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Photograph in cover montage with acknowledgements to South African Outlook

EDITORIALS

1.

THE NEWCASTLE BOYCOTT

Throughout most of last October there occurred what has come to be a recurring event in South Africa—a boycott of buses by African commuters, following an increase in fares.

This latest boycott was directed at the buses running from the Black areas of Madadeni and Osizweni, to Newcastle, one of South Africa's new industrial growth-points. Newcastle is in Northern Natal, it is the site of the new Iscor steel mills, and it is 13 km from Madadeni and 23 from Osizweni. The busfares between Newcastle and these, its Black "labour reservoirs", have increased steadily over the years. The new fares meant that a return trip to Newcastle from Osizweni would cost ninety cents a day and a return trip from Madadeni sixty cents—this in an area where the Poverty Datum Line is calculated at R108 a month and a great many people earn less.

For a month the people of the two townships refused to use the buses and either walked to work, went by taxi, got lifts in private cars, or were transported by their employers. They

did this in the face of threats and continual provocation, principally from government officials. The Secretary for Transport announced from Pretoria that the boycott must be broken. Road blocks were set up. Taxis and private cars were stopped and inspected and put off the road if anything could be found wrong with them. Pressure was put on employers not to arrange private transport for their workers. In spite of all this the boycott went on until at least a partial victory was won. Fares at Osizweni were reduced to sixty cents and those at Madadeni to thirty-six, although only from certain fixed staging points.

The resentment African people feel about the ever-increasing transport costs they have to pay, and the boycotts and occasional violence which follows such increases, are only part of a far deeper resentment at the things apartheid has done and still does to them. Madadeni and Osizweni contain all the ingredients for a far more dramatic explosion than anything produced by the recent boycott. Consider their history. Both are really homes for displaced persons. Most

of the people who live in them don't want to, and never did. They are there because apartheid has ejected them from where they were reasonably happy to be and sent them to where they didn't want to go.

Both Osizweni and Madadeni are new creations, places to which people removed from elsewhere by government policy are sent. Like, for example the people of Charlestown, and its adjoining townships of Clavis and Clavis Extension. At the time of Union Charlestown was the Natal railhead and customs post on the Transvaal border and, in a small way, it thrived. After Union the customs post closed and the railway headquarters were moved to Volksrust, in the Transvaal. Charlestown began to die. Its Town Board had debts to meet but a declining number of ratepayers that it could tax to pay them. It set out to persuade Africans to come and buy plots, and was successful. Many did buy, believing the assurances the Town Board gave them that their title-deeds meant perpetual security. The first African purchase in Charlestown was made in 1910; others, in Clavis and Clavis Extension, followed later. Rates were paid, the Town Board was enabled to meet its debts, but the Black ratepayers got precious little back for their money. For instance a provincial inquiry in 1948 found that, thirty six years after the sale of the first African plot in Clavis, there was only one water-tap for the entire community. In Clavis Extension there were none. Charlestown itself, which still had some white residents, was much better off.

From the time the Nationalist government came to power increasing pressure was placed on the people of the Charlestown area to move. They were told they were living in a White area, and must go. Until the early 1960s this pressure was successfully resisted but, in 1963, the first removals took place, initially of tenants, later of landowners. Those first removals were to Madadeni, and they followed a now familiar pattern. First, all livestock had to be disposed of because it wasn't allowed at Madadeni. Forced sales were the order of the day and speculators, some Black, most White, did well. Then came the government trucks, onto which families and all their possessions were loaded. Their wattle-and-daub homes were destroyed. Next followed the 30 mile journey to Madadeni to be greeted there not by a house related in any way in size to the one left behind, but by a pre-fabricated wooden single-room shack, 16 ft by 10 ft, without a floor—and perhaps, as an extra, a tent. The rents were higher than at Charlestown and where Charlestown had schools and stores and other essential amenities, Madadeni had none.

All over Northern Natal are other "Charlestown" whose broken communities have ended up at Osizweni or at Madadeni, forced there by apartheid. Two groups who must

regard the escalating busfares with particular bitterness are the people who once lived in Lennoxton and Fairleigh. These were two suburbs of Newcastle itself, within not many minutes walking distance of the very centre of the town. Here, too, Africans lived as landowners or tenants, having bought or rented land according to the laws laid down by White authority, secure in the illusion that the rights they possessed were inviolate. They, too, have gone. They must now pay those busfares to travel from a place where they don't want to be to get to work in a town which they helped establish and build. Their contribution as workers and rate-payers over the years has simply been written off. What must be the depth of their resentment?

Nor is the story over. Thousands of people are still being forced unwillingly out of their homes and into places like Osizweni and Madadeni. The October boycott was hardly over when it was reported that a new wave of removals was taking place, this time from Clavis to Osizweni, and that the conditions were no different from those of 1963—the hasty disposal of livestock, the loading on to the trucks, the demolition of the homes, and the long journey to a strange place, there to face the prospect of starting life all over again in one room. The following week the first families were shifted out of the old Black freehold area of Roosboom to Ezakheni, near Ladysmith. Ten thousand people will be moved from Roosboom to Ezakheni. They will meet there others like themselves—the one-time freeholders of Kumaloville, for instance, who, having bought their plots legally in 1908, were dispossessed of them in 1963, and sent to live at a place called Hobsland . . . where their stay was brief. After a short spell devoted to trying to re-establish themselves they were dispossessed again, and sent to Ezakheni.

Madadeni and Osizweni and Ezakheni are creatures of apartheid. They are flashpoints for the future. Apartheid we have been told for over a quarter of a century will reduce racial tensions. The Newcastle bus boycott has shown that any tensions which might have existed between that town's Black and White residents when they all lived together were as nothing compared to what they are now that they live apart. And they can only increase. For apartheid has decreed that, while Newcastle and Ladysmith will remain in White South Africa, Madadeni and Osizweni and Ezakheni will be in Kwa Zulu. A frontier has been drawn between where Black people live and where Black people work. They will commute across it every day. At the end of the week they will take back to Kwa Zulu that part of their wages which they have not spent across the border, but most of the wealth their labour has created will accrue to White South Africa.

What basis is that for a stable new order? □

COLOURED POLITICAL RIGHTS

Back in 1948, apartheid was going to solve all problems. Here, in 1975, it has solved none, aggravated most, and created a plethora of new ones. One of its most spectacular failures has been in its attempt to solve what it chooses to regard as the "problem" of Coloured political rights.

By 1948 the value of the Coloured people's vote had been severely compromised by a number of governments, mostly non-Nationalist, in spite of its entrenchment in the Act of Union. That entrenchment guaranteed the vote to Coloured and White males in the Cape Province on the basis of non-discriminatory qualifications. Its value for Coloured persons was halved by the extension of the vote without qualification to all White women – and then further reduced when the qualifications for White male voters in the Cape were removed on the specious grounds that it would be unfair to ask them to qualify when their wives and daughters didn't have to.

By the time the Nationalists came to power Coloured voting power was thus very much less than it had once been, but the fact that Coloured and White people still voted on the same roll was to Nationalist sensibilities an affront too offensive to be tolerated. Sanctimonious statements about the poor Coloured voter being a 'political football' at the mercy of White politicians rang through the land. From this unhappy, exploited situation the Nationalists were prepared to go to any lengths to save the Coloured voters. The fact that the Coloured voters didn't want to be saved, was irrelevant. As in all things, the Nationalists knew best, and they removed the Coloured voters from the common roll, even though the only way they could get the necessary majority to do so was by packing the Senate with their own appointed supporters. In place of their common roll vote the Coloured people were given a few separate seats in Parliament. When they elected non-Nationalists to these seats the Government was angry, but when they elected Progressives it was infuriated. It therefore abolished those separate roll seats and gave the Coloured people instead their own Coloured Representative Council. When the first elections for the Council took place most Coloured people showed what they thought of it by refusing to vote. Those who did, voted overwhelmingly for anti-Government candidates – only to see the people they had **not** voted for nominated by the Government to be a majority on the Council.

Last year the second election to the CRC was held and the anti-Government Labour Party was returned with a majority so far ahead of its opponents that the Nationalist government found it was left without enough nominated vacancies to be able to neutralise it. Instead, as it became obvious that the Labour Party was heading for an absolute majority, the

Government rushed through a law enabling it to take over any of the functions of the CRC and carry them out in the Council's name. It did not exercise these powers immediately. Sonny Leon, the Labour leader, became Chairman of the Council, and his nominees took office in its Executive Council. When the Council met, the Labour Party majority adjourned it for six months to allow the Government time to respond to its demands for full citizenship. They did so without passing the Budget which was one drawn up by their predecessors in office, the Government-supporting Federal Party. This budget provided, amongst other things, for discriminatory salaries for Coloured public servants and discriminatory pensions for Coloured pensioners. There then followed a protracted battle between Mr Leon and the Minister of Coloured Affairs, the Minister trying to force Mr Leon to sign the budget, Mr Leon refusing. Finally, shortly before funds ran out, the Minister sacked Mr Leon as Chairman of the CRC and appointed one of his own nominated members of the CRC as its Chairman. She signed the budget almost, one felt, before she could have had time to read it.

Mr Leon's refusal to sign the CRC budget threatened teachers with the loss of their salaries, pensioners with the loss of their pensions, and many other Coloured people with hard times and financial embarrassment. Yet, there is no sign that the Coloured people did not support him in his stand. In fact, it seems that his support now is greater than before and that many Coloured people whose policy has always been to boycott government institutions are now behind him at least on this issue.

The Nationalists have spent nearly 28 years trying to divert Coloured political aspirations into apartheid dead-ends. They haven't succeeded. Why they should ever have thought that they might is a mystery. They only had to make one elementary inquiry at the very beginning to know that all their tortuous manoeuvrings, arguments, legislation, couldn't work. All they had to do was ask the Coloured people what **they** wanted.

