



# AFRICA SOUTH IN EXILE

Vol. 5 No. 2

Jan.—March 1961

Special Features :

**SOUTH AFRICA—REFERENDUM AND RESISTANCE**

Articles by Stanley Uys and Anonymous Correspondents

**MONCKTON AND THE FEDERATION**

Articles by Mainza Chona and Patrick Keatley

**FRANCE AND THE ALGERIAN WAR**

Articles by El Mehdi Ben Barka, Robert Barrat and  
Claude Bowdet



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## in exile

VOL. 5 No. 2

EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL

JAN.—MARCH 1961

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## THE SINGLE STANDARD

DR. VERWOERD has won his referendum, and South Africa is to become a republic. Though the white opposition parties worked themselves up into a strange delirium of hope just before the voting, the result was never reasonably in doubt. Dr. Verwoerd has the bulk of the new eighteen-year-old white voters with him for the same reason that he finds more and more of the English-speaking whites falling in behind his banners at each fresh shriek of his sirens. Apartheid is not so much a disfigurement as a disease, corrupting the reason of all those who do not strenuously resist its contagion. There is no need any longer for the Nationalist Government to manipulate parliamentary majorities, though doubtless it will go on doing so from sheer habit; it has a popular white majority at the polls, and one that is likely to fatten fast on the appetite of dominion.

That the whites should have lost so many of their own civil rights in the process of stripping the non-whites bare of theirs was, of course, to be expected. Had they surrendered these rights deliberately, fully conscious of the sacrifice they were making, it would be bad enough. What is far worse is that so many of them do not know that they have surrendered anything at all, while so many of those who know, do not think of their surrender as a sacrifice.

There are few white South Africans left who are willing to withstand the will of their ruler. And how should it be otherwise? Domination is a drug requiring ever larger doses to satisfy, till the demand itself reduces ruled and rulers alike to absolute servitude. Irresistibly the process of subjection spreads, consuming antagonists, the uneasy, the uncommitted, and at last all those associates who refuse submission to the single appetite. A Verwoerd is the ultimate towards which white supremacy would carry South Africa, a world of mirrors where the only true prophet of apartheid will see only the image of his own will infinitely multiplied. Domination admits of no commands but its own; it creates a hierarchy of servants below the master, having mastered from the very beginning the master himself.

\* \* \* \*

On November 1, 1960, the Algerian war entered its seventh year. The figures for its victims, whether issuing from F.L.N. or French Army sources, agree alone in provoking fury and

disgust. The war has ceased to command compassion; it has advanced to a degree of destruction that denies humanity. It is difficult to believe that men have fought and are still fighting a war in which almost two million, over a fifth of the Algerian people, have been driven from their homes, and some half-a-million more killed in battle.

It needs an effort of the will to see these casualties as people, not the many dead but the many dying. Yet the effort must be made if our own humanity is to survive. A war is fought and suffered by human beings; and at the same moment that we cease profoundly to feel this, we cease to be human ourselves.

It needs an even greater effort of the will to feel compassion for France. France is fighting and killing not for the right to govern herself but for the power to govern others, not to release the personality of a people but to arrest it. Yet France is also a victim of the war. And though hers is not an Algerian desolation and dying, it is a desolation and a dying all the same. Her people have surrendered their own liberties in the very process of stripping the Algerians of theirs. In their frenzy to win the war and retain their possessions, they have even countenanced the practice of torture by their soldiers and police. How much of free France is left?

The political parties of the fourth republic assaulted democracy in France at the same time as they promoted its denial in Algeria. By supporting the policy of pacification in Algeria, they ensured that a policy of pacification would be directed against them from the moment that they clashed with those in power. They were unable to defend their own rights effectively because they were never prepared effectively to protect the rights of the Algerians. Requiring submission to their own desire for domination, they inevitably fell victim to the desire of others.

The Algerian war destroyed the fourth republic. It now threatens to destroy even the dusk democracy that is the fifth. Those who put General de Gaulle in power to stop the drift towards a settlement of the war by a weak-willed parliament are now plotting to replace him before he drifts towards a settlement himself. And so no one in France seems to possess the power or the will to compel a conclusion to the war that is destroying France herself. Parliament is unable or unwilling to act without the President, the President is unable or unwilling to act without the Army, and the Army has joined settler sentiment in captivity to the demands of domination. The

Algerians, in their refugee camps and guerilla bands, are finally free. The French, in the strength of their army and the abundance of their resources, are absolutely subject to their own appetite to subject. The parallel with South Africa is patent.

\* \* \* \*

The West would do well to brood upon the lessons of South Africa and France. Washington and London may turn their eyes squeamishly away, but the Arabs in Algiers and the Africans in Luanda, together with their neighbours, can hardly be expected to follow the example. The military and economic aid that France and Portugal receive from the West through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is not being used to protect democracy from Soviet attack. It is freely being used in Algeria and Angola to secure repression. Can the Government of the United States reasonably believe for a moment that those whom Salazar oppresses in Angola will judge Portugal by one standard because she employs arms against them, and the United States by another because she merely supplies the arms that Portugal employs? Will the Africans in Johannesburg condemn the Nationalist Government without condemning too a Britain that supplies the Nationalist Government with arms and the international prop of Commonwealth association? The platitudes about 'the free world' may stir billows of applause in Brussels. They are far more likely to rouse loud derision in Constantine. The devastation of dominion rises steadily and inescapably, till it submerges not only all those who first released it, but all those as well who assisted in the release. The Algerian war is the clearest illustration of this, but only in time. Angola and the Union of South Africa are unlikely to lag far behind the example.

The West cannot paddle about in the Algerian conflict. If it enters the water at all, it must sooner or later find itself swimming for its life. The F.L.N. has already decided to accept the aid that China has offered it. And even such friends of the West as the current Governments of Tunisia and Morocco find themselves forced by French intransigence to connive at, even to facilitate such aid. The peoples of the Maghreb will do all that they can to prevent the defeat of Algerian aspirations, and if Chinese intervention can alone promote the accomplishment of these, then Chinese intervention will be welcomed as the lesser of the evils. France will doubtless go far to prevent a Chinese presence in Algeria. Will she permit Tunisia and

Morocco to ease or even allow the passage of Chinese aid through their territories? The war may yet spill over the borders of Algeria, and then beyond the borders of North Africa. Can the Soviet Union afford to fold its arms while China and France are involved in a North African conflict? Will Britain and the United States—will the whole North Atlantic Treaty Organization—watch an embattled France without intervening on her behalf?

What began as violence and repression in Algeria has already become violence and repression in France. Is it only to end in a violence and a repression that destroy us all? The Algerian war is no longer 'they', if it ever really was. It has become 'we'. Our liberties and our lives are hostages to its evolution every bit as much as are the liberties and lives of those in the shattered villages and rebel encampments of North Africa. If we continue to sacrifice humanity in Algeria—and in Mozambique and Angola and the Union of South Africa—we will sacrifice sooner or later, beyond the recapturing, our own.

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*Just before going to press with this issue, we learned from our agents in Cape Town that 600 copies of the magazine, shipped to South Africa for public sale, were confiscated by the Authorities. We shall, of course, continue to get copies of 'Africa South in Exile' into South Africa, one way or another.*

*Meanwhile we have registered our strongest protest at this further attempt by the Nationalist Government to deny to the people of South Africa free access to facts and ideas. The most constructive protest that our readers can make is to contribute generously towards the costs of the magazine, so as to enable us to distribute even more copies in the Union than we are attempting to do at the moment without any hope of payment. Those who cannot send us donations will assist the magazine to survive and continue its work by finding new subscribers and purchasers for it.*



## THE REFERENDUM AND AFTER

STANLEY UYS

*Political Correspondent of the Johannesburg 'Sunday Times'*

By a meagre majority of 74,580 votes, South Africa has decided to become a republic. The referendum on October 5th was confined to registered white voters, in terms of Dr. Verwoerd's statement on January 20th that "the white electorate will decide the destiny of their South Africa in this respect." There are 1,864,197 such registered white voters on the rolls, a surprising increase of 288,197 over the voters' roll figure for South Africa and South-West Africa in 1958. In a 90% poll on October 5th, 1,633,772 whites voted—850,458 for a republic, 775,878 against it. The 12,000,000 non-whites looked on sullenly.

This is the first time the Nationalist Government has ventured to test white public opinion in a poll in which every vote is counted, and the result has confirmed the customary Opposition view that white South Africans are fairly evenly divided between pro-Nationalists and anti-Nationalists. Most election experts are agreed that the voting on October 5th was largely on party political lines.

If the composition of Parliament had reflected fairly the will of the white electorate, the Government to-day would have at most 81 seats in the Lower House of Assembly and the Opposition 75. Instead, the present electoral arrangement gives the Government 102 seats and the Opposition 54. If this electoral system is one of the heritages of "Western Christian civilization", it is no wonder that the Nationalists feel it is a civilization worth fighting for.

The enlarged Senate, created in 1955 to give the Government the two-thirds majority it required to override the entrenched clauses in the South Africa Act and so to remove the last non-white voters from the common roll, was abolished in October last year; and the Opposition, instead of being outnumbered 78 to 12 in the Upper House, will now be outnumbered only 39 to 15. The sum, then, is as follows: in the referendum, where every white vote counted, the Government polled 52% of the votes and the Opposition 38%; in the House of Assembly, where M.P.s are elected according to an ingenious delimitation system, the Government's 52% share of the votes ensnares 65% of the



seats; and in the new Senate, where election is based on a system of "proportional representation"—"proportionate", that is, to the seats held by the Nationalists in the House of Assembly and Provincial Councils—the Government has 72% of the seats.

There are those who hold that the Opposition did not poll its maximum number of votes on October 5th. There were several disturbing features about the campaign. A few months before the referendum was held, the electoral authorities in Cape Town informed a number of those registered as white voters that they were being removed from the roll because their race classification had been challenged. Those concerned were required to produce affidavits showing they were white if they were to retain their votes. An anti-republican official told a Cape Town newspaper that no fewer than 37 voters in a racially "borderline" suburb had received notices. Colonel J. R. Bowring, organizing secretary of the Cape Peninsula Council of the Opposition United Party, was quoted as saying: "It has been reported to me that, in several parts of the Peninsula, persons who informed Nationalist canvassers that they intended to vote against the republic, shortly afterwards received a letter from the electoral authorities informing them that it was intended to remove their names from the voters' roll in terms of the section in the Act which lays down racial and other disqualifications. The impression was created that there was some connection between replies given to canvassers and the receipt of letters."

The United Party also complained that the voters' rolls appeared to have been drawn up hurriedly, and that thousands of people might not be able to vote. The United Party office in Pretoria complained to the Chief Electoral Officer about the confused state of the rolls and was told it was the business of the political parties to bring to his notice any errors, so that these could be amended. "We have little enough time left", retorted the United Party, "to prepare for the referendum, without having to do the work of the electoral office. The inefficient manner in which the rolls were compiled is due almost entirely to the short notice given by the Prime Minister of the date of the referendum." The Prime Minister had given less than three months' notice of the date of the referendum and had also kept the State of Emergency, with its stringent regulations, in force until a month before the actual referendum date.

The postal voting system, whereby persons who cannot be at a polling station on polling day are allowed to vote by post, also

gave rise to comment. Clearly, the system was wide open to abuse. One newspaper quoted party officials as saying that the postal voting system had "got completely out of hand". About 200,000 people voted by post in the referendum (12% of the total poll)—an unprecedented proportion. A United Party official said that not only did the law make it too easy for people to vote by post, but that the system was open to abuse. The voter cast his vote in secret, "but the opportunity was always there for an imprudent commissioner of oaths to cajole voters to vote one way or the other". The United Party intends asking for the electoral laws to be tightened.

Another cause of complaint was the scarcity of polling stations in some Opposition urban constituencies. Whereas some strongly Nationalist rural constituencies had as many as 50 polling stations, in congested urban constituencies like Durban Central and Hillbrow (Johannesburg), there was only one polling station each. It was calculated that votes would have to be cast at the rate of almost four every second if all were to be recorded.

The Nationalist majority in the referendum must be attributed to factors of the kind mentioned above, and to the teenage vote, or as the Opposition prefers to call it, the ducktail vote. Recently, the Nationalist Government lowered the voting age from 21 to 18 (while steadfastly refusing to grant any political rights to the non-whites). At the same time, it has been assiduously turning the Afrikaans-medium schools into political indoctrination centres. In the referendum, the strategy paid dividends for the first time. A minor public opinion poll, conducted by a Cape Town newspaper before the referendum, revealed some hesitancy among Government supporters to vote for a republic; but students questioned at the Afrikaans University of Stellenbosch (the philosophic fount of *Afrikanerdom*) were enthusiastically, even arrogantly, pro-republican. The Nationalist youth of South Africa, clearly, has no qualms about the future.

Pro-republicans and anti-republicans made no apparent attempt to distinguish between the republican issue and the race issue. The referendum result, therefore, must be accepted as an endorsement, *by those who voted for the republic*, of the Government's racial policies. It would be wishful thinking to pretend otherwise. The question which naturally arises is whether the Government can ever be defeated in the ordinary way at the polls. The usual estimate of the ratio of English-speaking to Afrikaans-speaking South African whites is 40:60; but some experts say it is nearer

30:70. The problem confronting the Opposition, therefore, is not only one of Nationalist ingenuity, but also of Afrikaner fertility. The chances of a Nationalist defeat at the polls in the ordinary way at an election are negligible, therefore. Some Opposition leaders think the Nationalist Party will split, and that the victory over Nationalism at the polls will be achieved in this way; but this is putting the cart before the horse. Nationalism will split only when something causes it to split, and this something can only be the internal upheaval which everyone has been predicting for so long. It is absurd to imagine that the Nationalist Party will split as a result of an academic argument over race policies.

South Africa, now that the referendum is over, stands between the immovable object of the Nationalist Party, invincible at the polls, and the irresistible force of African Nationalism. This does not mean, of course, that the whites have no other part in the struggle; in fact, white opposition is growing stronger, not weaker. What it does mean is that the initiative for change rests with the non-whites, aided by external pressures. The next few years in South Africa will not be pleasant.

At one stage, it seemed that the threat of expulsion from the Commonwealth might bring South Africa's Nationalist Government to its senses. It was a hollow hope. The Nationalist leaders surveyed the scene and came to the conclusion that, however many threats were hurled at their heads, the Commonwealth would stop short at the final drastic step of kicking out a member country. Mr. Macmillan would see to this.

In its official referendum booklet, *'Advent of the Republic'*, and also in other statements and speeches, the Nationalist Government adopted the approach that, in the last resort, the older (white) members of the Commonwealth would persuade the younger (non-white) members not to blackball South Africa. Nationalist leaders said privately, and wryly, that South Africa was far too valuable for Britain to lose. At the time of writing, it looks as though this calculation has proved correct. Britain's attitude appears to be that one day the Nationalist Government will go, and that South Africa must still be a member of the Commonwealth when that happens. It is probably easy enough to get South Africa kicked out; it would be practically impossible to get her back in once she was outside, even if there was a multi-racial government here by then. Who can say whether the African National Congress would want to return to the bosom of

the Commonwealth? It is being suggested now that the Commonwealth Premiers will raise no objections to a South African republic's remaining in the Commonwealth, but that they will make it clear that this consent in no way signifies approval of apartheid; it is also being suggested that, because the idea of exerting Commonwealth pressure on South Africa might be abandoned, the United Nations will now become the instrument of pressure. The Nationalist Government has no objection to this plan of action. Its reputation has already reached rock bottom anyway, and it is firmly convinced that the U.N. will funk the final act of sanctions just as the Commonwealth is funking the final act of expulsion. Dr. Verwoerd, at the moment, has a grin stretching from ear to ear.

He has attained his present happy position without departing one inch from his stand as the world's leading exponent of white supremacy. After Sharpeville, when the world was hurling abuse at him and the entire business community in South Africa was urging him to introduce racial reforms, he said calmly and deliberately that apartheid must proceed; now, after the referendum, when English-speaking South Africans, in their usual trusting way, are eagerly awaiting the delayed reforms, Dr. Verwoerd repeats that—apartheid must proceed. In a post-referendum address to students in Church Square, Pretoria, Dr. Verwoerd warned anti-republicans not to expect the Government to sacrifice any of its principles to achieve unity. There was no question, said Dr. Verwoerd, of the Government's giving way on racial policy. There you have it, from the highest possible source.

There was something else Dr. Verwoerd told the Pretoria students: that political freedom would always exist in South Africa, and that nobody need fear suppression "as long as he conducts his campaign in a civilized, decent and democratic way." Dr. Verwoerd, it will be recalled, was Editor of the Nationalist newspaper '*Die Transvaler*' when this newspaper, in 1942, published the notorious 'Draft Constitution for a Republic.' This piece of distilled totalitarian thinking envisaged a one-party State for South Africa, with Afrikaners ruling as the privileged racial group, and with English as a second language. Dr. Verwoerd has never departed from this aim. When he became Prime Minister in 1958, he made an extraordinarily frank speech in Parliament, during which he outlined his view of the future: a "conservative" party, embracing nearly all the whites, and an insignificant liberal movement, catering for the

few cranks. Now Dr. Verwoerd has added a rider, that the cranks will be permitted to exist only if they behave in a "civilized, decent and democratic way." Dr. Verwoerd's aim is a tightly-controlled, fundamentalist State, in which "un-national" elements will be denied political rights. In 1941, Mr. C. R. Swart, now Governor-General, said: "We must eradicate British-Jewish democracy root and shoot, and in its place we shall have the old republican system adapted to modern conditions."

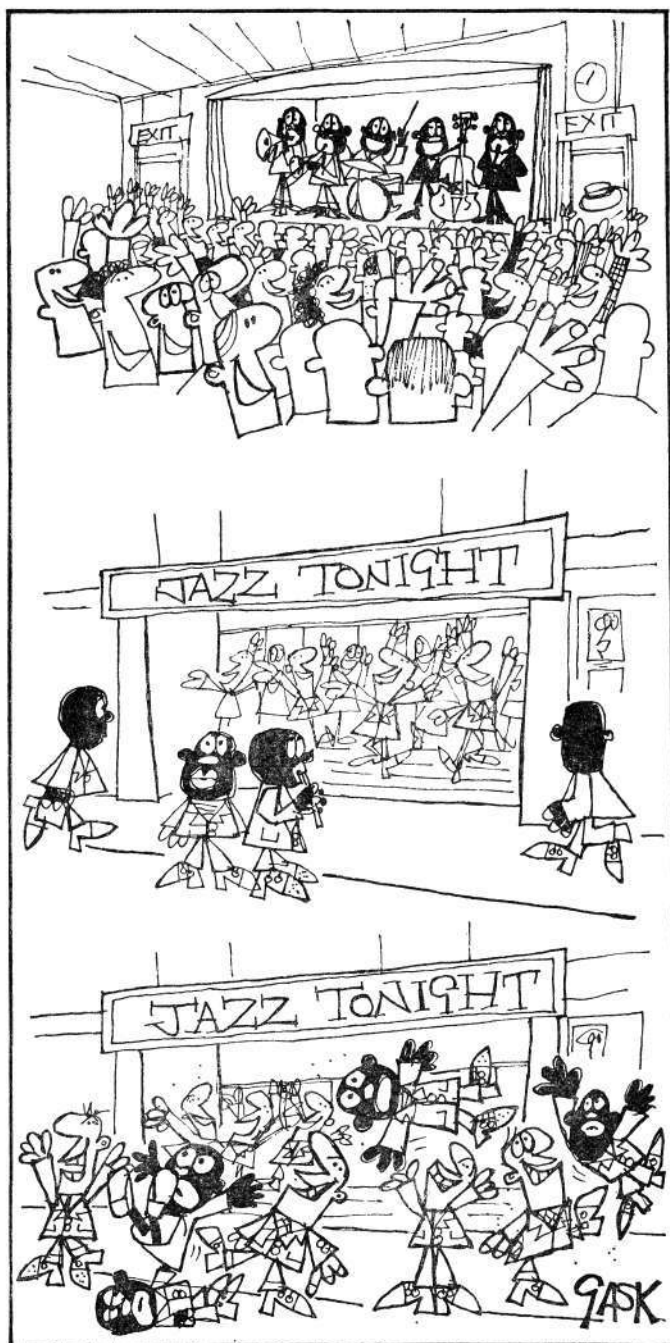
These are the true aims of the Nationalist Party. It is no longer expedient for the Nationalist leaders to state these aims as frankly as they did in the early war years, when they openly prayed for a German victory; but everything they do to-day takes South Africa further along the totalitarian road.

The republic itself is a device to further totalitarianism in South Africa—to strengthen Dr. Verwoerd's personal position in the Nationalist Party, to strengthen the Nationalist Government's position and to prepare for the introduction of a new, rigorous era of apartheid. In the circumstances, it is surprising that some South African liberals and progressives, pursuing the current South African myth that when the republic is "out of the way" the country will be able to get down to bed-rock discussion of racial problems, have accepted the referendum result so readily. The leaders of the Progressive Party have gone out of their way to describe the referendum result as an "overwhelming" majority in favour of a republic and as a "mandate" for Dr. Verwoerd; while the bulletin of the Pretoria branch of the Liberal Party states that "the republicans have scored a clear, if not convincing, victory. . . . Dr. Verwoerd is justified in taking the result not only as favouring a republic now, but as a vote of confidence in the Nationalist Party and its policies." A vote of confidence by whom? By the same Nationalist supporters who have voted for apartheid persistently for 12 years? One must accept the proposition in the bulletin that the Government "will not be beaten in the normal way at the polls", but it is astonishing that the Progressive Party and the Liberal Party should for one moment accept as a "clear victory" a result in which the 12,000,000 non-whites had no share. It is the myth again: the myth that the republic was a "red herring", designed to distract attention from the racial issue. The republic is nothing of the sort. It is a carefully calculated move to obtain "white unity", so that the application of apartheid can be intensified.

The second myth which is doing the rounds is that, as part of his appeasement programme, Dr. Verwoerd will make concessions in racial policy. Those who peddle this hope, however, reveal only their fundamental ignorance of Afrikaner Nationalism. Political parties are flexible, they can bargain and make concessions; but nationalisms are set, unless of course they have come to the end of their road and are ready to beat out a new, broader and un-nationalistic path. And Afrikaner nationalism shows no signs at all of doing this. Dr. Verwoerd's aim is still *Afrikaner* supremacy. If he were personally to make concessions, the Afrikaner movement would simply replace him by someone imbued with the genuine fervour of nationalism. The fact that Afrikaner nationalism has passed the point of legitimate aspirations and already become an imperialism, does not alter the validity of the argument. The basis of Afrikaner nationalism is its inflexibility and its exclusiveness. Concessions open gates. Is it conceivable that Dr. Verwoerd will embark on a policy which will undermine his whole Afrikaner citadel?

Take the example of Pondoland, where tribesmen have been in a state of chronic revolt since March. The Government cannot possibly enforce police control over this large territory, yet the Minister of Bantu Administration and Development has declared that no major changes will be made in the Bantu Authorities policy principally responsible for the tribal revolt.

Rapidly, now that the State of Emergency has been lifted, political activity among the non-whites is reviving all over South Africa. Dr. Verwoerd's last desperate gamble is that, through the instrument of the republic, he can swing the support of the vast majority of the whites behind his apartheid policies. If he succeeds—and the inclination among the Opposition to treat the republic as a "red herring" may assist him to succeed—then any real white buffer between the Government and the non-whites will be removed, and the clash, when it comes, will be titanic.



## THE SAME BOAT

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT

SOUTH AFRICA'S State of Emergency uncovered many cracks and widened some in the social structure. Spokesmen of industry, commerce and finance, even of groups of farmers, criticized aspects of the Government's racial policies and pressed for reforms. As the composition of the 2,000 'political detainees' illustrated, Coloured, Indians, Europeans and Africans appear on the lists of subversive persons compiled by the security police. A significant section of the white population gave tangible evidence of its sympathy with the detainees and their cause.

The referendum on the republic appears to have succeeded in its main purpose of diverting the attention of the white electorate from the Government's racial policies. It also consolidated the great majority of Afrikaners behind the Nationalist Party. At the moment South African politics are again being dominated by the issues that divide the Afrikaners from the English-speaking.

The disfranchised peoples regard these issues with indifference or disdain. They would have cheered a defeat for the republicans as a defeat for the Government, but they see little difference in the attitude of the major parliamentary parties towards themselves. In their eyes, the English-speaking are as much a part of the dominant race as the Afrikaners, and no less determined to keep power in the hands of the whites.

In the minds of the 'extra-parliamentary' opposition, the State of Emergency constituted a crisis far more significant than the referendum. True enough, the Pan African Congress achieved none of the aims with which it launched the campaign of March 21st for the repeal of the pass laws and a minimum monthly wage of £35. Some employers have been galvanized into raising the wages of African labourers. The Minister of Bantu Administration has appointed a committee of officials to revise the pass system. But the Government has made no concessions and promises none.

It is the unforeseen results of the PAC's campaign that make it significant. To list the most important, we should instance the brutality of the police at Sharpeville and Langa, the world-wide nature of the revulsion against the shootings, the drastic decline of South African shares, the banning by act of parliament of both the Pan African Congress and its parent body, the African National Congress, and the emergence of an illegal Communist



Party. These events, their inter-relations and consequences, are being furiously debated by the groups that make up the extra-parliamentary front. This article is concerned with the debate, rather than with events that have led up to it.

### The Congress Alliance

The extra-parliamentary opposition includes a number of organizations which represent not only the disfranchised, but also that minute fraction of the white population which identifies itself wholly with their struggles. The organizations proliferate by schismatic process, combine with or make war on one another, and between them express the political beliefs and values that have shaped the attitudes of black and brown people for the past half-century.

Three streams of thought have contributed to the political awakening of the dispossessed: Christian liberalism, Marxist socialism, and African nationalism. However incompatible these doctrines may appear elsewhere, in South Africa they provide a basis for common action. All three reject the criterion of race or colour and enunciate a doctrine of equality. Equality, whether socialist or liberal in content, is destructive of the feudal rigidities of colour-caste divisions. Whether avowedly so or by implication, the doctrines are revolutionary in the South African setting.

Their compatibility has been demonstrated by the Congress Alliance. The term is used to describe the continuous and intimate partnership that has been maintained since the advent of the Nationalist Government among the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the Congress of Democrats (which consists of whites), the Coloured People's Congress and the South African Congress of Trade Unions.

The Alliance is multi-racial or, as some people would have it, multi-national, for it unites ethnic groups and not individuals. It is also non-sectarian, since it includes communists, liberals and nationalists. Each section of the Alliance, though autonomous in principle, operates strictly within the bounds of an agreed programme, *'The Freedom Charter'*. It is predominantly liberal in content, but has a socialist strain.

Chief Albert Luthuli, the president of the ANC, describes its aim as "the policy of forming a multi-racial united democratic front to challenge the forces of reaction." Emphasizing a spirit of tolerance and goodwill towards other racial communities, he has claimed that:

*“Africans applaud and honour those Europeans who work for the liberation of Africans on the basis of making the Union of South Africa a true democracy for all people regardless of their colour, class or creed. Hence we are grateful for the formation of the Congress of Democrats, with which the African National Congress is in alliance in the liberatory movement. . . . We are grateful also for the existence of the Liberal Party, between whom and ourselves there exists a warm sympathetic understanding and friendly co-operation on specific issues where our policies agree.”*

### **The Opposition**

Opponents of the Congress Alliance condemn such sentiments as ‘multi-racialism’ and a rank heresy. One of the severest critics is the Non-European Unity Movement; yet it, like the Alliance, is really a federal body linking together racial groups. It was set up in 1943 by the Anti-CAC (later Anti-CAD), a Coloured ‘united front’ formed to organize a boycott of the Government-appointed Coloured Advisory Council, and the All-African Convention, a rival of the ANC. Though open to any organization that subscribes to its ‘Ten Point Programme’, the NEUM has attracted few Indians and hardly any whites.

