publications and Liquidation of Improprieties' Act, I think I should make it clear at once that the Crown case hinges entirely on the presentation of the advertisement on page four of the journal concerned, displaying certain—ah—articles of feminine apparel."

"Is the Crown case, then, entirely divorced from the publication, in the same issue, of certain criticisms of Government policy?"

"Absolutely and unreservedly, M'lord. The Crown is aware that a great deal of ill-conceived and inaccurate criticism has been directed at the Act, alleging, *inter alia*, that it is designed for the stifling of, shall we say, unsympathetic expression of opinion. To nail this canard, once and for all, M'lord, we shall confine our argument to the obscenity on page four."

"Counsel for the Prosecution may proceed."

"The unsympathetic criticism your Lordship referred to has not influenced the instigation of this prosecution one whit. Nor has the scurrilous suggestion, on page two, that a change of Government might conceivably be advantageous to the country. Nor, indeed, has the obscenity in a headline on page one."

"Obscenity?"

"The word 'Liberal' was used, M'lord, printed in bold, black type. However, the Crown chooses to disregard this veiled attack on the morals of the community and will concentrate on the more flagrant example of the—er—unmentionables I have already mentioned."

"I take it that the use of the word may, nevertheless, be taken into account in passing sentence, as an aggravating circumstance?"

"As your Lordship pleases. The Crown will call only one witness, M'lord—Mr. A. Verage Norm."

"Call A. Verage Norm!"

"Mr. Norm, you are aware of the grave responsibility which rests upon you in this case?"

"Indeed I am."

"Will you tell the Court what you are?"

"I am an Ordinary, Civilized, Decent, Reasonable and Responsible Citizen. In fact, at the risk of appearing conceited, I may say that I am *peculiarly* suited for my role in this historic trial."

"Let us examine your qualifications one by one, Mr. Norm. I shall list them, and ask you to elaborate to the Court. Now, you say that you are ordinary?"

"Oh, *very* ordinary."

"How did you first become aware of this?"

"Oh, in a most striking fashion. I happened to be wanted by the police for a trifling matter connected with the Immorality Act . . ."

"Surely, Counsel for the Crown, this is hardly the type of qualification. . . ."

"Oh, I assure your Lordship, a most common aberration. And becoming more common every day as your Lordship would realize if the newspapers were still permitted to publish the proceedings."

"Proceed, Mr. Norm."

"The police issued a description of me, which confirmed for me the impression that ordinariness was my destiny."

"What was that description?"

"It read, in part: 'Height: medium; Weight: medium; Colour: medium; Hair: medium; Eyes . . .'"

"I have taken your point, Mr. Norm."

"In that case, M'lord, we will proceed to the witness's second qualification. You are a civilized man, Mr. Norm?"

"Certainly."

"What proof have you of this assertion?"

"I should have thought that would be obvious—white skin, straight hair . . ."

"Ah, yes. At this point, M'lord, the Crown hands in Exhibits A to J, certified birth certificates of all the witness's forebears, in both the maternal and paternal lines, extending back for six generations. Well then, Mr. Norm, you say you are also a decent man?"

"Most assuredly, and I think I can prove it to the satisfaction of the Court. For one thing, there is my hobby."

"And what is that?"

"I have spent the last ten years revising the Song of Solomon. Your Lordship may be aware that there are certain passages

concerning twin roes and heaps of corn. Most distressing, I have, however, reduced the entire song to a single set of mathematical formulae of incontestable decency."

"Most commendable, Mr. Norm. And what else?"

"I am now tackling all those unfortunate passages about begatting."

"Begatting?"

"Yes, M'lord. 'Shem begat Aphos and Aphos begat Hum . . .'

There are pages and pages of them. Most demoralizing if one considers the implications. It is the sort of thing which it is almost impossible to render, even mathematically, without the basic indecency remaining obvious to the inquiring mind. I am considering excising the passages completely, but to a perfectionist like myself that smacks of admitting defeat. I am now working on a scheme for replacing all those accounts of lineage with extracts from the railway timetable."

"Just one more point, Mr. Norm. You read?"

"Voraciously."

"Books?"

"Only one book. I used to enjoy the Post Office Telephone Directory and, in fact, in a regrettable moment of enthusiasm, even lent a copy to a trusted friend. He returned it to me with certain names underlined in ink. I was appalled at the associations which such an innocent-looking book could conjure up. Now I confine myself to a study of an American publication intended for use in experimental cybernetics. It is entitled 'One Million Random Digits'."

"Thank you, Mr. Norm. Let us proceed. You are a reasonable man?"

"I have no reason to believe otherwise."

"Well, that certainly sounds reasonable. There remains only your claim to being responsible. Can you substantiate it?"

"Of course. Would the Censors have chosen me for this onerous task unless I were a responsible person?"

"I think we should explain to his Lordship that yours is a Government appointment. Mr. Norm, Your Lordship, has been officially appointed as official O.C.D.R. & R. Citizen to the Moral Selection Committee—by the way, Mr. Norm, please do not refer to your employers as the Censors, it gives an *entirely* wrong impression—and so he is responsible by definition."

"I take it Mr. Norm has a certificate of appointment?"

"Yes, M'lord. Signed by the Minister of Justice himself."

"In that case, why did he not simply produce it instead of going through this elaborate procedure? All the Court requires is a document certifying that A. V. Norm is an Ordinary, Civilized, Decent, Reasonable and Responsible Citizen and, if it is signed by the Minister, it cannot be questioned."

"As your Lordship pleases. We shall follow that procedure in future prosecutions."

"Now please get down to the pith of the case."

"Yes, M'lord. Mr. Norm—you saw the advertisement complained of?"

"I did."

"What did you do?"

"I averted my gaze."

"But, nevertheless, you saw enough of it to realize that it was immoral, undesirable and unfit for publication?"

"Yes. Only a child of two or less could have emerged unscathed from the sight. The advertisement, which was repulsively life-like and drawn with a disgusting regard for details such as hooks, eyes, clips, buckles, straps, clasps, hasps and adjustable fasteners, showed a brassiere. . . ."

"A brassiere! Good heavens, Mr. Norm, why didn't you say this at the beginning of your evidence instead of going through this preposterously long rigmarole? Surely it doesn't need a qualified O.C.D.R. & R. Citizen to prove that a brassiere is indecent! You may stand down, Mr. Norm. I find the defendant guilty as charged. The sentence of this court is that the editor of the journal be fined £1,000, removed from his post as editor, and forbidden to take employment in any branch of journalism for five years after completing a five year prison sentence. The journal's registration is hereby revoked, and it will cease publication immediately."

ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS ON THE BLASPHEMY OF APARTHEID

THE bishops of the Catholic Church in South Africa meet at regular intervals for consultations on policy and joint action. These meetings are called plenary sessions of the Catholic Bishops' Conference. It is usual at such meetings to issue a joint pastoral letter or statement on some important religious, economic or social problem for the guidance of Catholics and with the hope of bringing some influence to bear on public opinion in general. The plenary session of July, 1957, issued a statement on apartheid. This was deemed necessary as there appeared to be a good deal of confused thinking about the theory of apartheid. From the point of view of practice, too, it seemed opportune to emphasize the necessity of more concrete manifestations of Christianity in race relations.

This statement of the Catholic Bishops is one more step in preparing minds and hearts for a practical acceptance of racial collaboration.

DENIS E. HURLEY,

Archbishop of Durban.

In 1952 the Catholic bishops of South Africa issued a statement on race relations which emphasized the evil of colour discrimination and the injustices which flow from it. This statement maintained that non-Europeans in South Africa had a strict right in justice to evolve towards full participation in the political, economic and cultural life of the country. It pointed out, however, that this evolution could not take place unless the people concerned made their own vigorous contribution towards fitting themselves for the exercise of full citizenship.

Five years have gone by since this statement was issued. During that time there has been no change of direction in South Africa's racial policy. Rather, the old policy of segregation, responsible in large measure for the social pattern of the country, has under the name of apartheid received clearer definition and more precise application. Apartheid is officially held to be the only possible formula for South Africa's mixed society. Integration is considered unthinkable and partition into separate states impracticable.

The basic principle of apartheid is the preservation of what is called White civilization. This is identified with White supremacy, which means the enjoyment by White men only of full political, social, economic and cultural rights. Persons of other race must be satisfied with what the White man judges can be conceded to them

without endangering his privileged position. White supremacy is an absolute. It overrides justice. It transcends the teaching of Christ. It is a purpose dwarfing every other purpose, an end justifying any means.

Apartheid is sometimes described as separate development, a term which suggests that under apartheid different races are given the opportunity of pursuing their respective and distinctive social and cultural evolutions. It is argued that only in this manner will these races be doing the will of God, lending themselves to the fulfilment of His providential designs. The contention sounds plausible as long as we overlook an important qualification, namely, that separate development is subordinate to White supremacy. The White man makes himself the agent of God's will and the interpreter of His providence in assigning the range and determining the bounds of non-White development. One trembles at the blasphemy of thus attributing to God the offences against charity and justice that are apartheid's necessary accompaniment.

It is a sin to humiliate one's fellow man. There is in each human person, by God's creation, a dignity inseparably connected with his quality of rational and free being. This dignity has been immeasurably enhanced by the mystery of our redemption. In the words of St. Peter we are "a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a consecrated nation." (I. Peter II, 9.) Christ Himself has said: "I have called you my friends." (John XV, 15.) No man has the right to despise what God has honoured, to belittle one whom Christ has called friend, to brand a fellow man with the stigma of inborn inferiority. It is an insult to human dignity, a slur upon God's noble work of creation and redemption. Christ has warned us against inflicting such injuries: ". . . any man who says Raca to his brother must answer for it before the Council: and any man who says to his brother, Thou fool, must answer for it in hell fire." (Matth. V, 22.)

From this fundamental evil of apartheid flow the innumerable offences against charity and justice that are its inevitable consequence, for men must be hurt and injustice must be done when the practice of discrimination is enthroned as the supreme principle of the welfare of the state, the ultimate law from which all other laws derive.

This condemnation of the principle of apartheid as something intrinsically evil does not imply that perfect equality can be established in South Africa by a stroke of the pen. There is nothing more obvious than the existence of profound differences between sections of our population which make immediate total integration impossible. People cannot share fully in the same political and economic institutions until culturally they have a great deal in common. All social change must be gradual if it is not to be disastrous. Nor is it unjust for a state to make provision in its laws and administration for the differences that do exist. A state must promote the well-being of all its citizens. If some require special protection it must be accorded. It would be unreasonable, therefore, to condemn indiscriminately all South Africa's differential legislation. It would

be unfair to disparage the services provided for less advanced sections of the population and the noble and dedicated labours of many public officials on their behalf.

Many who suffer under the sting of apartheid find it hard to accept counsels of moderation. Embittered by insult and frustration, they distrust any policy that involves a gradual change. Revolution not evolution is their slogan. They can see redress only in the sweeping away of every difference and the immediate extension of full civil rights to all. They do not stop to contemplate the confusion that will ensue, the collapse of all public order, the complete dissolution of society and perhaps their own rapid destruction in the holocaust. This is particularly true of those who find in atheistic communism the inspiration of their present striving and their hope for the future.

A gradual change it must be; gradual, for no other kind of change is compatible with the maintenance of order, without which there is no society, no government, no justice, no common good. But a change must come, for otherwise our country faces a disastrous future. That change could be initiated immediately if the ingenuity and energy now expended on apartheid were devoted to making South Africa a happy country for all its citizens. The time is short. The need is urgent. Those penalized by apartheid must be given concrete evidence of the change before it is too late. This involves the elaboration of a sensible and just policy enabling any person, irrespective of race, to qualify for the enjoyment of full civil rights. To achieve this will undoubtedly take statesmanship of a high order for the difficulties are not to be minimized. It is no easy matter to dispel fears and prejudices and introduce measures so contrary to the main trends and customs of the past.

Obviously no South African government can attempt such a change without the consent of the White citizens. On their shoulders lies squarely the burden of responsibility. Let them examine their conscience in the light of Christ's teaching. Let them read again the words of the Master: "I have a new commandment to give you, that you are to love one another, that your love for one another is to be like the love I have borne you. The mark by which all men will know you for my disciples will be the love you bear for one another." (John XIII, 34, 35.) Are we not making a mockery of Christianity by proclaiming ourselves a Christian nation and pursuing a policy so contrary to these words of Christ?

To our beloved Catholic people of White race, we have a special word to say. The practice of segregation, though officially not recognized in our churches, characterizes nevertheless many of our church societies, our schools, seminaries, convents, hospitals and the social life of our people. In the light of Christ's teaching this cannot be tolerated for ever. The time has come to pursue more vigorously the change of heart and practice that the law of Christ demands. We are hypocrites if we condemn apartheid in South African society and condone it in our own institutions.

This does not mean that we can easily disregard all differences of mentality, condition, language and social custom. The church does

not enforce human associations that, because of these differences, can produce no good. She understands that the spiritual welfare of her children cannot be fostered in a social atmosphere wholly alien and uncongenial. But the Christian duty remains of seeking to unite rather than separate, to dissolve differences rather than perpetuate them. A different colour can be no reason for separation when culture, custom, social condition and, above all, a common faith and common love of Christ impel towards unity.

We give expression to these observations in the knowledge that the faith and charity of our people will prompt a truly Christian consideration of them and, in due course, behaviour in full conformity with the teaching of our Saviour. We have every reason for this confidence because we have before our eyes a great proof of the loyalty and generosity of our people in the magnificent response to the Catholic Bishops' Campaign for Mission Schools and Seminaries.

To all White South Africans we direct an earnest plea to consider carefully what apartheid means, its evil and anti-Christian character, the injustices that flow from it, the resentment and bitterness it arouses, the harvest of disaster that it must produce in the country we all love so much. We cannot fail to express our admiration for the splendid work done in many quarters to lessen prejudice, promote understanding and unity and help South Africa along that path of harmony and co-operation which is the only one dictated by wisdom and justice. On the other hand, we deeply regret that it is still thought necessary to add to the volume of restrictive and oppressive legislation in order to reduce contacts between various groups to an inhuman and unnatural minimum.

We pray God that minds may be enlightened to see the truth and hearts encouraged to act without regard to the prejudices of the past. It will take sacrifice. Yet sacrifice need not deter us, whose forefathers have left us the heritage of their bravery. The purpose before us now is one of the noblest causes we could embrace: the triumph of Christ in our country's laws and customs, in the spirit of that hope recently expressed by His Holiness Pope Pius XII: "that a task of constructive collaboration may be carried out in Africa: a collaboration free of prejudices and mutual sensitiveness, preserved from the seductions and strictures of false nationalism, and capable of extending to people rich in resources and future the true values of Christian civilization which have already borne so many fruits in other continents."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE (II)

LAWS AND POWERS

DUMA NOKWE

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ABOUT a year ago, the Prime Minister, the Honourable J. G. Strijdom, is reported to have said in England: "I invite you to sunny South Africa to see for yourselves if it is true that South Africa is a police state." In the same issue of the *Rand Daily Mail* there was a picture and a report of 60 armed and sinister-looking police attending a Peace Conference which was held in Johannesburg.

The ordinary powers of the South African police to search and make arrests, with or without warrants, are defined in the Criminal Procedure and Evidence Act of 1955. These powers may be justified on the ground that they are essential for the swift and effective combat of crime which is a social menace. The police must, for instance, obtain a search warrant before they can search any premises, except in extraordinary circumstances, where this might cause delay and thus defeat the purpose of the search. The whole Act attempts to restrict the powers of the police to invade the rights of the individual. The result is that, as regards serious crimes, the law is content to have a few criminals escape its long arm rather than allow the police arbitrary powers over the rights of persons.

The powers of the police in the execution of their duties in combating serious crime are so narrowly defined that the ordinary decent person, irrespective of his race or colour, has little to fear from the police, because these powers are designed more for the protection of his rights than as an assault upon them. Unfortunately, however, the Criminal Procedure Act is not the final authority on the powers of the police.

It is impossible to assess the true extent of the powers of the police without reference to those characteristically South African laws which have transformed inalienable human rights into crimes for the majority of the people. The system of racial discrimination in South Africa has, since its inception, denied their basic rights to the 10 million non-Europeans in South Africa. That same denial is now being extended

to all those who dare to condemn, nay, even criticize, this system as immoral and unjust. It is over the 'Kaffirs and Coolies' who have to be kept in their place, and the Whites who are traitors to White baaskap and Afrikanderdom, that the South African police exercise powers which are far more drastic, vicious and arbitrary than over the habitual murderer or robber.

All democratic societies recognize that it is essential for the liberty of the individual and the security of his person that he should not be subjected to arbitrary arrest or detention. This right, where it is recognized, constitutes an important and fundamental limitation upon the powers of the police.

Sections 10 and 29 of the Native Urban Areas Act of 1945, however, have effectively destroyed this right for Africans. They have conferred upon the police the power to make mass arrests, arbitrarily and indiscriminately. Section 10, for instance, makes it an offence for an African to be in an urban area for more than 72 hours, unless he falls within one of four categories enumerated in the Act. If the arrested person relies upon the fact that he has not been in the area for more than 72 hours, the onus of proof in Court is upon him. If he relies upon the defence that he is entitled to be in the area by virtue of the fact that he falls within one or other of the exempted groups, again the onus of proof is upon him. The result is that it is merely sufficient for a policeman to see an African in an urban area, to arrest him, and to leave it to his victim to convince the Court that he was not committing an offence by his presence there.

Recently, police conducted raids and arrested thousands of men and women in the western areas of Johannesburg under Section 10. Thousands of man-hours of work were wasted. Thousands of people were detained. Hundreds proved that they were entitled to be in the areas and were released—then arrested again and again. And each time they had to prove that they were committing no offence. Those who did not know that they were committing no offence, pleaded guilty, paid the fine or went to gaol. And the reason advanced by the police for this cruel persecution of a community was that there were illegal tenants infiltrating into an area which Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, was trying to remove as a 'black spot'. The real reason, of course, was that the police hoped to break the resistance of the people to the Western Areas Removal Scheme.

Then there is the notorious Section 29 of the Native Urban Areas Act:

(1) Whenever any authorized officer has reason to believe that any Native within an urban area . . .

(a) is an idle person in that . . .

(b) is an undesirable person in that . . .

he may without warrant arrest that Native or cause him to be arrested . . . and may thereupon bring such a Native before a *Native Commissioner or Magistrate who shall require the Native to give a good and satisfactory account of himself.*"

In this case too, the person arrested has committed no offence, and, having been brought before the Magistrate, the onus is on him to give a 'good and satisfactory account of himself'; if he succeeds in doing so, he must be grateful to be released.

Article 11 of the Declaration of Human Rights states that: "Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of the State."

No such right exists for the Africans, as has been shown in terms of Section 10 of the Urban Areas Act. Further, in terms of the Abolition of Passes and Co-ordination of Documents Act of 1952, any policeman is entitled to stop an African at any time and demand to see his reference book (pass), and Poll Tax receipt, failure to produce either of which on demand constitutes an offence. There is no limit to the number of times an African can be stopped to have his documents inspected.

This power of the police was effectively abused during the recent bus boycott on the Rand and Pretoria. Workers who were walking to and from work because they could not afford to pay the penny increase in the bus fare, were stopped four or five times on a single journey by different groups of police who demanded to see their documents. This followed immediately after Mr. B. Schoeman had stated that the Government was going to 'smash' the boycott. It was a deliberate attempt to intimidate and provoke the boycotters.

These raids are a popular sport of the South African police. The humiliation of having to stop every few hours to produce these documents, the torture and cruelty of having to line up for hours, in full view of the public, manacled, whilst the police waylay more victims, are aspects of this degrading practice.

Arising from their power to effect communal arrests, the police have devised new methods of solving crimes. Whenever

there is a crime wave, the police acquire an exaggerated enthusiasm for checking and rechecking documents. They measure their success in solving crimes by the thousands of people they are able to arrest during the raids. The principle upon which they base their work is that every African is a criminal or potential criminal unless his documents are in order.

The powers of the police are not confined to mass raids for these documents. Under the liquor laws, Africans are prohibited from possessing liquor. Regular raids are conducted by the police, and during these raids they enter and search any house without warrants. Although the law provides that they should have 'reasonable belief' that the liquor laws are being contravened in a house, the indiscriminate and arbitrary manner in which the raids are conducted clearly indicate that they do not conduct these searches on any 'reasonable belief' at all. And police raids are not merely conducted during the decent hours of the day. Various laws prohibit Africans, except those who are employed, from residing in servants' quarters which are provided in European homes. Police searches for so-called illegal tenants are carried out at a time when they believe their victims are comfortably asleep.

There are graver powers which the police exercise. The Riotous Assemblies Act of 1914 confers upon the police the power to disperse prohibited or unlawful gatherings. The Act describes the manner of dispersal and provides that under certain circumstances the police may use force: firearms may be used by the police if *inter alia* any person in the gathering has a "manifest intention of killing or seriously injuring any person" or has "a manifest intention of destroying or doing serious damage to any valuable property movable or immovable". The Act goes on to warn that firearms "shall be used with all reasonable caution, without recklessness or negligence, and so as to produce no further injury than is necessary for the attainment of the object mentioned above."

A few newspaper extracts which have been collected over a period of four months may illustrate the use or abuse of this power by the police more vividly.

At *Vlakfontein*. "Twelve Natives hit by bullets in riots in the Location." A force of about 250 police "fired a few shots over the heads of the angry mob of 1,500 Natives. . . ."—*Rand Daily Mail*, 29-10-56.

At *Lichtenburg*. "Police opened fire, killing two Natives

and wounding several others, after trouble broke out in Lichtenburg Location to-day when reference books were issued for the first time to Native women there."—*The Star*, 7-11-56.

At *Boskuil, Transvaal*. "European policemen fired a number of shots and the crowd dispersed."—*The Star*, 19-11-56.

At *Langa Location, Cape Town*. "The European policemen fired five shots over the crowd to disperse them. None of the Natives in the crowd was injured."—*Rand Daily Mail*, 3-12-56.

"Police baton-charged a crowd at Cape Town's Langa Location, after nine Natives had been arrested at an African National Congress meeting."—*The Star*, 25-2-57.

At *Pretoria*. "Pass and Tax arrests follow batons in Pretoria.

"Three new features have marked the bus boycott campaign in Pretoria during the last 24 hours.

"A crowd of about 1,000 Natives who gathered for a meeting in Lady Selborne yesterday evening and were ordered by the police to disperse, were charged by the police. Seventy arrests have been made.

"Sixteen Natives were injured, one seriously, during the baton charge last night; 15 were treated in General Hospital and discharged, but one was admitted with a bullet wound in the head."

At *Johannesburg*. "Shots interrupt treason inquiry.

"Police open fire after charging crowd with batons.

"Senior officer shouts at his men to 'Stop that shooting.'

"Four European and 10 non-Europeans were admitted to the General Hospital after the disturbances."—*The Star*, 20-12-56.

There was that brutal baton charge by the police on a peaceful procession in Johannesburg on the 26th June, 1957. This attack was so nakedly unjustifiable that a senior officer of the police closed his eyes to the eloquent photographs of the assault taken by pressmen and the groaning casualties in the hospitals and 'boldly' denied that there had been a baton charge by his police.

After every incident, responsible persons and organizations have called upon the Minister of Justice to appoint a Commission of Enquiry to investigate the causes of this deplorable violence between the people and the police, and more particularly what seems to be the trigger-happiness of the police force. The Minister has consistently refused to do so. The stock answer which he gives, sometimes within twelve hours of the event, is that he is satisfied that the police acted responsibly, under

trying conditions, when their lives were in danger. On one occasion, a few years ago, the Minister is reported to have said that he had instructed the police to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

Numerous persons have suggested that it is easy to disperse or quell a mob by using a water hose or tear gas. It has been pointed out that these methods have been used effectively and without any danger to life in many civilized countries. Our police, however, continue to use their revolvers and sten-guns.

An analysis of these incidents from newspaper reports discloses that, firstly, there are no police casualties and no valuable property which was damaged by the crowds. Secondly (and this is the reason why there are not police casualties), most of the crowds upon which the police open fire consist of unarmed non-Europeans, prohibited by law from carrying firearms or 'dangerous weapons'. The occasions on which police attack crowds of women are increasing. Are the police not using their firearms recklessly, negligently, and in total disregard of life? This question might have been answered by a public Commission of Enquiry. But the Minister of Justice seems reluctant to have it answered.

The unbridled power of the police is alarming. But the abuse of this unbridled power for party political purposes is tyranny of the type which loomed over Gestapo Germany only a few years ago. The outline of that spectre is being chalked by every occasion on which the Nationalist Government has, under the pretext of law and order, inflicted police terror on African communities which oppose and protest against apartheid schemes.

During the ten years of Nationalist rule there has been an expansion of the police force. In addition, what was once a small branch concerned mainly with saboteurs during the war has grown in stature into what is now known as the Security Branch. According to the official Year Book, this section of the police has "branches in all larger villages, towns and cities in the Union," and, it is rumoured, in Universities too.

Unlike the normal South African police, the members of the Security Branch do not parade the streets with stern looks on their faces and sten guns and revolvers within easy reach. Their psychological war is conducted with forced smiles, courtesy and amiability against all those, black and white, who have the audacity to criticize the 'traditional' policy of South Africa.

The activities of this branch of the police, which specializes in what is referred to as 'subversive' organizations and ideas, include tapping telephones, opening correspondence, planting informers among unsuspecting groups, eavesdropping, peeping through windows of private homes, and planting recording devices at private meetings and conferences. All these activities are supposed to be hidden from the public, because it is not in the 'public interest' to disclose them. However, the Security Branch is not satisfied that the public should be completely ignorant of its activities. Its senior officials occasionally boast of the vast store of information they have unobtrusively collected about certain individuals and organizations. They deliberately allow the imagination of the people to run riot with speculation on the possible methods employed by the Branch. The spectacular mass raids for documents and books adds the necessary colour to the 'unknown' but ominous activities of this Branch.

This Branch of the police has created such a feeling of distrust and fear that it has become impossible to conduct a frank discussion of the situation in the country without bolting doors, drawing curtains and talking in muffled tones. The haunting feeling of the unseen but ubiquitous Security Branch is driving free thought and expression to the dark and lonely corners of our country.

What are these ominous powers with which the Security Branch tries to paralyze the country? Their main powers lie within the Suppression of Communism Act (so aptly nicknamed the Suppression of Opposition Act), and the Riotous Assemblies Act. Under these two Acts anything short of death can be the fate of a person who is sufficiently unfortunate to get into the black notebooks of the Security Branch.

