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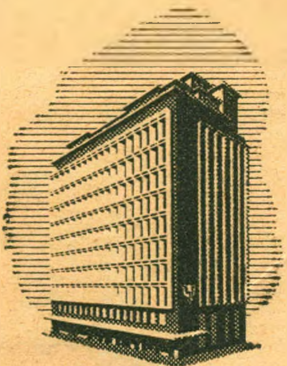

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V & R 2450/1

One-stream

BANTUSTAN

Dr. H. F. Verwoerd

APARTHEID

Dr. D. F. Malan

BAASSKAP

Mr. J. G. Strydom

Two-stream

Six Premiers steer Union's course

THE Union has had six Prime Ministers. Looking back with the easy wisdom that follows the event, one can trace through their policies the gradual emergence of the pattern of thought which created the Union we know to-day. Minor changes arose from a variety of causes; but one factor decided the direction in which the country should move.

It was Afrikaner nationalism — the ceaseless striving to preserve the Volk and entrench at the foot of Africa a Boer nation with its own language and cultural and religious ideals inviolate.

To-day, Afrikaner nationalism denies the first two Dutch Prime Ministers of the Union a place in the Valhalla of Afrikanerdom. History will acclaim Louis Botha and Jan Christiaan Smuts as great South Africans. Afrikaner nationalism will not place them on the list of great Afrikaners

The appearance of so strong a spirit of race exclusiveness was not foreseen. After the Treaty of Vereeniging the Boer leaders declared the question of the flag had been settled 'for ever.' When Botha became Prime Minister of the Union and preached conciliation and a 'one-stream' policy, it was hoped that the two White races would form a united nation.

SLOWLY the dream faded. Hertzog felt that Botha had begun to weaken under the blandishments of imperialists and gold magnates. He stepped forward with a 'two-stream' cry and began the march of Afrikaner nationalism. When ejected from the Cabinet in 1912, he launched the Nationalist Party to carry the banner of Afrikanerism.

World War I stiffened opinions on both sides. Botha insisted the Union must fight in Britain's cause. Hertzog demanded neutrality Botha suppressed the Boer Rebellion or Armed Protest and conquered German South West Africa Smuts drove the Germans out of East Africa and went on to England, where he sat with Milner in the small inner War Council, helped to form the League of Nations, and was acclaimed a world statesman.

But these triumphs did not impress the Afrikaner. The war and the wave of nationalism that followed it reopened old wounds and revived old ambitions Botha was denounced as an 'Engelsman' and Smuts was sneered at as 'the handyman of the Empire' and the 'valet of Britain.'

Hertzogism, as the first mild form of Afrikaner nationalism was called, grew like Jonah's gourd. When Hertzog was ejected from the Botha Government he had only five members of Parliament as followers. After the 1915 election he had 27. In 1921 he had 47. In 1924 he had 63 and was called upon to form the Government.

Botha had died in 1919 and Smuts had become Prime Minister. He had not an over-all majority in Parliament and applied his very practical mind to the problem of obtaining one.

He allied himself with the mainly English Unionist Party, and though he secured control of the House of Assembly he lost the support of many Afrikaners.

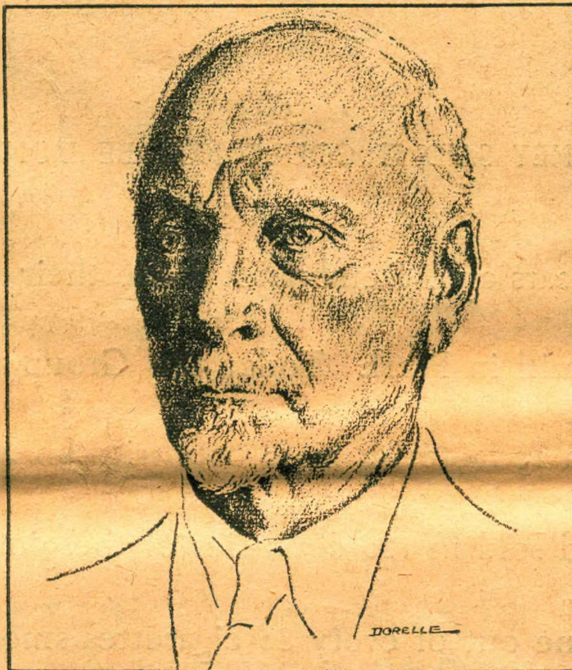
The Hertzogites stumped the country, denouncing him for sacrificing South Africa on the altar of British imperialism. Industrial unrest flared up into the Red Revolt of 1922, which Smuts had to suppress with aeroplanes and field-guns. Depression and unemployment spread far and wide.

Labour turned to Hertzog, and in the 1924 election the Nationalist-Labour Pact defeated the Smuts party; and 12 years after being thrown out of the first Union Ministry, Hertzog was invited to form its fifth.

THE small cloud of Afrikaner nationalism that had appeared on the horizon in 1912 now covered the sky. Hertzog gained all the objectives he had set forth when he formed his party.