The answer at that time would have been that the Coloured people wanted full citizenship. And this is what they want today. The only difference between now and then is that the demand is more insistent now and the mood of the Coloured people much more militant than it ever was in 1948. Far from reducing friction between the White and Coloured people, apartheid has brought their relations to the point where political confrontation is the order of the day . . . and so added one more item to the growing list of the Nationalist Government's dismal and dangerous policy failures. □

BREYTENBACH AND NUSAS

The Breytenbach trial claimed many victims. Breytenbach himself, of course. That a man of his talents and gift for communication should disappear into the silence of the gaol for nine years, taking with him there, and through the rest of his life, the unhappy memories of his trial, hardly bears thinking about.

And the people who gave evidence for the State? How are they going to feel for the rest of their lives? They will certainly never be the same again. Of those who spoke, either during or after the trial, only Jenny Curtis comes through it all as a person with her integrity intact. Her statement on her release from 65 days of the terrors of solitary confinement was the one sane thing to come out of the whole crazy and tragic episode. She laid the blame for the Breytenbach debacle where it squarely belongs . . . at the doors of a system which can drive sensitive and concerned and idealistic people to think in terms of violent acts, quite foreign to their temperaments, acts which their convictions, in normal circumstances, would not even allow them to contemplate.

Breytenbach and those who were involved with him in his trial are, ultimately, victims of this system. We hope it won't claim other victims, notably NUSAS. To whatever

extent the outgoing president of NUSAS, Karel Tip, was involved in the Breytenbach talking-shop (for, let's face it, his "Okhela" movement never got further than talking, and it seems unlikely that it ever would have) it is quite certain that NUSAS itself was not. Tip's involvement, while president of NUSAS, was an act of the greatest irresponsibility on his part but there can be no suggestion that he, or anyone else, became associated with "Okhela" with the knowledge of NUSAS. Yet, we have no doubt, this will be just the kind of impression that government and right-wing United Party supporters will try to spread. Nothing would please them better than to see the end of NUSAS.

As on most things, we take a different view. We hope NUSAS survives these latest shocks. For in the growing polarisation which threatens South Africa, NUSAS remains one of the few White-based bodies which has a real understanding of what the true elements of a just society ought to be. With Angola in upheaval, and every sign that the Republic's involvement there will prove to have been a gross and dangerous miscalculation, the call to come into the laager will grow more insistent. Then more than ever, White South Africa will need people who will refuse to be panicked into conformity. □

MAHATMA GANDHI MEMORIAL LECTURE

Given by Peter Brown at Phoenix, October 19th, 1975

If I may start off with a platitude I am honoured to have been asked to speak on this occasion.

I am honoured, firstly, because I regard the Mahatma as the greatest man of our time; secondly, because of Manilal, the memory of whose warmth, and steadfastness and quiet strength, remains as a support and encouragement to many of us even after all these years; thirdly, because here the Gandhi family still works to keep alive the ideas for which those two great men stood.

Although I regard the Mahatma as the greatest man of our time I wonder whether, during that long life of struggle of

his, he didn't suffer despair? Was he not sometimes tempted to abandon the course on which he had set out?

Was he not, perhaps, tempted to give up his philosophy of non-violence, and turn to violence?

Or was he tempted, when everything seemed hopeless, to retire? To give it all up? To go back to the comparatively quiet life of the lawyer, perhaps making the occasional public statement, but not really doing anything much more than that?

Did he ever perhaps think of "using" the system he was opposing to try to achieve his own aims? Did he, in a dark

moment, feel tempted to think that even that same system might, in the end, produce a solution to the problems of his country which wouldn't be so bad after all?

I mention these temptations because, if the Mahatma was faced by them, and I think he would have been inhuman if he had not been, he resisted them. And I mention them because they are the kind of temptations with which we who live in our society have to contend.

Take, first, the question of violence. I can understand very well that there should be people who decide that there is no way of changing our system but by violence. There is no disputing the fact that we are governed by an unrepresentative regime which maintains itself by force. Is it surprising that people who are forced to live apart from their families by law, who are unable to get the kind of education they would like, or allowed to do the work they want to do, who are forced by law to live in one place and work in another, and must pay to get from the one place to the other—is it surprising that such people should feel their humanity violated every day and that they should begin to think that it would be better to bring the whole thing crashing down than go on living this life?

Admittedly, this is a subjective reaction, the reaction of a person on whom the laws of our society press down unbearably. But is not my rejection of violence subjective too? Apartheid violates only parts of my life. I extract certain benefits from the present situation. I enjoy privileges and security of a kind, and, although I want change, I would like to see as much stability as possible maintained while it takes place.

These are subjective reasons for rejecting violent change. I also have temperamental objections to change by violence, but I also have what I hope are objective reasons for rejecting it. In the first place because I do not think that violence really does solve problems. The legacies of bitterness and hatred it leaves behind, if it is used within a single community, live on for generations, and longer.

Secondly, once you start using violence you have to allocate uniforms. Otherwise you end up killing people on your own side. In India and Ireland the uniforms are religious, in our country I have no doubt that the uniform would be skin colour—and what prospect would there be of achieving the common society I want, once that stage had been reached?

What about the temptation to retire? To give it all up? To wait for somebody else to make the changes? I know of plenty of people who have chosen this course but the fact of the matter is that, in a country, like ours, if you are opposed to the existing regime, you can't retire and still retain your integrity as a man.

What about semi-retirement? Going on saying the right things occasionally, but not living them out? Hypocrisy is something we like to think only the other person suffers from, but in fact it touches all of us. If non-racialism and the common society are going to have any chance of winning general acceptance here it will only be partly because those of us who believe in them say the right things on occasions such as this. Mostly it will be because we live

out the full consequences of our beliefs in our everyday lives. This is a very, very tough assignment. The temptations to let this occasion for standing up for those beliefs pass, or that incident go unchallenged, are enormous. It is easy to propound high principles from a public platform, much more difficult to practise them when nobody is looking.

What about "using" the system?

There are many people who believe as much in the common society as I do who have decided, either for reasons of their personal situation, or for tactical reasons, to try to use the apparatus of apartheid to effect change towards the things we all want. I don't decry this effort at all, although it isn't my line. All I want to say is that it carries temptations of its own. The first is to begin to think that the institutions of apartheid are more important than they are; the second is to begin to think that they are more effective levers for change than they really are. The price of working through the apparatus of apartheid to destroy it is eternal vigilance. Each step taken has to be examined to make sure that it is leading where one wants to go, and is not in fact doing the other man's job for him.

What of the temptation to accept apartheid, to persuade oneself that it may not be so bad after all, that perhaps something good may come out of it in the end? Well, there are people who have fallen for this temptation, although I'm glad to say I don't know any of them personally. It is 27 years since the Nationalists came to power. Apartheid, they told us, was going to solve everything—through separation. In pursuit of this miraculous goal a myriad of laws have been passed. Of those which have had to do with race I can't think of one which has solved anything. One could go on tabulating them forever, but I'll only mention a few.

The Bantu Education Act, which was going to make all African children happy, educating them in their mother-tongues. It was, of course, not Africans who decided that this was the education that was going to make them happy, but the theorists of apartheid. Twenty-five years later every important homeland government has rejected mother-tongue instruction in its schools.

The Separate Universities Act, which was to make Black students happy (and, one suspects, compliant) by removing them from mixed Universities and putting them in their own. Student contact created friction, that was the theory. Today the gap between Black and White students is as great as it has ever been and SASO, the Black Students' Organisation, rejects government policy as totally as anyone has ever done.

The Group Areas Act—who has it made happy or secure?

The people of Madadeni? I can remember when Madadeni was still called Duck Ponds. At that time there were suburbs of Newcastle,—Lennoxton and Fairleigh,—where facilities were by no means all they could have been, but where African people lived in freehold or as tenants, right in the town. They were sent to Madadeni. I can remember the wattle-and-daub homes of Charlestown coming down before the bulldozers, their occupants' possessions being

loaded on to the trucks, and the people being carted off to Madadeni, 30 miles away, there to be housed in tents and wooden-slatted shacks. All over Northern Natal there were relatively independent Black communities which ended up in Madadeni. Having been sent to live where they didn't want to be, there to do work they probably don't like, is it surprising that higher bus fares should finally have broken these people's patience? Between Newcastle and Madadeni, separated by the Group Areas Act, tension has never been higher.

What of the Terrorism Act, latest and worst of a series of laws whose unsavoury ancestry stretches back through the 180-days Act to the 90-days Act to the Public Safety Act of over 20 years ago. Presumably the Public Safety Act and its successors were designed to ensure the safety of the public. When that Act was passed I doubt if there were a couple of dozen people in South Africa who believed that

change would come by violence. Now I would hate to estimate the number.

Apartheid is a total failure. If it is not to end in total disaster then an alternative must be put which can win the support of all our people. This must be a society in which there is complete political, economic and social equality for all. Anything else will leave those who do not enjoy full rights frustrated and resentful, and rightly so. The attainment of this ideal society may seem a long way off but it is vital that those of us who believe in it should stand up now and proclaim it, not sanctimoniously, but without reservation.

This is the kind of society in which the Mahatma believed. Our admiration for him, our warm regard and affection for Manilal, our knowledge that Mrs Gandhi and her family still stand fast here by what those two great men stood for, compels us to work on for that ideal, however distant its realisation may seem to be. □

DEVALUATION

by Trevor Bell

The basic reason for the recent South African devaluation was the sharp decrease in the price of gold which has occurred this year. After reaching a record level of nearly \$200 per fine ounce at the end of 1974, it fell dramatically to \$159 by the end of August, and then, following the International Monetary Fund's gold agreement, it declined at an accelerating pace to about \$134 at the time of the devaluation. Until this fall in the price of gold the South African economy had remained in an exceptionally healthy state. The depressed state of many other countries was due largely to the higher price of oil. South Africa however was much less affected, not only because of her lesser dependence on oil for fuel, but also because the higher price of oil, by intensifying inflation and creating great uncertainty in the minds of investors throughout the world, increased the demand for and hence the price of gold. The rising gold price more than offset the impact of the higher price of oil so that for a while South Africa was in effect a net beneficiary of the oil crisis. This happy phase however, has come to an end due largely to renewed confidence in the U.S. dollar, which has produced a relative decrease in the demand for gold and hence in its price.

