

CHARLIE CHAPLIN LOOKS AT AMERICA



From an exclusive interview with the U.S. journalist CEDRIC BELFRAGE

WORLD STAGE

"I NO longer have any use for America at all, I wouldn't go back there if Jesus Christ was President."

The speaker was the man who, of all others, has been the longest identified by most of the world with the god things that have come out of America. For 14 hours straight in his paradise-in-exile near Vevey, Switzerland, Charles Chaplin talked to me about America and himself. I told him that to hear his bitter verdict was difficult for me—likewise an exile from America, but determined to go back.

"Yes," he said, "I feel bitter—very bitter. But remember that for fifteen years I was hounded as a 'communist' and persecuted as if I were a criminal."

Always A Rebel

You don't waste the precious moments with him by talking except to prompt him occasionally; not even if you are one of the crowned heads or international celebrities who vie with journalists for the chance to visit him. You let him talk, and this is how the pieces he offered of his story and philosophy fit together:

"I am the same person I always was—always a rebel and partly a gypsy. At 12, in the East End of London, I was furious if the king was going by in procession and I was prevented from crossing the street. I didn't like the class lines that held down poor people like myself and, when I went to America 45 years ago, I felt I'd rather sling hash there than be a Lord Peabody in England.

"But then I flip-flopped into success from being a frightened, lonely person, and it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I suddenly realised it on a train from Hollywood to New York in 1916 after making my first few films. I was shoving as we pulled into Albuquerque, New Mexico, but they hauled me out and held the train while the mayor and cheering population entertained me at a banquet on the flag-decorated platform. In Chicago I had to get on the roof of the train to get clear of the mob of fans. In New York, because they feared a riot, the police took me off the train and into the city by car, and the newspapers headlined in their biggest type: HE'S HERE!

"Success brought life into focus and showed me the hollowness of men who run the world and of their solemn pronouncements. Overnight, people were coming to me for my opinion on things I knew nothing whatever about. I began to wonder: if they ask me for my opinion, whom won't they ask, and why should I believe the others know any more about it than I do?

"I never really felt part of America although I lived there so long, and living again in Europe is wonderful, wonderful! As for Hollywood, what can you say of an industry that has earned such fortunes out of the people and has never even thought of giving a million or so to endow a department of drama in a university or build a wing on a hospital? All it has ever produced for the public benefit is a race-track."

Today, with all his once-vast interests in America sold, Chaplin is the world's most independently wealthy movie-maker and insists:

"I do not need the American market for my films. I will never allow any of my pictures which I control to be shown in America again."

"Comrades! I Greet You"

He recalls the salutation that started him on the road to exile:

"Comrades! Yes, I greet you as comrades, and I greet our Russian allies as comrades."

Chaplin said that early in World War II to 10,000 San Franciscans at a Russian War Relief meeting—where he substituted for the ailing U.S. ambassador to Moscow. Then he double and triple-branded himself a "communist" by speeches in New York and Chicago for opening the Second Front, in which he said:

"The Russians are dying for us by the hundreds of thousands. But I know that Americans like to do their own fighting and dying."

In the post-war witch-hunt he was summoned to account for his politics and morals by the Un-

American Activities Committee; the subpoena was withdrawn, possibly because the Committee learned of his intention to go there as "Charlot" with the big feet and burlesque the burlesque. Public attacks on him intensified, and FBI agents kept calling and asking ominously: "Did you say 'comrades'?"

He told them he wasn't and never had been a Communist, but didn't know anything about communism and couldn't hate something he knew nothing about. His respectable firm of lawyers helpfully suggested that he could clear the thing up very simply—by denouncing the Communist Party. He wouldn't do it.

When he and his American wife Oona finally left America with their four children, it was only two days out at sea that he knew he would never return. The news that if he did he would be held on Ellis Island for a politico-moral inquisition came over the ship's radio. He decided then, but did not say so publicly, that he would live thenceforward in Europe. The problem was to liquidate his American holdings and get the money out, so that he could continue to produce films independent of any outside financing as he had been doing for years.