He made Afrikaans an official language, gave the Union its own flag in place of the Union Jack, and secured the Balfour Declaration and the Statute of Westminster acknowledging the complete independence of the Union.

He was content with the position won and had no desire to push on with republicanism But there were others who wanted to go forward with a more militant policy and a fiercer battle-cry.



General Smuts — world statesman.

A study of the pattern of thought which created the Union we know to-day

They whispered that Hertzog had become too satisfied with things as they were. In his diary on March 6, 1931, Hertzog made a significant entry. He noted that he had received information that republicans in his party 'were trying to form a strong party within the National Party so as to be able to take action to get rid of me, as I am to-day no more than Botha was'

Then external events again changed the political kaleidoscope. In December, 1932, Great Britain went off gold. Hertzog insisted that as a gold-producing country the Union must remain on the gold standard.

Economic and financial pressure forced it off; and Hertzog formed a Coalition Government with Smuts to see the country through the crisis. This answered so well that the fusion of the two parties was arranged and the United Party came into being and gave Hertzog a huge majority in Parliament.

But like Smuts in 1921, he had allied himself with English-speaking South Africans, and many Afrikaners disliked the association. Dr Malan, who had been inclined to out-Hertzog Hertzog while still in his Cabinet, refused to enter the new Government and hived off his followers in the Purified National Party, which became the official Opposition.

MALAN went into the wilderness with only 18 members of Parliament. Like Hertzog in 1912, he seemed to have sacrificed his political career. But in the march of nationalism 'the gift of martyrdom' can be a useful asset. Fourteen years later he was Prime Minister.

J. G. Strydom, the only Transvaal M.P. who followed Malan into the wilderness, also appeared to have made a similar sacrifice — but 20 years later he, too, became Prime Minister.

By L. E. NEAME

The Purified Nationalists waged bitter personal warfare against the Hertzogites. At first they made little progress, but the centenary of the Great Trek in 1938 sent a new wave of nationalist feeling through Afrikanerdom, and the trickle of converts to Malanism became a flood

Then the outbreak of World War II once more changed the political kaleidoscope. Hertzog again demanded neutrality and was defeated in the Cabinet and Parliament, and Smuts became Prime Minister once more. Hertzog rejoined the Nationalists and amid great rejoicing assumed the leadership of what now became the Herenigde (Reunited) National Party. The diehards of Afrikanerdom could not forgive him for his alliance with Smuts and the English. His advice was pointedly rejected, and in 1940 he retired from Parliament and public life.

During the war the Malanites sided with the Germans, and when peace was made they had no desire to fight an election on the war issue. They found a new battle-cry on the colour question.

The African giant had awakened and was moving towards the Union. Malan declared that the White race could only be saved by the policy he called apartheid.

On it he won the 1948 general election and formed the first wholly Afrikaner Government in the history of the Union For 38 years every Union Cabinet had included two or three men of English descent. Malan's had none.

Under Malan, the separation of Whites and non-Whites in every sphere was ruthlessly enforced, especially after Dr. Verwoerd received the portfolio of Native Affairs For five years Malan tried to remove the Coloured voters in the Cape from the common roll, but always failed to obtain the two-thirds majority in a joint sitting of both Houses, which the courts ruled was necessary.

Malan retired in 1954 and was succeeded by J. G. Strydom, who insisted that White supremacy could only be maintained by baasskap (mastery) and denying the vote to all non-Whites for all time.

He promptly got rid of the Coloured voters by the simple process of packing an enlarged Senate with Nationalists and so securing the necessary two-thirds majority at a joint sitting

STRYDOM won the 1958 general election with an increased majority, but died four months later. By this time, Black nationalism was assuming a more aggressive form all over the continent and Afrikanerdom felt that a crisis was approaching.

For such an Hour the Nationalist caucus saw in Dr. Verwoerd the Necessary Man. His selection was indeed remarkable. He was not a South African by birth. In 1948 he had been only a defeated candidate. In 1958 he was Prime Minister when he had only been an elected member of Parliament for four months.

Providence seems to have ordained that Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd shall go down into history as the man upon whose shoulders will fall the issue whether apartheid will succeed or fail.

He has given it a 'new look' by setting up Bantu national homes (popularly known as Bantustans) in order to avoid racial strife by dividing the country into separate self-governing White and Black states.

He is enforcing his policy with courage and complete faith in the rightness of his cause. Upon it he will stand or fall. He insists that whatever the outcome may be, the Afrikaners must hold their ground Even now he is preparing their laager.

And so after 50 years of Union the Afrikaner is baas in South Africa. The last vestiges of Britishism are being removed. The republic is on the way. The Volk are so firmly entrenched that their defeat in Parliament is unlikely.

Thus, at the end of the first 50 years of Union, Afrikaner nationalism has nothing to fear from British nationalism.

But, as the Union begins its second 50 years, triumphant Afrikanerdom finds itself involved in yet another struggle. It has come face to face with African nationalism.