The immediate and most obvious manifestation of the lower gold price was a substantial deficit in the balance of payments, which clearly called for some fairly drastic action if the country's gold and foreign exchange reserves were not to fall below their already dangerous level. In the event the authorities chose to devalue the Rand. The objective of a devaluation is to remove or reduce a deficit in the balance

of payments. It is meant to do this by raising the price of imported goods and lowering the price to foreigners of South African produced goods. For instance, before devaluation the rate of exchange with the U.S.\$ was \$1,40 to the Rand and afterwards \$1,15 to the Rand so that the Rand was worth 17,9% fewer dollars, that is, was devalued by 17,9%. It is hoped that as a result of this the volume of exports and hence our earnings of foreign currencies will increase and that the volume of our imports will decrease; and also that any outflow of capital which had been taking place in anticipation of devaluation would be reversed.

There are of course alternative methods of dealing with a balance of payments deficit. The appropriate choice of policy measures depends largely on what one believes about the causes of the problem and how long they are likely to persist. If it was expected to be short-lived then one would want to avoid a devaluation since this measure is not easily reversible once the need for corrective action is past. Instead, it might then be best for the country to tide over the difficulties partly by using direct controls on imports and foreign exchange, partly by applying a more restrictive monetary and fiscal policy, and partly by using some of its previously accumulated gold and foreign exchange reserves to finance the deficit. Import controls have certain advantages in that their effect in reducing imports is certain, they work quickly, and they may be applied selectively, with the decrease in imports being concentrated on those goods least necessary for the maintenance of a high level of production and employment.

Where the forces causing the balance of payments problems are of a fundamental, long-term kind, as I believe they are in the present case, then devaluation and restrictive monetary and fiscal policies, either as alternatives or as complements, are more appropriate. Restrictive monetary and fiscal policies work by dampening the level of economic activity and income, and hence the volume of imports. The trouble however, is that if they are used on their own it may be necessary to make the economy very depressed before they eliminate the balance of payments deficit. It would clearly be preferable if the balance of payments problem could be overcome without causing the economy to lapse into a wasteful state of excess productive capacity and unemployment. Devaluation is in principle capable of doing just this, and this is one of its attractions.

This does not mean that by devaluing one can escape all adverse effects on living standards and the rate of economic growth. Indeed any measure which successfully reduces imports and increases exports, thus in both ways reducing the volume of commodities available to the domestic population, must tend to reduce the standard of living compared to the situation when there was a deficit in the balance of payments, when in effect the country was living beyond its means. However, devaluation can in principle avoid the need for the depressive effects of restrictive monetary and fiscal policies.

As noted above, devaluation is meant to work largely by raising the Rand price of foreign produced goods. Indeed, by and large, devaluation achieves its purpose by effectively reducing the foreign value of the domestic money supply and of the volume of domestic spending. This however, must obviously lead to an increase in the general price level. This poses a problem for policymakers. Devaluation does its job by raising the general price level; but the price level must not be allowed to rise so far that the hoped for price advantage of South African produced goods in both home and foreign markets is lost. What is needed then is a once-for-all increase in the general price level to curb expenditure in general and expenditure on imports in particular. What clearly must be avoided is allowing devaluation to have the effect of triggering off an inflationary process or of accelerating such a process if one existed already.

This is a major reason why today some doubt the efficacy of devaluation as a means of dealing with a balance of payments deficit. With people very conscious of inflation they will be quick to demand higher rates of pay to compensate them for the price increases caused by devaluation. That is, they may not be prepared to accept the required decrease in living standards and the prices of South African produced goods, expressed in terms of foreign currencies, may therefore return fairly quickly to their pre-devaluation levels.

It is for this reason that if the purpose of devaluing the currency is to remove or reduce a deficit in the balance of payments, consistency implies a policy of monetary and fiscal restraint. Thus the problem of making devaluation work is very closely tied up with that of inflation, and the wisdom of the decision to devalue must depend to a large extent on whether the devaluation can be prevented from accelerating the process of inflation. If this cannot be done



then devaluation may be ineffective and other measures may be called for. Thus the current attempts to curb inflation, and their prospects for success are most relevant in any assessment of the South African devaluation. It is doubtless no coincidence that the anti-inflation manifesto of 7th October followed so hard on the heels of the devaluation, and we must say something more about this below.

A successful policy of monetary and fiscal restraint therefore, is a necessary condition if devaluation is to serve its purpose of removing the deficit in the balance of payment. But it is not a sufficient condition. Even if we are able to sustain the advantageous effect of devaluation on South African prices relative to foreign prices, imports and exports may not be sufficiently responsive to this change in relative prices to improve the balance of payments. South Africa's imports for instance consist to a very large degree of raw materials, semi-processed goods and capital goods the demand for which cannot easily be curtailed unless there is a reduction in the general level of output in the economy, something we should clearly avoid if possible. In addition, there are several South African exports, particularly primary commodities, whose dollar prices are determined in world markets and will not be affected by a Rand devaluation. Thus the demand for these commodities and hence the amount of foreign exchange earned by exporting them will be unaffected by the devaluation.

In view of this, it may be necessary to rely to a much greater extent than we should like on monetary and fiscal restraint to curb imports, by dampening the level of production and income in the South African economy. The less responsive imports and exports are to the devaluation, the greater the extent to which we will have to rely on monetary and fiscal policies. Indeed, in the South African case, because of the unresponsiveness of imports and exports to price changes, the balance of payments deficit will probably necessitate severe restraint on the level of income and employment. In short we can expect fairly depressed economic conditions for some time to come, with little increase in our real living standards over the next few years.

Despite doubts about the ability of devaluation to substantially narrow the gap between imports and exports, there were very strong pressures for devaluation related to the long-term health of the economy. Devaluation counters the

adverse effect on mining profits of the declining dollar price of gold. This was particularly important for the gold mines since they had planned their capital investment and future production on the assumption that the price of gold would continue at a high level. Without devaluation the decreased dollar price of gold might have had serious and perhaps irreparable adverse effects on the mining industry and hence, in view of its importance, on the whole of the South African economy.

Devaluation may thus have been unavoidable for this reason and also because without it intolerably severe monetary and fiscal controls might have been necessary. Thus, in the present circumstances devaluation was probably an essential component of policy measures to correct the balance of payments disequilibrium. But the main contribution must come from an effective deflationary policy, and this brings us back to the subject of the anti-inflation manifesto.

In my view, monetary and fiscal measures must still play the major role in checking inflation, though a scheme for placing direct controls on prices and incomes is a major alternative or supplement in the somewhat longer term. Thus the two sections of the anti-inflation manifesto dealing with these measures are the most relevant. In so far as the Government adopts the restrictive monetary and fiscal policies called for by the manifesto the campaign obviously can be effective; and there are signs of attempts to make drastic cuts in Government expenditure. However, restrictive monetary and fiscal measures are the essence of the traditional approach to combatting inflation and they need no grand public declaration for their adoption or success. So far as these measures are concerned therefore, the anti-inflation manifesto is superfluous.

The only major alternative to monetary and fiscal policy for controlling inflation is direct control of prices and wages. The scheme contained in the manifesto however, has certain basic weaknesses. Firstly, the limitations accepted by business and labour on price and pay increases are too ambiguous to represent a real restriction. Secondly, the scheme suffers all the defects of a programme of voluntary restraint. It is becoming increasingly clear to people in Europe that so far as direct controls are concerned only a fully fledged policy of statutory controls on prices and rates of pay, accepted as a permanent feature of the social and political life of the Western world can work satisfactorily.



The trouble however is that incomes policy as a permanent feature of our life would fairly radically change our social and economic order. It seems to me it is just this kind of fundamental political change which the signatories to our anti-inflation manifesto wish to rule out when they state that one of the objectives of the campaign is to place emphasis on "the value of maintaining our traditional economic system".

Except for the two sections of the Manifesto discussed above, it is largely irrelevant to the problem of inflation. This is clearly true of the lengthy section dealing with "the expansion of production and the improvement of productivity". As desirable as the objective of improving productivity undoubtedly is, both from an economic and political point of view it has very little to do with inflation. The scope for increasing productivity by the methods advocated is negligible compared with the rate at which inflation has been taking place, and furthermore, at whatever rate productivity grows, inflation will occur if the increase in aggregate demand exceeds the rate of growth of output. There is thus no effective substitute for monetary and fiscal restraint as a means of reducing the rate of inflation. In view of this, to send highly paid and potentially productive people round the country exhorting businessmen to increase productivity is a waste of resources better calculated to increase the rate of inflation than to reduce it. This is so both because it cannot affect the rate of inflation, and because the implied theory of productivity growth underlying this kind of behaviour is untenable.

If the public has sufficient confidence that the anti-inflation campaign will reduce the rate of inflation, then this will help break the expectations which have been built up that inflation will continue at a high rate indefinitely. This could help lessen the rate of inflation. However, inflation is not basically caused by such expectations, rather the expectations are formed by the experience of inflation. The fundamental causes of inflation are excessive demand, generated either by excessive credit creation or government expenditure, and autonomous increases in costs. Thus there is no substitute for a programme of monetary and fiscal restraint, supplemented perhaps by a prices and incomes policy. Indeed, the most important contribution of the campaign could simply be to make the public psychologically more receptive to tough monetary and fiscal measures and possibly even to a statutory incomes policy. This would be a not insignificant achievement since the problem of halting inflation is basically political rather than technical. Technically, we have known how it could be done, but neither the Government nor the public have been willing to accept the implications of a successful anti-inflationary policy.