He brought it off by the breadth of two hairs.

Not long afterwards Charlie went to the U.S. Consulate in Geneva where he turned in his American re-entry permit. "I won't be needing it," Charlie said. Next time they went to London, Oona formally renounced her citizenship at the U.S. Embassy there.

In Europe, from the outset, everyone had gone out of his way to welcome Chaplin as a great artist and show contempt for his American persecutors. There was a cordial visit with Winston Churchill whom he had known for a long time; later, however, he sent Churchill a plea to intercede in an American case of cold-war injustice, which was not even acknowledged.

There was a banquet given for him by top members of the House of Lords and Commons. Sitting next to Labourite Herbert Morrison, Chaplin asked why the Labour Government had sold out so cheaply to Washington, granting it bases in Britain with almost nothing in return. When Chaplin said he thought the entire cold-war policy was wrong, Morrison said: "I entirely disagree," and turned coldly away.

As honoured guest at a Dickens Society dinner commemorating the novelist, Chaplin the self-styled "peace-monger" developed his theme on the cold war. He called the atom-bomb "the greatest possible crime" and said: "If Dickens were alive he would be angry." He said war was out of date as a way to solve anything, as Gandhi had successfully shown in India; and "you can jail or execute all the Communists, but others will rise up calling for bread and justice." The speech "didn't go well" with the Dickensians who had expected something cozier and wittily "uncontroversial."

Called On Chou-En-Lai

As in the old California days—before the witch-hunters' cries of "Communist!" scared most of them away—there is the procession of blue-bloods and celebrities to his door, still gratifying to the East End kid that Charlie has never quite stopped being. He sees everyone who interests him in any way as a person, from the ex-Queen of Italy to Max Lerner and Max Eastman to Spanish grandee Count Bellanca (who to Charlie's delight chose a day to visit when Republican Pablo Casals was there). But when Chou En-lai was in Geneva recently it was Chaplin who paid the call.

It is Chaplin's triumph that he can at the same time be personally bitter about America, and, as an artist, continue to find in it an inexhaustible well of humour and human interest. The clue to it lay, I felt, in the tenderness he showed as he spoke of individual Americans. Of some he knew well, like Paul Robeson and Rockwell Kent, about whose continuing fight-back against the witch-hunt I was able to tell him; and of nameless others whose small actions or words he could not forget, or for whom he simply had pity, because he understands the frailty of a man alone before the great machines of organised cruelty.

I thought that no one feels more intensely than this man—whom somebody recently called "the most loved and most hated man in the world"—his brotherhood with all victims of persecution, in America or anywhere else. Charles Chaplin is an individualist with a passionate love for human beings everywhere. Such love cannot be overwhelmed by his bitterness toward "America."



Some of the East London women who told the Native Commissioner exactly why they reject passes for African women.

"OH, WHAT A LAW!"

East London Women Reject Reference Books in Toto

EAST LONDON.—"We uncompromisingly reject reference books for African women in toto," declares a memorandum which the women of Duncan Village Location, headed by the local ANC Women's League, recently presented to the East London Native Commissioner.

"We are not asking for amendments or modifications of these books. We reject them in principle," the memorandum continues.

"The application of reference books to our menfolk is already intolerable and in our experience of the administration of the law of this country, we feel we shall inevitably share the fate of our menfolk."

The women gave thirteen reasons for rejecting the reference books: Firstly, they say, passes for African women were rejected as far back as 1933, and there is nothing to support their acceptance in 1956.

"The reference book is a badge of slavery and we are not at all prepared to share the intolerable fate of our menfolk."

FAMILIES BROKEN UP
They point out a number of ways in which the reference books will break up African families. "The places of birth of husband and wife are major points to be entered into the book. This will put married persons at the mercy of any local authority to force them to go to their respective places of birth irrespective of their aspirations or intentions and thus families will be broken up at will.

