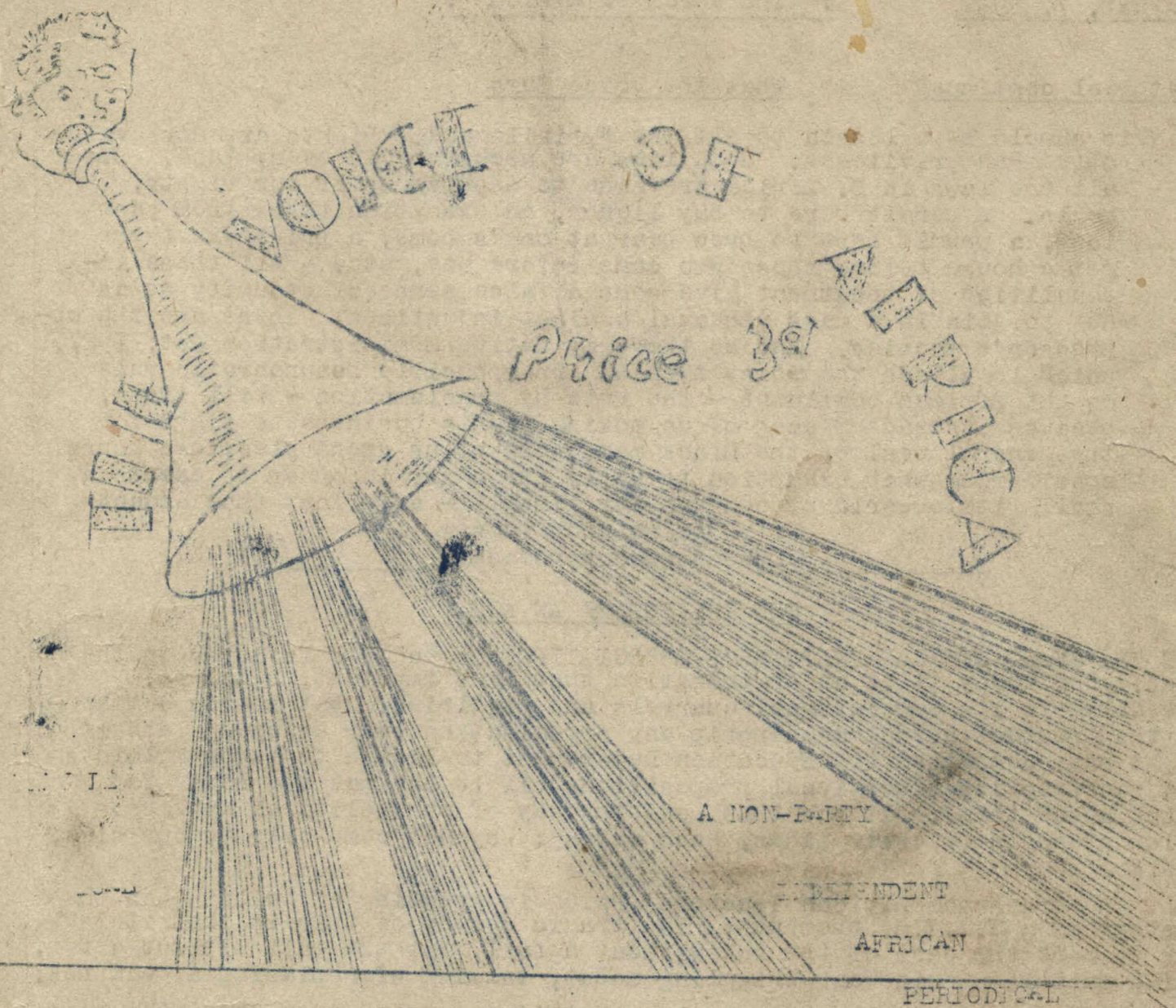


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Contributions of articles
 are most welcome, -
 300 or 600 words long
 on any political or
 non-political subject.

