

It was the last week of the Algerian war. Not the bloodiest — for the pitched battles of the regular armies were over — but the most murderous. It was the week that the war moved, finally, from the open fields and hills into the city streets, where corpses lay huddled on pavements or dangled from the cross-arms of telephone poles; where death stalked more surely amongst the civilian than the military population. In Oran and Algiers, an era was going down in bitterness and blood. Not all the armed might of France, not all its jet planes and automatic weapons had proved powerful enough to save it. White supremacy was finished and at an end. All that remained was its degenerate OAS band of assassins, bitterly continuing a lost and hopeless battle from behind the shield of a vena French army.

Going Down — In Blood

MR. FOUCHE'S INVASION MYTH

By L. BERNSTEIN

In the midst of this week, at the other end of the continent, Defence Minister Fouche casually informed the country that "Military action against the Republic was being openly advocated — and secretly planned." Elsewhere in this world, the prospect of foreign invasion "... by some Afro-Asian countries ... with the potential for establishing an 'army of liberation' ... which in its entirety could form a formidable army," would be treated with due seriousness. If revealed at all, it would be revealed, surely, by the Prime Minister, either at a special session of Parliament or in an address to the nation. It would not be made by a somewhat junior minister, with an air of comparative indifference, on the routine date when the Defence budget is under annual review.

But this is Nationalist-ruled South Africa. The standards of the outside world do not apply. Here there is a standard stock-in-trade which cabinet ministers unveil before the admiring eyes of their constituents from time to time. One year it is an elaborate — though wholly unsubstantiated — plot to poison the nation's water supplies; another, a plot to assassinate leading government figures, and bring down all public services through a national arson plot. Some years ago it was the Cheese-Cheesa army — which never set light to even a single waste-paper basket; this year it is an "Afro-Asian army." We are not expected to take it seriously; it is not even presented in a manner which makes it credible.

It is all just a matter of Nationalist party procedure. They do not consider it good form to stand up in Parliament and announce the suppression of all opposition to white supremacy just because it is opposition. They prefer to concoct an elaborate, unbelievable and disbelieved story of a poison plot. Nor do they dare any longer to announce a plan for massive armament and militarisation in order to preserve white baaskap from internal challenge. They prefer to concoct a casual, threadbare and unbelievable story about invasion from abroad. The wonder is not that they make such a statement so casually; the wonder is that — this time — they have been believed.

THE TISSUE OF LIES

It is not to be expected that the statement should be questioned on the Na-

tionalist benches. There is no room for independent thinking in the tight-packed ranks of conformism. But it is to be expected that, on the opposition side, there should be men who think first and speak afterwards.

Thought one: It is 800 miles from the Republic of South Africa to the nearest Afro-Asian territory, Tanganyika. The land invasion route lies across Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Why no mention by the Minister, then, of the need for a mutual-defence treaty with Rhodesia?

Thought two: Perhaps the invasion will be airborne? Or naval? Why then no suggestion in the Minister's Defence budget that priority is to be given to Air Force or Navy; but rather that priority is to be given to "commandos" and land forces?

Thought three: How does the Minister come by "secret" information of what

"Those who have tears for South Africa prepare to shed them now. For inexorably we are moving into the twilight that precedes the night."

— Laurence Gandar, in the Rand Daily Mail.

goes on in any African state which belongs to the Afro-Asian group? South Africa has no embassy or consulate in any of them; its military intelligence has always been provided by the British army — and we are no longer in the Commonwealth.

These are not very profound thoughts; they are shallow enough, in fact, to have emerged in the minds of the opposition M.P.'s — if they are still capable of thought. But no such thoughts did emerge — or not until it was too late. Senator George Sutter for the United Party rushed to promise the government 'full co-operation in combatting fifth-column activities, putting down anti-war movements, and helping to put saboteurs in concentration camps.' Overnight, the South African Foundation's tame Poobah, Sir Frances de Guingand,

was pontificating at length about the military strategy of the impending invasion. "I agree with Mr. Fouche that the Afro-Asian bloc are, and have been, planning some offensive action against South Africa or South West Africa. I have certain information at my disposal ... I agree also that we must provide in this country armed forces that can deal with internal security and defence, and external aggression." Everyone agreed, everyone whose views are publishable that is — everyone except the Editor of the Rand Daily Mail and the lone Progressive M.P. Suddenly, the casual ministerial statement had become a landmark, a sensation. In the new united white ardour of militarism, no frenzied proposal for placing the white population on a war footing was too fantastic. The columns of the Nationalist press spawned a score of hysterical proposals — that the population be taught 'to fight with our bare hands if necessary'; that the entire white population should henceforth live 'with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other.'

THANKS TO THE OPPOSITION

It is doubtful whether Mr. Fouche's statement was intended by the government to have this effect. Making the white flesh creep with images of menacing black hordes reaching out to confiscate their properties and their wives is a small-beer commonplace of South African politics. So is the image of a small, white, heroic band holding out at the tip of a continent against the invasion of dark forces of an alien world. It is used with only minor variations of emphasis at every Stryddag, agricultural show opening and jukskei prize-giving. It is no longer expected to be a sensation; it is recited by politicians and received even by platteland audiences, as the tired worn claptrap that it is.

What made it different on this occasion was that, this time, the official opposition came out in enthusiastic support for this warmed-over cold gruel of a thousand Nationalist party speeches. We have become accustomed to the peculiarly South African convention that the official opposition may hide, criticise or scoff, but that it never opposes. It is now necessary to get used to the idea that in fact, it supports the government — not just on one little measure which will soon be buried in the statute books, but on a whole course of

GOING DOWN

Continued

policy which will shape every aspect of life in the years ahead of us. The Fouché speech — and its aftermath — is not just an exercise in sabre-rattling by the Nationalist Party, whose only military accomplishment in the past sixty years was the slaughter of Sharpeville. It is more than that. It is the passing of an era of history, and the emergence of a new era — the era of white South Africa on a permanent war footing.