THOUGHTS IN JAIL

The following letter was written by Pastor Zephania Kameeta, Principal of the Paulinum Theological College at Otjimbingwe.

Pastor Kameeta was recently detained under the South African "Terrorism Act", which permits indefinite detention in solitary confinement.

To all who by word and deed
stand by us in the struggle;
To all who by day and by night
bring our case before the Lord!

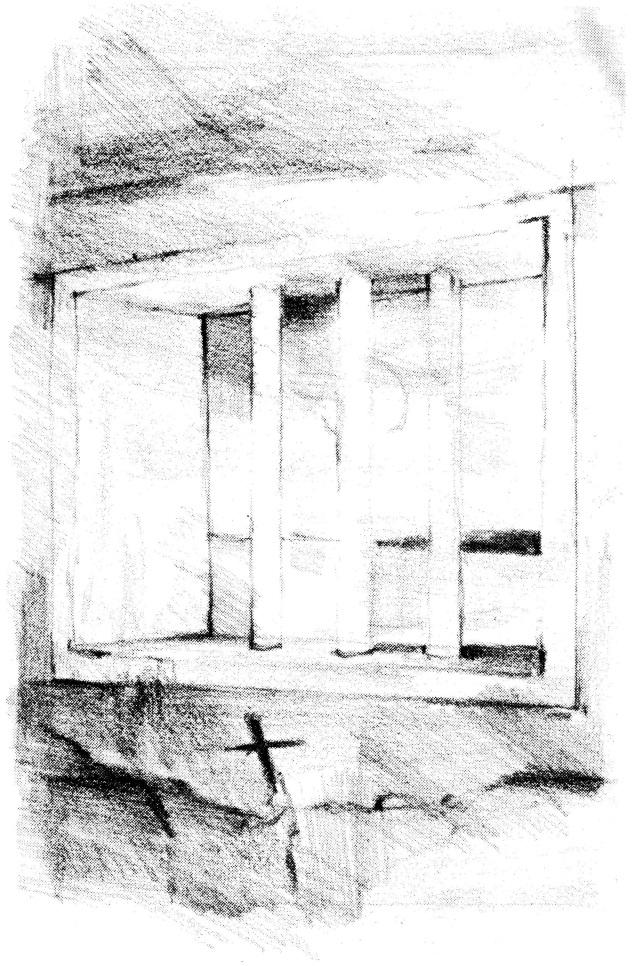
Dear brothers and sisters,

Right at the outset, I should like, on behalf of my wife and children and all Namibians, to thank you all most sincerely for your prayers and support during the past days and weeks. Once more it has become clear that the South African Government is not dealing with just "a small group of agitators and terrorists", but with thousands of Christians around the world, and with all who, irrespective of their faith or nationality, stand for what is right and just.

Through this letter I wish to let you share in some of the thoughts which I had while, like many others, I was locked up in solitary confinement. Many questions were roused in me, and I want to discuss these with you. Have these events not perhaps estranged me from my Saviour? Many people must have put this question to themselves and come to the conclusion, "These people are only interested in politics and are far removed from Jesus and his Church!" My purpose here is not to accuse anyone or defend myself, because I had to face these questions myself, be it in a different form. But I do wish to share with you what I lived through and experienced in jail.

I tried to look back on my life; and here I must say that I have honestly never lived so closely—day and night—with the Word of God as I did during the three weeks during which I was detained. I have always read the Word with an eye to other people. I always asked, "What does the Word of God say to 'them.?' " But in these three weeks I began to ask, "What does the Word of God say to me in this situation?" I not only studied his Word, I EXPERIENCED it! Every word and sentence took on a new meaning for me in those days. I felt very strongly that the Lord himself was speaking to me. I have no language or words in which I could describe what I experienced in those days with the Word of God. In this time Jesus still more became my Saviour.

There were days during which I experienced great doubt. Especially when I thought of his words, "Ask and you shall receive". Why does he then not free us, I asked myself. I thought of my wife and children, and I thought of the scores of wives and children and girlfriends of my fellow detainees. O Lord, how long? I asked accusingly and doubtfully. I argued aloud with the Lord in my cell: Lord if you are a God, then you must liberate Namibia now! In those days I expected that the Lord should act according to my will.



There were also moments when anxiety took over. My hands sweated fear. In such moments I did not want to open my Bible; and when I wanted to pray my mouth felt dry and I could find no words. This fear especially descended on me before the interrogations.

This unease was at times so great that I feared that something was happening to me. But then a great calmness came upon me. I was strongly aware of the many prayers going up to God. I took my Bible and from it drew endless reassurance. With new strength I called on the Lord in the words of the Psalmist

in God I trust without a fear.
What can flesh do to me? (56, 4 & 12)

The comfort and power which I got from these words is indescribable! I thought of my fellow prisoners and those outside full of worry. I brought them before the Lord. In this power I sat before my interrogator. The word of Jesus in Matthew's Gospel became a tangible reality to me:

Behold I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves;
so be wise as serpents and innocent as doves . . .
When they deliver you up, do not be anxious
how you are to speak or what you are to say;
for what you are to say will be given to you
in that hour.
(Read Mt 10: 16–20)

And thus let me come to the next question: can the preachers not leave this struggle to the politicians?

The struggle in our land has not only to do with the liberation of Namibia, but it goes further and deeper than that. The presence of the South African Government is not just a political question, but it is a threat to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Thus I see it as the task of every Christian to work for the removal of this government. In this country which claims to be Christian, you can be a Christian ten thousand times over; but if you are not white you are treated like a dog. I know that at this moment much propaganda is being made abroad about the "new era which is dawning in Southern Africa." The Government of S.A. is doing everything in its power to blind the already blinded eyes of the Western World. In Windhoek this Government is committing the greatest political deceit of the Century. While they are busy removing the Apartheid signs from the buildings (but not from their hearts!) high officials are still fighting for the superiority and dictatorship of the so-called white man. They are convinced that the well-being and future of the whole world is in the hands of the white man. They are working to keep the white race "pure". The so-called "new era" which—according to the SA Government—is busy dawning, is based on the policy of Separate Development, which is nothing but a metaphor for racial discrimination.

In his Editorial in Pro Veritate of September 1975, Roelf Meyer discussed the motive behind this policy as follows:

The basic question which must be asked is, what is the motive behind the policy? Once again everyone will more or less agree that it is an attitude towards man in which the differences in background between different races and cultures are regarded as more important than what they have in common. Therefore the identity of people which exists in their race, culture, and language, must be protected. One group such as the Afrikaners should not be exposed to an open community, where such a unity between people of different backgrounds may come about to the detriment of their original identity, which may be diffused or even disappear. A further conviction behind the motivation is that other population groups can enjoy more rights and privileges so long as this does not threaten the right of other groups, for example such as the Afrikaners, to be themselves.

In support of this let me repeat what I once said: The South African Government and its supporters proclaim—especially by what they do—a message which is in diametrical opposition to the Gospel. While God tells us that in Jesus Christ he has broken down the wall of separation between himself and us, and between us and our fellowman; the South African Government proclaims and builds the wall of separation which brings about alienation, mistrust, prejudice, fear, hatred and enmity between man and man and therefore between man and God. This message stands in direct opposition to the Gospel of reconciliation, love, peace, brotherhood and justice. The different languages, races and cultures are gifts bestowed by God in his mercy, but become an abomination in the eyes of the Lord when they are used as building blocks in the wall which divides man from man, and do not lead to brotherhood, peace and reconciliation. And worse still is when Race, Language and Culture take the place of Yahweh. In Southern Africa this has already happened; as it is just these three Gods who decide where I should live, where I should sit, eat or

relax; whom I may love and whom I may marry or not marry; whose hospitality I may enjoy and whose I may not enjoy; where I must worship and even where I must be buried.

Therefore I see the struggle in Southern Africa, and especially here in Namibia, not merely as a political struggle, in which only politicians may participate, but it is a struggle in which all Christians are called to participate. And if this should happen a solution which involves armed struggle can be avoided, **because the Word of the Cross will be enough to tackle this task.** And here of course the already boring question of the Church and Politics must be raised.

I want to approach it shortly and simply. If the so-called politicians desire that the Church of Jesus Christ should not do or say anything in the political field, then they should also do nothing in the God-created world. If God is the creator of Heaven and Earth, and if he is the Father of Jesus Christ, and if Jesus Christ is the founder and Head of the Church, **why should the Church then be silent and do nothing in the face of racism, exploitation and violence, when these are committed in God's world?** Alternatively, should God withdraw from the history of this world, hand it over to the Devils, and restrict himself to the Temples and Church buildings?

On the other hand this is not at all surprising: when the pro-Government Churches proclaim a day of prayer for the "Constitutional Talks" this is not politics. But when the Churches—who reject the South African Government and its policy—intervene and speak for the thousands who are exploited, humiliated and trodden underfoot day and night, this is regarded as politics and subversion.

In past months and weeks, and in these days too, numerous people have been locked up in jail under the provisions of the so-called "Terrorism Act". Why does the South African Government seek in others for that which it is itself? Is this what the psychologists call projection? If anybody should be charged with terrorism then it is most surely the South African Government.

For instance let us look back at the events of the 24th of August. In the days preceding this day an appointed band went about in one part of the location and assaulted people. On Sunday the 24th of August the NNC called a public meeting with the aim of informing the public about these happenings, and to express their strongest condemnation of what was happening; furthermore the NNC wished to make known the steps which it would take. The speakers made their judgement and condemnation of these events known in clear language. And further they called on the public to remain calm.