For all enquiries and
 other communication
 WRITE TO: The Editor,
 THE VOICE OF AFRICA
 P.O. Box 8890,
 JOHANNESBURG.

August, 7, 1951

.....
: THE VOICE OF AFRICA :
.....

Editorial continued

What the Voice Says

This should be a lesson to all the "privileged". Rights are more valuable than privileges. Good laws are necessary in every land. But all the laws in S. Africa are made to deprive us of our rights, our souls. A permit here to buy liquor, an exemption there from pass laws, a permit here to brew beer at one's home, a privilege there to get a house before those who came before one, etc. - all these inequalities of treatment give some a false sense of security so as not to join in a mass upheaval against injustices. These are the oppressor's tactics. And so the ugly Native Administration Act, 1927, which legalises the worst type of irresponsible bureaucratic rule on the African continent - the rule by proclamation - will stand, because instead of each of us making it his business to fight for the general weal of the Black man, some of us spend sleepless hours considering what exemption to apply for next, in order to create a small little world of comfort for himself - an effort that amounts to so much fuss.

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THE ECLIPSE OF AN AGE

THE TRANSVAAL AFRICAN TEACHERS'S ASSOCIATION has had its failures in the past. But today it is an organisation that lies impotent, helpless, revelling in its own internal quarrels and rivalries. Yet it has commanded the greatest actual membership any organisation ever enjoyed; and it might have compelled the Education Department to listen to its complaints and constructive educational propositions (if it had had the sense to think about them). It has thus gone the way of our political movements which stand on opposite sides, each saying: Why not come over to our side, fool?

The Transvaal African Teachers' Union is speaking of building on the "ashes" of a T.A.T.A. that was. The tragic comedy of this is that it is now no more the case of the fox without a tail, but the tail without a fox, which tail is dancing and wriggling about, talking of replacing a dead fox.

Wherever it was the rot set in, the Witwatersrand area has tried to mend the split in statesmanlike fashion. But the rural teacher has probably never been a president or secretary of any body greater than a country school or church choir, and may be pardoned for being overwhelmed by the possibility of being office-bearer in a vast dominion. We know, however, that besides the lust for executive position, there is the fact that if the T.A.T.A. generally has been politically dormant, the splinter group must be more so, for the average rural teacher is no more than Goldsmith's village schoolmaster. Here is now a good playground for the Nationalists, with a whole seething, rural teaching world trying to produce the notes of a concertina vastrap on a koedoe horn. It will be interesting to see the kind of creature the rural teacher will be, when the Nationalists have given him chance to "develop along his own lines". Yes, it is the eclipse of an age!

AN AFRICAN SCHOOL TEACHER complained in the daily press recently that although he produced his Exemption Certificate he was arrested at 11:30 one night when he was from Night School. Exemption Certificates issued under Proclamation 150 of 1934 and subsequent consolidating and amending Acts of 1945 and 1946 do not exempt the holder from curfew regulations, which vary from one place to another - in Johannesburg the curfew hours are from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. Obviously the said teacher banked so much on his "certificate of exemption" that he felt it unnecessary to procure written permission from his employer, covering him from the curfew hours. And the said teacher's employer is the Transvaal Education Department, which is represented by various superintendents, many of whom live in "white" areas - often as far as 20 miles from some of the schools under them.

Quite often a teacher never knows he will be "absent from his usual place of residence during the curfew hours" until the very day he intends to be absent; sometimes he knows only in a matter of an hour before the curfew hours. In these circumstances he cannot contact a superintendent; and is he not supposed to be exempt from pass laws?

