

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH **COMMENT**

THE police allegation of "treason" has followed the Congress of the People from its beginning, to its end. It was the excuse used, almost a year ago, to explain away the first mass name-taking raid staged by the police, when the C.O.P. campaign was first organised in the Transvaal. It was the story recklessly handed out by Brigadier Rademeyr to the daily press on several occasions. And now again, when the C.O.P. was well into its second day's session and its success, despite every obstacle was clearly established, it was the charge "treason" which was to excuse the last and most desperate attempt to stultify the campaign and the Congress of the People itself. And for the last time, it failed in its purpose. Strydom's gestapo had cried "Wolf!" too often. What was intended to inspire the C.O.P. delegates with terror, inspired them only with greater certainty that their cause was right. What was intended to disrupt and interrupt the proceedings, served only to unite the delegates more closely, and spur them on to do what they had come to do by adopting a Freedom Charter which will live.

Despite the police intervention, the Congress of the People ended on a note of triumph. The delegates—disciplined, united and confident that the future is theirs—brushed the Special Branch men aside; the history of South African liberation was being made, and Major Spengler's buzzing was of as little moment as a wasp in an apple orchard. In the closing moments of the peoples' triumphant adoption of the Freedom Charter, it was they—the ordinary working men and women,—who sang and danced, victorious, inspired by the future they had helped that day to found. The police, who retired in discomfort, with thousands of copies of the Freedom Charter in their satchels, must have felt something of the strong new surge of freedom which was spread from Kliptown throughout the land. No doubt it will drive them and their masters to new frenzied efforts, to terror and intimidation to stop the surge. But at Kliptown the tide turned. Today it is running in the way of freedom. Not all the raids, bans and provocations of these Special Branch Canutes can stop it.

THERE were several signs to the sensitive observer at the C.O.P. that the liberation movement in South Africa has come of age. Not just the self-confidence and maturity displayed by every delegate in the face of police provocation; but other things, straws in the wind.

HEROES OF THE PEOPLE

There were the many delegates wearing national costume—not of the old tribal days—but of the new age of liberation, whose colours have been taken from the flag of the Congress movement—green for the fields, gold for the mineral wealth, and black for the majority of the people. There were the youth, representatives of a new generation for liberty, also proudly wearing the Congress colours. And there was the

new award, the "Isitwalandwe," conferred on Chief Luthuli, Father Huddleston and Dr. Dadoo.

The Isitwalandwe award marks the emergence of the Congress movement from the days when it was a sect, struggling for recognition; today it is a great nationwide movement, speaking for more South Africans of all races than any other body in our history.

"Isitwalandwe" is a title conferred by the Congress movement on those who have made outstanding contributions to the cause of liberty. Its first three recipients were selected neither on grounds of race, nor of Province, nor of position they might have held. It is, perhaps, a striking illustration of the non-racial character of the liberation movement that the first three to receive this award are from three different racial groups. But they were chosen because they have earned the award by their service to the people, without consideration of their race.

They are the first. But they will not be the last to carry the proud title of "Isitwalandwe." There are others who have done much to earn the tribute of their fellow men. Doubtless, in the future, the Congress movement will recognise their services. And there will be many more rank and file Congress workers, fighters for liberty, who will win the award by outstanding service in the future. These are the real South African heroes—heroes of the people. No one who holds liberty precious can want to see this title cheapened, handed out like Knighthoods to jam manufacturers who subscribe heavily to party funds, awarded on the basis of petty provincialism, or distributed like Strydom senatorships. "Isitwalandwe" must be won; and today these three who are first to bear it, have won it, with honour.

FATE and the weather, which certainly smiled on the Congress of the People, gave a more-than-chilly reception to the women marchers who camped in the grounds of Union Buildings on the coldest night of the year, to protest at the Senate Bill. Theirs was a brave showing. The Senate Bill can be fought, and beaten. But not on the basis on which Strauss spars; not by the White voters alone and unaided; not by side-stepping the real issue of voting rights for Non-Europeans and shadow-boxing with the

BY WAY OF CONTRAST

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unreal phantom of "the spirit of the Constitution;" not by accepting the basic Nationalist premise that Non-White citizens are voiceless mutes, and that the "volks-wil" is expressed every five years in minority, all white elections. This way lies disaster.

In case the brave but unavailing protest against the Senate Bill did not founder of its own accord, Mr. Strauss bestirred himself to scuttle it. Pressed to the wall by Nationalist M.P.'s the "Leader of the Opposition" announced, in some twenty wordy sentences, that if the United Party ever returns to power it will think over its position and decide whether it will restore Coloured voters to the common voting roll. Or not, as the case may be. In all his brave band, only nine M.P.'s summoned up enough backbone to protest, "on principle." Two days later, the brave band had reduced itself to one; the others were "satisfied" by the second Strauss pronouncement: the United Party, if it ever regains power, would consult with the Coloured people to find out whether it could undo the injustice which has been done them. Only Dr. Friedman's dissenting

voice declared clearly that the Coloured people should be restored to the common voting roll as soon as possible. For his trouble, the lone man of principle in the U.P. caucus has been expelled.

Where do they go from here, all those who fought the Senate Bill, only to be brought down by a low blow from the "official opposition?" For them there is food for thought in the new way forward to democratic victory which was opened by the C.O.P. and the Freedom Charter, at the very moment that the Governor General's signature sealed the disaster of the campaign against the Senate Bill. It may be strong meat for them to swallow, this creed of equal rights, opportunities and freedoms for all South Africans. But the best of them—those who hold democratic principles higher than the United Party caucus—will come to understand it, and to support the campaign for the Freedom Charter. The disaster of their present campaign will open the eyes of some. Others will be led to new defeats and new disasters by Mr. Strauss and his Party, before they too join the people in their real march—the march to freedom as it is described in the Freedom Charter.

ALFRED HUTCHINSON reports on the historic Congress of the People which adopted the Freedom Charter

"A New World Unfolds . . ."

THEY came in their thousands — from the cities, towns, villages, farms and faraway kraals. They came in buses, lorries, motor cars and trains. They came in all colours; they came in all ages. Ministers, factory workers, farms labourers, drivers, business men, students, doctors, teachers, clerks, workers in the kitchens . . . The call that had been made many months ago was being answered; the call that ran through the length and breadth of our vast land. The call of the people of South Africa to meet together, to speak together, and together decide how they wanted to live, was being answered.

For the first time in the history of our country, the people have met—not as Black and White—but as "equals, countrymen and brothers." They have met under the wheel of the Congress of the People, the wheel which spanned racial considerations and proclaimed the unity of the people and their common desires.

The national anthem swept upwards, carried by strong resolute voices. The voice of the absent Chief Luthuli filled the gathering, pointing the way forward—the way to the future South Africa. It told of the wrong foundations of the Union of South Africa; the foundations of inequality and injustice and the harrowing inheritance of the people of South Africa.

The Congress of the People met under the sheltering wing of the people of the world. Messages of friendship and support spanned seas and crossed high mountains; brotherly hands outstretched in support for the people in their struggle for liberation. For who does not know the urge for freedom—the passion that has haunted mankind; the passion that has always opened new worlds?

The presentation of the *Isitwalandwe* were moving. The people of South Africa meeting as one were conferring the highest distinction on the people who have served them well. *Isitwalandwe*—the wearer of the feather of the rare bird, almost unknown—legendary almost; the feather worn by the heroes of the people. South Africa knows her heroes.

But of the three people to receive the award only Father Huddleston could be present. Dr. Dadoo and Chief Luthuli, the banned leaders of the people, were absent. Chief Luthuli was in distant Groutville but his spirit was with the people and the people had him in their hearts. You cannot banish a leader from the people. He sent his daughter, Albertina, to receive the award on his behalf.

Father Huddleston stood before the people as he had done many times. For years he had fought with them. For years they had tramped the difficult road together. The people loved him as he loved them.

In many minds there will always remain the picture of the frail, white-haired woman in a sari, standing under the ox-wagon wheel of the Congress of the People. She was Dr. Dadoo's mother and she was receiving the *Isitwalandwe* on behalf of her son. The mother of a hero, standing before the people, brought tears in many eyes.

The full text of the **FREEDOM CHARTER**
adopted at the Congress of the People is
printed on pages 8 and 9.

Three thousand men and women met together at Kliptown, Johannesburg, on the 25th and 26th June, 1955. They had been sent by their fellow-men to speak for them. Now the Freedom Charter was being read, the Charter that had been drawn up by the people. For months demands had been flowing in. The people had spoken of hunger, poverty and ignorance; of the police that broke into homes at the dead of night; of pass raids and prisons and farm gaols; they had spoken of the slums in which they live . . . The things in their lives have been discussed and now they decide that these things must end.

The call that had swept through the vast land, from corner to corner, became alive. The people had answered the call and now they were giving it back. It would ring from city to city, from town to town and find its way back to the kraals. The people have spoken; they have spoken in one strong voice.