The first Prime Minister of the Union saw his plans brought to naught by the irresistible force of Afrikaner nationalism. The sixth Prime Minister...?

He who does not believe in miracles is not a realist!

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In this age, as in all others, it is possible for realists
to believe in miracles!

LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH • PARTNERSHIP IN ENTERPRISE

THE SPIRIT OF UNION WAS GIRL IN WHITE

by LUCY BEAN

THE pageant of Union at the end of October, 1910, was a time of fantasy and rejoicing for young and old in Cape Town. To those of us who were children at the time, it *was* the Union.

The story of old quarrels forgotten and everybody making friends was impressed upon us in so happy a way that it has been a recurrent disappointment ever since to find the spirit of that pageant not always ubiquitous.

It was fun to trundle down in the old Oranjezicht tram opposite ladies of the Court of Portugal, Van Riebeeck's bearded mariners, Lady Anne Barnard's friends and 1820 Settlers, and to mingle in Adderley Street with Voortrekkers, anti-convict agitators, gold-washers, harvesters and ostrich farmers, all emerging from the railway station.

In one throng we made our way down to the Foreshore — now swallowed up by railway yards — for a week of dress rehearsals and a week of performances.

People crowded on to balcony tea-rooms and lined the streets to watch the performers in strange, bright costumes go past to the pageant ground.

The pageant was in two parts and to see it all you had to go on two consecutive afternoons. In the allegorical masque that brought the pageant to an end on the second day, all the performers, numbering thousands, took part.

MY parents were both on pageant committees, my mother on the wardrobe committee. For weeks beforehand there were sewing parties round our dining-room table, and eau-de-Cologne was sprinkled freely to counteract the sickly smell of unbleached calico that was being cut and machined into farmers' smocks.

At last came the great day when, dressed in a tunic of silver tinsel mounted on white flannel and with a wreath of roses on my head, I set off eagerly to join 500 other silver-clad little girls and boys.

Singing songs composed for the occasion and waving branches of silver leaves, we chased the drear, dark spirits of barbarism from the land.

Then we led on the performers in the different episodes of the pageant and made a silver border for them, leaving a passage through the concourse for the advance of representatives of the provinces and their retinues, the bearers of tributes, agricultural and mineral, and finally the white-clad Spirit of Union, the Mayor of Cape Town's little daughter, Edith Smith.

On her high, decorated carriage, she was drawn to the front of the pageant ground opposite the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and all the dignitaries of the land. It was the grand finale.

FOR us children the pageant was a mixture of misery and bliss. For the week of the dress rehearsals a violent south-easter stung our bare arms and legs with grit and tangled our curls with our flower wreaths, so that scissors had to be used when we got home tired and near to tears.

However, for the week of the performances the weather was perfect and the success of the show put everyone in happy mood. The flight of doves, released from baskets when everyone was assembled for the finale, and the singing of the Te Deum by that vast throng were moments that will linger always in the memory.

Greater South Africa

Let forth the silver tongues of Peace
To sing a gladsome song,
To whisper of the solemn pact
Which we have waited long —
The union of a mighty land,
Unconquerable, strong.
Hold forth the hand of comradeship . . .
To grasp, unheeding of the past,
Forgetful of our fears,
The noble hand of brotherhood
That spans the wasted years.

R. F. W. REES
—from 'A Souvenir of Union,' 1910.

Cover design of the official Pageant publication issued in 1910

Salute to pioneers

Beloved and venerated shades,
Progenitors and pioneers,
Come from the still Elysian glades
Of dreams, with names our childhood's ears
Learned all so eagerly; to-day
Your land triumphantly parades
Union, the crown of your essay,
Bright with the light that never fades.

—From masque of consecration by Francis H Markoe in the Pageant of 1910

SWASTIKA EMBLEM

EMBLEM of South Africa's Union Pageant in 1910 was the swastika. It was chosen by the pageant committee 'as an emblem of South African Union, and its four arms denote the four colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal'

The official book issued by the pageant committe explained the choice:

'Swastika, from the Sanscrit *Swasti*, it is well! A formula of salutation, of wish, and of approbation.

'Swastika is any object or place of benediction. The word has been also applied to a cross-road, to garlic and to a sort of cake, and has been used for a temple with a portico to the north, the south and the west with the entrance to the east, but is chiefly known as the designation of a mystic diagram of good augury.

'The Egyptians marked their sacred water jugs, dedicated to Canopus, with such a symbol, and so do the Hindus to this day.

'It was a religious symbol used by early Aryan races and is supposed to represent the sun as it is invariably found to be associated with the worship of the sun-god.

'If the limbs were turned the wrong way, it was considered to be of evil omen.'

PAGEANT SPELLS PATRIOTISM

PAGEANT-MASTER of the great Union Pageant in Cape Town was Frank Lascelles, who had distinguished himself by organizing the historical pageant of Oxford in 1907 and the ter-centenary of Canada at Quebec in 1908. Mr. Lascelles arrived from England in R.M.S. Saxon in August, 1910, and at a public meeting in the City Hall, Cape Town, he was introduced to the citizens concerned with the pageant due to open on October 29.