The Ten Point Programme calls for the removal of all colour bars. Less radical than the Freedom Charter, it contains nothing of which a liberal could disapprove. Nevertheless, the NEUM leadership has been strongly influenced by Marxist theory, which came to it through an earlier Trotskyist opposition to the South African Communist Party. The NEUM is persistently hostile to Soviet Russia, ‘Stalinists’, liberals and the ‘Herrenvolk’, a blanket term applied to all whites irrespective of their class or political outlook.

Within the past two years the NEUM has split into two factions, each claiming to be the sole proprietor of the organization and its Ten Point Programme. It is basically a split between the two founding fathers. One section, consisting largely of the Anti-CAD, is predominantly Coloured; the other predominantly African. Each accuses the other of being racialistic. Both continue to inveigh against the Congress Alliance, the liberals and the ‘Herrenvolk’.

### **Liberals and Communists**

In contrast to the members of the Congress Alliance and the two sections of the NEUM, the Liberal Party is ‘non-racial’ and

opens its door to people irrespective of their skin colour or identity card. Like the Freedom Charter and the Ten Point Programme, the Liberal Party's statement of aims includes the extension of the franchise on a common roll to all adult persons. Its policy, however, contains no trace of socialist tendencies (in this respect it is more conservative than the British Conservative Party), and it is publicly committed to a policy of non-violence. In the language of the opposition, it is a 'bourgeois' party and, according to the NEUM, a section of the 'Herrenvolk'.

The Communist Party is also non-racial. Outlawed in 1950 by the Suppression of Communism Act, it surfaced during the Emergency as an illegal organization. Before it was suppressed, the party called for the abolition of all colour bars, the nationalization of banks, factories, mines and land, and the introduction of a non-racial adult suffrage. The illegal Party presumably retains these aims; but pamphlets circulated under its name since the Emergency declare that "the first stage" must be the winning of democratic rights for all and, therefore, that communists should work in the Congress Alliance for the achievement of its common aims as defined in the Freedom Charter.

The Emergency was interpreted at one stage by some sections of the opposition front as presenting great revolutionary potentials. In this mood other socialist groups took shape, one in Johannesburg under the name of The Socialist League, the other in Cape Town as The Workers' Democratic League. Impatient of the 'two stage' theory, critical of 'bourgeois' African nationalism, and hostile to the USSR, these organizations condemn the 'Stalinists' and urge the development of a purely proletarian party without commitments to any other class.

### **Pan Africanists**

The Pan African Congress, like the ANC, consists only of Africans. It alone, of all the organizations here discussed, repudiates deliberately and of principle any association with members of other racial groups. Formed in April of last year, banned in April of this year, the PAC was unknown to most people before March 21st, 1960, when it launched its campaign against the pass laws. But its meteoric career reveals much of the ferment that is at work within the African population.

The PAC attributes its spiritual origins to Anton Lembede, a promising lawyer whose premature death in 1947 left a tradition amounting to a myth rather than a record of achievement. A

nationalist of the West African type, he opposed common action with non-Africans and urged that the African middle class constituted the ideal leadership of the peasants and workers.

Lembede's theories, real or apocryphal, were expounded by a dissident group, known as Africanists, who formed a faction inside the ANC in Orlando Township, Johannesburg, about 1955. Speaking at a Lembede Memorial Service in 1956, Sobukwe defined one of the basic claims of the new nationalism. "Only we Africans, and no one else, can or will determine our destiny."

Africanists adopted the slogans 'Africa for the Africans' and '*Izwe Lethu!*' (Our Country!) and interpreted them to mean "unfettered freedom from foreign domination" within and outside the ANC. They accused its leaders of being "wedded" to the white Congress of Democrats and to the Indian Congress, which existed only "to steer the revolutionary movement along constitutional paths of struggle and non-violence. In other words to put a brake on struggle." White and Indian allies of Congress were really "selfish white capitalists and the Indian merchant class", or "lackeys, flunkeys and functionaries of non-African minorities", or agents of Moscow and New Delhi. White liberals were "hypocrites, for they cannot accept clear-cut African nationalism."

Such criticism, which flows copiously also from the NEUM, discloses a deep-seated lack of self-confidence in relation to whites who occupy a higher status in the social order. But the Africanists failed in their bid for the Congress leadership. They broke away, and formed the PAC with their leader, Potlako Leballo, as its national secretary. Robert Mangaliso (meaning 'Wonderful') Sobukwe, a lecturer in African languages at Witwatersrand University, was elected the national president.

### **Multi-Racialism**

In his presidential speeches, Sobukwe has rejected the "arrogant claims" of white and Indian "minority groups" to plan and think for Africans. He has objected to 'multi-racialism', by which he means the recognition of ethnic differences in political organization. He has claimed that it perpetuates group prejudices, panders to white bigotry, and serves to safeguard white interests. It implies that the differences between colour groups are basic and insuperable and that the groups ought to be kept permanently distinctive.

The PAC aims at "government of the Africans by the Africans

and for the Africans". An African means "everybody who owes his only loyalty to Africa and is prepared to accept the democratic rule of an African majority". The PAC will not guarantee rights to minorities, Sobukwe has said, "because we think in terms of individuals and not groups". He has claimed that the literate and semi-literate masses, acting under the banner of African nationalism and in an all-African organization, will destroy white supremacy and establish a true democracy. Freedom for Africans will bring freedom for all, runs the argument, because it will guarantee a society in which men will be governed as individual citizens of a common state and not as members of separate communities.

An ethno-centric vision is not necessarily racialism, if we mean by that term a belief that other races are innately inferior to one's own. The PAC's spokesmen never make such a claim, but their absolute repudiation of co-operation with non-Africans is widely attributed to a racial bias. In any event, the theory has obvious weaknesses. South Africa is not West Africa, where there is no large, settled non-African population. Here there are only two blacks to every white and brown South African, and power is monopolized by the whites. Their destinies are inextricably bound together. As the Emergency showed, even the PAC cannot operate without the backing and goodwill of other racial groups.

White, Coloured and Indian members of the extra-parliamentary opposition can in no way subscribe to the PAC's theory. Belonging to minority groups, they can find a mass basis only by identifying themselves with the African. They do this either by linking up with an African organization on a federal basis (as in the case of the Congress Alliance and the NEUM) or by joining a non-racial organization, which is the pattern followed by liberals, communists and socialists. Coloured and Indians, however, can conceive of an alliance with Africans to the exclusion of whites.

### **The Herrenvolk Myth**

The NEUM is such an alliance, or was before it broke into a predominantly Coloured and a predominantly African section. Both make prolific use of the term '*Herrenvolk*' (which has strong Nazi overtones) to describe the entire white population. They recognize that the whites are divided into classes and national communities, but deny that this is of significance to the dis-

possessed. Afrikaner and English, capitalist and worker, liberal and communist are all part of the Herrenvolk. It is the Herrenvolk that legislates to exploit non-whites, secure white privilege at their expense, and cement "the unholy alliance between the Herrenvolk State and the white labour aristocracy."

A sophisticated version of the Herrenvolk Myth appears in a pamphlet issued by the African section of the NEUM and entitled '*The Pan African Congress Venture in Retrospect*'. The writer ties up the Government with "the Afrikaner petit-bourgeoisie" which, he says, "cannot comprehend the complex functioning of finance capital." The Government's "pettifogging legislation", made to uphold "a petit-bourgeois utopia and racial myth", has "the cumulative effect of seriously interfering with the natural flow of capital and clogging the economic development of the country."

Financiers and industrialists consequently clash with the petit-bourgeois functionaries who control the State. The former, backed by international finance, call for a "revision of the old crude *baasskap* attitude". They "appear bold, courageous and even revolutionary", but their sole concern is to safeguard their economic interests.

They used the situation created by the PAC's adventure to discredit the Government. "Those shots that reverberated throughout the world were fired in the battle between the last-ditch elements, the Broederbond, and finance capital". Industrialists, mine magnates, businessmen, liberals, Black Sash, the whole "regiment of the idle rich", rushed to exploit the situation and turn it against the Government. The PAC became a pawn in the hands of the liberals, who were "eager to recapture the leadership of non-European organizations".

For all its refinement, the NEUM's conception of the white population does not differ notably from the PAC's. All whites belong to the Herrenvolk and in the last resort unite "against the common enemy, the oppressed". When they are threatened, "the basic identity of their interests transcends their internal and temporary conflicts". The oppressed must turn their backs on these quarrels. "Our battles are distinct from those of the Herrenvolk".

But they are not distinct, as the NEUM would realize if it drew logical conclusions from its analysis and postulates. It insists, as do the other constituents of the anti-apartheid front, that all South Africans form a single, indivisible society. This being so,

what affects one part must concern the rest. In any event, a disfranchised people cannot be indifferent to cleavages within the ruling class. Their interest is to widen the cracks in its solidarity and attach the biggest possible section to their cause.

NEUM theorists, who take their history seriously, should recall the classic version of the change from feudalism to capitalism. It was the bourgeoisie who led the struggle, but workers and peasants also benefited from the abolition of legal inequality. Whites whose self-interest leads them to desire a free, competitive society are similarly the natural allies of Africans and Coloured.

### **Invective on the Left**

It is not only the NEUM that reserves its choicest invective for political near-of-kin. The severest critics of South African communists are other Marxist socialists who stand outside the Congress Alliance. One such group, calling itself the Workers' Democratic League, has issued a clandestine, mimeographed bulletin entitled '*Lessons of the March Days*'. Ponderously modelled on '*The Class Struggles in France*' and '*The Eighteenth Brumaire of Napoleon Bonaparte*', it attempts to follow their style but makes no allowance for South African deviations from mid-19th century France.

Racial and national divisions are dismissed as unimportant. Multi-racialism is said to be "utterly obsolescent" and "anti-historical". South Africa's only "crisis" is that between capital and labour. Racial discrimination "must be seen as class war, as a war by capital to exploit labour more efficiently and to coerce it more rigorously". The colour bar "is both the mode of operation and mode of domination of capitalism in South Africa". All capitalists have the same interests, and liberals, acting in defence of property, attempt to "limit the democratic strivings of the people to the boundaries of capitalism and bring them under the rule of (bourgeois) law."

The analysis agrees largely with that of the NEUM, but the pamphleteer of the League will have nothing to do with that organization, which represents for him the Coloured "petty bourgeoisie"—"a motley group" of teachers, traders, well-paid artisans, students, doctors. They adopt a "non-class approach", want to confine democratic change to the bounds of small property, and use radical phrases to justify their failure to take part in the struggle.

Since class divisions cut across colour lines, one would expect the writer to conclude that workers of all races should and do combine against the capitalist class. But he makes no mention of white workers, considers that Coloured workers feel "no community of interests between their relatively privileged position" and the African's problems, and wants to "force unity" among them, Indian workers and Africans.

Undeterred by these difficulties, the writer claims that the proletariat will use its main weapon, the general strike, if it is led by a revolutionary party, to wit the Workers' Democratic League. It must organize "the most class conscious, the most advanced and courageous elements of the working class only" into a closely-knit and disciplined organization.

This, of course, is the Leninist formula for a revolutionary party and formed the blue-print for the South African Communist Party. Yet the League will have nothing to do with the communists either. They are 'Stalinists' and work with multi-racial organizations like the Congress Alliance "in order to promote the traditional collaborationist and opportunistic policies we have come to associate with this leprous camarilla". They use the liberatory movement "for collaborationist ends in the interests of Russia". Being members of the "white" national group, says the writer, they have been the cause of the "ominous anti-white feeling which sections of the PAC displayed".

Ultimately then, in spite of its class theory, the League arrives at much the same conclusion as the PAC and the NEUM about the whites. All of them, whether nationalist, capitalist, liberal or communist, are on the side of the oppression. Those who reject racial discrimination and oppose apartheid—even to the point of risking imprisonment, loss of job, social ostracism, constant surveillance by the security police—act out of self-interest and to guide the liberation movement into innocuous channels. Their real aim is to safeguard white domination.

### **The Basis for Unity**

The Coloured and African theorists of the NEUM do not really believe that all whites have teamed up in a solid block against non-whites, or that white radicals join the 'liberatory movement' in order to betray it. It is not because of intellectual considerations that they turn their backs on their white allies. Their reaction is basically emotional, and a symptom of the heightened colour-consciousness to which all South Africans, and



especially the Coloured, are prone.

To meet and work together on an equal footing, South Africans must emancipate themselves from racial attitudes. Radicals find it comparatively easy to reject the racial myth, but the related habits, attitudes and feelings are more tenacious. To eradicate the complex, whites must learn to subordinate themselves to Coloured and African leaders, while the latter must in turn accept leadership from one another and from whites.

It is more difficult for Coloured and African radicals to subordinate themselves than for a white radical. Having freed themselves from the racial myth, but unable to escape the reality of social inequalities, they develop an inverted racialism. Many of these intellectuals, the Coloured to a greater extent than Indians and Africans, see in every display of authority by a white man, or evidence of mental or moral superiority in him, an exhibition of *baasskap*. To avoid contact and competition with whites, they withdraw into voluntary associations where they can be masters in their own house. The PAC practised the strategy of withdrawal in its extreme form and justified it with a theory. The NEUM denies withdrawal in principle and achieves it in practice.

By diagnosing the primary cause of dissension, one takes a long step towards finding a remedy. Another step would be taken if the opposing factions were to abandon the clichés—'Herrenvolk', 'Stalinist', 'Trotskyist', 'liberal', 'racialist', 'opportunist'—that obscure real issues. As this article has shown, there is a wide area of agreement between the factions. If they were to admit as much, and concede that their quarrels arise largely from a competition for leadership, the actual differences among them could be defined and debated with some semblance of reason.

The most serious difference arises over the problem of method, and not of aim. The Congress Alliance, which has borne the brunt of the fight against apartheid, is wholly eclectic in this regard. It has used passive resistance, defiance of apartheid laws, strikes, boycotts, demonstrations and every other form of non-violent resistance. The Liberal Party, as we have seen, is committed to 'non-violence', but has not defined its methods of struggle. The PAC claims to practise non-violent, passive resistance.

As for the NEUM, it has kept aloof from the long series of actions led by the Congress Alliance against the flood of racial legislation, denouncing them as "opportunist", "adventurism"

and “*ad hoc* forms of struggle”. But it has not put to the test its holistic theory of ‘principled struggle’ against the “whole machinery of oppression”.

In the final analysis, it is the enormous concentration of power in the white oligarchy that causes dissension among its opponents. Having battered their heads unceasingly against the hard, unyielding wall of segregation without making an impression, they blame the failure on one another. Where no faction achieves success, new factions invariably arise. A PAC local leader, explaining the disaffection of his organization from the ANC, gave a biblical analogy. “The Israelites took 40 years from Egypt to Israel, while the ANC has been going for 47 years and cannot reach its destination”. Except for the time span, the same reproach can be levelled against every other section of the anti-apartheid front.

The article must end on this note, but one further observation needs to be added. Disunity is a cause, as well as consequence, of failure. All sections of the opposition are in the same boat, but they pull in different directions and quarrel about the course and the steersman. Until they learn to pull together, none will reach the destination.

## ST ANTONY'S PAPERS

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## CHATTO & WINDUS

## DIARY OF A DETAINEE

'TANDI'

**Friday, April 8th, 1960**

As long as I live I will remember that pounding on the door at half-past two in the morning, the front door bell ringing like an alarm. I am not afraid—it is almost a relief after the terrors and tensions of the past two weeks. A sort of numbness takes over; I am no longer in control of my life, it is in other hands. I pack a small case with a change of underwear, pyjamas and toilet articles, and climb into the waiting police car, only feeling intense misery at leaving the children like this. Others will look after them. But the little ones won't understand.

We speed through night streets to police headquarters at Marshall Square, where, as we are brought in, women are put together in one cell, men in another. They take our watches, money, fingerprints. We spread blankets on the stone floor and sit or lie around, tired, and in some cases, shocked. Some of these women have been out of politics for fifteen years—but their names were on an old police list, so here they are. The more experienced are better equipped; one or two brought sheets and pillow-cases and rugs. One woman arrives smartly dressed, with high-heeled shoes and ear-rings, but no change of clothes. "Why didn't you bring anything?" we ask her. She replies: "I thought it was all a ghastly mistake!" So it was, for her, but that didn't save her from some weeks in gaol.

At last, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we are taken to waiting prison vans. We begin to sing. We say goodbye to the men who are taken to another van. We are driven through the streets at breakneck speed—singing, trying to see faces we know among the people who stop and stare with surprise at the sight of white women in the inevitable 'kwela' usually filled with silent Africans. Police cars clear the way in front with sirens going, and an armoured car follows behind.

We desperately want to be seen, because under the Emergency Regulations our names cannot be divulged in the press or elsewhere; it is even illegal for our relatives to say that we have been arrested; and we feel as though we are to become lost people, nameless, unknown, held away from the world.

We are taken to Johannesburg's old, formidable prison, the Fort, where there are four tiring and frustrating hours of standing about and waiting in the hot afternoon sun, while a frowning, thickset wardress spasmodically shouts at us to stop talking, stop laughing, stop smoking, stop sitting, stop whispering.

Finally we are taken to three large cells, two of them inter-leading. There are 20 of us, including two women arrested more than a week ago. We have had no lunch at all, and now supper arrives: an enamel jug full of water flavoured with curry powder, in which a few potatoes float; some brown bread; and lukewarm, milkless, coffeeless coffee. We are all exhausted and hungry, but the sight of this food, the tin bowls and plastic spoons with which we must eat, and the chipped, rusting enamel mugs, blocks our throats.

We are locked in. There is a bucket under every bed. We make up our beds with heavy, dark prison blankets—no sheets or pillow-cases; but at least we have beds, although the mattresses are indescribable; there were no beds for the men at the Fort.

### The First Few Days

We had a ghastly night. The discomfort of rough blankets and hard, lumpy coir, the bilious feeling left by a few spoonfuls of potato and curry-water on empty stomachs, did not help us sleep. Breakfast arrives—huge dishes piled with greyish mealie-pap, milk with dirt floating on top, the inevitable hunks of brown prison bread (called 'katikop'), and the over-sweet, lukewarm, light brown water they call coffee. Angry and rebellious, we decide to make a fuss about everything: the impossible beds—we want pillows, pillow-cases and sheets; the disgusting chipped mugs; the food. We line up for the doctor, and are called in one by one. He is balding and middle-aged, with the look of a man who suffers either from a nagging wife or constant indigestion, or both. "Are you fit?" is his question to each of us in turn. And each of us replies: "Yes, we were fit when we came in, but we won't be if we have to put up with these conditions for long."

This doctor is the first of several officials who maintain that the prison diet is scientifically planned to provide all the food-values needed by a healthy adult. We decide to draw up a memorandum on the food, and the doctor says he will pass it on to the authorities concerned. This is the first of an endless succession of memos, petitions, complaints and requests that are put in

writing and passed on—out of our lives. At least they keep us occupied.

We are told that the Colonel (the gaol superintendent) is arriving, and that we may appoint a deputation to lay our complaints before him. Khaki-coloured, lined, and as unmemorable as a desk in a civil servant's office, the Colonel informs our deputation that we are all detainees, but we must conform to prison regulations. He then listens to our complaints:

*We are denied access to our relatives; our children are left uncared-for; we have had no opportunity to attend to many urgent matters, to delegate powers of attorney, attend to payment of rents and hire purchase instalments; we have disappeared overnight leaving families, homes, jobs; in some cases (six—later seven) both husband and wife have been arrested; one of us—a lawyer—is supposed to be appearing in Court. . . .*

The Colonel says we should have thought of all these things before; we had ample time and opportunity to do so; he implies that every one of us should confidently have anticipated arrest and made domestic and business arrangements accordingly. It is our own faults we are here, therefore we can expect nothing. Perhaps we may be allowed to see legal representatives in order to arrange our personal affairs—not to discuss our detention.

We then raise the question of recreation. Our pens, pencils and paper were taken from us; we are not to be allowed any newspapers, magazines or books. No books may be sent in by relatives or friends. Later, he says, we may be permitted to purchase books with our own money, bought on our behalf by a prison official. We may not have our watches. We cannot see visitors.

The Colonel says we are receiving the proper diet as laid down in the prison regulations for whites, Coloureds, Indians and Natives. A member of the deputation, a biologist, expresses surprise at this statement.

“Do you mean to say there are different diets laid down for different racial groups?”

The Colonel: “The diets are worked out according to the needs of each group. You are making a political question out of it.”

Lunch, at 11.15 in the morning, is ice-cold, greasy soup and ‘katikop’; and supper, at 3.45 p.m., hunks of dirty, cold pota-

toes and lumps of the most sordid, salty meat imaginable. We cannot eat it, and resort to bread. This food, however, is coveted by the African women prisoners, and the four African women detainees (kept in a separate yard), since their diet is mainly yellow and black mealies, almost completely uneatable, and mealie-pap. They rarely have meat, and are not given bread. It is surreptitiously retrieved from dustbins and hidden down bosoms.

### **Sunday, 10th April**

After a dreadful dream of the children left alone, I wake to a freezing morning. Suddenly winter is here, we are all shivering. But relatives bring parcels of clothes to the Fort, and are permitted to leave them for us. We are issued with extra blankets. They have bought new mugs for us. This is the beginning of a process whereby the strict and secret conditions under which they intended to hold us begin to break down. The intention was that nobody should know who was detained; where we were being held; that we should have no communication whatsoever with the outside world, no news, no visitors. A Court ruling within a few days makes it possible for us to have visitors.

We are busy organizing committees for classes; for food supervision (we are permitted to make a weekly purchase to supplement prison food—on our own accounts, of course); for bathing, and so on.

Lights-out at 8 p.m. leaves plenty of time for lying in bed and thinking. Either you fall asleep early, in which case you wake at 3 or 4 in the morning and do your thinking then, or else you do it at night. We all have our own individual worries: mothers who have never before left their children; mothers with children who are ill and need special care; problems of finance, of houses . . . should we try to let them? If so, what do we do when we are released? Will we get our jobs back? I develop my own formula for dismissing thoughts of the children from my mind. Most of the time it works quite well.

### **Monday, 11th April**

In splendid sunshine, considerably warmer, we spend a busy day moving things to have our rooms fumigated. The Cultural Committee draws up a list of classes: French, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Shorthand, Zulu; a programme of physical training

—exercises every evening in all cells; and a general lecture each day during the lunch-hour period when we are all locked in together in the double cells. (Subjects ranged through history, psychology, politics, and were always interesting). We also decide to enforce strict rules for tidiness; our extremely cramped conditions make this imperative. We have one small wardrobe for 21 of us, and some tiny cupboards.

Our longed-for supplies arrive—our own weekly order—and we have the most gorgeous supper that I can ever remember—cheese, half an apple and half a tomato each, and bread with jam. The revolting salty meat, the mealie-rice and pumpkin (cooked whole, in its skin, unwashed, with pips and all) are left virtually untouched.

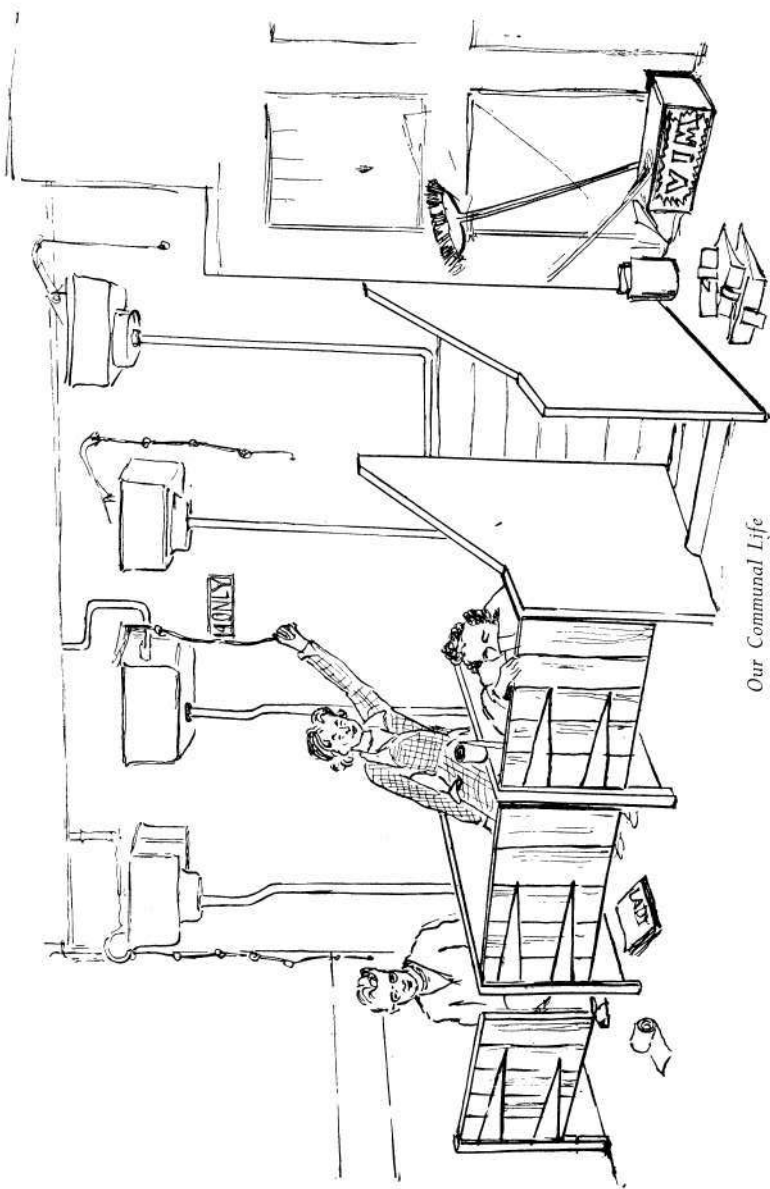
We finish off a busy day with a hilarious gym session, which we have to do in relays because of lack of space.

Our 'after-lights-out' discussion is deteriorating; we have started telling jokes to keep awake.

### Wednesday, 13th April

This is our first visitors' day. We are keyed up with expectation. Visitors must first get permits from Security Police Headquarters.

We have another session with the doctor—a different one—about the food. He does not attempt to defend prison fare, and says we will be issued with vitamin pills. We say we want fresh vegetables and fruit, not pills. He agrees to make representations on our behalf that carrots, cabbage and other suitable vegetables should be brought to us raw, so we can eat them as salads, instead of in their filthy and horrible cooked form (the carrots unwashed, the cabbage smelling so foul that someone thought it was the lavatory that was blocked again). We ask if the food can be served reasonably warm. We are told there are no facilities for cooking food or keeping it warm at the women's gaol; the food is cooked at the men's section, where it stands until brought over to us. Here it stands again, so that it always reaches us quite cold. He tells us the congealed and repulsive fat on the meat is the fat we need for a balanced diet. At his suggestion we draft yet another memo, suggesting smaller servings, raw vegetables, oranges, peanut butter and dried fruit. (Later, in Pretoria, we were issued with special detainees' rations and found all our suggestions incorporated).



*Our Communal Life*



Tonight we have a new rule—a quiet hour every evening before lights-out, to enable us to read. This is becoming essential; so many of us together means there is always someone talking, and we have no opportunity for study or reading. We enforce this nightly, to stop our own chatter.

After lights-out, we can talk to keep awake. Each relates the manner of her arrest. One woman had packed and was halfway down the stairs of her flat when she put her hands to her ears and said, "O God, I've forgotten my ear-rings!" The policeman looked at her pityingly. "I *don't* think you'll be needing them, Madam", he said.

### Thursday, 14th April

Shorthand class has started, handicapped by lack of paper, pencils and a textbook. The advanced French class was busy in conversation this afternoon on a strip of grass in the sun. Someone has sent us jigsaw puzzles, and M. started on a huge one—suitable therapy, you can bury yourself in it away from the constant nattering all around. Two of our heavyweights were beating their bottoms against a 15 ft. wall this afternoon—reducing, so they said. We nominated them our Escape Committee, but R. said they didn't even dent the wall.