At night when the people had left, the wheel hung in the night. A few fires burnt and volunteers tramped the area guarding it. But the spirit of the afternoon was still there persisting like the demands of the people who would again meet in the morning. Songs of freedom continued to be heard deep into the night.

At nine o'clock the representatives of the people were back at their business. The words of the Charter rang clear and unequivocally: "South Africa belongs to the people who live in it, black and white . . ." South Africa had ceased to be the country of one group of the people — it belonged to all. No government could justly claim authority unless it was based on the will of all the people. The people declared that they had been robbed "of their birthright to land liberty and peace." The people declared that their country would never be prosperous or free until "our people live in brotherhood, enjoying equal rights and opportunities. And the people rising to sing the national anthem sealed the covenant to "strive together," until the democratic changes set out in the Charter were won.

A new world, a brave new world was unfolding itself. In the new South Africa the people shall govern; the national groups shall have equal rights; the people shall share in the country's wealth; the land shall be shared among those who work it; all shall be equal before the law; all shall enjoy equal human rights; there shall be work and security . . .

There was movement in the crowd. The police had arrived. The people stood together, refused to be provoked. The police trooped to the platform. Mounted police sat on champing horses and cordons of armed police was thrown round the gathering. The police were investigating a charge of treason. The people burst into song and silently sat down.

What treason was there to uncover when the people declared their aims to the country and the entire world to know? Was it treason for the people to meet and speak together? Was it treason to demand food and clothes, plenty and security? Was it treason to demand the brotherhood and equality of all men irrespective of

"What art thou Freedom? O! could slaves

Answer from their living graves

This demand—tyrants would flee

Like a dream's dim imagery;

For the labourer thou art bread

And a comely table spread

From his daily labour come

In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food

For the trampled multitude—

No—in countries that are free

Such starvation cannot be

As in England now we see.

. . . Let a great Assembly be

Of the fearless and the free . . ."

P. B. SHELLEY

race or colour? Was it treason to work for peace among all mankind? There was nothing to conceal and the Conference continued as the police stood watch.

The new South Africa unfolded once more—the South Africa the police seemed to hate and fear: The doors of learning and of culture shall be opened; there shall be houses, security and comfort; there shall be peace and friendship. Dusk was gathering when the adoption of the Charter came to an end. The children who had sung "Away with Bantu Education" were silent. Their demand had been answered.

The people of South Africa had met; the largest and most representative assembly of the people had taken place. The Freedom Charter had been drawn up and now the delegates would take it back to the people who had sent them.

In the gloom the police looked like some sentinels of lost ramparts; the representatives of an age that had gone. They insulted the people; they spat in women's faces; they slashed the peace exhibition, completely ruining it; they pointed guns at peaceful people . . . The band struck the songs of the people and the people joined in song. They danced together and were glad together. The people cannot know fear—people who have pledged themselves to fight together in the non-violent struggle of the people cannot know fear.

The Freedom Charter has been drawn up. Another milestone has been reached on the road to freedom. Thanks to the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the South African Coloured Peoples' Organisation and the South African Congress of Democrats for having sponsored the greatest assembly of the people of South Africa. The Congress of the People must give momentum to the struggle for liberation and the fruits of it will fall to the organisations which brought it to its happy culmination. The people have spoken.

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OUR COVER PICTURE shows the Peace Dove Emblem of the Helsinki World Peace Assembly.

IN THIS ISSUE :

- Cecil Williams writes from Helsinki
- The Police State—Hilda Watts.
- Against Ethnic Grouping.
- "Native Labour" Act at Work.
- Haldane on Einstein.



REMOVING ALL DOUBT COMMENT

SOME years ago, a local columnist in satirical vein, proffered some free advice to the Nationalist politicians. Why go to such pains to try and convince the world of your goodwill to the Africans? he asked. Point out their lack of social responsibility, and their disregard of the real needs and welfare of South Africa. Tell UNO point blank that in all the years since Union they have failed to produce a single member of Parliament, a single Prime Minister, a single General Manager of Railways or a single President of the Chamber of Mines. Expose the bitter truth that the whole burden of carrying the civilisation of the country has been forced upon the European minority through the indolence and indifference of the African.

BAITING THE BANTU

As usual in Nationalist South Africa, life improves on satire. Witness the Under-Secretary of Bantu Education, Dr. F. J. de Villiers. "How many dentists, engineers or architects have we produced?" he asked forty-one Non-European students of the University of South Africa at their graduation ceremony. "I know of none. How many doctors? A mere handful." There are, of course, good reasons for this backwardness. The rigid quota for Non-European students at the only Universities which admit any? Perish the thought. The complete closing of the dental faculties to Non-European students? Not at all. The rigid Mines and Works Act colour-bar against Non-European engineers or even train drivers? Guess again. The low wage scale for Africans and the high University fees? Nonsense. Dr. de Villiers has the answer. "It takes time—generations—for a people to rise from a primitive society to the level of modern business and professional activity."

The remark is worth attention. In the blunt assertion that Africans are savages, and will remain so for generations, lies the real essence of the Nationalist ideology, whose ugliest offspring is Bantu Education. It is an ideology untrammelled by facts. For what fact could more clearly contradict the theory than the presence, before Dr. de Villiers' eyes, of forty-one African graduates? Lesser men might quail; but not the arrogant, "white-man-boss" types who have risen so universally to the top of the Nationalist "native administration" hierarchy. Dr. de Villiers did not quail. With cold, studied insolence, from his mighty pinnacle as spokesman for the Bantu Education authorities, he delivered as blunt an insult to his audience as it is possible to conceive. It is possible that, up to that moment, the graduates had been left with gaps in their education—with incomplete knowledge of the utter contempt for people which is part of the essential equipment of ambitious members of what used to be known as the *civil* service. Dr. de Villiers has certainly closed that gap. Sometimes, as they say, it is better to keep your mouth closed and be thought a boor and fool, than to open it and remove all doubt.

WHEN President Eisenhower's publicity experts decided that the time had come to wrest the attention of the world's press from Marshal Bulganin at the Geneva Conference, they were hard pressed to find a way. Bulganin's proposal of an East-West non-aggression pact, followed by the dissolution of the

BOMBERS' BLUEPRINTS

Western Bloc NATO and the Eastern bloc Warsaw Treaty Organisation, had set alight the world's hopes for a real, enduring peace. Everywhere, people and their statesmen were welcoming the proposal. The initiative for peaceful settlement of international strife lay clearly with the USSR. Eisenhower's back-room boys cast frantically around for something bigger, something brighter, to restore the waning glory of their "world leadership." Out of the hat, with the deftness of a conjurer, came Eisenhower's proposal that America and Russia exchange blueprints, maps and surveys of their respective armaments, industries and establishments.

To the advertising men, no doubt, the scheme was "Terrific! Colossal!" To everyone else it was a joke. Eisenhower's advisers may have missed the point, but no one else did; the Geneva Conference was discussing the way to world peace, and no stretch of imagination could possibly disclose how an exchange of such information as this could assist. And few people missed the further point; that such information in fact, in a world armed and arming to the teeth, could provide a further incentive to trigger-happy fingers to try a sudden knock-out blitz. Marshal Bulganin, gravely, agreed that the proposal was worthy of study.

It is, in a world which has already agreed upon disarmament and the dissolution of aggressive blocs, and is seeking only to inspect the carrying out of disarmament undertakings. But before such agreement has been reached, it is patently a manoeuvre to secure vital information for the briefing of the US Army Air Force units, which stand alerted in a solid ring of military bases around the USSR, stretching from Pakistan, through Turkey, Greece, West Germany, Scandinavia and Britain to Alaska, the Pacific and Japan. To the Soviet Air Force, stationed in the USSR thousands of miles from the nearest frontiers of the United States, the information is of interest, but little more. Such a proposal could scarcely hope to get by the watchfulness of Marshal Bulganin, or even of his five-year old son (if he has one). Why then was it made?

President Eisenhower, and the army of officials who advise him, are neither so childish or naive as to expect their proposal to succeed *at this stage*. Their presence at Geneva has been forced on them, unwillingly, by the pressure of their own people and their allies in the Western Bloc. But still they fight a rearguard action, albeit a losing one, to preserve the atmosphere of cold war, and through it American domination of the capitalist world. The Eisenhower plan was a diversion, to unsettle a conference which was proceeding too easily and too well towards the solution of international tension. It failed to scuttle the ship—the tide of co-existence flows too strong—but it is a warning of the diversions and the sabotage attempts that still will come, before the process started at Geneva is completed by agreements that guarantee our peace.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT...

By HILDA WATTS

DID YOU NOTICE that car parked across the street near your house when you came home the other night? There were two men sitting in it. You should have taken down the number of the car. You'll see it again . . .