"The requirements of the reference book, that its bearer should be under employment, will have the inevitable result of breaking up of families, deportations, and other repressions. This will make things even more unbearable as we cannot all be employed since there cannot be enough employers to take every woman in Duncan Village. Many of us are housewives and the issue of reference books will destroy our peace as housewives.

"Reference books will also tamper with our rights of domicile as domicile will now be permanently fixed to one place written down in the book. We shall not be able to go to the rural areas and back to our husbands freely. Girls will be debarrred from marrying according to their choice, as they will be required to confine themselves to their place of domicile . . .

"Marital ties will be broken by the reference book as all those who do not possess documents of marriage will not be recognised as duly married persons," the women claim, pointing out that many Africans are married by tribal custom, where

no documents are available, and that in many other instances, women have lost their marriage certificates. "Thus, on the aspect of marriage, the reference book will cause untold misery and suffering."

EXAMINATIONS
"As reference books will include service contract regulations, we shall be compelled to be examined at registration offices in the same way as our menfolk. This will be intolerable if not uncivilised. South Africa will be the only country in the whole world where such treatment will be meted out to women.

"Reference books will expose us to untold misery and hazards as we shall be subject to being stopped and asked to produce this book anywhere and at any hour. Impersonators of the police will be given a glorious opportunity of stopping African women at will anywhere and thus criminal assaults will be rife. Oh, what a Law!"

African women have never asked for reference books, the memorandum goes on, nor were they ever consulted about them. "The books are being forced on us, but we are totally refusing."

The women have no pockets or bags to carry them in, nor have they any money to pay for them.

"In all, the carrying of documents by the women of any race is an insult to the dignity of the womenfolk of that race," the memorandum concludes. "We therefore feel that the very idea of forcing African women to carry this document reflects what contempt its authors have for the African woman."

"IT IS A FLAGRANT VIOLATION OF ALL RECOGNISED, CIVILISED CONCEPTS ON THE SANCTITY OF THE FEMALE PERSON."

Pass your copy of NEW AGE to your friends

A Child Was Dying—But The Home-Wreckers Carried On

CAPE TOWN.
Kraaifontein mothers and children stood by helplessly as their homes were destroyed under personal supervision of the Divisional Council Health Inspector last Thursday. About 40 dwellings were razed to the ground while the menfolk were away at work.

The corrugated walling and materials used to build the homes were loaded on to lorries and taken away. When the people protested, they were told they could buy it back "the other side."

All that was left them was their beds and furniture. The Health Inspector warned them that if anybody attempted to put up any kind of shelter whatsoever, it would be demolished immediately.

"Where must we go?" the women asked him. "You can go to the farms," was the reply.

In one of the houses, a child was dying. But that did not slow down the demolition work.

The Kraaifontein houses have been "under sentence" for about a year and a half. When the Divisional Council first threatened their destruction the people, under the leadership of the ANC and SACPO fought back; and in a court case, were given the assurance by the Magistrate that if they laid foundations for proper dwellings and applied for loans, their present structures would be safe.

A number of people maintain that they have applied for loans, but have heard nothing.

The Divisional Council, turning a deaf ear to the people's plight, last week ordered the demolitions to begin.

6,000 Prisoners A Day Hired Out

CAPE TOWN.
A daily average of 6,000 convicts are at present employed on farms and by private persons, the Minister of Justice said in reply to a question by Mr. Len Lee-Warden in Parliament last week.

No prisoners are detailed for work in mines, factories or industries.

In 1950, 981 convicts were each day detained in prison outstations, the Minister said in reply to another question. By 1955, the figure had jumped to 4,394.

The figures for the intervening years are:

1951, 1,319; 1952, 2,219; 1953, 3,018; 1954, 3,812.