These two statutes authorize the Minister of Justice, who acts upon reports and recommendations of the Security Branch, to call upon named communists to resign from any organization specified by the Minister. This has had the effect of depriving persons of their livelihood. Nor is this power confined to named communists, for the statutes authorize the Minister to prohibit persons from being in defined areas, though in many instances the areas from which persons are prohibited are those within which they earn their livelihood. There is also that prohibition from attending gatherings under the statutes which made it impossible for priests to conduct religious services until a special dispensation was granted.

Not all the powers of the Security Branch can be traced to statutes. The success of an applicant in obtaining a passport depends (in the final resort) upon the attitude of the Security Branch. His file is opened, and a speech made at a public meeting criticizing the Government or his motor-car number taken down outside the house of a 'dangerous' person may destroy his chance of a visit overseas.

Then there are those sinister forms of intimidation resorted to by the Security Branch in order to get people dismissed from their places of employment. The employer is visited and a confidential discussion is held about one of his employees. . . . "We just wanted to inform you that X is a member of the African National Congress, or is a communist, that is all." . . . And then, a little later, "We just wanted to find out if X is still employed by you, this is just our routine check-up." It does not take the employer long to understand what he must do to avoid further visits by the Security Police. The Special Branch exercises a tremendous influence over everything from the issue of trading licences to the granting of passports.

The routine work of the Branch consists in attending the meetings and conferences of organizations which hold the view that race harmony and prosperity in South Africa can only be achieved by treating all men, irrespective of colour or race, as equals. At these meetings, notes are taken of the speeches. Photographs and car numbers and the names of all those present find their way into the expanding filing cabinets of the police. Although they are left to take their notes in peace, they occasionally invite their armed brethren to accompany them in a display of force and guns.

From the beginning of 1954, the Security Branch, accompanied by a posse of armed police, developed the habit of forcing its way into private meetings and demanding the names and addresses of the persons present. They snatched documents and books and demanded passes from the Africans present. A similar raid was carried out at a preliminary conference of the Congress of the People, attended by persons of all races, in Johannesburg on the 25th July, 1954. An urgent application was made to the Supreme Court in which an order was sought restraining the police from attending the conference. The Honourable Mr. Justice L. Blackwell, then judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, is reported to have remarked when granting the application that South Africa was not yet a police

state. At the next session of Parliament, the Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, introduced the Police Amendment Act and the Criminal Procedure and Evidence Act, which extended the powers of the police to search persons and premises without warrant.

There can be little doubt that the primary function of the police is ceasing to be the protection of the rights of the people of South Africa and is becoming the defence of the interests and ideas of the Nationalist Party of South Africa. This is even more apparent now that there is mounting opposition against the Nationalists, and large sections of the people who have hitherto been exempt from police surveillance and terrorism are finding themselves victims of the unbridled powers of the police.

The Prime Minister has, of course, invited people to come and see for themselves if South Africa is a police state, and that was exceptionally generous of him. Presumably the Security Branch officials stationed at ports and airports will not obstruct the Prime Minister's invitees, as they have so often done with other visitors to this country who have come to see for themselves. Anyway, the Prime Minister's visitors will be well-advised not to give expression to their impressions if they hope to come through the maize curtain again.

WOMEN AND PASSES

HELEN JOSEPH

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One of the 156 persons undergoing Preparatory Examination on a charge of High Treason

LIPASA! AMAPASI!—the most hated of all words. Yet these are not really Sotho or Xhosa words at all; they are but the word “pass” with prefixes and suffixes attached. For there is no word in any African language for the pass; the badge of cold slavery with all its ugly implications is something imposed, foreign even to the language.

African women live in the shadow of the pass system; they see the suffering and the hardship which it brings to African men. Every year more than a quarter of a million African men are convicted under the pass laws; more than a quarter of a million African women wait in lonely anxiety for the husband, the father, the son who does not return, who is only found after long weeks of searching at callous police stations. These women know only too well the fear of the pass endorsement “out of the municipal area”, the brutal exile of the unemployed. Now African women themselves must be exposed to these dangers, must add their own fears to their unbearable anxiety for their men. Dr. Verwoerd and the Nationalist Government have decreed that African women shall carry passes.

What does it mean to a woman to carry a pass? It means that homes will be broken up when women are arrested and sentenced under the pass laws; it means that helpless children will be left uncared for, when the mother is arrested and thrown into the pick-up van as she goes to buy food for her family because she has left her pass at home; it means that women and young girls will be exposed to degradation at the hands of pass searching policemen, at the hands of ‘ghost’ squads with indescribable license in the dark night; it means that African women may be hired out as farm convict labour, sold for ninepence a day; it means that the African woman will lose her freedom of movement, her right to sell her labour where she pleases.

It is not the first time in the shameful history of South Africa that African women have been threatened with passes. In 1913 the municipalities of the Free State tried to issue passes to women—and failed. For the women resisted in Jagersfontein, in Winburg, in Bloemfontein; they refused to buy or to carry

their monthly passes, refused to pay fines and flooded the gaols. And the women won their war; after five years of failure there was no more talk of issuing passes to women. Nor were there any serious attempts for the next forty years.

In 1952, however, the Nationalist Government amended the Urban Areas Act, giving municipalities sinister additional powers under the pass laws and proclaiming: "All . . . Natives, men, women and children, fall under these laws." To stifle the protest in Parliament, Verwoerd declared: "I repeat that, notwithstanding the fact that these provisions are applicable to Native women, it is not our intention to proceed with its practical application at the moment because we do not think the time is ripe for that. *Now I hope the Hon. Member* (referring to Mr. Sam Kahn, M.P., African representative for Cape Western) *will stop his agitation of telling Native women that we are introducing a law by which we are going to force them to carry passes, because that is not true.*"—Hansard, p. 2955—March 17, 1952.

But this was nothing more than the usual piecrust promise of the Nationalist Government, just another in the long line of dishonest undertakings and broken pledges. And in 1955, the Minister of Native Affairs announced that from January, 1956, African women would have to carry passes.

A storm of indignation broke out in the towns and cities where women are so tragically aware of what the pass laws mean. Through the Federation of S.A. Women, women of other races united with the African National Congress Women's League to protest against this outrage to women. From the first dramatic protest of two thousand women of the Transvaal at the Union Buildings in Pretoria on October 27th, 1955, to the historic and unparalleled demonstration of twenty thousand women from all parts of the Union on August 9th, 1956, women demonstrated all over the country against passes, gathered in their thousands at the offices of Native Commissioners crying, "Women don't want passes!" Harassed Commissioners met the women with crippled arguments—"The passes are for your protection." What words were these to use to women who had always lived in the shadow of the pass? In Pretoria, the Prime Minister remained out of sight while twenty thousand women stood in dignified silent protest at his absence. Thousands of protests were presented to Native Commissioners to be forwarded to the Minister of Native Affairs, were handed in at the very office of the Prime Minister. Months later, through

evidence led at the Treason Trial, the women learned that these protests had, one and all, gone no further than the Security Branch of the police. It is an insult which the women will not easily forget.

Meanwhile Verwoerd began the issuing of passes. The little town of Winburg in the Free State was the first—Winburg, where forty years ago the women had defied the pass laws. Quietly, unannounced, the pass unit arrived in March, 1956; soft spoken officials praised the passes, and many women were deceived and accepted the reference books, stringing them around their necks. But swift awakening followed; the granddaughters of those earlier women of Winburg marched to the magistrate and, when he refused to take back the passes, burnt hundreds of them in a sack outside the courthouse. The women were arrested and charged—with theft! For six months after this act of defiance, no more passes were issued, until, in October, Verwoerd's Department began in real earnest with twelve small towns in the Cape Province. It is a sorry story, one of tricks and lies, of threats and intimidation, of scurrying around the countryside to every little dorp and village, of visits to women in the rural areas and reserves where their victims are unorganized, scattered, unaware. The initial error of Winburg with its tradition of resistance was shrewdly not repeated. Pass units have travelled from place to place in the Cape Province and the Free State, avoiding the larger centres, but creeping up as closely as they dared, nibbling at Port Elizabeth through Uitenhage, there to meet a core of defiant resistance and burning of passes, skirmishing around Johannesburg and the Reef, testing these strongholds through the outlying towns of Standerton and Balfour, meeting there some resistance, some success, and falling back to the Western Transvaal.

That the Nationalist Government seeks to force the hated pass system upon women is in itself shameful enough, but the methods of intimidation and persecution to which it is driven are almost beyond description. The women of Balfour were threatened with dire consequences if they refused passes. They were told by the police that their husbands would be dismissed from their work, business licenses would be cancelled; they were told that doctors would refuse to attend the sick; even in death the pass must be carried, for they were told that the dead would not be buried. And when the women went to the Location Superintendent to protest, they were dispersed by

a baton charge. Passes were issued—and accepted. Then nine hundred marched in protest, and once again passes were burnt. In Uitenhage where indignant women burnt their passes, they met with brutal violence at the hands of the police; pregnant women were batoned, the police declaring that “they had to protect themselves against these women.” Two children were born in gaol as the women awaited trial, and their mothers stood long hours in Court only a few days afterwards. Other women, near to their time of confinement, stood beside them.

In Standerton, more than a thousand women were arrested for an allegedly illegal procession of protest against passes. On the first day of the trial, 113 women received suspended sentences and were discharged. On the second day, the residents of Standerton prepared to leave the town; cars were filled with petrol, and all available ammunition was purchased from the shops! Then came nine hundred women in dignity and discipline to stand their trial in Court and be discharged. But in Lichtenburg, when women burnt three sacksful of passes an hour after taking their decision at three o'clock in the morning at the graves of their tribal ancestors, twenty-five were arrested under the Criminal Laws Amendment Act and were held on bail of £50 each. And when they were sentenced—to £100 fine or twelve months imprisonment—the bail pending appeal was raised from £50 to £100. On appeal to the Supreme Court, the bail was reduced—to £5!

The Nationalist Government knows no scruples in its choice of weapons to intimidate women into accepting passes. Nor are its threats idle. The aged, the blind are amongst its victims. To the little village of Putfontein in the Western Transvaal came the Native Commissioner on March 6th to issue passes. Most of the women refused, despite threats of the loss of their old age pensions. And on March 18th a woman, reputed to be at least one hundred years old, received nothing and was given no reason why her pension had ceased. She was amongst those who had refused passes. Three helpless blind men received no pension; their wives and daughters had refused passes. That was six months ago, and there is still no official explanation.

There seems to be no depth of persecution and intimidation to which the Government will not sink in its determination to issue passes to African women, and as the months go by the passes spread over South Africa like some horrible disease. In July, 1957, the Government claimed (*Dagbreek*, July 28th,

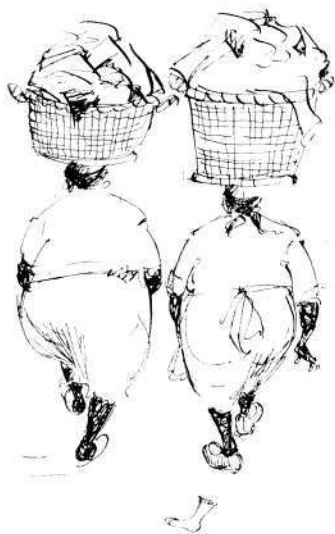
1957) that nearly three hundred thousand passes had already been issued to women. This appears an impressive figure at first sight. Almost half of the passes issued have been in the Free State where there has been little opposition save in Winburg, and of the 230,000 women over 16 years of age, 57 per cent. have already taken passes. But Bloemfontein, Bethlehem, Kroonstad, the large towns, have not been touched. Natal has been left almost undisturbed, only 4 per cent. of the women have passes. In the Cape Province and the Transvaal, the pass units have concentrated on the small towns and rural areas; more than seventy areas have been visited in these two provinces, and passes have been issued to 12 per cent. of the women living in them. Yet Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London remain unvisited, nor has any attempt been made to issue passes to the hundreds of thousands of women on the Witwatersrand.

At this rate—fifteen months have been spent issuing passes to 11 per cent. of the African women in the Union—it should take the Nationalist Government some ten years to issue passes to all of them; if it remains in power so long. The resistance of the women will undoubtedly continue and strengthen, for it is not isolated from the struggle of the African people against the whole pass system and against the cheap labour policy which it supports. To-day it is the women who are in the forefront of that struggle and who are carrying it a stage further. Victory cannot be expected at every stage; the history of the past twelve months has shown that clearly. But the introduction of passes for women may yet prove a boomerang, for there is no aspect of the pass system which has aroused more bitter resentment amongst the African people, which has so moved the consciences of others, White, Coloured, Indian, to protest and denounce the pass system. In Cape Town recently, two thousand women of all races met together under the auspices of the newly formed Cape Association to Abolish Passes for African Women—women of the Black Sash, the National Council of Women, of the Anglican Church Mother's Union, the Federation of S.A. Women, the African National Congress Women's League, the Society of Friends. Women of different races, different colours, widely differing political affiliations, came together to protest and to hear African women tell in their own words what passes meant to them.

It is a titanic struggle, this clash between the determination

of the Government to entrench the pass system by extending passes to African women and the growing opposition of the women. For it is not only in the towns where the African National Congress has organized women that resistance is to be found. It flares up unexpectedly in rural areas where women resist not only the Government officials but their own chiefs, who have sometimes led their wives to be the first to take the passes.

South Africa is a vast country, and the present somewhat sporadic nature of the opposition by women to passes is mainly due to this factor—a factor of which the Government has taken the fullest advantage. In the coming years, it should be the task not only of the Congress movement, but of all who believe in personal freedom, to weld together the opposition to the pass system. For in this vast, unmeasured, and as yet inadequately organized potential of the resistance of women to passes, lies one of the sharpest weapons against the present Government, against apartheid itself. And it is not too late.



NURSING BY PIGMENT

Nurse B. V. LA GUMA

Chairman, Cape Town Nurses' Vigilance Committee

“WE require power to effect separation in all aspects of the nursing services, to differentiate in the training between the different races, keep separate registers to differentiate in respect of the training according to existing needs, in other words, for skilful and less skilful nurses, with regard to both race and duties.”—*Advocate van Reenen, S.A. Nursing Council, giving evidence before the Parliamentary Select Committee on the Nursing Amendment Bill.*

The Nursing Amendment Act was passed during the 1957 Parliamentary Session despite country-wide opposition and protests on the part of both members of the nursing profession and the general public; and, like other pieces of discriminatory legislation such as the notorious Group Areas Act and the Industrial Conciliation Act, it is designed to relegate the non-White people of South Africa to a status of permanent inferiority.

Prior to the introduction of the Bill, a Select Committee was appointed by Parliament to take evidence on the subject matter of the Bill, and to this committee came members of the S.A. Nursing Council, the S.A. Nursing Association and the Transvaal Administration to provide some excuse for the introduction of racialism into a profession which in all other parts of the world embraces a dignity and nobility which its objects demand of it.

“We want the non-Europeans to have the *guidance* of the European nurse, who will *advise* and keep them on the right road. We have to retain *control* over the non-Europeans. . . .”

“You know that right throughout South Africa it is said that non-Europeans are not capable of taking responsibility.”

“We have to choose between a professional service to the people of South Africa or just a technical service on the lowest possible level *as it exists to-day in all countries where nursing services are run by non-Whites.*”

These are but a few of the examples of the ‘evidence’ which, together with the racist platitudes of Nationalist parliamentarians, speeded the Nursing Act onto the Statute Books of South Africa.

The Nursing Act now lays down that no non-White nurse may be elected to the Nursing Council or to the Board of the

Nursing Association, and any representations to the Council will have to be made via 'advisory committees'; but, at the same time, membership and the payment of contributions to the Association are compulsory for *all* nurses. In other words, non-European nurses, having been completely disenfranchised, must continue to belong to the colour-bar Association in order to continue to practise nursing. Furthermore, the provisions of the Act stipulate that separate branches of the Nursing Association shall be established for White, African and Coloured nurses in each regional area. The Nursing Council may provide different uniforms, shoulder-badges and other insignia for non-European nurses, the Act continues, and the Council shall keep separate registers for the different racial groups. Powers are also given to the Council to provide separate training for European and non-European nurses, while the law makes it a criminal offence, punishable by a maximum fine of £200, for a non-White nurse to be placed in authority over a White one.

Opposition to the Act did not cease with its promulgation on July 24. Instead it created a new situation which demanded new tactics, quickly adopted by the non-European members of the profession. All separate branch meetings have been boycotted by non-White nurses, and demands for an alternative to the colour-bar Nursing Association, a new, non-discriminatory organization, have been pressed from all centres where non-European nurses are up in arms against the Act.

A new multi-racial nursing organization will, of course, not be recognized by the Government, but it holds the promise of being representative of the true principles of the profession, and, with the support of the vast majority of democratically-minded nurses and the public, of emerging as the fighting champion of the nurses for the retainment of their status and the further civilizing of South African nursing. Internationally, too, there is the possibility that such an organization will receive recognition by the International Nursing Council, in place of the racialistic Association.

The non-White nurses, and all other democrats in the nursing world, have been placed beside the millions of other South Africans struggling against Nationalist 'baaskap' and apartheid, for the right to live as free and dignified citizens of this country.

With enough determination, the bright flame of Florence Nightingale's lamp will rise to dispel the darkness that has so overwhelmed a noble profession.

THE TRIAL TAKES SHAPE (II)

TONY O'DOWD

DURING its second phase, the treason enquiry has been mainly concerned with evidence led by the Crown to show that the accused were connected with various incidents involving violence. Evidence has been led of the riots which took place in Kimberley, East London and Port Elizabeth in 1952, of the disturbances connected with the Evaton bus boycott in 1955 and 1956, and of attacks upon schools in the Eastern Cape at the time of the school boycott.

In the majority of cases, the Crown has not attempted to prove that the accused, as individuals, were involved in these incidents. The Crown case has been that the Congresses and allied organizations were responsible for the violence, and that the accused were thus responsible in their capacity as leaders of these bodies.

The Crown does allege, however, that one of the accused was directly implicated in the 'Cheesa-cheesa Army'.

During 1954 and 1955, a number of people in all parts of the Union received letters purporting to come from an organization called the Cheesa-cheesa Army. 'Cheesa' is a corruption of the Zulu word for 'burn', and the letters called upon the non-Europeans to embark upon a campaign of arson. "We tell you to burn the farms and property of the Dutchmen, especially Dutch schools in the small towns, also the Dutch churches, not the churches in the locations, but the D.R. Churches. Tell the people to burn the Dutchmen's cars and tractors, to set alight to the veld, and the tree plantations. Just drop a match late at night and run away. You must fight for your people or be a traitor." (*Extract from one of the letters, posted in Johannesburg on the 17th April, 1954.*)

The letters were not all identical in wording, but they were all to the same effect. They were mostly posted in Johannesburg and Cape Town. According to detectives who examined them, many were on a type of paper which is used in Government offices. Among the persons to whom the letters were addressed were the Governor-General, the Minister of Justice and the Mayor of Pretoria. Numerous letters were addressed to 'The Secretary, Native Advisory Board, Urban Location,' in various towns throughout the country. Most of these fell

straight into the hands of the police, since official correspondence addressed to Location Advisory Boards is usually opened by the Location Superintendent.

Whether anyone ever burned anything as a result of receiving a Cheesa-cheesa letter, nobody knows. The Crown led no evidence to show that anybody had.

What the Crown did allege was that one of these letters had been typed on a typewriter belonging to Dr. Letele, a leader of the African National Congress in Kimberley and one of the accused. The letter in question, Exhibit 1003, was received in February, 1954, by Dr. G. B. A. Gerdener, of the Theological College, Stellenbosch. Dr. Gerdener handed it to a Mr. Badenhorst, of the State Information Office, and he passed it on to Captain Joubert, of the Police. Captain Joubert sent it to Pretoria, where it lay for more than three years in the files of Captain Buys, of the Special Branch. In April, 1957, it was taken out of the file and sent to Sergeant von Papendorp, in Johannesburg, who was in charge of investigations into the Cheesa-cheesa Army and already had a large collection of the letters, from all parts of the Union. Sergeant von Papendorp said in evidence that he was surprized by the fact that this letter had not been sent immediately to him, as the others were.

Later in April, the letter was returned to Pretoria, where it was examined by Mr. Lubbe, an expert on the identification of typewriting. Mr. Lubbe also examined Dr. Letele's typewriter, and testified that the letter, but not the envelope in which it had been received, had been typed on that machine.

The typewriter was first seized from Dr. Letele on the 27th September, 1955. It remained in the offices of the Special Branch at Kimberley until December of the same year, when it was returned to Dr. Letele. On the 22nd March, 1957, it was seized again, and on the 24th, Detective Head Constable Scholtz and Detective Constable Markram set out for Johannesburg by car, with the typewriter. They arrived on the Rand the same evening, but did not go straight to Johannesburg. Constable Markham spent the night in Boksburg. Head Constable Scholtz, with the typewriter, went to Pretoria. He told Constable Markham that he was going to see his family there. He was not called as a witness, and the Court received no account of his evening in Pretoria.

On the 25th, the typewriter was handed to Sergeant von Papendorp in Johannesburg. It remained at the offices of the

Special Branch in Johannesburg for a short time (the exact period was not established) and was then taken to Mr. Lubbe, the expert, in Pretoria.

The defence lost no time in indicating its attitude to this evidence. Mr. V. C. Berrangé stated that the defence would set out to prove "not only that Dr. Letele had nothing whatsoever to do with the authorship of this particular exhibit . . . but also that the overwhelming probabilities will indicate that the attempt to link him with this letter is the result of as foul a conspiracy as has ever disgraced our Courts." The defence suggestion is that some person has replaced the original letter sent to Dr. Gerdener with a copy typed on Dr. Letele's typewriter.

Neither Dr. Gerdener, nor Mr. Badenhorst, nor Captain Joubert was able to say definitely that Exhibit 1003 is the same letter which they saw in 1954. Dr. Gerdener made some notes in his handwriting on the envelope, and can positively identify that. The envelope, however, was not typed on Dr. Letele's machine. Nobody made any identifying mark on the letter itself, and the witnesses can only say that Exhibit 1003 is very similar to the letter of 1954.

Exhibit 1003 bears a rubber stamp of the words 'Cheesa-cheesa Army.' Mr. Lubbe testified that this stamp is identical to that which appears on several other Cheesa-cheesa letters. He conceded, however, that it is a simple matter to make a rubber stamp to correspond exactly with the impression on a piece of paper.

The letter could, of course, only have been copied out on the typewriter if it can be shown that the letter and the typewriter were together in the same place at some time before they were both handed to Mr. Lubbe. It seems that both were in Pretoria on the night of 24th March, and that both were in Johannesburg for some days during April. Since neither Detective Head Constable Scholtz, who had custody of the typewriter in Pretoria on the 24th March, nor Detective Head Constable van Heerden, who brought the letter from Pretoria to Johannesburg during April, have been called to give evidence, it is as yet impossible to say whether there could have been a forgery on either of these occasions.

The enquiry has now been adjourned until January, when the defence is expected to lead evidence.

A LONDON LETTER

RABBI DR. ANDRÉ UNGAR

*Former Rabbi of the Port Elizabeth Progressive Jewish Congregation
Now Rabbi of the Settlement Synagogue, London*

LAST night—or rather, this morning—The Treason Trials came to London. The 156 black, brown and pink faces, photographed like some old school reunion, grin defiantly from off the cover of the Souvenir Programme, sold at two bob a piece. That strange complex atmosphere (abounding good humour and deep seriousness) spills over from the Drill Hall in Johannesburg into London's Festival Hall. Except that in place of the dull drone of legal goings-on, the rhythm is that of jazz at its dazzling best. Organized by Christian Action, the concert had a warmer and more catholic advance drumbeat of publicity than anything London can remember for a long time. Cassandra in the *Daily Mirror*, Critic in the *New Statesman* begged their readers to support it. The *Sunday Observer* gave a perfectly timed profile of Humphrey Lyttleton two days before. Morning papers, evening papers, right, left, joined in heralding the event.

At half past ten the Festival Hall comes alive with the crowd rushing to their cars, trains, buses, bicycles, after Klemperer's Beethoven concert. It would seem that soon the place will turn in to sleep as on any other night. But, no, the South Bank remains awake. Or rather begins to wake up in full earnest, an unusual thing in London's to-bed-with-the-hens provincial routine. The Jazz Concert is due to start half-an-hour before midnight. Why? Some say the Hall could not have been booked at any ordinary hour for months ahead. Some say that the midnight session is just another of the darkly mysterious rituals of the dixieland brood.

The enormous foyer is humming with a strangely concocted audience. Suburban skiffle kids, highbrow connoisseurs from Knightsbridge, Ghanian students, diplomats, duly collared clergymen, experience-hungry Jo'burg businessmen with omnivorous wives or bored local substitutes—corduroys, evening dresses, saris, turbans, pinstripes. There's Solly Sachs, fresh back from France. A liberal lawyer from Port Elizabeth with his young wife. A daughter of Durban English aristocracy with a handsome Jamaican escort. Canon Collins, a stage vicar about to open the parish bazaar, smooth, smiling, worried—

except that the bazaar is on a tremendous scale, and the funds are not for a new organ. Lord Astor in the offing. Father Huddleston, gaunt and intense, with a pink-faced young colleague from the Community. Teddy-bear-like, Victor Gollancz ambles about. And South Africans galore—Raikin the pianist, Phillips the singer, Guy, the universal London uncle. Brought here by the love of jazz or the love of justice, or both, the milling multitude is waiting for the pips.

The pips begin: metallic, insistent, synthetic yet soft—it's time to go in. The tremendous hall swiftly fills up. The lights dim. On the stage, two of Britain's top sets of entertainers are warming into action. Johnny Dankworth, looking like a tame junior bank clerk, with his orchestra. Soon enough he has shed the appearance of timid insignificance, and Johnny and his boys in red—what a magnificent line of trombones!—rock the midnight audience with the lilt. Then over to 'Hump' Lyttleton: huge chunk of a man, balding on top, his socks fallen crinkled to his ankles, a ridiculous hunter's hat dangling on the end of his gleaming trumpet. They play it cool, classically cerebral. A small ensemble, each one a virtuoso: the self-assured elegance of their playing comes over triumphantly.