### Easter Friday, 15th April—and Easter Week-end

On this chill, biting Easter Friday, in response to our request for raw vegetables, we are brought a bucket of raw cauliflower and one of raw potatoes. No facilities for cooking, so of course they must be returned.

Because it is a public holiday, we are locked in for lunch at 10.15; we are out for only short periods, and supper is at 3.15! We are taking vitamin pills, and some are eating charcoal biscuits to counteract the effect of the 'katikop'; just about the only thing they don't supply is eatable food.

S. has an abscess on her tooth—her whole lip is swollen. The doctor says she must wait until Wednesday before anything can be done.

We are becoming accustomed to our communal life; two sit on the lavatories behind the half-doors, one lies in the bath, one is washing clothes, and all chatting happily together. All doors lock in prison, except the ones you want to lock.



African women prisoners sweep the yard with hard broom-heads, bent double because they are not permitted handles on the brooms; they spend hours carefully polishing drain-covers. Newly-arrived prisoners stand lined up in the yard with their shoes off. After that, they go shoeless on the cold cement and stones for the rest of their imprisonment. Why?



Our lunch-hour lectures are going well; something different every day. For supper tonight they brought a bin of raw carrots and one of raw beetroots, tangible evidence of response to our constant demands for fresh fruit and vegetables.

On Sunday the African women prisoners start singing in church. It is not singing, it is moaning. Never have I heard African women sing like this. It goes on all day, a spiritless dirge.

Monday passed quickly enough, but to-day is one of those long, long days that move so slowly. Locked in from 3.15, one group plays scrabble, two women play chess, others squat on beds studying or reading; but there are not enough books; we need them so badly. What an endless day! Evening comes; B. is ill. We sit around working out word puzzles; do our exercises as best we can in this confined space. Eight o'clock and we're in bed to keep warm in the dark. Oh lord, to be listening to music again in a quiet room with the children sleeping . . .



*Our lawyer studying her brief*

### Wednesday, 19th April

Everyone dreams! W. dreams we are all out and on our way to Swaziland. I dream of the children—B. comes to see me and says everything is fine, but he is crying all the time.

We all tend to talk about food at night. Last night we were all hungry. There is no shortage of bread, but we can't eat bread all the time.

We have tried, without success, to obtain mattresses for our African co-detainees. They sleep on mats on the cement floor—"the traditional African way," we are told by doctors and officials. One of them suffers badly from asthma. What callousness, in this chill weather.

Just as we are lining up for our nightly count, we are given a copy of the Regulations. Later, after having read them, we all feel somewhat subdued. We are not allowed to sing, whistle, talk to other detainees, do this or that. We are so awed, we do not even sing softly as usual after lights-out. But we manage to find something to laugh about, all the same!

### Wednesday, 20th April

Matron reads the Colonel's reply to our requests:

Request that 'double detainees' (those with husbands detained as well) be permitted two letters a week, one to husbands and one to children . . . NO; request for watches or a cheap clock (we have asked again and again) . . . NOT CONSIDERED NECESSARY; request to have textbooks brought in . . . NO; request to buy cosmetics and books from firms of our own choosing, where we have accounts . . . NO. And so on.

### Friday, 22nd April

Edith is leaving to-day. This pathetic, good-natured little woman who was serving six weeks for stealing a dress, does not want to leave prison. She has no job, no friends or relatives, nowhere to go. She has been happy here. How sad—that anyone could find this place a refuge. We find a skirt and blouse to give to her, and picture her when the Fort door closes and locks behind her, standing in the street and not knowing which way to go.

### Saturday, 23rd April

Last night we were hilarious, picturing ourselves leaving this place, our clothes in bundles on our heads, making straight for a drink at the Skyline Hotel. We woke to cold and pouring rain, and we crowd together on our beds, unable to move outside. But later we are told of new concessions: we may write and receive *two* letters a week, we are to have *two* visiting days a week, and textbooks will be allowed in for study purposes.

At the same time, we are busy preparing another memo, this time to the Director of Prisons, about (1) Our right to discuss our detention with legal representatives and visitors (there is nothing in the Regulations to say we may not); (2) our watches or a clock; (3) books—textbooks alone are not enough; (4) the food, which we say is disgusting in appearance, poor in quality, nauseating in smell, and nutritionally irrelevant; (5) medical and dental attention—two of us have been waiting ten days to see a dentist, one six days; (6) visitors—we want better facilities for seeing them. We make these requests on behalf of the African detainees as well.

Supper is so ghastly tonight that we send specimens to Matron's office. She has promised to complain, and we are saving a dish to offer the Colonel, should he deign to visit us.

Unremitting rain, and our giant, 1,000-piece jig-saw nears completion. It's like eating peanuts; an absorbed group on the bed works at it incessantly.

### Sunday, 24th April

Rain, cold and Sunday in gaol—what a combination! We crowd first in one cell and then in the other while small, dark, silent and almost invisible women crawl under the beds sweeping dust and dirt. The Sunday dirge begins next door. The giant jig-saw is finished.

The Colonel honours us with a visit. We show him the foul meat and cabbage from last night—we had to keep it outside our cell, and even there the smell caused constant comments. "Well, that does sometimes happen," he remarks, after the smallest possible whiff of it.

The wind blows through our cells. We even did without exercises this evening, sharing hot water bottles and socks.

### Tuesday, 26th April

Still raining. To-day we had a visitor from the Union Health Department. We voice our complaints, mainly about the food, but as soon as we mention the conditions of the African women detainees, we are told we are raising political questions! But they say the bathroom will be boarded in for us—even a door provided. It won't seem normal to bath in privacy, without people strolling around.

### **Wednesday, Thursday, 27th and 28th April**

Still cold, we are freezing all the time. C. had a visitor to-day who during the conversation mentioned that the papers say we are going to have an Indian summer. The wardress on visiting duty intervenes: "You know you are only allowed to discuss personal and family matters." Perhaps she thinks this is a political issue as well?

Visitors wait hours and hours to get in. A letter from the children—"I miss you and wish you were home."

As a result of the Health Department visit, we are being given an extra room for eating. With benches round the table—though not enough for all of us—we can eat in comparative decency. Some books have arrived, and restrictions have eased. And the weather is beginning to clear—life is not too bad.

### **Saturday, 30th April**

These are exciting times; our spirits are immeasurably lifted by snippets from the outside world, for in spite of the ban on news and newspapers, reports leak in. Wonderful to know we are not forgotten, that people are agitating on our behalf. And we are getting new concessions; we asked for our lights to stay on until ten o'clock, and this will now be permitted—civilization!

We are drawing up another memo of complaints; but we have discussed conditions endlessly, and now we feel we do not care much about having matters slightly eased; what is important is that we are here at all. We therefore discuss a petition to the Minister, and perhaps a hunger-strike if we are not released or charged.

### **Sunday, 1st May**

We had a May Day talk, and we sing songs softly during our lunch-hour lock-in. We have another visit from the doctors, who talk about letting us have plastic forks and knives, and building a lavatory for the third cell. After the visit we go back to our cells to discuss our future. Many opposing views are expressed, but in the end we agree on the draft of a petition to the Minister.

### **Tuesday, 3rd May**

A lovely day. We have all signed the document, and we have handed it in.

We, the 21 European women detainees, presently held at the Fort, Johannesburg, wish to make the following submissions:

It is more than a month since the first arrests took place under the Emergency Regulations. Two of us have been in custody for the full period. The other detainees, except for one, have been in custody for almost as long.

At no stage has any one of us been advised of the reason for our arrest, how long we would be detained, what charges (if any) would be preferred against us, or what steps could be taken to obtain our release.

We have been denied the right to discuss our detention with legal advisers. We are not allowed to obtain newspapers and have thus been unable to follow events or to read statements about our detention which may have appeared in the Press. We have on many occasions requested information about our position, but have been constantly ignored.

After careful consideration we are convinced that the authorities responsible for our detention have acted *male fide* or without due regard to the facts. We are, furthermore, convinced that our arrests have been completely haphazard and bear no relationship to any emergency whatsoever.

Although we cannot speak for anyone but ourselves, we conclude that the pattern emerging from our detention applies in all other cases as well, and that the purpose of the arrests was to intimidate people throughout the country.

We all know that we have committed no crimes, and we are fully prepared to meet any charges which may be preferred against us in any open court of law. Pending the drawing up of such charges—if they are to be drawn up—we insist on our immediate release. The continued delay in even considering our cases substantiates our belief that the authorities had no grounds for our detention.

Seven of us, whose husbands are also detained, have left outside 19 parentless children. The other women detainees between them have 15 children, and we do not know how many other children of all races have been similarly deprived of one or both of their parents.

We can no longer tolerate their deprivation, particularly in view of the groundlessness of our detention. In addition, most of us, as individuals or family units, face complete financial ruin.

In view of all these factors, we have decided that, unless we receive a satisfactory reply to our demand for immediate release on or before the 12th May, it is our intention to exert the only pressure within our means—namely, to engage in a hunger-strike from that date.

We have appointed a sub-committee to go into details of this plan.

We have also started rehearsing for a play-reading—Moliere's 'The Miser'.

### Wednesday, 4th May

The noises of the night are behind me—the penny-whistle record across the street, with its maddeningly repeated theme; then the traffic, muffled, but busy; and at last the faint but clear sounds of trains shunting and whistling.

A lazy, beautiful winter morning, but there is great activity among the girls, with R. busy setting hair, faces being made up, a parade of smarter clothes—some of us discard slacks for the first time in a week. All this for the benefit of visitors who can barely see our faces behind bars and wire mesh, and don't notice what we are wearing. But it's good for morale.

At lunch time we are called to line up for the new Superintendent. He is extraordinarily nervous (are we so terrifying?), his hands quivering, his baton slapping against his trousers. He deals with requests we made some time ago. Everything, including the repeated request for watches or a clock, is no, not possible, or against Prison Regulations. Then the request to see our children: do we think it advisable from their point of view? Wouldn't it be harmful to them? We say that the experts hold otherwise. Surely, he says, if it is explained to them why their mothers have left them, they will understand? We explode with anger. Explain to a three-year-old why both parents disappear in the middle of the night and don't come back again!

We agree on details of the hunger-strike. We will try to get advice on the effect of drugs such as aspirin and sleeping pills when not eating; we discuss what we will do individually if we are separated.

### Thursday, 5th May

The Superintendent tells us our joint application to see our children is not sufficient. Now we must each make an individual application, giving reasons. Each has her own reasons . . . "I have a son suffering from an incurable disease . . ." "I have four children under ten and my husband is also detained . . ." "My only child was very upset three years ago when I was



arrested for treason . . .” “I have a child who has nightly attacks of asthma . . .”

Later we are informed that husbands must also put in applications, saying they have no objection to our seeing our children.

### Friday, 6th May

Our forbidden Indian summer has arrived. Warm, beautiful—and visitors! One visitor informs us that we are going to be moved to Pretoria (40 miles from Johannesburg). We say it's nonsense! The Public Works and Union Health Departments are here this very minute discussing alterations to our cells.

But at 4.30 Matron calls us and says we must pack; we are being moved to Pretoria in half an hour.

We retreat to our cells to discuss this, and we all decide we will not go. We do not want to move far away from our families, where visiting will be difficult for them; we do not know why we are to be moved, nor what is going to happen to us, whether we will be together or separated; we do not know what kind of conditions we will be taken to; we think the move may be the result of our petition to the Minister and the threatened hunger-strike; and we don't like being confronted with this instruction at the last minute, without any explanation whatsoever.

A wardress comes with a big book and asks us to sign ourselves out. We refuse. She closes the book and goes to report.

After a while we are called to line up for the Superintendent. He wants to know the reasons for our behaviour. We give him the reasons; he argues with us. The move, he says, is for our own good. We are being undisciplined and unreasonable; and the men are going too. The removal order came from higher up. We ask that he obtain someone from 'higher up' to come and talk to us.

He goes away, and later we are again called out into the yard. This time our Superintendent has returned with the Pretoria Colonel. We have the same argument. The arrangements were made by a higher authority. We ask to see the higher authority. We tell him to get in touch with Spengler (the head of the South African 'Special Branch'—Security Police) or get the Minister of Justice himself; whoever has ordered our removal. He says if we don't go willingly, they will be obliged to use force. We return to our rooms.

We sit on the beds, tense and nervous. We don't know what to expect. We decide we will not pack, not a single item.

After a long wait, we are ordered out again. The 'higher authority' has been 'phoned, and instructions are to proceed with our removal. We argue again. The Colonel says the men went without protest and have been waiting in the vans for more than an hour. Why should we object to going? We are adamant; we ask that the 'higher authority' come in person and explain the reasons for our removal.

Again we huddle on our beds, making Ricory with lukewarm tap water. The Special Branch arrive in the office. The Superintendent comes to argue with us once again. We tell him we were arrested over a month ago; none of us has been charged; we have been denied access to lawyers or to the Courts; refused permission to see newspapers; we do not know what is happening outside; we do not even know if there is still an Emergency! Why are we being moved 40 miles away? Why?

Eventually wardresses arrive and drag and carry us out, one by one, through the yard, through another yard at the back where the African detainees are kept, out to a waiting van. It is night as we are hauled along, the stars swaying above us. It is a rough journey. Many of us are heavy, and the wardresses are sweating, gasping and struggling. Matron pleads with each one of us before they take us. She says to K. (who is 64): "Out of deference to your age, please come along with us." K. says: "There was no deference to my age when they knocked on my door at 2 a.m. and took me away." "I'm putting it to you. It is upsetting for us as well as you. We don't want to do this to you." K. replies: "We all decided to do this together, and I will go as the others went."

It is quite impossible to describe our feelings as we are taken out. The swerving night sky, the darkness, the quiet yard, the legs of prison officials viewed from the ground, all seen with a sense of their unreality. Is this me? Am I here? What is happening to me, what will they do to us? And with that, too, a sense of elation, that we stood together, that we did not give in.

As we wait in the van, we hear the men singing. We sing, too, and they begin shouting and banging on their vans. We tell them why they have been kept waiting. Someone gives an order, the engines are started up, and the men are driven away quickly, out of earshot.

And at last we are all in, cramped, dishevelled. The van starts up and is driven at a furious speed through the Johannesburg evening traffic. Cars are streaming into town for the Friday night theatres and cinemas; we are in the dark, windy clatter of this

police van. The street lights make a pattern on the van walls, growing and fading. Then away from the brilliant streets, on to the Pretoria road, the cool night wind blowing through the mesh, the stars, the darkness, the rush of the van, and following us a formidable array of police cars.

### Saturday, 7th May, to Thursday, 12th May

Our new quarters in Pretoria are two, enormous barn-like rooms, cold and gloomy, with high barred and meshed windows. We are truly locked away from the world here. We have all had an uncomfortable night, for we had no toilet articles, no pyjamas, and this morning no change of clothes. Our slacks are soiled from last night. We wash in cold water, with one towel between the lot of us, provided by Helen and Hannah, who awaited our arrival. But here we are provided with tables and chairs, crockery, cutlery, a stove and an electric urn. Such luxury! Even cloths on the tables, and vases of flowers!

In spite of the increased room and the facilities, we hate this place (and we went on hating it to the very end). We have no access to outside, as we had at the Fort. We are locked in for most of the day. We are taken downstairs to the exercise yard at nine every morning, brought up at eleven, locked in until two in the afternoon, taken out for another hour, then locked in for the rest of the afternoon and night. The bathrooms are in the yard, and we go down laden with toilet articles, dirty clothes, clean clothes, packets of detergents, books, knitting—we look like displaced persons. The yard is ugly, with prison walls around, and an area of grass with a palm and a wattle tree. The authorities build benches for us to sit on, and we walk around the gravel path every day for exercise.

Here we are called "*die Noodregulasies*" (the Emergency Regulations). Every day as we come down to the yard, they say, "*Maak oop die hek—hier kom die Noodregulasies.*" (Open the gate—here come the Emergency Regulations). Wardresses watch us the whole time, stand and listen to our conversation.

The morning after our arrival, all our things are brought to us from the Fort—someone had a big packing job to do. Nothing was missing. And every evening at five we strip to our underclothes, put blankets on the vast floor, and all do exercises together.

We continue with classes and lectures, and have some poetry readings. We prepare for the hunger-strike, discuss what to do

if action is taken against us—sentences, deprivations or solitary confinement. We decide to carry on as long as we are able. We are satisfied we have done everything possible now, and we are impatient to start.

On Thursday we do vigorous exercises before our final supper, and also practise relaxing. Afterwards, the scene is like the night before Christmas. We all bring out our private stocks of chocolate, cheese or biscuits, and pack these, together with the remainder of our own stores, into cardboard cartons. We all finish up a gay and busy evening by eating too much in an attempt to get rid of perishables.

### **The First Day—Friday, 13th May**

Five weeks in gaol to-day. The lights went on at six. We are up early. We clean up all the odds and ends, and drink a cup of hot water. It is very cold inside, but wonderful when we go out in the sun. Our food is brought in, but we simply leave it at the door. After 'yard-time' we go upstairs to our cups of hot water, classes, books, knitting. We all feel well, but very hungry by evening.

### **The Second Day—Saturday, 14th May**

We all go to sleep very early. An icy wind blows in the night. We wake to a freezing morning, a bit headachy. M. is keeping a record of every one of us, each day: our pulse, our bowels, our aches and all other symptoms, physical and emotional. We drink hot water, lie on our beds, knit, read, play scrabble, sleep. The day is very long without meals to break it up. We are tired, most of us feel hungry, but we are all cheerful and well. In the evening we each have a lick of salt, and that deadly water. It has turned very cold. We cannot keep awake, and all go to sleep early. One of the women was released today.

### **The Third Day—Sunday, 15th May**

We wake and lie in bed, without much energy. Some have headaches, one or two are not feeling well. This, we find out afterwards, is the worst day of all. Hunger symptoms are still there, and the hot water tastes so horrible, we drink cold water. Our Zulu and Shorthand classes continue, and we have a reading of humorous poetry. This helps to cut up the day. After to-day, the worst is over, and we hope we will not feel so hungry and uncomfortable.

### The Fourth Day—Sunday, 16th May

We begin to feel weaker. But hunger symptoms have disappeared. Making beds requires some effort. We have a discussion and decide to send a telegram to the Minister.

In the morning, the Special Branch arrive. We notice them preparing a cell as an office. M. is called out for questioning.

The Colonel comes round, tells us we have made our demonstration, and should now stop. He suggests we will be separated—perhaps some sent to Nylstroom (80 miles away).

In the afternoon we are summoned to stand before the Colonel and Brigadier Steyn, the Deputy-Director of Prisons. He says he has come to tell us that, as we can see, people are now being taken for questioning, that things are moving, that there is no longer any need for us to continue with our refusal to take food. We say we are awaiting a reply from the Minister of Justice, who has not even had the courtesy to acknowledge our petition to him. Steyn tells us we will definitely be separated “for administrative reasons.” We inform him that we are continuing with the hunger-strike.

### The Fifth Day—Monday, 17th May

Sleeplessness, and a thumping heart. We lie in bed longer than before. That foul taste in the mouth. But on the whole we are remarkably well, if a little slower in our reactions. Two have now been called for questioning, and haven't returned to us. We hold another meeting, and decide on a number of questions for the Colonel. But this morning things start happening fast. More of us are called out for questioning by the Special Branch.

Those who have been questioned fetch their belongings from the big room, and are then locked away in small cells, in pairs.

The routine is the same for all of us. We are taken into a room with several men. We are read that section of the Emergency Regulations which deals with detained people summoned for questioning, and states that they are not entitled to a legal adviser. We are told we are to be asked a number of questions, and that the answers may be used in evidence in any future court action.

All of us, with one or two exceptions, reply that we cannot answer questions unless we know with what offence we are being charged. The questions deal with our political activities in the past, our associations with other individuals, and our views on the present government, apartheid, religion, and so on.

It is a tense, disturbing day. Those questioned spend the night in tiny, dark and very cold and unpleasant cells.

### **The Sixth Day—Tuesday, 18th May**

We are feeling well, but weak. Climbing the stairs is difficult. The questioning proceeds swiftly today. Finally, we are all moved back to our big room again. Only four, who have not been questioned, are kept separate and taken to the small cells.

Some of us cannot go on climbing those stairs twice a day. Better to miss the sun than try it again. We send a telegram to the Minister, and to a Member of Parliament, asking for a reply to our petition. We decide to carry on for a minimum of ten days.

### **The Seventh Day—Wednesday, 19th May**

Every day is a triumph for us. We are a lot weaker, and everything is an effort, but we are surprised that on the whole we have kept well—we expected to feel much worse than we do. Today is visiting day, and we are all determined to see our visitors.

Our classes have stopped, we could not continue with them. We don't read—we find we cannot concentrate. We don't play scrabble. We just talk and talk. What we miss most of all is not so much the actual food, but the whole social ceremony of eating, particularly in the evenings. The day becomes endless without the preparations for a meal, sitting and eating, sitting over our cups of coffee and cigarettes—always the most pleasant time of the day—and cleaning up afterwards. There is no 'middle' to the day, it merges into one long, cold, never-ending procession of hours. The late afternoon is the worst time of all, when we used to do exercises together. Now we can't exercise. We come up from the sun to the great, grey and gloomy rooms. We walk slowly, and evening slowly approaches. It gets darker and colder. There is nothing at all between us and bed-time but hours and hours and hours.

We hear from our visitors that the Minister made a speech in the House in which he said the women detainees at Pretoria Gaol are not on hunger-strike; they are refusing prison food, but have their own stocks of food that they are eating. We are nearly crazy with fury at this news. We immediately prepare a telegram to the Minister protesting strongly against his untruth, and giving the facts. We also prepare a statement for the Colonel,

who comes to see us later. Challenged, he admits that we are not eating our own stocks of food; but he claims we are existing on glucose. We tell him that we ordered 4 lbs. of glucose to break the fast, and that we rationed out 5 tablespoons to each individual to keep in case we were separated. After the fifth day, we made some of the weaker ones take two teaspoonsful of glucose a day. We challenge him to weigh what is left to see how much we have actually taken.

In the afternoon we have another visit from the Colonel. This time he is accompanied by a Captain Cilliers from the Special Branch, who tells us he has just received a message on the telex from Cape Town. The Minister is considering our petition, investigations will be expedited. Cilliers then says he must send a reply to the Minister by telex this afternoon. He urges us to stop the hunger-strike. We ask for a day to consider our reply, and say we will only discuss it with the four who are separated from us. We then have another argument with the Colonel and Cilliers about the glucose. If the Minister knows we are eating, why is he so anxious for us to stop the hunger-strike?

Back in our quarters, and the four are brought back to us. We have a lively discussion. We decide that the Minister's reply is no reply at all, that we have achieved a great deal already, and that because the House of Assembly rises tomorrow, the Minister simply wants to be able to tell Parliament that we have agreed to start eating. We draft our reply:

*"Your communication after 16 days is vague and unsatisfactory, and is in fact no reply to our petition of May 2nd. We are therefore continuing with our hunger-strike. We await more specific information in regard to our release."*

### **The Eighth Day—Thursday, 20th May**

We are all getting as thin as sticks. Clothes hang on us, we see bones we did not know we possessed. But we are still all cheerful. We stay in bed much later, move more slowly. Washing a couple of articles and making a bed is exhausting.

Early this morning we are handed a letter from the Department of Justice:

*"Madam,*

*I have been directed by the Honourable the Minister of Justice to acknowledge the petition signed by yourself and 20 other detainees*

*on the 2nd May 1960, and to inform you that the demand for your immediate release contained therein is under consideration. A further communication in this regard will be addressed to you in due course.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*the Secretary for Justice."*

This has the air of an 11th-hour drama about it, with Parliament rising today. But there is nothing in it to make us alter our decision.

The six wives are called unexpectedly to see their husbands—ominous, as this is not the day they usually visit. In the afternoon we are brought upstairs from the yard—the Colonel wants to address us. We climb the stairs slowly, resting all the time. We are all gathered in our room, sitting, as we cannot stand for long. The Colonel is here, with a full retinue of staff, and men we do not know.

He says he has two announcements to make. The first is that he has warrants for every one of us, arresting us under a section of the Emergency Regulations, and detaining us until March 28th, 1961, unless lawfully released before. In silence we hear this; our hearts feel as though they have collapsed inside us. We know this is just some sort of formality; but under the circumstances, we feel stunned. As he finishes, the men get busy taking fingerprints from each one of us all over again—a sort of re-arrest within a prison.

The Colonel then reads the second notice. He names eight of us, and says he has an order for those eight to be removed to Nylstroom at 6 o'clock the following morning.

We greet this with bitter indignation. And find after eight days without food that we cry very easily. This is a blow; three of the women have husbands here, and six of them have children they had hoped to see. Now they will be in a prison that can only be visited by their relatives if they have the whole day to spend driving there and back.

We ask to see the Director of Prisons, and are informed he is in Cape Town; we ask for the Deputy-Director, and after some discussion, the Colonel agrees to call him. While this is going on, the formal arrests and finger-printing continue. And at the same time, some of the women are called down for an examination by a doctor who has come at the request of some of our relatives.

When Brigadier Steyn (the Deputy-Director) arrives, we



request that the women should not be moved, particularly in view of their weakened condition; and that permission be granted for us to apply to Court for an urgent interdict to restrain the authorities from moving them. Steyn argues with us; he will not let us apply to Court for an interdict that night, after which it will, of course, be too late. He refuses to postpone the removals, even for a day.

We get disastrous news from the doctor. He tells one of the women: "You must cease your hunger-strike immediately. Your heart condition is serious, and if you continue you will endanger your life." He says it is not a permanent defect, but due to a lack of potassium to the heart. He warns two other women that they are developing the same condition.

There follows another of our vocal meetings, with more impassioned views expressed, but ultimately we agree to end the hunger strike on medical grounds. We then prepare the following statement:

*"To Colonel Snyman:*

*Tonight, several women were examined by Dr. De Villiers, who informed two that their condition was serious, and if they did not stop fasting immediately, they would harm themselves irreparably. One other woman has already been similarly warned. These women do not wish to stop fasting whilst the rest of the women are not eating.*

*On these medical grounds, and as responsible people, we have therefore decided to call off our hunger-strike tonight. We wish to make it absolutely clear that this is our only reason for doing so.*

*8.30 p.m., May 20th, 1960."*

We ring the bell, and tell the wardress to call Matron.

## THE BIRTH OF AFRICAN NATIONALISM

LIONEL FORMAN

*Before his death in October, 1959, Lionel Forman, Editor of 'New Age' and Treason Trialist, was preparing a doctorate thesis on the growth of African political organizations in the Union. The following digest of the opening section, found among his papers, is published as an important contribution to the study of democracy's beginnings in South Africa.*

THE full-throated development in South Africa of a single African political consciousness only began in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Until then, the voluntary amalgamation of all the black peoples in a united stand against the white advance had been no more than a dream of the most far-sighted African leaders and the intermittent nightmare of the whites. In the absence of any unity among the African tribes, a handful of Europeans were able to exploit inter-tribal conflicts so skilfully that in many a decisive campaign by far the main burden of fighting, on the European side, was borne by Africans.

But with the commencement of the diamond diggings in 1870, the way was opened for a great change. At Kimberley men were able for the first time to see themselves not only as Zulu, Xhosa or Basotho tribesmen, but also as Africans. Members of the separate tribes came to recognize themselves as drawn into a single fraternity by their common economic interest.

By 1872, according to a contemporary press report, there were already an estimated 20,000 African workers at Kimberley. Probably the only eye-witness record of the scene left by an African writer is that of Gwayi Tyamzashe<sup>1</sup> who was preaching the gospel to the men at the diggings in 1872.