From Bechuanaland the Bamangwato people are once more issuing a loud and insistent cry for the return of Seretse Khama, their Chief. The internal peace, unity and progress of Seretse's tribe have been shattered by his exile; and detailed reports now filtering out of the territory paint a horrifying picture of the terror campaign and reprisal measures being taken against Seretse's supporters; the great majority of the Bamangwato.

RETURN SERETSE TO US, CRY THE BAMANGWATO

Even Government officials concede that over three-quarters of the Bamangwato still want Seretse back, with his wife Ruth Khama, and are prepared to recognise his son as heir to the tribal chieftainship. It is these people who are

ple have left Serowe, "the seat of the rulers imposed on our people by the British Government," and live on their lands or cattle posts with their children.

"Serowe, our capital, is now a mass of ruins, a deserted village which lacks the pen of an Oliver Goldsmith to describe it."

1. trying to get a delegation of Seretse supporters out of Bechuanaland to expose in Britain what is going on in the territory;

2. organising a mass petition to Whitehall for Seretse's return as Chief;

3. appealing for a Commission of Inquiry into their numerous pressing grievances.

In an appeal to a Labour Peer in Britain Seretse's subjects give a graphic account of the stagnation that has set in among the Bamangwato. But more than that, they draw attention to the putting down of several popular insurrections; and barbarous punishments and brutal reprisals carried out against the people by Tshakedi supporters and the "Native" authorities.

Serowe in Ruins

Since the banishment of Seretse, says this moving appeal, many peo-

African Voters Must Register

CAPE TOWN.
A new voters' roll for Africans in the Cape Province due to be drawn up soon, and all Africans entitled to vote must register by Friday, March 23, 1956.

This notice was published in last week's Government Gazette.

Africans entitled to vote should lodge a claim on the prescribed form with the registering officer at the office of the magistrate of the district in which they reside. This must be done by March 26.

Claim forms may be obtained at any police station, electoral office, magistrate's office or Native Commissioner's office in the Cape Province.

Any African voter who fails to re-register will automatically lose his vote.

Short And Sweet

The editor asked me to make it short and sweet this week. "We haven't any space left," he explained. "Just look at the stuff we've had to cut and leave out."

So I'll make it short and sweet and get on to my subject straight away—MONEY. The money we so urgently need to keep our eight-pager going. We would be far more pushed for space with only four pages—or with none at all!

It's the lack of money, not the lack of news, that worries us most. All the news in the world is of no use to us unless we have the money that enables us to publish it. And it's YOUR duty to see that we get it.

MAKE YOUR DONATION TODAY!

FRED CARNESON.

Authority towards the end of 1954 that all people who no longer ploughed their fields should return to their homes. Yet many did not go back to plough their fields. Agriculture suffered as a result and there is less food grown today than before 1948.

Education at a Standstill

The number of children in the schools today is less than it was in 1948. Not more than three new schools have been built since that year. The number of school buildings erected each year were "an earnest of the people's zeal, their ambitions and aspirations to better themselves for a happy and progressive future. The banishment of their chief designate tossed them from the height of hope to the depth of despair."

School Children Flogged

"The treatment of school children is most barbarous. Can you imagine school children, boys and girls, flogged in kotla, in public, by savage tribal police?"

Fewer Crops

After Seretse's banishment many people left their fields to be as far away as possible from the imposed government which they abhorred. Orders were sent out by the Native

ple, and without him the tribe has refused to have councils established. "The gulf between the rulers imposed on us, and ourselves, is widening and progress in any direction is a myth."

Three "Insurrections"

Three "insurrections" in the Bokalaka are then referred to. The last occurred in November of last year, when sixteen truck-loads of police were called in. In the second "insurrection" a newly born baby was trampled to death in its mother's hut by the Government police.