And then, almost cartwheeling with joy and excitement, in rolls a fat little Negro in evening dress: Lionel Hampton, who flew over from New York (having given up a whole week's engagement) to give his services for nothing; for love, in the full meaning of the phrase. There is something incredibly elemental in the way that man can give himself; exuberant, child-like, superbly polished, puckish yet perfectly controlled. So far the shining vibraphone—surely the most repulsive and inhuman of all instruments—has been standing in frigid nouveau-riche self-containment on the middle of the stage. A ribbed, silver table, vulgar and (till then) silent. Hampton goes for it. He caresses it, tickles it, hypnotizes it, drools over it, bullies, punishes the thing. The tones he produces are crystal clear, precise, restrained, and yet filled with his own humanity and kindness and altogether beautiful. At each sound he produces Lionel is as thrilled as a child with a new toy; and proud too. He jumps with delight, his eyes gleam, for a moment he forgets the vibraphone and dives into the band's background noise; then back to his beastly instrument and his act of musicianship, conjuring ecstasy. The reflection of the shining

object jerks and claps like a huge glittering chromium crab above the organ pipes on the roof of the Festival Hall; blinding and mesmeric and as a strange, unasked-for yet relevant ballet. Suddenly a most incredible vocal newcomer appears on, and in, the auditory scene. A groan that is also a belch, a giggle that sharpens into a bleat, an impossibly ugly, organic, humanly wise and tender, instinctively communicated monstrosity. Lionel Hampton is laughing while he plays. Like a hairy, scruffy little Tartar, his laughter rides on the back of the perfectly groomed, superior, proudly prancing Pegasus of music coming from the vibraphone. The contrast is stunning. At the same time, his magnificently articulate playing of the gleaming machine and the quite inarticulate noises issuing from his lips and throat and belly and boots blend in exquisite harmony. Then he gets tired of the contraption and takes over at the drums, savage and sophisticated all at once. He is submerged in the music he makes and evokes from the two bands—and yet remains in absolute command, fully conscious artistic control, of himself and his fellow players and, above all, a by then enchanted public.

In the row ahead of me, nestled in the huge armchair of the terrace stalls, a West Indian teenager is in a state that resembles epilepsy. His shoulders wriggle, his head lolls on one side, he claps the beat with his hands in broad, undulating movements, astonishingly, almost sadly, silent when his palms meet. It seems more of a dance, a ritual, a trance with him than anything else. At the end of the row, two fair-haired semi-teddy boys nod the beat in strict simultaneity; wide-eyed with wonder, lovably naive. Next to them a lanky schoolboy. He too keeps nodding; but his nods syncopate with those of his neighbours. Further down, a donnish creature seems to survey the crowd with hard-kept sociological curiosity. But only for a moment. Then the eddy of jazz catches him again, and he is sucked down.

Could anything less congruous than a monk appear in the middle of all this? Yet that is exactly what happens. The Festival Hall becomes as quiet and solemn as a cathedral. Trevor Huddleston is at the microphone. His voice is firm, calm, reasoned, his words almost labouredly free from artifice. "Member of the British Commonwealth. . . . Our own moral responsibility. . . ."

Purses open. Hearts open. And the jazz flows on, sweeping broadly like the Thames towards a dull autumn London dawn.

GRIM FAIRY TALES

E. V. STONE

With Illustrations by David Marais



ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, there lived in Egypt a Pharaoh who had a Bright Idea. He would sit looking out of his palace of a morning and see the long lines of toiling slaves, all busy making bricks without straw, and it distressed him greatly to see how they were discomforted by the flies. Accordingly, being a very benevolent despot and having the welfare of his slaves at heart, he gave orders that henceforward all taskmasters were to carry whips.

The slaves seemed a trifle anxious about this and sent a deputation to Pharaoh to point out that it would be cruel to whip them to work. Pharaoh was very indignant and very upset that the slaves should ever have thought that such was his intention. "Why," he said, "you poor ungrateful wretches, the whips won't be used to whip you. They are for swatting t'ie flies as they land on your backs."



LONG, long ago, before democratic government rendered oppression and injustice out of date, and monarchs could be as lazy and as cruel and as greedy as they liked, there lived in the State of Anaesthesia a King Who Wished Nobody Any Ill. His only weakness (and surely we are all allowed to have just one vice) was an incurable reluctance to undertake any disagreeable tasks or hard work of any nature.

Now because he suffered from incurable laziness and because he was a King Who Wished Nobody Any Ill, he appointed a Grand Vizier to look after his kingdom for him and bade him be sure to provide a way for people to make petitions if they thought they were unfairly treated.

The Grand Vizier was a very wise man, and realizing he was only human and that he might just possibly not be completely impartial in cases where people disagreed with him, he decided to appoint a Lord High Commissioner of Complaints, who was to be quite independent of the Government. His next task was to find a very wise man in the kingdom to whom he could entrust this very responsible task, and this he found to be extremely difficult. At last he realized that there was really only one man in the land who could be relied upon to make the right decisions, and that was himself. Accordingly, he offered himself the post, which he thereupon reluctantly accepted.

The wisdom of his choice was apparent to all, for during the term of his office, only one complaint was ever lodged, until the next Government took over after the Revolution.



IN THE bad old days, when dragons roamed the countryside terrorizing the inhabitants, there lived a brave knight called Sir Quester de Politico, and upon him did the people rely to deliver them from this terrible scourge.

Now Sir Quester was a very brave knight, but he had one serious drawback—his sword was very, very blunt and stubbornly refused to be sharpened. For this reason he had to rely upon

his brains more than his sword, and he determined to outwit the dragon.

Making his plans with great cunning, he requested that the inhabitants of the country supply him with five very pretty damsels and at least one princess. These being willingly supplied by the grateful fellow-countrymen, he set about to win the dragon's confidence by chaining each of the damsels in turn to a rock, just outside the dragon's cave. On the sixth and fateful occasion, he tied the Princess to a rock a little further away, and then, greatly daring, went to call the dragon from his lair. Sir Quester's wonderful strategy was absolutely successful—the dragon followed very closely behind him, saliva splashing from time to time on the rocky path that led them to their goal. Now came the fateful moment. The gallant knight intended to swing suddenly round and jab his sword in the eye of the dragon before the monster could breathe out one death-dealing flame. But, alas, to his dismay, he discovered that his sword had melted in the heat of the dragon's breath, on the way up.

But the story ended very happily, because the dragon was really rather a jolly old sport and was grateful to the knight for all the free feeds. So when he had eaten the Princess, he let the knight climb on his back and gave him a free lift to the frontier.



The custom which distinguished the inhabitants of Schizophrenia from all neighbouring countries, was that of boiling all mothers-in-law on the first anniversary of their daughters' wedding. Such had been their tradition from time immemorial, and although there had been an odd occasional suggestion by a few radically-minded people (mainly mothers-in-law) that the law be changed, no-one had ever taken the matter up seriously, until one day the Government of Schizophrenia introduced a Bill to have mothers-in-law boiled on the wedding-day itself.

The Parliamentary Opposition suddenly made a most unreasonable outcry, and various people (notably mothers whose daughters were engaged) organized protest marches and held mass meetings. Neighbouring states also disapproved, and there was talk of economic sanctions.

At the crucial debate in the House, tempers ran high, and there were even rash accusations of cruelty. Towards the end of the debate, it even seemed as if the Opposition might win the day. However, in his winding-up speech for the Government, the Prime Minister reminded the House of two things that everyone had forgotten, that the Government was only extending the accepted principle of former Governments and that the boiling of mothers-in-law was part of the Schizophrenian way of life. Of course, the Opposition realized that there was no answer to that, and perceiving how unpatriotic they had been to oppose the measure at all, allowed the Bill to become law without the formality of a division.



THE FACT OF AFRICAN HISTORY: AN INTRODUCTION

BASIL DAVIDSON

Author and Journalist

CIVILIZATION is the white man's gift to Africa and African peoples: such is the claim of all those who assert, whether by cruelty or by kindness, the white man's right to govern and possess. Without civilization as Europe knows it, there will be no progress, and without European government, there will be no civilization: such is the simple logic of many Europeans of goodwill and of some of another sort. "The so-called African leaders of to-day, in their criticism of the European and his ways, are not old enough to remember the horrors and atrocities which even their own grandparents knew as commonplace," an elderly Northern Rhodesian settler wrote to me, indignantly, the other day. "In the past," he went on, after glancing at the "freedom of living and of speech" which, he said, Africans now enjoy, "the Africans have done nothing by their unaided efforts to bring about this advancement they have attained. . . . If the guiding hand of the European were to be withdrawn, they (the Africans) would only fall again into confusion and worse."

This denial of human history in Africa is the corollary, of course, of another denial: the denial of African equality. Not all those who make the first denial may be prepared to face the fact that they are also making the second; and yet the two are inseparable. If Africans have no history, then they have failed to evolve, and if they have failed to evolve, then they have failed to keep pace with the rest of humanity: and if that is so, then they fall into a special category among the races of man—a sort of sub-category, comparable perhaps with that near-Man, Neanderthal, who also failed to make the grade and died out sometime during the last Ice Age.

This, you may think, is carrying the argument a bit too far: just because various African peoples have known nothing of the industrial revolution in its later, urban, phases; have remembered orally and not literally; fought without chariots; and refrained from sailing across the seas that lapped their shores, there is no ground for saying that they are not inherently as capable as anyone else. I quite agree; there is a distinction between the

practically equal and the inherently equal, and nothing in science suggests that Africans are not inherently equal. But the fact remains that these African peculiarities are often used to buttress the general European belief that all was savage chaos before the Europeans came, and to suggest that the reason for this savage chaos lay not in a certain set of objective circumstances, but in African incapacity to emerge from them. "Their thinking," a South African publicist wrote lately, "was not concerned with objective validity and was pre-occupied by the mystic powers of persons and things. This centuries-long stagnation cannot be attributed to their isolation from the main stream of civilization"; the implication, of course, being that it must be attributed to an African inability to evolve and progress.

So it is a matter of quite unusual interest and importance that the last few years should have raised the whole subject of African history—pre-European history—to a new and academically respectable status. Many scholars are producing many new facts about it. Far from being unconcerned with "objective validity" or hypnotized by the "mystic powers of persons and things," Africans, it would appear, were engaged in a great many "civilized activities," of one kind and another, for many centuries before European settlement, or even before European discovery. At a time when European mariners had yet to reach the Indian Ocean, or even the Bight of Benin, the kings and counsellors of Central Africa were eating from Chinese porcelain, and when Mr. Strijdom's forebears drove their ox carts into the old Transvaal, they encountered men and women who were not at the beginning of a long period of civilized development, but, through times of painful dissolution, were perilously near the end of one. In this tide of new information, and of reassessment of old information, the study of humanity in Tropical and Southern Africa has really begun: even if it is still in its infancy, its findings are a long way beyond the point where any but the obsessively bigoted will care to ignore them.

At this point, no doubt, one needs to be a little careful of one's terms. What *is* civilization? Is it the greatest happiness of the greatest number at any given time: or is it a largely material matter of cities, mines, and motor cars? Many African peoples, it seems to me, could argue a strong case for the civilized virtue of their tribal systems in periods before the outside world discovered them. If the Bushongo of the Central Congo still remember the 17th century as a Golden Age, and celebrate in

happiness the memory of their greatest monarch, Shamba Bolongono, who reigned sometime after 1600, there must be something in it: no one supposes that the English people remember the 17th century as a Golden Age. If the Nyakusa of the Nyasaland-Tanganyika border, such as Monica Wilson found them not many years ago, are still living their peaceful and dignified life, then they too would have a claim which most European peoples, considering their own condition, would find hard to reject. But the point I want to make here is a different one. As an introduction to the important articles that follow, my point here is to suggest that Africans south of the Sahara were in fact evolving and progressing towards destinations recognizably the same as Europeans (or Asians)—at a time long before Europeans first came across them.

A gap in social and technical development may always have existed, no doubt, between those who lived close to the cradles of ancient civilization and those who lived far from them. There is no more sense in sentimentalizing about the misery and barbarism of much of the African past than there is in pretending that European history does not tell the same kind of story. The important point is the width of the gap at any one time. If, as people like my Northern Rhodesian settler are fond of saying, the gap was *always* immensely wide, then something might well be missing from the African make-up. But if the gap, though wide to-day, had once been relatively narrow, then history will draw quite other conclusions. Now the main consequence of a good deal of recent research into Southern and Central and East African history—over the past thousand years or so—is precisely to suggest that the gap was once a relatively narrow one, and not always to Europe's advantage either.

Writing in 1067, the mediaeval Arab scholar El Bekri described the court of the king of Ghana such as the Arabs knew it from their penetration and eventual conquest of that country. "When he gives audience to his people," wrote El Bekri, "to listen to their complaints and set them to rights, he sits in a pavilion around which stand his horses caparisoned in cloth of gold; behind him stand ten pages holding shields and gold-mounted swords; on his right hand are the sons of the princes of his empire, splendidly clad and with gold plaited into their hair. . . ." A barbaric king and a barbaric kingdom? But were they more barbaric or less civilized than the king and kingdom that William

of Normandy had conquered the year before? Were they not, conceivably, less barbaric and more civilized?

When the Portuguese adventurers first rounded the Cape of Good Hope they were certainly as much concerned with "the mystic powers of persons and things" as the most superstitious native of any part of Africa. Their ignorance of the Eastern world was no smaller than East Africa's ignorance of Europe and was quite possibly greater. They were astonished to find the harbours of the East Coast—of what are now Mozambique and Tanganyika and Kenya—the goal and shelter of long-range ocean shipping; and when they sailed for India it was with pilots whose navigational equipment was, in some ways, better than their own. The superiority of the society of Lisbon over the society of Kilwa and Mombasa was not, in those days, by any means obvious. The one certain superiority of those Europeans was in cruelty and aggressiveness.

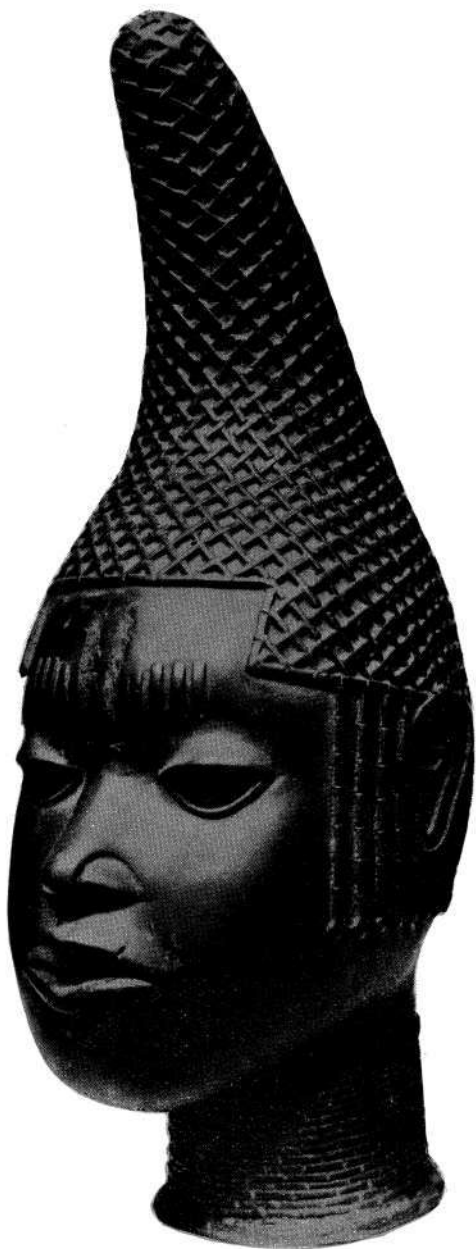
Yet three hundred and fifty years later, in the hey-day of Victorian re-discovery, the gap had grown immensely wide—so wide, indeed, that it became easy for Europeans to wonder (as many still do) whether Negroes did not after all belong to an inferior species. There is little mystery about the reasons for this widening of the gap: while Europe, freeing itself from mediaeval limits, plunged into commercialism and industrialism and won its great technical superiority over the rest of the world, much of Africa lay fettered in the oversea slave trade. The one went forward, the other went back, and the gap, narrow enough in 1500, grew into a gulf.

Historians and archaeologists are now building new bridges of explanation across that gulf. The articles which follow describe something of the reassessment that is taking place. While little that is final can be said at this stage, whether of West Africa or of Central and Southern Africa, enough is known with a fair certainty to show that many familiar ideas will have to be revised. The latest judgments, as Dr. Summers shows, confirm those of Miss Caton-Thompson and of Randall Maclver before her that the Zimbabwe culture is Bantu in origin and mediaeval in date. And now Dr. Gervase Mathew, after more than a decade of work on East African archaeology, suggests that the East Coast civilizations may not have been Arab, as opinion has generally held, but native African. He offers for consideration the hypothesis that these East Coast cities were "African kingships which had become Mohammedan and which

progressively through the 15th century had acquired the technique and the organization of Islamic states." The Arabs in East Africa, that is, played much the same role as they are known to have played in India and seaboard countries further to the east.

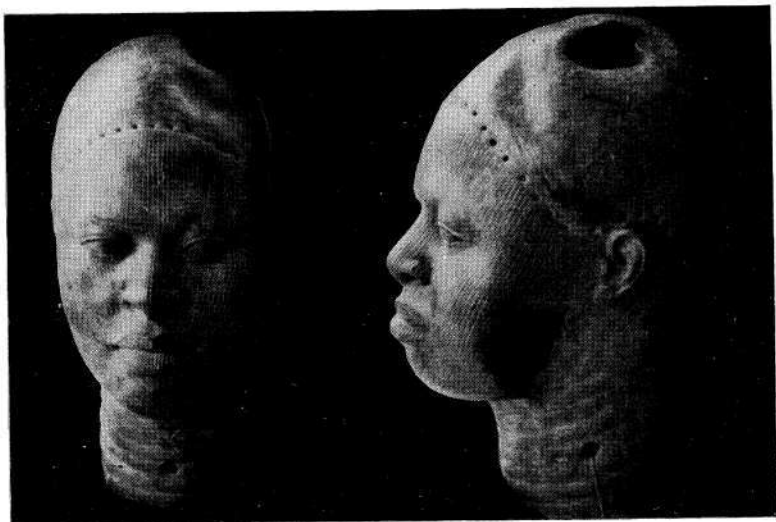
What appears to emerge from the present state of knowledge is nothing like a state of savage chaos, but, on the contrary, the long-enduring growth and development of an African Metal Age—beginning over two thousand years ago and producing, for example, the Monomotapa culture of what were Rhodesia and Mozambique in the 15th century—that went through many phases and vicissitudes, but showed remarkable flexibility of invention and resource. It is certain that there developed down the East Coast, sometime after the discovery of the trading use of the monsoon winds in the first century A.D., a flourishing and stable African trade with Arabia, Persia, India, Indonesia and China. It is probable that while the Arabs became the intermediaries and chief carriers in this trade, they were no more the originators of it in Africa than they were in India or China. They established trading posts as far south as Sofala, at points where African kingdoms already existed or subsequently grew. Behind these coastal kingdoms, in the hinterland of Africa, there was meanwhile developing a network of Metal Age polities whose growth was increasingly stimulated by the coastal and oversea demand for gold, ivory and iron. These African goods were exchanged by Africans—through Arab and Indian intermediaries—for Indian textiles, Indonesian beads, and Chinese porcelain. Only when the Portuguese arrived to monopolize this trade, and rapidly destroy it, did these coastal and inland civilizations enter their decline. The hand of the European guided, as it came about, not away from chaos, but towards it.

And what continually surprises, in reviewing the evidence so far available, is the *coherence* of these African cultures. Already it is possible to glimpse connexions, whether by cultural drift, migration, or trade, between the early kingdoms of Uganda, for example, and those of Rhodesia; between Zimbabwe and the coastal cities as far north as Gedi, sixty miles beyond Mombasa; between the wooden cities of West Africa and the stone cities of Monomotapa. All these links between African societies of the past, whether immediate or remote, have the same kind of coherence and suggestion of common origin,



Cast bronze head of a queen-mother (iyoba) wearing a headdress and collar of coral beads. From Benin, Southern Nigeria. Probably 16th century
Height, 15½ in.

With acknowledgements to the British Museum.



Ife bronze head showing tribal cicatrizations. Traditionally 13th century.
With acknowledgements to Prof. Goodwin of the School of African Studies, University of Cape Town.



Black pottery figure of a Lion, decorated in white. Shilluk tribe. Southern Sudan.
Length 7 in.

With acknowledgements to the British Museum.



Palace Gate of the Haunted City of Gedi, near Malindi, Kenya.

native origin, as those which gave the Indo-European tribes their historical affinity as they spread across the northern world. We are clearly in the presence of a large segment of the human story: of another contribution to the proof of that unity-in-diversity which scientists otherwise ascribe to all branches of *homo sapiens*.

As a footnote to this process of discovery, I should like to add that South Africa seems curiously to lag behind in this study of comparatively recent pre-European history—although, of course, South African scientists have done brilliant and important work on the distant history of man in Africa. It is twenty years since Professor Leo Fouché published the first volume of reports on the vitally important (and comparatively recent) site of Mapungubwe in the Northern Transvaal. We have had to wait some eighteen years for the next new word on the subject, published by Mr. G. A. Gardner in the *South African Archaeological Bulletin* for September, 1955; and Mr. Gardner, writing on important work carried out between 1935 and 1940, felt obliged to warn us that “it is naturally impossible here to do more than give the barest outline of what we found and the conclusions derived therefrom, although detail will eventually be given in the second volume of Mapungubwe—if it is ever published.” Should we be wrong in supposing that those who decree an inferior status for Africans to-day are determined, at all costs, to prolong the myth of the inferior status of Africans yesterday as well?



ZIMBABWE: CAPITAL OF AN ANCIENT RHODESIAN KINGDOM

ROGER SUMMERS, F.S.A.

Keeper of Antiquities, National Museums of Southern Rhodesia

ZIMBABWE is known all over the world, but it implies different things to different people. To most it is synonymous with mystery, high antiquity and an exotic civilization in Central Africa; to some it is an archaeological puzzle which has not been solved—and, they hope, never will be; but very few have given it the careful attention it deserves.

Its very situation, in a wild stretch of woodland, is a challenge to the imagination, while its vast size and evident importance are even more thought-provoking. The difficulty of understanding obscure archaeological evidence deters the majority of people from a careful reading of the principal books on the subject, while the excellent popular books written by followers of the more extreme advocates of the Diffusionist School have still further confused the issue. Small wonder then that Zimbabwe has gathered about itself far more of fantasy than of fact. It is the aim of this article to draw attention once again to certain facts discovered by the most objective of the human sciences, Archaeology, and to interpret them in the light of what is now known of African history.

The Ruins

These lie some 17 miles south-east of Fort Victoria, Southern Rhodesia ($20^{\circ} 14' S.$ $31^{\circ} 55' E.$) and are but a few miles from the main road linking Johannesburg to Salisbury.

Zimbabwe Ruins are by no means the only ruined stone buildings in Southern Rhodesia; we know of some 200 others; but they are both the largest in extent—covering some 70 acres—and the most impressive.

There are two principal ruins: one, on a rocky hilltop, called by Victorian antiquarians the 'Acropolis', and another, in the valley 350 feet below, to which the misleading name of 'Temple' has been given. Scattered about in the valley are many more ruined stone buildings, but compared with the 'Temple', these are of minor importance, although any one of them is at least as big as the general run of Rhodesian ruins.

The 'Temple'

The 'Temple' is indeed a most impressive sight. It is roughly elliptical in plan and is nearly 300 feet long by 220 feet broad. The great Outer Wall is quite the most massive piece of pre-historic architecture in Southern Africa, for it is over 30 feet high and in places 20 feet thick. It is built of granite slabs laid dry in regular courses, the stones having been selected for thickness and usually trimmed on at least one face. However, it is only the faces of the wall that are carefully built, the main core is of angular granite blocks thrown in anyhow, and, should a part of the face give way, the filling cascades down. Old photographs show several such breaches in the wall, but they have now been repaired, and it is very difficult to tell the new work from the original.

Within the 'Temple' are walls which are lower than the outer one, but which still tower up to a height of 20 feet or more. Some enclose narrow passages, while others sub-divide the interior. The most striking feature is, however, the Conical Tower, a more or less circular structure some 18 feet in diameter at the bottom and just over 30 feet high. It tapers upwards, and the present top (from which at least two courses are known to have been removed) has a diameter barely half of that of the base. The taper is not uniform, but increases as one rises, so there is an apparent bulge in the sides about a third of the way up.

The entrances to this great building had already collapsed when the Ruins were discovered, and, in order to prevent further falls of stone, were rebuilt in their present form 30 or 40 years ago.

From observations made in 1872 by one of the earliest visitors, it is probable that all the entrances were doorways having hardwood lintels.

Yet despite the impressiveness of the building, it displays many signs of unskilled work: there are many 'straight joints' where junctions between blocks run straight up through several courses; there is no bonding between walls, one rests against another; and, finally, in finishing off the Outer Wall, it looks as if the builders were incapable of joining up their work masonwise and could only connect two walls by butting one up against another.

The 'Acropolis'

The 'Acropolis' is far more elaborate than the 'Temple',

and its plan is most difficult to comprehend until one realizes that it has been built as a series of courts working outwards from a jumble of immense rocks, which are a prominent feature above the frowning cliffs of smooth bare granite on which the 'Acropolis' buildings are perched. These rocks, said the son of a Chief who had his kraal on the Acropolis Hill until 1900, are the only part of the whole complex to which the name 'Zimbabwe' really applies.

Research Work

A German geologist—Carl Mauch—was the first to describe the Ruins, his account appearing in 1872. Although very brief, for he was beset with difficulties, Mauch's account is most valuable, as it contains information regarding various religious ceremonies in the Ruins, in addition to describing features which disappeared soon after his visit.

In 1891 Mr. Theodore Bent, an English traveller and antiquarian, undertook an examination of the Ruins at the request of the British South Africa Company, but by then the site was already being ransacked.

By 1905 there was little left to dig at Zimbabwe, and Dr. D. Randall-Maclver, who was charged with reporting on the Ruins to the British Association, spent little time there, choosing to examine sites like Khami, Dhlo-Dhlo and Inyanga which had been more or less unexplored by anyone other than treasure hunters.

Just before Maclver's visit, a local journalist of antiquarian tastes, Mr. R. N. Hall, had been given the task of clearing up Zimbabwe for the benefit of visitors. Hall's work was not research, but his very detailed description of the fabric in his book *Great Zimbabwe* is still the best we have.