The eyes of England and the whole world were turned upon the youngest sister of the Empire about to enter into her own, said Mr. Lascelles. The pageant would celebrate a turning point in the country's history He recalled the demonstration of goodwill he had been accorded on the eve of his departure for South Africa.

The attractions of South Africa and the delights of the voyage were not sufficiently known, however, or there would be many more visitors from England, he declared.

Lascelles emphasized the need of advertising and still more advertising both for South Africa and the pageant itself.

He felt there was a lamentable want of knowledge as to what pageants were, and what they were intended to convey. He poured scorn on the apathetic, and especially on those who confined their energies to prophesying south-easters.

A pageant was not a form of private theatricals. Pageants began in mediaeval England, when the clergy, anxious to educate their people, extended their use of pictures to living tableaux, depicting Biblical scenes appropriate to the season of the year.

The people learnt eagerly through their eyes; and the tableaux, for greater space were transferred into the churchyard, till that became too small, and the religious plays were transferred to a field; and then the platforms were made movable, and dragged through the streets, and the clergy, unable to undertake the whole function, called in aid, first of the religious guilds, and afterwards of the secular guilds.

Gradually the religious origin of the plays was forgotten, and the play became 'the thing,' and not its moral educational purpose.

Lascelles pictured Shakespeare watching the famous cycle of Coventry, or of Warwick. Then came fixed theatres, though the religious play still lingered on.

England's last surviving pageant was the Lord Mayor's Show and the really religious play survived in the wonderful Passion Play of Oberammergau, declared Lascelles.

As the Passion Play was to the people's religion, so a pageant was to a people's patriotism. Patriotism was a nation's breath, the love of country was a nation's life-blood.

Pageantry was a great teacher of history, though it was rather a signpost pointing the way to future study than to an end in itself, he added.

Wind dropped for three days

'CAPE TOWN made enormous preparations for the opening of the first Parliament of the Union. Conspicuous among these was the beautiful Pageant of South Africa which we produced in a great arena specially prepared for the occasion in the neighbourhood of where the Van Riebeeck statue stands to-day.

'It was, under favourable weather conditons, the most beautiful arena, perhaps, in which any pageant had ever been displayed.

'Months of hard work, rehearsals and training were put in by thousands of the citizens of Cape Town, who endured the south-east wind which swept across the pageant ground almost continuously for the months of rehearsals which preceded the actual performance.

'It was a three-day pageant, and, most fortunately, the three days on which it was actually held were favoured by the incomparable splendour of a most beautiful summer.

'Many came to visit the Pageant from all parts of the world, and all agreed that it was the most beautiful they had witnessed.'—George H. Wilson in 'Gone Down the Years' (Howard Timmins).

The Road from the Past to the Future

Paper, as the carrier of the printed word is the link between the past and the future. It is the main material on which human memory is stored.

Just as the past has come down to us on paper, so today, to an unprecedented degree, letters, documents, books and journals and a staggering variety of other printed papers are recording for the world of tomorrow the events of our day and age.
It is a continuous and never-ending process. Its name is History. And paper is part of it.

But paper is not merely for the chronicler. Its rich diversity of uses and services in so many aspects of our world today needs no elaboration. Suffice to say that paper in various forms enters every industry, every home, every person's life to a remarkable degree.

What is most significant is that to an ever-increasing extent South Africa's paper requirements are being produced in South Africa — and most of it by SAPPI.

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Women's notable role in S.A. pu blic life

Mrs. Helen Suzman, M.P.

Mrs. Sannie van Niekerk, M.P.

Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, M.P.

Mrs. Bertha Solomon, M.P. until 1958.

by V. M. Fitzroy

(South African author and artist)

IN 1910 it was still tremendously important to be "a lady." But the term 'woman' was coming in too . . . Women's Enfranchisement League, Women's Unionist Association, National Union of Women Workers . . . and women were in the news. Their skirts flared and swirled round black-stockinged ankles, they wore huge hats (tied on with veils when they went motoring or played games), and feather boas and long sleeves, but they were energetic, and their achievements were impressive.

Consider Mrs. Henrietta Stakesby Lewis, sister of Olive Schreiner, passionately interested in human rights. She got things done. Not only did she found hostels for babies, for women, for destitute men and for invalids, but she adopted another sister's four children when the mother died, in spite of her own health being not robust.

Mrs. Helen Chamberlain promoted the 'Woman's Court' in the Cape Town Industries Exhibition of 1904, when South African women's handiwork was first displayed for competition, and, as a consequence, founded the Women's Industrial Union, which flourishes still.

Mrs. Helena Kingsley was president of the Ladies' Committee of the Pageant of South Africa, the spectacular historic affair of 1910. She was chairman of the committee of the Alexandra Club from its beginnings in 1902; she was connected with every women's organization you can think of, and the S.P.C.A., and found time for music, gardening and needlework.