The South African Police—as they always do— took up their positions with dogs, batons, firearms and pick-up vans . . . amongst people who stood there quite empty-handed. Immediately after the third speaker had finished his speech they attempted to disperse the crowd with violence. The speakers and other leaders who were present at the meeting were arrested under the "Terrorism Act". To save time I leave it over to your judgement.

Is it worth continuing with the struggle? Is there still hope? This is a very serious question for many—myself included. If the passage of world history was in the hands of mankind then I would say that we should rather fold our hands and wait until the world sinks or is saved. But it is exactly the fact of belief that history and the existence of the world is in the strong hands of God which makes it impossible for me to leap back and withdraw to “safety”. It was especially while I was in jail that this conviction became still stronger in me.

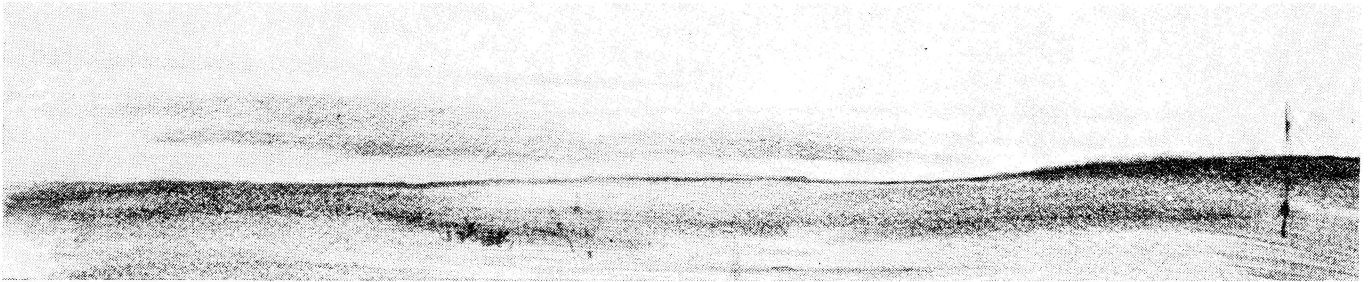
In answer to the above question, and as a conclusion to this

letter, I wish to greet you with a quotation from the book of the prophet Isaiah:

For the LORD is our judge,
the LORD is our ruler,
the LORD is our King,
he will save us.

Then be greeted in the name of our Master.

From your brother,
Zephania Kameeta □



DIVIDED WE STAND, ~~X~~

UNITED WE FALL

by Peter Rutsch

According to the 1970 Census the population of Edendale was given as 43 500 of which 37 000 were African. The estimate now is 55 000 of which 50 000 are African. In the Municipal area of Pietermaritzburg, the population at the 31st December 1975 was estimated to be:

Whites	47 150
Coloureds	11 022
Indians	42 900
Africans	45 105
	<hr/>
	146 177

Thus, officially, in the Pietermaritzburg/Edendale complex there are close to 200 000 people, living and working, eating and sleeping. What the unofficial figure is, is anyone's guess, but it is bound to be substantially more. Of the 200 000 only approximately 47 200 have the vote, in other words, have a say in how their daily affairs are organised. The other 152 800 have no real meaningful say in the government that rules their lives whether at local, provincial or state

level. Although Pietermaritzburg may consider itself go ahead and progressive in that it has members of the Indian and Coloured Local Affairs Committees sitting at City Council meetings, and on the various sub-committees, these people do not have a vote and are restricted in their contribution by procedural rules. They have no means whatsoever of protecting the interests of their constituents.

No right, without the means for protecting that right, is worth the paper it is written on; it can at best be seen only as a hand-out, akin to a 'yo-yo' which can be extended or withdrawn at the will of the person controlling it.

Those members of the City Council who initiated and supported the move to provide for this kind of representation no doubt, did so with the best of motives within the limits of the Law laid down in the Statute Book. The danger is, however, that this so-called verligte move is seen as an end in itself. After all, the Black people cannot expect everything overnight, it all takes time and patience! In the

eyes of too many Whites steps of this sort represent change in the right directions; suddenly the granite of apartheid is crumbling and all heave a sigh of relief. Of course, they do not lose sight of the fact that the right to sit on the Council can be revoked at any time should the Blacks become too cheeky! Unfortunately, this does not solve the problem of providing real representation, nor can it ever be seen as such.

The governing elite at all levels in South Africa are under the impression that provided one sets up the machinery for consultation, the pressures on the system will abate. Hence one has the Natal Provincial Administration's consultative Committee, the Natal Parks Board consultative Committee, even the Prime Minister's Cabinet Council for Coloureds. But who retains the power?

As stated below, the Town Manager of Edendale, a White civil servant, is obliged to consult with the "Bantu" Advisory Board on a number of topics before he may act.

Edendale for many years, was run by the Local Health Commission (now called The Development and Services Board). The Commission was a Provincial Body and, in effect, acted as agent for the State. During 1974, the Commission handed Edendale back to the State and virtually washed its hands of what had become a bureaucratic nightmare.

Under Act No. 38 of 1927, one of the hundreds of "Bantu" something or other Acts which create the apartheid State within a State, the State President has the power in terms of Section 30 to make regulations in respect of any town, village or settlement not in an urban or public health area, which is exclusively inhabited by Bantu (this last word is used, not by preference, but in paraphrasing or quoting from legislation in an attempt to transfer some of the "atmosphere" of the legislation to the reader). These regulations can be made for the purpose of

- (a) providing for the establishment of a local authority;
- (b) its area of control;
- (c) providing for the election and nomination of such local authority

If the area is not exclusively inhabited by "Bantu", but at least 2/3rds is, the State President can also make regulations.

In terms of these provisions, the State President was moved to make regulations for Edendale. An interesting provision contained in Section 30 is that if the local authority created by regulations fails to make, amend or revoke any regulation made by itself, such as by-laws, which the State President considers necessary, he can make, amend or revoke such regulations. Such is the hand-out.

The regulations promulgated for Edendale make interesting reading for any student of what apartheid in its various guises really means. Despite the fact that Edendale has existed as a community for decades, despite the fact that there are a great number of people in Edendale perfectly capable of running a local authority, despite the fact that the rateable valuation of land in Edendale is substantial, the only say the people of Edendale have in the running of the

affairs is on a consultative basis. This they do through a Bantu Advisory Board elected by the community.

What does consult mean? If a regulation says that the Town Manager must consult the Board if he wants to determine the rates payable by the ratepayers on their properties, it seems to be beyond doubt that, provided he puts the matter before the Board and listens to their discussion, he has consulted and can then go his own merry way. There may be compelling moral reasons why he will carry out the Board's wishes; legally, it would seem, he is not obliged to do so; which makes the whole concept meaningless and an exercise in frustration.

What of the regulations? It is always difficult to describe such things in an interesting manner so as not to bore the reader, but it is important that they be known. They include:

- the regulations take precedence over any laws other than an Act of Parliament;
- no person other than a KwaZulu citizen may become a resident or an owner of land in Edendale without the authority of the Town Manager in consultation with the Board;
- any order or directive made in terms of the regulations having general application, including any enactment or imposition of rates must be brought to the attention of the public in any manner the Town Manager deems expedient. The regulations hold that exhibiting or posting such order etc., on a notice board at the office of the Town Manager and at least one other public place, is deemed sufficient publication thereof, and all persons affected by such notice are deemed to have knowledge thereof within 48 hours of such posting (This seems to indicate that the authorities have a quaint belief in bush telegraph. No doubt the drums will be heard beating through Edendale as residents spread the message of the latest rates increase. In truth, however, it's too bad if you don't read, and if you work from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day);
- the hierarchy is from the Minister of Bantu Administration and Development, through the Secretary of the Department, to the Town Manager who administers the area in terms of the regulations. He is assisted by Superintendents;
- inspectors have the power at all reasonable times to inspect any area or premises within the area;
- the duties of the Town Manager, besides acting in terms of the regulations, are to:
 - (i) promote the social and economic progress of the community;
 - (ii) enquire into any matter affecting the well-being and welfare of the occupiers which may come to his notice;
 - (iii) carry out instructions from the Secretary of the Department of Bantu Administration and Development;
- the Bantu Affairs Commissioner for the area is superior to the Town Manager;
- letting of sites:
 - (i) no person may let or sub-let a site without the consent of the Town Manager;

- (ii) such consent can only be given if
 - (a) the site is suitable;
 - (b) the lessee is a KwaZulu citizen or has the Town Manager's approval;
 - (c) the lessor has paid all charges due to the Trust (the S.A. Bantu Trust)
 - (d) the Board has been consulted;
- any owner or occupier of land or any person who has a share or an interest in land must notify the Town Manager thereof within 90 days of the regulations coming into force, otherwise he is guilty of an offence. Any such person can be called upon to furnish the Town Manager with a full description of such land, the name of the registered owner and/or occupiers and any other information the Manager considers important, within 30 days of being called upon to do so;
- the Manager, Superintendent or any employee of the Manager may require any person in the area to furnish him (the Manager, etc.) with his full name and address and for that purpose may demand production of any documents in the support thereof. (This is an extension of the Pass-Laws);
- a register is to be kept of any and all occupiers. No person may accommodate any persons not entitled to reside in a dwelling or on a site, and any changes of status or departure of any authorised person must be notified to the Town Manager;
- no visitor may remain in the area for more than 3 days without obtaining a lodger's permit from the Town Manager which he may only give if he is satisfied that the accommodation and the visitor are suitable. The Town Manager must consult the Board. (To be consulted in this kind of case would require the Board to meet hourly). The host of such a lodger must notify the Town Manager when such lodger departs and while in Edendale he may only stay at the place referred to in the permit;
- no person may erect, alter or remove any fence without the permission of the Town Manager in consultation with the Board;
- no public meeting, gathering or congregations or processions of persons or vehicles may take place in any public area or road without the Town Manager's consent, except for weddings, funerals, military and police matters;
- the Town Manager and his deputies have the right to enter, without previous notice, any site whatsoever, at any reasonable time having regard to the convenience of the occupants to carry out any function under the regulations;
- the Minister may levy a land and water rate on any property proportionate to the value of land and improvements;
- the Minister can also levy rent and other charges on any occupier of a site for lighting, water or sanitation, health, medical or other services rendered. (Such rents and charges have recently been promulgated in the Government Gazette and have caused concern amongst the residents of Edendale. They appear to introduce a land rate on a flat rate basis instead of a value proportionate basis which could have serious consequences for the

people of Edendale. It is too early to comment in depth on these charges, but it is hoped to report on them in a future issue).