Apart from restoration and preservation work, nothing more was done until the British Association, paying its second visit to South Africa, asked Dr. Gertrude Caton-Thompson to examine Zimbabwe and other monuments "which seem likely to reveal the character, date and source of the culture of the builders" and to report to the Association in August, 1929. Miss Caton-Thompson's *Zimbabwe Culture* is still the bible of students of the Rhodesian Iron Age.

About the same time that Miss Caton-Thompson was working in Rhodesia, a large German expedition under Leo Frobenius was examining rock paintings and ruins in the same area.

Frobenius himself wrote in general terms, but a detailed study of ruins, partly original field work and partly comment, was published in 1941 by his assistant, Dr. H. A. Wieschhoff.

Since 1929 no considerable excavations have been made at Zimbabwe, as the Southern Rhodesian Historical Monuments Commission, who are the jealous guardians of the fabric of the Ruins, ruled that nothing should be done there until some new techniques were available and more was known of the Rhodesian Iron Age. For the last 10 years therefore, the Chief Inspector of Monuments (Mr. K. R. Robinson) and I have been patiently amassing information from several hundred sites scattered over an area as big as Spain, besides doing intensive work at Khami and at Inyanga.

All this miscellaneous information has a bearing on the Zimbabwe problem.

The Meaning of the Name

The present spelling dates back to 1892, when Theodore Bent wrote his *Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, but it was not then completely established, for Sir John Willoughby spells it 'Zimbabye' in the title of a little book published the following year. Mauch wrote the name 'Simbabye,' while various 17th century Portuguese spellings are 'Zimbaoe', 'Zembahoe' and 'Zimbahe'. Those different spellings arise from differences of dialect between the Karanga of Southern Mashonaland, who have a word *Zimbabwe*, while the Zezuru and other Shona speaking peoples in Northern Mashonaland with whom the Portuguese were acquainted use the word *Zimbahwe* or *Dzimbahwe*. Both words are more usually used in their plural form *maZimbahwe* which, I am told, is most correctly translated as "the chiefs' graves".

Every Shona chieftainship, and there are very many, has its *maZimbahwe*, where the bodies of the chiefs are buried in ox-hides, the grave being kept open until the *mondoro*, the spirit of the chief, has left the body. It is around the *maZimbahwe* that the spirits of the chiefs gather, and so, naturally, it is to this spot that the people of the tribe come to ask for the spirits' advice on tribal matters and to ask for help in time of social calamities like droughts, famines, cattle sickness, or human epidemics (other human diseases are the concern of family spirits, not those of the chiefs'). Mauch records such visits to the Zimbabwe 'Acropolis'.

Frequently *maZimbahwe* are under tall rocks and sometimes

in caves or shelters in the rocks. I have seen several such places myself and have heard of them from many informants, European and African. They are kept free of weeds and refurbished regularly on certain special days each year.

The *mondoro* speak through specially selected persons and give advice on tribal matters which can, on occasion, be directly opposed to popular sentiment; but when it comes to matters such as drought or disease, the *mondoro* cannot be of direct assistance; all they can do is to intercede in the tribe's interest to *Mwari*, the high-god, and in his own good time *Mwari* will usually relieve their distress.

Thus there is in the Shona mind a divorce between personal and corporate religion. The first is a simple family matter, very like that which existed in Republican Rome, but the latter is a more complex business, involving several officials in the smaller tribes and a whole hierarchy in the case of the larger ones.

This brief exegesis on Shona religion has been necessary because it is a subject on which most readers of *Africa South*, and indeed most European residents in Southern Rhodesia, will be ignorant, since practically nothing has been written about it. I am grateful to my friends, Mr. J. Blake-Thompson and Mr. P. F. Matedza, for explaining various points to me.

Zimbabwe Birds

It was in the 'Eastern Temple', the real *MaZimbahwe*, that most of the famous Zimbabwe birds were found. These are carved pillars of soapstone about 5 or 6 feet high surmounted by a bird of hawk-like aspect. Eight of these are now known to exist, all are in museums and none at Zimbabwe itself.

Although there is a general family likeness between these various 'birds', they are impossible to identify, having been conventionalized both in anatomy and stance. They are, however, differentiated from each other by a variety of marks—circles, chevrons and bars—which serve to identify each separate one.

As they are known to have stood on little stone or mud pedestals in the most sacred place in the Ruins, there can be little doubt that they were memorials of departed chiefs. Their differentiation suggests a device for remembering their several identities, for a somewhat similar method is used to-day for remembering ancestors among the Venda of the Northern

Transvaal.

Age of Zimbabwe and Associated Buildings

It was to discover the answer to the vexed questions of age and cultural affinities of Zimbabwe that the British Association sent out both Dr. Randall-MacIver and Miss Caton-Thompson, and to these questions they both gave unequivocal answers.

On the question of age MacIver says "these buildings are mediaeval and post-mediaeval" and entitled his book *Mediaeval Rhodesia*. Caton-Thompson considers that if certain deposits indicate an earlier settlement on the same site, "the foundations of Zimbabwe belong to some period between about the 9th century and some time during or after the 13th century when . . . the porcelain shows the place to have been in full occupation", adding that if the deposits already mentioned belonged to the first building period (and she herself thought that they did), then the foundations may be a century or so older. Wieschhoff's view is that the Zimbabwe buildings (i.e., the Rhodesian Ruins as a whole) belong to periods later than the 14th century, some to the 17th, 18th or 19th centuries.

In 1950 we thought we should clear up the question for good and all, for two pieces of timber were discovered in the base of one of the walls in the 'Temple'. These were extracted by Mr. Robinson, who also dug sections which proved that portion of the wall to belong to the second phase of the Rhodesian Iron Age. The wood was submitted to radiocarbon tests in Chicago and London, and dates of A.D. 591 (± 120) and A.D. 702 (± 92) were found. These were the dates at which the trees ceased to live, and normally that would be a useful indication of date of use. Unfortunately the wood is of a type which is never cut by Africans to-day because of its dangerous sap, and it is usual for anyone wishing to use such wood to cut it from a tree which has fallen and has seasoned naturally in the veld. As it is white ant-proof and virtually indestructible, the Zimbabwe timber might conceivably have lain for centuries before use.

I personally do not think this was the case, but, having access to much information not available to previous workers, think that the late Sir John Myres was right when he said in a letter to *The Times* that the masonry was built on a site which had been previously occupied. It seems to me that the timber was re-used from the older site in a wall of post-13th century date.

Having reviewed the evidence many times in the light of subsequent field evidence, I believe that much of Zimbabwe as we see it to-day is no more than a few centuries old. Nevertheless, Zimbabwe is on an old site, and here I feel we may accept the evidence of the timber that the site, as opposed to the buildings on it, was occupied as long ago as the 7th or 8th century A.D., a figure which agrees very closely with Miss Caton-Thompson's estimate, based on quite different evidence.

Origin of the Zimbabwe Culture

MacIver, Caton-Thompson and Wieschhoff all agree—"the character of the dwellings contained within the stone ruins, and forming an integral part of them, is unmistakably African . . . the arts and manufactures exemplified by objects found within those dwellings are typically African. . . ." (MacIver in 1906); ". . . examination of all the existing evidence, gathered from every quarter, still can produce not one single item that is not in accordance with the claim of Bantu origin. . . ." (Caton-Thompson in 1931); "The builders of the Zimbabwe monuments were Africans." (Wieschhoff in 1941).

Confirmatory evidence continues to accumulate, and, in a recent study of human figurines from the Southern Rhodesian archaeological record, I have been able to show that many of the 'phalli', so beloved by older antiquaries as indications of a Phoenician origin for Zimbabwe, are, in fact, stylized female torsos, the prototypes of which are to be found in deposits of the first phase of the Rhodesian Iron Age.

The lack of building tradition and failure to understand the nature of stone building is itself a further argument for an autochthonous origin. Mr. Anthony Whitty, a Rhodesian architect who is now Surveyor to the Historical Monuments Commission and a close student of the architectural problems of Zimbabwe, has written in a recent paper that Zimbabwe stonework is peculiar to the site and "cannot be accounted as originating from any culture within possible reach of the builders"; on which I would comment that, as there is ample evidence for trade contacts between Zimbabwe and the East African coast, it is quite possible that one of the kings who lived at Zimbabwe may have seen some stone building or other on the coast and, when opportunity offered, copied it in the local building idiom. In my view there is just a bare possibility of outside influence through visual impressions, although I agree

with Mr. Whitty that the techniques are local and the architecture is "essentially primitive".

Before leaving the subject it is worth mentioning that Frobenius considered Zimbabwe to have belonged to an 'Erythraean' culture complex which possessed Indian connections. As we have seen, no other scholars have supported this view, but in working through records of "ancient workings" (i.e. pre-European gold and copper workings) a few years ago, I was surprised to find how closely the prehistoric Rhodesian mining techniques resembled those of India. Indian gold trade connections were suspected by Caton-Thompson 25 years ago, and the weights used until fairly recently by local Africans when weighing gold dust have both Indian and Bantu names. So close a correspondence in primitive mining engineering almost certainly implies Indian direction in mining operations as well as in trade.

Conclusion

Recent archaeological work in Southern Rhodesia amply confirms the main conclusions of earlier workers.

The local Iron Age proves to be more complex than either MacIver or Caton-Thompson suspected (although the late Sir John Myres was uncannily correct in his interpretation). There have been some slight adjustments in dating—the Zimbabwe buildings are probably more recent than most people think, although the culture practised by the inhabitants probably came to Rhodesia some six or seven hundred years ago.

But the chief conclusion of the older archaeologists remains unshaken: there can be no doubt that Zimbabwe was built by Africans for Africans; at the very most, they copied something whose construction they did not understand, but even that is doubted by one local worker.

Such a great undertaking implies peace, prosperity and a very considerable administrative ability. Who can have possessed such power and such ability? One cannot just say "Africans" and leave it at that, for there are many different kinds of indigenous people in Africa, and to use so general a term may lead us to false conclusions; let us, therefore, try to be more specific.

Who the original settlers were we do not know, but we think that they were the forefathers of the present Basuto and other peoples now living in the Union and the High Commission

Territories.

Many of the smaller buildings must have been built by the forerunners of the Karanga, who still live in the area to-day and who gave their name to the whole country in Portuguese times and, we have good reason to think, until the coming of the Matabele in 1837. There can be little doubt that so important a place as Zimbabwe was at some time or another the residence of the paramount chief of the Karanga and Shona peoples, who was known to the Portuguese as Monomotapa, and although the primary function of Zimbabwe seems to have been connected with Bantu religion, yet its size alone entitles it to be regarded as the capital of the Monomotapa's domains during the period of their greatest prosperity in the 14th and 15th centuries.

But the greatest works of all were, we think, built by the people called Rozwi, who were also responsible for building Khami, Dhlo-Dhlo, the lovely Naletali and many of the strongholds of Belingwe. The Rozwi were a people whose origins are still unknown, who are still credited with almost supernatural powers as magicians and who were utterly smashed by the Angoni, a horde of abominably savage warriors whom Shaka had driven out of Zululand. The Rozwi were scattered to the four corners of the country about 1830 and have lost all vestige of political power. Yet they retain a dignity and sense of responsibility which still sets them head and shoulders above their fellows and marks many of them as natural leaders.

Excavations planned for 1958 will teach us more about the order in which the walls of the 'Temple' were built, and until then we can only say that present indications are that Zimbabwe, previously the capital of the Monomotapa kingdom, was for a limited period the capital of the Rozwi kings who are known locally by the dynastic name of 'Mambo'.

Some useful Books on Zimbabwe

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THE EAST COAST CULTURES

GERVASE MATHEW, F.S.A.

Well-known Archaeologist. Has excavated extensively in Africa, recently with Sir Mortimer Wheeler along the East Coast.

ON the 2nd March in the year 1498, a Portuguese squadron commanded by Vasco da Gama sighted the town of Mozambique. During the next few weeks they were to discover a completely unexpected civilization; a group of rich towns with their own independent rulers, their stone houses, their city walls. It was a culture that the Portuguese were to destroy within a century of their discovery of it. The two chief cities, Kilwa and Mombasa, were both to be twice sacked, and the trade route, on which their wealth depended, diverted for the benefit of the new Portuguese centre at Goa.

The business of this article is to discuss how far this culture was an African culture, or how far it was merely the creation of Arab, Persian and Indian merchants. When I first began archaeological work on the East African coast eleven years ago, I assumed that the ruins and the sites that I was investigating were the remains of Arab or Persian colonies along the coast. This was the assumption of Professor Coupland and, before him, of Dr. Strandes, but gradually I have come to doubt it; now it seems to me that the history of the coast in the mediaeval period is more easily intelligible as the history of an African culture gradually Islamized than merely as the history of Islamic colonies from the Persian Gulf.

In this article I will begin by trying to analyze the documentary evidence that we possess of the people who lived in these towns and villages, their customs and the language they may have spoken. The earliest document that has come down to us is the sailor's handbook known as the *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*. This dates from the second half of the first century A.D. It is a guide to the ports and the traffic of the Indian Ocean. It was probably compiled by a Graeco-Roman sailor in Alexandria, and now that I have covered so many of the routes that it describes, I am convinced it is an account based on first-hand knowledge. The author of the *Periplus* sailed southward down the coast of what is now Somalia; his first port of call on the African coast of the Red Sea was Opone, and so past the bluffs

of Azania to the Pyralean Islands, to Menouthias, and at last to the Metropolis of Rhapta. In each case he states the sailing distance, and I believe that most of the little ports that he refers to can be identified—Ras Hafun, Au Garuin, Port Durnford, the Lamu Islands, and then I become more doubtful; possibly Mombasa, then possibly Pangani or the Ruviyi on the coast of Tanganyika. For our purpose, the importance of the *Periplus* is the proof it gives of the existence of small ports and centres of population which were visited by traders with iron to barter and wine for gifts. They have links with the Arab cities. The natives are tall men, in some sense perhaps still savages, and yet clearly with a rudimentary organization. Who were they? Here an historian or an archaeologist can only guess, but it is at least possible that they were Negroid and even perhaps speaking some early form of Bantu, for our next group of documents show the coast as being inhabited by Negroes who apparently speak an early form of Bantu, and the trade still centres around the same areas.

The greatest of Arab geographers, Al Masudi, finished his work entitled "The Meadows of Gold and the Mines of Gems" in 947. He describes the East African coast as the land of Zanj. Its people are Negroes, jet black with hanging lips. They are idolators, but they have a capital city. They have a king who is entitled the Son of the Supreme Lord. They hunt the elephant for ivory, but ivory is only an export. They themselves use ornaments of iron. They fear the spirits of the dead. They worship trees. He quotes two of their words, and both of these suggest a Bantu derivation. In the 12th century another Arab geographer, Al Idrisi, gives a more detailed description of the land of Zanj. It is still described as a land of blacks and of idolators, but there is more emphasis on the existence of towns. He mentions Malindi by the mouth of a great river, and the town that he calls Elbanes where the people worship the great drum called Errahim, and Tohnet which is close to a high mountain. Merchants come to the towns not only for ivory, but for iron and for gold. At the end of the 13th century the geographer, Dimashqui, still describes the East African coast as infidel country inhabited by Negroes who practised rites that had been handed down to them and who were famous for their eloquence at feasts.

Sometime in the 13th and early 14th centuries, the culture of the coast becomes integrally Islamic. We still hear of pagan

“zanjis,” but now they are in the interior. Yet even if the culture has become Islamic, still it would seem to be Negro. In the autumn of the year 1330, the greatest of all mediaeval travellers, Ibn Battuta, left Aden for East Africa. He landed first at Zeila. He writes that the people there are black-skinned and that many of them are heretics. The fact that he describes them as heretics at least shows that they had accepted Islam. From Zeila he sailed for 15 nights to Mogadishu. It is a large and wealthy city. It is ruled by a sheikh who keeps great state. He and his people are devout Mohammedans. But they speak a first language that is not Arabic, and his detailed descriptions suggest a Negro state like those that were coming into existence along the southern borders of the Sahara. He sailed south before the monsoon and spent a night at Mombasa, where he found the people pious and devout and worshipping in wooden mosques. From Mombasa he passed south to Kilwa, which he describes as a very fine and substantially-built town. The actual phrase that Ibn Battuta uses has been translated by Dr. Freeman Grenville as “one of the most beautiful and best constructed towns. It is all elegantly built.” But the inhabitants of Kilwa are jet black and their faces have been incised, apparently for ornament.

There is nothing in the archaeology of the coast which contradicts the account of mediaeval geographers. In some details it corroborates it. Thus the hoard of Roman coins reported from Port Durnford corroborates the trade contacts with the Mediterranean world in the time of the Empire. Only 18 months ago, Mr. Stevenson found skeletons in South Masailand wearing iron as ornaments. Most important of all, the evidence from sites in Somalia, Kenya and Tanganyika suggest an acute cultural transition in the 13th and 14th centuries. Mr. Kirkman's work at Gedi, like my own at Songo Mnara, suggest some period round the 13th century as the earliest probable date for the foundation of both towns. With the single exception of a 12th century inscription at Kisim Kazi on Zanzibar, we have nothing in stone on the East African coast which can be dated earlier with certainty; perhaps probability is the better word, for it is too early to speak of certainty in African archaeology. The earliest known coin struck in East Africa is that from the Kilwa mint of about 1300. Such a cultural and religious change in the late 13th and early 14th centuries fits in admirably with much else that we know about the history of the Indian Ocean.

For on this hypothesis there had been a gradual development of a town life among the Negro population of the coast stretching over centuries, before the towns became really Islamized and their rulers began to build in stone. The 13th century is precisely the time when one might expect such a change to have taken place. The coming of the Mongols and the fall of Baghdad had caused directly and indirectly a transformation in the balance of Islamic powers, not only in the Gulf area, but far down through India. An increasing demand for slaves and ivory, an increasing need for gold, coming perhaps ultimately from Rhodesia, would stimulate the life and widen the contacts in all the entrepôts of the East African coast. On such an hypothesis, the cities discovered by the Portuguese were not Arab or Persian colonies which were becoming slowly Africanized. They were African kingships which had become Mohammedan and which progressively through the 15th century had acquired the techniques and the organization of Islamic states. This might explain the fact of which I am becoming increasingly aware—that the often elaborate architecture at Songo Mnara, at Kilwa, at Kua, or Gedi is so curiously different from that of Islamic India, which at first I thought it resembled. Of course there are similarities. These are inevitable since trade contacts were becoming increasingly close towards the end of the middle ages throughout the Indian Ocean.

There is no reason to doubt the constant presence of Indian, Persian and Arab traders in all these African centres. They are the white Moors of whom the Portuguese Duarte Barbosa wrote. There is nothing in any Portuguese account to suggest that these white Moors were more than a small minority among the black. It is unquestioned that by the 16th century there were already highly prized genealogies that linked the African rulers and traders with ancestors who had been reputed to have come from the Persian Gulf many centuries before. This can be illustrated from the early portion of the 16th century chronicle of Kilwa which bears all the mark of an official myth. It could be illustrated to-day from the use of the term "wa shirazi" as what is in effect a tribal name on the coast. But all this can be paralleled among the Somalis. For wherever a more primitive society accepts Islam, genealogies have been fabricated and believed in as links with the higher world of Arab culture and ultimately with the times of the Quran.

THE PATTERN OF YORUBA HISTORY

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THE history of the indigenous peoples of West Africa is ripe for intensive research. The inevitable starting point is their traditional accounts; for since they were non-literate until comparatively recent times, their historian cannot expect to base his work on the normal raw materials of written documents. Happily, the research has begun, and the purpose of this short article is to summarize what a preliminary study of the traditional accounts of one of the peoples of West Africa has revealed of their history.

The Yoruba are one of the leading peoples of West Africa. They number over 4 million in the Western Region of Nigeria; the remainder inhabit a small part of Northern Nigeria and overflow into French Dahomey and Togo, where they are known as 'Nagot' or 'Anago'. The Itsekiri of Western Nigeria are an offshoot of the main Yoruba stock, and the Oba of Benin and his immediate nobility can trace their descent from Ile-Ife, the Yoruba Holy City. Younger members of the Benin ruling house carried 'Yoruba' influence eastwards across the Niger as far as Onitsha and into the Creeks, notably to Nembe in the Brass District. Yoruba descendants are also found at Freetown, Sierra Leone, where they are known as the 'Aku' people. Outside West Africa, they are known as the 'Lucumi' in Brazil.

While concentrating on the Yoruba in Nigeria, what is said of them is essentially true of the other Yoruba-speaking peoples. They had a common origin; they might even have had an earlier common name which has been lost. They possess certain characteristics in common: they are farmers who dwell in towns; their political institutions are monarchical and yet democratic; their indigenous religion is polytheistic, but they recognize a supreme deity, the *Olorun*; they are an artistic people whose skill was once of a very high order. The fact that the Yoruba possess a homogeneous culture is noticeable throughout the areas which they inhabit or into which their influence has penetrated.

The Yoruba are not indigenous to Nigeria; they were immigrants from a region where they came under the influences of ancient Egyptians, Etruscans and Jews. Their original home

must have been in the Near East, and it is probable that the all-Black Kingdom of Meroe in the Sudan played an important part in transmitting Egyptian influences to them. Whether it was in Upper Egypt or the Yemen, the Yoruba came under Arab influences in their old homes, and their subsequent migration was connected with Arab movements. The migrations, which occurred in waves, formed parts of well-known migrations in the Sudan, through which the culture and civilization of North Africa were diffused throughout the regions immediately to the South. The first major wave, part of the great migration of Meroitic peoples, led by Kisra, a magician King, took place in the 7th century A.D. When it arrived in the area which is now Northern Nigeria, the Yoruba wave passed through the confluence of the Niger and the Benue and left a Yoruba settlement round Idah. These Yoruba immigrants subsequently became known as the Igara. The major wave swept on into part of the area now known as Yoruba-land, and the wanderers established themselves in the Ekiti country among their thinly spread predecessors, who were probably Efa or Egun peoples. From Ekiti, a minor wave went southwards and gave rise to the Idoko branch of the Yoruba.

In this first wave of migrations, the Yoruba brought with them all their characteristic institutions. The band of wanderers led by bold hunters soon founded towns, their political centres, whilst the people farmed in nearby areas. Each small town had an *Oba* or sacred chief at its head who was assisted by several secret societies, such as the *Ogboni*, in the exercise of rudimentary political and civic powers. Numerous sacred chiefs and small independent political units resulted in the Ekiti country and elsewhere. The Kisra migration was largely a peaceful penetration, as witnessed by the various relics which it left behind in places such as Karissen, Wukari and Bussa. With the enterprising farmers in search of better land who followed the great King, came also artists and artisans, who probably brought with them the prototypes of some of the well-known Yoruba terracottas and bronze heads. This first wave resulted in the planting of Yoruba elements, which not only helped to prepare the way effectively for the larger influx of the next major wave, but contributed much to the whole stream of Yoruba culture.

The second wave, the *Oduduwa* migration, is the best known in tradition. It arose from the pressure which the incursion of the Arabs into the Sudan exercised upon remnants of the

Yoruba and must have taken place towards the end of the 10th century A.D. The people who resisted all-conquering Islam found a great leader in Oduduwa (a leader later deified in tradition) and left their homes in search of a place where they could practise their traditional religion in safety. From the large chiefdoms which they later founded, it is evident that the leaders of this migration brought with them greater political ideas and experience than the earlier ones.

We may safely assume that the Oduduwa migration entered the area of modern Nigeria in the neighbourhood of Nupe. After crossing the Niger, it went southwards and eventually found a suitable site for a settlement at Ile-Ife, overwhelming the earlier inhabitants by its superior numbers and readily absorbing them. The newcomers, virile and united under one leadership, soon developed a stronghold at Ile-Ife, which became their cultural and artistic centre. Ife terra-cotta and bronze heads, distinguished by their unusual naturalism, testify to the high order of their artistic sensibilities. They also established their traditional religion with its 401 gods at Ile-Ife, which became a Holy City and was gradually idealized by them into the centre of creation. The gods they worshipped were either deified rulers such as Oduduwa or Obalufon; or gods of fertility (Orisa Oko); of divination (Ifa); of the sea and rivers (Olokun, Oshun); or of prosperity and well-being (Aje Shaluga). All these gods were but intermediaries to the supreme god, the Olorun (owner of the sky).

When the Yoruba had consolidated their political powers at Ile-Ife, they penetrated the neighbourhood in fan-like directions. This subsidiary penetration occurred in two phases. The first phase was relatively peaceful and is known euphemistically in tradition as the division of the Kingdom among Oduduwa's sons. Minor waves of migration from Ile-Ife resulted in large and small chiefdoms such as Ketu and Shabe in the far west, Oyo in the Savannah, and Benin to the east. This phase occurred chiefly in the 11th century, when the Yoruba brought into play their political genius and organizing ability; for large chiefdoms were based upon large towns, which presented problems of law and order, of farming and of trade. During this phase also, the sub-tribes such as the Ijesha, the Oyo-Yoruba, the Ijebu, the Egba became differentiated.

The second phase was that of penetration by conquest. Gradually, two powerful kingdoms arose in the Yoruba country,

and each became imperial. Oyo, to the West, achieved greatness under two warrior rulers—Oranyan and Shango—and exercised suzerainty over a wide area. At the height of Oyo's power in the 17th and 18th centuries, Dahomey paid annual tribute to it, and Yoruba influence probably extended as far as the Ga of the Gold Coast (now Ghana) as well. The ruler of the 'empire' was the *Alafin* (owner of the palace), and he established at Old Oyo, the capital, a truly elaborate court complete with eunuch and seraglio. The empire was divided into provinces, each of which embraced several chiefdoms. Metropolitan control was exercised through *Ilari* or intendants sent from Old Oyo, and sometimes through an *Ajele* or pro-consul, who represented the *Alafin* at the headquarters of provincial kings. At the capital itself, the *Alafin* was assisted by the *Oyomisi* (the nobility), led by the *Bashorun* and the *Esho Esho* (or war lords), who were led in turn by the *Are-ona Kakanfo*, the commander-in-chief.

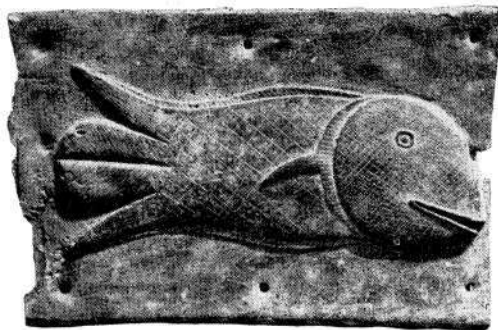
The second imperial chiefdom, which lay to the east of Ife, was Benin. It took two penetrations to establish the Yoruba dynasty firmly among the Edo people. The resulting kingdom rapidly extended its sway over an 'empire' stretching across the Niger and then recoiled westwards to include some Yoruba states. The Portuguese established contact with Benin in the 15th century, and the kingdom became famous for its bronze works (a derivative form of the Ife heads) and the mightiness of its rulers.