From time to time Africans who are holders of certificates of "exemption" and therefore feel they are more privileged than the rest of us, have made representations to ask for concessions for themselves. Occasionally a "Native" commissioner has written to the Commissioner of Police, advising his officers not to arrest holders of these certificates. This administrative relaxation has often proved sufficiently and overwhelmingly deceptive to the gullible holder, especially the teacher, who has invariably stood

aloof in the spasmodic surges against the pass laws. Until the whole pass system is thrown overboard, holders of exemption certificates are not exempt from curfew regulations, and the bulk of other regulations associated with the pass system. There is nothing to be apologetic about in our resentment towards these laws. Representations purporting to beg for concessions and privileges merely emphasise the tragic and fatal possibility of accepting slavery and taking it for granted. It is more tragic when we consider that this state of mind persists especially IN THE LITERATE CLASS OF OUR PEOPLE - THE SO-CALLED "LEADERS" - TEACHERS, MINISTERS OF RELIGION, DOCTORS, SOCIAL WORKERS, CLERKS etc. It is our right to be free to move anywhere we like, not privileged. It is a right to be alive, especially on African soil, and not a privilege, as the white man would like to believe.

The way exemption certificates are obtained, the attitude of the police towards their holders, show clearly what fraudulent documents they are. They are obviously the "good boys" privilege. You have to produce it as you produce a pass; after curfew hours you may be arrested and pay a fine, in addition to a possible assault for supposing yourself learned enough to possess an exemption. In permit areas it does not serve any purpose if you do not have a permit. Dr. Xuma was once subjected to a Boer constable's insults at the Vaal R. on producing an exemption when the latter demanded for a pass. There are countless other cases.

(Continued opposite page)

⊕ POLICE PLEASE!

The Star supports a senior police officer who was addressing a farmer's conference in East London when he complained that "it was becoming more difficult to police the rural areas because there were few police men who understood the language and habits of the African". The Star maintained that if this were true in rural areas, it is more so in urban areas such as the Rand. They submit that "law and order among Africans could be effectively maintained if the police were able to speak an 'African' language and knew something of the ways of the 'Africans' and the workings of their minds." They advocate further that "the training course for recruits should make provision for facilities to learn an 'African' language and to gain some insight into 'African' habits and psychology." This leader of S

⊕ QUICKSILVER'S ⊕
⊕ ROUND-UP ⊕
⊕ +++of news, ⊕
⊕ people, events ⊕
⊕ and affairs ⊕

This leader of South African opinion is living up to its white South African prestige. We refute this opinion very strongly. There is nothing like the African mind or African psychology. This way of thinking of white South Africa is causing bitter relations between one race and others. If they regard us as human beings they will know that we have human minds and psychology is universal, - for all human beings yellow, white or black. Any one will resort to crime when he is oppressed. In any case there are Africans in the police force who know their own languages, but are no more efficient in combating crime than their white colleagues. What has the method of combating crime to do with the criminal's language? Must the Star always say such rubbish?

⊕ AFRICAN DRUM:

In the editorial comment of the July-August number of this magazine The DRUM shows hypersensitivity and misunderstanding about a leading article in one of our issues. We did not ask THE DRUM to beat "political agitation and destructive propaganda" nor give "rabble raising oratory of street corner agitators and their employers"; but THE VOICE OF AFRICA was predicting the failure that is bound to come sooner or later as long as THE DRUM is muffled as it is. THE DRUM will fail to portray the real spirit of Africa as long as it "does not permit political comment" i.e. in its columns. The commentator acknowledges this fact when he says: "we realise that nearly every political change these days affects the way of life of the African people - particularly in the Union of South Africa;" - in fact, right up to Central Africa. If THE DRUM realises that we are human, it should expect us to react to life in a human way. It is an old trick of the imperialist whites all over the globe to dub all those they oppress who have the sense and courage to point out their meanness as political agitators and destructive propagandists. The outside world may be impressed with THE AFRICAN DRUM, but its fate on African soil has already been written in black and white in its pages. We can do no more here than to confirm the opinion of that journal's correspondent from Douglas Smit House of the Wits. University.

R A B E L A I S

◊ at large =====◊ at large ◊===== at large ◊

Talking Straight

The other day the French consul, Dr. Louis Dollot, on leaving this "fair land" of ours to work in Turkey, said some nice romantic things about the kindness, dress etc. of the white folk here - "with your many domestic servants" and "comfortable way of life" - So genteel and exquisite, and so French, yet so subtle and cutting. A visiting American businessman later removed the French cosmetic covering and told the white worker here that he is lazy, eats too much and is getting spoilt. A Britisher wouldn't be so blunt about it, yet he would not even speak of the many domestic servants. He would stand aside, fold his arms, and just smile wisely, putting on a mysteriously blank it's-not-my-business expression, telling himself that he is looking at both sides of the question (Like the timid STAR newspaper).