How casually, thoughtlessly the South African parliament could set the country decisively on a military basis! Overnight the new hysteria was whipped up in the Nationalist press. The first peace-time war budget passed without a murmur, with a record 120 million rand for military purposes, increased prices of books, gramophone records, beer and petrol, and increased income tax to foot the bill. The censorship of the press is just ahead, and already the press-barons have sold the pass and secured exemptions for themselves by undertaking to censor themselves to acquiescence in white domination at any price. There is talk of harsher measures of internal suppression, with rumours of long-term arrests without trial and possibly even death sentences for political opponents of the jugger-naut. There is an ugly public hysteria being encouraged with constant official pressure on whites — only whites — to join volunteer commando units and pistol clubs.

THE ROAD TO CALVARY

Those with a sense of history might have reflected momentarily that here, seven years before, was Algeria. Those seven years have cost the lives of some 16,000 Frenchmen and two hundred thousand Algerians. For what? For the gratification of the ambitions of a General Salan? For the satisfaction of the blood-lust of a white Algerian who believed that being white entitled him to rule Algeria for ever? To satisfy the mediaeval belief that Algerians are non-white, and hence inferior? And still the price of those emotions has to be fully exacted, in the last bitter battles of Frenchman against Frenchman, in the first French civil war since the Paris Commune of 1871.

There is no such sense of history in the South African Parliament. There, in the exclusive white holy-of-holies in which no non-white has ever sat, there was complete indifference to the lessons being blazoned out in blood and rubble in Algiers. Indifference, or perhaps acceptance that, despite Algeria, we will tread the same bitter path to our own bitter destruction, because we have lost the power any longer to act and think like men. Fouché was asking them all to accept the role of executioners and murderers who will order other generations into hopeless battle. They claim to be leaders of the country; they must be assumed to be capable of

thought, and to be responsible for what they were doing.

They were being asked to place the country on a war footing. They agreed. They were being told that mobilisation was necessary against either internal or external enemies. They agreed. They were asked to finance the mobilisation of a striking force capable only of effective action against internal opponents. They agreed. They were asked to endorse the prospect of white South Africa clinging to power for all time by war if needs be. They agreed. They were asked to prepare the whole white population for the shooting of non-whites who claimed political power for the majority of the population. They agreed. This miserable cringing obedience to the almighty Dr. Verwoerd, this Hitlerian determination to go down in blood rather than surrender an inch of power — this was the final state to which the ideology of white supremacy had led. Again. As it had in Algeria.

They will claim afterwards — these men of the South African Parliament — that they did not know, that they were unaware. They will claim that they never ever really wanted civil war. Perhaps not. Perhaps all they want — all! — is another slaughter like that of Sharpeville, white men with guns firing on black men with sticks and stones. Only on a bigger scale, so that the blow will teach the unarmed blacks, decisively, a lesson in power that they will never forget.

But for such a claim it is now too late. They know what they are starting. They know that already, before this decisive week of March, the non-white people had made a start towards creating their own armed force to back their claims for power. They know that already here, as in Algeria, as in Angola, those who cling to power with the rifle must expect to be challenged with the rifle. They know that there are only two alternatives before South Africa today — to talk out a peaceful settlement; or to shoot it out to the death. They have chosen decisively in this fateful week, just as all their past has been preparing them for an end in blood.

In this fateful week in March, they have chosen decisively, unitedly, to fight rather than talk — the final apocalyptic madness to which their whole white supremacist past has led. We have passed truly into the "twilight that precedes the night." But it is not enough to shed tears while our rulers prepare to shed blood — other peoples blood. It is not now time to weep; it is time to muster our last reserves of courage for the decisive fight — for the fight to meet the madmen from their place of power before the bombs begin to fall; or — if it proves too late for that — to ensure that it is they who will go down, finally, in the rubble they have created, together with the racial madness that led them there. It is a time for deeds, not tears.

Second Thou

On the 20th March this year, the public of South Africa woke up to banner headlines on the front pages of the daily newspapers, which read: "TUC TO ADMIT AFRICAN TRADE UNIONS. DECISION OF EAST LONDON CONFERENCE." For the TUC does not have the colourful his-

The East London Conference of the TUC was attended by delegates from 37 of the 48 unions affiliated to it. Only two Unions voted against the decision to amend the Constitution to admit Trade Unions of African workers to membership, while ten abstained. What provoked this change in policy? The question is best answered by the members of the National Executive Committee of the TUC.

The question of a change in TUC policy was raised by the President, Mr. Steve Scheepers in 1961. He reminded his National Executive Committee that the 1954 "Unity Conference" (held shortly before the TUC was established) decided to exclude African Unions from membership of the Council. He then went on to say "Things in this country are changing very rapidly . . ."

The discussion which followed is of great interest to the workers of South Africa, for we are seldom treated to such frankness from the leaders of the TUC.

Mr. Gallant, who is the Secretary of the National Union of Operative Biscuit workers and Packers, Cape Town, asked the President "whether the desire to attract the African Unions to this body is to boost up the membership of the TUC or to be more representative at the I.L.O.?" To this question the President replied that this item had not been placed on the agenda with the object of boosting the affiliation to the TUC.

Mr. T. P. Murray of the S.A. Boller-makers, Iron and Steel Workers and Shipbuilders Society, helped Mr. Gallant by saying: "I think it necessary to indicate to this meeting how this matter came up in the first instance. The National Management Committee considered the objection lodged to the International Labour Conference by the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU) against the Trade Union Council representative and he, in particular, felt that there was much substance in some of the accusations made by the Congress in the fact that the TUC had as such dissociated itself from the African trade unions."

No Dodging — No More

He went on to say: "Mr. McCann and I recently returned from overseas where we attended a trade union conference and it became very obvious to us that before we could hope to call ourselves a

OUR DUTY — AS WE SEE IT

By THE EDITORS

This journal was born out of a war against Nazism. It was called 'Fighting Talk'. It was, then, the voice of the democratically inspired soldiery of this country's army against Nazism. It dedicated its columns to the fight against Nazism, racial reaction and dictatorship. From that it has never wavered, though times have changed since the war ended and the army dispersed. First as the voice of full-time soldiers, later as the voice of civilians, 'Fighting Talk' has always been the journal of the advance guard of this country's anti-Nazis, the voice of the fighters with weapons or with words against the Hitler doctrines of supermen and master races.