Space does not permit a more detailed account of either the Oyo or the Benin empire, nor of the other Yoruba states including the kingdom of the Olu of the Itsekiri. By the 19th century, both empires were in decay, and the Yoruba country was in the grip of internecine war. The ravages of the transatlantic slave trade aggravated the disruptive influences, and the result was that the Yoruba were weak, divided and demoralized when British penetration of their country began in earnest. Nevertheless, they once held their own as a transmitter of culture and civilization. The artistic side of that culture is now receiving recognition in the acknowledgement of the excellence of Ife terra-cotta and Benin bronzes. Dependent status in the modern world has, however, obscured the political and economic aspects of their earlier achievements.

Law and order was maintained throughout the Oyo empire, and, even when it was on the wane in the 19th century, the

British explorers, Captain Clapperton and Richard Lander, were able to travel in safety from Badagry on the coast to Old Oyo in the interior under the protection of the Alafin. Human sacrifice had been abolished at Old Oyo by the beginning of the 19th century, and elsewhere in the Yoruba country it was a dying custom only rarely resorted to in times of dire necessity. At Old Oyo there was neither the blood-bath of customs that marred the military kingdoms of Dahomey and Ashanti, nor the excessive cruelty which characterized some of the other African 'empires'. In the Oyo domains trade flourished; Kola nuts were taken along the caravan routes from Badagry and were exchanged for glassware and beads in North Africa by traders who passed in safety through the imperial city of Old Oyo. Throughout the Yoruba country, cotton was grown and woven into cloths of varying excellence and worn by the people according to their means. Among the Yoruba 'manner maketh man'; culture was reflected in politeness; and urbanization bred consideration for others and their points of view.

This brief analysis of the traditional account of the history of the Yoruba has revealed not only the roots, but also the depth, of their culture. It has shown that the peoples of West Africa, despite the present dependent status from which they are rapidly emerging, have a past at once fascinating to the historian and rewarding in its enrichment of our understanding of the world and its peoples. The challenge is one of techniques, and several historians and archaeologists have taken it up in the various research schemes now under way in West Africa.



Bronze Plaque excavated at Benin

1960—YEAR OF DECISION

COLIN LEGUM

Author and Journalist

If the task of the historian is to record and reflect events, that of the journalist is to record and anticipate them. And so the journalist often becomes the author of his own dishonour as a prophet. By anticipating events, he seeks to alert public opinion to prevent their happening. And when they do not happen . . . well, that is a normal career risk.

As things are moving in Africa, 1960 looks like becoming a year of momentous importance. There are many reasons for making this prediction.

Firstly, in the early part of that year, a constitutional conference is to decide the future of the Central African Federation; secondly, Nigeria's leaders have announced their intention of demanding their complete independence in April of that year; thirdly, by fiat of the United Nations, Somalia is to achieve its independence; fourthly, the Lyttelton constitution reaches the end of its trial period in Kenya.

There are two other factors of importance. A new British Government will be elected in 1960. It may conceivably mean the return of a Labour administration.

The other factor is that the new South African Government (which is to be elected in the middle of 1958) will have had sufficient time to get down to the implementation of its electoral programme.

Even if we assume that all these scheduled changes will take place without serious difficulties, they are sufficiently important to guarantee a fairly radical transformation in the character of Africa's political development.

There is, however, no justification for sanguine hopes. It is, at least, worth considering the possibility that the inter-action of these events will precipitate a chain of events comparable with the cataclysmic overturn of the *status quo* in Asia that began in 1946 and reached its full force in the succeeding two or three years.

A useful starting-point for a review of what 1960 may produce is the Central African Federation. In 1952 the British Government decided to impose a federal constitution on the Rhodesias and Nyasaland at the request of the White settlers, and in

defiance of the overwhelming opposition of the African leaders.

The Federation was to run for a trial period of up to ten years, with the prospect of a review in 1960 at the earliest. The supporters of Federation were not unaware of the deep suspicions of the Africans; suspicions that had their roots in the fear that a predominantly settlers' Government would seek to entrench White privilege and obstruct the natural development towards majority, i.e. African, rule. Encouraged by Lord Malvern and Sir Roy Welensky, they hoped that once the economic and social benefits of partnership had become manifest, African suspicions would evaporate. Thereafter, it would be relatively simple to reach agreement on a new constitution granting independence to the Federation.

The opponents of Federation based themselves on four main arguments. They reasoned that once Westminster had devolved a great measure of its power on a settlers' government, it would be impossible to retrieve the initiative should the experiment not succeed. They feared that the method of imposing Federation would strengthen rather than weaken African suspicions. They claimed that this would result in the growth of a militant African nationalist movement which would be difficult to guide and control in the event of a crisis. And they argued that however many social or economic benefits might accrue from Federation, it was morally wrong to flout majority opinion; a moral wrong that would weaken British influence.

After five years of Federation the position of the supporters and the antagonists has not changed markedly. Each side continues to hold fast to its original attitude. Such fluctuations as have occurred, have strengthened the antagonists rather than the supporters. I say this for two reasons. A number of leading Federation supporters in the United Kingdom are now saying, at least privately, that their earlier hopes have been proved wrong. African nationalism, they say, has become sharper in Central Africa. And this conclusion can hardly be contested. The second reason follows from the first conclusion: whereas the African nationalist movement was in its embryo when Federation was being discussed, it is now a sturdy stripling; immature, uncertain of its direction and of its strength, but capable of real anger, and becoming increasingly articulate.

It is not part of the purpose of this article to examine the extent to which the policy of partnership is being given reality in Central Africa. It is an interesting argument, but irrelevant

to this analysis. What is important is that the African leaders do not feel themselves reassured by what is happening in those territories. Such concessions as have been made to them (and there have been many) have failed to allay suspicions. On the other hand, these concessions have increased the fears of certain Europeans and strengthened the reactionary elements, so that their pressure on the Welensky Government in the Federation and on the Garfield Todd Government in Southern Rhodesia is increasing.

The pattern of disagreement appears to be well established. We can safely assume that this tripartite approach to the problems of the Federation will confront us in 1960. What, then, are the prospects for a peaceful solution?

Sir Roy Welensky has already announced his intention of demanding complete independence for the Federation. The African nationalist leaders have responded by demanding that the Federal system should be dismantled as a failure.

In the United Kingdom reactions are likely to be similarly divided, not only between the two major parties, but within the parties as well.

On the whole, the Conservative Party favours granting independence to the Federation, while the Socialists are opposed to it. The Conservatives would argue that Federation is working reasonably well; that it is absurd to continue granting independence to less developed colonial territories while holding the Federation back; and that, anyway, it is impractical to try and delay independence. Their only condition would be the proper safeguarding (more entrenched clauses) of African interests in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

The Labour Party is opposed to independence for the Federation. But it is also opposed to the African demand to dismantle the Federation. Its belief is that African political rights in the Federation, and particularly in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, should be greatly strengthened.

It is still too early to know whether Sir Roy Welensky will be dealing with a right-wing or a left-wing British Government. Assuming it will be a Conservative administration, we are likely to find Sir Roy granted his wishes, subject to safeguards. What will the Africans' reactions be? Beyond saying that they are preparing for all eventualities, Congress leaders are naturally not committing themselves to any particular line of action. Militant political opposition is the minimum that might be

expected. Violence cannot, however, be ruled out. How far will the Africans go, if pushed?

Those who know Nyasaland are particularly concerned about developments there. Nyasa nationalism is militant, and becoming increasingly so. The moderate leaders are already being gradually squeezed out. It would be shortsighted to rule out the possibility of force being used by both sides. Will Britain be prepared to lend support should this become necessary, or will the Federation be able to look after itself? No doubt, South Africa would be willing to play the good neighbour if the settlers are hard-pressed.

Consider the other possibility: that Sir Roy will have to face a Labour administration in 1960. What will he do if his demands are refused? There are many among his supporters who say, "another Boston tea-party!" It is difficult, but necessary, to envisage the possibility of the settlers' asserting their power in defiance of Westminster. What would Britain do if this came to pass? Is it likely that British troops would be put into the Federation?

Consider another possibility: that the settlers usurp power and defy Westminster, whereupon the Africans defy the settlers. Britain could not conceivably put in troops against the Africans, who would be acting in support of Westminster. Under such circumstances would South Africa not be the natural source for additional troops if the Federal Government were too hard-pressed?

These are grim forebodings. There are those who say one should not talk about them—in print. But they are being talked about just the same. It is important, therefore, that we should at least know what the possibilities are in the event of failure to reach understanding and agreement. Central Africa can easily become a flashpoint of trouble—either from the Black side or from the White side, depending on what decisions are taken. On the other hand, there is still time for compromise, provided both sides are made to realize the dangers of the situation.

From Central Africa to Kenya. There, too, the constitution that favours the settlers comes to an end; always assuming, of course, that the Lyttelton constitution (already under heavy pressure) lasts that long. The Kenya settlers have less power than the Rhodesian. The Colonial Government is still capable of exercising the initiative. Also, the Indian factor is an

important one; it may be expected to weaken rather than strengthen the settlers' case, although the Indian leaders did share the pickings of office with the settlers under the Lyttelton agreement.

The Kenya settlers have been remarkably liberalized under the impact of the Mau Mau rebellion. But there is a limit to their liberalism. To put it in another way. The limits of White liberalism in Kenya fall short of the minimum limits of African concessions. It remains, therefore, the task of the Kenya Government (and ultimately of Westminster) to use its authority to stretch the limits of either one side or the other, or to stretch each somewhat.

The Africans' demand is twofold: long-term recognition of democratic rights in Kenya, which means admitting that the Colony will eventually be ruled by an African majority; and a short-term policy of substantially increasing African representation in the Legislative Council to reduce the preponderance of the settler and Asian majority. One has the feeling that there is room for compromise in Kenya, provided there is effective and early action. Delay, even until 1960, may be too late. Certainly, if there is trouble in Central Africa, it will be too late—so far as the settlers are concerned, anyway.

And what happens in Kenya will assuredly affect developments in its two neighbouring territories, Tanganyika and Uganda.

North of Kenya stretches the Horn of Africa. If not in shape, at least in potential, it is a powder-horn. Somalia (formerly under Italian control) has been guaranteed its independence within three years. The country, though retarded by economic and other factors, has made remarkable advances in the past few years. The Italians deserve some of the credit for this improvement. And the independence of Somalia is likely to kindle Somali nationalism. Apart for Somalia, there are Somalis in the British Protectorate of Somaliland, in Northern Kenya, and in Ethiopia.

Britain has indicated its willingness to allow the Somalis in its Protectorate to join Somalia when they are ready to take this step. But what of the Ethiopian Somalis? And what of the Reserved and the Haud areas of British Somaliland that were recently transferred to Ethiopia? The Somali tribesmen are up in arms; and this is not just a figure of speech. The Horn of Africa is a camp of armed men; men who are still accustomed to settling their differences by the old methods. Security has

never been properly established. The emergence of Somalia to independent statehood will not necessarily increase security there.

The Ethiopians are easily provoked, and the Somalis can be most provocative. It will need good sense and good leadership to maintain even the relative tranquillity that the Horn has known since the war. The problem is not yet serious. Its danger lies in the fact that it could so easily get out of control once anything went wrong. The Somalis are determined to regain their "lost lands"; the Ethiopians are not willing to surrender them. Nor do they view with any particular love their rising, independent neighbour, Somalia. Ethiopia has always regarded the whole of the Somali territory as part of the Kingdom of the Lion of Judah.

The United States places its faith in Ethiopia as the most stable country in North-East Africa. Britain, somewhat conscience-stricken over the Haud and Reserve areas, has not committed itself in the same way. If, however, the new Islamic State of Somalia should ally itself to Nasser's Egypt, the situation might change. Many of the Somali leaders have been educated in Cairo. But so, too, were many of the Sudan leaders. The result has not always been favourable to the Egyptians. This aspect may not be important, but it is just as well to keep it in mind. In a fluid situation it is impossible to say which factors are most likely to come to the top.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the continent, the Nigerian leaders will be meeting in Lagos early in April, 1960, to insist on their country's independence. Provided the leaders of the major regions are united in this demand, it is difficult to see on what grounds Britain could possibly refuse to concede freedom to Nigeria—a country with a population four times that of Ghana, and with economic resources many times greater. A united, independent Nigeria will be a formidable force in Africa. Its impact will be vastly greater than Ghana's. Potentially, it is the most powerful country on the continent. But it is also one of the most fissiparous. And if the present experiment in regional self-government should by any chance come unstuck, or if there are unexpected divisions between the leaders of the different regions, Nigeria's situation could deteriorate rapidly. We have seen how Indo-China split into four after the withdrawal of the French power, and we are still witnessing the failure of the Indonesian Government to

maintain the effective unity of the former Dutch East Indies. The Nigerian story is likely to end differently because Britain, unlike the French and the Dutch, is willingly surrendering power, and carefully preparing the ground for a transitional form of government leading to independence. 1960 will show the success or failure of the Nigerian experiment.

The situation in South Africa will, by then, have moved further along the road to disintegration, whether or not the Nationalist Government is returned to power in 1958. Working on the assumption of a Nationalist victory, my one prediction in this field is that the disintegration that is already so marked a feature in the social structure of the Union will have spread to the Nationalist Party itself. The first signs of disintegration within the Nationalist ranks are already evident. Some time, fairly soon, the Nationalists will have to face the realities of their apartheid policy: either they must confess that their nibbling at the problems is not achieving the results they expected, or they will have to make a more radical approach to the whole question of separation. The two wings of the Nationalist movement—the total *apartheiders* and Strijdom's "compromise" *apartheiders*—must inevitably face a showdown. If the Nationalists are returned at the next election with a substantial majority, such a showdown may come fairly soon. Events in other parts of Africa (and, indeed, in the rest of the world) will contribute towards forcing the issue. In 1960 (if not sooner) the rift may become sharp. I am not saying that this will destroy Afrikaner nationalism. On the contrary, my own belief is that it may bring about a new orientation between the European political parties and give new shape and direction to the country's segregation policies.

Thinking ahead to 1960, one is tempted to speculate about Ghana which will be on the eve of its first general elections, or about the situation in Algeria; about the developments in Madagascar that would seriously concern me if I were a French administrator, or about the emerging nationalism in the Belgian Congo. But it is enough just to touch on these problems to remind ourselves of what was said at the beginning of this article: that events in any one part of the continent might act as a catalytic agent sparking off a chain reaction throughout the whole.

CENTRAL AFRICA (III)

NYASALAND AND FEDERATION

T. D. T. BANDA

President-General of the Nyasaland African Congress

Congress and Federation

It was in the last quarter of 1944 that Africans from all over Nyasaland, conscious of the need for a representative political body, formed the Nyasaland African Congress. In the Preamble to its Constitution, Congress outlined its objects to protect the interests of Africans by protesting and struggling against any form of legislation which discriminated against black people, and, after registration by the Nyasaland Government on December 20, 1944, the organization quickly spread through the territory, uniting the African people from Portuguese East Africa to the Tanganyikan border, despite the state of emergency called into being by the Second World War.

Upon publication of the first London white paper in 1951, outlining the scheme to federate Nyasaland with the Rhodesias, Congress made clear its firm opposition to any form of closer association with Southern Rhodesia, a territory where white domination was deep-rooted and the African refused the right to participate in running the affairs of his own country. Chiefs and their people took the keenest interest in listening to what officers and supporters of Congress had to advise of the implications for Nyasaland if the Native policy of Southern Rhodesia were extended to the Protectorate. Nor was this shabby propaganda, but a justifiable analysis founded upon the facts obtaining in a country where racial discrimination fell within the framework of everyday life. And because it soon became manifest that Africans throughout the two northern Protectorates were profoundly opposed to Federation, the British Labour Government sent its Colonial Secretary, Mr. James Griffiths, to hear for himself from the African people of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

In the course of his visit in 1951, Mr. Griffiths met with representatives of Congress at Lilongwe and received from them a long memorandum, stressing the disadvantages that would accrue to the people of Nyasaland if the three territories were to be pushed into federation before the most thorough investiga-

tion of all the legal and administrative implications. Congress pointed out that Nyasaland would happily federate with Northern Rhodesia on its own, or, better still, with the East African territories of Tanganyika and Uganda. But it left Mr. Griffiths in no doubt of the opposition of Nyasaland to any link with Southern Rhodesia and requested him to report this to the British Government. At the conclusion of his meeting with Congress leaders, the Colonial Secretary admitted the intensity of antagonism to the scheme and announced that he would persuade his government to modify its white paper. And so another one was concocted, to entice Africans into believing that the white man was now walking an easier road than before and that Federation would end racial segregation as the African people had experienced it in Central Africa and, especially, in Southern Rhodesia.

Parallel to Congress, the Nyasaland Chiefs' Union had been formed to further the fight against Federation, and under Chief Mwase of Kasungu, himself a firm supporter of Congress, the Union inaugurated a Supreme Council together with Congress to co-ordinate the work of the two organizations and present a united front against the federal scheme. Opposition in Nyasaland was absorbing all levels as it encompassed all fears. The Africans were to lose their land rights, jobs occupied by Africans would increasingly be taken over by Europeans, and the colour bar would spread through every walk of life.

Having decided to take their opposition to the British people, three leaders of Congress and two from the Chiefs' Union went to London to acquaint and arouse public opinion. Their mission failed to swerve the Government, and a deputation of four Chiefs and two Congress leaders followed to place their grievances before the Queen. To the dismay of the whole of Nyasaland, they were not even permitted to see her. And during the final Federation talks in London, the three African representatives were chosen by the Protectorate Council under the presidency of the European Secretary for Native Affairs. Congress, however, instructed the three Africans to boycott the Conference, which they did in joint protest with the Africans from Northern Rhodesia. Congress influence was already being felt beyond its membership in official circles. And despite prosecutions, shootings and banishments, and the deposition of several Chiefs, opposition to Federation intensified. During the session of the Legislative Council which voted to accept

the Federal scheme, the African members walked out in protest.

But the British Government pressed on regardless, shamelessly violating the spirit of the treaties signed between the Chiefs of the country and Queen Victoria when Nyasaland was declared a Protectorate. When early in September, 1953, Central African Federation was imposed, Congress upheld the validity of the original treaties and claimed that it would never accept a scheme which had been imposed by force and in the face of national opposition.

As the Federal Constitution provided for two Africans from each of the three territories to represent African interests in the Federal Assembly, the Nyasaland Government summoned its Protectorate Council to choose two Nyasaland representatives. It could hardly call for popular elections, for the people of Nyasaland saw little point in sending Africans to the Federal Assembly while Chiefs were being deposed and members of the public prosecuted, imprisoned and exiled for refusing to co-operate with the administration on federal matters. The Council chose Mr. C. R. Kumbikano and Mr. W. M. Chirwa, and both have since sat in the Federal Assembly at Salisbury. Neither can regard his election as much of a victory however, for soon after they were chosen, the Protectorate Council sickened and died, and it has become increasingly difficult for them to tour the country and hold meetings with the people where they can put across a Federal point of view. God knows, few people would listen to them willingly, for they are held in the strongest suspicion by the people as a result of their Federal connection. And because they were chosen by a body administering government policy and no real African electorate existed in the country, Congress has considered it impossible to lend moral support to their election and remained adamant in its opposition to Federation. It has received the claims of the federalists that Federation would bring great economic advantages to Nyasaland with growing scepticism, for whatever advantages have accrued have certainly not been shared by the people of Nyasaland.

In 1954, Mr. Lyttleton (now Lord Chandos), the then Colonial Secretary, also came to see and hear things for himself. He met a Congress delegation in Blantyre and was told that Federation remained totally repugnant to the vast majority of Africans in Nyasaland. Chiefs from all over the Protectorate also declared their firm unwillingness to make the scheme succeed

and expressed the desire to see their country out of it immediately. Mr. Lyttleton had a headache and left unhappy.

Following the visit of Mr. Lyttleton, Congress branches approached the Head Office to take immediate steps towards contracting Nyasaland out of Federation. At the annual General Conference held at Lilongwe in April, 1955, it was unanimously resolved that Nyasaland should secede from Federation, and a cable was sent to the Colonial Secretary advising him of the decision and requesting the British Government to declare Nyasaland an African state. Impatience within the Congress movement grew rapidly, and at one time several officers in the organization contemplated withdrawing and setting up a more militant movement outside. And at the end of 1955, the Secretary-General resigned in protest against the delay in taking positive steps towards secession and the withdrawal of the two African members from the Federal Assembly, in accordance with the Lilongwe Conference resolution. But despite these setbacks, the influence of Congress and opposition to Federation steadily intensified, in the teeth of deportations and fresh prosecutions.

In January, 1957, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, visited Nyasaland and met a delegation of Congress leaders headed by the writer. Wherever he went, he encountered the same determination to boycott Federation and was asked to withdraw his factory from the territory because federal products could find no market anywhere in the Protectorate. "Away with Federation." "Freedom in Our Lifetime." "Declare Nyasaland an African State." "Release the Exiled." "Restore our Deposed Chiefs." "Self-Government for the Protectorate Now." These were the slogans which greeted and sent away the Queen's representative as he paced from one place to another in the city of Blantyre.

Fears of Developments before 1960

It was clearly set out in the Federal Constitution that no change could be made in the Federal structure before 1960. Yet the Federal government is agitating for "technical independence" immediately, and the impatience with which it is pressing for complete sovereignty at once fortifies the Africans in their belief that with the final sanctions of the Colonial Office withdrawn, they have much to fear. The speeches made by the Federal Prime Minister recently at home and

abroad portray his anxiety to turn Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia as soon as possible into provinces of Southern Rhodesia, where the Federal administrative machinery is already firmly established. The picture he has helped to paint is evident—cheap labour pools will be organized in the two northern territories to ensure a steady supply of labour to farmers and industrialists in Southern Rhodesia. The British government is being urged to take steps against 'black nationalism' because the Federal Prime Minister realizes that the Africans foresaw their destiny when they claimed that the Europeans were aiming at 'white supremacy' and not 'partnership' in Central Africa. The whole policy of 'partnership' has been made into a mockery.

Following up the official statements made by the governments of Britain, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland when Central African Federation was imposed, a reasonable man would believe that African representatives will be present at the Conference to review the Federal constitution. But looking closely at the top-level talks between the governments so far, one realizes that the governments concerned have no such intention. All discussions to date have taken place *in camera*, and no African has been admitted. African opinion has been represented by Europeans without any prior consultation, and the governors of the two Protectorates have attended meetings under the chairmanship of the Federal Prime Minister. It would appear that the much-heralded London Conference in 1960 will be attended only by Europeans who happen to be responsible for African affairs in their respective territories.

There seems increasing doubt, however, that the governments concerned will wait till 1960. The Federal Prime Minister has already visited Britain with his European Ministers for discussions with the British government on independence, and his government has already passed a franchise bill to amend the constitution, giving it powers to extend the Federal Assembly from 35 members to 59 and alter the franchise qualifications. It would be absurd to imagine that the European settlers in Central Africa intend sharing anything with the Africans. They have consistently refused to consider adult suffrage for Africans and busy themselves trying to convince the world that the African does not know how to cast a vote. They do not believe that what has happened elsewhere in the world can also happen here. South Africa is dedicated to a policy of

'apartheid', and the British people laugh and throw mud at that form of government. Yet at the same time they busy themselves with extending its practice to Central Africa. If the governments concerned imagine that they can trick African opinion by merely substituting one word for another, they are hideously mistaken. For who is a child to be taken in by a word? The hopes and the destiny of the Africans lie in building up political consciousness from Cape to Cairo, not in the traps laid carefully for them by their governors.

At the moment, Congress is concerning itself with the Africans who advocated Federation. There was never more than a handful of these, forced largely by circumstance to lend their open support to the scheme. And already they are in despair over the meaning they see has been given to 'partnership'. The scales have fallen from their eyes, and they realize that what was written into federal books is not what is being practised in federal houses.

Our Hopes — Self-Government

Before the advent of the white man in Central Africa, the people of Nyasaland enjoyed self-rule, and history will repeat itself. Independence was a clear promise made at the time the first British Consul entered the country to enforce British law and order. Treaties were signed between the representatives of Queen Victoria and the African Chiefs, permitting Europeans to stay in the country and undertake any business suitable for its development whenever agreed to by the parties concerned. And what has British protection and British justice accomplished for the people of Nyasaland?

In two major wars the Africans willingly gave their support to the British people, willingly sharing their dangers and sufferings. And still the country is ruled by an imported Governor and an Executive Council of five government officials chosen from government departments and two other Europeans. No African sits on this governing council of the country. Time and again Africans have told the government that the Executive Council was not working in the best interests of the African people and should allow no colour bar in its composition. Yet the Executive remains unchanged, composed entirely of European civil servants and settlers whose duty and desire it inevitably is to exploit the wealth of the country for their own welfare and that of their children.

Representing a population made up of 3,000,000 Africans, 6,000 Europeans and just over 7,000 Asians, the present Legislative Council consists of the Governor as President, 11 official members, 6 unofficial European members, and only 5 African members. Nor are these last popularly elected, but chosen by the less than 80 Provincial Council members, with the Provincial Commissioners as returning officers. All Europeans, of course, have the vote, and their representatives are elected democratically. The whole constitution is absurd, and Congress has agitated ceaselessly for its complete overhaul.

It is pressing now for immediate secession from Federation and rapid reforms towards self-government and ultimate independence for the country. Nyasaland must have a democratic government with adequate safeguards for the minority groups. Congress has no wish to expel any racial minority from the country and has made it abundantly clear to the British and Nyasaland governments that Europeans and Asians must remain on in the territory as equal citizens. But democracy must come to Nyasaland, as it came after a long struggle to Britain itself, and nothing less than an African majority on both the Legislative and Executive Councils will be acceptable. It is in the interests of the Europeans too, that this should be so. Co-operation between the races has always been in evidence in Nyasaland. Only now, since the imposition of Federation, is racial animosity stirring awake. If mankind is to survive under the sun, the people of Nyasaland, with peoples everywhere, must enjoy in peace its right to self-determination.

TWO VIEWS ON CAPRICORN

(I)

TOWARDS A COMMON CITIZENSHIP

MICHAEL WOOD, F.R.C.S.