Stupidities of White Civilisation.

We know, of course, that the average white man here is lazy and quite stupid, particularly the womenfolk. Since Van Riebeeck came here 300 years ago, this white creature has been slipping into decay and developing mental disorders. And everytime he shouts, "WHITE CIVILISATION!" and "BLACK MENACE!" he sinks further into the bog of his own stark stupidity, laziness and greed for money.

Civilization??! No-no-no-no, I refuse to go! What is this white civilization worth? These white demi-gods paint their faces and lips, looking ridiculously pale; they are afraid of laughing aloud; they get rich and starve and beat their labourers in the process, and when they are 80 and feel the tug of the grave, give out their money to charities so as to die "peacefully"; they can decerate a policeman for "saving" an

African from drowning who has thrown himself into water to escape custody - a thing the policeman has to do in order to effect an arrest; they put up bars for drinking and then form Temperance Unions to fight their drinking habits; they have a mania for competition and dislike for coöperation: they compete in the growing of beard, let their horses, dogs, cats and babies compete, Everything savours of betting and competition. I'm reminded of a character in a story by Mark Twain. The chap had such a mania for betting, that if he saw two birds on a fence, he'd bet anybody which bird was going to fly away first!

I Wonder who's Kissing her Now....

At a gathering of beards at Verkeerdelei the other day (and Bill Shakespeare still had the nerve to say there's nothing in a name!), Swart was scratching his old pimple - intermingling of races in universities. Van Rensburg felt his hair rising, he said, when he heard of "kafirs" dancing with white students. "Who can say there was no kissing?" he asked the beards, which must have been rising in sympathy. Platteland beards can't wag and wave to any other breeze but such hot air from foul mouths. And of course, he is judging others by his own standards: don't they kiss quite freely and generously in a braaivleis 'tikkie-draai'?

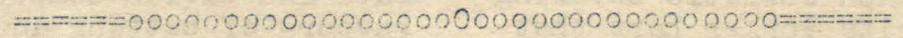
So the U.P. is going UP!

Strauss said the other day that the U.P. morale is rising. Ha! He might as well tell us he can creep under a snake on flat ground. Why not go to the coast and tell that to the marines?

RABELAIS (continued)

IDIOT'S CORNER: The Maharajah of Dube

A country, a people, and a ruler. That's the normal order of things. But Maharajah Mncube of Dube likes it the reversed way: a ruler with no people and no country! An old folk tale tells of frogs which were badly in need of a king. They asked a stork to become king, to which the tall bird readily agreed. We all know what happened to the frogs one by one. I wonder if the aristocratic frogs in the sewerage bog near Dube are not quacking so loud to have their invitation heard by the Maharajah to their throne. His way of expressing the fact that our people are now alive to the white man's fraud, like the Dube scheme, sounds moronic - that we are ignorant and are influenced by malicious folk who want to sabotage the Council's scheme. But this music from the Maharajah's flute can't make a cobra blush, and we wish him good company with the frogs, although I'm sure even they are too austere for Italian ashtrays and Venetian blinds and other frills from curio shops.