There was Mrs. Ellsworth Turner, who came here as a nurse during the South African War. She rode 90 miles through the wild valleys of Zululand, where no White woman had been before, to nurse wounded men; and she organized the hospital and nursing staffs at two concentration camps, caring for hundreds of women and children under canvas. Later she became nursing sister to the Natal Border Police and married the Civil Surgeon of the Mounted Infantry.

Women doctors? There was Dr. Jane Ruthven, who was sent as medical officer to the Burger Camps at Krugersdorp, and in her spare time, later, was president of the Women's Enfranchisement League in Johannesburg; and Danish-born Dr Emmy Neukirch, who took a London degree and came to practise in Cape Town in 1904.

Few women otherwise held university degrees. The first South African-born woman M.A. was Miss Barbara Buchanan. She took her degree in America, at Cornell, and refused the presidency of an American women's college to help inaugurate the first of its kind here — the Huguenot College at Wellington.

There were some notable headmistresses. Miss Katherine Earle and Miss Theresa Lawrence arrived in Johannesburg in 1902 to found a branch of Roedean, the famous girls' school at Brighton, which Miss Lawrence had built up with her sister some years before. Miss Anne Chambers, in 1890, became principal of the village school in Wynberg known as the Ladies' Seminary; under her it grew in size and prestige to be known as the Girls' High School.

Miss Agnes Burt, B.A., was first 'vice,' then principal of the D.S.G. in Grahamstown; later she edited a monthly paper dealing with South African subjects and encouraging local writers.

A teacher who came from Britain in 1908 under the Natal Government was the young woman who became Mrs. Miriam Walsh, Cape Town's first woman councillor. She began her public career with recruiting speeches during World War I; she was also organizing secretary of the Women's Enfranchisement League and president of the Women's Municipal Association. She was an able and active councillor, always making lively news. She retired in 1929.

A contemporary of equal news value was Councillor Mrs. Hetty Horwood of the Cape Hospital Board. It was largely due to her that the Princess Alice Home of Recovery became an established fact.

South Africa's first woman M.P. was Mrs. Deneys Reitz. As Miss Leila Wright, daughter of a Cape Town doctor, she took her historical tripos at Newnham, and was also a tennis Blue.

She became a teacher, married Colonel Reitz in 1920, worked ardently for child welfare in Pretoria, and for women's enfranchisement, and in 1933 was returned unopposed for the South African Party as member for Parktown, Johannesburg. She was a great advocate of university education for women. Many tributes were paid her memory when she died early this year.

WHAT were women doing in the arts 50 years ago? A name that springs inevitably to mind is that of Allerley Glossop . . . good old Jo, in her shirt and tie and pith helmet and smoking a clay pipe. A mannish woman, but it was no affectation with her — she was sincere and honest as the day, and everyone loved her — men, women, children and dogs.

She was a farmer in the Wellington district, but every so often she trekked to Basutoland and Natal, with her painting gear on pack mules, and on her return to civilization exhibited her work. It was fine work, too. Jo Glossop was a very competent painter.

Ruth Prowse, not far at that period from her student days, was making her name known; and Amy Beatrice Hazell had a still-life studio in Cape Town, and her studies of South African fruit and wild flowers were being reproduced in colour by Raphael Tuck.

Mrs. Constance Penstone was designing stained glass for Tiffany's of New York, cartooning for 'The Owl' and 'Cape Times' under the name of 'Scalpel,' and producing her lovely liquid water-colours for the joy of it.

IN music, an important name in 1910, when the College of Music was opened in Strand Street, Cape Town, in January, was that of Madame Niay Darroll. The year before she had convened the meeting that had this result; she was also founder of the Music Teachers' Association, and of the famous old Nine Club — the club of the nine muses.

Mrs. Griffith Vincent (one of the few women Fellows of the Royal Academy of Music) helped with the founding of the college, and was a member of its first staff. She was Welsh, a singer with a fine contralto voice, and a woman of personality. Nancy Vincent, the sculptor, is her daughter.

In Johannesburg at that time, Beatrice Stuart (later Mrs. Ellie Marx) was making a name for herself not only as a violinist, but as a conductor. She built up an orchestra of her own, and when Marie Hall, celebrated English violinist of the day, came out on tour, this orchestra accompanied her. They played the Mendelssohn concerto, and it was a great success.

On the stage, Freda Godfrey was coming to the fore. She made her debut in 1899 as Little Lord Fauntleroy, but by 1910 her repertoire was vast. She was an actress of genuine ability, but what one remembers first about her was her charm. She was the perfect Barrie heroine.

Writers? No big names, except, of course, Olive Schreiner's; but there were several sound and capable women journalists. Miss Edith Woods, B.A., came out with a teacher's diploma from London University, but turned to newspaper work in 1903. She was on the staff of The Cape Argus for many years.