"When they are at work you can hardly distinguish the whites from the Coloureds, for they all resemble the diamondiferous soil they are working," he wrote. "There are Bushmen, Korannas, Hottentots, Griquas . . . Magwata, Mazulu, Maswazi, Matswetswa, Matonga, Matabele, Mabaca, Mampondo, Mampengu, Batembu, Mazosa and more."<sup>2</sup>

This coming together into a great single black brotherhood was a completely new phenomenon. For many years Africans had worked for the white men on their frontier farms, and since the

<sup>1</sup>A Lovedale graduate, he was, in 1873, the first African to complete his whole course of theological studies in South Africa.

<sup>2</sup>'Kaffir Express'—1-1-1872.

time of Sir George Grey there had been small groups employed in road-making and on the harbours of the Eastern Province.

But Kimberley was something different. Here was the nucleus of a true African proletariat, whose future would be in the cities and whose only way of keeping lawfully alive would be by the sale of its labour. Here was the nucleus of a new class, whose ties with tribal society would become of the very slenderest; whose economic—and inevitably political—weapon would be that of the workers of all lands, the strike.

In 1872, however, the operative word was 'nucleus'. The men who came to Kimberley did not come to make their home in the city; nor did they all come through the pressures of hunger or the white man's laws.

"Those coming from far up in the interior," wrote Tyamzashe, "come with the sole purpose of securing guns. (They stay) no longer here than is necessary to get some £6 or £7 for the guns. Hence you will see hundreds of them leaving the Fields, and as many arriving from the North almost every day".<sup>3</sup> These men still had their tribal land and cattle as an economic base; and their journey to Kimberley, though it embodied the quest of young men for new experience, learning and adventure, had as an important motive the desire and the need to protect that land and cattle by obtaining guns, the only weapons which could challenge white military power.

Kimberley set the pattern for the environment in which, during subsequent years, African nationalism was to grow most rapidly; the industrial sites drawing migrant tribesmen, and holding them as urban proletarians for whom tribal affiliation was a matter of secondary, or even minor, importance. It was not, however, at Kimberley that the pioneering work was done in the development of the first theoretical and organizational expression of African nationalism. Political organizations are not founded by migrant labourers, and history did not wait for the growth—rapid as it was—of a settled African urban community at Kimberley.

The diamond discoveries, coupled with the almost simultaneous commencement of the race to carve up Africa among the leading world powers, provoked a British decision to establish control over the whole of Southern Africa.

As one result, the balance of strength and the political rela-

<sup>3</sup>'The Native at the Diamond Fields'—*Kaffir Express* 1-8-1874.

tions between white and black, on the border separating the Cape and the African territories, were suddenly altered. An African *petit bourgeoisie*—tiny, but the biggest in black Africa—emerged on the frontier. Composed of mission assistants, priests, teachers and clerks, it found itself occupying the centre of the African political stage.

Since the adoption by Britain in the 1850's of a policy of non-interference in the interior, the Cape Colony had enjoyed a long period of peace on the frontier. The knowledge that Britain would not send military aid was a great peace-maker.

The opening of the diamond fields, however, led to an immense increase in the need for African labour on road-making, harbour and railway projects. Shortly after he became the Cape's first prime minister, John Charles Molteno visited Kingwilliamstown and urged upon a deputation of chiefs "the importance of coming into the Colony to see the railway works, and of earning money with which to purchase valuable property such as cattle, sheep and horses."

The small African share in the general prosperity moved the '*Kaffir Express*' to declare in its 1872 New Year editorial, after noting that £240,000 a year was passing directly from the diamond fields through African hands:

"To you, our native friends, we would say . . . nothing but your own unwillingness or your blindness can prevent your rising as a people . . . The government is friendly to you . . . all missionaries are equally your friends . . . all reasonable colonists are also your friends . . . your prosperity can hardly be hindered unless you yourselves hinder it."

There was a measure of tranquillity; the tranquillity of poverty and backwardness and until 1870 of economic stagnation, but tranquillity nevertheless. The new period of British intervention began in 1874; and within three years the tranquillity had given way to war, as Britain sought to gain mastery over Southern Africa by means of the forceful unification of the whole territory into a single British confederation.

Lord Carnarvon, the British Colonial Secretary, with whose name this policy is most closely identified, believed that the prospect of united action in carrying through a common policy of subjugating the Africans—together with all the other obvious advantages of unity—would prove so attractive to the Europeans that they would readily accept confederation.

This was, however, a miscalculation. The Cape was jealous

of its newly-born independence and suspicious of Britain's motives. It feared that confederation might be simply a device to force the Cape to bear the brunt of the expense involved in the subjugation of the Africans in Natal and the Transvaal, and the restoration of the bankrupt economy in Pretoria.

In the face of South African opposition, Britain decided to push ahead with confederation by force. In 1877 Sir Bartle Frere was sent to the Cape as the new governor, and the Transvaal was speedily annexed. In the same year, Frere had the opportunity of demonstrating to the colonists the firm and purposeful "native policy" which (not without reason) he believed would win them confederation.

Following a clash between the 40,000 stray Gcaliba Xhosa, led by Chief Kreli, and the vassal Fingoes, Frere summoned Kreli to his presence. Kreli (with more prudence than his father Hintsá, who had in 1835 obeyed a similar summons and been shot) refused. Frere thereupon "deposed" Kreli, announced that the Gcaleka country would be absorbed by the Europeans, and sent in his troops to smash Kreli's army and seize its weapons.

In the course of the fighting Frere struck another blow for confederation by deposing, in 1878, the fiercely independent Molteno ministry when it sought to establish the right of the Cape to control the troops in its own territory. Molteno was replaced by John Gordon Sprigg, "Sir Bartle Frere's dummy" as P. A. Molteno bitterly describes him. "Responsible government was now replaced by personal rule, through a ministry selected and held in power by Sir Bartle Frere and willing to carry out his behests."<sup>4</sup>

The Sprigg government immediately launched what it called a "vigorous Native policy", aptly described by James Rose Innes as "the pink forerunner of that red-blooded policy of oppression, which since Union has been so influentially and persistently advocated."<sup>5</sup> The first Sprigg measure making for the ending of tribal differences, the consolidation of the Africans as a single political entity, was the preposterously ill-named Peace Preservation Act (Act 13 of 1878) introduced some six months after the letter from the new British Colonial Secretary, Hicks Beach, to Frere, asking: "Can anything be done to put a stop to the importation and sale of arms to Natives?"

With the hypocrisy which is characteristic of most legislation

<sup>4</sup>The Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno', by P. A. Molteno. p. 402.

<sup>5</sup>The Autobiography of James Rose-Innes. p. 128.

affecting Africans, the Act did not say what its real purpose was—the total disarmament of all Africans without exception, and of the Africans only. It simply provided that all private citizens had to hand in their guns and ammunition to the authorities, who would then return them to “proper persons”. Those not in this category would lose their guns and receive monetary compensation.

The essential factor behind the Disarmament Act was that it was no longer necessary to place so great an emphasis on the gaining of tribal allies in the game of divide and rule. The Xhosa as a result of British intervention were crushed, and it was no longer necessary to ‘pamper’ the Fingoes. The British-backed Europeans were strong enough to reduce the Africans to a single level; and the distinction between ‘Fingo’ and ‘Kaffir’ became increasingly fine until it disappeared altogether. The government did not even pretend to distinguish between the Fingo and Tembu allies, whose arms had played so great a part in destroying Krelie and Sandile. All were to be disarmed alike, including the sons of Britain’s staunch African ally, Moshoeshe of Basutoland.

The Africans of the Cape, for whom their guns, next to their cattle, were their dearest possessions, had long been alert for any disarmament threat, and the Cape officials had been at pains to dismiss these fears as groundless. When in 1876 the Orange Free State government had disarmed the Africans of the Witziesthoek Reserve, the rumour had spread to nearby Basutoland that this was part of a concerted plan and that the Cape (of which Basutoland was then a part) intended to pursue a similar course. “I was able,” governor’s agent Colonel Griffiths wrote, “to allay the fears of the Chief Letsie of the Basotho by treating the rumour with contempt and telling them how unlikely and absurd it would be of us first to grant permits at the fields and thus to arm those we intended shortly to disarm.” Two years later the Disarmament Bill was published.

There was nothing the frontier tribes could do about the new law. The Fingoes, completely dependent on the European authorities, handed in their guns, as did the broken remnants of the Xhosa. The Basotho, however, were another matter altogether. First they sent a deputation to Britain to petition the Queen against the law, and then, when they found that it was the Queen’s law, they took up their 18,000 rifles in defence of their right to retain them.

In September, 1880, the Cape police moved in. Neighbouring African tribes rallied to the support of the Basotho. By October, "every tribe, the Griquas included, were against the Government,"<sup>6</sup> even including a section of the Fingoes. In the face of such determined resistance, the authorities were unable to impose the law; and on April 11, 1881, fighting ended with the withdrawal of the Cape police, their mission unaccomplished.

It was therefore the Basotho who won the first political victory of an African people against an oppressive law imposed upon them as subjects of a white government in South Africa. The Basotho lives lost in repelling Sprigg's police were certainly not sacrificed in vain, as the present constitution of Basutoland testifies. Ironically, the very success of the Basotho revolt made it of small importance in the history of African political organizations in South Africa, for it was so complete that the Basotho of Basutoland were able to break from the mainstream of South African political development.

The Disarmament Law was only one aspect of a deliberate policy to put an end to the privileges enjoyed by the 'satellite' tribes, and to reduce all the Africans to a single level. The pass and vagrant laws operated in exactly the same way. Until 1828 there had been a total prohibition upon the entry of Africans into the Colony, but an ordinance of that year (No. 49 of 1828) enabled the Africans beyond the colonial frontiers, who were all foreigners in terms of the Cape law, to enter the colony in order to obtain employment.

Africans who came into the Colony without a pass were liable to imprisonment. They could be arrested by any landowner and, if their arrest could not be effected without killing them, the law specifically provided that such killing was justified (Ord. 2 of 1837, Section 4ff). By 1857, with the growth of the permanent African population inside the borders of the Colony, it had become necessary to legislate to prevent "Colonial Fingoes and certain other subjects of Her Majesty from being mistaken for Kaffirs, and thereby harassed or aggrieved". To this end a system was evolved for the issue of "certificates of citizenship" to all Fingoes, and to "any Kafir or other native foreigner"<sup>7</sup> who could prove that he had spent ten consecutive years in employ-

<sup>6</sup>Tylden's 'Rise of the Basuto', Chapter IX.

<sup>7</sup>A "native foreigner" was defined Act 22 of 1857 as "any member of any tribe other than a Fingo of which the principal chief shall live beyond the borders of the colony" as well as "all Kaffirs belonging to any location in the divisions of Kingwilliamstown and East London and the Tambookies of the Tambookie Location of Queenstown".

ment within the Colony. At least 99% of this period had to be in employment other than any served as a hard labour prisoner.

Even certificates of citizenship, however, could not be altogether effective in preventing Fingoes and other black subjects of Her Majesty from being harassed or aggrieved, for there was still no way of distinguishing at sight between a native foreigner and a native native. As a result it was necessary to carry the certificate of citizenship on any journey away from home.

The Vagrancy Act (Sect. 11 of Act 22 of 1867, as amended by Act 23 of 1879) supplemented the pass laws and effectively plugged any loopholes in them. It provided that any person found wandering abroad and having no lawful means of support "could be arrested"; and unless he could give "a good and satisfactory account of himself," he was deemed to be an "idle and disorderly person," liable to imprisonment for up to six months, hard labour, spare diet and solitary confinement.

In the hands of the administrators of the "vigorous Native policy," and with white tempers still hot from the 'war' of 1877-8, these laws became a source of great hardship to all Africans irrespective of tribe. From about 1878, the authorities simply ignored the provisions of the Act favouring the holders of certificates of citizenship, and every African who wished to travel from one place to another was required to take out a pass. Africans who went out in an emergency or without their papers found themselves liable to arrest and detention, to be taken in custody many miles out of their way to the nearest lock-up.

In a letter to G. Rose Innes, Under-Secretary for Native Affairs, the resident Magistrate at Kingwilliamstown wrote in July 1881 that the withdrawal of the rights previously associated with the certificates of citizenship was "one of the sore grievances which the Fingoes have against us . . ." He added that "there is a very bitter feeling on the part of both Kafirs and Fingoes against the government. There is now a warm sympathy between them, which never before existed . . . the Fingoes and loyal Kafirs say that for their loyalty they have simply been punished, and made the laughing-stock of those who have fought and rebelled . . . and that their attachment to the government is now a thing of the past . . . They have at present no faith in our honesty, truth or 'justice' and they openly state that they have been driven to this by our harsh treatment of them."

In October 1889, the '*Christian Express*', which, only eight



years before, had painted so joyous a picture of the new life opening for the Africans, etched out the new scene.

“The natives of this country are at the present time more desponding, hopeless and untractable than they have been for a generation previously. The loyal are puzzled, bewildered and irritated; and those who are disloyal are exasperated and becoming almost dangerous. This is aggravated by want, which is now beginning to make itself felt in numberless villages. The last 3 or 4 years have witnessed a great change for the worse in the relations of the two races.

“There are four Acts—all of which press heavily on the Natives . . . the Disarmament Act, and Vagrant Act, and Branding Act<sup>8</sup> and the Pass Act. Three of these are new and the fourth has been resuscitated. They are the chief legislative landmarks of the last few years. The native people had no real voice in their enactment, and no means of opposing their becoming law. But they have taken up an attitude of resistance—and they fight where they can, and they say they will rather go to prison than obey some of the mildest of them—the Branding Act.”

The combined effect of the Disarmament, Pass, Vagrancy and Branding Laws was to speed up the political unification of the Africans by withdrawing the “privileges” which were the main source of friction between the Fingoes (and other satellite tribes) and the Xhosa.

The resulting consciousness that all Africans—irrespective of tribe and irrespective of anything they might do to ingratiate themselves with the state—had a common political destiny, was the essential prerequisite for an all-embracing African nationalism.

<sup>8</sup>A measure requiring that all cattle be branded with a distinctive mark (Act 8 of 1878). Its purpose was probably to assist in tracing thefts, but was seen by the people as an introductory step either to the confiscation of their cattle or the imposition of new taxes. The suspicions were strengthened by the fact that in practice the law was applied to Africans only.

## FOUR YEARS OF TREASON

FREDA TROUP

ON Friday, October 9th, 1960, when Professor Matthews concluded his evidence, the Defence case in the Treason Trial ended—fourteen months after the 30 accused had pleaded 'not guilty' and almost four years after they had been arrested. There remain now the arguments for the Crown and for the Defence, and then the verdict.

\* \* \* \*

*“ . . . The Defence case will be that it was not the policy of the African National Congress, or any of the other organizations mentioned in the indictment, to use violence against the State. On the contrary, the Defence will show that all these organizations had deliberately decided to avoid every form of violence and to pursue their ends by peaceful means only. The Defence will rely for its contentions as to the policies of these organizations upon their constitutions, the resolutions taken by them at their conferences, and the pronouncements of their responsible national leaders. . . . ”*

Thus Mr. I. A. Maisels, Q.C., outlined the case of the Defence when the trial opened on August 4th, 1959. The nub of the Crown case was contained in the long opening statement of the late Mr. Oswald Pirow, Q.C. (only ready to be delivered the week after the case opened—one of the minor Kafka situations in this very Kafkaesque trial):

*“The gist of the Crown's charge of High Treason is that the accused, acting in concert, and through the instrumentality of their organizations, prepared to subvert the existing State by illegal means including the use of force and violence; and to replace the existing State with a State founded on principles differing fundamentally from those on which the present State is constituted . . . The Crown's case is that accused foresaw and were bent upon no legitimate constitutional struggle for political reform but a violent and forcible revolution . . . ”*

The Crown, Mr. Pirow added, would prove (1) hostile intent and (2) adherence to a conspiracy.

So the opposing forces deployed for the crucial battle.

All the preliminary legal skirmishing was ended. Of the four indictments successively compiled by the Crown, only one,

against 30 of the original 156 people arrested, was acceptable to the Court. The others were whittled down and away, and with them the alternative charges laid under the Suppression of Communism Act.

The 12 months spent by a large and able Defence team in trying to get the indictments quashed, in challenging aspect upon aspect of the Crown case and the presentation of it with a recurrent refrain of demand for further particulars, in argument with (for the layman) obscure brilliance upon abstruse and highly technical subjects such as misjoinder, the ambit of treason, the need for particularity, was not an exhibition gallop of lawyers with the bit between the teeth, as it must sometimes have seemed from the spectators' enclosure. It was an absolutely necessary and strenuous preliminary effort not only to maintain standards of Justice, but to get proper clarification of the Crown case, without which the accused could not know and so prepare to answer the case against them.

The strategy was in some degree successful. The Crown dropped both alternative charges relating to Communism and based its case solely on proving conspiracy; the originally vast mass of evidence dwindled, more precise particulars were supplied and the total length of the trial, in consequence, reduced.

On August 4th, 1959, the accused pleaded individually: "I plead not guilty to the charge insofar as the overt acts are laid against me."

The next two and a half months were occupied with the evidence of a procession of police witnesses for the Crown, testifying to the raiding of meetings, offices, homes, and luggage at the airport. Endlessly, beneath the dome of the old synagogue converted into a Court for the trial, as the heat of the Pretoria summer approached and jacaranda trees blossomed and shed their bloom in blue pools on the pavements, documents were droned into the Court's recording machine in support of the Crown's allegations of a policy of violence. Cross-examination of witnesses was largely devised to extract admissions that frequently at meetings speakers had emphasized a non-violent policy, and to reading into the record those portions, omitted by the Crown, which urged non-violence or were otherwise favourable to the accused.

The Judges, realizing the potential limitlessness of the case, tried their best to persuade the Crown not to read in repetitious documents and to summarize wherever possible, and to induce

the Defence to make "large historical admissions" on the support given by the Congresses and other organizations to the Defiance Campaign, the Congress of the People, the opposition to various laws and the demands for universal adult franchise and the abolition of race discrimination. But as the Defence had to insist that the accused could not be prejudiced in any way and that the Crown must prove its case, proceedings had to take their laborious course. "Oh well", sighed Mr. Justice Rumpff, "we may become conditioned in due course."

The centre-piece in the Crown case was the expert witness on Communism, Professor A. H. Murray, of the Chair of Philosophy in the University of Cape Town, who began his evidence-in-chief in the middle of October and continued for more than a fortnight. He gave, first of all, an exposition of the theory of Communism, during which the Defence frequently challenged legal and procedural technicalities. Then the Professor examined about 100 documents—pamphlets, executive reports and presidential addresses, the Freedom Charter—most of them produced by the Congresses and the accused, and also several hundred books and magazines found in their possession. He analysed and commented on words and phrases which he held to reflect a Communist presence. These included such words as "comrade", "national liberation", "fascism", "united front", "imperialism", and "class struggle".

Mr. Maisels began his cross-examination of Professor Murray by enquiring into his qualifications as an expert on Communism. The Professor acknowledged that, though he had made a systematic and intensive study of Communism, had lectured to Cape Town students for many years and had written "odd articles" mostly of a popular nature, his Oxford doctorate was awarded for quite other work. He did not read Russian or any Eastern language, had not visited any Communist country, and did not consider either his own library or that of his University adequately equipped with Marxist-Leninist source books.

Examined next on the "semantics" of Communism, Professor Murray denied that all the passages he had labelled as Communist were *peculiarly* Communist; he did not necessarily mean that the passages, the documents and their authors could not be non-Communist. He agreed that a number of articles *he* had written were, on his reasoning, in line with Communist doctrine. Communist ideas and words could be used by non-Communists.

"The word *comrade*," said Mr. Maisels, "is used frequently

in British trade union documents. What inference would you draw from that?"

"It would appear that where the word comrade is used you have to do with a leftist tendency."

"Such as Mr. Gaitskell (opening the 1959 T.U.C.)?"

"He might, under those circumstances, want to be popular; he knows *his* Congress."

He was closely questioned on his interpretation as Communist of such words as "fascism", "police state", and "imperialism".

"I want to show the Court," said Mr. Maisels, "the phrases you have pointed to are the small change of political discussion in South Africa and in the Western world, Communist or non-Communist."

For the eventual historical record, if not for the legal fighting of the case, the most significant part of the cross-examination of Professor Murray followed.

The Crown had always maintained that bitter speeches attacking discrimination were the speeches of agitators.

Mr. Maisels led the witness, law by law, down the statute book of discrimination—"the melancholy record of successive South African governments"—placing the political programmes, speeches and documents on which Professor Murray had expressed his views into their political, economic and social contexts. "Political speeches *must* be seen in the context of the situation," Mr. Maisels said.

It is impossible to summarize or to convey the flavour of this tour-de-force. The survey covered every resented aspect of non-white life, from the lack of lighting in the townships to the effects of the Group Areas Act, the Pass Laws and disfranchisement, showing all reflected in the demands of the Freedom Charter.

"It is clear, is it not, Professor, that the laws which subject men of colour to inferiority . . . in their own homeland, in the place of their birth . . . laws passed by white persons . . . over which laws and in the making of which laws they have no say whatsoever . . . that the laws themselves and the application of these laws, lead actually—as a matter of fact—to oppression?"

"In cases, yes."

"And lead, as a matter of fact, actually to exploitation?"

"Yes."

"Now it is clear, is it not, Professor, to summarize this position, that the laws of the white man—of successive South

African governments—are such that . . . they prescribe . . . (a) Where he (the non-white) may live . . . (b) Where he may work . . . (c) What work he may do . . . (d) What he is to get paid . . . (e) What schools he may go to . . . (f) What kind of education he may receive . . . (g) Where he may travel to in South Africa, in his own country . . . (h) Even as to how he is to travel . . . ?

“Now in these circumstances, do you not think that the native may well regard himself as oppressed and exploited by the white man? . . . And this is so whether he is a Communist or non-Communist?”

“Yes.”

Mr. Maisels concluded this section of the cross-examination by saying:

*“We know of course, as a fact, that no single act of violence was committed over the whole period of this indictment by anybody alleged by the Crown—not even alleged by the Crown—notwithstanding all the grievances and exploitation of grievances—you know that, don’t you, Professor?”*

“Yes.”

Professor Murray further conceded that full political rights would have to be given to the blacks and it would be a bold man who would say whether or not it would happen in our lifetime or that it could not happen by entirely peaceful means.

Mr. Maisels then persuaded Professor Murray to agree that extra-parliamentary and unconstitutional action was not necessarily unlawful action.

Finally, together they examined in detail the Freedom Charter\*, in order to refute the Crown allegations that its drafting and adoption were overt acts of High Treason and part of a plot to overthrow the State by violence. On the contrary, quoting concepts expressed by thinkers from the fifth century St. Ambrosio (“Nature creates for the common use of all . . .”) to Nehru, John Stuart Mill, Pope Pius XI, and passages from post-war French and South Korean Constitutions, the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Human Rights, the Defence tried to demonstrate that the aims of the Freedom Charter had commended themselves throughout history to people other than Communists.

\*See *‘Africa South’*, Vol. I No. 3 for the full text.

Professor Murray's evidence concluded, the Crown then resumed with a further procession of police witnesses who gave evidence on speeches, many concerned with the organization of the Congress of the People, attempting to establish a "blood and violence" content. Defence cross-examination was directed in the main to showing the police reports as inaccurate or unreliable, and pointing to the omission of those references made to non-violence. The Crown case ended on March 10, 1960, after more than 100 days of evidence and three years of trial.

The Defence opened its case on March 14 by calling Dr. W. Z. Conco, Treasurer-General of the African National Congress, who was followed on March 21 by Chief A. J. Luthuli, President-General of the A.N.C. Both testified to Congress policies and the central doctrine of non-violence, denying Crown suggestions that the A.N.C. had, in fact, a *policy* of violence.

Chief Luthuli's evidence was dramatically interrupted on March 30 by the declaration of a State of Emergency and the arrest and detention (along with 1800 others) of the witness and all the accused (except one who, unrecognized by the police making the arrests, was told, "You're another agitator; clear off", and who obeyed to such purpose that he has not been seen in South Africa since).

In Court the Defence argued that the Emergency made proper consultations impossible, and that it could thus lead witnesses to incriminate themselves; adjournments were granted to April 26. Ministerial assurances of indemnity and amended regulations were alike unacceptable to the accused; and, as no further adjournment was allowed, the accused dismissed Counsel to save their time and cost, and for three months struggled on their own, calling upon each other as witnesses to testify to the policies of their organizations.

Despite witnesses' insistence, supported by examples, that references to the shedding of blood meant the blood of the unarmed people shed by others, for instance the police (and this was highlighted by the recent Sharpeville massacre), the Crown laid great stress on suggestions of violence, trying to elicit literal and military interpretations of such words as "army", "struggle", "volunteers". Violence, all witnesses reiterated against intense Crown pressure, was *outside the policy of the Congresses*.

The Emergency eased and detainees were being released. Counsel resumed the Defence, and towards the end of August

a new sensation broke in on this trial of alternate sensation and tedium. Mr. A. Fischer, Q.C. for the Defence, made another application (the first having been at the opening of the trial) for the recusal of presiding Judge Rumpff, this time on grounds that his questions to the accused (120 examples were quoted) were put in a manner which made the accused doubt the fairness of their trial. The Rule of Law means that "justice must not only be done, but must manifestly be seen to be done."

"Patience and gravity of hearing," Mr. Fischer quoted Lord Bacon, "is an essential part of justice and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal."

The Court refused the application for recusal, but allowed a special entry in the record against this decision and on other legal grounds, thus giving the right, should the case eventually go to appeal, to argue that the Judge's questions were an irregularity.

The Defence proceeded with the very positive evidence of Congress leaders, including Professor Matthews (until recently Vice-Principal of Fort Hare University), on the programme of non-violence and the absence of any specific Communist influence upon official Congress policy (whatever the views of individual members, which were of course very diverse); and with the testimony of a number of rank-and-filers from all over the country—simple people who said they joined Congress because they thought non-violence was right or because it agreed with their religious principles.

The trial now enters its penultimate stage. The Crown must present its argument against the thirty, which it began on November 7. The Defence will then reply with their concluding argument. There is no knowing how long this stage may take. The present estimate is that it will last until the end of January. Judgment must then be given, probably after an adjournment of some length. The Defence is prepared, if necessary, to appeal.

It is evident that the Minister of Justice was in earnest when he said, some 18 months ago:

*"The Trial will be proceeded with no matter how many millions of pounds it costs. That does not affect the issue . . . What does it matter how long it takes?"*



# MONCKTON AND CLEOPATRA

PATRICK KEATLEY

*Commonwealth Correspondent of 'The Guardian'*

WHEN Dr. Nkrumah and his friends use that evocative phrase, "the African Personality", I often wonder if they are including in their thoughts that most remarkable African of them all, Cleopatra.

I thought of her myself, recently, in a rather odd context. I had just put down the 175-page British Government Blue Book which bears the title "Report of the Advisory Commission on the Review of the Constitution of Rhodesia and Nyasaland." The world knows it simply as the Monckton Report.

It has made world headlines; it is the basic working paper of the Federal Constitutional Review in London; it has produced—in the course of a couple of months—almost as many columns of comment as has the Queen of Egypt, in all her glory, down the centuries.

There are other resemblances in the situation: we can only guess at the cost of Antony's expedition to Africa; but we know the cost of Walter Monckton's exactly. It is recorded in a careful footnote on page two (as we might expect of the chairman of one of Britain's largest banks) and it came to precisely £128,899.

Certainly, in at least three respects Antony's African affair and the recent adventures of the Monckton Commissioners are remarkably the same. Both enterprises required Afro-European co-operation; in both cases Europeans came to learn much more than they had known previously about Africans and to respect them. And in both episodes, whether the onlookers approved or disapproved of what took place, it is a plain fact of history that the world could never afterwards be quite the same place again.

This is the salient fact of the Monckton Report: the course of history has been changed. And that, of course, is why Sir Roy Welensky and most of the other 297,000 white Rhodesians are so upset about it.