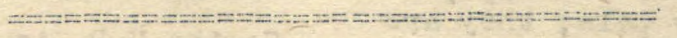


Broken Dreams

Continued from Page 5

us to eat. My son will get strong, then..... The woman must have been thinking for a long time, while she was selling, almost unconsciously. It had become warmer. Her son stirred, and was still again. She adjusted him to a more comfortable posture, feeling grateful for the sun's warmth, and enjoying the tingling sensation in her blood..... Suddenly 'Ma-Sibiya heard stamped-ing footsteps. In a few seconds white policemen had rushed and covered the whole area, kicking over the braziers, pots; flinging away mugs of coffee; stamping on the oranges and potatoes. The police hurled abuses at the crying women and ordered them to leave immediately: "Die duiwels! ..;" "Die donders..;" "Trap!.." "You've no bloody right to sell here...You're making the damned place dirty...If you're found selling here again, it's prison for

the damned lot of you....." The whole area was one sorry scene of devastation. The women were dumb with terror; the men were stupid with an inner smarting fury. Onlookers shook their heads and gasped, "Shame!" 'Ma-Sibiya put her son on her back hurriedly, and they went to board a bus back home. In the bus she felt her child was rather heavy on her weak back, and decided to put him on her laps. She removed the blanket from his face. Alas, by the spirits of the ancestors, it was the face of death. The child was still and lifeless. Then she remembered that her son had not been alarmed by the noise of the police; she remembered the heavy dead weight on her back. She had been dreaming over a child whose spirit was already climbing unknown heights.....



Next month's real-life story by Edi Mento will be

@===== NO GREATER SIN =====@

2. Broken Dreams

IT WAS A CHILLY MORNING in June. The sky was misty, and it was interesting to see the clear outline of a red ball hanging so precariously against the eastern wall. A cloud of vapour was rising slowly from the dam near the Orlando power station.

A woman was wrapping her two-year-old son warmly and pressing him closer against her warm body. But she was feeling cold. There were many other women doing just the same thing; perhaps just at the same time. The bus in which she was rattled on, and every one seemed to dance on his seat. The woman had been so many times on the route between Moroka and Nancefield that she was no more conscious she was in a bus. Her world had become a timeless, spaceless little world.

Within a short time 'Ma-Sibiya was with other women outside the station, each sitting near her own little quantities of oranges and sweet potatoes, selling. An everyday scene, as inevitable as fate to the setting of Nancefield station: braziers burning; smoke rushing up monotonously but briskly; would-be passengers milling about restlessly, some seeming to chase after little bundles of ideals, of wishes, of comforts; others, - little bundles of nothing, of pain, of fear, of hate.

'Ma-Sibiya was part of it all - this setting; like the other women: small unconscious fibres fitting unconsciously into a pattern whose many-coloured designs merge into one that declares aloud the fruitlessness of life.....

Her son burst into fits of coughing. His mother released her tight hold to allow him air and freedom to cough more easily. The boy panted fast after the fits, and then looked up at his mother's face with a smile, as if to assure her. The mother

covered him again. She must keep him warm, get him warm clothing, even if she has to starve or wear herself down in the process, as every mother will do. "Whooping cough," the doctor at the clinic had said. Nothing could be done once it was there, except to make the coughing easier by the help of mixtures.

"Of course you will be alright, my son," 'Ma-Sibiya whispered in answer to the smile. Then she went on thinking. He must be well and strong again. And when he is big he will go to school. And learn how to write his name and a letter to me. But how can I read his letter? I left school before I could read. But I had to. I had to go and work. Of course, his father will read the letter. He can read. Not much, but he can read. When he gets out to work, he will get us out of these Moroka sacks and tins we are living in. Where to? Oh, anywhere; I do not care where. It is the cold air coming in that gave him the cough. Could he not become a doctor, I wonder? Ha, no; only sons of rich people become doctors, I am sure. O, when he is big, that will be joy to me and his father. But I must work hard here and add another ten shillings to that money to buy him a jersey. Then they will be two. 'Ma-Kotsi has four for her son; and he is already at school. O, if only my man were not out of work... But the headstrong man he is, he would go and quarrel with a white man at work. Such creatures men are: one never understands them! Now he has to go out everyday to look for work. Ah, when he gets to work again, there will be a little more for

(Continued on Page 4)

MR. MNCUBE AT DUBE.

