

That Transvaal A.N.C. Meeting**AFRICANISTS  
CUT LOOSE****A 'GUARD' AT  
THE DOOR**

Delegates only are allowed in the hall at Orlando for the second day of the Transvaal A.N.C. talks. Some men have sticks for intruders — and that includes Africanists.

It was one of the stormiest conferences for many a day. Tempers flared, sticks were brandished. But it was not violence which made the drama. The high moment, the real tension came with the decision of the Africanists to split from the Transvaal Congress

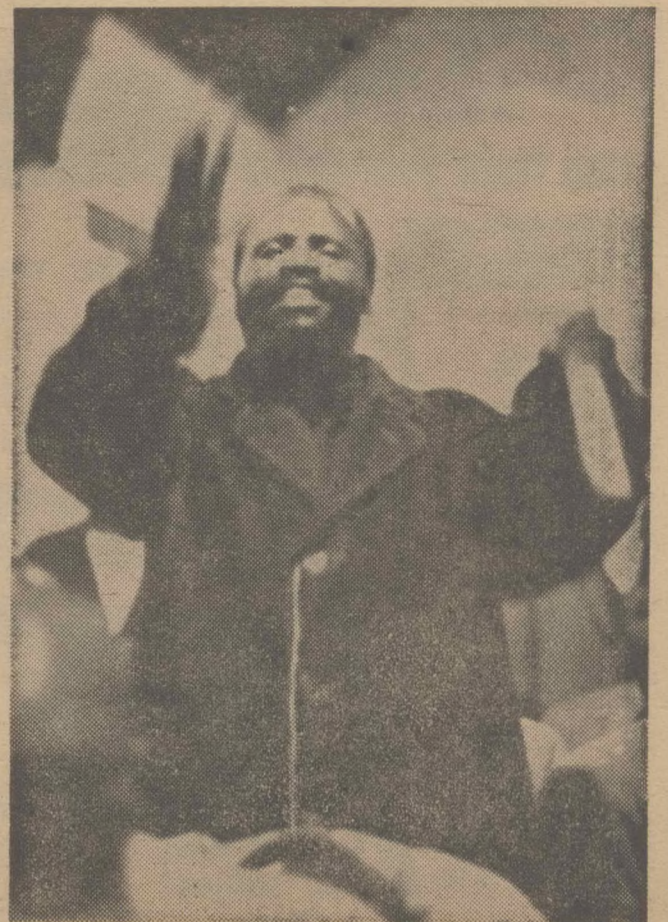
Written by Can Themba

Pictures by Peter Magubane

**AN AFRICANIST  
SPEAKS OUT**

On first day, in open conference, big-voiced Africanist, Peter Motsele, says: "President asks us to co-operate with apartheidists. We want no co-operation with the whites at this stage." His followers cheer and stamp their feet. But there are just as many people who sit grim and silent.





**BUS BOYCOTT LEADER:** Josias Madzunya, fiery Africanist, tells delegates: "We are concerned with liberation of Africans."

**BARRED FROM HALL:** Rosette Ndziba says there is no such thing as "narrow nationalism." He is later kept out of the hall.

**'We will consider co-operation when we have come into our own...'**

SATURDAY, November 1, 1958. The threat of rain in the air; of political uproar in the area. We wait impatiently outside the *Sekgapa-madi* (Blood-spilling) Hall, in Orlando, Joburg, where many a bloody Congress fight has broken out in the past. Scheduled to open at 2 p.m., the conference does not begin until well after 3.30 p.m. Meanwhile, feverish and furtive movements to and from a house near the hall—and another house that purveys beer—show that last-minute plans are being polished up.

Dramatic things are expected at this conference of the Transvaal branch of the African National Congress. For long months the Africanists, the nationalist wing of congress, has been organising a *putsch* to oust the Freedom Chartership leaders of the A.N.C. in the province. This is to be the first step towards grabbing control of the national executive.

But, the test of their strength is still to come.

It is about 3.30, and we go into the hall. In row upon row sit the Congressites. On the stage are Oliver Tambo, suave Johannesburg lawyer, acting as chairman; portly Chief Luthuli, National President-General; Y. Puthini, national president of the Youth League; A. Nzo, ex-bus boycott leader. Then clerks and interpreters.

PLEASE TURN OVER



**A LECTURER'S LESSON**

Robert Sobhukwe, Witwatersrand University lecturer and chief Africanist theoretician, declaims: "We shall think of co-operation with other races when we have come into our own."



# HOT WELCOME FOR DETECTIVE



**A WOMAN POINTS HIM OUT** Woman points out Special Branch detective who has come into the yard of the hall. She says he's got no business in there.



**THEY TELL HIM TO CLEAR OFF** Other women take up the cry, and show the detective the quickest way to get outside.

Chief Luthuli gives the presidential address. He makes calculated jabs at apartheid, how it has deteriorated race relations. But he says that we Africans should not emulate that line of thinking, and follow a narrow nationalism. We should co-operate with the whites. I fancy I can see Africanist ears twitching.

During his speech a horde of Africanists enter the hall at the back, to the booming sounds of heavy boots. They are a surly crowd, with a dash of Basuto blankets here and there. And with their coming, the atmosphere is galvanised into high tension.