In defence of the regulations it must be said that there are many which are for the good of Edendale. Such include health regulations, provisions for Town Planning, orderly development, noise and pollution control. The above are, however, extracted to provide an illustration of the attitude of the authorities and the extraordinary power of one individual, the Town Manager. A respected and knowledgeable resident of Edendale once commented that if ever there was a place that separate development could be made to work, in the form of a local authority run by the people, Edendale was it. However, the facts of Edendale's history culminating in the regulations referred to above are the clearest indication that the protagonists of that policy are extremely reluctant to hand over any power. That would destroy the concept of divide and rule which is the cornerstone of apartheid!

A body with far greater powers and responsibility than the Edendale set up is the Drakensberg Bantu Affairs Administration Board. This body is set up in terms of the Bantu Affairs Administration Act No. 45 of 1971 (For more details on this Act, the reader is referred to the Survey of Race Relations in South Africa 1969, 1971, 1972, 1973 and 1974 published by the South African Institute of Race Relations).

The Drakensberg Board began life on the 1st August, 1973. Such a Board has been defined as "an autonomous body, established by the Minister of Bantu Administration and Development, to administer and to assist in all respects the Bantu population falling within its area of jurisdiction, and to liaise with other race groups on matters concerning Bantu Administration". Wide powers indeed! The Board's area of jurisdiction covers the following magisterial districts: Bergville, Impendhle, Pietermaritzburg, Umvoti, Camperdown, Ixopo, Underberg, Estcourt, Klip River, Richmond and Weenen, i.e. from Ladysmith in the north to Ixopo in the South, from Hillcrest in the east to the Drakensberg.

The Board consists of the following persons:

- (i) a Chairman appointed by the Minister;
- (ii) so many additional persons as the Minister may determine, taking into account the following requirements:
 - (a) one or more persons knowledgeable on labour matters concerning agriculture;
 - (b) one or more persons knowledgeable on labour matters concerning industry and commerce;
 - (c) one or more persons representing local authorities within the area of the Board;
 - (d) persons in their full-time employment of the State

The Board elects an Executive Committee consisting of the Chairman, the Vice-Chairman and at least three additional members. The Minister can, if he wants to, appoint one or two additional persons. Of the persons appointed by the Board, three must have extensive knowledge of labour

matters in agriculture, industry and commerce, and in local authorities. In a speech in Parliament, the Minister said that the only political appointment is the Chairman. He did not mention that he has power of veto over the appointment of any other member.

It will be obvious that the Board is in effect an alliance between agriculture, industry and commerce and the local authorities. Nowhere are the people who are directly affected by the Board represented. Decisions are made by outsiders, and it is obvious, human nature being what it is, that they will approach matters from their own standpoint, even if only subconsciously. No person who has never been at the receiving end of apartheid can ever hope to understand what it is like. It is therefore difficult to understand how the Board can hope effectively to determine the real needs of the people over whom it has so much power.

What are these powers? Essentially the Board takes over all matters pertaining to Africans previously carried out by the various local authorities. These include carrying out the provisions of the Bantu (Urban Areas—Consolidation Act No. 25 of 1945, the Bantu Services Levy Act No. 64 of 1952, the Urban Bantu Councils Act No. 79 of 1961, the Bantu Labour Act No. 67 of 1964, the Bantu Beer Act No. 63 of 1962, and insofar as it affects Africans, the Housing Act No. 4 of 1966 and the Liquor Act No. 30 of 1928. Any powers granted to local authorities under any Provincial Ordinance affecting Africans are transferred to the Board. All labour matters fall under the Board. As mentioned above, the Board is an autonomous body. It pays for itself, from the following sources:

- (i) Labour Bureau and Registration fees;
- (ii) Transport Levies;
- (iii) Services Levies;
- (iv) Licensing of premises;
- (v) Fines, etc.;
- (vi) Rents, lodgers' fees, electricity charges, site rentals and trading rents;
- (vii) School Levies;
- (viii) Sale of Bantu Beer. (The Board also sells what has significantly been referred to as European liquor, although it receives only 20% of the profit; the rest goes to the State)

On the subject of Bantu Beer, well over 2 million litres are packaged per month. This is probably the most diabolical fund raising scheme ever devised. It is more so because the normal recreational facilities available in any urban area are almost totally lacking, leaving most people with little alternative but to drink. No commentary is necessary to

describe the effects of the excessive use of alcohol on any community. In terms of the relevant legislation the profits from the sale of Beer is to be used on items such as Community Halls, Trading centres, Soccer fields, subsidising rentals and welfare. First you break down the community and with the money you make you build it up again!

The Board has powers to appoint its own inspectors who may at all reasonable times:

- (i) enter any premises;
- (ii) question any person found on the premises;
- (iii) inspect the title deeds, books or other records of any person which relate in any way to the ownership or occupation of, or residence on, land or premises in the Board's area, and make extracts therefrom;
- (iv) call upon any person to furnish any information at his disposal relating to the ownership or occupation of, or residence on, such land or premises.

Any person who interferes, resists or obstructs any inspector in the execution of his duties shall be guilty of an offence and subject to a fine not exceeding R200,00 or imprisonment for a period not exceeding 6 months or both.

In the Pietermaritzburg area, Imbali, Ashdown and Sobantu are controlled by the Board, as are the lives of every African doing anything, anywhere in the City. The Board tells him where he may work, where he may sleep and what he may do when he has time on his hands. And yet, he has no say whatsoever in these rules and decisions, except, in some cases, on a consultative basis.

Any person who doubts that Edendale and Pietermaritzburg are interdependent in all respects lives under an illusion. And yet, insofar as the vast majority of the citizens of these areas is concerned, they have no say in their government. A vast bureaucracy, which is essentially remote from the people, is created with wide and absolute powers. What needs to be investigated is how this system works, and what its effects are.

Detentè begins at home. If real detentè is to be achieved, it means nothing more nor less than to give all people who are citizens of South Africa a say in their government, whether at municipal, provincial or government level. The right goes far beyond consultation. For as was said at the beginning, where people have rights, and there are many rights inherent in the mere fact of being citizens, these rights can only be protected if power is distributed evenly. □

MURIEL AT METROPOLITAN

by M. Tlali — Ravan Press: R2,95

Reviewed by Marie Dyer

Muriel at Metropolitan is a short autobiographical novel about the experiences of an African woman working as a clerk in a shop—a seedy, second-rate but profitable establishment selling radios and furniture, mostly on hire-purchase and largely to Africans.

The texture and quality of the life she leads there are vividly conveyed. Her observations are minute and dispassionate, and, as many critics have remarked, this viewpoint is a new one in South African literature. Muriel is intelligent and well-educated, she is exploited by her

employer and she has to work with disagreeable, stupid, but much better paid and more highly privileged white colleagues. Her reactions to their mindless, obtuse and totally insensitive prejudices contain surprises—even revelations—for most white South African readers. Her tone is very often humorous: sometimes wry, but sometimes extraordinarily tolerant; but the sense of an uncompromising personal pride is convincingly conveyed.

The personal humiliations are only some of the several painful aspects of her position. She is anxious to find satisfaction and fulfilment in her job; but the 'shark' H-P firm she works for virtually exists by exploiting her own people. She finds herself having to ask customers for their passes; or writing threatening letters to people whom she knows are simply too poor to pay.

Her own conflicts, her sense of helpless frustration, are expressed as it were episodically, pervading the daily inconclusiveness, irritations, temptations and fatigues of the

job, with only occasional emotional outbursts (like a passionate lament for the destruction of Sophiatown). The pattern of inconclusiveness—the climaxes evaded, the explosions unexpectedly erupting, the feared threats and hoped-for promises coming to nothing—add to the convincing texture and feeling of daily life: unpatterned, full of mild surprises, usually not leading anywhere but continually having to be lived through.

However, as a result of this same formlessness, the genuine climax of action and attitude at the end of the book, though not unexpected, does not appear inevitable; and so some of its moving and significant potential is lost.

The main value of the book, in fact, seems to lie in those aspects of it which are least like a novel and most like a diary or detailed autobiography: the accurate insights into, and dispassionate though vivid and humorous communication of complex everyday experiences. □

ACHIEF IS A CHIEF BY THE PEOPLE

Review by Alan Paton

This book is the life of Mr Stimela Jason Jingoos of Lesotho. It is also an account of the Society into which he was born and is still living in, at the age of 80. It treats in particular of the institution of chieftainship, and tells how first the British Government, and then the independent Lesotho Government, have changed and are changing the institution Mr Jingoos is a Christian, but believes firmly in the immortality of the ancestors, who can do both harm and good, and must be interceded with. It gives also a description of the countryside, with names both of people and places, of rivers and hills and mountains.

These accounts are recorded and the book compiled by John and Cassandra Perry of Rhodes University, Grahamstown. They do not wish to be called editors. Their unobtrusive contribution is outstanding, and has helped to make a fascinating book.

Mr Jingoos himself is a superb story-teller, indeed a teller of many stories, of tribal fights, of celebrated cases in the tribal courts, of herd-boy rivalries. He brings his characters to life, even though a white mind might not always understand them fully. His whole life was not spent in Lesotho. In 1917, he joined the army and went to France. The loyalty of the

Basotho to the British Royal House can only be regarded with wonder. He spent a great slice of his life, from 1927 to 1937, in the service of Clements Kadalie and the I.C.U., the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of South Africa. At times the work required considerable courage. It meant the challenging of white authority, the employers, the police, and the courts. In 1937 he returned to Lesotho, and now his life became linked with a Chieftainship, the Makhabane line of Mats'ekheng.