* This man, at one time Mr. Mbuyisa, now lecturer in the Bantu Studies Dept. at Wits. University, made silly publicity of himself and the Dube housing scheme when he called all Africans, but himself, ignorant. We wrote against this scheme in one of our numbers when a few gullible Natives (Africans do not stoop so low) tried to persuade our people to fall for it. We called Dube "the prospective fool's glory." Our people are now wise and will not be victims to such humbug - which wisdom our learned "professor" calls "ignorance" and ascribes it to the influence of "malicious folk". Why does this Mnoube fellow want "the nearest thing to freehold?" Would he perhaps be thinking that freehold means a 100 years' lease, and 99 years the nearest? But no normal person will take him seriously: a man who chooses to live alone near the Nancefield sewage farm can't be taken seriously.

BECHUANALAND HEADACHES.

* After some agitation by some British M.P. for Tshekedi's return to Bechuanaland, rioting broke between Serethe's and Tshekedi's supporters. From the look of things Tshekedi's return to his home-land may have fateful results; but the "practical" British want to learn the practical way. We should not be surprised if their next step is as absurd as the banishment of all the Bechuana from their land. After all, British colonial policies have a history of tyranny and despotism, disguised as a fairy god-mother who is supposed to have brought prosperity, christianity, advanced civilisation, industrial development etc. to savage tribes who were busy killing one another for sport! The British have now assigned their Kenya African soldiers the task of fighting "rebels" in Malaya. How nicely British! - the colonial peoples must be set against one another so as not to speak and act with one voice and learn from one another. There is no doubt that the English hope to gain more by having Tshekedi in Bechuanaland in the absence of Seretse, whatever nice things their pet animal might say about his nephew, after setting a whole country on fire.

QUICKSILVER'S
ROUND-UP
of
News, People,
Events, Affairs

HIGH SCHOOL REPEATS PERFORMANCE AT ODIN: SUNDAY 19th AUGUST, at 1:30 P.M.

* The Orlando High School Dramatic Society is busy again preparing the programme of plays they staged at the D.O.C.C. in June; this time at the ODIN THEATRE, Sophiatown. We expect an improvement in performances, this being the "second time of asking." Ezekiel Mphahlele will produce and direct: THE LITTLE GIRL from "Jane Eyre"; SCENES FROM A TALE OF TWO CITIES (Charles Dickens), adapted to the stage by Mphahlele; THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS, and THE KENTUCKY MINSTREL SHOW. Khabi Mngoma will give a supporting programme of tenor songs.

+ OBITUARY +
+ MRS. GLADYS MASITENYANA (nee Baqwa) passed away on Sat. +
+ 4th August at her brother's (Mr. H. Baqwa) home. She was +
+ buried at Croesus on Monday 6th August. We sincerely +
+ mourn with the bereaved families and relatives. +

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= OUT OF THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG =
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The D.O.C.C. and Orlando Students

WHAT MAKES the Orlando students avoid playing games at the D.O.C.C., and prefer to play at the Haragwanath Y.M.C.A. and B.M.S.C? It cannot be that they merely want to spend money on travelling. The D.O.C.C. sports equipment is either inadequate for students or the D.O.C.C. authority does not just want to release it. But the centre has evidently a large stock of equipment that is not used. The authority maintains that they cannot entertain students because they are not members.

It is unfair of the authority to preach at students in this way on the flimsy grounds that they use equipments recklessly, because they are not aware that the agreement arrived at by the Board of this centre in 1949, whereby students were exempted from paying membership fees, no more stands. It is also unfair to expect the students to pay this fee because they would like to use the centre during the vacations when they are home. Even if they paid, they would have to form a junior sports club and pay a fee to the club - as did the Billiards Club - because the centre would be failing to fulfil its obligations.

Let the D.O.C.C. encourage the Cuba's, SOYA's, the "Now I know" groups etc. to become affiliated bodies (because they really don't need the Centre's funds) and promote other activities, chief among which should be indoor and out-door games. If the D.O.C.C. fails to meet the requirements of all sections of youth, it cannot boast that it is doing much good.

Views of a European Reader

(Continued from P.8)

Africans must also rise above them through education.

All humanity should try to avoid the futility of despair and the destruction of hate and to prepare themselves for better things. That which is ready to be born will be born.