Are you a member of any political organisation today? Were you in the past? Did you ever attend a meeting convened by the Society for Medical Aid to Russia during the war? Did you ever donate anything to that Society? Have you ever taken part in the activities of a youth organisation, a debating club, a discussion circle, or any other group interested in political or contemporary affairs? Have you ever signed a circular or petition asking or demanding anything at all from the government, present or past? Do you believe the atom bomb should be banned? Are you in favour of maintaining peace through negotiation between the major powers? Have you ever associated with anyone who advocated improved relations? If you are a European, do you believe the Non-White people should have better conditions? Have you ever had a Non-European in your home, other than as a domestic servant? Have you ever met with any kind of "mixed" group? Have you ever protested, by word of mouth or by letter to the press, against unfair treatment of Non-Europeans by police, civil service, or municipal officials?

If you can answer "yes" to any of those questions—look out!

The other day, the father of a 19-year-old girl in America came home to find his daughter filling out an application for a job as counsellor to a local Scout Camp. The girl is a prominent member of her Girl Scouts troop.

Attached for her information was the Attorney-General's "Consolidated List" of subversive organisations—283 in number. They included the Friends of New Germany, which deceased the year she was born; the Los Angeles Labour College, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the Young Communist League, which was interred when she was five years old.

There was a boldly-printed sentence at the bottom of the form which informed the sinner that she was subject to prosecution for perjury if she swore falsely.

America's new generation is becoming accustomed to this sort of thing.

This Attorney-General's list was first drawn up to screen government employees; the list spread to the Army; then it moved up into private industry; by now, every organisation on the list carries the automatic connotation of subversive.

An American commentator says: "It seems impossible to pick up any official form these days which is not made heavier by the presence of the Attorney-General's list, right down to the Black Dragon Society and the Chopin Cultural Centre . . . and now we are extending it to little girls."

Don't shrug this off and say "That's America, things aren't as bad here . . . yet."

My eldest daughter, with other children, had her photograph taken by the police when she went to the Congress of the People. She has long been as cautious as we are when using the telephone—it becomes a habit, however innocuous your activities, not to want them recorded by the police. Walter Sisulu was arrested for drinking tea. What is most disturbing is that here, as in America, a new generation is arising who accepts this way of life as normal—the only way they have known.

People on the "left" have long known that their private correspondence was tampered with and their 'phone conversations recorded. But it comes as a revelation to "responsible" organisations such as the United Party, the Institute of Race Relations, and the United Party, to find someone is opening their letters and listening to their political plans on the 'phone. They attend a local Discussion Club, and find the police have taken the number of their car, and call on them . . . then they stop attending.

These are the solid citizens who never saw anything wrong as long as such police activities were confined to those nasty "named" people. They were Communists, weren't they? What else could they expect? But now it's happening to people who were always opposed to Communism.

FINGERS ON GUNS

Unfortunately there are still many South Africans who try to close their eyes to what is happening, even when it begins to affect them personally. When police invade peaceful meetings and closed conferences, when they surround orderly gatherings with armed men whose nervous fingers tremble on the triggers of their guns, when they take the names and addresses and private books and papers of 3,000 people, accompanying this with many disgusting and even unprintable acts of provocation, can any South African say this is not his affair?

Are civil liberties divisible? Can you have one standard for one part of the population, and believe the rest of the people have still preserved their liberties?

596 GAZETTES

Are you sure you have not any books or pamphlets in your house that have been banned? How can you possibly know? The *Rand Daily Mail* says you must read through 596 copies of the Government Gazette to find out. That was a couple of weeks ago. There have been additional issues of the Gazette since then.

Maybe you've never had any "left" literature in your home. That won't help you. The works of classical writers and famous contemporary novelists are included in those lists, as well as Spillane and Caine. It's not something you can forget lightly. The other day a man was fined £15 for being in possession of just one of those hundreds and hundreds of books. A policeman may enter your home any time and search.

Where is all this leading? What is it for?

We know it is directed against the liberatory movements of the Non-White people of our country. But there is more to it than that. It is directed against all progressive organisations. More still. It is directed against

all who are in opposition to the government and their police-state. In the words of our own rulers, when a law has been passed, to oppose it, to organise others against it, is treason.

There are many warning parallels from the past to prove the intentions of the present government, even if the banning of opposition newspapers, banning of literature, 'phone-tapping, ostentatious police-terror and the rest were not warning enough. Nevertheless, many have not learned the lessons of the past.

THE HOLY CRUSADE

When the police state came to Germany, the Nazis were planning war. Everything they did, every internal atrocity and external aggression, was done in the name of the crusade against Communism. This made it all permissible, and silenced many who might have protested. The pattern was simple—first silence all forms of opposition within the country, in the name of the fight against communism; then build the war machine for the armed crusade against the symbol of communism—the U.S.S.R.

But when Germany had been armed and made strong, the war machine was turned west, not east, turned against those who had built it.

Can people be so deceived twice over?

South Africa, we know, is not Germany. We are not a major industrial power. We lack the position, manpower and development of Germany of those years.

But South Africa is an indispensable part of the war-machine today. Today America leads the crusade against communism (and how closely the American attack on civil liberties is followed in our country!) With our uranium mines, our gold, and our position as the most advanced country in Africa, we fit in com-

pletely as part of this co-called crusade. Even more so, because the real intentions are concealed.

While today the war-cry is still against the Soviet Union, every military act of the past ten years has been, not against the U.S.S.R., but against the people of colonial countries. Against Korea, Malaya, Kenya, British Guiana, Guatemala. The menace of aggression, so loudly proclaimed, is now tacitly admitted to be the menace of popular movements advancing within countries, especially colonial and semi-colonial countries. Let the lessons of British Guiana and Guatemala illustrate this new definition of "communist aggression." The world preparations for war and the restriction of civil liberties in this and other countries go hand in hand. They are preparing the military machine for use against us, the people.

LOOK OUT!

Freedom and peace are bound together.

Did you notice that car parked outside your house the other night? Remember the armed police who came to that meeting the other day? Behind those men are other men with guns in their hands. Behind them are the shadowy outlines of maniacs with deadly atom bombs, prepared to destroy the world to keep their power. Look out! The deprivation of civil liberties in South Africa has world significance.

And with this in mind we must fight back, with all our power, to prevent the loss of more liberties, to regain what have already been lost, and to lay the foundations of a truly democratic state—one in which such acts can no longer take place, one that will safeguard not only our personal liberties but the peace and security of all mankind.

(Continued from page 5)

One is surprised, not at the variety of physiognomies, but at the sameness. There seem such slight differences among the Chinese, Japanese, the Koreans and the Vietnamese; and who can tell whether a delegate comes from Spain or the Argentine or Chile or Brazil? And a black man may be from the Cameroons or the Sudan or Senegal; and an Arab may be from Morocco or Algiers or Syria or the Sudan or Egypt or Tunisia.

You see, every country is represented here. It is a constant surprise to see some placard not before noticed—Cyprus, Burma, Goa, Sweden, Iraq and so on—and everyone friendly. Smiles and meaningful handshakes are as numerous as the flowers on the rostrum.

Here, too, in addition to us ordinary people, are the great ones, scientists, singers, novelists, painters, professors, politicians, lawyers. Say what you like, the most stolid must be thrilled to meet cordially, to chat with, to link arms with Jean Paul-Sartre, Professor Bernal, Nazim Hikmet, Kabalewsky, D. N. Pritt, Monica Felton, Mulk Raj Anand and a score of others. We had a gay encounter the other evening with two Soviet artists: Alexandrov, the film director, who 25 years ago played a small part under Eisenstein in "The Battleship Potemkin" and is now himself one of the great film directors; and the laughing, amiable, sensitive, Obratsov, whose puppet shows in theatres and on TV thrilled England last winter.

The quality of the speeches is high in every respect, whether from Mrs. Ley of Australia, Mrs. Cusden of Great Britain, Signor Zuppoli, a member of the Italian

Christian Democratic Youth Movement or General Corona, a former Mexican cabinet minister. Yet every now and then comes a speech which startles and moves us unbearably. One of the delegates from Korea is a petite woman of 45, who dresses sweetly in a long figured cream satin dress, topped with a little coat in blue. She looks too like a doll to be speaker, but she had every ear glued to a set of earphones. Then John Bernal of London spoke in solemn yet vivid tones, persuading with the clarity of his logic. But, so far, it has fallen to Ilya Ehrenburg to achieve the maximum effect. Solid commonsense, political insight, a cosmopolitanism of outlook, a command of imaginative speech and, above all, a deep, deep love of life and human beings, gave to his speech an irresistible appeal of emotion and intellect alike.

And Finland? It is now nearly 10 o'clock at night and we sit waiting for the extra plenary session that was called for late. Through the great space of glass windows along the length of both side walls comes flowing in the tranquil translucency of the evening sun.

The light in this latitude is remarkable. Last night as we walked home from a wonderful party of writers and artists given by the Finnish Writers Society, the horizon was quivering with warm, pink light. Was it, we asked, still sunset? No, came the reply, the dawn is already on us.

A final quotation from a governor of one of Finland's provinces who welcomed us: "May the white nights of Helsinki and the Saint John's Eve Bonfires be symbols of the light which the World Assembly at Helsinki will bring forth."