Mr Jingoos was the contemporary and close friend of Chief Boshokane, Chief Mitchell's first son. They grew up together, and Mr Jingoos was to see the dark side of chieftainship, and the intrigue and violence that are bound up with the whole matter of succession. Chief Mitchell's second son was Nkuebe. Chieftainess Ma Loela, the grandmother of these two boys, was determined that Nkuebe should succeed his father, because Boshokane's mother was a commoner. Boshokane and Nkuebe were sent to live with their grandmother, but she treated the elder boy so scurvily that he left her, and returned to his paternal home. In due course his father, Chief Mitchell, named Boshokane as his successor, and in due course Boshokane succeeded his father. He called Mr Jingoos to be his clerk and adviser, and put him in charge of his son and heir, the boy Makhabane.

Makhabane was still a boy at school when Chief Boshokane died, and so his mother, Ma Makhabane, became the regent. It was soon clear that Ma Makhabane had no desire to relinquish the regency. Nkuebe could not get her to name a date. Whenever he went to see her, she was ill, or she had to go elsewhere urgently. She demanded that her son should marry before he succeeded, and she demanded that he should marry a girl of her choice. When he decided to choose his own wife, she drove back the dowry cattle. It seemed that power was driving her mad.

And indeed it was so. She decided on a terrible course. She, aided by accomplices, decided that a man named Mocheselo must be drugged, and that parts of his living body, his lips, his tongue, his throat, must be cut out, so that those taking them for medicine might have the gift of speech and power and honour. Mr Jingoos writes "The other details of how Mocheselo was cut I do not want to talk about. He was related to me, and beloved of everyone, especially of the Chieftainship and of his uncle, Pholo." The story is made more terrible by the knowledge that it was Pholo who cut out his nephew's tongue. While Mzimukulu was cutting flesh for the Chieftainess, Ma Makhabane prayed: "Oh mercy, Mother Maria, for you know I am committing a sin, but I am doing this because I want to be known. I pray to Thy Holy name, that You do not count this as a sin, because I want to keep the Chieftainship of Mats'ekheng . . ." The author relates this terrible story without dramatic devices, and indeed it needs none.

For this crime fifteen were accused. Two were discharged. Eleven were sentenced to terms ranging from 7 to 15 years. The Chieftainess and a man Rachakane were hanged.

The story does not end there. There were in fact too many chiefs, and the British Government got the Paramount Chief to reduce the numbers, an agreement which weakened the traditional nature of the chieftainship, and the long tradition that a chief is a chief by the people, and not by the grace of any government or any other chief. This weakening of the

chieftainship again had terrible consequences in the 'Forties. In spite of the execution of the Chieftainess and Rachakane, others turned to ritual murder and the use of human flesh for magic purposes to retain their power. Parents would not allow their children to go out after dark. People began to fear their chiefs. Many were hanged, including two of the most senior chiefs, Bereng Griffith and Gabashane Masopha.

The ritual murders further weakened the Chieftainship. Mr Jingoos writes: "The chiefs were not wicked or bad men; they were insecure men, who turned to the supernatural in an attempt to resist losing their rights." One cannot help noting that Mr Jingoos refrains from any outright condemnation of the means employed. His main criticism of ritual murder is not that the murderers regarded human beings—their fellow Basotho, in fact—as means to their ends, and seemed to think they had some right to kill and mutilate them—it was that the murders weakened the Chieftainship, and estranged the common people. The conflict between Christianity and the tribal culture goes deep, and only exceptional people can resolve it. Mr Jingoos is not one of them.

It is not so much the belief in the continuance of the ancestors; many parts of the Christian church have such a belief. Nor is it the practice of seeking the intercession of the ancestors, for the Roman Catholic Church practices something like it. Nor is it the invoking of the help of the supernatural, for Christians do the same. It is rather—in Mr Jingoos—a strange reluctance to question the moral nature of the supernatural powers, and the moral nature of the means employed by humans to gain their favour.

The book has this moral ambiguity, but as a work of literature it is superb. Not only is Mr Jingoos to be congratulated, but so also are John and Cassandra Perry, who saw the possibilities of the story of the nation founded by the great Moshoeshe. I do not know much about the literature of Lesotho, but this book must be a valuable addition. □

GETTING UP THERE AGAIN

A review of Alan Paton's *Knocking on the Door: Shorter Writings*, selected and edited by Colin Gardner (David Philip, Cape Town, 1975—R9,50)

Reviewed by Tony Voss

realpolitik of various kinds and political idealism of other kinds. The recent trial of Breyten Breytenbach has already threatened an estrangement between Mr Paton and NUSAS, and what appears as a kind of intransigence in him may in fact be a characteristic attempt to adhere scrupulously to his principles. It is chastening to think of Paton and Breytenbach as writers in society—the doyen of South African English writers and the young avant-garde Afrikaner: both had achieved critical acclaim and popular recognition, some would say for non-literary reasons; both had suffered, either restriction to South Africa or exile from South Africa, for what must be both political and personal reasons. But perhaps the nature of Afrikaner society has made it impossible for Breytenbach to keep the poet and the citizen in himself together: Afrikaans in South Africa has a literary society which English lacks, but it may be that very fact that helps to make Alan Paton a more popular writer and a freer man.

Knocking on the Door suggests that Alan Paton has had occasion to scrutinise his liberal principles, to test them against his Christian faith on the one hand and the realities of South Africa on the other. Thus, for example, in a piece called 'Under Threat of Arrest', Mr Paton wrote in 1962:

The Minister has declared that Liberalism is more dangerous than Communism. Communism kills, he says, but Liberalism leads one into ambush in order to be killed. What the Minister means is that anyone who opposes the Government is—wittingly or unwittingly—furthering the aims of Communism. Anyone who advocates change is preparing the way for Communism. I am not prepared to stop advocating change.

The words of the Minister are echoed in the closing lines of a poem written eleven years later, an elegy for four South African black policemen killed in action in the Caprivi Strip in 1973:

I saw a new heaven and a new earth
for the first heaven and earth had passed away
and there was an end to death
and to mourning and crying and pain
for the old order had passed away.

Is that what you died for, my brothers?

Or is it true what they say
that you were led into ambush? ('Caprivi Lament')

One may be reminded of Yeats:

Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot? . . .
Could my spoken words have checked
That whereby a house lay wrecked?

Or perhaps the last question of 'Caprivi Lament' is directed at the Minister?

In September 1944 Alan Paton, who was then Principal of Diepkloof Reformatory for Africans, addressed the National Social Welfare Conference on "The Non-European Offender." Mr Paton spoke with the authority of an educator and penologist and from what Professor Gardner here calls "a professional and scientific interest in juvenile delinquency"—and the address still carries something of the

weight of such authority and such interest. But, characteristically, it acknowledges beyond these the authority of the people and the interest of the citizen—"The greatest bulwark of the law is the opinion of the people." "The most important control is public disapproval." And this is from the final paragraph of that address of thirty years ago:

. . . it is not money and expenditure that will buy us immunity from crime and criminals. Just as a prison will become quieter and more controllable as it grants significance to its prisoners, so will society become quieter and more controllable as it grants significance to its members. Significance is more than mere social and economic independence; it implies a mutual relationship, and give and take. And as man is freed to give his talents, his brains, his vigour, to his country, so less and less will he be attracted by evil. If a man is not free to fulfil his nature, then he will defile his nature. This is the dilemma of European South Africa, that it is afraid to let men defile their natures, and equally afraid to let them fulfil them. It is courage, even more than money, that we need.

What can be traced in **Knocking on the Door**, I believe, is Alan Paton's transformation of the liberal social philosophy of that address of 1944 through a liberal political philosophy into a liberal stance which has both political and social implications but whose basis is ultimately religious. It is as a writer that Mr Paton has attained the widest audience and the greatest authority, and even though, as he acknowledges in his "Interview with Myself", **writing and doing** may be at variance, it is difficult to think of Mr Paton's imagination and his sense of duty existing in any other than the symbiotic relationship they share in his best work. As William Plomer wrote in 1955, seven years after the publication of **Cry, the Beloved Country**, "Alan Paton's experience of reformatory administration has been of capital importance for South African literature."

Knocking on the Door, though, should be enough to enlighten readers, if there still are any, who think of Alan Paton only as the man who wrote **Cry, the Beloved Country**. Here Professor Gardner has gathered together and edited with great tact twelve stories, thirty-two poems and twenty-nine miscellaneous pieces (essays, speeches, meditations) which have hitherto either been unpublished or only appeared in the more fugitive pages of newspapers and magazines, anthologies or academic series. The volume reflects a great variety of mood and occasion: hope, defiance, regret; political and religious gatherings: but there is a real sense of growth in these fifty years of a writer's life, from the N.U.C. student of 1923 to the man of great moral authority in South Africa, and for South Africa in the world, that Alan Paton is today.