Favouritism

Again, when the people think there is peace and quiet the police come in the night to make arrests in private households. The arrests cannot solve these insurrections which have taken place all over the country. The root of the trouble is to be found in the banishment of Chief Seretse, and the determination of the Government to persist in the error they committed.

No Development

"We cannot elect Rasebolai (the British nominee) or any minority person as chief. The small minority of Tshakedi's followers may do so with the Government supporting them. In that event a situation which may be irretrievable will arise. It is in the power of your (the British) people to avert this situation by returning Chief Seretse to his people and his country, or to bring matters to an explosive head by imposing a chief on us as they did Rasebolai as Native Authority."

The introduction of tribal councils among the Bamangwato and the democratisation of the government has been held up because Seretse has not been returned to his people.

Convicted for running an 'Illegal School', but I'm Not Frightened'

—SAYS MRS. MBALATI
JOHANNESBURG.
Mrs. Lucert Mbalati, of Jabavu, has a suspended prison sentence over her head as a result of her conviction recently under the Bantu Education Act for her part in running the Jabavu Cultural Club. But, in her own words: "That does not frighten me!"

Thirty-three years old and the mother of three young boys, Mrs. Mbalati was approached to help with the Jabavu Cultural Club after the schools boycott, and she agreed on the turn.

No talk from Lucert of having to "think it over"; or "ask my husband's permission." She is a firm opponent of Bantu Education and prepared to back her convictions by action. She also knew her husband, a Congress member, would support her.

So she helped show the children games and sewing at the club, and taught them singing; and that was held by the court that tried her to be "education" as covered by the Bantu Education Act and therefore a crime if conducted anywhere but in a Government registered and approved school.

Lucert talks wistfully of her own childhood. As a little girl she hated school, she said, and only by the time she was thirteen did she change her attitude to teachers and classrooms.

By then it was almost too late, for Lucert had to leave school after passing standard five. Her father was unemployed; her family could not afford school books and her uniform; and so the youngest of this family's three children left school just when she was getting the urge to study, and she went to work for a dressmaker.

"I'm sorry, really sorry I could never have more education," said Lucert. "What we could not have we must win for our children. I wanted to learn and I failed. We must not fail in our fight against Bantu Education and for our children."

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Elsies River Condemns Removal Scheme

CAPE TOWN.
"The residents of Elsie's River view with great concern and resentment the decision of the Goodwood Municipality and the Government to move the mass of the Africans of Elsie's River into the wild bushes of Nyanga, where no accommodation has been arranged," reads a resolution adopted at an open-air meeting in Elsie's River last weekend under the auspices of the ANC.

"We call upon the authorities concerned to reconsider their decision, and allow the already suffering Africans to remain in their dwellings.

"We want better houses, education for our children, and social facilities and therefore demand a government for the people, not a government for one section to oppress the others," the resolution concludes.

The meeting was attentive and enthusiastic and speakers were greeted with cries of "Afrika!" at intervals during their speeches.

The meeting is the first of a series in the campaign for proper housing and against removal being conducted by the local ANC.

SACPO Leaders Arrested

PORT ELIZABETH.
Misses Lily Diedericks, Stella Damons and Chrissy Jasson, executive committee members of the S.A. Coloured People's Organisation, were arrested here recently after a SACPO general meeting.

Miss Diedericks was charged with incitement to commit an offence and the other two with assaulting the police.

Bail was fixed at £25 each. The case was due to be heard this week.

"DEAD ALIVE"

ABOUT 56 miles west of Nelspruit or 52 east of Lydenburg, is a modulation of mountain with caves and rocks for the wild life to inhabit. Trees and grass grow undisturbed except occasionally when the herd-boys decide to take their herds to graze there. In this region lies the settlement of "Nakobolwane." Here, people kept as much cattle, sheep, goats and donkeys as they could manage. They cultivated and ploughed as they pleased. They were never in want of food, but ate and drank to their taste. There was no fear of police or even hooligans. This spot gave birth to a young man named Zula, among other young Africans.