Chairman of the Capricorn Africa Society, Kenya

IN East and Central Africa to-day there exists a real challenge to the Commonwealth. Can we build states based on a multi-racial society in which country comes before race and in which racialism is outlawed? It has been the expressed intention of Her Majesty's Government for many years that all dependent territories in the Commonwealth should be brought forward to self-government as soon as possible. Nor has the British Government paid mere lip-service to this ideal; the new state of Ghana is just the most recent example of the sincerity of its intentions. So far, however, the problem has not been complicated by race; the new states in the Commonwealth are virtually uni-racial. In East and Central Africa, however, this fresh problem has come to the fore, and when self-government is considered, it is first necessary to define the "self." In this lies the crux of the whole situation.

The Capricorn Africa Society, recognizing that the issue of race and nationalism is a crucial one in modern Africa, set itself the task in 1949 of producing a political philosophy and a programme that would transcend the racial problem and instil in its place the concept of a common citizenship. There were two main balancing premises to this idea: (1) that discrimination based on race or colour should be outlawed, and (2) that the standards of civilization should be maintained. Starting from these two fundamental principles, the Capricorn Africa Society began work on a document which is now known as the Capricorn Contract. Thirty-five Citizenship Committees sat for a period of two years discussing the situation in Africa and drew up their findings in the light of the principles outlined above. These Committees met on a non-racial basis, and an immense amount of research was done. The Capricorn Africa Society has always believed that the answer to Africa's problems must come from within Africa itself and so it set out to practise what it preached. The final document was ratified at Salima in Nyasaland in June,

1956, by delegates from the Citizenship Committees and Territorial Executives in the Rhodesias, Nyasaland, Kenya and Tanganyika.

The Contract begins with the laying down of the fundamental truths which the Society believes should be written into the Constitution of these territories on their attaining self-government. In the light of these truths the Society states its views on the most difficult problems in Africa: Land, Education, Labour Relations, Immigration and the Franchise.

Perhaps the most contentious proposal is that for a qualified franchise. I should like to make it clear here that the Capricorn franchise programme was never devised in order to maintain White domination, as many critics have suggested. For instance, if the Capricorn proposals were adopted in Nyasaland, it has been calculated that an immediate African majority in the electorate would result, as there would be five African votes to every European one. The Society, however, is not at all worried about this, because it feels that security for minority groups would be covered by the common citizenship proposal to be written into the constitution.

Space prevents examination of all the facts of the franchise plan, but the Kenya delegate, Mr. Boaz Omori, summarized the general conclusion at the Convention when he stressed that universal suffrage cannot provide an answer so long as many sections of the African populations continue living in a primitive tribal state. I was interested to see that Mr. James Johnson, the British Labour M.P., emphasized this in the debate on racial policy in the House of Commons: "I believe in the qualitative franchise on a common roll to begin with, whilst my ultimate aim is a single member geographical constituency with a universal franchise for all adults in the future. At the moment, that is not possible." We will be examining the franchise again at the Society's next Convention in Nairobi. But I have no doubt that this view will be endorsed again as the only means of ensuring responsible government until education becomes very much more general.

In the preparation of the Capricorn Contract a spirit of common purpose was generated between those of different race and background who took part, and it was found that working together towards a common goal helped to eliminate racial prejudice and induced a greater understanding of mutual problems. The Society believes that the working out of its

philosophy and objects is not enough. It believes that the Capricorn idea has to be lived in every walk of life, regardless of the sacrifices involved. Certainly, doing this often means social ostracism and even the loss of one's job.

In the long run, integration will triumph over segregation. It may take time, but it is inevitable and necessary if the human race is not to commit suicide. With the enormous increase in communications, the process is being speeded up, and more and more people are beginning to realize that the human race must stand together as one. Capricorn is in the vanguard of this movement towards a saner attitude to race.

Since the time of its Convention, the Society has worked to make known its beliefs as widely as possible. It has also endeavoured to persuade politicians to fight for the Contract in the political field, and it is now certain that political parties will be formed in the various territories to translate the thinking of the Society into the language of the electorate and to work for new constitutions based on this non-racial approach.

What are the alternatives to Capricorn Africa? There is White domination, as practised in South Africa, or Black racialism, developing fast throughout Africa. The Society believes that neither of these forces can solve the problems of Africa and that both will lead to increasing racial strife, political instability, and economic ruin. The African dilemma to-day is that the African needs the European, but refuses to accept him on the present basis. A new and contemporary basis has been found in the Capricorn Society, where Black and White may together find security in being citizens of Africa.

In Kenya many independent candidates representing all races fought the recent elections on the basis of the Capricorn Contract. This is the first time that a common policy has been fought for by members of all racial groups. Mr. Mangat, Q.C., has taken an uncompromising stand for Capricorn in the Kenya Legislative Council, and it is hoped that his courageous stand will encourage others to do likewise.

Let us consider for a moment the economics of the situation. Outside capital is urgently required if Africa is to develop quickly enough to pay for the services she requires, such as education, housing, and modern medicine. Without political stability, the reward of economic expansion will just not be forthcoming. Last year a mere £1,000,000 flowed into South Africa and £26,000,000 into the Federation. It will become

increasingly difficult to persuade investors to put capital into countries where the racial policies are thought to be leading to disaster.

The Commonwealth is being challenged on its racial policies. The vast majority of Her Majesty's subjects are other than White, and a new dynamic is needed to inspire us all and draw us together, to make us feel that we all belong and that the ladder of opportunity is increasingly within the reach of us all. Unless this challenge is met, how can our Commonwealth succeed? I believe that the Capricorn Africa Society is helping to show the way.

(II)

THE ENTRENCHMENT OF PRIVILEGE

JULIUS K. NYERERE

President of the Tanganyika African National Union

THE purpose of the Capricorn Movement, as stated in the Capricorn Handbook for Speakers, is to work "for the creation of a common citizenship in which members of all races would take a full part, in which only civilized and cultural values would be protected, and in which racial discrimination would be outlawed." The Capricorn Handbook states further that "In British Capricorn Africa . . . it is the Christian ethic which is mainly under test." Certainly, eminent churchmen in other parts of the world have seen fit to lend their support to the Capricorn Society as being somehow Christian in its policies.

It is not easy in a short article to do full justice to all the propositions of the Capricorn Society, but it will not be difficult to measure whether they are indeed Christian. And surely the examination will be worth-while, because if the churchmen who give their support so willingly should be mistaken, they may be doing a great disservice to their Church and to the great and rapidly growing Christian community of Africa, members of which are everywhere rising to leadership. One may justifiably question the wisdom of any Society's trying to use the prestige of the Christian Church to build up a political movement in a part of Africa which is not only multi-racial,

but also multi-religious. In Tanganyika, for example, the Capricorn Society is registered as the Tanganyika National Society, and its political wing (though this is not officially admitted) is the United Tanganyika Party.

What seems to have taken in a large number of liberal-minded people abroad is the Society's stated policy of outlawing racial discrimination and basing its stand on the dictum of that great imperialist, Cecil John Rhodes, of "equal rights for all civilized men." Obviously such a policy, if carried out, would be a great advance over present policies in South and Central Africa. Yet, while the Preamble to the Capricorn Contract rejects "the barren doctrine of racial nationalism," the Capricorn proposals are all disproportionately in favour of our smallest minority race. Throughout the Contract are scattered carefully propositions and assumptions for discrimination against a majority people by a dominant minority race.

There is, to begin with, a complete refusal to face the basic fact that human values can only be measured in regard to individual human beings, not by the abstract yardstick of comparable cultural prizes. There is the persistent assumption—a fuse which has lit many revolutions through history—that privilege ought to be given further privileges, and that the underprivileged, thus doubly handicapped, must first attain a similarly privileged position before being accorded equal treatment by the law.

In this regard it is incredible that because the Capricorn Society is prepared to grant privileges to a few Africans, so many are reconciled to its doctrines who would otherwise not be. But privilege is surely privilege, whatever the colour of the privileged. The American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, the Chinese Revolution, all were revolutions against privilege. They had nothing to do with race. That the European in Africa should try to entrench his privilege by winning over the potential leaders of the masses does not make privilege any less dangerous, but more so, because it is less frank and intends to keep the underprivileged without leadership, and helpless.

A movement based upon fear cannot succeed, and the Capricorn movement is based on fear—the fear of the masses—though the fear is presented as a desire to protect "civilized standards." Abraham Lincoln once said: "God must love the common people most, because he made so many of them." Christian supporters

of Capricorn might give some attention to that remark.

Two centuries of democratic progress should have taught us one lesson—that the duty of government is not to rule as it pleases, but to consult the people, all the people, as to how it should rule. Government belongs to all the people as a natural and inalienable possession, it is not the private property of a minority, however élite or wealthy or educated, and whether uni- or multi-racial. Government is properly instituted among men not to secure the material or cultural advantages of a few, but to promote the rights and welfare of the many. Therefore the many must inevitably be genuinely consulted, and the just powers of government derived from them. Government by representatives in whose selection most of the governed have no part is not rule but repression, and it is by this standard that Capricorn should be judged.

The Capricorn Contract, by employing some form of “civilized standards”, argues to the conclusion that the vote is not a right but a privilege. It then states: “If the vote is not a right open to everyone, but a responsibility of those who have shown themselves fit for it, there must be degrees of fitness among those who have earned the privilege.” From these uncertain premises the Contract strides forth confidently to append a multitude of qualifications which it calls “broadening the franchise” but which creates only a most narrowly restricted class of real voters.

To get just one vote under the Capricorn Contract each person would have to qualify in two categories out of 11 or 14, with one additional vote to a maximum of six for each further qualification. The net result is that most adult Europeans would qualify in many ways; few Africans in contemporary East, Central and Southern Africa would manage the necessary two. Let us see why.

Few Africans, if any, hold or can hope to hold the “rank” and “office” qualifications listed. The “income” and “production” qualifications fit only very few Africans, because they pertain to businesses with a big cash volume or to estates so large that they can only be farmed with expensive machinery. The restrictions based on cash income or wealth in immovable property are set so high that in our African societies, based on production for use rather than for profit, only a few hundred people could hope to fulfil two of them at any time.

Similarly, the education qualifications are set so high that

they would include nearly all Europeans and exclude nearly all Africans.

In Tanganyika, the United Tanganyika Party, Capricorn's political spearhead, succeeded in influencing the Government to introduce this fancy franchise. Without introducing the "degree of fitness" principle and giving to the more fit more than one vote, they have nevertheless succeeded in pushing through legislation which will give the vote to all adult Europeans, to most adult Asian males and to a minute fraction of the African population. Since, however, the non-African population is so small, we are told that in all the constituencies except Dar es Salaam the African voters will be a majority over all the non-African voters. This announcement is made with great satisfaction and is expected to evoke sustained applause from us.

But we are not deceived. The framers of the franchise knew what they were doing. Each voter shall be given three votes, one for an Asian, one for an African and one for a European candidate. Each voter is required under the electoral law to use all his or her three votes and distribute them in that racial proportion of 1 : 1 : 1. Thus, whatever happens, each constituency is required by the law to return to our Legislature one Asian, one European and one African representative. I am told that in some countries a voter is presented with a single list of candidates from which to make his choice. In Tanganyika he will in effect be presented with three lists, one for each race, and he must choose one from each or not choose at all! This is compulsory voting with a vengeance.

Those who call themselves "protectors of civilized standards" can ignore this at their own cost, that under the Declaration of Human Rights Africans are "people" too, all of them, not just the most advanced ones. It is the implicit doctrine of African society that those in places of leadership owe their position not just to their superior wisdom and service, but also to the wisdom and free consent of the common people who elevate them to leadership. Even the simplest understand that there can be no responsibility of leadership that is not founded upon a responsible people. Chiefs and Councils of Elders do not act without confidence that the people are solidly behind them. They may not print ballots and set up other formal machinery every now and then, but they do consult their constituency constantly. Imperialists add insult to injury, therefore, when they expect us, the educated Africans, to join

their exalted races and help to maintain them in their privileged positions and applaud when they call our people "shenzis" (backward trash). A plan that would divide us from our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters who are poorer or less educated than we are, can hardly enjoy our patriotic fervour. True leadership, we believe, dare not allow itself to be divorced from the common people.

The Capricorn Contract makes, and the Tanganyika Government has accepted, the rather undignified assertion that: "In the special circumstances of East and Central Africa, universal suffrage would give rise to the danger of irresponsible politicians being elected to the Legislature on grounds irrelevant to the common good." Irresponsible politicians are evidently presumed to be those whom a majority of people might trust to work for their welfare. It is, however, the 1 per cent. who think they know what is best for the 99 per cent. they do not trust, as under the Capricorn Contract, who are surely the irresponsible politicians. They can only be responsible to themselves and by their own definition of responsibility.

Any discussion of policy in East and Central Africa must be incomplete without reference to land. Provision II of the Capricorn Contract provides that "all existing individual rights in land shall be recognized and confirmed by law." The important word here, of course, is "individual." The rights of all European individuals would thereby be protected. No African individual's rights to land would be definitely safeguarded. Let us see why.

All land, under the Contract, is to be gradually made available for purchase by all persons, regardless of race. But, one asks immediately, who would be able to "purchase" any sizeable amount of land, except, of course, the immigrants with their money and backing from overseas? Few, if any, African individuals would have the money to "purchase" land from a European farmer. Our customs of land use and transfer are based not on buying and selling and speculation, the manipulation of land values by those with the most money, but upon the actual primary needs and usage of each head of a family together with his wife, children and other dependents from within his clan.

This "Land Reform Provision" of the Capricorn Society confesses that "legislation to implement this principle may in certain instances involve the abrogation of treaties and of

solemn pledges to various communities.” We in Tanganyika know that the Contract refers more particularly to our Central African neighbours, but with this cynical proposal to remove the last remaining imperial safeguards—that the diminishing African lands might the more speedily fall into the grasp of the hungry European settler—it can hardly win our enthusiastic support. From the old German days down to the disastrous alienation of the Wameru lands in 1951, the people of Tanganyika have experienced what it is like to have other people deciding what to do with their land. The vague Capricorn promise that the State “shall be under obligation to provide . . . new forms of security” can only intensify our scepticism.

But this is not all that the Capricorn genius has devised. The Contract would actually prevent the possibility of Africans buying land held by other racial groups. It provides that the State “may take steps to ensure that transfers of particular lands are made only to experienced farmers,” and we have a very good idea of where the “particular lands” would turn out to lie and just who the “experienced farmers” would turn out to be.

An interesting admission in the Capricorn Handbook declares that “any attempts to exploit the Society for personal or partisan purposes would soon be evident.” All in all, it is an unfortunate admission for the Contract to have made. For we are reminded of a perception of Reinhold Niebuhr: “The intelligence of privileged groups is usually applied to inventing specious proofs for the theory that universal values spring from, and that general interests are served by, the special privileges which they hold.”

GHANA: THE MORNING AFTER

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ONE must face up to the fact, it is impossible to be objective about Ghana. The little country, tucked unobtrusively underneath the paunch of Africa, has become so much of a symbol of right or wrong, such a complete guinea-pig in the eyes of the world, that she cannot be recognized and judged for what she is—just another independent country, with the problems of any other sovereign state. The world sits watching, deeply prejudiced on one side or the other.

No one, of course, is more embarrassed by this publicity than the Ghana government itself. It was pleasant enough at the Independence celebrations, when Mr. Nixon and the Duchess and even the man from *Die Burger* came along and seemed so anxious to help. But, even then, it seemed a little too good to be true. The world was just waiting, say the Ghanaians, for the first little slip to happen, and back they all came to Ghana, this time hurling abuse, and criticizing her for the tiniest things, like a bad-tempered schoolmaster with a favourite schoolboy who makes a spelling mistake.

A good deal of the Ghanaians' complaint about unfair treatment from the world certainly has some foundation. In their anxiety over the young country, many people seem to have lost all sense of perspective, or comparison with other states. For the kind of things that have caught the world's attention in the last few months—a few deportations, a prohibited immigrant, a contempt of court case, and some angry speeches—would go unnoticed in most other countries in Africa; and the Ghanaians know it.

Indeed many people in Ghana claim, not without some justification, that they are still the freest country on the Continent. Taking a look round the local newspapers, with their wild rumour-mongering against the Government, their seditious editorials and defamatory news items, one is inclined to agree. In the everyday life of the country, where the judges are mostly known to sympathize with the Opposition, and the police deal severely with Government thugs (as even the Opposition grudgingly admits), there are very few signs of the kind of

leaning towards dictatorship that can be perceived in other parts of Africa.

But there is certainly something going wrong. Exactly how wrong, and what has made it so, it is very difficult at this early stage to assess. For Ghana is still obviously only at the stage of stretching her newly-independent limbs, and the young forces of power are still rushing to fill the vacuum left by the British. All one can do now is to try and analyse the pressures which are working behind the scenes and which have scattered these recent sparks of unease.

A great deal of Ghana's troubles were brooding, inevitably, before Independence. The country itself is divided by tribes and allegiances almost as deeply as South Africa, and the rivalry is bitter. The main Opposition party, the National Liberation Movement, which has its headquarters in Ashanti with a magnificent tribal background, has bitterly resented the arrival of the upstart politicians like Nkrumah from the Coast, who have little respect for tribal dignities and have tried to break down the old regional loyalties. Last year the NLM did its best to delay Independence and to obtain a constitution which gave it regional safeguards. Once promised the safeguards, it grudgingly agreed to Independence. But the quarrel was far from finished. Seeing the whole power of the country fall into the laps of their enemies, the Opposition leaders became not only bitter, but jittery.

The Ghana Opposition leaders are not very subtle. They consist partly of hereditary tribal chiefs who want to retain their authority; and partly of intellectuals and professional men, trained in a very British tradition, who look with scorn upon the demagogues of the Government. Between them, they have strong personal antipathies towards the Government front bench, and they leave no doubt about it. They talk very freely of civil war and secession, and do everything they can to denigrate and jeer at the Government.

Nkrumah, therefore, had quite enough troubles heaping his plate in keeping together a divided country, even before the coming of Independence. And Independence, much though it boosted Nkrumah's prestige for the moment, very soon brought new political complications. For, of course, the political masses expected that things would be much better for them as soon as the British had gone. There were all those speeches, spoken at rallies in the heat of the moment, about cars and houses and white men's jobs. And then, when all

the dances and singing were over, what difference was there, after all? The English Governor-General was still in his castle. The British United Africa Company still controlled most of the trade of the territory. Africans were still just as poor, and none of the houses that were talked about seemed to arrive. And the cocoa price drifted downwards.

Naturally, Nkrumah found that his following was much less easy than before. There was no longer a convenient common enemy to unite the country. He was attacked not only from the right, by people who said that he was a revolutionary upstart, but from the left, by people who said that he hadn't gone far enough, that all he had achieved was a kind of fake Independence, with the strings still pulled by Britain. At the same time, Nkrumah found that all the old complaints that used to be made against the bad imperialists, were now naturally being directed in turn at him.

No doubt it was partly for this reason—and also probably for other less sensible reasons—that Nkrumah thought it would be wise to move into the damp old castle outside Accra, and to have his head put onto the country's coins and stamps. The castle had for so long been regarded as the centre of power that it seemed important that the man inside it should be black, to remove all doubt as to who was in fact running the country. What Nkrumah seems not quite to have reckoned on, however, was the effect of the castle on himself. Picturesque though it looks, the horrible old place has driven more than one Governor mad before now. For Nkrumah, whose whole political career had depended on his flamboyant way with the crowds, his ordinariness and slumming around the place, the combination of the castle and the big crested Rolls in which he emerges from it has had a bleak and isolating effect. And they give ammunition to the Opposition in its favourite charge—that Nkrumah has become, like the pig Napoleon in Orwell's *Animal Farm* (a best seller in Ghana), as white as any white man.

While Nkrumah was finding it hard enough to keep his country together, the Opposition was determined to make it even harder. The climax came in June when the Prime Minister was in London, having such friendly talks with Mr. Macmillan. While Nkrumah was charming London with that care-free laugh of his, throwing back his head and crinkling his whole face with laughter, his opponents in Ghana were busy organizing a new and subversive tribal party in the heart of his own constituency

of Accra. Nkrumah came back to Ghana to hear booings in his own pet streets, and his own party in a state of general unease. It was that, together with a scathing newspaper article by a disillusioned ex-admirer of his, Bankole Timothy, called "What next, Kwame?", which seems to have set off the whole lady-cracker.

Nkrumah was determined, as he promptly announced, to show who was governing the country. He deported Timothy, followed by two Opposition leaders, and appointed his 'strong man', Krobo Edusei, as Minister of the Interior. He introduced new Bills to outlaw tribal parties, to enforce central control of the tribal districts, and to provide for hasty deportations.

A good deal of this firm rule was probably quite necessary. It was important to show who was governing the country, and the Opposition was asking for trouble by organizing itself in so thoroughly seditious and unparliamentary a way. But the new developments wore an ugly look. Krobo Edusei, a short tough little demagogue, half clown and half ruthless organizer, was very far from being a model minister; he summed up the more disreputable and rabble-rousing side of the Government Party, which Nkrumah had so far kept reasonably under control.

Obviously there is a danger that, in attempting his show of strength, Nkrumah will be tempted to forget the niceties of democracy; it is not an easy course for anyone to steer. What makes it much harder is the fact that all the countries of the world, and particularly in Africa, are looking over his shoulder. Will it be Liberia all over again? Or Haiti? Or South Africa?

The barrage of criticism, comment and advice that Ghana has received from the world outside has inevitably exacerbated the situation. Ghana, like most young countries, has an inferiority complex towards her elders, and is likely to reply to criticism with aggressive retorts rather than with thankful obedience. Britain still finds it difficult to remember that Ghana is not, in fact, dependent upon her; and the more the British newspapers condemn Nkrumah in pontifical tones, the more he is likely to reassert his independence by doing the very opposite. And the position is made more delicate by the fact that the Opposition is unwisely very much inclined, like the United Party in South Africa, to use overseas arguments to attack the Government, and to associate itself with Britain; so that it seems to be collaborating as an enemy of that great

political prize, Independence—or, as the Ghanaians call it, FreeDOM. Politically, there is nothing to beat Freedom.

Ghana is basically a very parochial country; with all her talk about Pan-Africanism and World Statesmanship, she is not, when it comes to the push, very much interested in her neighbours. It is one of the tragedies of the situation that she is far too immersed in her internal complications to have time to look round at her allies or enemies elsewhere.

But while Ghana remains self-absorbed, her appearance to the world outside is of immense importance. There are no doubt many of Ghana's critics who would like, consciously or subconsciously, to see Ghana fail as an African experiment; and they have taken care to pick out the events in Ghana that suit their point of view. Whatever happens in Ghana, there will certainly be enough 'rough and tumble', as Nkrumah calls it, to provide ammunition for these critics, who tend to apply to Ghana standards quite different from their own. What is probably more important is the effect that Ghana's troubles will have on her friends, and here there lies some danger. For there has always tended to be a rather hazy idealism attached to the idea of African Independence; and the people in Britain particularly, who whole-heartedly supported the cry for 'FreeDOM,' were inclined to see it as a simple issue. And now that the issues are becoming more confused, and no longer clearly black-and-white, there is likely to be a reaction from the old straightforward enthusiasm for black people. Already there is a mood of disillusion and disappointment in Britain towards Nkrumah, mixed with an element of frustrated paternalism; for there are people who feel that, by not behaving in a British way after Independence, Nkrumah has somehow let down, even cheated, the British. A more realistic attitude, stripped of the old sentimentality, is obviously desirable. It is time people stopped thinking that all black men are good and all white men bad, though it would obviously be harmful if this were a general swing away from any kind of sympathy with African aspirations.

But the people to whom Nkrumah matters most, of course, are the Africans themselves. Up and down the Continent, the coloured portraits of Dr. Nkrumah hang as symbols of what an African can do. In Rhodesia and South Africa he looms up to confute the ideas of White Supremacy and African Incompetence. However little he errs, Nkrumah is bound to dis-

appoint these high idealistic hopes; and the disappointment will wound the self-confidence of African nationalism everywhere. For Africans are beginning to be themselves deceived by one of the European's favourite assumptions, that all black men are the same.

Fortunately for Africans, Dr. Nkrumah will not remain such a crucial symbol for much longer; for next door to him is a far bigger and very different African giant, on the point of stepping out to Independence—Nigeria. With eight times the population and three separate federal regions, Nigeria will soon help to relieve Ghana of her lonely and unwelcome fame. Nigerians are as disturbed as anyone at the wobbles in Ghana, and the arrival of a new member in the Independence Club will ease the tension and remind people that African countries are at least as different as European ones.

“An African way of doing things will undoubtedly emerge,” Dr. Nkrumah reminded his listeners in his last review of Independence. The first signs of this African way in Ghana appear certainly to be a little crude and unfortunate; but it is worth remembering that many of the restrictions of freedom taken for granted in most White-governed countries in Africa—control of the press, the banning of meetings, pass laws, banishment without trial—are still unheard of in Ghana. No doubt Ghana, and the whole of West Africa, will develop a very distinctive African government, in some ways better and in some ways worse than its European counterparts. But there are very few pots who are entitled to call this kettle black.

LAGOS DIARY

CYPRIAN EKWENSI

Nigerian Journalist and Broadcaster

LAGOS loves ceremonial parades; and this one was going to be especial, for it was to mark the installation of the first Prime Minister of the Federation, Alhaji Abubakir Tafawa Balewa. So that long before dawn, the Lagos racecourse was already thronged with crowds in all colours of costume. But it was not until around nine in the morning that the first two soldiers in gleaming white cuffs marched into sight from the direction of the lagoon where stands Government House. Behind the two leading soldiers, came a detachment of the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment, shining boots reflecting what little light there was on this dull morning with the threat of rain. Bayonets flashed, chromium and brass dazzled on proud khaki breasts. The crowd which covered the entire racecourse and spread all the way to King's College and beyond, pressed forward eagerly. They had been waiting for this historic moment, some of them since first light. To secure good viewing positions they had invaded near-by buildings and climbed trees fringing the ground.