South Africa's first woman M.P., the late Mrs. Deneys Reitz. She was returned unopposed at Parktown in 1933.

So was Sanni Metelerkamp — 'Lady Peggy' — South Africa's first woman parliamentary reporter. Olga Racster, writing under the name of 'Treble Viol,' was musical and dramatic critic for the 'Cape Times.' Mrs. Julia Hyde Stansfield of the 'Rand Daily Mail' was the first woman in this country to take to the air, making a flight with the famous Kimmerling.

Mrs. Beatrice Colby, a free-lance, wrote, and spoke, too, on the need for women as municipal councillors, for the registration of midwives, and such matters; she was one of those in whom the leaven of the times was working.

The emancipation of women . . . it was not the war of 1914 that brought it about. In 1910, all the signs of it were already there.

AND where do the women stand to-day? Have they fulfilled the promise of 50 years ago? The answer seems to be more than clear.

Not only are women represented in all the arts, most of the professions, and many public positions, but they have climbed to the top in a number of them. Among South Africa's painters — to name one example — Irma Stern's name is known to connoisseurs everywhere.

South African ballet has a high reputation overseas as well as here. This is largely owing to the work, a generation ago, of the pioneer Helen Webb, as her distinguished pupil, Dulcie Howes, would be the first to agree.

In the musical field, Betsy de la Porte and Cecilia Wessels are singers welcomed by European as well as local audiences, and Mimi Coertse has had a fantastic rise to stardom of opera in Vienna.

We have several composers of high standing and at least two of them are women — Priaulx Rainier, who lives in England now, and Blanche Gerstman, who is a member of the Cape Town Orchestra.

There is one name in particular that may well be singled out, because its owner was with us, hard at work, in 1910 and earlier, and still is — Beatrice Marx, who was Beatrice Stuart. Here is a woman still on the job after well over 50 years; no longer performing herself, but writing able and alert newspaper criticisms of every important concert in Cape Town. This must be something of a record in any part of the world.

Dr. L. Bolus (Harriet M. L. Kensit), who received the honorary degree of D.Sc. at Stellenbosch in 1936, is a world authority on botany and still does herbarium work at Kirstenbosch. She, by the way, was the second South African woman to receive a degree honoris causa; the first was Dr. Jane Waterson, who practised in Cape Town for many years.

The number of women doctors in all parts of the Union now is very great, and it is interesting to notice that some of the most distinguished gynaecologists are among them.

In South Africa's public life there have been several women mayors during the past 10 years or so, and Mrs. Joyce Newton Thompson holds that office in the Mother City in this year of the Union Jubilee and shines in it.

South Africa's first woman senator is Mrs. Matilda Koster, one of our women parliamentarians. Mrs. Bertha Solomon, B.A., LL.B., was another M.P., and incidentally one of the very few practising women barristers of this country. The other three are Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, Mrs. Helen Suzman and Mrs. Sannie van Niekerk, all of them extremely versatile and gifted women who have proved most able members of the House.

Mrs. Karl Spilhaus is another indefatigable woman who has done so much for the public good. Her name is linked with the National Council of Women, the Provincial Council, the Institute of Race Relations, the School Board, the University Council, and many other bodies.

A women's movement of recent and impressive development has been the Black Sash, originated by Mrs. Ruth Foley. And so one might go on. There is indeed no field in which the women of this century have not made their mark; not so much as women, as because they are hard workers of talent, keen wits, and discernment.

boy... *he needs the security of* SANLAM

The pattern of our prose and poetry

by

Philip Segal

(Senior lecturer in English at the University of Cape Town)

THOMAS PRINGLE gave a vigorous start to English writing in South Africa in poems which celebrate the romance of an exotic countryside, the thrills of hunting the lion, or of galloping wildly through the 'desert,' and which express indignation at the oppression, enslavement and massacre of the 'noble savages' whom he had learnt to admire at first hand.

In this list we recognize themes which became part of the stock-in-trade of minor poets and versifiers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

One or two achieved something more than easy and mechanical poetizing. A. S. Cripps, the Mashonaland missionary, paints his flock in terms of the pastoralism of the Bible and Theocritus. But his work is somewhat strident and over-emphatic.

And F. C. Slater writes with endearing candour and honesty but lacks the intensity which could give his painstaking studies of Xhosa life, drought, the Karoo, Voortrekker and settler a firm and memorable outline, and the reader soon longs for something less thin and mild.

The 'Flaming Terrapin' satisfies this longing with a vengeance. This embodiment of the life-force crashes round the old world, cleansing it of mediocrity, dullness and evil, and helping Noah to make a new one fit for Roy Campbell.

Though Campbell boasts that his is an African muse, the zebras, kudus and buffaloes that stream across his pages are local colour only in a trivial sense: they have become part of a mythical world of fiery power and creative energy.

Scourge of the sickly, sentimental, insensitive mob, he sees himself as an untameable albatross, tortured Mazeppa or intrepid bullfighter raising life to the intensity of death.