They must wish now that they had never agreed to the commissioning of the expedition. For the significance of Lord Monckton's expedition is that he has shifted the landmarks in Rhodesian politics; he has re-set the political limits. What were

once the dark and trackless marshes of African nationalism have been placed squarely upon the political map of the Federation. An English Viscount and his 24 fellow Commissioners have been there and survived. Sir Roy, perhaps, would have us think that all 25 of them inhaled some of the dangerous marsh gases and came back badly infected. But these are their conclusions:

*"Federation cannot, in our view, be maintained in its present form. . . . No new form of association is likely to succeed unless Southern Rhodesia is willing to make drastic changes in its racial policies. . . . It appears only too likely that those who merely cling to their familiar positions will be swept away."*

And most revolutionary of all:

*"No new arrangement can succeed unless it obtains the support of African nationals."*

That sounds dangerously like the principle of African consent, the principle which Labour and Liberal spokesmen pleaded for at Westminster in vain in the weeks when Federation was being hustled through the British House of Commons eight years ago.

It is the mark of the statesman, as opposed to the politician, that he does not accept political landmarks as they are but sets out deliberately to change them when he feels that the time is historically right.

This was what Roosevelt did when he galvanized a nation by saying that "this generation has a rendezvous with destiny" and when he went on to sweep away dozens of accepted landmarks in his celebrated 'Hundred Days'. He snorted disapproval of opponents who wanted to feel the public pulse in opinion polls—and tailor their legislative programmes accordingly. FDR's instinct was to get to a microphone first, and see what the polls said afterwards.

Walter Monckton did not take on such a dramatic, free-swinging role when he went on his expedition to Africa. Nor was he asked to do so. But his shrewd, lawyer's mind recognized the psychological advantage which was there for the seizing by the Chairman of such a Commission. No one would *instruct* him to re-define the limits of the political scene in Central Africa; but it was his right and perhaps his duty to do so, if those limits seemed to require re-definition.

The original limits had been broadly specified by Parliament. Now, after seven years of "partnership", the white settlers who hold power had shaped the Rhodesian political landscape to suit themselves. They had chosen to mark off large tracts for

their own use, some tracts for the people they call "natives", and to put other tracts beyond the palings of political propriety—all those dangerous marshes marked "Full Adult Suffrage", "No Colour Barriers", and so on.

It was Lord Monckton's sovereign right to take a close look at the limits which usage had imposed and to suggest new ones. What is remarkable is that he was able to do so—defining African needs and aspirations understandingly—even though he and his fellow Commissioners had not been able to do quite such a thorough job of exploring the African marshes as they might have wished. After all, as they confess readily in their Report: "*In both northern territories the African nationalist political parties organized boycotts of the Commission on the grounds that the terms of reference did not appear to permit the break-up of the Federation to be considered.*"

Mr. Joshua Nkomo, the newly-elected leader of the National Democratic Party which represents the bulk of African nationalist opinion in Southern Rhodesia, has since said that in his territory the boycott of the Commission was equally effective.

So the Monckton Commissioners did not hear or see at first hand the powerful movement—what Mr. Nkomo recently described to me as "the irresistible river of African nationalism"—but they were able to judge its force fairly well from such evidence as they gathered by their own efforts. But did the Commissioners really judge all the realities of the new Rhodesian landscape correctly, and set political limits wide enough to contain these realities?

The African nationalist answer is clearly—No!

This apparent ingratitude must seem to the man who in this country is described as "the ordinary decent taxpayer" as one of the most puzzling things about the Monckton Report. Here is a document which quite plainly inflames all the political dinosaurs of the white settler community; surely it is on the side of the angels and must be right?

Mixed into this is the deeply entrenched British affection for the middle way; the so-called love of compromise. I remember vividly stepping off the plane when I came home last time from Central Africa—it was at night—and being confronted by a neon sign advertising sherry: "Not too dry, not too sweet, but just right".

Well, that sort of thing may meet British tastes in politics, but it simply will not satisfy the realities of the situation in

Africa. And the Commissioners appear to make an elementary miscalculation. In reporting on the attitude of Africans in Southern Rhodesia towards Federation, they claim to find what they call "*a clear distinction between this attitude and that of Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.*" Africans in the southern territory, the Commissioners say, believe that close association with the large African majorities in the north will strengthen their position in relation to the Europeans.

It is here that the Report seems on weak ground, and most in danger of misleading British opinion. It was this section of the Report that drew the first and hottest comment of African nationalists on the day after publication.

In London the point was seized on by Mr. Nkomo's assistant, Mr. T. G. Silundika.

"We resent most strongly the fabricated conclusion by the Commission that Africans in Southern Rhodesia favour Federation and did not boycott the Commission. It should be recalled that in 1952 Mr. Nkomo was sent to London by the African people to oppose the formation of the Federation. One of the main reasons given by the Whitehead regime for banning the A.N.C., then led by Mr. Nkomo, was that it opposed Federation. From its inception the present National Democratic Party has declared for a policy of breaking up Federation. In line with this, the N.D.P. announced and carried out its total boycott of the Commission.

"The Africans who are referred to as favouring Federation are the few who receive regular payment from the Government in order to support white supremacy. African resentment is because of the stinking policies of the Southern Rhodesian Government since 1923. The Commission suggests shifting the capital of the Federation from Salisbury; instead it should suggest effective measures to do away with this type of government in Southern Rhodesia forthwith and leave Salisbury in peace."

Here then is a classic example of the difficulty for the visitor of appreciating the African point of view. With all the goodwill in the world the Monckton Commissioners cannot see that the Africans of the southern territory are doggedly opposed to Federation as well. They assume, by white man's logic, that Mr. Nkomo and his fellow nationalists will want to keep links with their nationalist colleagues in the north so as not to be so easily overwhelmed by the relatively large group in Southern Rhodesia—some 200,000—making up the main community of white settlers in the present Federation.

I put this argument to Mr. Silundika recently and here is his reply:

“We don't wish to deal with the Southern Rhodesian Government any more; we ask only for the same privilege that is being given to our fellow-Africans in the two northern territories—that of dealing directly with the Colonial Office. The British Government has a clear duty—to suspend the Southern Rhodesian constitution which has not been interfered with since 1923, and to resume the same direct rule from Whitehall as there is in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. Are we different? Should we be denied this elementary protection? As for leaving Federation now, we think we can deal better with the European settlers when they can no longer call on support, including the economic resources, from the north. When we have separated and achieved self-government in each territory, then we might be prepared to come together and see if we could negotiate political union.”

And so here is a very real weakness in the Monckton Report—for lack of sufficient evidence the Commissioners have misjudged African opposition in one territory and miscalculated the course which African nationalists there wish to take.

Were the African leaders wrong in their decision to refuse to appear before the Commission? On balance, probably not. The most powerful piece of evidence of all was the implicit, silent evidence of the African boycott. The Commissioners may have seen a few African witnesses coming before them in each territory, but it must also have been borne in upon them that there was a vast, invisible multitude that was not coming forward to the witness box, and that this included all the principal spokesmen for African nationalism. The most stunning piece of evidence of all was the one which was never actually given.

What about the other boycott—the decision by the Labour Opposition in Britain not to take part in the Commission's work? That too seems, on balance, to have been an apparently negative gesture that produced positive results.

The very fact of Labour's objection—that the Commission would be prohibited by its terms of reference from considering secession—seems to have spurred the Commissioners into proving that they were not as bound as their Labour critics were trying to make out.

Equally important is the fact that “left-wing” has become such a pejorative term now in the white communities of

Southern Africa, that it is probably a good thing Labour cannot be identified in any way with the radical suggestions contained in this Report. It is the sort of irony that Gilbert and Sullivan would have approved of thoroughly—that Viscount Monckton, backed up by such stalwarts as Lord Crathorne, Sir Lionel Heald, Mr. Justice Beadle of Southern Rhodesia, and Professor D. C. Creighton, a true-blue Canadian conservative—should be putting their names to such a list of critical comments and radical reforms.

Had some of Mr. Gaitskell's nominees been involved, this would most certainly have taken a good deal of the sting out of the Report. The very fact of "left-wing" participation would have enabled Rhodesian dinosaurs to claim that the document was biased and valueless. That lucky chance has clearly been denied to them. There it stands, a splendid new landmark upon the African landscape, the product of a team that was Tory-led and Tory-dominated.

The recommendations have been far too well publicized for me to go into them again here in any detail. However, it might be useful to summarize them:

**1. Secession:** The Report says that the new Federal constitution should include such a right, which might prove a valuable safety valve—"there are cases where to grant the right to secede is to ensure States will never exercise it".

**2. Racial Discrimination:** "This has to be recognized as one of the important factors preventing political development."

The Report recommends legislation against the colour bar in industry, government and social life.

**3. Safeguards:** For both individuals and groups, these could be guaranteed by a Bill of Rights on the Canadian model and Councils of State on the Kenya one.

**4. States Rights:** There should be reallocations of function giving a greater degree of responsibility to the member territories, with tax revenue adjustments accordingly.

**5. African Political Rights:** An immediate shift in power in the Federal parliament, giving Africans parity either 'de jure' or 'de facto'. Franchise to be broadened, bringing far more Africans onto a common voters' roll.

**6. Federal Organisation:** Because of African antipathy to the white supremacist reputation of Salisbury, the Federal capital should shift, with the legislature holding its sessions in

each territory in turn. The name Federation—"which has become a serious political liability"—must be changed.

**7. Economic Aid:** Britain should provide much larger funds because present political uncertainties have made it hard for the Federation or its territories to attract fresh investment capital in sufficient quantity.

The real contribution of the Monckton Commission, however, is something much larger than these details, important though they will be as the politicians get to grips with them in the bargaining at Lancaster House in London. What the Commissioners have done is to show white Rhodesians that it is they, and not the world, who are out of step. Perhaps the lesson has not been immediately accepted there, but it is percolating into a nation's consciousness, nevertheless.

Here was a real wind of change, blowing in from the outside world. I remember thinking as I watched the great blue-and-silver Britannia touch down at Salisbury Airport on a sunny February afternoon with its load of experts, including some from Canada and Australia as well as Scotland, England and Wales, that this was something that could not happen at the present time in South Africa. There they either seek to stop the wind or pretend it does not exist; here, at least, in the Federation they were brave enough to invite it in and let it blow.

Those who know the real gale force of African nationalism will find a few mild hints of it in the Minority Report which is part of the blue book. Mr. Wellington Chirwa and Mr. H. G. Habanyama are regarded by many of their fellow Africans as 'stooges', but in fact they have stated a good number of the objections which would have been put by African nationalists had they not decided to boycott the proceedings.

These two men call for a referendum as being the only practical way to determine what the Africans of all three territories actually do feel about Federation. They say that the break-up of political federation need not be the end of everything; economic co-operation along the lines of the East Africa High Commission should be perfectly feasible. This is all the more remarkable because Mr. Habanyama is a schoolmaster who was one of Sir Roy Welensky's Federal appointees on the Commission; he and Mr. Chirwa are supposedly African "moderates".

Yet they speak boldly and critically of the "fantastic difference" between European and African wages—in some cases the

rate may be twenty times larger for the white man—and say pointedly that the authorities show little sign of trying to close the gap. And they say there should be an African majority in Federal and territorial legislatures and that the continuance of Federation without African consent could only mean “dictatorial rule”.

The conclusion is inescapable: if a Tory majority in the Commission, and a “moderate” African minority, can say such radical things, is it not just possibly the bitter truth that radical changes are needed? And although the British love a compromise, they will not find it in the 175 pages of this blue book but somewhere between that and the extremes of African opinion; in other words, somewhere left of Monckton.

Not long ago I got an insight into how settled a white settler can be when I was sitting at one of the tables in the forecourt of the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi. Chris Chataway, the British Conservative M.P., had been speaking at a meeting about the way political feelings were moving in Britain today. Two white Kenyans who had been to hear him were discussing the meeting. Whether they realized which party Mr. Chataway belongs to I do not know; I can only report that one of them summed up his feelings in the line: “My God, I didn’t realize until this evening just how left-wing these fellows can be.”

I would tie this up with an incident in Salisbury, when I had tried to make arrangements for a lunch-time meeting with an educated African friend. We had often lunched together in London, but I discovered now that he could not come to my hotel for a drink or a meal, that we could go to no restaurant and no bar in the whole of town except the one recently-emancipated hotel where the colour bar is down. Eventually, as we settled down there to our meal, he listened to my account of touring the Federation and then spoke about my “double handicap”. He said: “Before you arrived you knew how political events are moving in the outside world—which the average white Rhodesian does not. And now you have probably spoken to more articulate Africans in the three territories than the average white Rhodesian will do in his whole lifetime. So now you’ll never be able to see his point of view.”

Perhaps the Monckton Commissioners will be able, with their official cachet, to drum into the lucky white Rhodesians with their high standard of living and their comfortable insulation from the cares of the outside world at least a part of



the lesson that they prefer not to receive at the hands of visiting journalists.

But there is something that the Report could not properly mention, because it is the stuff of everyday politics. It is a plain political fact that even if the Monckton Report had been less radical, and even if the Macleod-Macmillan policies for Africa were much less flexible than they are, there would be two powerful forces making for change. Central Africa is not living in splendid isolation any more. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Krushchev both have eyes on Africa. Mr. Macmillan is acutely aware that much of his speech at the U.N. had to be a reply to Soviet charges of British imperialism. And Britain now simply cannot afford to have colonialist white supremacy rampant in a territory for which she is still responsible.

As for Mr. Kennedy, three of his close colleagues—Chester Bowles, Averell Harriman and Adlai Stevenson—have toured Africa exhaustively and none of them has any patience with Whiteheadery. There may still be Rhodesian ostriches who think their sand-pile is unique and unassailable. At this point in the twentieth century it is not.

*Southern Rhodesia and the Central African Federation*

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## NORTHERN RHODESIA'S TIME FOR CHANGE

MAINZA CHONA

*Vice-President, United National Independence Party*

THE Northern Rhodesia Government banned the Zambia African National Congress in March, 1959, and restricted the leaders to rural areas where no political organization had ever taken root. The local African population was warned to keep away from the "evil" men of Zambia; but, with the help of the teachers and those who had radio sets and could thus keep in touch with the outside world, the people in the rural areas soon discovered that the Zambia leaders were fighting for their rights as well.

When the United National Independence Party (U.N.I.P.) was formed, the leaders were still in detention, and their enforced contact with rural areas meant that branches were steadily established where none had existed before. U.N.I.P. soon spread rapidly over the whole of Northern Rhodesia.

Zambia was banned because it denounced the last general elections as a sham, boycotting them on the grounds that the electoral arrangements discriminated severely against Africans. The average wage of an African is £60 a year, while that of a European is £1,200. Yet the franchise qualifications were deliberately set high—an income of £720 per year or £1,500 in immovable property for an ordinary vote; and £150 a year or £500 in immovable property for a special vote. Most Africans who qualified at all became accordingly special voters only; and a special vote is worth just one third of an ordinary vote. It is therefore not surprising that there were 7,000 African voters registered at the time of the elections, compared with 30,000 European—out of a population of 3 million Africans and 70,000 Europeans in Northern Rhodesia.

Ex-officio members of the Executive Council were reduced from 6 to 4; the European unofficial member who used to represent African interests was removed and replaced by 2 African "Ministers" selected by settlers; and the number of settler unofficials was increased from 3 to 4. Europeans thus gained ground at the expense of both the Africans and the Colonial Office. For the first time, they have Africans in the Legislative Council whom they themselves select.

U.N.I.P. was created with the pledge to kill this iniquitously racialist constitution.

During their visits to Northern Rhodesia, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Macleod heard Africans (including the so-called 'moderate' Africans) demand the break-up of Federation, and immediate African majority rule in Northern Rhodesia before October 1960. The Africans complained they were being treated as a separate and inferior class. White immigrant foreigners enjoyed greater privileges than Africans who had fought on the side of Britain against those very foreigners. Africans found themselves strangers in their own country, and debarred by law from the senior civil offices.

U.N.I.P. has proposed a Legislative Council consisting of 44 Africans, elected one from each of the administrative districts, and 14 non-Africans elected from the constituencies under the present constitution. For the interim period, certain portfolios would continue to be held by the ex-officio members of the Government. Mr. Nkumbula's recent proposals on behalf of the African National Congress are identical with these—thereby ensuring a united African front. Anything less is utterly unacceptable to African opinion.

On his return from a very successful lecture tour of the United States, Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, National President of U.N.I.P., met Mr. Macleod again to press for changes. The settlers had already pressed Mr. Macleod to make it clear to Mr. Kaunda that "U.N.I.P.'s claim that independence was round the corner was a damnable lie," and Macleod duly expressed himself "gravely disturbed by reports that, despite what the Governor said to U.N.I.P., there had been widespread propaganda by U.N.I.P. members . . . that a major constitutional change would be made this year." He then proceeded to use the occasion as a propaganda platform by declaring his delight that Mr. Kaunda had "renounced violence in all circumstances whatsoever;" and made it clear that no changes were contemplated for Northern Rhodesia until the results of the Monckton Commission and the Federal Review Conference were known. He even tried to brow-beat U.N.I.P. by threatening to take "vigorous measures", saying that he had "already assured the Governor of full support in any measure which he might find necessary."

Mr. Macleod's reply to Mr. Kaunda's demands was circulated all over Northern Rhodesia "in order that the public . . . should

clearly understand the position.” The reaction of the Africans was immediate and indignant—and it is now no secret that there would have been widespread civil disturbances in October had there been no change in Britain’s policy. On 5th September, 1960, a U.N.I.P. Emergency Conference had resolved that if the private talks between Mr. Kaunda and the Governor were being unduly delayed, the Party would take “positive action of a non-violent nature”. The *Central African Post* of Lusaka denounced this as a threat—“aiming a pistol at the Government’s head.” But the paper admitted that “no other organization has yet held such a large representative conference in Northern Rhodesia.”

The danger of fresh crisis was only averted on 29th September, when Mr. Macleod announced at the last minute that there would be a constitutional conference on Northern Rhodesia after all, either before or concurrently with the Federal Review Conference. It seemed that the Monckton Commission was of the opinion that there should be a change in the Northern Rhodesia constitution.

The atmosphere in Northern Rhodesia is tense. Our neighbour, the Congo, has been the victim of the policy of “divide and rule”, and efforts are still being made by outside forces to disrupt the Republic and displace Premier Lumumba. U.N.I.P. is still banned on the Copperbelt—which of course borders on Katanga. The African political leaders are not permitted to enter several areas in which U.N.I.P. itself is *not* banned. Chiefs have been instructed to deport any political leaders in the area, whose homes are outside the jurisdiction of their chieftaincy. In the Northern Province, 2,349 U.N.I.P. membership cards have been confiscated by the police; and since the birth of U.N.I.P., no meetings have been permitted throughout the area. In contrast, Chiefs throughout Northern Rhodesia are allowed considerable freedom to oppress their own subjects—burning and demolishing huts of villagers unwise enough to oppose their rule.

While there is at present a country-wide campaign to disarm Africans, Sir Roy Welensky has announced the formation of white “local defence units” in the Copperbelt towns. Yet he prohibited the transmission of cables from Mr. Kaunda to Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Macleod and Mr. Hammarskjöld, stating that this concerted arming of the white inhabitants alone was creating “an atmosphere of war”. A Northern Rhodesia Association, led

by Mr. John Gaunt M.P., has been formed, with "What we have we hold" as its slogan. There are reports of active military training, and even women are being taught to use revolvers. A Mr. Colin Cunningham has started a Federal Fighting Fund to support Sir Roy Welensky, both in the federal and territorial spheres, and to organize opposition against the boycott of South African goods in Northern Rhodesia.

The determination of Africans to achieve their legitimate demands, however, has not been shaken.

The Monckton Report has undoubtedly come as a shock to Sir Roy and his supporters. Despite the volume of official evidence which was to have formed the basis of its Report, the Commission has come out openly against an imposed Federation. Though the Commission was not expected to consider secession, it was compelled to do so in view of the overwhelming African demand for it. The British Government had declared that the Federation was "here to stay", that it was opposed to secession by any territory, and that the Review Conference could not consider secession. Far from reducing African opposition to Federation, these declarations by the British Government succeeded only in hardening African opposition. The Commission therefore found it necessary to recommend secession under certain conditions. On top of everything, Mr. Habanyama, Welensky's personal nominee, is believed to have initiated the idea of the Minority Report signed by himself and Mr. Manoh Chirwa, which came out strongly in favour of the immediate break-up of the Federation.

Welensky has accused the Commission of "gross discourtesy". He has doubtless forgotten his own words in the Federal Parliament when he announced the formation of the Commission: "We believe that the appointment of this Commission is an imaginative and constructive step. . . . Its purpose will be to make available to the 1960 Conference the advice of eminent and able men as to the best means of securing the objects which we all had in mind when the Federation was first inaugurated."

He complains that he had no opportunity to give evidence against secession because he thought it was outside the Commission's terms of reference. Surely if he gave evidence in favour of the continuance of Federation, he was giving evidence against secession!

It is now rumoured that he has threatened to boycott the Conference if secession is discussed. The British Government

know that Africans will boycott the Conference if secession is excluded. Welensky must wish that Lennox-Boyd were still at the Colonial Office! In those days Welensky had things all his own way. And it does not seem that Macleod can be so easily flattered into co-operation. Perhaps it was even good fortune in disguise that lost the Labour Party the last general election, for torn by splits from the left, right and centre, Labour might well have been unable to deal with Welensky.

There are a number of people who take the view that the Monckton Commission has in effect recommended the break-up of Federation, since its actual proposals (e.g. parity of representation in the Federal Parliament), are obviously unacceptable to Africans. There is the larger school, and this includes most African nationalists, which regards the Monckton Commission as an ingenious trick. Africans want secession because they want to determine their destinies for themselves. We have had enough of oppressive foreign-controlled governments. Welensky may have lost much with the Monckton Commission Report, but we have made no positive gain—such gain still depends on our own initiative, in intensifying the struggle for the final dissolution of Federation, and the establishment of independent and fully democratic governments in Central Africa.

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## THE ASIAN IN KENYA

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It has become a cliché to speak of the bewildering pace of political advance in Africa and to profess stunned surprise. The white reaction to events in South and Central Africa has been violent. In Kenya, many Europeans have little in their minds besides the thought of "compensation". Among Asians in East Africa confusion and anxiety are no less apparent. But the general reaction seems to be one of passivity. At a time when a great deal of sound thinking and guidance is imperative, the old established Asian leadership has shown itself—except in Tanganyika—bankrupt and demoralized. If the Asian in East Africa is to avoid the agonies of the medieval Jew in Europe, he must urgently undertake positive steps towards integration into the new society arising here. This is, of course, not going to be easy, for it will require an orientation from attitudes and a position determined by a complex of historical, political and social forces in the past.

Although Indian commercial contact with East Africa goes as far back as pre-Christian times, Indian settlement in East Africa is relatively recent. By the middle of the nineteenth century, a few thousand Indians were to be found in Zanzibar and the coastal towns of the Arab empire ruled by the Sultans of Zanzibar. But real settlement in large numbers began only after the partition of East Africa during the continental scramble. This inaugurated a new and far more important phase in the history of Indian settlement in East Africa, for it enabled Indian immigrants to scatter throughout the interior. Like the colonial administration and the white settlers, they realized that the interior offered far greater opportunities. An army of indentured labourers was imported from India to build the Uganda Railway between 1896 and 1901; most of these were repatriated after the expiry of their contracts, but a number remained. The Asians of East Africa today consist largely of immigrants who entered the territories during the twentieth century, and their descendants, the latter representing the majority. In Kenya, they number 170,000.

Unlike the Asians in Uganda and Tanganyika, Kenya Indians became deeply involved in politics from the moment they had settled here in any numbers, as an inevitable result of their clash

with white settlerdom. Simultaneously with Indian immigration another stream of immigrants was flowing into Kenya from the beginning of this century, consisting of white settlers mainly from Britain but also from South Africa. These white settlers objected strongly to the presence of Indians in a country that they had already designated as their own. Their numbers were always much smaller, but what they lacked in numbers they made up for in their political truculence. With the help of the colonial administration, this hostility quickly took the form of determined efforts to construct a whole apparatus of racial discrimination against Indians. The most serious issue arose out of discrimination over land ownership in the Highlands and also, for a time, over segregation in the urban areas. As soon as a Legislative Council was formed in 1907, the question of Indian representation was raised and the white settlers proclaimed their firm hostility. In addition to this basic question, of course, Indians were constantly irked by the general humiliations of a racial society.

This struggle against discrimination and white settler dominion has been the major inspiration of Asian political effort in Kenya. It not only determined the direction of their political agitation, but compelled all Indians to organize themselves into a united front, which was finally disrupted only by communal differences after the second world war. Their various organizations came together in 1914 to establish the East African Indian National Congress; and although Indian organizations in East Africa outside of Kenya were affiliated to it, the Congress was dominated by Kenya Indians and concerned almost entirely with their problems.

The tension between the Indians and the Europeans erupted after the first world war over the question of the franchise and Indian representation in the Legislative Council, the members of which had till then all been nominated by the Governor. The Indians demanded a common roll with Europeans, and in this they received the strong support of the nationalist movement in India. Eventually, however, the Europeans got their way by threatening revolt and to kidnap the governor. Separate electoral rolls for Indians and Europeans were established, and the tiny European population (under ten thousand in 1921) received a majority of the unofficial elected seats. (There was to be no African in the Legislative Council until 1943). The Indians then embarked upon a boycott of the Legislative Council which lasted for several years.



The real political objective of the white settlers in Kenya was to secure self-government for themselves on the Southern Rhodesian pattern. One of the persistent obstacles in their path towards this goal however, was the vigorous opposition of the Indians. Their whole attitude to Indian participation in the affairs of the country is summed up in a statement made in the Legislative Council in 1938 by Major (now Sir) Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentick. He said, "I myself cannot admit, and never have, that they (the Indians) have any right to sit on this Council. Neither can I admit and never have I admitted in the past that they have any right to have a member of this race in Your Excellency's Executive Council."

During the years before the last war, Africans hardly entered the constitutional struggle that was being fought by the settlers and the Indians. The one prominent African political organization was the Kikuyu Central Association. This body—as Kikuyu political opinion in general—was deeply concerned with the land question however, and a large part of its energies was taken up in an effort to restore the Kikuyu lands alienated to European settlers. There was no national African political organization. The Indian Congress and the Indian members in the Legislative Council often pointed out injustices suffered by Africans and were accused by the settlers in consequence of irresponsible and dangerous agitation. In 1938 the then president of the Indian Congress even called for African representation by Africans in the Legislative Council. But it would be stretching the facts to suggest that the Indians were fighting the battle for all non-Europeans. They were interested primarily in their own relationship to the settlers. The struggle against settler domination gave a one-sided emphasis to Indian politics; little thought was given to anything else.

Even after the last war, the settlers had not given up their dream of a Kenya completely under their control. But a new and ultimately decisive factor was beginning to affect the Kenya political scene. African political consciousness had advanced rapidly and at last found organized expression in the Kenya African Union. The return of Jomo Kenyatta from Europe in 1946 and his assumption of the leadership of the K.A.U. led to a tremendous upsurge of African nationalism. The Asians, in addition to continuing their old struggle against the settlers, were therefore now confronted with the necessity for defining their position towards African nationalism. The main political issue

facing the organizations of the non-white communities still remained the threat of settler domination, so that relations between the Indian Congress and the K.A.U. were amicable and co-operation was often close. The Indians also supported the Africans in their demands for increased and elected representation in the Legislative Council. Individual Asians, including a group of radical young journalists, were substantially ahead of the timid elements in Congress and far more critical of the colonial regime. One Indian, Makham Singh, played a leading role in the organization of the African trade union movement in Kenya and was among the first people in the country openly to demand independence. In 1948, he was convicted by the Kenya government on a charge of sedition and is still in exile somewhere in the north of the country.