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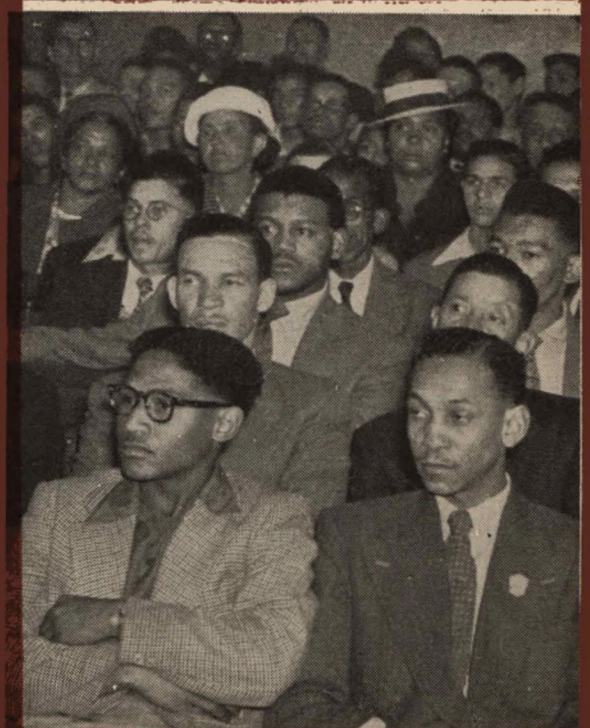
SEPTEMBER, 1955

Our Cover Picture : Coloured Protest Meeting against Race Classification for the Population Register.

IN THIS ISSUE :

- Geneva—and After ● The Coven-
ants ● "Freedom Charter" Campaign
- Cecil Williams in the U.S.S.R.

● **COLOURED AND RACE
"CLASSIFICATIONS"** ●



TIME TO SPEAK OUT

COMMENT

NOTHING has so profoundly shocked and disgusted decent citizens as the method of classifying the Coloured people, which is now under way in Johannesburg. The senior Population Registration officer has said that his officials have been specially selected for this work, carefully selected. Maybe so.

TESTING TIME

But what was the basis of selection? A thorough appreciation of the Hitler-Rosenberg race theories? It would seem so from the facts which are not to be doubted: from the careful examination of the hair, of the lobes of the ears, of the nostrils and the lips to determine, "scientifically," the race of the subject. All the mediaeval mumbo-jumbo of the darkest period of twentieth-century German savagery has been called into action. There is talk of "black blood" and "white blood", carefully proportioned on the basis of the "blood" of great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents. This is the reality of the Population Registration Act, whatever the illusions created by its Parliamentary phraseology might be. Not surprising that the other favourite action of the Gestapo, summary arrest and transportation to interrogation headquarters, has been brought into operation to carry it out.

This has been the testing time of many South African democrats, real and alleged. The Johannesburg City Council's Non-European Affairs Committee has been tested, and found wanting. It hurried off to Pretoria to forestall the public outcry, and in secret session reached secret agreement with the Government officials for a "change in procedure." The procedure is to be limited to pre-arranged places and pre-selected times, but what of a change in the essence? Once again this United Party City Council has intervened, not to oppose Nationalist excesses, but to sweeten them and protect them from undue public clamour. The United Party candidate in the vital "coloured vote" election in Hillbrow, Dr. L. Steenkamp, has been tested, and found wanting. His "solution" is to call for the Coloured Affairs Department of the Nationalist Government to take over the "protection" of the Coloured People from its indistinguishable partner and accomplice, the Native Affairs Department which has "protected"—Chicago style—up to now.

Only the Congress movement — all sections of it, African, Indian and European — together with its partciple, the S.A. Coloured People's Organisation has come through the testing period with flying colours. There has been no secret African satisfaction that the Coloured people are being demoted to their own level. There has been no Indian or European indifference to the fate of others. There has been, instead, unity free of the corrosive racial poisons of South Africa; there has been action to tell the Coloured people their rights, to rouse all sections of S. Africans to stand with them and fight with them.

Once again, in this testing time, the Congress movement has shown that it is today, the opposition, the only real opposition to the Nazi inspired Government of Mr. Strydom; and that its Freedom Charter is the alternative, the only alternative, to the Rosenberg racialism of the enemies of South Africans.

There is an old saying that those who sow a wind, reap a whirlwind. That saying should be told to the Nationalist ministers and their accomplices now. The Population Registration Act makes provision not only for the "classification" of the race of all South Africans; it also provides for secret objectors to the race classification of every person to appeal, and bring forth evidence of wrong classification. Let the Nationalists be warned! Once secret informers are encouraged by law, there will be many a racial skeleton in the cupboards of the race-purity theorists which will be disinterred and brought out into the light of day, when their turn comes for investigation and secret prying into their heredity.

THE daily "opposition" press is turning the oft repeated editor's watchword upside down. There is a new motto: "I agree with what you say. But I will fight to the death for my right not to say so." They are sounding the retreat, conscious no doubt that the eyes of the Press Commission are on them.

YELLOW STREAK

When the Government proclaimed a ban on all meetings during the time of the first mass deportations from the Western Areas, the police issued statements, faithfully published by the press, that police "permission" was necessary for cinema shows, church services, sports gatherings, weddings and private parties. Throughout the period of the ban the press knew that the police were acting illegally; they knew that the Riotous Assemblies Act ban could apply only to gatherings in places to which the public generally had access. And yet they kept silent.

During the mass "shanghai" procedure by which Coloured people were dragooned to racial investigation in Johannesburg, the daily press has known that the procedure is illegal. And—until the illegality was openly exposed by the S.A. Coloured People Organisation—they kept silent.

The Press Commission has been taking evidence in camera, from the reporters and correspondents of the daily press. The editors, under duress, have agreed to this closed-doors procedure. But one, Brian Bunting of Cape Town's *New Age* has demanded that he be heard in open session. The editors are aware of this. They are aware of the allegations made by responsible journalists, that the secret sessions of the Commission are seriously impeding the full exercise of their duty to report. But they have kept silent. It is time for the press to burnish up its courage before the retreat becomes a headlong rout. The duty of an opposition—press or politician—is after all to oppose.

FIGHTING TALK

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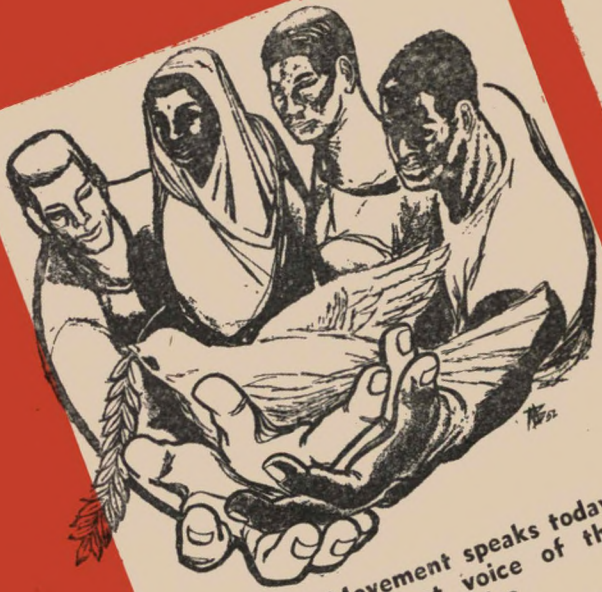
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- The New Bantu Education Syllabus
- Hillbrow — And After
- Report on North Africa
- Cecil Williams Meets Nazim Hikmet



The Peace Movement speaks today
with the confident voice of the
World's Peoples.

See "The Turning of the Peace Tide"
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GIVING THE GAME AWAY COMMENT

AFTER Mr. Strydom's repeated declaration to the Nationalist Party Congress that "justice" must be done to Non-Europeans, there was a refreshing honesty

PITY THE WHITES

about the speech of Mr. Ludwig Japhet, honorary life president of the Transvaal National Sporting Club. Mr. Japhet would, doubtless, protest bitterly if one called him a Nationalist. But, like so many anti-Nationalist White South Africans, he has managed to pick up all the worst racial thinking of the apartheiders. He thinks, for instance, that "there should be two sets of world (boxing) titles—for Whites and Non-Whites. In fact . . . there should be complete segregation in all sports." Not because Mr. Japhet is racially prejudiced, you understand. But he wants a fair deal for the White sportsmen. "A Non-White enjoys a big advantage . . . Better physical and nerve structure." He might have mentioned the poorer food, leakier houses and fewer sports facilities, which can also be counted amongst the "big advantages" which Non-Europeans enjoy. But little things like these don't count in Mr. Japhet's "sporting" circles.