Yet he has moods in which he is not piping to pet cobras or flaying the Georgians or the Philistines of his native country, moods of tenderness, or calm contemplation of natural beauty: while 'Mithraic Frieze' consists of religious meditations which, barbaric in colouring and symbol, are also gentle and even humble.

Our finest poet, he spent most of his life in France, Spain and Portugal, and since his work is influenced by the writers of these countries he has helped to save our literature from becoming provincial.

This is also true of William Plomer, once associated with Campbell in editing the Durban magazine 'Voorslag,' which was intended to cleanse the local Augean stables and spread energy and light.

When this task proved too much for them, Plomer left for Japan, and then stayed for some time in Greece before settling in England to become the distinguished novelist, poet and man of letters we know.

His work is marked by a broad, sane humanism which enabled him to absorb the most varied impressions and forms of living without ceasing to be his firm, discriminating self.

'African Poems' depict a brash, coarse, White society destroying with an almost innocent ruthlessness a primitive culture capable of intuitions invisible to the vulgar European eye.

In 'Ula Masondo's Dream,' for instance, a Black mineworker, trapped by a fall of rock, has a terrified vision of age-old images of forest, hawk, leopard and antelope, and seems lost in Bushman caves whose paintings fix these in sacred, magical attitudes. The poetry in the spontaneous animism of this frightful dream brings out by contrast the mindlessness of the grasping pioneers who organize the dark, satanic mines.

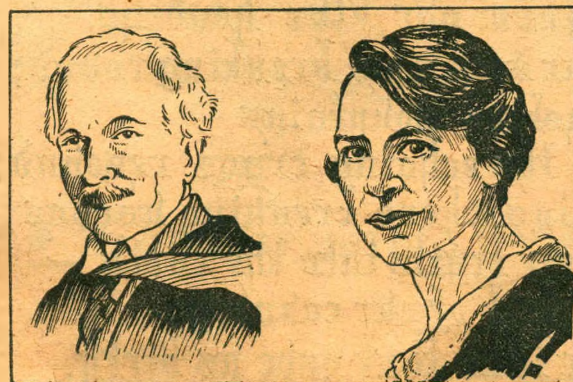
Other poems deal with death or initiation to African manhood with the passion and the mystery which is not felt by the tourist in search of postcard thrills, but which is there to see in 'a scorpion on a stone' or the eyes gleaming through a dancer's mask, or the leaping tongue of a snake.

Of course, most of Plomer's poems are not on African themes at all, and they show him in many guises — satiric, flippant, elegantly witty. One is deeply impressed by the range, the technical skill, the immensely civilized, often truly classical, balance and urbanity.

Sophistication remains a feature of our poetry. No doubt this is partly due to the satire and example of the 'Voorslag' group; but, after all, we are part of the European world of wars, wastelands, depressions and fascisms and, inevitably, we catch the tone of its writers.

Charles Madge, with his difficult experimental style, is obviously part of this world. F. T. Prince also, but he has his own voice, elusive, ambiguous, remarkable for great elegance of cadence and movement. Typical are the diaphanous, soft-spoken reveries he gives to Chaka; it shocks us at first to hear that savage chief think back on his life in phrases tender and nostalgic.

From the left: Sarah Gertrude Millin and Roy Campbell (whose literary work is referred to by Mr. Segal) and Ethelreda Lewis, best known for her story of 'Trader Horn' and novel 'The Harp.' Mr. Segal's survey is naturally limited here to interpreting only part of the pattern of our literature. South Africa's best-selling author is Lawrence G. Green. John Bond will be remembered for his 'They Were South Africans' (1956). Joy Packer and Stuart Cloete are other names that spring to mind.



C. J. Langenhoven and Pauline Smith, both born in the Little Karoo. Langenhoven's work included the poem 'Die Stem,' which has become South Africa's national anthem.

R. N. Currey has not Prince's distinction, but writes perceptively on Africa, exile, war, in a masculine, wiry idiom.

Though, like Madge and Prince, he has lived in England for many years, he still feels the pull of his native country. Anthony Delius and Guy Butler, too, are fascinated by the problems of balancing Europe and Africa. Delius's 'Unknown Border' starts with the ambitious poem, 'Time in Africa' — a time which includes in a sort of explosive mixture every epoch from the Creation to our industrial age trembling on the edge of Red ruin.

Anxious to load every rift with ore, he piles on Campbellian hyperboles and startling juxtapositions. One notes in him a worried search for self-definition which comes out in persistent concern with time before and time after.

Certain sections of his long satire 'The Last Division' are written with a verve, a rollicking humour and epigrammatic wit which will ensure them a place in our comic tradition.

For Guy Butler the South African writer is a special case. Living in a country new to history, whose people are split up into groups widely different in culture and mutually suspicious, he finds it difficult to make poetic roots.

Far from the history and the landscape in which the English tradition has been shaped, he has to fashion himself a new soul, and he cannot do this unless the particular images of his countryside grow in his blood and modify his language. Otherwise it seems he belongs nowhere.