The editor has arranged the book chronologically in four sections, the crucial dates being 1948, when the National Party came to power and **Cry, the Beloved Country** was published; 1953, the date of the founding, and 1968, the date of the suppression of the Liberal Party of South Africa. Perhaps not surprisingly it is the period 1948–1953 that yields the most fiction and verse (4 stories, 21 poems), and although there are 5 stories from the period 1953–1968 (but only two poems), there is only one story (not, in my

view one of the best) in the final section, and only two poems, both elegies. But the volume as a whole does not suggest that either Mr Paton's imagination or his way with words or his hope is flagging. Alan Paton's turning, if it is a turning, from fiction to fact (from **Cry, the Beloved Country** and **Too Late the Phalarope** to **Hofmeyr** and **Apartheid and the Archbishop**) will be read by some as the submission of a powerful but waning imagination to the uses of political sentimentalism. But the two biographies strike me as highly individualistic and useful works, not subject to the criticism which Mr Paton levelled at Albert Luthuli's autobiography, **Let My People Go** in 1962: "this artistic and dramatic deficiency, or alternatively, this emotional austerity and modesty" which "deprives us of much of the **feeling** of some of these events". Perhaps it is not idle to wonder what Mr Paton could have made of a biography of Luthuli, who is the subject of two of the pieces reprinted by Professor Gardner, and who is remembered in the title of the volume. As it is, the two biographies may be seen as Mr Paton's attempt at the enterprise which is the subject of one of Serote's best poems: "I want to look at what happened."

In an address delivered in the United States in 1949, called 'Why I Write', Alan Paton refers to his "one book whose reverberations and consequences still continue to astonish me": twenty-five years later, speaking in Durban, he acknowledged that **Cry, the Beloved Country** "continues to sell a six-figure total every year." Surely such a book must be achieving the purpose which he describes in one of the poems reprinted in **Knocking on the Door**:

my quite revolutionary plan
To write so that the common man
May understand.
(*'My Great Discovery'*)

The impression one gains is that Mr Paton has tried to write as clearly as possible for as many people as possible.

Of the stories, those that have an autobiographical ring are usually among the best ('The Gift', 'The Magistrate's Daughter'). But in the third section of the book (1953–1968) there are two very moving and precise stories, less obviously autobiographical, assured in tone and clear in evocation: 'The Hero of Currie Road' and 'Sunlight in Trebizond Street'. I wonder if the latter is the story that Mr Paton referred to in an interview with the **New York Times** in 1966:

What Mr Paton says he would like to do now is "to write a story about 1964"—the blundering efforts at sabotage by young activists, their imprisonments, the interrogations, the treachery of their friends, the trial, long sentences and the broken relationships that resulted.

A few of the stories strike me as confused ('The General') or condescending ('Bulstrode's Daughter'), and the handling of the South African setting of 'The Perfidy of Maatland' seems awkward.

In an address on 'The South African Novel in English' Mr Paton refers to the incident that suggested another story, also reprinted here, 'The Quarry' (1966):

It is life, not any structural pattern, that is the making of any story. And life in South Africa is so fantastic, so deep and wide and rich, that it shows no signs of being exhausted . . . A small black boy finds himself marooned on a quarry-face, and is brought to safety by a brave white man, who is greeted on descending by a great crowd, mostly Indians and Africans, who cry out to him, 'Thank you, sir. God bless you, sir. White man, God bless you.

In the story that, his editor implies, Mr Paton made out of this incident, the situation is altered—a small **white** boy finds himself marooned on a quarry-face and his life "for all we know" is saved by a young black man. This is evidence, slight perhaps but telling, that the writer's imagination does impose a "structural pattern" on, or find that pattern in "life" to make a story. Mr Paton's racial reversal here does not qualify the story's truth to life, but it does give the incident new and legitimate symbolic and social implications. 'The Quarry' seems to me a good story much better than the earlier 'Bulstrode's Daughter'—(1948, not previously published), which reads like testimony and does not escape a certain smugness in its treatment of race.

Mr Paton's best poems, like his best stories, achieve a great deal in their clarity and simplicity:—relying on good English syntax and the rhythms of the speaking voice, he can write poems of humour, of anguish, of compassion. It is perhaps the poems in **Knocking on the Door** that will come as the greatest surprise to readers unfamiliar with the range of Mr Paton's writings, but they will also be gratified by the critical wisdom and insight in the half-dozen of so essays on literary topics.

More than half of **Knocking at the Door** is given to articles, speeches, meditations, reminiscences; Mr Paton speaks as educator, politician, Christian—and there are many ways in which one could approach this selection from fifty years of thought, where one can trace the development of a style of plain speaking, attaining great power, conviction, insight and poise. It is perhaps significant that, although among the more recent items there are essays on Roy Campbell and Gatsha Buthelezi, the last essay in the book is on 'The Nature and Ground of Christian Hope Today', since Mr Paton's Christian faith, trying to work in the world and in South Africa, is the theme which seems to me more and more to control these writings, just as a dominant influence on his style is the Bible. But it is Mr Paton's achievement as a writer from and to and about South Africa that strikes me in these discursive pieces. The South Africa of which Mr Paton writes, that land of fear and courage, that land of which Roy Campbell and Luthuli and Karel Schoeman (whose novel **Na die Geliefde Land** Mr Paton reviews in an essay reprinted here) are fellow-countrymen, is clearly a land, at least partly, of the imagination: but for all that it is no less a reality to be lived and striven for. Beside Mr Paton's South Africa, so many other South Africa's seem spurious: the decomposing plastic of 'South Africa Mirror' on our cinema screens; "Lion Country"; the misshapen land that figures only on maps of Apartheid. Mr Paton's, I believe, is a South Africa worth working for. □

DIGS

by Gertrud Strauss

I am a student in my second year at university. I have a room to myself. So has the servant woman next door. My room has two big windows facing north and east. Her window is six feet off the ground and faces south. If it were facing north or east or west it would be facing neighbour's properties or the street. I look out onto her room. She does not look out at all. Which I'm told she likes. My two outer walls have a double layer of bricks. Her four outer walls have one layer of bricks. My room still gets damp with mould settling on clothes and shoes. Hers must get a lot damper. In Durban's sub-tropical dampness.

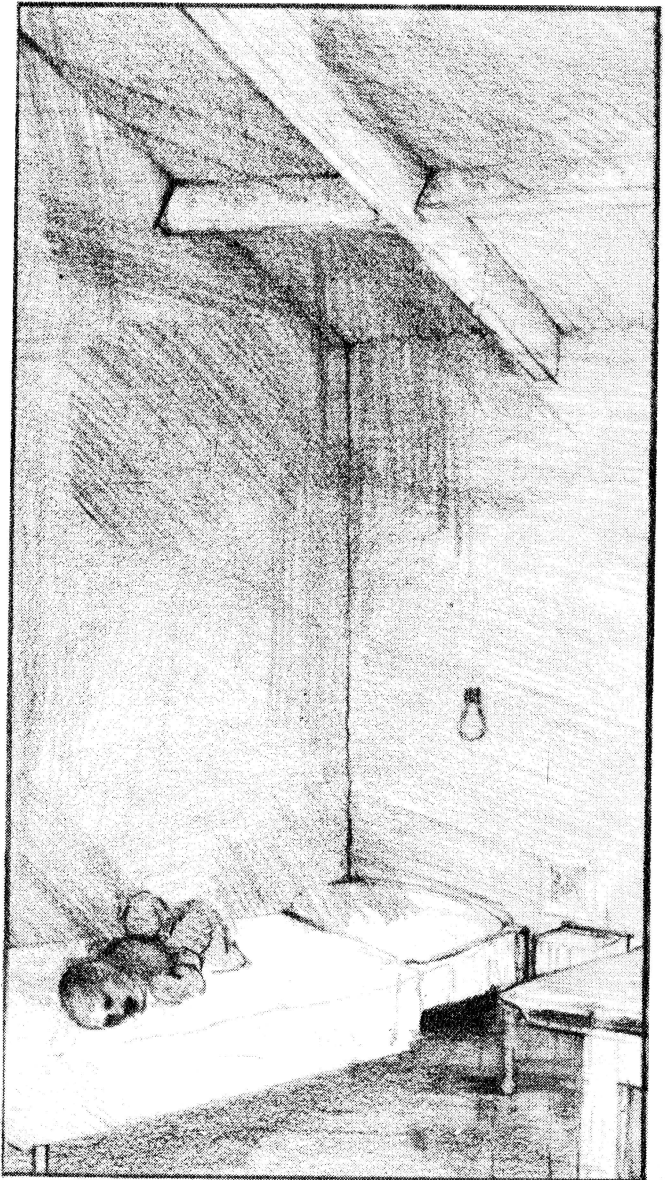
I have books and records and assignments to look after. She has the housework. To which she seems dedicated. I spend a lot of time in my room. She spends a lot of time outside her room. I have mine to myself. She has an infant in hers. Because I can hear it crying.

I work all afternoon at the desk in front of my east window. North's too bright. I try to think clearly. And cannot. The baby is crying. I watch for the mother to come out of the kitchen next door. Which isn't often. The baby cries often enough. The Hoover machines cut out the noise. For her.

I am closer to the baby than anybody else. I must be. Not that I've seen it. Or that her window is open. But the screaming streams through the ceilingless roof.

I reach a conclusion. Maybe the infant is being neglected. But then I hope: maybe not. All babies cry a lot. Especially healthy ones with colic. So says my landlady. I don't know about babies. Which frightens me. I don't know much about mothers either. I have one though. Whose love for me comes natural. She says. I'm not so sure. Perhaps she had support. And this one doesn't. Mothers don't care for babies. When nobody cares for them. It's in the newspapers. I can even deduce this from my lectures. An elementary law. And I should act on it. Go over and make friendly contact. But I hate to get involved. And I dislike her so much. For her unconcerned stroll across the lawn. When the child has screamed for hours. In the damp twilight of that room. And I hate my useless concern.

Should I tell the employers about the crying? I could do that. At five-thirty when they come home. Would they not dismiss the woman? Who knows? Would this save the child? How could it? Would my landlady like it? No, she would



not. Does she interfere with her next-door neighbours or their servants? Out of the question.

Whose fault is it if the child dies? Mine of course . . . though it's absurd. The mother's perhaps. Though she wouldn't admit it. The father's certainly. But who is he? The people living next door maybe. Though they never hear the crying. My landlady's to be sure. Though she's right out of it. The architect. He'd blame the corporation building laws. Circumstances in the end.

Who's to blame for circumstances? □ (Copyright)

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