More important, it seems, are the nonsensical racial theories Mr. Japhet has picked up from the lunatic fringe of the Nationalist Party. "A White man is liable to smash his hands on the heads . . . of the tough Negro fighters." Jesse Owens triumphed at the pre-war Olympic games because "Non-Whites' sinews at the back of the heel were built differently to that of a White man." In its way, this type of reasoning serves the same political purpose as the "scientific" dissertations of Stellenbosch professors about the inferiority of Non-Whites: it serves to justify apartheid, on "scientific" grounds, and so to cover up the sinister and oppressive motives. There is more in Mr. Japhet's theories than an altruistic desire to see justice done to the Whites. Like Mr. Strydom's baaskap, it helps to do good business for those who sit on the right side. White and Non-White world titles would ". . . be good for business, as more titles will be in circulation." Fortunately, in the fields of international sport, the whole wide world is out of step with Ludwig Japhet.

ANOTHER refreshing burst of honesty led the Department of the Interior to explain why books are being banned—at the rate of some eighty a week. From the statement it appears that "literature with a stimulating sex-theme or tendency towards bloodlust" would be tolerable in most countries. But not

BANNING BOOKS

in South Africa, "with its heterogenous population." White men, in the eyes of the Department, need not be protected against ". . . sex-stimulating illustrations, blood thirsty descriptions, brutal treatment of women, technique of crime" or similar themes in literature. But the Department is concerned with preventing such works falling into the hands of the Non-White section, children and adolescents." They must also be protected against "Communist propaganda."

Dr. S. H. Skaife, who is one of the readers who advise the Minister whether books are good, bad or indifferent for our "Non-White section, children and adolescents" has added another category, which the Department has bashfully omitted—Unesco pamphlets. "The Unesco pamphlets," he says, "all deal with the same theme—the difference between the races are so slight as to be negligible. They prove their point by scientific argument and, on the whole, are irrefutable." While Dr. Skaife does not think that scientific books should be banned, the Department does. And bans them. Theories that race differences are negligible are too dangerous for our "heterogenous population."

And that proves another point which is irrefutable. Censorship of horror-comics and pornography is *not* the Government's aim. It is a cover for a more sinister purpose, for the blacking out of scientific thought on race-relations, so that the mumbo-jumbo of apartheid can go unchallenged; and also for the blacking out of advanced social and political ideas, which prove that races are not only essentially the same, but also that they can live peaceably and happily side by side, as equals. Censorship of books is part of the price that all South Africans, Black and White, are paying for the maintenance of White supremacy.

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VIOLENCE

By

HILDA WATTS

"Violence is a political weapon. It is the weapon of desperate, fearful, frightened men. The extent to which it is increasing in our land is . . . a measure of the despair of those who, made not one whit wiser by history, believe that with violence they can stem the surging flood-tide of freedom."

VIOLENCE is a political weapon. However haphazard and unrelated individual acts of violence may appear, if we examine them over a period we find they fall into a pattern consistent with certain political trends and policies. This does not mean that every individual who commits an assault is necessarily aware of anything other than his anger of the moment; it means that certain circumstances encourage violence, and in fact bring about conditions under which the acts take place.

I am not referring here to ordinary crimes of violence arising directly from economic conditions, but to two other categories of violence that are obviously on the increase in our country: the first, assaults, mostly racial in character, committed by those who (so the phrase goes) "take the law into their own hands," meaning that they disregard any laws; the second, acts of violence committed by the police.

Compared with these two categories, the few, isolated cases of mob violence that have occurred during the past years become conspicuous by their very scarcity. Widely quoted to show that the people of this country are not fit to enjoy democratic rights, they prove in fact the very opposite—the extraordinary moderation and self-control of the people under most provocative circumstances. Violence is a common feature in the lives of the African people, through police raids, liquor searches, mass arrests, yet the people themselves rarely use violence. There are many who pride themselves on their liberal outlook, who will tell you they cannot support social change because they shrink from the possible violence that may be used. Yet as a general rule, it is not the people who use violence, but their rulers—look at the evidence!

Into Their Own Hands

Take the citizens who "take the law into their own hands." The violence follows a very close pattern: the victims are usually African farm-workers, sometimes convict labourers; the accused plead that the victim refused to carry out orders, or did not work hard enough, or was "cheeky"; the violence takes the form of beating to death, often with hosepipes (shades of the Storm-troopers!) or shooting.

A selection of such cases taken over the past year or two makes bitter and terrible reading. One needs a very strong stomach indeed to go through even a few of them. The brutality is on a par with the crimes committed by the Nazis under Hitler, and the mentality of the perpetrators is the same.

They believe they can hold power by brute force, by terrorising people. They set themselves up as the

master-race, whose duty it is to "civilise" the savage. The results are the exact opposite. *The wielders of violence become the savages.* The rule of whip, hosepipe, sjambok and gun permeates their minds. The man who uses brutality is himself brutalised and degraded, not only in this single act, but in all his life's acts, and in all his relations with other human beings.

These acts of violence are usually only brought to the courts when the person concerned misjudges his strength and the victim dies. For every one of these cases it is an indisputable fact known to all but those who do not wish to face facts, that there are thousands and thousands of smaller acts of violence, varying in degree, committed month in and month out.

What is the "punishment" meted out when the cases come to court? The *Rand Daily Mail* recently commented editorially on two cases of assault. In the first case Mr. Justice Ludorf made this comment: "I do not know why this case was brought before the High Court. As soon as there is an assault on a Native there is great excitement and the case must be brought before the High Court." Verdict: common assault; sentence: a £5 fine. A week later the same judge had a similar case. This time the victim died as a result of violence, after having been terribly kicked and beaten. Verdict: common assault; sentence: a £5 fine.

A man in Westdene was also fined £5 after being convicted of assault. He and a crowd of young men chased some Africans, overtook and killed one of them.

Charged with murdering a labourer, Shabalala, in the Standerton district, a farmer, Bedwell, stated he was a very poor worker and demanded wages not due to him. Bedwell came out of his house carrying his rifle at the ready with his finger on the trigger. Shabalaka picked up a stone. "I was determined he would never throw that stone at me. As he bent down to throw, I fired at him." Verdict: not guilty of any crime.

Five Europeans fatally assaulted an African in Bertrams. Verdict: culpable homicide; sentence: 4 months imprisonment each, of which 3 months was suspended!

Three men assaulted an elderly African employee, who later died in hospital. They had decided to "punish him" for not doing his work properly. Verdict: assault; sentence: two were fined £15 each, one £7 10s.

A boiler attendant named Pienaar, of Hartebeesfontein Mine Power Station, pressed the nozzle of a high pressure compressor hosepipe against the body of a sleeping African, Mtetwa. Mtetwa jumped up and ran a short distance before collapsing in agony. He died of injuries to the intestines. Sentence on Pienaar: a suspended one.

A Bethlehem tractor mechanic, Erasmus, was accused of "deliberately killing a Native cyclist by driving his car into him from behind." He had previously been convicted of reckless driving, but the judge decided not to take away his licence as the farming community would suffer. Sentence: six strokes, and suspended sentence.

A Salisbury farmer did not do so well. He chained his boss-boy to a tree and beat him to death with a rubber hosepipe and fan belt. He continued beating until "the bossboy cried until he was unable to cry any more." The farmer was fined £100, and given one year in jail.

Another farmer was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for shooting and killing two African herdsmen who were driving some of his cattle to a pound after they had been found destroying crops on a neighbour's farm.

Among dozens of other cases, two stood out in recent months: The Gouws case and the Snyman case. Public opinion was horrified at these cases, and the evidence given by the elder Snyman in his own defence is never to be forgotten. After some beating of the victim with a hosepipe, the son said to the father: "Pappie, it is not worth while to bring this boy back to the lands." The father said: "No, my child, this is a strong, healthy, brutal kafir, and we must make him work... I gave him a couple of blows with the hosepipe and he walked in a slow, insolent way and stood again... I hit him again and again. He fell in the same way as before and just lay on his side. Then it was clear to me that this was a habit of his. As he lay there I hit him again. I said 'Magtig, man, work!' and hit him again. It then occurred to me that this kafir felt nothing with the sack he was wearing, and I told a Native to remove it so I could hit him on the thighs and see if he could feel anything... I said to Jantjie: "Man, hit the kafir until he listens.' I was very tired..."

In the Hands of the Law

In the second category, violence in "the hands of the law," I have room to mention only a few newspaper headlines. Let any African who has ever been arrested on any charge, testify for the rest!

"Warder tells how he shot convict." "Assaults on prisoners must stop, says judge." "Death of Native: gaol and strokes for Constable." "Native says police kicked him and hit him with hose." "Coloured youth alleges assault by police: claims £200 damages." "Native died: policeman on charge of homicide." "Often found blood in police storeroom, says Native constable." This last case was interesting. The constable said they often found blood in the room, and he did not think it necessary to report it. He ordered a prisoner to wash it off. There was obviously nothing unusual in the police assaulting prisoners, only in this case the victim died.