The Regiment took up its position opposite the House which stands facing the Lagos racecourse. Microphones and ciné-cameras strove to record this fleeting historic moment. Soon the crowd started cheering once more, and a car drew up in front of the House. The Oba of Lagos, Oba Adele, came out and stopped to pose for the cameras which bathed him in momentary light. From then on, the arrival of the Ministers became a kind of automatic process. Long cars (they were mostly American-built) stopped in front of the House of Representatives, doors were opened by gaily dressed orderlies, and out came the new Ministers. Some of the Ministers have a mass appeal evidenced by a kind of spontaneous effusion of the crowd. The new Minister of Commerce and Industries, K. O. Mbadiwe, evoked cheers of "K.O! K.O!" In fact the whole ceremony was a cross between an international motor show and a fashion display among men; but even amidst such glitter, the Honourable Festus Okotie-Eboh, Minister of Finance, still outshone everyone. He was superb in a glossy blue silk jumper, and behind him floated a costly train of some hand-

made cloth which he negligently allowed to trail after him on a wet floor, moistened by an earlier shower.

The great moment was the arrival of the Prime Minister himself, heralded by an escort of two motor-cycles. He got out of his state car (a Silver Cloud Rolls) a slight, tall and rather impassive man, impassive for a man who was even then in the very act of becoming the first Prime Minister of a non-independent Nigeria. The horde of cameramen surrounded him, and he neither smiled nor spoke a word until they had done. Shortly after he had gone into the House, the Governor-General of the Federation, Sir James Robertson, came riding in an open Rolls, arousing enthusiastic cheers from the crowd. Beside him was an African aide-de-camp, and in front a white army officer.

At the end of the inspection of the Guard of Honour formed by a detachment of the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment in the scarlet coats trimmed with gold and worn over khaki, the detachment presented arms and the national anthem of Britain was played by the Nigeria Police Band. The Governor-General saluted and went into the House, but the crowd still lingered on, breaking the cordon of police and displaying banners in lurid lettering: "ALL TRIBALISTS MUST GO! . . . AWAY WITH TRIBALIST POLITICIANS!"

But now the sitting of the House which began so colourfully and so proudly is over. And what has emerged is the identification of the people's desire for Independence in 1960 with one particular leader. Under the influence of the Prime Minister's fiery dedication to a United Nigeria, there has been a distinct suppression of party and tribal differences and an acceptance of a oneness within the diverse ethnic and religious components that go to build up Nigeria.

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The country is restless in its search for foreign capital and in its desire to develop its overseas trade, telecommunications, public utilities, industries, and foreign relations. Federal and Regional Ministers are touring Europe and the United States in the hope of awakening foreign interest in development projects and of learning new methods to be adapted to Nigeria's needs. Some Ministers have shown concrete results by persuading important personalities to visit Nigeria and carry out tours of inspection, with a view to advising the Ministers concerned. But there is now a growing feeling among the (tax-

paying) public against Ministers described as "Globe-trotters", some of whom view their portfolios as glorified tickets to summer holidays in the South of France, Switzerland and other glamour-spots of Europe. These globe-trotters have been pointedly advised to begin their charity at home by putting their own house in order first. Instead of inspecting the road-system in Holland, one paper says, give us here in Nigeria a permanent road, and half the problem of maintenance will be solved. We are not so advanced as to begin to worry about elaborate road systems yet.

#

There has been, incidentally, a distinct change in the weather pattern. The rainy season, which by now should have ended, still weeps on, and the country is suffering one endless spate of floods. Roads are feet deep in water and unusable even by heavy lorries. Bridges are being washed away, and even the Lagos City roads comprise one unrelieved mosaic of pot-holes and pools of floating tar. No better testing ground for the suspension of cars could have been devised by engineers. And now at this time, too, when the colleges and the University should be returning to work, raincoats and rainboots are still being worn.

But the rain did not prevent the student's conference from being a success. Students from all over the world constitute a queer class. Although most of them are out of touch with practical problems, they go to great critical and academic lengths to pass resolutions and suggest solutions to men in the thick of things. The 7th International Students' Conference held at Ibadan was the first one of its type to be held with an African country as host. Ibadan airport saw the landing of students from Canada and Ceylon, Australia and America, Costa Rica and Greece, Malaya and Ghana. South Africa was represented by a black man, Lovemore Mutambanengwe, who is strongly opposed to intellectual segregation; and by Johan Van der Vyver, a white man who believes in racial purity and segregation. The conference is now over and has left behind it in Nigeria a strong feeling among the students of belonging to an all-embracing and powerful world-wide movement, capable in its own unique way of fostering international understanding. Certainly the Nigerian press and radio viewed with importance and respect the proceedings of the conference, and there was no lack of publicity for its deliberations.

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The pattern changes fast. Brisk steps are daily being taken to implement the changes advised at the May London conference. One newspaper, in reporting the departure of Sir Bryan Sherwood-Smith, Governor of the Northern Region, said it marked the end of an era and thanked the retiring Governor for taking the country from the days of the District Officer, who had to improvise everything and was administrator and all other things rolled into one, to the present days of Ministerial Government by Nigerians. The Minorities Commission which was also suggested in the revised constitution, is busy looking into the fears of minority groups within the regions—fears of tribal domination and fears of “godless politicians.”

Change is the keynote of to-day. No two days are exactly alike in events. But what remains uppermost in the minds of Nigerians is that impression of a new and growing unity and a sensitive feeling of keen involvement in the recent misunderstandings of independent Ghana. Much of the country is split into two distinct groups: one is pro-Ghana and can see the sense in Dr. Nkrumah's actions, another remains strongly opposed to his decisions. But above all, Nigeria has supreme confidence in herself and knows that the problem of her own independence is a unique one. No one seriously expects it to follow any predetermined course.

With Independence as an incentive, the country works and condemns waste and plays with full vigour. League football has become a way of life, and overseas pools promise the adventurous staker a dividend of £75,000 (actually fulfilled in the case of several Nigerians). The Federal House has never been happy about the serious ‘drain’ of pool coupons on the country's economy, but though a number of practical solutions have been suggested, none has yet been adopted. And the daily papers are being mushroomed with advertisements promising easy means of making quick fortunes. Unregistered competition organizers bearing charitable names shout boldly ‘WIN £500; First entry 2s.; subsequent entries 1s.’

Money may be the root of all evil. But in to-day's Lagos the motives for making it and the practical results it reveals are too urgent for its effects to be judged with detachment.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE

III: RIDDLES AND PROVERBS

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IN African traditional literature, the *riddle* and the *proverb* have much in common. Both are based upon common experience and both are presented in symbolic form. The *riddle* presents a mental problem. The *proverb* is a criticism of life. Both are products of the popular mind and therefore both reflect prevalent attitudes. But while the *riddle* is hardly more than a form of entertainment, the *proverb* is more serious and has a didactic intent. Hence riddling is associated mainly with the younger people, while the propounding and expounding of proverbs is associated with the older people, especially the men.

RIDDLES

1. The Enigma

The most popular type of African *riddle* (called *iqhina*, 'a knot' in Xhosa) is like the *enigma* of Classical Greece. The 'knot' is concealed under obscure language, and whoever has to 'untie' it must grasp the associations or similarities. The subject may be anything within common experience—man, parts of the human body, animals, plant life, the heavenly bodies, etc.

In the following specimens the solution is indicated in the brackets:—

- (1) "I have twin sons standing on either side the edge of a mountain-forest, supporting the forest in case it tumbles down" (human ears, head and hair).
- (2) "I have an old crone standing all alone in the centre of a vast plain" (the human navel).
- (3) "I have a woman who carries a bearded baby on her back" (maize-stalk, maize-cob covered with female filaments).
- (4) "I have a sack full of corn. The corn is thrown away and the sack is cooked and eaten" (the stomach of a ruminating animal cooked as tripe).
- (5) "I have a woman. She has many many children and they are to be seen covering a great plain with the mother in their midst. But whenever her husband approaches, she and her children hide away" (the moon, the stars and the sun).

Since the solution must always be given, some of the riddles become so hackneyed that very often the solution is screamed out even before the proposing is complete. But every fresh experience in life provides scope for originality, and every new riddle is greeted with delight and admiration. Modern civilization has therefore enriched this field: "I have four people, two walking abreast ahead, and the other two following abreast and trying to catch up with those ahead. But whenever the front pair decides to wait, those following behind stop dead where they are" (the wheels of an ox-waggon or motor-car).

It is interesting to find that the famous riddle proposed by the Greek Sphinx to Oedipus is known to many Africans. What is more, many who have never heard it before are able to solve it as soon as it has been presented. It has slight variations: "I have an animal. In the morning (or at sunrise) it goes on four feet; at noon it goes on two; in the afternoon (at sunset or at nightfall) it goes on three."

2. The Bird Riddle

The essence of the *bird riddle* is to display one's knowledge of the ways and habits and/or colour-markings of birds. It takes the form of a dialogue between two young men, or boys, in the presence of an audience. Instead of 'tying a knot', the proposer makes an assertion about a certain bird, likening it to a certain type of person. His interlocutor, who plays the part of a challenger, calls upon the proposer to point out the associations or similarities. This form of entertainment gives plenty of scope for wit and humour.

In the following specimens Ch. = Challenger, Pro. = Proposer:

Ch.: Do you know the birds?

Pro.: I do know the birds.

Ch.: What bird do you know?

Pro.: I know the wagtail.

Ch.: What about him?

Pro.: That he is a shepherd.

Ch.: Why so?

Pro.: Because he is often to be seen amongst the flock.

The Challenger must all the time pretend not to be impressed. So, as soon as the likeness has been established, he says deprecatingly, "Ugh, you don't know the birds!" The Proposer replies emphatically, "I say I do know the birds!" Then they start again on some other bird:

"I know the owl . . . That he is a sorcerer . . . Because he always comes out in the depths of night to kill other animals."

"I know the butcher-bird . . . That he is a hunter and smeller-out of sorcerers . . . Because he impales the weaker birds and insects on thorn-bushes."

"I know the female dove . . . That she is a lazy woman . . . Because instead of building a nest she collects a few twigs and lays her eggs on them."

"Again I know the female dove . . . That she is a jealous wife . . . Because she never allows her husband to go out without her."

When the Proposer has 'spent al his philosophye', he accuses his interlocutor of not knowing the birds, and thus becomes the Challenger. The interlocutor immediately accepts the challenge and says that he does know the birds. Then they go on. At the end the audience have to say who is the winner. But here freshness of idea, wit and humour count more than just the number of birds named. Some associations and similarities are so commonplace that even a child could discover them, e.g. the wagtail and the shepherd. A competitor who brought out the following was declared the winner even though he had no other birds to name on that day:

Ch.: What bird do you know?

Pro.: I know the white-necked raven.

Ch.: What about him?

Pro.: That he is a missionary.

Ch.: Why so?

Pro.: Because he wears a white collar and a black cassock, and is always looking for dead bodies to bury!

PROVERBS

In general African proverbs state universally accepted principles and give guidance as to conduct in particular circumstances. Some proverbs are self-explanatory, but most are couched in symbolic terms. The latter draw largely from animal life, many of them being related to well-known fables (animal stories). Indeed, while many proverbs are derived from fables, there are a few fables that would seem to have been created to illustrate existing proverbs.

The following specimens are drawn from the Nguni (Xhosa-Zulu), the Tsonga (Ronga-Tswa, etc.) and the Sotho (Sotho-Tswana) groups of languages. The language-group is indicated only in those cases where the writer is not sure if the particular

proverb is to be found in the other two. Those that are not marked are to be found in all three groups, word for word. Where the fundamental idea is the same but expressed in different ways, this is indicated too.

Self-explanatory

- (1) "A chief is no chief to his own wife."
- (2) "Where there is no wealth there is no poverty" (Sotho).
- (3) "Wealth and poverty lie together" (Nguni and Sotho).

Symbolical

- (1) "A baby that does not cry dies in the skin-shawl (on its mother's back)", i.e. if you would have your grievances redressed, voice them without fear.
- (2) "The cow kicks the one who milks it" (Nguni).
"The buffalo goes for the one who hunts it" (Tsonga)
"The fire burns those who sit by it" (Sotho).
i.e. Trouble comes to those who court it.
- (3) "The elephant does not die of one broken rib" (Tsonga)
i.e. A strong man is not crushed by one piece of misfortune.
- (4) "The sweat of the dog dries in his own hair (or skin)",
i.e. The efforts of an obscure person are never acknowledged, however heroic they may be.

The following are related to fables:

"The rock-rabbit has no tail because he trusted to others (to bring him one)." After the creation, when all the animals were invited to come and receive their tails, the Rock-rabbit, preferring to sit and bask in the sun, requested the Monkey to bring him a tail. But on being supplied with the extra tail, the Monkey decided to add it on to his own. Hence the 'knot' on the Monkey's tail. This proverb exhorts people to do things themselves and not to trust to others to do things for them.

The Hare, pursued relentlessly by the Lion, took refuge in a small hole. Unable to enter, the Lion stood over the hole. But he soon noticed that the sight of his whiskers was enough to set the Hare trembling. So he pulled off his whiskers, placed them over the hole and went away. Every time the Hare tried to venture out, he saw the whiskers and quickly withdrew into the hole where he eventually died of hunger. "Do not be scared by the Lion's whiskers (Do not panic over a false alarm)."

THE LIVING AND DEAD

EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE

LEBONA felt the letter burning in his pocket. Since he had picked it up along the railway line it had nagged at him no end.

He would open it during lunch, he thought. Meantime he must continue with his work, which was to pick up rubbish that people continuously threw on the platform and on the railway tracks. Lebona used a piece of wire with a ball of tar stuck on at the end. One didn't need to bend. One only pressed the ball of tar onto a piece of paper or any other rubbish, detached it and threw it into a bag hanging from the shoulder.

A number of things crossed Lebona's mind: the man who had died the previous afternoon. Died, just like that. How could a man just die like that—like a rat or a mere dog?

The workers' rush was over. Only a few women sat on the benches on the platform. One was following his movements with her eyes. She sat there, so fat, he observed, looking at him. Just like a woman. She just sat and looked at you for no reason; probably because of an idle mind; maybe she was thinking about everything. Still he knew if he were a fly she might look at him all day. But no, not the letter. She mustn't be thinking about it. The letter in his pocket. It wasn't hers—no, it couldn't be; he had picked it up lower down the line; she could say what she liked, but it wasn't her letter.

That man: who would have thought a man could die just as if death were in one's pocket or throat all the time?

#

Stoffel Visser was angry; angry because he felt foolish. Everything had gone wrong. And right through his university career Stoffel Visser had been taught that things must go right, to the last detail.

"Calm yourself, Stoffel."

"Such mistakes shouldn't ever occur."

"It wouldn't do to let everybody else down, would it?"

"Don't preach, for God's sake!"

Doppie Fourie helped himself to more whisky.

"It's all Jackson's fault," Stoffel said. "He goes out yesterday and instead of being here in the evening to prepare supper he doesn't come. This morning he's still not here, and I can't get my bloody breakfast in time because I've to do it myself,

And you know I *must* have a good breakfast everyday. To make it worse my clock is out of order, bugged up, man, and the bloody Jackson's not here to wake me up. So I oversleep—that's what happens—after last night's braaivleis, you know. It's five o'clock on a Friday morning, and the bastard hasn't turned up yet. How could I be in time to give Rens the document before the Cape Town train left this morning."

"Now I think of it, Stoffel," said Fourie, "I can't help thinking how serious the whole thing is. Now the Minister can't have the report to think about it before the session begins. What do we do next?"

"There's still time enough to post it by express mail."

Doppie Fourie looked grave.

"You don't have to look as if the sky was about to fall," he said, rather to himself than to his friend. "Have another whisky." Stoffel poured out for himself and his friend.

"What a good piece of work we did, Doppie!"

"Bloody good. Did you see this?" Fourie showed his pal a daily newspaper, pointing his trembling finger at a report. The item said that Africans had held a "roaring party" in a suburban house while the white family were out. There had been feasting and music and dancing.

"See, you see now," said Stoffel, unable to contain his emotions. "Just what I told these fellows in the commission. Some of them are so wooden-headed they won't understand simple things like kaffirs swarming over our suburbs, living there, gambling there, breeding there, drinking there and sleeping there with their girls. They won't understand, these stupid fools, until the kaffirs enter their houses and boss them about and sleep with white girls. What's to happen to white civilization?"

"Don't make another speech, Stoffel. We've talked about this so long in the commission I'm simply choking with it.

"Look here, Doppie Fourie, *ou kèrel*, you deceive yourself to think I want to hear myself talk."

"I didn't mean that, Stoffel. But of course you have always been very clever. I envy you for your brains. You always have a ready answer to a problem. Anyhow, I don't promise to be an obedient listener tonight. I just want to drink."

"C'mon *ou kèrel*, you know you want to listen. If I feel pressed to speak you must listen, like or not." Doppie looked up at Stoffel, this frail-looking man with an artist's face and an intellect that seldom rose to the surface. "None of our

rugby-playing type with their bravado," Doppie thought. Often he hated himself for feeling so inferior. And all through his friend's miniature oration Doppie's face showed a deep hurt. "Let me tell you this, *ou kèrel*," Stoffel said, "you know I'd rather be touring the whole world and meeting peoples and cultures and perhaps be learning some art myself—I know you don't believe a thing I'm saying—instead of rotting in this hole and tolerating the numskulls I'm compelled to work with on committees. Doppie, there must be hundreds of our people who'd rather be doing something else they love best. But we're all tied to some bucking bronco and we must like it while we're still there and work ourselves up into a national attitude. And we've to keep talking, man. We haven't much time to waste looking at both sides of the question like these stupid *rooinekke*. That's why it doesn't pay anymore to pretend we're being just and fair to the kaffir by controlling him. No use even trying to tell him he's going to like living in enclosures.

"Isn't it because we know what the kaffir wants that we must call a halt to his ambitious wants? The danger, as I see it, *ou kèrel*, isn't merely in the kaffir's increasing anger and desperation. It also lies in our tendency as whites to believe that what we tell him is the truth. And this might drive us to sleep one day—a fatal day, I tell you. It's necessary to keep talking, Doppie, so's to keep jolting the whites into a sharp awareness. It's dangerously easy for the public to forget and go to sleep."

Doppie clapped his hands in half-dazed, half-mocking, half-admiring applause. At such times he never knew what word could sum up Stoffel Visser. A genius?—yes, he must be. And then Stoffel would say things he had so often heard from others. Ag, I knew it—just like all of us—ordinarily stubborn behind those deep-set eyes. And thinking so gave Doppie a measure of comfort. He distrusted complex human beings because they evaded labels. Life would be so much nicer if one could just take a label out of the pocket and tack it on the lapel of a man's coat. Like the one a lady daintily pins on you to show that you've dropped a coin into her collecting box. As a badge of charity.

"We can't talk too much, *ou kèrel*. We haven't said the last word in that report on kaffir servants in the suburbs."

Day and night for three months Stoffel Visser had worked hard for the commission he was secretary of—the Social Affairs commission of his Christian Protestant Party. The report of

the commission was to have been handed to Tollen Rens, their representative in Parliament, who, in turn, had to discuss it with a member of the Cabinet. A rigorous remedy was necessary, it was suggested, for what Stoffel had continually impressed on the minds of his cronies as "an ugly situation".

He could have chopped his own head off for failing to keep his appointment with Tollen Rens. And all through Jackson's not coming to wake him up and give him the breakfast he was used to enjoying with an unflagging appetite.

"Right, Stoffel, see you tomorrow at the office." Doppie Fourie was leaving. Quite drunk. He turned on his heel a bit as he made for the door, a vacant smile playing on his lips.

Although the two men had been friends for a long time, Doppie Fourie could never stop himself from feeling humiliated after a serious talk with Stoffel. Visser always overwhelmed him, beat him down and trampled on him with his superior intellect. The more he drank in order to blunt the edge of the pain Stoffel unwittingly caused him, the deeper was the hurt Doppie felt whenever they had been talking shop. Still, if Fourie never had the strength of mind to wrench himself from Stoffel's grip, his friend did all he could to preserve their companionship, if only as an exhaust pipe for his mental energy.

Stoffel's mind slowly came back to his rooms—Jackson in particular. He liked Jackson, his cook, who had served him with the devotion of a trained animal and ministered to all his bachelor whims and eating habits for four years. As he lived in a flat, it was not necessary for Jackson to clean the house. This was the work of the cleaner hired by Stoffel's landlord.

Jackson had taken his usual Thursday off. He had gone to Shanty Town, where his mother-in-law lived with his two children, in order to fetch them and take them to the zoo. He had promised so many times to take them there. His wife worked in another suburb. She couldn't go with them to the zoo because, she said, she had the children's sewing to finish.

This was the second time that Jackson had not turned up when he was expected after taking a day off. But the first time he had come the following morning, all apologies. Where could the confounded kaffir be, Stoffel wondered. But he was too busy trying to adjust his mood to the new situation to think of the different things that might have happened to Jackson.

Stoffel's mind turned around in circles without ever coming to a fixed point. It was this, that, and then everything. His

head was ringing with the voices he had heard so many times at recent meetings. Angry voices of residents who were gradually being incensed by speakers like him; frantic voices that demanded that the number of servants in each household be brought down because it wouldn't do for blacks to run the suburbs from their quarters in European backyards.

But there were also angry voices from other meetings: if you take the servants away, how are they going to travel daily to be at work on time, before we leave for work ourselves? Other voices: who told you there are too many natives in our yards? Then others: we want to keep as many servants as we can afford.

And the voices became angrier and angrier, roaring like a sea in the distance and coming nearer and nearer to shatter his complacency. The voices spoke different languages, different arguments, often using different premises to assert the same principles. They spoke in soft, mild tones and in urgent and hysterical moods.

The mind turned around the basic arguments in a turmoil: you shall not, we will; we can, you can't; they shall not, they shall; why must they? why musn't they? 'Some of these kaffir-lovers, of course, hate the thought of having to forego the fat feudal comfort of having cheap labour within easy reach when we remove black servants to their own locations,' Stoffel mused.

And amid these voices he saw himself working and sweating to create a theory to defend ready-made attitudes, stock attitudes that various people had each in their own time planted in him: his mother, his father, his brothers, his friends, his schoolmasters, his university professors and all the others who claimed him as their own. He was fully conscious of the whole process in his mind. Things had to be done with conviction or not at all.

Then, even before he knew it, those voices became an echo of other voices coming down through the centuries: the echo of gunfire, cannon, wagon wheels as they ground away over stone and sand; the echo of hate and vengeance. All he felt was something in his blood which groped back through the corridors of history to pick up some of the broken threads that linked his life with a terrible past. He surrendered himself to it all, to this violent desire to remain part of a brutal historic past, lest he should be crushed by the brutal necessities of the present, lest he should be forced to lose his identity: Almighty God, no,

no! Unconsciously he was trying to pile on layers of crocodile hide over his flesh to protect himself against thoughts or feelings that might some day in the vague future threaten to hurt.

When he woke from a stupor, Stoffel Visser remembered Jackson's wife over at Greenside. He had not asked her if she knew where his servant was. He jumped up and dialled on his telephone. He called Virginia's employer and asked him. No, Virginia didn't know where her husband was. As far as she knew her husband had told her the previous Sunday that he was going to take the children to the zoo. What could have happened to her husband, she wanted to know. Why hadn't he telephoned the police? Why hadn't he phoned Virginia in the morning? Virginia's master asked him these and several other questions. He got annoyed because he couldn't answer them.

None of the suburban police stations or Marshall Square station had Jackson's name in their charge books. They would let him know "if anything turned up." A young voice from one police station said perhaps Stoffel's "kaffir" had gone to sleep with his "maid" elsewhere and had forgotten to turn up for work. Or, he suggested, Jackson might be under a hangover in the location. "You know what these kaffirs are." And he laughed with a thin sickly voice. Stoffel banged the receiver down. There was a light knock at the door of his flat. When he opened with anticipation he saw an African standing erect, hat in hand.

"Yes?"

"Yes, baas."

"What do you want?"

"I bring you this, baas," handing a letter to the white man, while he thought: *just like those white men who work for the railways.*

"Whose is this? It has Jackson's name on the envelope. Where did you find it?"

"I was clean the line, baas. Um pick up papers and rubbish on railway line at Park Stish. 'Um think of something as um work. Then I pick up this. I ask *my-self*, who could have dropped it? But . . ."

"All right, why didn't you take it to your boss?"

"They keep letters there many months, baas, and no-one comes for them." His tone suggested that Stoffel should surely know that.

The cheek he has, finding fault with the way the white man does things.

"You lie! You wanted to open it first to see what's inside. When you found no money you sealed it up and were afraid your boss would find out you had opened it. Not true?"—

"It's not true, baas, I was going to bring it here whatever happened."

He fixed his eyes on the letter in Stoffel's hand. "Truth's God, baas," Lebona said, happy to be able to lie to someone who had no way of divining the truth, thinking at the same time: *they're not even decent enough to suspect one's telling the truth!*

They always lie to you when you're white, Stoffel thought, Just for cheek.

The more Lebona thought he was performing a just duty the more annoyed the white man was becoming.

"Where do you live?"

"Kensington, baas. Um go there now. My wife she working there."

Yet another of them, eh? Going home in a white man's area—we'll put a stop to that yet—and look at the smugness on his mug!

"All right, go." All the time they were standing at the door, Stoffel thought how the black man smelled of sweat, even although he was standing outside.

Lebona made to go and then remembered something. Even before the white man asked him further he went on to relate it all, taking his time, but his emotion spilling over.

"I feel very sore in my heart, baas. This poor man, he comes out of train. There are only two lines of steps on platform, and I say to *my-self* how can people go up when others are coming down? You know, there are iron gates now, and only one go and come at a time. Now other side there's train to leave for Orlando."

What the hell have I to do with this? What does he think this is, a complaints office?

"Now, you see, it's like this: a big crowd go up and a big crowd want to rush for their train. Um look and whistle and says to *my-self* how can people move in different ways like that? Like a river going against another!"

One of these kaffirs who think they're smart, eh.

"This man, I've been watching him go up. Then I see him pushed down by those on top of steps. They rush down and

stamp on him and kick him. He rolls down until he drops back on platform. Blood comes out mouth and nose like rain and I says to *my-self*, oho he's dead, poor man!"

I wish he didn't keep me standing here listening to a story about a man I don't even care to know! . . .

"The poor man died, just like that, just as if I went down the stairs now and then you hear um dead."

I couldn't care less either. . . .

"As um come here by tram I think, perhaps this is his letter."

"All right now, I'll see about that." Lebona walked off with a steady and cautious but firm step. Stoffel was greatly relieved.

Immediately he rang the hospital and mortuary, but there was no trace of Jackson. Should he or should he not open it? It might give him a clue. But, no, he wasn't a kaffir!

Another knock at the door.

Jackson's wife, Virginia, stood just where Lebona had stood a few minutes before.

"He's not yet here, Master?"

"No." Impulsively he showed her to a chair in the kitchen.