This journal is today under sentence of death. At any moment after the "Sabotage Bill" becomes law, it may be closed down, without reason and without hearing, by order of a man whose political career started with support for Hitler and National Socialism, and ends, appropriately, in the Verwoerd cabinet. Until the executioners axe falls, our editor, our contributors and staff face punishment — imprisonment and fines — for almost every word they dare to write. A new crime has been created in this country — the crime of writing and publishing what the gauleiters of South African Nazism describe as "undesirable".

Thus, after twenty years of unbroken publication, we face the severest test of our history. The South African Nazis dominate the government and have taken to themselves the powers to terrorise us, or — if that fails — to close us down by decree. What course are we to follow now? The question does not confront only us. It confronts every journal, every organisation, finally every individual who does not bend the knee before the juggernaut of Verwoerd apartheid. What course are we to follow?

This problem faces the whole South African press; they are all finding differing answers for themselves. Patrick Duncan of 'Contact' has emigrated to Basutoland before the Censorship Bill becomes law, seeking refuge in advance from restrictions on his personal freedom which are far lighter than those imposed on many of our writers and staff. Lawrence Gandar of the 'Rand Daily Mail' by way of contrast, has forcibly climbed off the fence on which he has sat for a long time, and uses his pen with all the passion and force that he can muster in the battle to stop the Bill and bar the pass to its foul twin, the 'Sabotage Bill.' Is Duncan's way the way of caution? Or of cowardice? Is Gandar's that of heroism? or of recklessness?

The problem goes far beyond the ranks only of editors. Consider, for instance, the Johannesburg Liberal Party, which had advertised a meeting at the City Hall steps before the storm-troopers and bully-boys of the new dictatorship had got into their full stride. By the day before the meeting, the hooligan gangs had been given the freedom of Johannesburg's streets by the South African Police; from behind the police cordons they had gathered freely to abuse, assault and spit upon anti-government demonstrators. In this atmosphere, the meeting would certainly have been rough; it would have required much determination and courage to go through with it. Unfortunately, the organisers could not muster enough of either, and cancelled their meeting. Party chairman Alan Paton, who had fought courageously and well throughout the week in Durban, summed up the deed: 'Freedom of speech has lost a critical battle.' True.

But it was a battle in which the defense had failed to bring its weapons and ammunition into action. This was not caution; it was cowardice in the face of the enemy.

Nothing contrasts more strongly with this than the magnificent courage of the women of Johannesburg's Black Sash, who faced up to all the gutter abuse and the sewer-rat behaviour of the hooligan gangs, in order to maintain their vigil over their 'Flame of Liberty' on the very same steps of the City Hall. Here were courage and determination of the highest order. And yet clearly courage alone is not enough. The Black Sash vigil has been forced off those central steps, into the side streets and byways, where the demonstration is less significant and less inspiring. They have not been driven off by superior force; for anyone who knows Johannesburg, anyone who saw its common citizens in their fine silent march of protest against the 'Sabotage' Bill, will know that Johannesburg can still — even in the fourteenth year of Nationalist rule — muster an overwhelming majority of anti-fascists against the bully gangs and the government which inspires them. But the women of the Black Sash discouraged every offer of protection, rejected every suggestion that the answer to gang force is counterforce. They decided to face force and violence with a demonstration of moral superiority only. Their tactics failed. Certainly they were heroic; but were they not also, in this, mistaken?

Thus far we have spoken of courage and of cowardice. But it is necessary also to speak of treachery and betrayal. Consider first the case of the Trade Union Council, which is content to let the Censorship and 'Sabotage' Bills pass in silence, because they themselves have the assurance of the Minister that *their* trade unions will not be suppressed. Let us not ask what value such an assurance has; the Nationalist Party has never felt obliged to honour promises, or respect restraints imposed by 'the dead hand of the past.' Nor let us bother with the fact that while trade unions may be given immunity, their members, their leaders and their spokesmen fall just as surely within the shadow of the gestapo as anyone else in the country. Let the TUC look after itself in these matters. But we cannot ignore the fact that the assurance asked for by the TUC, and given by the Minister, affects only *their* unions, only the unions of white workers. They have given their silence, and their acquiescence to the Bills, in exchange for their own immunity. In doing so, they have shown themselves ready to sacrifice all other trade unions, especially the unions of non-white workers, without a murmur. This is not cowardice; it is treachery.

So too the behaviour of the press magnates, united in the press baron's association — the Newspaper Press Union. We speak here of the proprietors of the English language dailies; for the Afrikaans dailies are so completely part and parcel of the Nationalist Party that nothing they say and do — neither incitement to public violence nor gross racial incitement nor straightforward lying nor outspoken Hitlerism — nothing they do will be classed as "undesirable" in Nationalist South Africa. The proprietors of the English dailies have also fastened the gag upon themselves in exchange for their own immunity from censorship. They have traded their freedom to write as they please and as they think for the right to be excluded from the censorship bill; they have

followed Sharpeville, when they suspended the pass laws. We see it in their "Bantustan" manoeuvre—the very idea which Verwoerd scouted as hopelessly visionary when it was first advanced by SABRA some years back. Sure, it is all for show: they hope to rule the Transkei as effectively tomorrow through the likes of Matanzima as they do now directly through Hans Abraham. But it is an expensive and risky business. Why do they do it all — if not to impress UNO abroad and to still the clamour for true freedom at home?

Even more to the point: let us examine the field of civil liberties, now being reduced legally to vanishing point in terms of the 'Sabotage' and Censorship Bills. It has been pointed out that

whether Vorster will be constrained to modify it in any significant respect. Judging by the tone of his reply to the Second Reading debate, there will not be many changes — unless the tide of public opposition rises to very much greater heights before the Bill becomes law. The Nationalist M.P.'s will steamroller through all the main provisions, in all their naked ugliness.

Will that mean an end to political life in South Africa, to democratic opposition and resistance? No, it will not.

Do not mistake me. The laws will be very bad indeed. Vorster has already expressed his intention of making use of the sweeping powers handed to him, to ban New Age and other anti-apartheid publications, to place individuals

Even within the framework of the Nazi legislation, freedom-fighters will find ways of making their voices heard; they will not surrender or neglect a single possibility that remains.