The villages were scattered all over the mountains and valleys. In one village, a bit far from Zula's home, was a wedding feast. Everybody from the neighbouring villages attended this splendour. Zula, too, saw a chance of meeting one who would be to his taste. There was a lot of food and drink as there were people to consume it. Even dogs got annoyed at the sight of meat. Beer came from an undrying pool. Young men felt comfortable in the company of young females who were also looking forward to a wonderful day. Zula, who was enslaved to drinking found it hard to pursue his hunt, as he could not part with the clay-pot. He drank so much that he found his stomach a load to him. Yet one thing he did not allow himself to lose sight of, was the lengthy way homewards.

At midday, he started on the road so that by sunset he could be reaching home. Half-way on his journey, he got overpowered and fell dead asleep. He knew that in his country it was a disgraceful thing for anybody to assault or take advantage of any helpless person. So, sleeping outside, along the road or in any other place was as safe as being in the house. With these points in his favour, he found it safer to sleep on the roadside where any homeward bound people might wake him up and take him with, than to persist alone along the road where passing cars might harm him. He therefore found his comfortable bed there where the combined strength of the beer and scorching sun laid him. He slept till late in the afternoon, when he found himself being awakened by a European who had a motor car. Zula was very pleased and grateful to receive this kind "Baas's" offer of a lift.

The car drove for a long distance in the opposite direction, while he was again overcome by sleep.

When he eventually came to, the car was moving along a road unknown to him. But the dark blanket of night had already covered the whole earth, with lights and fires winking and disappearing on the distant circumference. To satisfy his curiosity, Zula decided to enquire from his kind "Baas."

"Baas, where are we now? My place is not so far."

"We took a winding way," replied the man.

"Even then Baas, I am not acquainted with this part of the country," returned Zula.

"Keep quiet," said the man, "or I shoot you and drop you here."

Zula started perspiring with many drums drumming in his head. He did not know whether to scream, or drop himself down, or grab the man by the collar. One thought overruled the rest, and felt that the rest of them would be endangering his life. All this came to him in close succession as the vehicle continued to swallow up the long road. The

journey lasted as the night shortened his sight. His stomach grumbled from hunger; he also felt like answering to the demands of nature, but alas! the man would not stop, lest it be difficult to get him in again.

Later, the car took to a small winding country road. He was then ordered to get off and open the gate. He did and also closed it and resumed his seat in the car. Running away was at this stage useless. After another gate, the car pulled into planted trees under which was a country house. Dogs barked but quickly recollected the man. After a few kind words to the dogs, he told Zula to sleep in the car for the remaining hours of that night. Zula with grumbling empty stomach, without blankets or sufficient space to stretch and relax, heard the barking dogs and the groaning of frogs from the nearby pools in the dark and innocent night. Cocks continued to crow as the hours came and passed.

Early in the morning, he heard whistles and calls as the milking men went about their duties. Calves protested when they were stopped from enjoying their mothers' teats. Mothers also



strained their voices in trying to call their calves, whilst ducks and geese, too, rendered their discord.

Dawn led the sun from the eastern horizon. Zula found the country and everything strange to him. He found the sun rising from a different angle to that of the place he came from. He did not know even the people there. He must find a place to relieve himself, but where? His "Baas" did not appear till after 9 o'clock, after his breakfast.

When this man rejoined Zula, he gave him some duties to perform. He instructed him to wake up very early every morning, and get to the wheat field and water it thoroughly. He would have to carry his breakfast with him. At lunch time, a gong would ring, which would mark his offs and ons. In the evening, he would have to knock off when he was no longer able to see properly. He then led Zula to the "waenhuis" (an ox-wagon shed) where he told Zula to live—probably so as to be able to check on him in case he deserted. For his sheets and blankets he was given a generous supply of sacks used for mealies and other things. He would have to fetch his mealie-meal once a week from the goods shed. Skimmed milk or sour milk often given to pigs, constituted a greater part of the relish. Otherwise the intestines and other internal parts were obtainable if there had been any animal slaughtered. All these things, the farmer told to Zula, smiling as though he was joking.