While the political struggle in the country was growing more intense, a deep communal quarrel broke out within the Indian ranks. The short history of large-scale Indian settlement in Kenya, the continuous entry of new immigrants and the constant traffic between Kenya and India resulting from the relative proximity of the sub-continent, had kept alive a strong feeling of "Indianness". The struggle against the white settlers and the policy of maintaining separate racial compartments had only contributed further to consolidate this feeling. Kenya Indians had closely watched the nationalist struggle in India and not hesitated to invoke the support of Indian nationalism against the settlers. Inevitably, therefore, communal differences in India were in miniature reflected in Kenya. The partition of India in 1947 forced these differences to the surface. The Muslims formed their own political body, the Muslim League, and demanded a separate electoral roll and their own representation in the Legislative Council. A vast amount of energy was expended in a controversy that did not have the slightest relevance to the problems of Kenya or of the Asian community there. Needless to say, the settlers rejoiced at this split and lost no opportunity to take advantage of it. The executive committees of the Congress and the K.A.U. held a joint meeting to condemn the introduction of separate electorates. A part of the resolution passed at this meeting best illustrates the potential menace Africans recognized in this precedent: "It is of vital importance to avoid at all costs separate electorates, as they are likely to be used by interested parties to bring about on religious or tribal line: the fragmentation of other sections of the people of Kenya."

This statement represented perhaps the climax of Congress relations with the K.A.U. The following year, in 1952, the Emergency was declared and Jomo Kenyatta and other K.A.U. leaders arrested. In 1953, the K.A.U. itself was proscribed. Some Asian lawyers helped to defend Kenyatta and the other African leaders, while afterwards, during the discussions that precluded the introduction of the so-called 'Lyttleton' and 'Lennox-Boyd' Constitutions, the Asian politicians generally supported African demands. But throughout this period ambiguity and vagueness towards African nationalism became apparent in the Congress and even more so in the Muslim League. A minority group within the Congress fought unsuccessfully to elicit a more positive attitude from what had become the Congress establishment. African nationalism was now no longer directed at settler domination alone; it was challenging colonial rule itself. The Congress and Muslim League politicians balked at this. In 1958, some of them joined Michael Blundell's New Kenya Group while continuing to hold leading positions in their own organizations. Early in 1959, the African and Asian elected members of the Legislative Council got together in the Kenya National Party. At the last moment however, the most influential African leaders, Mboya, Odinga and Kiano, decided not to join; and soon afterwards the Asian members were unceremoniously ousted from the party.

To the constitutional conference at Lancaster House early in 1960 the Asian delegates came therefore in a mood of confusion, fear and pique at the rough treatment meted out to those of them who had joined the Kenya National Party. Their stand at the conference revealed only a vague hankering after the illusory safety of communal protection through reserved seats, and the disregard that they earned there has continued to be apparent since their return to Kenya. The Legislative Council seems no longer particularly interested in what they have to say; and, for their own part, they seem reluctant to add to the pages of Hansard.

The racial myopia of the Asian delegation at the Lancaster House conference was strenuously condemned by a group of thirty-one prominent Asians from different communities in a cable to the Secretary of State during the conference. They attacked the principle of reserved seats for Asians, and soon afterwards constituted themselves into the Kenya Freedom Party. The two major objectives in the Party's programme are

an independent Kenya, with an electoral system based on universal franchise and individual rights outside of all racial considerations, and the social integration of all sections of the community encouraged by the immediate dissolution of all State-supported racial and communal institutions. It is still much too early to judge the extent of support that the Party has gained from the Asian man-in-the-street, but it is the only Asian group at the moment that has put forward any positive ideas and achieved a following among the young. The Congress and the Muslim League have shown themselves unable to face the future with any confidence or recognition of the changing circumstances.

What of the future? The Asian has no need to apologise for his presence in Kenya, yet it would be silly to argue that Asians have a right to stay merely because of their pre-Christian connections with East Africa or as a reward for their "achievement". The essential argument is surely just that Asians have made a home in Kenya. A majority of them were born there and know no other home. If it is accepted that Asians are also citizens of Kenya and, equally important, if the Asians themselves accept this wholeheartedly, the question of their future becomes much less complex and obscure. They have no special "interest", different from that of the rest of the population. Their interest is an integral part of the national interest. They too must surely join therefore the drive for independence, for a free and democratic society without communal trappings. A large number of Asians are likely to say to this that African nationalism is now so strong that whatever they themselves may do is immaterial. This sort of defeatism is too often made an excuse for a mere standing on the side-lines.

The problems of adjustment and integration are, of course, enormous. We have seen how a racially divided society in the past has tended to perpetuate Asian "Asianness" and has encouraged communal differences. It has also encouraged individuals to foster and use communal sentiment for the advancement of their own ambitions. As the racial character of Kenya society is dismantled, the artificial preservation of some Asian institutions, such as government-subsidized communal schools, will automatically go, while controlled immigration from India and Pakistan should help considerably to loosen ties with these countries. Universal suffrage would so reduce the place of any purely communal group in the field of electoral representation,

that an important reason for the preservation of tight communal organization would no longer operate.

There is doubtless a danger that, confronted with the necessity for rapid adaptation to a rapidly changing political and social environment, many Asians may find the temptation to crawl back into their elaborately sub-divided communal shells too strong. In the long run, however, the forces working against this sort of race escapism are bound to prove superior. The safety of communal protection is an illusion. The long struggle against the settlers had once made it necessary for Asians to fight as Asians. Those Asians who still think that they can and should assert themselves as Asians harm themselves and the peaceful growth of the whole society.

Is there any reason for believing that Asian and African interests must collide? The answer is surely in the sources of clash between white and black in South and Central Africa. There the two races have competed for land and for jobs and are now struggling for control of political power as African nationalism asserts itself. The whites have erected tall barriers to prevent African advancement. In Kenya the number of Asian farmers is insignificant, and there is no question of competition in that field. There is no fierce struggle for political power between Asians and Africans. The Asian minority is far too small and controls no entrenched political positions. And, significantly, no industrial colour bar exists in Kenya as it does in South and Central Africa. The artisans and other skilled workers are still predominantly Asian, but they have never been really effectively organized and have done nothing to debar entry into any class of work by Africans. The number of African artisans and skilled workers is therefore increasing rapidly. Where friction may occur, it is in the field of industrial disputes. Asians and Europeans have far too often been used as strike-breakers by semi-government agencies like the Railways and Harbours, the Post Office and the Kenya Meat Commission. Those who have allowed themselves to be used as blacklegs will have to learn the elementary principle of labour solidarity.

The popular myth about the place of Asians in trade has to be dispelled. Every Asian in East Africa is *not* a trader. In fact, traders form a minority of the gainfully occupied among the Asian population of Kenya. Most Asians are employees in one capacity or another. Nor do the Asians control trade. True, the majority of petty traders are Asians, but most of the import and

export trade of the country is in the hands of European firms, many of them merchant houses. In expatriate terms of control over commerce, these merchant houses are far more significant. Yet even if they do not dominate commerce as they are claimed to do, the Asians are clearly all-powerful in small-scale retail trade, the one field that most attracts the rising African bourgeoisie at the moment. This situation, however, is unlikely to last. While Asians may remain the predominant traders in the towns for a considerable time to come, the petty trader in the country-side will soon enough be edged out by African counterparts, perhaps rapidly. And in time, co-operative stores may very well supplant both.

The structure of society in Kenya is changing irresistibly. Those Asians who attempt to impede the process will be swept away by it. It would be far better for them, as for the society of which they claim to be the citizens, if they were to adapt themselves to the change and help make it a creative one.

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# ALGERIA AND THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

CLAUDE BOURDET

*Editor of 'France Observateur'*

THE future of France ultimately hinges on the war in Algeria. And this can be shown by a brief analysis in the course of which different possibilities will be held up carefully to the light.

It is enough to begin with a proposition that is, I think, clear to every democrat: peace in Algeria can only be achieved through negotiations with the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic—on the political guarantees of self-determination in Algeria, the organization of a temporary regime until public elections, the installation of mixed military and civil commissions, Franco-Algerian and international forms of control, etc. . . .

## 1. Initiative by de Gaulle

If such a policy is at last defined and pursued by the Head of State and if, as is probable, it rapidly leads to peace, this will reinforce simultaneously the personal position of General de Gaulle in the country and the conjunction of democratic and popular forces, constituting such a defeat for the right-wing factions and the French Army that both will be, in consequence, politically shattered and the whole question of how to liberalize the regime quickly settled.

This constitutes the first possibility, though unfortunately the least probable one.

In order for this first possibility to be realized, it is necessary that General de Gaulle decide to force such a solution upon the Army, or—to be more precise—upon the officers. He can unquestionably do this without great difficulties, for he need only rely on the backing of both the popular and worker forces, the trade unions, youth organizations, parties of the Left and even those parties of the middle-class outside the minority of fascist and neo-fascist elements, in freeing the other ranks of the Army—in the event of a revolt by the officers—from all allegiance other than that towards him. Such a decision would cut short, in a few hours, any inclination to disobedience possessed by the officers, except for a few hot heads and special units easily and quickly subdued. General de Gaulle would

naturally draw from such a policy the support of near to 99% of the nation, a popularity greater even than that which he enjoyed in 1944-45.

This possibility presupposes, however, that de Gaulle would not hesitate to break psychologically with the Army, which constitutes his spiritual family and his true party; that he would deliberately resort to potential support against the body of officers, a moral and if necessary, physical mobilization (through, for instance, a general strike) of the popular masses. These are the clear conditions for a bloodless victory over the officers and the factions. The consequences of such a victory are equally clear: the army would immediately become again 'the great mute' and would cease to exist as a political factor. On the other hand, of course, despite an extreme popularity with the whole of the population, de Gaulle would be obliged to reckon with the political and trade union forces which would have allowed him to win the trial of strength. He would find himself returned to the situation of 1945-46. The sentimental rupture with the Army and the revival of a normal political activity which he has found himself since 1946 incapable of dominating will therefore, I believe, hinder General de Gaulle from entering into such a trial of strength.

## 2. His hand forced

Indeed, with all this as well known to the Head of State and his entourage as to the military and the factions of the Right, the different manoeuvres of de Gaulle to find a 'middle way' will all be thwarted by the manoeuvres of his right-wing adversaries, ready to counter any negotiations directed at a peaceful settlement of the Algerian war. Inevitably, therefore, the war in Algeria will continue to worsen, international pressure from the West as from the East increasing more and more and the war slowly entering a new phase.

The worsening of the war will necessarily stir a number of responses in France. The movement of revolt amongst the youth will intensify, accompanied by growing economic difficulties and by a feeling of lassitude and profound disillusion in the hearts of the people. The militancy of the Left will increase. At the same time the military and fascist elements, those clinging to the skirts of fascism or those simply resolved to profit from military power, cannot envisage without rebellion any weakening of their influence, the development of popular discontent



and the Algerian orientation in the policy of General de Gaulle who, without terminating the war, nonetheless slowly destroys their dream of '*l'Algérie Française*'. The conspiracy of the generals and their associates to modify this situation by force is an inescapable consequence of the situation itself. The development of this fascist menace provokes a strengthening of the grip of conscience on the Left, which in turn provokes the menace further. Tension can therefore only increase without abatement, up to the moment when the generals and their associates will either find themselves pushed by their own fears into forcing an immediate trial of strength or will find themselves confronted with an accidental situation to which they must instantly respond if they do not want their hour to pass them by, leaving liberty re-established at last in France.

This leads to the second possibility. During this period of increasing tension, the military or their associates may be led by events or by their own troops to commit an error: an ultimatum which, made public, would place General de Gaulle in the position of having to oppose them, or action by reckless elements with which the chiefs would be obliged to align themselves. In such circumstances, resembling those of a war started "too soon and in error", it is possible that de Gaulle, despite his repugnance, may be obliged to react brutally and that, carried further than he would wish by the swelling anger of the masses against the military command, he would find himself—as outlined in the first possibility analysed—forcing a solution upon the army, or facing an incipient civil war, in which the seditious military would be crushed by that part of the army remaining faithful to de Gaulle and by an immediate mobilization of the popular masses. The victory of the popular forces allied to de Gaulle cannot be open to doubt, for they will find themselves possessing a legality for their actions which will promote their total union whilst their adversaries remain divided.

This second possibility, however, though less improbable than the first, remains improbable nonetheless.

The generals and their associates will do all in their power to avoid placing themselves in so difficult a situation. And it follows that de Gaulle will do all he can to avoid a real trial of strength with them.

### 3. Erosion from within

We now come to a third possibility—the generals and their

associates manoeuvring easily, with the assistance of their creatures, into the heart of the government, using the menaces of conspiracy much as they have continually done for some weeks past in order slowly to bring round to their way of thinking the majority of the members of the government. They would thus obtain a range of concessions from the Elysée which would place them in a favourable situation in the event of any trial of strength; they could, for example, neglect the development of the already very long drawn-out Algerian policy of General de Gaulle and obtain in exchange for a certain patience a series of pledges over France itself; they could, with the help of their accomplices in the midst of the police, create local situations which they would claim necessitate their intervention. These, of course, are only a few examples: their tactics would consist of taking the regime from within, and it is certain that they have already made some progress in this direction. It can easily be imagined that, taken to the limit, this process might lead to a completely fascist regime in France, de Gaulle remaining as a figure-head and the Algerian policy continuing to develop its own rhythm, marked by an intensification of warfare without and repression within.

De Gaulle would disappear like a ripe fruit, once the operation was securely concluded, in the same way that Hindenburg gave way to Hitler. This possibility seems to me far more probable than the two previous ones. It supposes, however, an even development without any unforeseen incidents, success for every manoeuvre and an exceptional political intelligence amongst the organizers of the conspiracy. It seems to me that the probability of hitches, very great in every development of this nature, works strongly against its success.

#### **4. The Disappearance of de Gaulle**

The fourth possibility is precisely that of one of these hitches; of an incident in the development of the conspiracy which would end in the elimination of the Head of State. It seems to me that such a possibility is quite the most probable for the following reasons: it will be very difficult for the generals and their associates to avoid a dangerous acceleration of the process resulting from the progressive reinforcement of the Left and the growing belief of all the active members of the Right that it is necessary to move quickly. External events are bound to intervene: changes in the form of the Algerian war following

on a vote at U.N.O., the creation of an Algerian-Tunisian federation or some such development, with the intervention of French forces in other parts of the Maghreb, perhaps even the intervention of U.N.O. . . . Lack of any real unity amongst the different groups in the conspiracy can give rise to isolated actions, such as the unauthorized landing of units in France. . . . And it is necessary to take into account the health of General de Gaulle.

In all these different eventualities, the Head of State would find himself brought to a terribly difficult and cruel choice—if we are to exclude the second possibility mentioned, in which he would ally himself, whether he liked it or not, with the Left, and the third, in which he would allow himself to be used, a possibility more in accord with his character. He would experience an immense self-rending, a feeling of complete failure, and find himself emotionally incapable of choosing the army against the people or the people against the army. In this event, it is possible that he would depart from power; it is equally possible that, with the steady deterioration in his health, he will die naturally or reach the point where he would no longer feel able to govern. It is not to be completely ruled out as well that the conspirators would assist in his disappearance through an attempt on his life, carried out on behalf of the Left or of the F.L.N. . . .

The theories of voluntary resignation gain greater credit following the statements made by the Head of State to parliamentarians of the Right on October 28 and reproduced by 'Le Monde'† and other papers. In linking the idea of resignation not only to his own refusal to countenance independence for Algeria, but also to the *refusal by the army* to accept this independence, de Gaulle has clearly shown that in the event of a trial of strength with the Army he would stand down; and this greatly reinforces the power of blackmail possessed by the Army. The denial circulated by the information services of the Elysée on this important statement, which had been made before several witnesses, has convinced no one; especially as it is known that during the crisis in January, 1960, de Gaulle had already toyed with the idea of resignation.

†The text of 'Le Monde' October 30-31st " . . . General de Gaulle promptly replied that he would not allow an independent Algeria to be established. The Army would not allow it, he stated, adding that if—against his wish and despite the prospects that he perceives at the present time—it was necessary to do so, he would no longer retain his place at the head of the State and would return to Colombey."

Should his disappearance by any means whatsoever come about, we would find ourselves with a vacancy for the Presidency, with the immediate establishment of a government to all appearances legally camouflaged by a certain number of politicians such as Bidault, Lacoste, Pinay and Soustelle, who would act as figureheads while in reality being manipulated by the officers. According to the context of these events, it may or may not be possible to mobilize immediately the mass of popular forces. If it is possible, as I believe it would be, we would find ourselves plunged into an immediate and probably brief civil war, the legal fiction of the military regime being transparent since de Gaulle would no longer be there to cover up the actions of the army, and the regime itself facilitating the mobilization of the trade unions and popular forces against it through the unleashing of repression.

It is possible, however, that this train of events would occur so gradually that popular reaction would arise too late. In this event, French fascism would come into being without de Gaulle, but in conditions very similar to those outlined in the third possibility. The resistance, the Maquis and the concentration camps would spring up very quickly; torture would become the means of governing Frenchmen in France, just as it is already the means of governing Algerians. The incapacity of such a regime to resolve either the Algerian or any other political or economic problem, with the absence from its head of a respected personality, would lead to a gradual unleashing of hostilities within the country and perhaps foreign intervention. In any case, it seems to me that in the present-day world the establishment of a military-fascist regime (even if fronted by men of straw) is absolute nonsense. It appears probable to me that the result of such an experiment—whether at the end of weeks, months or years following upon the setting in motion of the process—would be liquidation not only of the regime itself, but of the society which bred it, and the advent in France at last of a socialist society.

It is possible, indeed probable, that such a trial of strength would bring in its wake ruination and irreparable human losses. In theory, a very rapid reinforcement of the unity and activity of the Left, together with *powerful international pressure*, would provide a way out by obliging de Gaulle to negotiate and imposing on him a common front against the Army. It is doubtful, however, whether these positive factors can be assembled with

sufficient speed. France—and as always the finest of the French—will then have to pay the bill that the country has believed it could avoid meeting by refusing a trial of strength in order to survive more comfortably the 13th May, 1958.

*Translated from the French*



## THE DECLARATION OF THE 121

ROBERT BARRAT

*An editor of the Left-wing Catholic periodical 'Témoignage Chrétien'*

EARLY in September, the large Paris dailies received in their post a four-page statement, printed on fine paper, and headed 'Declaration on the Right to Disobedience in the Algerian War.\*' The statement was signed by 121 personalities from the academic world, literature and the arts, among them writers like Jean-Paul Sartre, André Breton, Simone de Beauvoir, Vercors, Arthur Adamou, Marguerite Duras and Jean-Louis Bory; film-makers and actors like Alain Resnais, Alain Cuny, Roger Blin, Simone Signoret; university professors Theodore Monod, André Mandouze, P. Vidal-Naquet, Michel Leiris; painters like Pignon, Masson, Marc Saint-Saens, Lapoujade; and musicians like Pierre Boulez. My own name was there, and those of other, more significant figures. The Left intelligentsia was publishing its attitude to the Algerian War. And this attitude was candidly subversive.

The Algerian War, the manifesto argued, is senseless. It is not a national war, as the Algerian army in no way threatens the conquest of France. It is neither a civil war nor a war of conquest, since it has been recognized that the Algerian people have the right of self-determination. At first presented to the public as a police action, it has tended more and more to become an operation of the army, which seeks to secure caste interests, which has made an institution of torture in Algeria and has taken up a position of open or latent revolt against democratic institutions. In these circumstances it is reasonable that many Frenchmen should come to question the validity of their traditional duties; either by refusing to take up arms against the Algerian people, or by bringing help and protection to the Algerians who are being oppressed in the name of the French people.

Without actually constituting a direct appeal for mutiny or for assistance to the F.L.N., the statement was a declaration of principle; the signatories were setting themselves up against the law and knew that they were doing so.

They chose to precipitate a clash for several reasons. First, the appearance of the statement coincided with the opening in Paris of the trial of those involved in a network of sustenance to

\*'Déclaration sur le Droit à l'Insoumission dans la Guerre d'Algérie'.

the F.L.N., known as the Jeanson trial. For several years now there have been monthly arrests by the police of teachers and trade union militants for having sheltered Algerians, transported them by car, or duplicated their leaflets for them. Month after month, young soldiers have refused to leave for Algeria. Many of them have been condemned and imprisoned, but the principal newspapers have preserved an absolute silence about it.

The Manifesto of the 121 succeeded in breaking through this silence, and in focussing public opinion in France and abroad upon this resistance by Frenchmen to the war. The 121 signatories, many of them ex-resistance fighters, came in effect to the witness box to explain why they approved the attitude of those who had organized aid to the F.L.N. The most powerful grenade was thrown from Brazil by Jean-Paul Sartre, who announced unequivocally that he was ready, if it were asked of him, to carry the luggage of the F.L.N.—so clearly did the cause of French democracy seem to him to be one with that of the Algerian people in their struggle against French colonialism.

Secondly, the manifesto was intended, by highlighting the courageous activities of isolated individuals or small independent movements, to reawaken the political groups and official parties, who must bear responsibility for the lethargy and apathy of the masses.

Finally, it was intended to force the Government to a trial of strength, from which the signatories knew in advance that it would retreat. This demonstration of impotence would contribute to injecting vigour and militancy into a Left long paralysed by inaction and fear of the army.

Two months after the publication of the Declaration, it can be confirmed that the stand of the 121 has powerfully contributed towards freeing Left opinion from its paralysis and setting it back in motion.

The Declaration has in the first place caught the imagination of the young people, who are the most directly involved in the war through their period of military service lasting 28 months. Without concerning themselves with tactics or strategy, the student leaders have thrown themselves into the front-line, launching a campaign of agitation that the trade union centres and the party machines of the Left have been forced to follow.

The trial of strength with the Debré Government has been won. The army possesses no longer the privilege of holding political power in check. Those round the knees of the President

at first wanted to have all the signatories of the Manifesto arrested. He has contented himself with imprisoning only one of them, the writer of this article, for 15 days, and with provisionally suspending several university teachers. The solidarity evinced in the University was such that the Minister of National Education was forced to withdraw the suspension orders. One of the professors, Laurent Schwartz, found his appointment to the Polytechnic withdrawn because his presence at the college would not be compatible with "good sense and honour." He immediately replied publicly that he had no lesson on honour to learn from a personage who had listed for the Legion of Honour two officers convicted of being torturers.

The Government will probably hesitate in the end to bring the 121 to trial, for it has discovered that repressive measures have only resulted in publicity for the theme of disobedience, and in uniting the Left in total opposition.

It would however be reckless to conclude from this revival of democratic opinion in France, that the principal military plotters and their civilian associates have suddenly taken fright, and that all danger of Right-wing subversion has been entirely averted. In the final analysis, the pivot of resistance to fascism remains for the time being General de Gaulle, in whom a large part of the middle classes and the bourgeoisie continue to have confidence. If General de Gaulle were to disappear, the trial of strength would doubtless be very speedily won by the Right.

The democratic forces find themselves therefore paradoxically placed in their attitude to him. They cannot approve of de Gaulle to the degree that he resolutely refuses to set himself on the path of peace. They cannot attack him head-on, as this would be playing with the cards of the Right, who are trying to dispose of him by sapping his authority.

In fact, of course, the real problem is not de Gaulle. It is the building of a true united front of the Left for peace in Algeria. If that force is successfully constructed in the coming months, democracy has still a chance of being saved in France. But if the parties and unions persist in making the same mortal errors over again that destroyed the Weimar Republic, France has little chance of escaping a clash, the immediate outcome of which can scarcely be in doubt.

*Translated from the French*



## How many must die?



Tomorrow many Algerian refugees who could have lived are likely to be dead. They will die from lack of food, from exposure, and from the diseases of extreme privation. 80% are women and children—more than 30,000 are orphans and many roam the countryside searching for food.

World Refugee Year has helped them a little; but it cannot end their plight, as it may for Europe's refugees. We need money, desperately; for feeding schemes, for children's homes, for occupational training and for mobile clinics (a month's supplementary food costs £1; £1,200 buys a mobile clinic).

We appeal to you quite literally to save a life—the life of someone who may have no chance if help does not come swiftly. In a matter of days your subscription can be helping to send food, blankets or medicines.

*Please send contributions to:—*

**THE HON. TREASURER, THE U.K. COMMITTEE FOR  
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WAR ON WANT.

## THE UNITY OF THE MAGHREB

EL MEHDI BEN BARKA

*Secretary General of the Moroccan 'Union Nationale des Forces Populaires'*

THE concept of a Maghreb federation took shape in April, 1958, when leaders from the three North African liberation movements met in Tangiers. It was enthusiastically endorsed by the Maghrebin masses and viewed with immediate alarm by the French Government. Thirty months have passed, however, and nothing more has been done. The Permanent Secretariat established by the Tangiers talks has met only once, the planned Maghrebin Consultative Assembly—which was to consist of ten representatives from each of the countries concerned—was never born, and the dedication to a 'united Maghreb' has become, in the minds of most of the North African leaders, nothing more than an objective to be recalled every once in a while, an aim to be pursued after Algeria will at last have attained its independence.

And now all at once, the idea is acquiring new vigour, as it is fed by the relentless evolution of the Algerian war. The conflict in Algeria is more and more turning into a revolutionary war with the creation of a united Maghreb as one of its basic objectives, especially since the Melun talks have failed and the possibility of ever solving the Algerian problem through a peaceful dialogue with France has evaporated.

This is why voices are being raised on either side of Algeria for a close association of the Maghreb countries as the only real solution to the Algerian problem and the only way of providing the Maghrebin peoples with the political, economic and social uplifting that the colonial system has for so long denied them.

First the President of the Tunisian Republic, Habib Bourguiba, called for union between Algeria and Tunisia in his speech at Kairouan last September. He confirmed this in an interview published on October 17, 1960, in *'Afrique-Action'*:

"The idea is in the air. We have launched it to let it grow, and we would like it to be a contribution to peace . . .

We are prepared to accept a period of hardships if we can be assured that when the moment comes, our friends will be at our side to help us without hesitation or reserve. We have informed President Eisenhower of this and will not undertake anything before the United States have a new government."

In Morocco it was the National Union of Popular Forces which

expressed this popular aspiration. Abderrahim Bouabid, former Vice-President of the Council and former Minister of National Economy, proclaimed before the National Council of the N.U.P.F., meeting on October 21 at Casablanca:

“ . . . to make statements is not enough, they must be followed by action, because the Algerian war is the war of the whole of the Arab Maghreb.

“We cannot hope for a solution by the French Government, because even though all the left-wing organizations call for negotiations, the extreme right—the intention of which is to keep Algeria under domination—is still very active.

“General de Gaulle has spoken of self-determination, a principle which he cannot or does not want to apply, as has been proved by his attitude on the Melun talks . . .”

Tying the Algerian war to the presence of French military ‘training’ bases on Moroccan territory, sanctioned by the Government of H.M. Mohamed V until the end of 1963, the National Council of Popular Forces in Morocco asked

“ . . . the Moroccan people to do its duty in conscience to set a term to the provocations and the insecurity stemming from the remaining of French troops in Morocco. There lies the only means to complete the country’s independence and to demonstrate in a concrete manner (our) solidarity with the Algerian revolution, which has become a symbol for the liberation of the whole of Africa.”

On the one side stand the North African liberation movements, ready to find some way of stimulating Western pressure upon France—whatever risks may have to be taken—or prepared to organize enlistment in the war on the side of the Algerian people in the firm belief that a united Arab Maghreb will be born at the same time as an independent Algeria.

On the other hand, the French Government supported by some of its Western allies remains exclusively concerned with maintaining the major part of its economic and military domination on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, securing the area from Eastern influence even if, in doing so, it must freeze the present main Maghreb shapes, carve up Algeria itself, and construct a precarious equilibrium on the co-existence of neo-colonialist and semi-feudal regimes.