We must never forget that laws, the legal context, are not everything. Given a sufficiently militant and courageous people, the most draconic dictatorship and the most stringent decrees will be invalid because they simply will not work. We have striking current examples of this in the Iberian peninsula where under the most stifling dictatorships in Europe, the brave Spanish workers and Portuguese students have successfully defied the anti-strike laws of Franco and Salazar.

Verwoerd and Vorster can outlaw a

A FRANK DISCUSSION ON THE LAWS — AND THE PEOPLE

many of the drastic powers Vorster is now demanding he already enjoys in terms of the Suppression of Communism, Public Safety and other laws. The Nationalists could have banned New Age as they banned the Guardian and Advance. They could, in terms of existing legislation, have put outspoken democrats under house arrest or even in concentration camps. They could, by the stroke of the pen, under the Public Safety Act, have kept the whole country in a "State of Emergency", thus suspending all laws and governing solely by decree.

That they have not done so is not the result of any scruples on their part. It is a result of the tenacious defence of their rights by the people of this country; of the endless protests and exposures of each reactionary measure; of the fact that protests and struggles in this country unfailingly evoke a sympathetic response from the millions of friends of South African freedom beyond our borders and in the councils of the United Nations and other international organisations.

Had our people not fought back tirelessly, courageously, tenaciously against each and every Nationalist assault on human rights and freedoms, our country — now in the fourteenth year of their rule — would long since have sunk into the spiritual hell of Hitler's "New Order" so much admired by Verwoerd and Vorster, where the only organised bodies were the State and the Nazi Party; where individuals, terrorised and isolated from one another, shrugged their shoulders apathetically as they saw smoke pouring night and day from the chimneys of the mass crematoria.

After the Bills Are Law

I am writing just after the Second Reading of the "Sabotage" Bill, so I do not know just what effect the public outcry will have upon the final text, or

under house arrest, to step up the Special Branch intimidation and victimisation which has been a steadily growing feature of South African life for many years. We must expect new organisational bans too; the earlier outlawing of the African National Congress may soon be followed by bans on other organisations as well. One can anticipate a growth of "unofficial" fascism as well, a growing brazenness of Leibbrandt and other "K.K.K."-like organisations, with the organised hooliganism we saw in Johannesburg during the protests as a pattern. The way of the democrat in our country will, for a time, be dangerous and difficult indeed.

This They Can't Stop

But the will and the strivings of the South African people for freedom and democracy are like an elemental force that cannot be thwarted and checked by a minority-based dictatorship. The struggle will keep breaking out in new forms and in unexpected places. Encouraged by the justice of their cause, the superiority of their numbers and the sympathy and support of Africa and the whole world, the oppressed, exploited majority will continually find means of expressing their aspirations for freedom, until the struggle has been won.

South African Style DEFINITIONS

* COMMUNIST — a person who believes in the United Nations Charter, like Chief Lutuli or Patrick Duncan. (From the Nats' New Political Dictionary.)

** SABOTEUR — an opponent of apartheid who does something illegal to show his opposition, all such actions having been declared illegal. (Ibid.)

handful of militant leaders and excommunicate them from the community by placing them under house arrest. But if thousands and tens of thousands of South Africans will speak out for freedom, they can not place them under house or any other sort of arrest; they simply have not the forces to do so.

The People — Not the Law

What is important, in the last analysis, is not the text of the laws on the statute book; it is the real balance of forces and the temper of public feeling. The fight against these and all the other Nazi laws passed by the Nationalists does not come to an end once the minority parliament goes through the farce of voting on them.

The laws are meant to terrify every upholder of national liberation and democracy into silence. They are a sign not of strength but of jittery fear of opposition. I am sure they will not succeed. Even if they do manage to stop up every channel for legal opposition to their rule and to white domination, it will mean that that opposition will take underground and illegal forms. And if they suppress every peaceful protest with terror and violence, then the time will come when they will be met in turn with violence and terror. Such is the law of history.

Immensely important in deciding how they will use their laws and with what morale and determination the democratic forces will resist, is the volume and spirit of the people's protest and reaction now.

That is why no opponent of fascism has the right to stand aside, cynically and fatalistically, from the protest movement. The fight against the Bills now will determine, to a very large extent, whether our country will be dragged through the degradation of fascism and the fires of civil strife before we are rid of the Nationalists.

retired from the battle before it is half fought, and in doing so they have thrown all other publications to the Nazi wolves — Fighting Talk, New Age, Contact and many more. This is not surrender; it is treachery.

We are not concerned at this moment, to pass judgement on treachery. In military circles, treachery is punishable with death. The demise of the TUC is a combination of free trade unions, the passing of the NPU publications as mouthpieces of a free people, is not far off. History will pass judgement on them soon enough. We are concerned, from all this, to chart our own course and determine our own future. If we put accusing fingers on the deeds of others it is only in order to underline our intention not to follow the fatal paths which they take.

We have tried, for twenty years, to live up to our name, 'Fighting Talk.' Surrender without a fight, cowardice in the face of the enemy, treachery to our friends, our allies and our people is foreign to our whole tradition. They are the antithesis of everything

we have worked for and campaigned for through our whole history. We do not intend to change our colours now, nor to haul them from the masthead.

We have dedicated ourselves to campaign against South African Nazism. We will continue to do so for as long as we are able. We have campaigned against Nazism's local representative, the Nationalist Party. We will continue to do so. We have fought for the new South Africa whose outline is drawn in the Freedom Charter. We will continue to do so. We have worked for the unity of all South African democrats and lovers of liberty, for the common cause of removing the present government and opening the road to democracy for all men. We shall continue to do so.

For as long as we are able, We neither retreat, nor surrender. We do not believe that a soft answer from us will turn away the Nazis' wrath. We will carry on the fight for as long as we are able. And if, in the future, they bring such force against us that we can no longer continue, then

we shall go down. But at least we will go down as we have lived, fighting. We know that in this approach we are not alone. This will be the path trodden by the majority of our people now and in the critical days ahead. Our special field has been "talk". But there comes a time when talk is not enough; when what is wanted is not just talk, but also deeds; not just ideas but also action.