Britain grew to greatness on conquest for she absorbed the good her conquerers gave her. Only under British rule have conquered people been able to retain and win back much of their original freedom.

This country, because of all the White man has done here belongs in part to him. It is impossible to drive him out for his roots are as deep as those of many of the Bantu people who, it must not be forgotten like, conquered other people in this country in recent times.

Let us strive together for justice and understanding and so build an Africa which like a piano is made of both black and white keys tuned in harmony one with another.

N.T.

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 = OUT OF THE EDITOR'S POSTBAG =

Views of a European Reader

It is hard for Africans to believe that many Europeans have their interests at heart, but I think it's always as well to try to see both sides of a question: this is a white person's viewpoint.

I am a person who has looked upon two countries as home: South Africa and England. In India I have dined and danced with Indians and thought nothing of colour distinctions. Samuel Coleridge Taylor wrote some of his famous music in my people's home in Brighton. People who enjoy the same cultural background get on with one another, no matter what their race.

The Africans had achieved little in the way of culture when Europe had mastered the art of building its great cathedrals and castles, the art and skill of writing and printing, that of living according to the laws of science and not of superstition. When the White man came to Africa he expected the Black man to walk into the civilisation which he had built up through countless centuries. It couldn't be done. Thus began that conflict which has grown to the hate we see about us today.

Thinking Africans have every right to be bitter about conditions in this country (many white people share these feelings, though I gather from remarks in your pages about the Institute of Race Relations that you doubt this; yet whenever I point out an injustice to them they always fight it and often right it!) but hate achieves nothing: understanding everything.

Nothing can stop the Ship of Time which is slowly carrying freedom for all to all parts of the world. It is less than a hundred years since a war was fought by white men that slavery of black men might be abolished. The time will come when Africans will have their rights; but though a section of the African people is ripe for municipal, provincial and national power now, the vast majority of the people are still living in the state of ignorance which was ours hundreds of years ago. I have just had an example of this. In the N. Transvaal I have been staying with a friend whose servant was ill. She told him to go to the hospital (and country hospitals are doing wonderful work for people who not so many years ago relied on the skill of witch-doctors), but he lied and said he had been there when he hadn't. Thinking that perhaps he was afraid I persuaded him to let me take him to the hospital in my car. There his case was diagnosed as pneumonia. My friend and I drove for forty miles or so to get the necessary, expensive medicine which was not obtainable locally. He had two doses of it and then disappeared. Now is a man with sense like this fit for a vote? "It would have been different had he been educated," you will say. Yes, people must be educated; the answer to the whole thing. But let us work to the end of educating people of all races in the knowledge of the evolved qualities of tolerance, understanding and love. Africans who want to help their people must not encourage them to absorb the hate which is rife in this country, but should encourage them to learn.

If Black men have reason to curse White men today they have reason to bless them also. Without my people's influence which of your people would have known the genius of Shakespeare and Beethoven? Whose life would have been saved by medical science? Who would have known the satisfaction of education. Conditions like those in Shanty Towns, T.B. and V.D. areas existed in the Middle Ages, and education rose above them; (Contd. Page 7)

A CASE FOR A MUSICIANS' UNION

by Orpheus

YEAR AFTER YEAR new agencies spring up to exploit the African musician, especially the jazz band musician. With the making of new films, broadcasting, advertisement jobs and occasional jobs for night clubs etc. it is becoming apparent that the African musician is becoming more and more of a demand. Right through the ages musicians and artists in general have been exploited to the bone until the turn of the present century, when they consolidated themselves into unions and associations to safeguard their interests.

The African musician gets his art the hard way. Very few ever receive formal tuition in the art. Occasionally they fall into the clutches of philistinian music correspondence schools which promise short-cut tuition. At other times, in their eagerness to learn, they find themselves in charlatan "schools of Music for Africans" run by "white friends" who themselves need tuition in the art!