Much of 'Stranger to Europe' traces the tension which accompanies this process. Dragged by the war into the European orbit, the poet is forced to realize history near foreign mountains, plains and trees. Separation from home and from one's familiar self is made more poignant by the constant presence of death which, while it teaches us to value life, may yet be the pointless gift of a bomb splinter. One comes home to a different self, harder, less trusting, and toughened by years of resistance to pity and fear.

WHAT of the novel? Sarah Gertrude Millin's work, as she says herself, stands out by its mass alone; like a recent, if already crumbling, national monument.

She deliberately burns off the romantic colour of things grimly, as if with a blow-lamp. Consider her favourite themes — the degrading effects of miscegenation the dreariness and poverty of life on the diggings, the monotony of small dorps, the ironic disappointment which wakes us up from all our dreams of ambition and love.

Seldom has anyone made such an extensive study of the petty miseries of life. But behind this attitude there is not only a calm view of reality but also a bitterness, a lack of faith in life or love; and her pity is a terrible self-lacerating pity.

Compare her with Pauline Smith, who wrote very little and whose material is restricted to the small farmers of the Little Karoo.

Compassionate understanding could hardly do more to bring to life characters often selfish and narrow, but as often unreflectingly kind and good-hearted and capable of a tragic sense of guilt and sin. Monumentally simple, they are never vulgar.

Plomer's novels and short stories are much more experimental and daring in approach and design. 'Turbott Wolfe' is the story of an over-sophisticated English painter-poet-musician eager to register every sensation and explore every valuable experience a visit to South Africa can give him.

Yet he is afraid to destroy his integrity and lose himself in romantic dreams. Should he allow his love of a young African girl to overwhelm him? Should he sacrifice himself, a White lamb to Black Africa? This clash of feeling allows an ironic richness of treatment; and Plomer sees the political and personal situation in terms now satiric, now comic, now grotesquely serious. Of course, this is a young man's book, somewhat over-written and self-conscious, but very cleverly planned.

Plomer's short stories in 'I Speak of Africa' and his beautiful studies of Japanese life show the same rare sensibility and humanity which is seen in his poetry.

At this point I should mention Laurence van der Post's 'In a Province' (written long before the more famous 'Venture to the Interior' and 'Flamingo Feather'), a sensitive, if not wholly successful study of the very difficult theme of friendship between a White man and an African.

Alan Paton's 'Cry, the Beloved Country,' the next important study of this topic, if occasionally weighty and moving, is undeniably sentimental. . . . It is a wonderful effort of kindness and charity, rather than a rounded study. But 'Too Late the Phalarope' is a powerful attempt to study a tragic situation in which love is destroyed or perverted. Yet the desire to be equally kind to everyone leads to a certain awkwardness or uncertainty of feeling which is, perhaps, the reason for the hysteria of the narrator, often an impressive chorus, but in the long run irritating and high-pitched emotionally. Paton's whole approach tends to make some of the story sound unreal.

Closeness to the real is certainly the most striking feature of the work of Nadine Gordimer. A brilliant mirror, no one has caught with more dexterity the surface impressions of South African city life.

She observes scenes like a family at supper, a group of students having an argument, a Bohemian party with brilliant feeling for detail, and that bright, sharp irony which has made her work so acceptable to the 'New Yorker.'

But her artistic temperament seems to be somewhat narrow and cold; her attempts at creating poetic atmosphere are not successful, her treatment of love is depressingly arid, particularly in 'Dying Days.'

Dan Jacobson has almost the opposite type of imagination: gentle, introspective, he interweaves actuality and symbolic situations.

I cannot, of course, do justice to many who would easily go into a longer survey. Uys Krige, for instance, has written some memorable pages in 'Dream in the Desert,' and work by such writers as Daphne Muir, Harry Bloom, Marris Murray, Daphne Rooke and Jack Cope has received much praise.

Book-buying record

A WORLD RECORD in book buying per capita was established in South Africa, said the annual report of the Department of Education, Arts and Science for 1958. The South African public bought £6,000,000 worth of books and 16,000,000 books were in circulation in the public libraries in the year.

The Call of South Africa

Ringing out from our blue heavens,
From our deep seas breaking round;
Over everlasting mountains
Where the echoing crags resound;
From our plains where creaking wagons
Cut their trails into the earth —
Calls the spirit of our country,
Of the land that gave us birth.

At Thy call we shall not falter,
Firm and steadfast we shall stand,
At Thy will to live or perish,
O South Africa, dear land.

In Thy power, Almighty, trusting,
Did our fathers build of old;
Strengthen then, O Lord, their children
To defend, to love, to hold —
That the heritage Thou gavest us
For our children yet may be;
Bondsmen only to the Highest
And before the whole world free.

As our fathers trusted humbly,
Teach us, Lord, to trust Thee still;
Guard our land and guide our people
In Thy way to do Thy will.

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