We will try to match our actions in the face of Nazism to our talk over these many years. We are confident that this way lies victory for our ideas, and defeat for Nazism. Perhaps not now. Perhaps not for some time to come. But in the end it must be so, because governments can silence their opponents, but they can never destroy them while human courage and determination are kept alive. In the end of ends, it is not the government of this country which will crush the people; but the people who will crush the government. Whatever little we can contribute to that end, we will do, willingly.

The Face of the Fascists

Fascism — particularly when based on race-prejudice and fear — erodes all areas of human conduct. When it derives its motive force from a fear of people as people and when its mystique is based on a denial of the humanity of others then the area of human feeling must be one which suffers the greatest erosion.

The real horror of the violence offered in defence of the Sabotage Bill all over the country — with focal points outside Parliament and on the steps of the Johannesburg City Hall — is its brutishness. Newspapers have carried the image of snarling and catcalling hooligans into every home. The details are familiar: the taunting mob, fists flying, people being thrown to the ground and kicked, placards and banners of protest against the most savage Bill in our history being ripped from the hands of demonstrators — Congressites, students or Black Sashers — and torn to shreds. The image is sharpened by the contrast of the silent women who stood bowed around their symbolical guttering "Flame of Freedom" and weathered the welter of eggs, tomatoes, water-bombs and stale fish.

But it is brutishness that is the abiding underlying impression. Sometimes the mob charged at demonstrators with the jostling exuberance of a rugby scrummage, sometimes they stormed with the berserk ferocity of a lynch-mob, but the real ugliness appeared when they thrust forward with the ruthless destructiveness of jack-booted stormtroopers. They crystallised then the Fascist-fanaticism which must, ap-

Thoughts on the hooligan mobs at the City Hall Steps By PAUL BELL

parently make them mad—and destroy them. Then one saw the tragic and terrible pass to which some of our countrymen have come: more than the Fascist apparatus the State is providing, it is the fascist mentality which possesses them which is so terrifying. For inevitably a component of this frame of mind is despairing and self-destructive.

There are revealing sidelights. That many of the hooligans were police in mufti: that the concerted onslaughts on Congressites or students or Sashers were only made when a large body of police was present; that brawls rarely took place in parts of the crowd where there was a large number of non-whites. And always there were shrill vapid and blunt-featured blondes — heirs to the wardresses of Buchenwald — inciting the police to heroic posturing and the louts to displays of maleness.

Personal observation reveals further how deeply humanity has been eroded. There was the large matronly woman who wrung her hands and repeatedly beseeched the heavens to tell her: Why hadn't the firms given the menfolk leave? If only the men had been there

they would soon have put an end to this demonstration nonsense. And the blazered junior schoolboy who looked longingly at a protest banner held aloft and wished that Mike Holt or Ski-Hi Lee (boxing and wrestling heroes) were there to rip it down. And the group of parcel-laden women who nodded their heads commiseratingly and agreed about the Black Sash: Poor things, they're not all there. They don't quite know what they're doing. **ONS MOET DIE SWARTGOED REGMAAK.**

Most Germans today claim the alibi of ignorance for the atrocities perpetrated under Hitler. Perhaps white South Africans will tell the same story. But for many it will not be true. They are completely behind Verwoerd and Vorster in their determination to blow sky-high whatever defences of law and justice have been available to those who oppose apartheid-fascism.

The nature of the Anti-Sabotage Bill is too well-known. Its origins in fear and repression are obvious. But the extent to which white South Africa is prepared to destroy its own standards of decency may not be fully realised. Nor may we be sufficiently aware of the extent their humanity has been eroded by their determination to preserve privilege by force and the mutilation of justice. Stripped of their belief in humanity, discarding their own humanity, their brutishness is exposed and brute force becomes the accepted method of dealing with opposition. Appeals to conscience, to reason, or even to enlightened self-interest can evoke no ans-

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THE STATE SUPPORTED FARMERS

By G. FASULO

The first two articles in this series described Oppenheimer's empire and foreign capital in South Africa. These were like monopolistic groups and foreign investment in any other capitalist economy. The group discussed in this article, however, is characteristically a part of white-supremacist South Africa and very unlike farmers in other countries.

In most capitalist countries the farmers, that is the agricultural capitalists, are not a powerful monopolistic group within the capitalist class. By comparison with bankers, industrialists and mining magnates, individual farmers own rather small amounts of capital. Overseas they are also relatively unorganised economically and compete with one another to the benefit of the monopolistic sections of the capitalists. That is to say they sell their produce at prices determined by the laws of supply and demand, but they have to buy the machinery, fertilisers, petrol, etc. that they need at high prices determined by the big manufacturing and financial monopolies. This pattern does not exist in South Africa.

Here, because of their disproportionate and even dominating political power, the white farmers have been able to organise themselves as a state-supported monopolistic group. Monopolies in the selling of agricultural produce have been established through the control boards. The position of farmers as buyers has been strengthened through the formation of co-operatives and the farmers have freed themselves of any great dependence on finance capital through the Land Bank, and a great variety of forms of state subsidies and assistance.

Government assistance to white farmers takes many forms. Railway rates are set so that farmers pay much less to transport their produce and supplies than do manufacturing or mining capitalists. High tariffs are charged to exclude various types of food imports. A great deal of irrigation, soil erosion control, agricultural education and research work is carried out by the government at the expense of all taxpayers and for the benefit of the farmers. In a variety of such ways the nation as a whole is made to subsidize the white farmers.

Control Boards

The most significant thing, however, has been the development of the Co-

operatives and the Control Boards, as has been well described by J. M. Tinley in his book "The Native Labour Problem of South Africa." The first step was taken in 1924 (about the time that the Nationalists first came to power) when an Act of Parliament vested in the Kooperatiewe Wynbouwers Vereniging full control over the sale of all distilling-wine or spirits. That is, K.W.V. was given by law a total monopoly in order to raise prices inside South Africa, to deal more effectively with middle men, to exploit consumers, develop exports, etc. As a result profits have been raised and stabilized, capital accumulated and exports built up until today K.W.V. is the third largest supplier of sherry to Britain.

In 1925 a Co-operative Societies Act was passed which provided for the centralized sale of products in a certain area if 68% of the producers were in favour thereof and if the Minister of Agriculture approved. This was applied in 1926 to the marketing of tobacco in all the important producing areas. In 1935 a Tobacco Industry Control Board was established further to control production and sales in the interests of the farmers.