Our musicians are soon disillusioned and resort to developing on their own for at best they merely pick up the bare fundamentals of music in these academies and schools of music at a high price. Once they have picked up that art and have developed it they find themselves confronted with a merciless market which obviously seeks to get their art for very little.

Some African orchestras make charges below which they never go. But with more professionals springing up, all sorts of fees are accepted. Where one band rejects a job because the fees are too low, another accepts because it needs the money badly. This has an adverse effect on performance and pay today, in spite of the high cost of living and the fact that musicians have to depend more and more on casual jobs.

With a Musicians' Union or Association it would be easier to put up a united front, and to lay down minimum fees for every band to accept. It would be easier to negotiate successfully with bodies like the Bantu Music Festival which wanted and still wants the services of the jazz bands for next to nothing. These negotiations broke down owing to misunderstanding last year. There would then be a flat minimum fee for all jazz bands or orchestras; this would exercise a desirable influence on the class and standard of music. Each orchestra would then depend on its good playing to get clients, rather than the low fees with poor playing. The casual musician and musical opportunist would get out of business, and we should have men who take their art seriously. Besides, the film maker, the S.A.B.C., the record maker, and the night club manager would pay respectable fees for our musicians' sustenance.

The above are but a few among many possible benefits from an association or union. Very few musicians are businessmen as well; they are usually too human for the latter, and thus fall victim to the merciless impressario public. There are other advantages to be derived from such a union. As things are, you musicians are gold mines for some adventurous fellows, and you will continue to be so if you do not make a united stand.

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The Art of Simplicity

by NOMSA

IN THE ARTICLE I sent in in the last issue of this journal emphasised the charm of simplicity in dress and make-up. I should now like to go to the home. All of us women are vain; it is essential that we should be so. But when that vanity is displayed like a flower on a button-hole, it becomes ugly. Modesty is a beautiful virtue which every woman should spice very carefully with her vanity. When these two are combined well they result in something fine. This can be portrayed in one's surroundings and the home.

The best of our homes in the locations is not our ideal home. Most houses are too small and thus give the feeling of overcrowding. Very often we should do without certain items of furniture that we love very much because our houses are small. And we should furnish our homes with what we can afford and what our homes can accommodate, and should choose the type of wood that can stand the wear and tear in a small house; walnut furniture is the worst for that. We must try to cultivate our sense of proportion and balance. With some, our vanity gets the better of us and gets us out of balance. Then you find as many as three different sets of ash trays on a table, different sets of vases on the same piece of furniture or exuberant brassware all over the house.

To be compatible with good taste and balance one should restrain one's vanity with modesty. Our furnishings can be expensive but simple. Our homes are so small that we can furnish them sparsely with good furniture; our ornaments should not overcrowd the piece of furniture they are intended to beautify. The furniture itself can be kept in good condition by polishing. Too often some of us

trade it in or exchange it almost annually, and with each trading in some money is paid merely to satisfy an insatiable vanity.

Kitchen furniture can be kept simple and beautiful by first of all painting it white or cream, then washing it regularly with warm water and soap. Quite often a good many of our kitchens are furnished with home-made furniture which is left unpainted. This becomes difficult to keep clean and costs us plenty of time and work. White paint has a magical touch on them and encourages cleanliness.

The surroundings outside the house can be made attractive too. It is part of our rural life for our women-folk to rise with the lark to sweep the surroundings of the home. Our town life should not discourage this; it is a good simple custom. A lawn is easy to plant when there is space and its simple beauty can be maintained with economy of time and effort. Small flower portions also add sufficient charm to the view without much cost.

We do not encourage garden competitions. We want to cultivate a sense of beauty for beauty's sake, because external beauty is an expression of the beauty of the soul.

Woman M.P.— Mrs. M. Ballinger, addressing nurses at Baragwanath the other day, said the nurse's work would not only be to help patients, but "to help the community to understand why they are sick." Of course S. Africa is a sick country, and this implies nurses must know some politics. For once a "Native" Representative can talk sense, even unintentionally. Or will the AFRICAN DRUM say nurses are 'street corner agitators'?

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