These cases of police violence must be taken together with the growing number of officials, police and public servants, who are being found guilty of various crimes. Tax collectors who steal money from Africans; pass officials who take bribes; high-up police officials involved with bottle stores and bribery; railway police, civil servants... *the same degenerate moral standards must inevitably seep through all their actions and lives.*

At the beginning of the year, after publicity in parliament, the Commissioner of Police, Maj-Gen. C. I. Rademeyer, rushed to the press with a statement that

the S.A. police force was comparable to the finest in the world. "Yesterday and today," he said, "the public were told that 837 policemen were convicted during 1954. I say what about the 19,000 who were not? . . . I cannot see that the fact that 284 members of the force were convicted of crimes of violence is anything to make a fuss about."

We also say: "What of the 19,000 who were not convicted!" Although we do not feel quite as surprised as Rademeyer about this. But on top of this from official quarters come cries for more and more violence. That being used already is not enough. "Prison officers told to shoot at escaping convicts," says one headline. A former director of prisons advocates public hangings as an effective deterrent to crime. Swart issues his notorious "Shoot to kill" instructions. The wives of police officers are photographed practicing "shooting it out."

The Peoples' Answer

If, then, the people can expect those who commit acts of violence will go unpunished, or lightly punished, and if official policy encourages greater harshness, what then is the answer of the people?

There is only one answer: organise to win democracy. For the violence, and the type of punishment it gets is built on our whole system of racial oppression, and can only be brought to an end when the people obtain their rights. There is no other way. These acts are committed to keep the oppressed in his place.

This can be clearly seen if we look at America, where lynching has been used as a means of trying to prevent the Negro from exercising democratic rights. The reason for an individual lynching was always some alleged crime, or "cheek," or alleged rape. The truth is that the lynchings were a method of terrorising the Negroes whenever they seemed to be in danger of using their rights.

After the war, there was a wave of violence against Negro veterans returning to their homes in the South. The design was obvious. These men, who had fought for democracy as men, and who looked and walked like men, had to be taught that they had now returned to their former places in life. The immediate cause in each case were different—a veteran refused to move to the segregated section of a bus; a veteran had an argument with a shopkeeper over the repair of his radio; and so on. But the real reason is plain.

Over the years, claim the American writers who prepared a document "Genocide," thousands have been "beaten to death on chain gangs, in the back rooms of sheriff's offices, in the cells of our country jails, in precinct police stations and on city streets, have been framed and murdered by sham legal forms . . . Negroes have been killed, allegedly for failure to say "sir" or tip their hats or move aside quickly enough . . . but in reality for trying to vote or otherwise demanding the legal . . . rights and privileges of United States citizenship . . ."

So with our own victims. The people demand their rights. The answer of the supermen who claim the people are too backward to understand democracy is—violence.

Violence is a political weapon. It is the weapon of desperate, fearful, frightened men. The extent to which it is increasing in our land is a sign of the increasing strength of the peoples' demands, a gauge of their growing power, and a measure of the despair of those who, made not one whit wiser by history, believe that with violence they can stem the surging flood-tide of freedom.

A MEMBER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY WRITES ON

HILLBROW AND AFTER

DR. FRIEDMAN has, after all, lost Hillbrow. Why? Chiefly because, although almost 45 per cent. of those voting were prepared to, the majority were not yet prepared to make a break with the United Party; so strong is the loyalty built up over the years.

At the beginning of the election, with Dr. Friedman's stand on principle and his resignation fresh in the minds of all, the support for him was overwhelming. Had an election been held within two, four or six weeks, he would have been returned by at least as large a majority as the official candidate obtained on September 14. But with every passing week his chances faded; his organisation was good, the canvass adequate (though not perfect); but as fast as one voter could be persuaded to stand firm for principle as opposed to expediency, another was lost to the U.P. arguments of "Don't rock the boat" and "What can one man do?"

We all recognise the fallacy of these arguments; unfortunately not enough Hillbrow voters as yet do.

It is of course regrettable that Dr. Friedman lost; it certainly sets back the time scale for the progressive movement in South Africa by some months, perhaps by a year or two; a victory NOW would have guaranteed further victories for progressive candidates in similar urban constituencies later, as and when by-elections cropped up; and it would have given cheer to those who in their secret hearts supported Dr. Friedman's stand, but had lacked the courage to do as he did; it might have precipitated by-elections, whereas now there is a hurrying and a scurrying back to the U.P. fold. It may be that now we will have to wait till 1958 before we can see an accretion to the progressive forces in Parliament.

Flowing Back

Support came for Dr. Friedman from several sources; members of many of the so-called "splinter" parties, Liberal, Labour, Federal as well as from a whole group of ex-U.P. workers, who with Dr. Friedman had reached the point of no return; all rallied to his cause, though by their standards he might appear conservative, and they threw their whole weight in behind him on this one

moral issue; recognising its cardinal importance, as a water-shed which would divide the flow of South African political thought into the progressive and reactionary streams. In this respect the stream still flows back, the tide still ebbs; and no "progressive" U.P. candidate will succeed in obtaining nomination for legislature, provincial or municipal council for quite some time now. Dr. Steenkamp will not be the first rural "import" to the towns; there are many ex-senators for whom seats must, and will, be found, by a more and more reactionary U.P.

It was thus unfortunate that several persons and organisations, instead of devoting themselves to the always decisive "official" canvass, frittered their time away at meetings of both sides and raised issues, verbal and written, of, inter alia, the Natal Stand, the courts, the extension of the vote to other groups, other provinces, or all.

Wasted Effort

This effort, however laudable in ordinary times, was wasted, diversionary and irrelevant, if not hostile, to the Hillbrow struggle; it might well have been critical with 325 votes which went the other way; progressive forces cannot afford gross political opportunism; it is tactically bad, and unfair to the larger cause.

Hillbrow is not the first, nor the last crisis which a moribund United Party will have to face; there will be other Hillbrows, this year, next year; more and more, as the United Party marches along the paths trodden by White nationalism, will it antagonise those progressives remaining within its ranks; some will swallow their

pride, their principles, their very purpose within the party; others will reach their particular points of no return, and, in revulsion perhaps, save at last their own political souls.

Let us therefore be ready for the opportunities so presented; let us be ready with a plan, not with mere opportunism; if there are to be canvasses to "educate" the electorate; then let these start now: in Yeoville, Hospital, Parktown, Houghton, Orange Grove, Johannesburg North there is ample scope for a three-year canvass; but when the by-election occurs, then is the time to sink differences in degree, recognising only unity in direction, and to support whoever it is whose intestinal fortitude is such that he, or she, can no longer stomach the ever clearer copy of Nationalism that the United Party is yet to be.

Bringing Pressure

Let pressure be brought to bear, now, and at all times, on those whose consciences still trouble them; but when they pick their day to say "This far and no further" then, for heaven's sake, let us give them wholehearted support.

I have said that there will be more Hillbrows; I have said that the loss of this one puts back the clock some months or years; always we must remember that the progressive cause fights two battles in South Africa; the battle against prejudice and the battle against time; at this juncture the battle against prejudice is the more important; the passing years will make the battle against time more vital; when the next occasion offers, let us not forget that we have to win both battles to succeed. A.B.

BY WAY OF REPLY

WHAT happened to the Friedman campaign that the "overwhelming support" which endured for four, perhaps six weeks after his resignation trickled away in the weeks thereafter? It is not good enough to claim that time is the enemy of the progressive cause; or to say, as A. B. says, that as fast as the progressive movement persuaded one voter, the United Party dissuaded another. If these were truths, the progressive movement would be truly bankrupt,

and on the verge of extinction.

And yet it lives, and acts and flourishes. Perhaps the facts could be better stated. In my opinion they are these: that the dramatic gesture alone, no matter how admirable or praiseworthy, is not enough. In the three weeks after Dr. Friedman's resignation, progressive people had high hopes that here was a real break with the disastrous traditions and principles of the United Party. Had they been

(Continued on next page)

HILLBROW AND AFTER

— OUR REPLY

"If the issue of the extension of the vote to other groups was not the issue of the election, what was . . . principled statement of belief in democracy is the only way forward . . ."

asked to vote then, they would have voted solidly "for"; but when the gesture began to recede into history, what was there that was new? What did Dr. Friedman have to say that gave hope of a new progressive advance? Did he propound a new, democratic faith and programme? He did not. He reiterated, time and again, that he stood by the policies and programme of the United Party, but against the compromise of Mr. Strauss. The gesture began to be revealed, not as the "watershed" of a new progressive stream, but as a tributary of the old. Not without significance is the fact that a tremendous proportion of the registered voters did not vote—a silent "plague on both your houses" declaration.