Raising the Price

The protective tariff on sugar was raised from 4/- to 16/- per hundred pounds between 1926 and 1932. In 1936 a Sugar Industry Control Board was set up. One result was that in 1938 about half of South Africa's sugar production was exported to the United Kingdom where, after paying shipping and other charges, it was sold for less than the price charged to consumers in South Africa. In other words, the state-established sugar farmers' monopoly was able to force South African consumers to subsidize the dumping of sugar overseas.

Control was set up for wheat and dairy products in 1930, in 1931 for maize and for livestock in 1932. An indication of the monopolistic powers granted is given by the Wheat Industry Control Board which in 1940 established local buying agents, determined prices to be paid to producers, set the wholesale prices of wheat and flour, and the retail prices of bread. It also regulated imports of wheat! Today all important agricultural products are controlled by Marketing Boards acting to exploit consumers for the benefit of the white farmers.

The results of this system can only be regarded as extremely wicked. It has been estimated that about half of all African babies born in large urban centres die within the first year of life, basically of starvation although this is

Face of the Fascists . . .

(Continued from page 5)

wer. No answer is possible. Except force. Verwoerd can marshal the armed might of those in uniform. But behind them is a great mass of volunteers. Vorster, in expressing appreciation for offers of assistance from saboteur Robey Leibbrandt's private army, recognised their existence and anticipated their assistance. They are to be augmented by cowboys from Kenya and riff-raff from Algeria in search of the last pastures where white baasskap can still fatten. The gory record of the Algeria private army seems far off — machine-gunned cafes, dynamited hospitals and mutilated corpses. Yet we may have to say: O.A.S. is come again.

It is necessary to emphasise the intensified brutality. All democratic forces in the country must be clear about what now confronts them. The facade of justice and fair-dealing has been ripped down as surely as the banners were torn down on the Johannesburg steps. And when the mob lacked the courage, the police ordered the removal of the banners.

It is brute force that confronts us. Not merely legalised force from the police and the army but force from a large section of the white populace, led

by toughs, bully-boys and layabouts. We can take it for granted that a young man committed to Vorster's Nazi policy will support it enthusiastically whether in uniform or out of it. But we must also take for granted that all those who believe that this policy is the only way to preserve themselves will prefer their support on every conceivable occasion.

Is it surprising that those who saw these manifestations of the new brutality are inclined to react in the same way? That many of those who have fought peacefully for a free South Africa are tending to think of the use of force to meet force? That more and more accept that the showdown, when it comes, will be a violent one?

In a sense, there is a dreary sameness about our political struggle. It moves, like so many others we know, to bloodshed and a resolution by violence.

But perhaps there is a glimmer of hope even in this darkness that descends on us. There was the man who returned to the City Hall steps after a brawl to explain in earnest Afrikaans that HE HAD NOT DONE THE KICKING. It was true, he said, that he was a Nationalist. He believed that the Bill was a necessary one. But he was against such brutality and would never resort to kicking. HE SHOULD PLEASE NOT BE A MARKED MAN!

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TALK

The Two Faces of the Nationalist Government

THE INDIAN AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

**ZEKE
MPHAHLELE
ON
GHANA**

**Famine
and the
Food
Surplus**

**Joshua Nkomo
of Southern
Rhodesia**



The Terrible Paradox

by MARIE REYNOLDS

**Needless hunger
in the midst of
plenty . . . Food
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children that
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Africa's challenge**

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Man's battle against hunger was never-ceasing. For hundreds of thousands of years his existence was precarious. Only in recent times has he mastered both the technical production and the scientific understanding of food. He knows how to increase production by plant and animal selection, water management, soil fertilisation, mechanisation; and to preserve food through canning and refrigeration. He knows how to cure food deficiency disease — scurvy, with fresh fruit and vegetables, goitre with iodine, rickets with vitamins, kwashiorkor with protein foods.

Yet despite all this, the majority of people of this world are still hungry. Asia, Latin America and Africa suffer the hidden hunger of malnutrition that brings disease and saps initiative. Not only do children die, but millions are listless, deformed, diseased, blind, because they do not eat well enough.

But South Africa's problem is unique: the problem of hunger — even famine — amidst the stored or rotting piles of *too much food*.

STICK-LIKE LEGS

If you have seen a small child with reddish hair, with round, distended belly above stick-like legs, a child with unsmiling face and hard, piercing gaze, you have looked at kwashiorkor.

Kwashiorkor is Africa's 'protein-deficiency' disease. It occurs wherever children exist mainly on a diet of grain: among the children of South America who eat only 'beans and tortillas' (maize pancakes); of Asia, who eat only rice; of Africa, who eat only cassava or maize. It is simply cured by the addition of skimmed milk or other protein-foods to the diet.

Only one industrially-advanced country in the world has a high rate of kwashiorkor — South Africa. Once the baby is weaned and put on mealie-pap, the trouble begins. But that is not all.

Today, in the drought-ridden Northern Transvaal, even maize cannot be obtained. It is not simply 'malnutrition'. It is famine.

HACKED TO PULP

And while the people starve . . .

● There is a butter surplus of 24 million pounds; no market can be found for it, although a small proportion is being sold overseas at a loss of 15 cents a pound.

● There is a cheese surplus of nine million pounds. Unsold millions of butter and cheese are kept in cold storage at a cost of thousands of rands.

● There is a milk surplus. An officially unconfirmed report stated that thousands of gallons were poured into the sea at Cape Town.

● 18,000 beef and 80,000 sheep carcasses clutter the Meat Board's cold storage rooms, while South Africa seeks markets for surplus meat.

● The fruit surplus is even more acute. Thousands of tons of top-quality bananas were hacked to pulp on the instructions of the Banana Control Board, so as not to worsen an "already

unsatisfactory market." Huge, hidden dumps of oranges and other citrus fruit were discovered in the Eastern Transvaal — a great sea of oranges taken and left to rot in remote hills. Tons of pineapples have been destroyed due to "slack markets."

● The maize surplus is causing an agricultural crisis. 23 million bags must be exported at a loss, although the Government still pays enormous subsidies to maize-farmers.