"Where else could he have gone?"

"Don't know master." Then she started to cry, softly. "Sunday we were together master at my master's place. We talked about our children and you know one is seven the other four and few months and firstborn is just like his father with eyes and nose and they have always been told about the zoo by playmates so they wanted to go there, so Jackson promised them he would take them to see the animals." She paused, sobbing quietly, as if she meant that to be the only way she could punctuate her speech.

"And the smaller child loves his father so and he's Jackson's favourite. You know Nkati the elder one was saying to his father the other day the day their grandmother brought them to see us—he says I wish you die, just because his father wouldn't give him more sweets, Lord he's going to be the rebel of the family and he needs a strong man's hand to keep him straight. And now if Jackson is—is—oho Lord God above."

She sobbed freely now.

"All right. I'll try my best to find him, wherever he may be. You may go now, because I've to lock up."

"Thank you master." She left.

Stoffel stepped into the street and got into his car to drive five miles to the nearest police station. For the first time in

his life he left his flat to look for a black man because he meant much to him—at any rate as a servant.

Virginia's pathetic look; her roundabout unpunctuated manner of saying things; the artless and devoted Virginia; the railway worker and his I-don't-care-whether-you're-listening manner; the picture of two children who might very well be fatherless as he was driving through the suburb; the picture of a dead man rolling down station steps and of Lebona pouring out his heart over a man he didn't know. . . . These images turned round and round into a complex knot. He had got into the habit of thinking in terms of irreconcilables and contradictions and opposition and categories. Black was black, white was white—that was all that mattered.

So he couldn't at the moment answer the questions that kept bobbing up from somewhere in his soul; sharp little questions coming without ceremony; sharp little questions shooting up, sometimes like meteors, sometimes like darts, sometimes climbing up like a slow winter's sun. He was determined to resist them. He found it so much easier to think out categories and to place people.

His friend at the police station promised to help him.

The letter. Why didn't he give it to Jackson's wife? After all, she had just as much right to possess it as her husband?

Later he couldn't resist the temptation to open the envelope; after all, it might hold a clue. He carefully broke open the flap. There were charming photographs, one of a man and woman, the other of two children, evidently theirs. They were Jackson's all right.

The letter inside was written to Jackson himself. Stoffel read it. It was from somewhere in Vendaland; from Jackson's father. He was very ill and did not expect to live much longer. Would Jackson come soon, because the government people were telling him to get rid of some of his cattle to save the land from washing away, and will Jackson come soon so that he might attend to the matter because he, the old man, was powerless. He had only the strength to tell the government people that it was more land the people wanted and not fewer stock. He had heard that the white man used certain things to stop birth in human beings, and if the white man thought he was going to do the same with his cattle and donkeys—that would be the day a donkey would give birth to a cow. But, alas, he said, he had only enough strength to swear by the gods his stock wouldn't

be thinned down. Jackson must come soon. He was sending the photographs which he loved very much and would like them to be safe because he might die any moment. He was sending the letter through somebody who was travelling to the gold city.

The ending was: "May the gods bless you my son and my daughter-in-law and my lovely grandsons I shall die in peace because I have had the heavenly joy of holding my grandsons on my knee."

It was in a very ugly scrawl without any punctuation marks. With somewhat unsteady hands Stoffel put the things back in the envelope.

#

Monday lunch-time Stoffel Visser motored to his flat, just to check up. He found Jackson in his room lying on his bed. His servant's face was all swollen up with clean bandages covering the whole head and cheeks. His eyes sparkled from the surrounding puffed flesh.

"Jackson!"

His servant looked up at him.

"What happened?"

"The police."

"Where?"

"Victoria Police Station."

"Why?"

"They call me monkey."

"Who?"

"White man in train."

"Tell me everything, Jackson." Stoffel felt his servant was resisting him. He read bitterness in the stoop of Jackson's shoulders and the whole profile as he sat up.

"You think I'm telling lie, master? Black man always tell lie, eh?"

"No, Jackson. I can only help if you tell me everything." Somehow the white man managed to keep his patience.

"I take children to zoo. Coming back I am reading my night school book. White man come into train and search everyone. One see me reading and say what's this monkey think he's doing with a book. He tell me stand up, he shouts like it's first time for him to talk to a human being. That's what baboons do when they see man. I am hot and boiling and I catch him by his collar and tie and shake him. Ever see a *marula* tree that's heavy with fruit? That's how I shake him. Other white men take me to

place in front, a small room. Everyone there hits me hard. At station they push me out on platform and I fall on one knee. They lift me up and take me to police station. Not in city but far away I don't know where but I see now it must have been Victoria station. There they charge me with drunken noise. Have you a pound? I say no and I ask them they must ring you, they say if I'm cheeky they will hell me up and then they hit and kick me again. They let me go and I walk many miles to hospital. I'm in pain." Jackson paused, bowing his head lower.

When he raised it again he said: "I lose letter from my father I found waiting for me at Shanty Town, with my beautiful pictures. I'm want to read it when I'm here."

Stoffel sensed agony in every syllable, in every gesture of the hand. He had read the same story so often in newspapers and never given it much thought.

He told Jackson to lie in bed, and for the first time in four years he called a doctor to examine and treat his servant. He had always sent him or taken him to hospital.

For four years he had lived with a servant and had never known more about him than that he had two children living with his mother-in-law and a wife. Even then they were such distant abstractions—just names representing some persons, not human flesh and blood and heart and mind.

And anger came up in him to muffle the cry of shame, to shut out the memory of recent events that was battering on the iron bars he had built up in himself as a means of protection. There were things he would rather not think about. And the heat of his anger crowded them out. What next? He didn't know. Time, time, time, that's what he needed to clear the whole muddle beneath the fog that rose thicker and thicker with the clash of currents from the past and the present. Time, time . . . And then Stoffel Visser realized he did not want to think, to feel. He wanted to do something. Sack Jackson? No. Better continue treating him as a name, not as another human being. Let him continue to be a machine to work for him. Meantime, he must do his duty—dispatch the commission's report. That was definite, if nothing else was. He was a white man, and he must be responsible. To be white and to be responsible were one and the same thing. . . .

COUNTRY HOTEL

GWYNNE SEATH

COMPACT and erect in khaki bush-shirt and shorts, veld-shoed feet planted squarely on the sidewalk, legs neatly socked, fists on hips, dark sun-glasses under his wide-brimmed hat, Hammond watched a length of brown paper scuttle towards him across the village street in the hot wind. He raised his head to look up at the big letters that ran along the top of the hotel to spell out its name—New Karroo. His eyes fell on a mass of heavily laden bougainvillia branches growing above the door of the non-European bar, magenta pointed petals blazing in the sun.

Wonderful day on the farms and wild stretches where there weren't any sticky streets or bars and shops; Hammond imagined his forests, fresh and inviting in any weather. He could see Hans among the Coloured men in the yard waiting for the bar to open. His assistant carried his spare body upright, worn dungarees pulled up tight under the short coat, ribbonless felt hat hooding his head. There was something restful and serene about Hans' dark big-featured face with its aquiline nose and high cheek bones. And, Hammond thought, you couldn't want anyone better for the work.

Hammond held his hat against the wind as he studied the men. In the hot sun, in the eddying dust, they waited; it seemed enormous patience to him! They reminded him of a dark cloud of bees, clustering and focussing round the hive—their source of hope and strength. Hammond was aware of a certain muteness about these masculine but unassertive men; he sensed a kind of hush hovering over the patient group. He found their colours and sizes as varied and diverse as the veld plants and trees that were his concern. He caught the eye of a little weed of a man in the throng—brim of felt hat wide over his lined face, grey trousers cascading over the turned-up toes of his veld-shoes, his old jacket too big for him. A squat, yellow-faced man lurched close to Hammond, already drunk, laugh wrinkles curving deeply from eyes into cheeks, he looked around delightedly for someone to share his temporary wonder and fortune, moving his head happily to and fro.

Looking at the watch on his thick wrist, Hammond turned towards the hotel entrance; there was time for a cup of tea while Hans visited the bar, and they could be at the reserve

by sunset. He stepped over the cement stoep into the hall.

As he reached to hang his hat on a hook by the door, he heard a voice, feminine but harsh and strident, say: "Good morning, Mr. Hammond!" A middle-aged woman, thick arms bare, blond hair bobbed and frizzed round her thin face, came towards him, smiling; she screwed up her little blue eyes and rubbed her cheek with the back of a hand.

"And how is Mr. Hammond?" She looked up at him, head tilted and mouth pursed.

He angled off his glasses: "Very well, Mrs. Bester." His boyish face peered down on her.

"And how is Mr. Hammond's work going?" She shot her face forward, eyebrows skipping up.

"All right, thanks." Hammond shifted about, stowing his spectacles in their case. "On the way to a new reserve—Bokkiesveld."

"Would Mr. Hammond like some tea?" Mrs. Bester twisted her neck round toward him as he strolled in the direction of the lounge.

"Yes, if you please!" He turned to glance back at her; she trotted away, her hands held down limp before her, corsetted body rigid as she went.

Hammond could make out, lying in the dim light under the stairway, piles of veld-flowers, scattered lush and fresh: great open ripe proteas, pink- and black-tipped and feathery, their long leaves and petals pointing, enfolding; branches of wild mountain "gardenia," their fleshy leaves, rounded and wax-like and shaded through greens and yellows to peach-pink and cream, climbing to form spiralled leaf-blossoms. Mentally he noted their scientific names.

No one else was in the bright drinking-lounge where Hammond arranged himself in one of the chromium-piped chairs at a squat table near the door. He could see through large steel windows into the yard where visitors' cars stood in a row nosing the hotel-front, the Government station-wagon—packed with Hammond's equipment—among them. The little room was filled with matching tables and chairs, fitted closely together; Hammond shuddered as he felt its cold clean nakedness. When he consciously listened for it, he could hear the hum of the Coloured men's presence on the other side of the yard; it was like the doves calling—you heard it when you wanted to!

A tall bluey-white cadaverous young man brought the tea

quietly—vacant face dipping over the table, to disappear as silently as he had come.

Mrs. Bester came into the room. She held a bunch of heath in her hand, its tiny-leaved sprays tufted with tightly-packed crinkly heliotrope flowers; cocking her head coyly and pursing her lips proprietorially, smug comfortable wrinkles wreathed her face. In his mind Hammond automatically classified the heath.

“Your flowers are very beautiful, Mrs. Bester.” He thought of them growing in their wild haunts, and now to be stripped calculatingly and arranged to decorate the hotel’s principal rooms.

Looking up at her, he put his fingers through his wavy brown hair, hand lingering at the back of his neck: “Did you get them from the country round?”

Mrs. Bester stood erect beside him: “Early this morning I was out. The flowers come from the farms of friends.” With narrowed eyes and tightened mouth, she thrust forward her lower jaw and nodded her head slowly, saying: “To-day is such a busy day for us . . . Mr. Hammond would be surprized to know what a big trade we do on a Saturday. . . . And my husband has gone to town . . . I must see to everything!” She strolled to the window and peered at the street.

Hammond sipped his tea. He noted that the stir of the men waiting in the yard had shifted inside to the bar.

Presently Mrs. Bester came towards him again, hugging the heath to her chest.

Hammond said, his head set sideways, blue eyes twinkling, brows raised questioningly: “Is there a limit to the amount of alcohol you can sell to the Coloured people?”

As she instinctively blurted “Oh, no!”, Hammond was aware that she felt uncertain; her head moved from side to side, searching, reluctant.

He fixed her with clear blue eyes, lips pressed together hard: “Can’t you refuse to serve them if you feel they’ve had too much to drink?”

As Mrs. Bester hesitated to answer him, her face pleading, placating, he pursued her: “Don’t you ever have any trouble arising from drunkenness?”

Mrs. Bester bent low, propping her fists on the table, to face him squarely. The heath jutted upwards from one hand and trailed over the table as she fixed amused eyes on him and said,

emphasizing each word with a little jerk of the head: "That's the police's concern—not ours."

Silence welled up between them.

Mrs. Bester swayed her body around from the little table towards the door.

With eyebrows lifted and troubled lines deep across his brow, Hammond grunted and looked down in his lap.

The pale bar-attendant stole into the room, his empty face lit at last by interest. He spoke breathy Afrikaans phrases in a low tone to Mrs. Bester. The hotel proprietress stood listening, eyes slit, mouth rigid, body tense. When the barman finished she made a spurt through the door to drop the heath onto the other flowers in the hall and vanish—as if hurled—towards the bar. Hammond could hear her loud decisive steps. He thought the low drone from the bar seemed to mount to an uneven roar.

There were steps again in the hall, and the sudden whirring sound of a telephone crank. After a pause, Mrs. Bester's voice—the Afrikaans syllables concise and rasping—came harsh, demanding, emphatic, high through the air, and the sound of the receiver slamming on its hook. Then her steps struck the floor again.

The teapot empty, Hammond rose. He strode through the hall and out the entrance, hands clasped behind him, to stand at the edge of the cement stoep. A group of Coloured women, dark and humble, their wisps of children following them lightly, passed along the street in front of the little houses and gated yards opposite. Hammond was conscious of a lull in the bar.

A slight Coloured boy came down the street, dressed in the fresh khaki uniform and helmet of a policeman. Hammond noticed how the polished leather of his belt sparkled in the sun, shining handcuffs stretched and linked along its surface. The skin of the boy's face was bronze and satin-smooth, and, clothed in his uniform, he walked with a sure direct step towards the door of the non-European bar and entered it. Listening, Hammond noticed the sound inside drop, and after a pause, resume its usual hum. The mild young policeman came out of the bar, hands clutching his prisoner. Hammond recognized the happy drunken man of an earlier hour, yellow face now sagging and exhausted, tottering crazily from side to side—head lolling jerkily. The uniformed boy made his way carefully, guiding and leading his charge across the yard to the sidewalk and finally

the street, where they moved along to disappear out of sight.

Hammond watched the crumpled piece of refuse paper still drifting in the empty yard. Mrs. Bester came out onto the stoep, rubbing her hands together, satisfaction shining from her face. A large powerful dust-covered American car roared into the yard and stopped level with the stoep. From behind the wheel a heavy-set man climbed, loosely but comfortably dressed; his assured heavy eyes glanced appraisingly at Hammond and Mrs. Bester whom he greeted casually as he walked past them along the stoep to vanish through the door of the European bar.

Some Coloured men lingered in the yard; Hammond saw Hans, lean face hollowed with a grin as he listened to words of the little big-jacketed man who sauntered with him towards the Government van. When the two slight men crossed opposite the hotel's entrance they acknowledged Hammond's glance and greeting and saluted warmly—each raising the fingers of a hand towards his hat. The piece of brown paper, Hammond noticed, was caught under the farmer's car, one of its ends wedged beneath the tyre. But now he saw that the wind was tugging at it slowly to bring it finally swirling in great slow circles above them.

Suddenly Hammond felt a violent urge pressing, impelling him to hasten away. Turning back into the hall for his hat, he found himself facing Mrs. Bester, the upright bars of the grilled-in office between them.

The proprietress stood behind the grid, folded arms snug over thick body, smile wrinkles carved around the upward-curling corners of her mouth. She spoke in a grating low tone: "Is Mr. Hammond now off?"

He stood poised to fly, hat in his hand. "Yes, Mrs. Bester. Good morning."

Putting on his hat he quickly crossed the stoep and almost ran as he approached the car. Sliding behind the wheel and adjusting his glasses, Hammond smiled at Hans sitting beside him. He backed the station-wagon into the street and, pointing its nose towards the spreading country, pressed his foot on the accelerator. His eye roved across the veld, and he marked a little umbrella-shaped ghwarrie tree on a rise, etched and crooked against the sky. "Euclea undulata," he murmured happily, putting the car into overdrive as they sped between stretches of scrub-covered veld.

OF MANY MANSIONS

If Mr. Strijdom chose to go
To Jericho
And on the way should chance to fall
(Injustice thrives as well we know)
'Mong thieves and, thus reduced, should call

On passing Jew and Priest and Red
(Who wished him dead).
And they passed by on their own side,
Would you not wonder if he said:
"Thus is Apartheid justified!"

Yet wonder grows, and still must grow
(So, la, ti, doh!)
To grasp the psalming explanation
(Fear's logic and fortissimo)
That sings Love's blessing to the nation:

"We'll cut new roads for every race
And shape of face,
And on my road shall only go
Those who'd like me in my place
And think what I already know."

Still, after Priest and Red and Jew
(The Liberal queue?)
Supposedly have passed him by
(Nor can their passports now renew),
Suppose a face of darker dye—

Suppose a man all nigger brown
Came sat him down
(Who would stretch parables? I could
Have said he came from Shanty Town)
And did a little useful good,

Repaired the damage, gave him drink
(And I'll not shrink . . .
Well, yes, perhaps I'll cut it short)
Called the ambulance in a wink
And cleared in case he might be caught

And made a party to the act
 Before the fact
 Of what he did should come in view.
 Say all this happened—where's your tact?
 Whose Ideal Form comes peeking through?

Though some declare if we select
 What His One Sect
 Affirms, which is: "There lies your neighbour!
 The other chap you can respect
 In heav'n, but here he (thanks!) is labour"

(And that's a pretty friendly word),
 That then you've heard
 The price of glory. If God loves
 The other skins, yet are we stirred
 To make Love easier (look at doves—

They don't love owls, or vultures either)
 And see that neither
 Black nor white should meet (or maul);
 Which keeps the scope of Love much blither
 And leaves God free to love us all.

And good may come of it, I'm sure,
 The plan is pure.
 Uncharity they think a crime
 And act it out—whate'er the lure
 Of greater good at later time.

And so

Apologies to Mr. Strijdom.
 Sure in the Kingdom
 Are many mansions. Pray that he
 May not be placed in one at random
 But in white Moses' bosom be.

Well, we shall see.



BOOK REVIEWS

Contributions au Congrès des Ecrivains et Artistes Noirs.
Published by Présence Africaine, Paris. 1957.

THIS volume is further and important evidence of the new phase that has opened in the growth of African scholarship. Africans are discovering themselves.

Until recently Europeans alone were occupied in the process of exploring, recording, dissecting and interpreting African cultures. These anthropologists and missionaries had the advantage of a wide perspective and comparative sociological knowledge; but they suffered the handicaps of standing outside the society, studying it through the medium of a foreign language, and sharing the prejudices of their own group.

The older generation of African scholars, such as J. H. Soga, followed in the missionary tradition. They viewed their customs and institutions sympathetically, but apologetically, and without any doubt as to the superiority of the White man's way of life.

All this is now a thing of the past. The Africans, West Indians and American Negroes who took part in the First International Congress of Negro Writers and Artists, held in Paris in September, 1956, reject such evaluations with varying degrees of emphasis. Racial differences, declares C. S. Tidiany, do not justify, on any ground, hierarchical evaluation of cultures. African culture is different, but not inferior in relation to time and place.

So, in the first place, Africans are concerned to record and explain the inner meaning of art forms and philosophies: Benin bronzes, Senegal dances, Ewe semantics, Dahomey animism, Negro theatre. The Conference gave much of its time to papers on these and allied themes, both for the sake of the subject matter and as a corrective to misconceptions. As

Ladislas Segy pointed out:

"The accumulation of this information about the background of African art brings us to new conclusions. We learn that what was considered as 'superstition' is a valid solution to psychological conditions. The old concept of a 'savage' way of life, acquires a new light in this context, and we understand that under similar conditions much the same type of rituals has been installed and practised through the world and throughout the ages."

This concept is not unfamiliar to social scientists, but its recognition by Africans reinforces their objection to imperialism and colonial expansion. For, as Assane Seck remarks, these have been justified in terms of an alleged racial and cultural inferiority in Africans. An assertion of African values involves a repudiation of such arrogance and intolerance.

How far is the repudiation to go? Must we 'develop along our own lines'? Some, like J. Holness, say yes: "There is only one solution for this problem and that is to work amongst our own people; let us put forward our contribution through our national aspirations and culture." In keeping with this sentiment, Tidiany stresses the historical ties between Egyptian civilization and Negro Africa: the 'wonder that was Egypt' is the *Miracle Nègre*, which preceded and gave rise to the glories of Greece.

But modern Egypt is backward and undeveloped. Africa needs science, technology, a trained civil service. Why not take what we need from Europe, Asia or America, and adapt it to our conditions?

Peter Abraham's contribution—originally published in 1954—makes a significant comment on African attitudes to Western values. The educated leaders in the Union, he says, have accepted these values more fully than Africans have done elsewhere, with the possible exception of the African *élite* in French colonies. It is the African who is fighting for the realization of Western ethical principles, and the White racist who rejects them in an attempt to preserve power and prestige. In Kenya, on the other hand, Kenyatta and other African leaders 'reject all European ways and institutions' because the White settler has rejected the African.

I think that Abrahams misrepresents Kenyatta's attitude and succumbs uncritically to colonial propaganda in condemning him and accepting the official version of 'Mau Mau'. But the contrast he draws between Africans who reject and those who demand the realization of European values is meaningful.

One may sympathize and yet disagree with ardent 'Africanists, who, in their desire to free themselves of 'cultural imperialism' think of building a new society on an authentic, ancient African heritage. Traditional art forms, animism and ancestor cults do not constitute an adequate base for a progressive society. The foundations of new economic, technical and political institutions must be laid. Scientists and technicians are needed for this work, as well as writers and artists. Knowledge and skills are available outside as well as in Africa, and we have a right to draw freely on all sources. Africa, which gave the world its first civilization, will not suffer humiliation by claiming a repayment of the debt. Let us hope that scientists as well as artists will be represented at the next Congress, to place the prospects for African society in a full and balanced perspective.

DR. H. J. SIMONS.

Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa—by *Dr. Roland Oliver*. Published by Chatto & Windus, London. 1957. Price 30s.
Quest for Africa—by *Dr. Heinrich Schiffers*. Published by Odhams Press, London. 1957. Price 25s.

ONE of the most significant themes in contemporary history is the throwing aside of the 'White man's burden', in the shape of imperialist domination, from the shoulders of colonial peoples all over the world. For Africa, the overwhelming weight of the burden began to be felt during the crucial years of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when, at a steadily increasing pace, the Great Powers of Europe carved up the hitherto largely untouched Continent amongst themselves.

The full history of the interaction between Africa and its conquerors during this period, which irrevocably transformed African life and will no doubt dominate its future for a long time, has still to be written. Too little is as yet known about this time. Nevertheless, more and more valuable evidence is being accumulated about the detailed course of events during the 'scramble' from the point of view of the scramblers themselves, those Victorian crusaders vitalized into astonishing energy by their conviction that they were the agents of a progressive evolution which would bring profits to the mother-country and civilization to its forcibly adopted children.

It is often mistakenly assumed that British Imperialism arose as a result of the conscious realization of its necessity by the nation at large. In fact, in the heyday of imperialist expansion, in the 80's and 90's, there were powerful interests, both in and out of Parliament, representing the outlook of the earlier Free Trade period, who still regarded colonies as costly and unnecessary burdens. Clear-sighted individuals might see the need for new colonies in the coming period of intensified competition for markets, but Parliament as a whole was very reluctant to pay for them. This conditioned the form that late nineteenth century expansion took. As a result of the unflinching emphasis on economy, transitional stages between the declaration of a 'sphere of influence' and the setting up of a full colonial administration dependent on Treasury aid had to be evolved. Such were the declaration of Protectorates under the control of the Foreign Office, where a Consul 'advised' tribal chiefs who had signed treaties of friendship with the Queen, and the even more drastic expedient of Chartered Companies, which undertook the responsibility of government in exchange for the privileges granted to them by their charters.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the correspondence of Sir Harry Johnston abounds in half-humorous, half-bitter diatribes against the niggardly Treasury, "a Department without bowels of compassion or a throb of imperial feeling." Johnston was one of the most important and interesting figures of his time, unaccountably forgotten to-day, who has been put into his rightful place among the other great imperialists of the period, like Rhodes, McKinnon and Lugard, in a recent biography by Dr. Roland Oliver—*Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa*.

In an age when versatility was not uncommon, Johnston was exceptionally so. He was an accomplished painter, an ardent naturalist after whom several animals were named, a pioneer ethnographer in the field of Bantu languages whose contributions are still acknowledged to-day, and a most prolific and witty author. But these were only sidelines. From the age of twenty, Johnston was an ardent advocate of Imperial extension who spent some twenty years in the service of the Foreign Office in Africa. As Dr. Oliver says, "Johnston's active life coincided almost exactly with the international scramble for Africa, and he himself played with intensity and enthusiasm all the most characteristic parts that fell to the 'man on the spot' . . . explorer,

concession-hunter, treaty-making consul and pioneer administrator."

Johnston's greatest claim to remembrance is perhaps the famous Agreement he signed with the Baganda in 1901, which gave the Uganda Government full powers to force whatever measures it pleased on the Kabaka and the Lukiko, while appearing to give an enlarged Buganda internal self-government; an Agreement under which the Kabaka was deported in 1953.

Dr. Oliver's book is scholarly, detached and extremely readable, and his excellent maps enable the reader to follow with ease Johnston's activities, which were spread over the greater part of Africa. With the aid of skilfully chosen quotations, he brings to life the impish Johnston, terror of Victorian drawing rooms, who yet never lost his earnest belief in evolution. Dr. Oliver also throws new light on many of Johnston's contemporaries, including Rhodes, whose unscrupulous attempts to use Johnston as a tool to extend the political control of the B.S.A. Company make for one of the most interesting episodes in the book.

Quest for Africa also deals with the opening up of Africa, though from a very different point of view. For Dr. Schiffers, Africa is the mysterious and glamorous continent from which something new always emerges, and from the records of an enormous number of journeys of exploration he has created, as his publishers say, an "adventure story on a grand scale". Unfortunately, it is a story which is often very difficult to follow. Dr. Schiffers has not managed to organize his material coherently, and the narrative, already marred by a translation which is very poor in places, sometimes goes aground in wordy, unnecessary asides and flashbacks. It is a pity, too, that, as a geographer dealing with the history of exploration, he should not have included at least one full-scale map of Africa.

Dr. Schiffers is at his best in his graphic descriptions of the strange personalities in African history—Emin Pasha, European convert to Islam, Governor of the Egyptian province of Eatoria, brilliant and irresolute, finally murdered as a traitor by his co-religionists; George Schweinfurth, the explorer, who proved that Aristotle was correct when he said there were pygmies in Africa; or Gerhard Rohlfs, a German doctor who disguised himself as a Moslem and went right across North Africa on foot, in yellow carpet slippers.

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