A.B. describes as "diversionary, and irrelevant, if not hostile" the action of those groups in Hillbrow who frittered their time away by raising "issues" which he presumes to have been outside the scope of this election. Amongst these issues is "the extension of the vote to other groups." The reference is clearly to the Congress of Democrats. But if the extension of the vote to other groups was not the issue of the election, what was? It may be claimed that the issue was the retention of the present voting rights of the Coloured people of the Cape. But here, in essence, there was no dispute. Both candidates spoke for the retention of these rights; the only difference being on the promises to be made by the United Party of its future course of action when these rights are cancelled by the Government. In truth, the real issue which should have emerged in the election was the issue of the extension of the vote, of democratic rights generally, to those who have none. Only by making this the issue could Dr. Friedman have hoped to break with the disastrous traditions of the United Party and rally around him all the democratic and progressive voters and groups. For the source of Mr. Strauss' compromise

does not lie in his personality, but in the fact that his party has always treated the right to vote not as a democratic principle to be fought for at all times, but as an expedient method of winning a certain number of borderline Peninsula seats. Once Dr. Friedman decided not to attack this unprincipled expediency, and to reject every suggestion that voting is a right of all citizens in a country which claims to be democratic, he frittered away the very opportunities that his own, dramatic resignation had created.

The Right Way

In the circumstances, the Congress of Democrats did the right thing, and Friedman the wrong. Friedman polled 2,658 votes, but, in A.B.'s phrase, "set back the time scale . . . by some months, perhaps a year or two." The Congress of Democrats persuaded some Hillbrow voters that democratic principles are worth working for and fighting for; and consequently they advanced the time scale of the progressive movement of South Africa by just that much. It could have been more. It should have been more.

Fall To Expediency

But Dr. Friedman and his supporters missed a glorious opportunity to help make more converts to a thorough-going democratic faith. They fell back on the oldest of South African illusions — the illusion that democracy can be made safe from fascist white-anting by the European electorate alone, in the Parliamentary sphere alone. Their campaign failed to spread any understanding amongst the electorate that democracy is indivisible, and must be available to all South Africans, and must therefore be fought for and upheld by all South Africans of all races standing and working together. Instead the campaign dashed the high hopes of those who had hoped for so much from the Friedman revolt against expediency; and so it lost.

Perhaps in future elections — and outside of elections as well — more people will see that this principled statement of belief in democracy is the only way forward, and will join in to advance it further, more rapidly. L.B.

FROM WARSAW, CECIL WILL

Nazim H

NAZIM HIKMET is a Turkish poet, aged 52 years, seventeen of which have been spent in Turkish gaols for political "crimes." His "crimes" were that he wrote poetry, wrote for the people of Turkey and for the oppressed peoples of the world. He gave and continues to give form and expression to their inarticulate sufferings and indignities and to their deep longings for security, happiness and an end to exploitation.

He was first imprisoned in the early thirties; off and on he spent four years in gaol. Then he started his stretch of thirteen unbroken years in confinement—the best years of his life were spent away from the fresh air and the trees and the land he loved so well: away from the company of the men and women, whose ultimate happiness meant more to him than his own freedom.

In 1950 he was released. His release was a unique event in political history, for the Turkish authorities were compelled to surrender to the clamour throughout the world demanding Nazim's release. He says it is important for people to know this. So often people add their voices of protest against some cruelty or injustice in another part of the world. Too often the protests are in vain or the protestants do not learn of the successful result. In 1949 the campaign started. In the United States and in France the protest was so strong that the Turkish Ambassadors were afraid of the crowds. In Istanbul Nazim's blind mother walked through the streets, carrying a poster "Release my Son." So great were the crowds waiting to sign her petition that traffic was completely disorganised. Nazim himself undertook a hunger strike, which ended on the seventeenth day, as the world-wide protests achieved their objective.

He rejoined his beautiful wife, but twice in less than twelve months attempts were made to kill him. Three months after his son was born he escaped and took political asylum in the Soviet Union.

Today he remains a tall, upright, fine figure of a man. His open face carries many lines, not only those

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THE THREAT OF
INCORPORATION TO
THE PROTECTORATES

BY

DR. H. JOWITT C.M.G.

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EXPLODING THE MYTH **COMMENT**

LAST month, the Transkeian Bunga voted itself out of existence. The straw that broke the camel's back was doubtless the fanciful speech of Mr. M. D. C. de Wet

THE BUNGA BOWS DOWN

Nel, deputy chairman of the Native Affairs Commission. Mr. de Wet Nel started on a note of pure poetry: "Throw off the wolf's skin of self-deception and walk proudly into the heights on the difficult but beautiful road that, if you accept these things, lies white and clear before you." The Bunga, very impressed, duly accepted "these things," which are the Bantu Education Act and the Bantu Authorities Act. The big White chief had other bits of homely advice. "You must build your own cities," he said. "Possibilities abound for the formation of your own banks, for your wholesale and retail stores, your own insurance companies, building societies..." "There is no reason why the Bantu, in his own area, cannot obtain the same prestige as the White man has in his." The members of the Bunga were apparently too overcome by the lyrical style, or were perhaps too polite to point out the obvious. The White man has built his cities with black man's labour. He has built his banks and insurance companies on profits drawn from Black man's labour. He has built his wholesale and retail stores on the profits of Black men's wages. The White man's prestige does not arise from his superior intelligence or talent, but from the fact that he rules, and refuses to share that rule with the unfortunate who have not got "prestige", or white skins.

Some members of the Bunga might have noticed that Mr. de Wet Nel, in his catalogue of "the highest rungs of the ladder of success" which are open to the Bantu, omitted any reference to Government. Parliament is not open; the voters' roll is not open; the judiciary is not open; the senior civil service posts are not open. This is the monopoly of White men, not only in "their areas", but over the whole Union of South Africa in which the "Bantu areas" fall. The road to political control of their own destiny lies, as he says "white and clear" before the Black people. Lily white. Signposted "Europeans Only! Natives stay out!" Even though the Bunga is prepared to accept this mess of verbiage in exchange for the birthright of free men, there will not be many Africans who will.

THE name of Trevor Huddleston has become better known, during these past years, than many a cabinet minister; and certainly better loved in this land, and more highly respected. It was a bleak day for the people of South Africa

BITTER BLOW

when we learnt that he is to return to Britain at the year's end. For Father Huddleston has been an inspiration and a source of strength to people of all races who strive for rights, justice and liberty for this land. He has been fearless in upholding the dignity and brotherhood of men against the fanatics of South African racialism. He has been tireless in sponsoring the welfare and the freedom of our people against the creeping dictatorship of their rulers. He has been one of those—the outstanding European—

who has struck out for his beliefs against the stream of South African reaction, selflessly and courageously. Perhaps no religious figure in our history, since the days of Dr. Philip and the London Missionary Society, has drawn so much abuse upon his head from the men who believe in baasskap, and implement that belief by brute force. But we know that this will count for little in comparison with the love and admiration he has won from ten times their number amongst the ordinary people, Black and White. Father Huddleston will be remembered for the great things he has done and the great movements for progress he has inspired. He will be remembered for outspoken protest against the Western Areas removal scheme, which forced the building of houses and of schools at Meadowlands. Above all else, he will be remembered for the Freedom Charter, whose aims are his own; and for the new and happy South Africa which will grow from his faith in the brotherhood of men which inspired him as it inspires the Charter. South Africa will be the poorer for his leaving.

KRUGER DAY has become one of the occasions beloved by Nationalist politicians, where cabinet ministers can let their demagoguery run riot. Mr. Strydom, lashing himself into his usual rabble-rousing frenzy, ran true to type. "The urge for freedom and independence for his people burned in Paul Kruger

THE KRUGER MYTH

as an inextinguishable fire... Resistance to subjection to a foreign power and against domination was part of his outlook since childhood... His ideals are our ideals, and his belief is our belief." He was deceiving no one. There are thousands of South Africans of all colours who burn, today, with the urge for freedom and independence. But the Nationalists are not amongst them.

From the myth about the Nationalist desire for freedom and independence, to the myths about democracy, and justice. "Kruger's enemies, even to this day, represented him to the world as an autocrat, a despot or a dictator." But—we have the authority of the Prime Minister—"... the Constitution of the Transvaal Republic was democratic through and through." To suggest that the Republic which denied the overwhelming majority of the people any say in the Government was not "democratic through and through" was slander, "... just as South Africa and its people were today still slandered here and overseas by means of all kinds of deliberate and mendacious misrepresentations." Pity the poor Prime Minister. Everyone who is anyone knows that South Africa is democratic through and through. Only four out of every five adults are not allowed to vote or stand for election to government office. In the footsteps of Kruger. Just as we follow in his footsteps in "our attitude and policy towards the non-Europeans." "This must be, and in fact it is one of justice and fairness." You have the word of the Prime Minister for it. It is difficult to avoid the thought that if we returned to the old calendar of public holidays, we would be spared this deliberate and mendacious falsity in our newspapers on October 10th each year.

THE GESTAPO AT THE GATE

By L. BERNSTEIN

THE police raids, launched simultaneously throughout the country during September, were the third mass swoop in little over a year. The warrants to search, roneoed in bulk, carried the same formulation as before—treason, sedition, “communism.” A whole army of plain-clothes men went into action, headed by the Special Branch of the C.I.D., now significantly renamed the “Security Branch,” and aided by many pressed into service from the “gold squad” and the “liquor squad.”