Yet the babies die of hunger. Fresh milk is unobtainable in the Reserves, butter almost unknown, powdered milk too expensive for the people to buy. Cheese, pineapples, oranges—these protein- and vitamin-rich foods, the spindly-legged children have never seen.

The children die. In the rich, beautiful holiday-town of Durban with its curving beaches rimmed by great luxury hotels, babies die faster than anywhere else in the world. The infant mortality rate is 246 per thousand live births. Can it be higher in the famine-stricken Reserves? It is estimated that 90 per cent of infant deaths in the Reserves are never reported, but that 3 out of 10 children die, mostly because they are underfed.

White South Africa, on the other hand, enjoys one of the lowest infant mortality rates, a favourable 27.7 per thousand (in England it is 22.2, in Ghana 90.4, in India, 185).

Doctors at a Johannesburg municipal clinic for Non-Whites estimate that at least 80 per cent of African children are malnourished. This is not the Congo, not Nigeria, not barbaric Angola; this is in the richest, most industrially advanced city of the richest country in Africa.

One doctor put it this way:

"With the exception of those who are breast-fed, one hardly sees a child who does not show some signs of malnutrition.

"The worst cases occur between the ages of one or two, when the baby has been taken off the breast and put straight on to a staple diet of mealie-meal and water."

There are usually two or three cases of gross malnutrition at the clinic. During the last six months of drought in the Northern Transvaal, the average has

'Malnutrition permanently plagues the majority of the people of our land'

risen to 15. Most of these have been sent to town from the Reserves or farms, where they have been looked after by their grandmothers. But there are plenty in the townships, too.

TOO WEAK TO WALK

These are the children who are so weak they cannot walk. They are mentally apathetic and show no interest in their surroundings. Sometimes the only sign of life about them is a consistent irritable cry. Some are thin and shrunken; others have grossly swollen bodies. Their hair is changing colour and falling out. Their skin is covered with sores; a doctor said that sometimes it looked as though boiling water had been poured all over them.

Not all the underfed children die. Malnutrition not only causes kwashiorkor and infantile diarrhoea; it also gives a baby decreased resistance to tuberculosis and other diseases. Ten years ago SANTA said they would wipe out TB in 10 years. But last year there were 58,491 notified cases, and an estimate of as many not reported.

Clinic Cases

This is an average distribution of new cases at a Johannesburg clinic on one morning last month:

NORMAL MALNUTRITION: 16. 15 of these were breast-fed, either fully or partially, and under the age of one year. The other well-nourished child, three years old, was the son of a teacher.

MILD MALNUTRITION: 15. Most of these were between one and three years old. Many lived almost entirely on porridge, with small quantities of milk, meat, fruit and vegetables. One meat and vegetable meal on Sundays, with porridge and a little milk, fruit and vegetables the rest of the week, is a common diet for township children.

GROSS MALNUTRITION: 4. Two of these, aged one year and two years, were sent to Johannesburg critically ill from the Northern Transvaal. Both had lived only on porridge. One of the other, aged two months, had been fed on powdered milk, incorrectly diluted. The other was a 19-month-old baby from a Johannesburg township who was living only on porridge.

"Worst of all," writes Jessie Hertslet, "the rows of scores — literally scores — of children with tubercular spines on the verandah of a hospital, all, so I am informed on unquestionable authority, infected originally through contact with a mine-worker who returned with dust-laden lungs." (Poverty and malnutrition make them more likely to get it.)

She also writes of one of the most distressing after-effects of malnutrition: contraction of the pelvis, because the bones in a malnourished toddler cannot endure the weight of the torso. This means that grown women fail to give birth without the utmost agony, and, too often, the death of the babe. So the present wide-spread incidence of kwashiorkor means untold suffering and heartache 20 years hence.

Perhaps the most horrifying effect of malnutrition is its stunting of brain development.

The human brain trebles in size during the first year of life, and five thousand million nerve cells are produced, according to Professor P. V. Tobias, head of the department of Anatomy at the Witwatersrand University. Malnutrition during this critical period can therefore cause considerable mental damage. It is not yet known whether this damage can ever be remedied. Observers from a rural clinic watched children who had suffered from kwashiorkor and were now cured. They found them slower, more passive and quiet than the other children, listless and uninterested in play. So hundreds of thousands of children are growing up with their potential blunted before they even get started. Do the sociologists take kwashiorkor into consideration when studying abilities of various groups?

OFFICIAL SEAL

"But there's no famine," states the Government, and throws a seal around the drought-stricken countryside. Travellers can only see the dusty, shrivelled countryside from the main roads. Reporters are turned back.

In January of this year, R30,000 was given by the Government to aid the drought-hit (white) cattle farmers. . . In April the farmers asked the Government to make it possible for them to buy surplus mealies as cattle fodder at the low export price. No cattlefodder for the Africans who struggled on emaciated limbs to a local hospital, itself desperately short of food. As late as June this year the Government denied there was famine amongst the Africans of the Northern Transvaal. In July, an official called the suffering of the people in the drought "their own fault."

They Scratch For Food

The dire poverty among Non-Whites in Grahamstown has been spotlighted by an open petition signed by 26 leading citizens during the city's centenary celebrations.

The petition revealed that there are Non-White mothers and children who search the city's rubbish dumps every day for scraps of discarded food. It also reminded Grahamstown that many of the city's inhabitants have less than five cents a day on which to live, that there are people living on less than 2 cents a day. The poverty in the town has been revealed by sociological surveys conducted there in recent years.

When Kupugani, a non-profit-making company was formed among business men "to combat malnutrition by distributing agricultural products wherever there are needed in South Africa," they were resented by the Government who denied the need for it.

Now at last temporary and limited Government aid is being given, so nigardly compared with the millions poured into the pockets of the maize farmers and Control Boards all through the years, as to be little more than tacit recognition of the need for aid. The main solution is to encourage men from the Reserves to sign up for mines or farms, thereby aggravating the terrible conditions in the Reserves by draining them of their last able-bodied men.

The terrible paradox is obvious to all. The big farmers (more heavily represented in Parliament than any other single group) got themselves Control Boards to keep up prices of their produce. The Boards became permanent institutions regulating prices so that even when there are great surpluses, prices stay too high for more than three-quarters of the people in this country. Low wages, high prices . . . if the people earned more, they could buy more.