In return Zula received or welcomed them with endless "Nkosi's!" for he had never been under a European before. He was scared even to enquire about his rate of pay.

Days and weeks passed and formed months. Months wore off with the "Baas's" smiles. He no

By Andrew B. Mnisi

longer could tolerate mistakes of any form or size. Whenever he said or did something to his labourers, he did not have to be questioned or answered. Life worsened for Zula. Klaps and sjamboks became a daily language on the farm.

One day the "Nooi", the farmer's wife, sent Zula to spend the day milling a few bags of mealies for the labourers' mealie meal, while her husband had gone to Steelpoort on horseback for a day. Zula did so, and left the wheat field alone. On his way home in the late afternoon, the farmer went via the field. Alas! the field was as thirsty as ever. The farmer boiled with anger. He turned in all directions calling on Zula, but no answer reached his ears. "Hm!" he cursed, "where is the damned kaffir." Could he have deserted, he wondered, or has he just knocked off early. "I am going to kill him today," he concluded and rode home. On his arrival, he asked his wife where Zula was.

"I do not know anything about your kaffir labourers," she replied.

That was enough for the farmer. He went out with his sjambok. He shouted on Zula, who came running from the milling room full of mealie meal. "Where have you been the whole day when my wheat is dying?" enquired the farmer as he got hold of him and skinned him with the sjambok. Zula tried to explain his cause in the midst of pains, but there was no time for the farmer to listen to any pleas or explanations. He lashed poor Zula till he could no longer cry but just open his mouth. He tried to stand when ordered to, but could not do so. At last the farmer left him and called on his labourers to take him to the "waenhuis" and wash him with some warm water with salt in it.

That evening Zula got his meals from the kitchen. A piece of bread, mutton and a jam tin of



coffee were sent him. But Zula was in such a state of pain and distress that he could eat nothing. He did not know or feel how the night passed. He wondered which gods had forsaken him into that torturing life. Thoughts of deserting the place after his pay whenever it would come, captured him. But from which direction did he come? Which way would he go? "No!" he replied to himself, "I shall have to give notice." While still wandering in his desert of thoughts, he was abruptly disturbed by the entrance of his "Baas," who told him "it is time to get to work."

Poor Zula struggled and got up, found his way to the cornfield. The whole of that week the misus appeared to be very kind. She kept on sending him some breakfast specially from the kitchen. The "Baas," too, brought along his old shirts and discarded working trousers. This made Zula believe that after all it was not meant that he be thrashed. This temporary kindness, too, disappeared with time. Arrogance again prevailed, sjamboking became frequent.

Zula at last thought he should desert, even if he did not know his way home. So, as soon as the world went to bed, he decided to take advantage of the quietness, and fled. He walked and even ran the whole night through. At dawn, he looked for a bush under which to hide himself from the light of day, and also to give his bones some rest. He slept soundly, but hunger disturbed his sleep. He had no provision nor any money with him. It was long since he had last seen his pay. He therefore went to the nearest village to ask for water and food. Thereafter, he went to hide and wait for darkness.

Whilst he was hiding, the search for him was so great that even the village he had just been to, was visited. Probably some information leaked through that he had been seen. Darkness at last reappeared, and Zula became the lonely traveller for the night. He travelled a few miles before he suddenly noticed people in front of him, and they called on him. He noticed they were strange people with axes and kierries in their hands. He spent no time, but turned and ran back, calling for help, as these men were cannibals. Zula escaped this death but landed himself in the hands of his "Baas" and police, whose task was simplified by his cry.