The daily press, which usually feeds on sensations, managed to get a good laugh out of the clumsy bumbling of some of the most stupid of the “custodians of the law.” The story of the Chinese dressing gown, taken so that experts could decode its sinister hieroglyphics, almost pushed the rest of the news off the front page.

Self-Appointed Censors

It requires a distorted sense of humour to find anything to laugh at in the antics of Mr. Swart’s “security police.” Armed with all the power of state, they went about their searches with a flagrant contempt for the law, for their duties, and for the rights of individuals. The Chinese dressing gown was not a joke, but a serious indication of the lengths to which these “custodians of the law” stretch their own powers. Authorised to take material relating to forty-seven specified organisations which might afford evidence of the commission of the crimes of treason, sedition and statutory communism, the raiders turned themselves into a corps of self-appointed censors of dangerous thoughts, of books, of culture.

From my own house they removed every book that mentioned Russia, China or the Peoples’ Democracies, or which carried an imprint from any of those lands. They removed some—Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*, which only sounded sinisterly Russian. They removed a collection of children’s paintings—*The War as Seen by Children*, and a book on townplanning, *Changing Britain*—“change” has also assumed a sinister meaning. They took books on the Tennessee Valley Administration, on the Marshall Plan, on livestock-raising in the U.S.S.R. They took booklets like Professor Errol Harris’ *White Civilisation*, a war-time tract, *The Gangsters Around Hitler*, a sociological study, *The African as Suckling and Adult*. They took periodicals such as *Race Relations News* and *Fighting Talk*, *New Age* and the British *New Statesman and Nation*.

Terror

It is impossible to laugh at facts like these; and they were repeated over and over again during the day’s raids. The “Security Branch” of the police force has become the new Gestapo. Its purpose is not to uphold the law, but to intimidate, censor, snoop and terrorise. Its members seat themselves conspicuously, with notebooks open, at every political meeting that the Minister dislikes—every lawful political meeting. Periodically, to make the process of intimidation more open and apparent, they demand the names and addresses of everyone present. They take down motor-car numbers outside houses where “members only” meetings are held. They arrive with cameras at conferences, and photograph every

participant for their secret dossiers. They are becoming experts at suppression by intimidating, frightening and threatening. *This is the hallmark of the Gestapo.*

But they have another side to their activities, a side they hide away from the light. They open letters secretly—let Mr. Swart or Mr. Serfontein deny it; the evidence is there. They operate a black-list of people who are not to be given passports. They listen-in on private telephone calls. They approach, furtively, the employers of people seen at meetings and “tip them off”; they single out newcomers to legitimate meetings, and interview them individually afterwards, question them, warn them that they are being watched. They are becoming the secret watchers of the thinkers of “dangerous thoughts”, the collectors of secret dossiers of information. *This is the hallmark of the Gestapo.*

Secret Force

The evidence is there. There is no other explanation for it. Mrs. Ballinger exposed in Parliament how private letters of members of her party were being opened. Blandly the Ministers denied all knowledge, promised an investigation. Nothing has happened. The Bellevue Discussion Club stated publicly in the press that participants in its weekly discussions were being harried and questioned by the “Security Branch.” Nothing has happened. Three times in one year there have been mass raids and seizures of books and documents on suspicion of “sedition.” Nothing has happened. Three thousand people were photographed, searched and listed at the Congress of the People, on suspicion of “sedition.” Nothing has happened. Two meetings in Johannesburg and one in Cape Town have been given the same “working over” in the past year. Nothing has happened.

Nothing; except that the “Security Branch” has grown in strength and numbers, and extended its tentacles to an ever wider field. They are more today than a minor, petty branch of the plain-clothes police. They are a “Geheime Staats Polizei”—a secret police force, with all the trappings, all the techniques and all the menace of a Gestapo. Even Mr. Swart is beginning to strip the camouflage from the purposes of the Security Branch. His statement last week about the raids “... disposed of the suspicion that they had been precipitated by some specific treasonable act”, says the *Star*. Suspicion? There never was any suspicion. There was only a sworn allegation by a leading member of the Security Branch. “The periodic searches which policemen of the Special Branch make for Communist or treasonable material are checks on what progress, if any, subversive movements may be making in the Union,” says the *Star*, reporting Minister Swart.

Checks on progress. Filling of secret dossiers. Preparing for more rigid measures of thought control and intimidation. If you have ever been at an anti-Government meeting, your name might be on one of those dossiers. Prepare for a “check,” on a warrant alleging sedition. The Gestapo is watching your progress. The members of the daily-paper staff might be able to laugh that thought off. But South Africa dare not. The enemy might be at your gate tomorrow.

THE FUTURE OF THE PROTECTORATES

By DR. H. JOWITT, C.M.G.

The writer of this article is Senior Lecturer in Native Law and in Education at the Roma University College in Basutoland. He has served as Director of Native Development in S. Rhodesia. In the service of the British Crown for 33 years, he writes forcibly against the incorporation of the Protectorates into the Union.

AS MISS MARGERY PERHAM so trenchantly remarked of the High Commission Territories issue a year before the Union Africans were disfranchised, when the century-old rights of the Cape Africans were expunged from the Statute Book:—

"If only we were asked to give away something of the kind we have so often given before—power, prestige, economic advantage, patronage—how easy it would be. But here it is men and women we are asked to give, and that against their will."

Twenty years later, in no way affected by the sophistry or self-interest or emotional indignation of the politicians, this remains the decisive moral disclaimer. In relation to this, all arguments in favour of incorporation fall into their proper perspective. Nevertheless, it is exactly this which is so constantly ignored. It has recently been entirely ignored in a roneoed eleven page memorandum made available at the State Information Office, Pretoria, described as an article which "reflects the expressed views of the Government," its title being "South Africa's Six-Point Claim to the Protectorates."

Of significance is the fact that the moral issue is completely disregarded, and that, in conformity with Union policy, the Africans of the three Territories are regarded as moveable assets whose ownership may be assumed by Dr. Verwoerd, when once Her Majesty's Government, having ceased to procrastinate, have assented to this testamentary disposition, and death duties have been paid.

No Triumph for Democracy

If one places the fortunes of subject peoples under the sole direction of another power, without any volition of their own, this can hardly be regarded as a triumph for democracy, especially if they be allowed no measure of significant participation in the process. This holds good even though the familiar Union argument be extended to these salients:— that any discriminatory legislation applied would be to preserve "White" civilization in the Territories.

It is claimed that the populations of the Protectorates are ethnically related to those of the Union. The truer that may be, the greater the certainty that, under incorporation, identical discriminatory legislation would smoothly apply. The re-enforced argument would run, that since the advancing tide of barbarism becomes strengthened by an additional one and a quarter million, such legislation must, more than ever be necessary, to preserve "White" civilization. Dispossession would then be vested with moral qualities.

In this context it is doubtful whether the illiberals realise at all adequately the sinister effects, if coercion were applied, of adding a million and a quarter of disaffected and mutinous Africans to the steadily increasing ranks of the fifth column which the Union is steadily

producing. Prudence alone should dictate caution here, but the lack of it would denote more than mere imprudence. It would denote folly, for which the future on each side of the colour line would pay.

The South African brief would appear to be that historically the territories have been pledged to the Union to which they are contiguous and upon which they depend for their economic survival; that their own security from external aggression and internal strife—and concurrently that of the Union—can be ensured only by incorporation, and that such incorporation would, in some miraculous fashion, synchronously promote African welfare.

In any detached analysis of the sequence of negotiations, it must be conceded that there were strong grounds for holding that, implicit in section 151 of the South Africa Act, was the principle of transfer at a later date, just as in the related Schedule, conditions were defined. In the years that have passed, changed circumstances have made it an issue of honour for the United Kingdom and one of prestige for the Union. It has thus long ceased to be primarily dependent upon the legal interpretation of legislation no longer binding.

No Voice for Incorporation

For what it is worth I would say that, having served for over 10 years in the two larger Protectorates, my experience amply confirms that of Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker to the effect that I have yet to meet an informed African in Basutoland or in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, who has a word to say in support of incorporation. Over the years I have met chiefs and commoners, members of the African Advisory Council in Bechuanaland, and of the National Council in Basutoland, headmen and tribal elders, priests and ministers, teachers and lecturers, civil servants and other employees, students at various levels, doctors and other professional men and women, farmers and artisans and the like. There has been a remarkable degree of unanimity. I withdraw the word "remarkable". It would have been indeed remarkable had they favoured incorporation.

Worthless Assurance

With consistent correctitude, legally considered, Her Majesty's Government have re-affirmed ad nauseam that they would not hand over the Territories without consultation with the inhabitants concerned. This reply has satisfied neither side. It has failed to give the Africans the assurance they naturally desire, and so far as the Union is concerned—where legislative measures under the present Government have ensured the position—there is no longer a single territory-wide statutory consultative body for the expression of African opinion, so that consultation with Africans has not the slightest official recognition, and would not be seriously entertained elsewhere.

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