Then the debate on the presidential address, and the sparks fly. Mr. Z. Mo-

thopeng is the first speaker. Flushed and simmering with internal wrath, he says that he doesn't care about the multi-racial society. In this country the people are divided into two groups only: the oppressors and the oppressed. There can be no co-operation with oppressors.

Then speaker after speaker makes the points: This presidential address asks us to co-operate with apartheidists. We don't accept the whites at this stage. Let us not forget our origins; we shall consider co-operation when we have come into our own first.

PLEASE TURN OVER



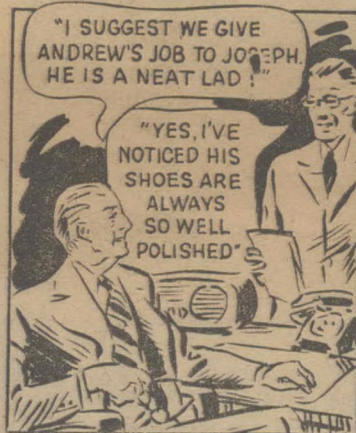
## JOSEPH GETS THE JOB!



"MORNING ANDREW! I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN A BETTER JOB."



"YES, MR. SCOTT; I THINK IT'S BECAUSE I TOOK YOUR ADVICE ABOUT KEEPING SMART FROM TOP TO TOE."



"I SUGGEST WE GIVE ANDREW'S JOB TO JOSEPH. HE IS A NEAT LAD!"

"YES, I'VE NOTICED HIS SHOES ARE ALWAYS SO WELL POLISHED"



"JOSEPH THINKS THAT'S MY SHOES - THANKS TO NUGGET"

"WE WILL MAKE YOU LIFT BOY, JOSEPH. WE'VE NOTICED YOU ARE A SMART CHAR."



"GOODBYE ANDREW. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING SPECIALLY FOR TELLING ME ABOUT NUGGET. - I USE IT EVERY DAY AS YOU DO!"



(WITH EASY OPENER)

# SHOES NEED NUGGET EVERY DAY!

Black, Military (Extra) Tan, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Toney Red, Ox Blood and Transparent



# Strong-arm men ready to resist 'force with force'

Chief Luthuli does not reply to the debate as such. He just announces that the conference will go into closed session, for there is some necessary business to be done.

Sunday, November 2. For many people milling around the hall, this Sunday does not start with very holy thoughts. Tension is still in the air, but a vital change has been wrought overnight. Scores of young men are milling about, openly wielding sticks, clubs, and sjamboks. And they look as if they are ever so willing to use them. Yet, there across the road still stand members of the Special Branch and the police, arms folded, in passive amusement.

Things are different from yesterday, however. The Charterists have rallied their own strong-arm men "to resist Africanist force with force," and these men are guarding the conference, still in closed session.

Not an Africanist in spitting distance. But a little further away, a group of Africanists stand ruefully. Now and then a knobkerrie charge, and some Africanist flies for his life.

Then I hear that most of the Africanists have been refused entrance into the conference hall, and they are deliberating in that house nearby on what to do.

Later, Mr. Rosette Ndziba comes to the hall in a blue suit. Stopped there, he explains that he is an accredited delegate from Mofolo North, and he has a letter to read to the conference from the Africanist group.

## Chased down the steps

This letter contains the fateful decision of the Africanists to secede from Congress and go it alone as "the custodians of the principles of African nationalism formulated originally and pursued up to the time of the Congress alliances" with the Indians and the white Congress of Democrats.

Mr. Ndziba is refused entry. The fateful letter is forcibly removed from him, and a few young men chase him down the steps, hitting at him. He turns and menaces them with his hand in his pocket. But all he produces is a little garden fork. His supporters come in a group and walk him off.

In the meantime, a Special Branch member has his own business to attend to. He dons a "Russian" blanket and, with his arm round a girl, sneaks into the hall. He is spotted inside by a few women, and he goes scuttling out, with a woman hitting him with a bottle, and a horde of stick-waving men bringing up the rear.

The police don't seem to realise what is happening. They believe black politicians are beating each other up. When they realise the cause of the uproar, they fire a shot. Later, the victim menaces a photographer who tries to get a picture of him. The photographer dashes.

What remains of the conference elects a new Transvaal Executive Committee. New? From the names it is clear they are mostly the same old members. This means that this conference, at least, has considered that there are no more any grievances against the Transvaal executive.

The new executive is: G. T. Sibande, president (old); James Radebe, secretary (new); E. P. Moretsele, treasurer (old). Committee members: B. Hlapane (old), Obed Motsabi (old), P. Mathole (old), E. P. Mthembu (old), T. Nkobi (old), A. Nzo (new), D. Mahopo (new).

Eventually the curtain goes down on the stormy conference and rises again on a new scene in African politics.

But nothing is clear in the new picture etched out of the split, and the questions follow hot-foot on one another.

Will there be two African organisations: one a sharp left; the other a dark black?

Will all South African politics now be extremist? Will there be extreme Afrikaner nationalism? Extreme African nationalism? Extreme Congress policies? Will . . . ?

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