Perhaps the drought will pass, the word 'famine' will disappear from the press. But more than hunger and famine, malnutrition permanently plagues the majority of people of our land. Aid must be given. But more than aid, a living wage, and the fair distribution and justice that will only come when the people themselves are masters.

Needless hunger in the midst of plenty. Food that rots and children that die. This is the challenge to all South Africans. Have we not the ability to meet it?

COMMENT

MORE FRONTS THAN ONE

Dr. Banda's criticism of South African political leaders abroad as run-away politicians, spinelessly trying to fight Verwoerd from far-off world capitals, sounds curious, coming from a man who himself lived in voluntary exile, not even as a politician, but as a prospering family doctor, for close on thirty years. It is an ungenerous attitude to the freedom struggle that, now that Algeria is over the worst, faces the most bitter battles in all Africa. South Africa's isolation from independent, friendly states is one of its main difficulties; the Banda approach hardly squares with the spirit of all-African solidarity.

Granted that the main effort for freedom must come from South Africans at home, who but the freedom organisations here should decide how many of its political leaders should work abroad, at their command, to enlist aid and allies against a government that is not only oppressive in South Africa, but a threat to free, independent African government in all states from the Congo and Nyasaland southwards? As long as the men who pass through Nyasaland are not self-styled leaders or self-made exiles, there should be no complaint about their number. They are abroad in the service of the freedom struggle here and the busier they are, the more hopeful the signs that the unity of all Africa for freedom is not only talk but energetic, united action.

If Dr. Banda is worried about people leaving their home country he — and we — should give some thought to the desperate plight of the thousands of Nyasas living a life of hell in South Africa as 'foreign natives', beaten in the jails and on the potato farms, harried like rabbits under the pass laws. These are citizens of Malawi forced to work in exile who should not be abandoned to apartheid. The freedom movements of Malawi and South Africa have here a common battlefield, and perhaps next time Tambo, Makiwane, Resha or Piliwo pass through Limbe or Blantyre, they might put their heads together with Dr. Banda on this problem.

● Prime Minister Kawawa of Tanganyika has the right idea. Asked at a Press Conference if he was prepared to offer political asylum to members of Southern Rhodesia's just-banned ZAPU he said: "We do not call them political refugees. We call them freedom fighters."

CHARITY HELD TO RANSOM

South African farmers (White) are only slightly less pampered than

those in the United States (where to prevent surpluses they can be paid a subsidy for NOT planting). The Control Boards were set up to guarantee not rational distribution of food to the hungry, but high prices and profits for the farmers. Now the Boards have come full circle. They have kept prices so high that people can't afford to buy the farmers' produce and the surplus stocks lie in warehouses.

The Nationalist, largely farmers' government, can't bring itself to overhaul the strangling control mechanism; and individual businessmen have been provoked to try to unravel, or cut through the red tape, and doctors and public-spirited citizens geared to marshal quick aid to children whose survival is at stake in this drought and famine, when South Africa's endemic malnutrition has flared into starvation in the wretched reserves.

At the outset the committees rushing food to the stricken areas developed a strong inhibition about publicity of the conditions they find there. They were told explicitly that the government would object to overseas money coming in to back the scheme; and would be on the look-out for the intrusion of politics.

Stating the facts, plain and simple is construed as politics by the Nationalists. For they know full well that these Control Boards are responsible for the mess. The country's land policy is the basis for stark, rural poverty, and the Bantu Commissioners could long ago have anticipated, and recommended relief for the looming tragedy. Those who act to bring famine relief are not introducing politics.

It is Nationalist White supremacy rule that has brought on famine and stunted the growth of the children. If anyone is looking for politics, look here!

THE YELLOW LIGHT OF CAUTION

The Institute of Race Relations rattled Dr. Verwoerd badly (what a puny government this is) but then panicked itself into a shameful retreat.

From the sledgehammer attack of the Nationalists on the 'human relations' conference you would have thought revolutions, not resolutions, were in the offing.

From the start of this conference planning the Institute was ruffled by the Prime Minister breathing down the back of its neck. Take the list of world authorities invited. Of the 16 overseas speakers, four only were not Whites. They included Profes-

sor K. A. Busia, a Ghanaian professor living in exile at The Hague where, financed by anti-Nkrumah forces abroad, he is the centre of a group trying to bring down the Ghana Government; Miss Santha Rama Rau, daughter of a former Indian High Commissioner in South Africa who was herself educated in the United States and lives and writes from abroad from her native land; Miss Noni Jabavu South Africa's own elegant but transplanted-to-London salons writer in glossy snob magazines. Only Alioune Diop, the director of the Présence Africaine group in Paris has close touch with African thinking and aspirations.

The company looked too withdrawn from the turmoil of race relations to be really expert, too well-mannered to commit itself, too unrepresentative to be important. But a professor of art history, the dean of a law faculty, a company of scholars, writers, academics all, scared the Nationalists stiff.

As for South African participation, patrons and committee men seemed to have been selected for their conservatism, and barely anyone (except perhaps Professor Matthews) was included whose views lie two inches to left of centre. The patrons were dominated by mining magnates. B. L. Bernstein and Harry Oppenheimer ("colonialism brought stable, efficient, incorruptible government to Africa"—the Davie Memorial lecture); H. J. van Eck, Nationalist Government appointee on the South West African Commission; press lords and Foundation proponents like Clive Corder and G. H. R. Edmunds; Leif Egeland and Adrian Berrill.

The blab about the conference aims was meaningless: "To help the world outside to understand more fully the diversity of South Africa's creativeness and originality."

But at the first hint of an obstacle the Institute backed down. The Conference, as timid as it was, is off. Visa difficulty, said the organisers. But some of the overseas visitors do not need visas. Others could have had their papers read for them. South Africans, scores of them, would have carried the conference through if asked. A variety of plans could have ensured that the Conference went on.

Have even conferences that don't say the things the Nationalists would say about themselves become un-South African? One can't escape the feeling that the patrons would rather do nothing than earn official disapproval. And if you withdraw from even an argument when your adversary simply moves his lips, you can never expect to win.

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