Then Zula was taken back to the farm. The police were honoured by the privilege of hitting Zula to their satisfaction, not to talk of the farmer. Zula continued to work on the farm, and lost any hope or idea that he would ever leave the farm. He had also been advised by fellow labourers that he must never dare ask for a notice, lest he be sjamboked and imprisoned. Zula, scared of the men in uniform with shining buttons, never opened his mouth again.

He thought of his home daily, and longed for his people every moment. He would never see them nor his home. Months and years passed.

It was one summer afternoon, as Zula went up into the veld to fetch milk cows when he met one of his home fellows, who had come there on a three-month contract. This fellow, Jubindabo by name, was herding sheep for one of the nearby farmers, as a form of rent for the farm they occupied. After three months, he would go home.

Zula inquired about all his people and friends, and was very pleased to see one from his place. He daily begged him that the day he returned home, he should kindly tell his people to come and fetch him from "hell." This arrangement was kept a dead secret. Time came for Jubindabo to return. When he got home, he reported that Zula, who was taken to be dead, was alive and would so much wish to be fetched. He explained all that had happened from the day Zula disappeared.

Zula's father and two other men left a month after they had received the news. Zula had started wondering if his friend had forgotten him. He was just trying to make his fire after a day's work, when he heard dogs barking. He peeped out and noticed moving objects, though he could not make out what it was, as it was dark. As his fire lit up, it attracted these objects which went to it. He then heard them greeting. He seemed to recognise the voices. "Is it true? Am I dreaming?" he asked himself. He called them nearer, and knew them. He embraced and kissed his father. He saw his slavery bonds slipping off. He found it hard to

compose himself. He made them food, gave them water to wash their feet and got down to discussions with them.

He found the night to be very long before he could say "good-bye" to that unbearable place. However, the night passed and morning came.

Zula's father and his comrades went to the farmer to tell him that they had come to fetch Zula who was then milking. The farmer looked at them and told them to go away, he did not have anybody by that name. Zula's father got annoyed and told the farmer that if he refused to release his son, he would report the matter to the police. He would also tell them the whole story of how he stole his son, and the ill treatment he had given him.

After some long discussion, the farmer agreed, but requested them to leave Zula, or wait for him for a period of one month. This appeal made the old man boil with anger. He finally won the dispute, and took his son home. People at their home became scared of these unknown Boers with cars. Zula became ever surrounded by curious people with strings of questions. He ever thanked Jubindabo, and gave him a goat as a sign of appreciation.

* * *

JUDGES' COMMENT:

This story is written with real ability, especially in the scenes of the wedding feast and the kidnapping of Zula. The life on the farm is also well told in parts. But here the writer meets with a real difficulty—how to describe in a few words the passing of months and years. The reader's interest drops and the writing is less able. During all this time does Zula change or does he learn nothing? Why can't his fellow-labourers help him, or have they also been kidnapped? The reader wants to know such things. What does Zula look like? What is his father like?—he seems to be a strong and determined man. Also, what do Zula, his friends, the farmer and nooi and Zula's father say in their own words? A story should contain such things so that the reader can see and understand what happens as if they were his own experiences. Of course this cannot be done in a short story. The subject is too big for a few thousand words and so much of it reads like the outline of a longer story, a novel for instance. However, this is a promising piece of work. It is convincing and has a great sadness.

Five African Leaders Sent Into Exile

JOHANNESBURG.

Last week saw the Government act to depose yet another chief and four headmen and a teacher under him. They were Chief Jeremia Mabe and Sub-Chiefs Ntoe Mabe, Tlobane Mabe, Mokgatle Ramafoko and Seth Moanakoena and teacher Thomas Moko, all from Mabieskraal.

The teacher was removed from school as he was teaching. The other men were collected one by one in police cars and removed to Pretoria where they were put on the train to Vryburg, the place of exile already of Gwentshe, Lengisi and other victims of the Government.

It is believed that the reason for the removal of the tribal chiefs is their opposition to the Bantu Authorities and Bantu Education Acts.

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