Judging from the recent pattern of events, both combatants are bound to stiffen the stands they have taken.

The French Government itself is now faced by the following

alternative—maintaining an intransigence which may lead at last to a trial of force between the East and the West; or negotiating with the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic at the risk of provoking internal strife.

The people of the Maghreb and their authentic leaders are determined to prosecute the struggle for the fulfilment of their national aspirations, conscious of the support they are receiving—and will receive—from the irresistible surge towards liberation sweeping across Africa and the active assistance of all countries that value liberty.

The second All African Peoples Conference held at Tunis in January, 1960, as well as the second Afro-Asian Solidarity Conference held at Conakry in April of the same year, unanimously resolved to “reinforce the effective support of the Algerian people and to supply them with all means required for the attainment of their national independence”. Among the means recommended was the creation of a “volunteers’ corps for the Algerian Independence War” and the request to all independent African States to help in establishing this.

Further steps towards Algerian independence have been taken in the recent trip to Peking of an Algerian delegation headed by the President of the P.G.A.R., Ferhat Abbas, in the *de facto* recognition of this Government by the U.S.S.R., and in the renewed statements by both Moroccan popular forces and the Tunisian Government on the common destiny of the Maghreb people and their common struggle for a true independence. A united Maghreb is bound to be brought about in the very near future, by war if it is impossible to accomplish in peace.

A peaceful solution is not yet impossible, and it is made ever easier to reach by the support of the countries surrounding Algeria and by the development among the French people themselves of a strong current in favour of peace and co-operation on a basis of equality and mutual interest with the Maghreb and with the other countries of Africa. The Sino-Algerian press communiqué of October 5 states that

“ . . . The Government of China supports the Algerian people in its determination to pursue and reinforce its armed fight without, in its effort to recover national independence, ruling out negotiations on a basis of equality . . . ”

It cannot be denied that we want peace and co-operation. We want it as much as all the other peoples who have reconquered or are reconquering their independence. Our determination

only grows as we face the problems ahead of us: we must wipe out the ravages of poverty and plunder, catch up on centuries of backwardness in the building of a new society at the service of man and of progress.

In seeking a peaceful solution to the Algerian problem, two basic considerations are essential:

- (1) the satisfaction of the people's aspiration to full sovereignty, and
- (2) the safeguard of the interests of the French minority living in Algeria. This minority will have the choice, repeatedly pledged by the leaders of the P.G.A.R., between full integration in the new nation or its own free development as a foreign colony within the framework of Maghrebin institutions.

The prospect of co-operation with the Maghreb as a whole should facilitate such an agreement, all the more so because the independence of Morocco and Tunisia, although dating back to 1956, has still not been followed by true and open co-operation between these two countries and France.

\*            \*            \*            \*

At the end of 1955, two courses were open to Morocco and Tunisia. They could pursue the struggle for independence by armed force on a common Maghreb front, using the weapon hammered out in the course of resistance to repression by the French Administration since 1951. Made up of the *fellaghas* in Tunisia, this was the resistance movement from which were later to spring the Liberation Army in Morocco and the F.L.N. with its Algerian Liberation Army. What the three traditional political movements of the Maghreb—the Neo Destour, the M.T.L.D.<sup>1</sup> and the Istiqlal—had been unable to achieve since they had signed their first Maghrebin Charter in May 1945, was accomplished by the working-class and peasant rank-and-file members of these movements, who took to direct action in protest against the shillyshallying of some of their traditional leaders, believing these to be bent on seeking some forms of compromise that would achieve the political shadow without harming their own economic substance. An extension of such activity would undoubtedly have led to the formation of concerted economic struggle under the leadership of a Maghrebin revolutionary organization.

<sup>1</sup>M.T.L.D.—'Mouvement pour le Triomphe des Libertés Démocratiques'—Movement for the Triumph of Democratic Freedoms.

All those with substantial economic interests in North Africa, however, viewed with alarm the popular wave of revolution sweeping over the whole of the Maghreb, and they worked instead for the second course of compromise.

This second course brought about the Carthage Statement and Tunisia's internal autonomy, the La Celle-St. Cloud Statement, the return of the Sultan from exile in Madagascar and, finally, the proclamation of independence for Tunisia and Morocco.

Those of the Maghrebini revolutionaries who accepted the compromise believed that even an incomplete independence (where military and economic domination persisted) could be used to give more substantial and valuable support to the Algerian struggle, upon which France was likely to concentrate all its efforts.

After five years, however, we must admit that events have taken a very different course. Tunisia and Morocco, settling into their newly-acquired independence, tried to cope with all the different problems of their separate new political societies and found themselves caught by limitations on their freedom of action imposed by France.

Official help to Algeria was neither as large nor as efficient as those who had accepted compromise now expected it to be. It proved too difficult to build up the two new independent States along the lines proposed in 1955. True, in Tunisia the feudal political system was destroyed and replaced by a parliamentary democracy. But in Morocco, semi-feudalism, wary of a democratic and popular Algeria, has tried to impose its will on those popular forces who had given life to the whole liberation movement and who maintained a liberation army on the Sahara borders until May 1960.<sup>2</sup>

Economically, however, Morocco has made considerable progress in liberating itself and expanding its yields, while Tunisia is still heavily handicapped by the demands of the war in Algeria. And so, on either side of Algeria, the two new Sovereignties have come to a dead-end—mainly political in Morocco, and essentially economic in Tunisia. This is why we are witnessing today the awakened spirit of 1955, hearing once more demands for a common struggle to liberate and build in unity the whole of the Maghreb.

<sup>2</sup>This army was disbanded by former French officers, now in the Royal Army of Morocco, on the instructions of Prince Heir, during a police operation against the leaders of the U.N.F.P. at the beginning of 1960.

What is to be gained by such a struggle? Tunisia's chances of economic expansion depend finally upon it. For Morocco, it is imperative to the wiping out of all remaining feudal and colonial vestiges; it provides once more the possibility—as in 1953—to unite and mobilize all popular forces for the liberation of Algeria, the evacuation of French military bases,<sup>3</sup> the safeguard of democratic freedoms, and the election by universal suffrage of a constituent assembly mandated to control the decisions of the executive.

A common wish for unity exists in Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria, Mauritania and even Libya. A united Maghreb will surely therefore come, and its people alone will decide its political and economic institutions. It will not be a historical restoration, an attempt to recapture the past splendours of the Almoravid and Almohad Empires. It will turn to the future, fully conscious of its historical inheritance and of the rôle it should play in the Mediterranean area and on the African continent.

Its main task will be to solve the centuries-old problem of under-development, to ensure better living standards and to guarantee the growing of a new society, based on progress and justice in the service of peace and of humanity. There are those who would deny to the Maghreb this opportunity. So deep is the urge towards unity among its peoples, so deep the desire to serve and to enjoy, that no such denial will for long be endured.

<sup>3</sup>The Agreement allowing French military bases to remain until the end of 1963 on Moroccan territory in the form of "training" centres, signed on September 1, 1960, between the Royal Cabinet and the French Ambassador, M. Parodi, was denounced on October 21, 1960, by the National Council of the U.N.F.P., which considers:—“that the continued presence of these bases is not only an infringement of our dignity and national sovereignty, but also practical help given by our country to the French army in the colonial war it is waging in Algeria”;—that “to prolong by three years the presence of French bases constitutes a danger to the Arab Maghreb, as this span of time corresponds to that considered necessary by the French army to put an end to the Algerian revolution”; and—“that “the consecration of this state of affairs in law contradicts our national aspirations and the principle of united Arab Maghreb”.

## THE PUBLIC RELATIONS OF AFRICA

ROY PERROTT

*On the Staff of the London 'Observer'*

UNTIL the recent advertisements about the Federation and the Union of South Africa started appearing in the newspapers, a good many of us did not take the Public Relations business very seriously. Of course we were wrong. The trouble was, and is, that the Public Relations man's function in life remains vague, the extent of his influence unknown, particularly to 90% of the journalists who meet him or handle the material he dishes out every working day.

The only reasonable certainty about the Public Relations business is that it is steadily growing in size, influence, and skill; and that over the last few years it has been moving more and more into the field of international diplomacy and propaganda, particularly into sensitive areas like Africa. For students of trends in power, this is something eminently worth the watching.

The P.R. man's object is "to create and encourage public goodwill" for his client. He seldom does this by meeting the public directly. He influences opinion by using advertising agencies or—more subtle and effective—by getting stories about his client in the news columns of the newspapers and by personal contact with journalists and others thought to have some influence in spreading the desired message.

Most of his work is done through his relationship with ordinary newspapermen. He does this firstly by providing a service of news and views, facts and opinions, from and about his organization or client. And very useful it is; you might almost say indispensable as journalism has become today.

All this has an influence on modern newspaper reporting—just how much it is hard to estimate, because no journalist can say what story he would or would not get if the P.R. men were not there to "help". The P.R. service, the hand-out, the press conference all help to make life easier for the newspaper in a hurry; it is a matter of conjecture whether they don't also make those they serve lazier and a little more complacent, ready to take things at face value; and whether, for the sake of the nine relatively unimportant stories on which the P.R. man renders such service, a newspaper does not surrender the chance to dig out the one story which the P.R. man would hate



it to discover and which it would really do the public some good to know.

This is the sort of background one ought to keep in mind in looking at the latest and most significant move of Public Relations—into the field of international affairs and diplomacy. For, in addition to projecting attractive images of Ministers, tycoons, industries, and film stars, some of the biggest and most skilful P.R. agencies have recently been helping to do the same thing for governments.

Here, too, their function is many-sided. They act as political advisers, telling governments what sort of image the public will take and what it will not. In one or two countries this service to the government also puts them into the position of political agents for one particular party. Internationally, they aim to establish “a climate of opinion” about their clients which will encourage foreign investors to have confidence in the particular government’s stability, its distaste for rash socialistic measures and its fondness for private enterprise, the richness of the natural resources and the readiness of the labour force that it controls.

One of the most interesting assignments of this sort, and probably the biggest single task of its kind that any P.R. firm has handled, is the recent attempt to present Sir Roy Welensky’s government of the Rhodesian Federation in attractive clothes.

Just before the Monckton Report was established, when the jungle telegraph had already drummed the unpleasant news of its secession clauses to the territory, the Federal Government engaged Colman, Prentis and Varley Ltd. (who handled publicity for the Conservative Party in Britain at the last election) and Voice and Vision Ltd., a Colman subsidiary, to handle a public relations campaign aimed at advertising the benefits of Federation.

This campaign is now in full swing and will last four months. How much the agencies have been given to spend on the job is not precisely known. Rumour is that it is between £20,000 and £40,000; and, considering the energy of the campaign, the amount must certainly be large. Press advertisements cover education, health, agriculture, industry and living standards in the Federation—as Sir Roy sees them. Four-column spaces are being taken in all the most influential provincial and national British dailies and double-page spreads in opinion-forming periodicals. Millions of British readers will already have seen them.

One typical advertisement in the series is headed “*Good*

News from Africa—let facts have a hearing.” It goes on to claim that in the seven years of federation, “firm footings have been laid for African progress”. On Education it proudly mentions the million African schoolchildren in the Federation—an increase of 50% in the period. It describes the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland as an independent, multi-racial university, and it claims that “Africans who can make good use of a higher education shall have it”.

It talks about increased expenditure on Health; how African farmers are being taught more efficient methods of cultivation and assisted with fertilisers. Under the heading, “African living standards rising”, it claims that the total money income of Africans in the three federated territories had doubled in seven years to over £100,000,000 in 1959. It admits that “poverty remains a serious problem”; but it claims that the African now gets things that were formerly beyond his reach.

The advertisement does not mention that in Southern Rhodesia the average African income is still scarcely 5% of the European's, that the apportionment of land is grossly inequitable, that the African is hedged round with disabilities if he wants to move into a town's commercial centre, that he may not grow Virginia tobacco, the most profitable cash crop, that the State spends twenty-five times as much on the education of a white child as it does on an African one, that there is clear discrimination against Africans in housing and jobs, and that—most significantly—Africans suffer numerous humiliating civil disabilities which the Europeans do not.

To help lend some thoughtful, semi-philosophical substance to their work, the P.R. men have invented a professional jargon which does not always square with what happens in practice. They maintain that their task is “to make communication between publics easier” (between whites and Africans too?); “to interpret human ideas and reconcile group interests” (whose ideas? whose interests?). They see their work as “a means of guiding conscience in support of self-interest” and as “helping to fill a moral vacuum” (do these phrases really mean anything at all?).

Another good example of the P.R. method came the other day in a series of advertisements placed in the British press on behalf of South Africa House. These all led off with the reminder—“Good understanding and good relations with the Union concern YOU TOO”.

In six paragraphs, the advertisement gave the size of the Union's external trade figures; reported on its mineral production; claimed that its income per head was the highest in Africa; declared that the education system provided for universal literacy, that social benefits in the Union provided for all its citizens, that conditions there attracted 20,000 natives a year across the borders and, finally, that "the Union has a long record of government stability".

As a piece of copy-writing and P.R. methodology, it was an entirely competent job. The advertisement is said to have already attracted numerous enquiries. As a picture of "South Africa in Fact" (as its headline claimed) it is, of course, ludicrously selective and inadequate.

The good P.R. man can exert a great deal of influence on behalf of his client-government, using many techniques of "image-projection". A good example of this was the boost given by P.R. to Obafemi Awolowo, the Premier of Western Nigeria, during the London constitution talks of 1958. The P.R. agency which he had retained to help him, Patrick Dolan & Associates—regarded as one of the most capable in the business—inserted a full-page advertisement in several papers setting out Awolowo's views on self-government. Patrick Dolan believes that it had the desired effect: the impact of this impressively expensive piece of advertising showed that Awolowo meant business; these were his demands and he was going to stick to them.

Most of Dolan's work lies in creating a favourable "climate of opinion" about Western Nigeria, so that investors are encouraged and reassured. Dolan himself sees it as exciting, pioneering work. He does not seem to mind that, inevitably, his agency is identified with one political party, Awolowo's Action Group, as much as with the country as a whole. He speaks with enthusiasm of the way the country is growing.

Dolan's are happy with their work; and so is Michael Rice, who handles the P.R. work for Ghana. In much the same way, working on similar lines, he helps to present Ghana's image to the political and business worlds in Britain.

Some P.R. men who have worked for foreign governments are frankly much less happy about it. One of them has recalled how the local information service plotted jealously against him, and how he ended up caught in a web of plans and counter-plans spun by various conflicting officials.

Prince Galitzine, the head of another leading London agency, also experienced in the international field, agrees that some of the accounts are simply white-washing operations and that the picture of the country put across by the agency concerned is very seldom, if ever, as complete as it should be.

It is fair to say that, in the nature of the job, no P.R. image can be complete. It puts forward the "positive" side of the client; and if some of the warts and wrinkles are omitted, then few P.R. men would think that a considerable sin. Does any newspaper, plugging its favourite subject or personality, do any better? Perhaps not. At least we know our newspapers' prejudices a little. With the P.R. business, it looks even more important that the public should get to know a great deal more about what they are doing, why they are doing it, and what their fundamental philosophy is.

**STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF**

**"AFRICA SOUTH IN EXILE"** published: Quarterly  
at: New York, N.Y. for: October 1, 1960  
(Name of post office and State where publication has second-class entry)

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Ronald Michael Segal. Address: Abford House, Wilton Rd., London S.W.1.  
Editor: Ronald Michael Segal. Address: Abford House, Wilton Rd., London S.W.1.  
Managing editor: Ronald Michael Segal. Address: Abford House, Wilton Rd., London S.W.1.

Business manager: Mrs. Miriam Singer. Address: 336 Summit Ave., Mount Vernon, N.Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Name: Africa South Publications (England) Ltd. Address: Abford House, Wilton Road, London S.W.1.

Name: Ronald Michael Segal. Address: Abford House, Wilton Road, London S.W.1.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

Name: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue) 2,000 copies per issue if mailings to bookshops are excluded. Otherwise 7,500.

(Sgd.) Ronald Michael Segal

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1960, London, England.

(Sgd.) S. C. Crowther-Smith

Notary Public, London.

[SEAL]

## BRITAIN'S MIXED HALF-MILLION

COLIN MACINNES

*Author of 'City of Spades' and other novels*

EVERYONE of course now knows that Africans and West Indians have come to live in England in large numbers. What few seem to have realized yet is that this influx has already changed the English race irrevocably.

One may put at 300,000, more or less, the total number of West Indian and West African immigrants during the past twenty years. (I exclude from these notes consideration of several tens of thousands of Commonwealth Asians, since I know very much less about them). For present purposes, this total figure should include even those who have come, then gone: since what I am concerned with here is the possible number of English-born children (born in or out of wedlock) of these visitors; and to help to create a child does not require—needless to say—a lengthy sojourn.

I do not believe that any exact statistics exist of how many such children there may be: since in England, the polite convention that there are no 'colour' classifications would exclude—in a national census, for example—any such computation. But one can without great likelihood of error assess that at least half a million English-born children of partly—and sometimes wholly—African or Caribbean origin are already fast growing up among us. A very few will be entirely of African descent; a somewhat larger number, of purely Caribbean parentage. The great majority will most probably be the children of Caribbean or, to a far lesser degree, African fathers (the African influx being by far the smaller), and of mothers who are chiefly English, though sometimes of other European races—also often of recent immigration—such as Poles, Cypriots and Maltese.

The essential points to grasp about this phenomenon are these:

1. Though Afro-Caribbean blood has certainly entered the English stream for centuries, it has never done so before so fast and in such volume.
2. Though some of the fathers may conceivably return to Africa or the West Indies, the children, save in very exceptional cases, will almost certainly remain here.
3. Even if their fathers, as soon as African and West Indian countries gain independence, may acquire new nationality

status, the children will in most cases remain British; and will also be so considered by the new African and West Indian governments.

4. Whatever anyone else may think—governments, passport officials, even their dads and mums—these children, as they grow up, will (undoubtedly) consider themselves to be as English as anybody else.

5. This whole situation contains vast possibilities of racial harmony, or frustration, inside England for the rest of the century.

To situate the 'problem' (how greatly, in the mid-20th century, we love that word, almost invariably applying it to social perplexities that are man-made and essentially soluble!), let us recall the circumstances of the African and Caribbean immigration to the British Isles.

Before 1939, there existed, chiefly in the dock cities (including London), a small Afro-Caribbean population, partly stable (it is often forgotten that men from both regions served in world war *one* and stayed on after), and partly consisting of transient, or of going-and-coming, merchant seamen. A well-known example of this is the Tiger Bay area of Cardiff—too well known, in fact, no doubt because of its exotic name, and its lavish contribution to British show-business and pugilism. It is this fact that accounts for the presence, in England today, of many young men and women of mixed racial origins who are already in their twenties, if not even older.

Inquiries I have made among Englishmen and women of this category suggest that they had it both harder and, in some senses, easier, than those who have come after them. On the one hand, it was, of course, deemed highly eccentric to contract a 'mixed marriage' thirty or forty years ago; and the children of such unions—not to mention their parents, especially the impulsive English wife—were the victims of much social stigma. On the other hand, these mixed communities were small and homogeneous, they lived mostly in ports which (except at times of frenzy) are usually more receptive to alien races, and the whole situation had not yet been promoted to the perilous status of a 'problem'. In temperament, I have found such of these pioneers as I have met quite outstandingly well-balanced, with broad shoulders naked of the chips that so many kind hands tried in vain to lay upon them. Nevertheless: there is no doubt that all these men and women have known painful experiences, and

have also found themselves—being adults with a foot firmly wedged in either camp—having to carry much of the load for those who were to come to England after them.

The next influx was that of the men who came to England to join the forces after 1939—always as volunteers, which no one in England itself could be (even if he wanted to) because of immediate conscription. As most African volunteers were ordered either to serve at home or, if abroad, in the Far East, the great majority of this group were Caribbeans. (How little one hears, among the endlessly tedious proliferation of 'war memoirs', about what Africans did for England out in Burma, and how West Indians helped protect her on land, sea, and even in the sky!). This wartime immigration was the only one of which one can say we English as a whole found it most welcome. It being, of course, well understood that it was these gallant lads' bounden duty to rally to the mother country in distress, and equally to hasten home as soon as they'd collected their ill-fitting demobilization suitings.

We come now to the massive immigrations of the late 'forties and the 'fifties; which—so far as West Indians are concerned—shows no sign of abating in the decade we have now entered. Let us consider first, however, the smaller African (in fact, chiefly—for various causes—West African) immigration, and the reasons for it: since the motives of these immigrants were in most cases very different from those which impelled the Caribbeans to come here. It is only exceptionally that one may find Africans in England who decided to emigrate because of extreme economic hardship in their homelands: not that poverty does not exist there—indeed, it does—but West Africa, however thickly populated and as yet undeveloped economically, is manifestly rich potentially and very clearly going to be richer. Thus, the male visitors were either seamen, or students, or traders or, in a very great many cases, those in a category with no Caribbean counterpart—young men who were propelled here by a *wanderlust* that possessed so many Africans when, as a consequence chiefly of the war, the world burst suddenly into Africa, the giant awoke and wished to burst out into the world. A subsidiary reason was the desire to escape from the tender emotional and material blackmail with which African family and tribal life enfolds its males: offering them security and status, but at the price of strictly individual freedom. There is, indeed, scarcely a West African in England who would not,

materially, be better off 'back home' (some, indeed, come from homes whose wealth would amaze the citizens of the English slums they live in). If any reader doubts all this, let him question an African who has come here for no apparent 'reason'; and also recall how an identical instinct has impelled young Englishmen to emigrate in the past.

The case of the West Indians is much simpler: they have always been an emigrating people. Their islands cannot hold nor sustain their bursting populations, and a young West Indian (like an Irishman half a century or more ago) must seek his fortune elsewhere to prosper, even to survive. Unquestionably, if immigration into the United States had not been drastically restricted in the late 1940s, or if West Indians could freely have entered other desirable Latin American countries, they would never have wished to come in such numbers to the British Isles. They came here because it was the only door left, if not open, at any rate ajar.

To these, we must add the women immigrants (often forgotten, since racial venom—and even 'impartial' comment—always concentrates obsessively—and revealingly—on the adult male). No one who has been in hospital in England will fail to understand why a great many of them came over: and though no one perhaps loves a nurse (until he has ceased to be her patient), not one of us whom these African and West Indian girls have bullied back to health, can ever fail to be profoundly thankful that they came here. Of recent years (since about 1957, or so), there has also been a growing arrival of West Indian women, for whom their husbands, relatives, or lovers have created homes—however minimal—before summoning them over, frequently saving over years to pay their fares.

From the moment this Afro-Caribbean immigration on a large scale began, it was evident that, between the citizens from the colonies (or former colonies) and the 'mother country', there was a total and disastrous misunderstanding at all levels. To explain the English misconceptions first. One must avoid if one can, I think, the sterile habit of constantly denigrating one's own country's motives; and so one must fairly say that the post-war English nationality enactments, which bestowed identical citizenship on the inhabitants both of the U.K. and of its colonies (and likewise the inter-Commonwealth agreements by which citizens of newly independent nations were to be allowed freedom of access, and even of labour, in our country) were conceived,



in part at any rate, with generosity. But there were, of course, other motives and assumptions. To declare the heartland of the Commonwealth wide open to all its former and present subjects, was a resounding gesture; but it was undoubtedly believed in England that very few (such as seamen, students, and professional and business men) would actually avail themselves of this proffered privilege. (It is also this erroneous belief which explains the curious fact that, whereas an Englishman proposing to visit even a non-independent colony must secure an entry permit and provide substantial guarantees, a colonial citizen coming here has simply to disembark and sign on promptly at the Labour Exchange). Accordingly, when Africans and West Indians began to arrive *en masse*, great was the native astonishment and dismay. Or rather, to be exact, it took some years for the reality of all this to penetrate the national (let alone the governmental) consciousness. It was generally assumed, for far too long (and against the most easily ascertainable evidence), that these gorgeous migrating birds were those only of passage who, having perched admiringly on our isles a moment, would as suddenly fly off again elsewhere.

On the immigrant side, the initial assumptions were as fatally incorrect. The Africans, it is true, though at first surprised and wounded when they discovered everyone was not delighted to see and greet them, soon shrugged their massive shoulders with resigned indifference: for I have yet to meet an African who does not think that to be one is an enviable thing, and that anyone who does not realize this is an imbecile greatly to be pitied. In addition, independence was already in the air, and colonial occupation had been relatively brief: so that there was no real conflict of loyalties, and the oblong blue passport was regarded merely as a matter of provisional convenience. But with the West Indians, it was very different. For generations, they had been nurtured on the idea of England, the distant mother, whose destinies they had shared for more than 300 years: whose history they knew far more intimately than most of us have ever known theirs: and whose language they spoke (embellished and, to my own ear, in many ways enriched) with the intimacy (unknown to Africans) of a cherished mother tongue. England had sent their ancestors to the Caribbean, and had kept them there in circumstances about which they were ready to be indulgent. In spite of everything, they felt themselves to be British: for centuries, they had helped make their mother rich

and strong. Now, nationality laws which this motherland—not they, who had no power to—had just enacted, threw open welcoming doors. Well . . . times were hard, the Americas uninviting, so they would sell up or save, and cross the air or ocean to nestle at this broad maternal bosom. When they arrived, in tropical suits in winter, and with hard savings spent on fares, they found no one to greet them (except whores, rent-sharks and hostile journalists), and the first doors they knocked on, slammed. Even worse: having herself issued the tacit invitation by her nationality enactments, when she found she was taken at her word, mother England (or her press and public) clamoured that the laws were wrong: as if a side losing unexpectedly in a cricket match (a metaphor familiar to Caribbeans) might whiningly complain that the regulations it had devised and imposed itself before the game, should abruptly be altered in the course of play.

It is no less than tragic that this happened, and utterly unpardonable. In the Caribbean there existed, until fifteen years ago, an immense fund of goodwill towards our country. With even the kind of *ad hoc* improvisations that we made, as a nation, a thousand times in 1939-44—with even one welcoming brass band at Waterloo station, a dozen helpful busybodies with brassards, let alone some official canvassing of landladies, and some stiff ministerial and T.U. directives and admonitions—this capital of affection would not have been squandered, as it has been. Alternatively, with the courage of a mean conviction, we could have altered the immigration laws again. As it was, we blamed the immigrants for accepting our own invitation. They have not forgiven this; although, being a resilient and self-reliant people, they have excused more than we deserve.

We English glory in the sending of our sons, through the centuries, to lands far from home. Today, English emigrants demand paid passages and jobs guaranteed. External circumstances, of course, have greatly altered. Nevertheless: our attitude to this particular adventure no longer can be called heroic. And that word exactly fits the courage with which thousands of young West Indians uprooted themselves from homes and families, to set out for our loved and hostile shores.

What, then, is the likelihood that these immigrant groups will ever leave us? Here, once again, we must distinguish between Africans and West Indians. Most certainly, independence has, and increasingly will, lure many young Africans home: assisted,

in point of fact, by free governmental (one-way) passages. In spite of this, a great many will undoubtedly remain here unless unforeseeable circumstances, economic and political, should urgently compel them ever to go. I myself know dozens of Africans for whom the call of their homeland—though usually accepted as existing as an abstract possibility—is insufficient to attract them away from homes, girls, kids, and a decade of altered habits. As for the West Indians, although it is true that many have returned home (emigration is always, in part, a to-and-fro affair—I myself came back to England from Australia in a ship half of whose passengers were disgruntled ex-expatriates), I think it extremely unlikely that the majority will ever leave us—even if North and South America were—and it is most improbable—to open wide their gates to them. West Indians (yet another generalization!) are, despite appearances to the contrary among the more footloose fringe, a domesticated, home-loving people; and all over England's cities, they are now thoroughly dug in. Nor should anyone imagine that they can ever easily be panicked into leaving. The disgrace of 1958 in Notting Vale has left London W.10 and W.11 with as large a Caribbean colony as ever. Though happily, increasing prosperity has enabled a great many to move out of that odious doss-house of our capital, with its long and evil history of ingrown strife.

But whatever the parents may decide to do, their children will assuredly remain. One minor—and negative—reason for this is that—as was hinted earlier—the government of, say, Ghana is most unlikely to consider the English-born child of a Ghanaian and of an Englishwoman (especially if illegitimate) to be anything other than an alien. (As a Ghanaian once said to me, not without unattractive relish, “We’ve looked after your half-caste children for centuries: now you look after ours.”) But the real and essential reason which I must hammer home, is that these kids are English: are English by law, by nature, and, most of all, because they feel themselves to be so. Just look at them, and listen: from babies to teenagers in bud, they have been rinsed and shaped into the English mould (in the course of which process, they are, of course, subtly altering it). With our own native children they share schools, gangs, fears, joys, desires, national destinies—and accents. Certainly, they will be exposed to those kinds of human malice whose social pressures can try to force ‘mixed marriages’, and their human fruits, to conform fatally to stereotypes that ignorant jealousies may seek to will on

them. But these pressures, which can harm, can also toughen and enrich a personality: especially when, as is now at last the case, the infant substance of this social experiment has so many allies of its own age, and among protecting adults of both races. Here much will depend upon the parents' solidarity. Given this, anyone familiar with African or with West Indian families will know that, in the matter of rearing children, it is we who have much to learn from them: most of all in that sage and endearing blend of intemperate love and of intensely personal (never abstract) discipline, which gives to these lucky kids their own enviable mixture of sturdy independence and of fearless deference—of knowing exactly what their place is, at any age, within their family and community.

And how will the older true-born English react to this? That is indeed the question to which I do not know the answer—though for better or worse (I believe better, as will be seen), the 1960s and 1970s will soon show us. Rudyard Kipling—who, one may imagine (but can one ever be quite sure with this prophet of an England which never existed outside his dream of it?), might well disapprove of this latest addition to the mongrel glory of our race—developed, in his vital myth, '*Puck of Pook's Hill*', the notion that England has always resisted invasions, yet always absorbed and profited from the arrival of the invaders. The Afro-Caribbean influx has, of course—unlike those that Puck told of—not been an armed one. But otherwise, in what exactly does it differ from those of the Celts, Romans, Saxons, Normans, Huguenots, Jews, and, of latter years, Poles, Cypriots, or Maltese? If they made, and make us, what we are (which we appear to like, or at any rate be reconciled to, once they have done it), will we adjust ourselves likewise, as a people, to the Africans and the West Indians? Indeed, shall we delight in, one day, and boast of, their fruitful junction with our hybrid ancestry? The answer, I guess, may be yes—subject to one considerable 'if': and that is, if we should come to shed our obsessions about 'colour'.

Very frankly, I do not expect that anyone much over thirty or so today will greet his half million new 'coloured' fellow-citizens with enthusiasm. My hope and belief are entirely in the young. English youth has, as is very well known, a moronic delinquent edge, whose capacity for destruction (and for self-destruction) need not be under-stated—however disproportionately this is over-publicized. (It is amazing how much evil even

a dozen zombies can spread around them, in the contemporary urban scene). On the other hand, such evidence as I have been able to gather suggests to me that the bulk of the young are bored stiff by many of the archaic social preoccupations in which their elders remain sterily embedded. Cruising around jazz clubs, for example, one will find there young men and women who are sedate, and sharp, and confident—and not in the least admiring (let alone fearing) street-warriors armed with dustbin-lids and milk bottles. The jazz world (whose attendant crop of camp-follower wierdies are—to the bored annoyance of the vast majority—the sole interest of the newspapers) is outstandingly alert, sensible, and positive in its attitudes; and the admired 'greats' of the jazz world are all—or almost all—'coloured' men and women. In this atmosphere, it is not just that it is impossible to be a racist: the whole conception of such a state of mindlessness seems utterly irrelevant to serious living—a 'drag', in fact, than which there is no stronger term of tired scorn. These young Englishmen and women don't just reject such nonsense, as might some well-intending 'liberal' by taking anxious thought. They exist right out and beyond it—on its further untrammelled side.

As the first teenage waves of the 1950s become dads and mums (a great many of them already are), a new lot will arrive, and is arriving. And these boys and girls will have all had the experience (which none of their parents—even those well-disposed—have ever had) of growing up with 'coloured' kids, day after day, as something entirely and naturally familiar in their lives. It is this fact that will affect the whole situation as will no other. These mixed half million will be the catalysts of their own 'problem': please heaven (and with a prudent bow in the direction of Pook's Hill), creating health and sanity around them.

## SWEET HEAVEN

D. A. LEONARD

WHO could ever have guessed that the portly little man who had polished my car so gravely every morning for nearly two years was a Bishop.

True, he did not wear gaiters. His threadbare blue overalls were badly worn at the knees and he carried a yellow duster. He had a jaunty goatee and a twinkle in his beady black eyes unusual in a dignitary of the Church . . . but he was an unusual Bishop . . . and his Church, well . . .

One Tuesday evening at eight o'clock Bishop Isiah Molatsi stood at the door of his Church, a garage in my back yard, and welcomed each of the forty or so members of his congregation to their weekly prayer meeting.

He was dressed in a white robe edged with crimson and a high white hat similar to a chef's and elaborately decorated to match the robes. He carried a white staff with a small red cross set at the top, and he used it as a drum-major flaunts his great stick, carrying it aloft when he walked and keeping it on the ground at the full stretch of his left arm when he stood still.

Bishop Isiah looked shabby in the bare light of the white-washed garage. His robe, shrunk from washing, no longer concealed his black shoes and thick socks and the frayed turn-ups of his brown trousers.

The members of the congregation arrived at irregular intervals, for they were domestic servants who came straight from their kitchens. Some still wore their white suits or maid's overalls. Others had put on their robes, the colours or ornamentation of which indicated their rank in the Church.

The Bishop greeted each arrival formally. "Good evening, brother Timothy", he said, taking Tim's big rough hand gently and avoiding the sight of his bare feet, with their misshapen toes and broken nails and rhinoceros-like skin. Tim was dressed in the robes of an ordinary brother, blue edged with white and a red cross on his back. His long face stiff with awe, he took off his white skull cap and bent low to receive the blessing which the Bishop mumbled, face averted and right hand stretched out over Tim's shaven head.

Next came the fat and comely Rachel who sensed the Bishop's eyes upon her as she crossed the yard. Settling her green robe

over her big hips, she smiled demurely, her black eyes glowing. As he kissed her warmly on both cheeks she giggled, fiddled with her white collar and settled her white doek with its little red crosses before she bowed her head. She entered the gathering with the Bishop's blessing in her ears. "May the good Lord shelter you for all time, beloved sister Rachel."

So they came, bowed and entered the church in a state of blessedness until at last the place was full.

There were no decorations in the church, nor were there any chairs or other furniture. The walls were bare save for two worn tyres hanging from nails. The people stood about, talking quietly until the Chief Lay Sister Lydia switched off the lights and lighted a candle.

They all formed a circle as she intoned a preliminary prayer. She was tall and bony with a long face and a big mouth and wild eyes. Her hoarse voice soon rose to a shriek as she worked herself into a frenzy, waving her arms and rolling her eyes.

The circle opened towards the door which the Bishop had locked. Carrying the candle, Lydia preceded him as he walked slowly round inside the circle. He held his head on one side, his eyes were half closed and he muttered a prayer, pausing before each person with his white collection tin and nodding his head as each coin clattered in. Then he took up his position before the congregation, carefully avoiding the black smudge of old oil on the stone floor.

The service commenced and the Bishop's voice rose and fell in a prayer punctuated by a chorus of frequent amens and accompanied, when he chanted hymns, by the sweet voices of the company. As the tempo of the service quickened, the clear chirping of crickets in the garden outside was slowly submerged by the rising tide of song and prayer now rising now falling, surging ever higher until the sudden grave chime of a clock, a single note at a quarter to ten, brought silence.

The worshippers bade one another good-night in clear tones and streamed away to get home before the siren wailed the curfew hour.

Rachel hesitated, waiting to catch the Bishop's eyes which had been on her so often during the service. He smiled at her and nodded graciously and then turned away, busy with the contents of the collection tin. She minced excitedly to his room at the far corner of the yard, went in and closed the door.

The Bishop put seventeen shillings and fourpence into his

savings bank behind a loose brick in the wall of the church. With an anticipatory smile on his face and his head on one side, he walked slowly towards his room rubbing the palms of his soft hands gently together. He paused and looked round the yard before he closed the door gently. . . .

When he awakened at six o'clock the next morning, Rachel had already gone. He spent his usual day as my servant Isiah, on his knees with rolled-up trousers as he polished the floors, stripped to the waist under the afternoon sun as he pecked with a pick at the dry ground.

In the evenings when his work was done, till late into the night he sat at the door of his room mending shoes. He had a constant stream of visitors, customers and members of the Church. He was always surrounded by women, not the flighty young ones dressed in the height of their mistresses' last year's fashion and looking for a good time, but the serious calm-faced churchwomen in their ankle-length drab dresses and sober doeks, trying to impress Bishop Isiah with their love for the Lord.

As Isiah tapped at his shoes and stitched, the people talked. Usually he remained silent, nodding his head wisely from time to time; sometimes he took part in the discussions or gave grave answers to their questions. Behind his urbane smile and his alert manner his mind was often far away, occupied not only with the women who solicited him and to whom he sometimes granted the favour of a night but also, more often, with the problems of his own future.

He did not like his occupation. He aimed at higher things. He did not want to be a Bishop all his life.

Bishop Isiah wanted to become a taxi driver. With his own car he could earn big money.

He had always wanted his own car. As a ragged piccanin he perched on the side of the road watching the cars pass, longing to stroke their shining bodies, imagining himself at the wheel, a master of power. He had often dawdled among the parked cars in the nearby town carrying a duster, earning not only a tickey but also the right to fondle the car he cleaned.

One evening as Isiah worked at his cobbling, he thought of a plan to increase the Church membership and so increase the collection which was his episcopal fee. He would hold prayer meetings at the nearby dam every Sunday afternoon, when crowds of people congregated there.

The following Sunday his followers met shortly after three



o'clock, when the washing up was done and the white folk lay replete on their beds.

All were in full robes. The Bishop was in high spirits, his thoughts on a seven-seater black Packard which was for sale down at the local garage, second-hand of course. A nice profitable car to run, with passengers packed in rows on one another's knees, almost bulging through the windows . . .

They straggled somewhat self-consciously in procession down the street, with Isiah at their head. He carried his white staff under his cloak of red, which he wore over his robes.

Lydia walked behind him, trying to keep step with his short hurried paces. His eyes were on the ground; his right hand fingered the collection tin which hung from his belt. Three fat women, the Standard Bearers, followed Lydia, over their shoulders carrying the long bamboos on which their flags were mounted. Behind the people of rank were the ordinary brothers and sisters. They were followed by Tim the gardener carrying a large drum for Sam Mabuye, a little hunchback with a wrinkled face and simian eyes who hobbled painfully along swinging his long arms.

The place about the dam was crowded. Smartly dressed ladies and gentlemen were taking the air, chatting and flirting in the sun, sitting on the grass or strolling and flourishing their multi-coloured umbrellas. Loving couples sat in secluded spots or lay on the grass. Young men in long trousers, the ends stuffed into their socks, played cricket or hurled balls high over the heads of the crowd.

There were numerous groups of young folk dancing and singing to portable gramophones or musical instruments, playing rock-and-roll and jive. Among them were gawky teenagers new to the kitchen and the strange backyard life of the suburbs. The girls wore berets and down-at-heel shoes without stockings, their short skirts and flamboyant blouses barely concealing their full thighs and breasts; the boys had cloth caps pulled well over their eager black eyes and were drably dressed either in tight-fitting trousers and leather lumber-jackets or grey flannels and sports jackets several sizes too large.

Bishop Isiah and his congregation formed their circle under the great gum trees, which towered white and straight in a gloom relieved only by the occasional bursts of sunlight that broke through leaves and branches stirring in the breeze. There was no grass, no sound, only the pervasive smell of rotting

leaves. Nearby, a group of women sat cross-legged on the ground, selling oranges from geometric piles and mealies that they stripped and roasted on embers.

At a signal from the Bishop, Sam Mabuye embraced his long drum and began a rhythmic beating with his restless hands. The rolling call spread through the surrounding cacophony, till more and more people stirred towards the drum and the congregation around it, at first curious and then interested. A crowd slowly collected.

Bishop Isiah stood on the trunk of a fallen tree and led the chanting and singing. The congregation echoed his words, clapping their hands to the beat of the drum.

The audience hummed appreciatively. The worshippers responded, singing excitedly.

The three fat Standard Bearers moved into the circle, leaving their bamboo poles planted in the soft ground near the Bishop, and began to dance, sedately at first, turning as they moved round inside the ring, using their arms in stiff gestures.

The drum began to beat faster. Other women joined in the dance. The tempo of singing and clapping followed the drum.

Faster . . . faster. . . .

The prayer meeting was becoming a rival of the rock-and-roll and jive nearby.

A multitude of Sinners was beginning to see the Light . . .

The time had come to take round the collection tin.

Lydia took over from the Bishop, who walked among the crowd with his white staff and his right hand raised.

Blessed be he who puts coins in the tin . . .

Suddenly as the service proceeded, Lydia threw up her hands and began to scream hoarsely, exposing her big teeth in her anger, compelling an abrupt silence on the crowd. Then she began to preach from her place on the tree trunk, reviling the sinners for their loose and evil ways, calling down the wrath of the Lord upon them for their blasphemy. Her tirade, laden with fire and brimstone, at first petrified her audience. However they soon began to disperse. The spectacle seemed over.

Bishop Isiah ruefully shook his tin, clanking the few coins in it together.

What a fool that Lydia was . . . so earnest . . . He should have known she would let her religion run away with her . . .

He made his way back to the fallen tree, prepared to pull Lydia down from her pulpit and continue his service.

Before he could reach the front of the diminishing crowd, a youth playing a recorder sprang in front of the Bishop, into the midst of the congregation. The high notes seemed to mock the whole proceeding. As he played he danced in ridicule of the service with grotesque gestures and grimaces, a faun in short trousers and a torn white shirt.

His friends came from the crowd and joined him, leaping and capering as they sang.

The people loved their antics and crowded round, laughing. Someone pointed out Lydia, still on her log screaming madly, her eyes terrible and her face contorted with passion. The poor woman was helped by her friends to a spot further into the trees. There the remnants of the congregation gathered and stood in silence beside the sobbing Lydia, bewildered, unable to understand the mockery, the blasphemy among their people. The Standard Bearers stood with their bamboo poles, the flags limp in the still heat.

Tim the gardener, his honest face wrinkled with perplexity, looked from Lydia's tear-stained face to the Bishop, whom he could see as he edged about the crowd shaking the collection tin which was now too heavy to rattle.

Slowly Tim made a decision and ambled into the crowd, making his way gently though with his vast strength he could have forced an easy passage. He had difficulty in reaching the Bishop. On the way he found Rachel, laughing happily as she sang, dishevelled and sweating as she danced.

"Come, sister Rachel, our brothers and sisters are waiting."

She looked at him without recognition and giggled. "Can't you see I'm dancing with someone . . . Isn't he handsome?" she called, linking her arm with a smart young man in a blue suit and grey hat who danced with a walking stick on his arm.

Before Tim could reply she had whirled away beyond his reach. He continued his search for the Bishop and eventually caught up with him, protecting himself with his white staff as he stumbled about in the jostling crowd, muttering inaudibly.

Tim tugged at his robe several times before he turned. He looked tired and acted as though in a trance. "Ah, brother Timothy," he mumbled and held out his tin. "Come brother. Welcome to our gathering. A small contribution, if you please, to our church taxi."

The gardener did not reply. He guided the dazed Isiah to his group of followers.


The little procession formed up once more. No one saw them go. They passed Sam Mabuye beating his drum joyfully but did not stop for him.

At the church Lydia opened the service as usual. The proceedings were subdued and ended early. The depleted congregation left with barely a word. . . .

Bishop Isiah Molatsi sat at the door of his room, his thoughts far from the rubber heel he deftly fixed to a black shoe, as far away as his Packard taxi was now.

He was thinking of the days which lay ahead, of the early mornings when he could go out into the crisp air with the birds lively and the quiet . . . the motor-car all cold and shining to be pushed into the drive for cleaning . . . the soft crunch of the tyres crushing pebbles on the drive . . . the yellow rag caressing shining curves. . . .

"Truly," he murmured peacefully, "the heathen are not ready for the Word of the Lord . . . as I am not ready for his divine bounty. . . ."

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BOOK  
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**The Two Nations: Aspects of the Development of Race Relations in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland** by **Richard Gray**. Published for the Institute of Race Relations by the Oxford University Press, London. 373 pp. 42s.

**Year of Decision: Rhodesia and Nyasaland** by **Philip Mason**. Published for the Institute of Race Relations by the Oxford University Press, London. 282 pp. 21s.

**Race and Politics: Partnership in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland** by **Edward Clegg**. Published by the Oxford University Press, London. 280 pp. 30s.

**The Story of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland** by **A. J. Hanna**. Published by Faber and Faber, London. 288 pp. 21s.

**The Anatomy of Partnership: Southern Rhodesia and the Central African Federation** by **T. R. M. Creighton**. Published by Faber and Faber, London. 255 pp. 25s.

**Central African Emergency** by **Clyde Sanger**. Published by Heinemann, London. 342 pp. 30s.

THE *annus mirabilis* of Africa 1960 has been especially remarkable in the case of the Central African Federation for its violent literary demonstration. While printed impeachment of the Union of South Africa has long poured out in a stream of burning lava, last year for the first time it was joined by a roaring Rhodesian tributary threatening to carry away the topless towers of white supremacy. Nearly a dozen volumes of dark damnation, if not always so intended, were crowned by the massive Monckton Report which, though one would not perhaps guess it from the fragmentary newspaper summaries, amounts with its essential appendices to some eight hundred pages.

The six books under consideration here are probably the best of this sudden harvest, and certainly include three that deserve to head the definitive archives of their country. With Richard Gray's 'The Two Nations' and Philip Mason's 'Year of Decision', the Institute of Race Relations—a child of Chatham

House and nephew to that generous uncle the Rockefeller Foundation—brings up-to-date its political, social and economic study of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland that started in 1958 with Mason's 'Birth of a Dilemma'. Scholarly, meticulous, detached, compounded with superlative care, detail and patience, this trilogy could already be compendiously named 'The Rise and Decline of the Rhodesian Empire'. But it casts as long a shadow before it as behind, surely adumbrating a further volume to include 'The Fall'. "When some New African", to paraphrase Macaulay, "shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of the Salisbury Club to sketch the ruins of Pearl House", it may well be in this magisterial conspectus that he will seek to find the reason.

Richard Gray's period is from 1918-1953, which he divides into two sections called 'Averted Eyes' (up to 1939) and 'Awakenings' (1939 to 1953). To the first, Philip Mason contributes a chapter on 'Land Policy'. 1918 to 1939 is concerned ideologically with the dual policy of Segregation and Trusteeship—Parallel Development—which, according to Colonial Office thinking, would ultimately lead to "some form of free representative government" shared by black and white. For Southern Rhodesia this was an era of "complacency and pragmatism", set off by the attainment of responsible government in 1934 and virtually undisturbed by the Devonshire Declaration on the "paramourcy of African native interests", issued the same year—surely a strangely sinister conjunction of events, almost inexplicable and in Southern Rhodesia as inexplicably ignored. In Northern Rhodesia, on the other hand, the Devonshire Declaration and its rider, the Passfield Memorandum of 1930, were treated as broadsides against the European hegemony. Determination to get rid of Colonial Office rule was strengthened and interest stimulated in reinsurance against the black peril by amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia.

Gray, who spent four years on 'The Two Nations', displays an almost inexhaustible genius for wide, deep and accurate research. Quite unknown or forgotten documents—mimeographed reports of Native Commissioners, primitive parliamentary debates, obscure minutes of municipal councils—are brought into service to show how arbitrary, confused and contradictory were the early European opinions on the 'Native Question'. A recent secretary of the Dominion Party, the late N. H. Wilson, is revealed in the 'twenties as an ardent young idealist bent on

preserving unalloyed the pristine African way of life. The bearer of a highly successful commercial name, R. D. Gilchrist, is quoted thus: "All over the world it is written in letters of blood that you must either lift the barbarian up or he will drag you down . . . there is only one hope of salvation, to take the native with you". The Bledisloe Commission of 1938, appointed to survey the possibilities of closer association between the Rhodesias and Nyasaland at a time when the 'Two Pyramid Policy' of Huggins ("enforcing segregation in both its defensive and constructive aspects") was at its height, appears as a forerunner to Monckton in its catalogue of African discontents.

Mason's chapter on 'Land Policy' is especially valuable in its exposition of how, in 1921, E. D. Avlörd, an agricultural missionary, demonstrated the benefits of a stable system of African farming and land tenure in place of the traditional shifting cultivation. In essence this was the basic reasoning behind the 1951 Native Land Husbandry Act—a well-intentioned and enlightened measure, bedevilled through the lack of available acreage dictated by the Land Apportionment Act and failing to foresee the ensuing massive exodus to the towns.

'Awakenings' shows how dismally the European failed to recognise, let alone come to terms with, the approach of the African industrial revolution and its political accompaniment in the two Rhodesias. Countless official and semi-official enquiries, reports, treatises and memoranda—Gussman, Howman, Ibbotson, Batson, Jenkins, Forster, Godfrey Wilson, Saffery—all gave emphatic warning of the stirring wind of change. Mostly ignored, pigeon-holed and forgotten, they form a crushing indictment of blind incompetence and an oligarchy obsessed with the countervailing weapon of white immigration and its political power.

Richard Gray yields to Philip Mason with this valediction: "By 1953 the chances of creating a co-operation between European and African leaders had become terrifyingly slender . . . In Victorian England the existence of the two nations necessitated a leap in the dark; if, after 1953, partnership was to succeed in Central Africa, some such leap would surely be necessary, but the fence looked very high and the darkness seemed even more obscure." Compared with Gray's freshly-dug excavations, 'Year of Decision' by Philip Mason covers familiar country of which all the features have been trampled over many times. Its classic pro-consular style seems generally a little above the battle,

though from time to time shrewd pointed javelins are hurled into the fray. "Many Rhodesians had been born or educated in the Union of South Africa where another philosophy had become the official doctrine. Some looked at the world in the spirit of that motto which in various forms is to be found in the heraldry of many English families—What I have I hold". "To the African who considered these things, there could only be one answer. Something, he agreed, was being done for him; nothing as yet was being done with him." Of Kariba, now beginning to look a little like the Taj Mahal, he is bold enough to suggest that the money might have been better put into the pockets of African farmers by irrigation and co-operative marketing. But his judgement on Sir Edgar Whitehead—"The fact that he had been Finance Minister meant that he was a realist and accustomed to keeping his feet on the ground"—seems fantastically inappropriate for a man who has brought a country to the brink of civil war.

His summing-up is cautiously pessimistic. Of the white Southern Rhodesians he concludes: "Eventually perhaps their part might be similar to that played by the Jews in Britain—or perhaps by the Parsees in India". He sports the year's favourite fancy franchise—fifty-fifty parliamentary representation between the races—and ends with a gracious washing of hands. "If they really cannot agree to be federated with States in which Africans rule, then perhaps it is better that they should go. But let it be by their own choice. And let us put the choice to them with courtesy, understanding and forbearance." 'What I have I hold' scarcely chimes with this proposal.

Edward Clegg is a soil scientist who was posted by the Colonial Service to Northern Rhodesia, and then employed by the Institute of Race Relations and backed by the Rockefeller Foundation. He considers that "the key to understanding African behaviour patterns lies with tribal societies", an axiom which is doubtfully true of modern Nyasaland and certainly false for Southern Rhodesia. He thinks that Northern Rhodesia "in many ways is the key to the Federation", and his book is a detailed analysis of the political, social and economic history of the copper-rich Protectorate.

The story told by 'Race and Politics' breaks down into a series of head-on collisions between the settler 'Unofficials' and the Colonial Office 'Officials', between black and white labour on the Copper Belt and between both and the copper companies,



between black and white rights, privileges and attitudes. Clegg shows very clearly how weakly negative in policy and action has been the part played by the Colonial Office in the stabilization of the African worker and his urban family, how more and more the problem was left in the lap of the employers. There are illuminating sketches of that enlightened liberal paternalist, Sir Stewart Gore-Brown, and of that formidable last-ditcher, Sir Leopold Moore.

The comparatively late history of the Federation and reference to its Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia components are mere addenda tacked on to the main Northern Rhodesian theme. But Clegg's conclusions on the Federal future are the most uncompromising of all the six authors. "It is indeed merely a question of time before the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland splits asunder, breaks down because of the incompatibility between maintaining European standards and African advancement, and because the white community in Southern Rhodesia, through determination and its inherent strength, can attempt to pursue a policy of maintaining European standards."

According to the Preface, 'The Story of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland' is the first attempt to survey the history of the Federation in a single book. A. J. Hanna supplies a useful, tightly-compressed chronicle of the early days of land and concession grabbing at the turn of the century. Though the portrait of Rhodes is liberally sprinkled with warts and there is a tortuously involved account of Portuguese machinations, Hanna seems principally concerned to paint a picture of the brutal savagery and merciless despotism of the natives so happily released by the advent of the white adventurers. Of the Pioneer Column's advance into Rhodesia he writes: "The Company and the settlers would take no notice of Lobengula's supposed authority in Mashonaland (as distinct from Matabeleland) except in so far as they might receive direct instructions from their own Government. And, one may fairly ask, why should they?" Since Lobengula had formally granted them the mineral rights of Mashonaland, and they were relying on the specious validity of this concession, the question seems roundly answered.

Strange to say, by the end of the book Hanna appears to be firing on his own troops. For he finishes with a foot-note which includes this sentence: "Thus the hollowness of partnership and the shakiness of the federal structure has been exposed as never before."

The last two books are quite patently polemical. 'The Anatomy of Partnership' is written with great panache, but a rather reckless disregard of strict accuracy. Why need £720 a year be presented as everybody's qualification for the Federal vote when it can also be had for £320 plus educational qualifications? Southern Rhodesia has not got 100,000 anti-Afrikaner English voters. The European roll is around 70,000, and who knows how many are Afrikaners, let alone opposed to them? And poor Gariold Todd has suffered a great deal without ever before being called a member of the Rhodesia Party, the most reactionary government the colony has ever had.

Nevertheless Creighton strikes out splendidly to emphasize the essential South African character of Southern Rhodesia. This is a basic factor nearly always ignored. Most things in Southern Rhodesia, from its law to its sport, from its conventions to its speech idioms, owe their origin to the Union. Such a recognition reduces the real difference in race attitudes between the two countries to a margin. Creighton's final sustained peroration is the best philippic in this little library.

Clyde Sanger is a bright young journalist who has been in and out of the Federation for the last three years. 'Central African Emergency' has a special atmosphere of first-hand immediacy that suggests a morning gossip-column after the night before. It is packed with quotes and anecdotes that reveal close acquaintanceship with most of the African politicians and some of the Europeans. It is written in breezy journalese and strung together with fused participles. It is discriminatingly slanted and not too scrupulous in its choice and handling of facts. But it alone of all these books conveys something of the living political and social Rhodesia; the double talk, take, think and cross, 'skullduggery, bribery and corruption—the last throes, perhaps, of a passing monument to mercenary materialism with nothing barred but betting on the black.

DENIS GRUNDY.

*In the article by Frank Barber in the last issue 'Return to the Congo', we omitted to acknowledge the source of the map (page 92) as the 'Financial Times'. The diarised dates in the same article—June 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th—belonged, of course, to July.*

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