

# SOWING THE SEEDS OF PEACE

It is of necessity a cliché these days, when so many people have been to world conferences, but "it is wonderful beyond words" still remains true. I couldn't have been more enthralled! The atmosphere of such deep joy and interest in each other is wonderful—and I'm talking of this vast variety of people! I suppose it is just a sample of the human friendship which you and I want to see everywhere, first in South Africa.

I can't go into detail, but the organisation of this terrific undertaking has been well-nigh perfect, the plenary sessions inspiring and the debates in the commissions and sub-commissions most illuminating. I was in the sub-commission on colonialism. One knows the word, but one has to hear all the stories from Madagascar, Senegal, Cameroons, Algiers, Indonesia, etc., to get a picture of the depravity of those who maintain it and the courage of those who resist it.

The speech in full assembly which stirred me most was Ehrenburg's. I don't know how to analyse the quality which makes his speech superior. I suppose, ultimately, it comes down to the old saying, "Style est l'homme meme"—if I remember it rightly.

I am on the Presiding Committee, about 120, and we sit on tiers of desks on the platform! This morning d'Arboussier is on my right, and a Japanese doctor on my left. I see D. N. Pritt, Monica Felton, Rev. Endicott, Korneichuk, the Cuban poet Poussin, Jean Paul Sartre and others, including a lady from Iceland in her national costume.

May I tell you, in all vanity, that after I had spoken, I received what I think must be technically called an "ovation." I left the speaker's tribune. As I walked up the steps to reach the back row, where I sit, first one African and then another came out from seats and shook my hand. I sat down as the applause still went on. By that time another African reached me from the other side: applause doubled and then they all stood up and continued clapping for a long time. They have stood up only five or six times in 100 speeches. You will have guessed that I talked on racial discrimination, with illustrations from South Africa, and said peace was always in jeopardy so long as race discrimination lasts. These people all know what happens in South Africa, obviously. Whatever the Government does, the truth is abroad in all the world. The applause was real, deep sympathy for our people.

One of the thrills, of course, has been seeing and meeting in such friendly, informal conditions some of the great artists, writers, and so on. Let me tell you of an absolutely charming evening last Saturday. The Society of Finnish Writers invited all artists to a reception, which was held at a luxurious restaurant on an island outside Helsinki. The restaurant's great windows gave an outlook on to the waters of the lake. These Finnish nights have a light that is almost eerily magical. The sky, as the evening went on, seemed to become opaque and pale, except for an arc of the horizon which reflected sunset and then, half an hour later, reflected the dawn.

The hosts and hostesses were sweet. After we had sat at our tables, we were served a cocktail. Then in Finnish, English, Russian, French and German they told us they had no money for anything else and would we pay from then on!

Great and friendly laughter! I

THIS ARTICLE CONSISTS OF EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO A FRIEND IN S. AFRICA BY

**CECIL WILLIAMS**

WHO ATTENDED THE WORLD PEACE ASSEMBLY IN HELSINKI LAST JUNE.

was at a table with a young American girl, an aspirant actress, a quiet German in the corner who looked like a mouldering Tweedledum, and the rest were Indians. I was next to Mulk Raj Anand, whom I had previously met—a quick speaker, with a little splutter around his front teeth, high voice and laughter, yellow pullover. There was a most beautiful looking Indian painter. Bristly white and black hair—not grey—a thin long beard and deep-set eyes. A calm, slow-smiling, beautiful face. A journalist, a short story writer, then Mr. Banda and his wife, she a writer, he a singer and actor.

Later on he sang. I expected my usual reaction to Indian singing, which I find unappealing. But this man! It was a love story, sensual, Mulk said. Mr. Banda sang with such artistry—by artistry I mean wonderful feeling and imagination, coupled with superb technique. Mulk sighed and grunted in ecsta-

sy. It was amazingly moving.

A Chinese girl sang—what a voice, and what lovely melody. Today in China there is often a fusion of oriental and occidental musical modes, resulting in something familiar, yet something different.

In the course of the evening I spent a few minutes with the most amiable, laughing, yet somewhere some sadness, Obratsov, the Soviet puppeteer who charmed Britain last Christmas; and big, false-toothed, florid, smiling Alexandrov, the Soviet film director. He started 30 years ago playing small parts under Eisenstein in "Battleship Potemkin." In the room were Sartre and his wife Simone de Beauvoir, also a writer; Kabalevsky, the Soviet composer and others. (No English artists? Or is it that they eschew peace?) Later Ralph Parker, Daily Worker correspondent in Moscow, joined us. After some

time in India, he had just finished covering Nehru in the U.S.S.R.

What a lovely evening, with dancing in between and some sole and wine.

"The seeds of the dandelion are ripe: the wind scatters them and they fall into the ground. Soon they will flower and cover the earth with gold."

Kuo Mo-jo, Chinese Vice-President, a lovely, little, smiling man, said the above in his closing address. He was referring naturally to the seeds of peace. Beautiful!

I stopped writing yesterday in the Hall as they got down to final business—the appeal, which we had two hours to study and vote on. There was not a single vote against—one abstention (quite a few were away, having left for home already—about 10 per cent.).

Well, the reaction of the 2,000 people was remarkable. What a demonstration. Great clapping, then everybody stood up, then somebody started to wave a "peace" scarf. Soon the place was aflutter. Shouting and cheering, which resolved itself into a jumble of languages as each delegation obviously shouted something like "Long Live Peace." Then remarkably it took coherence with everyone chanting "Vive la Paix"—even the

Japanese understood, and the clapping followed that rhythm. I was on the top row of the platform and could see everything.

From the long press gallery came down showers of torn-up paper. The flowers in the little vases set in front of each member of the presiding committee were thrown at the chairman—Kuo Mo-jo; delegates now standing on their desks; the group from French West Africa shouting and stamping some African song; hands linked across each tier on the platform. It must have gone on for 18 minutes at least. I was biting my nether lip every now and again as the released emotion knocked harder at me. And what did it mean? I haven't had time to analyse before. Some thoughts. . . .

The unanimity meant the Peace Movement was monolithic: strength, power, because we represented the majority of the people of the world. It meant, too, that the debate, concessions, compromises, conciliations on points of view had been worthwhile. It meant that the prospects for peace were brighter, because our delegates, thoroughly enlightened after all they had heard, would be out in the world, fighting better than ever.

## Whitewash For Verwoerd

CAPE TOWN.

In another attempt to justify the South African Government's fascist policy, the Nationalist-inspired South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, which has its headquarters in the Stellenbosch University, has recently issued a booklet devoting a large amount of whitewash to "Bantu Education."

Entitled "Bantu Education—Oppression or Opportunity?" the booklet consists of 48 pages, not counting the 17 photographs. These glossy pictures are perhaps the most blatantly misleading features of the whole publication. There is one picture of a really good brick building, with a pleasant exterior and African children in the foreground. The caption declares: "Classes are finished at a small Bantu school set in the peaceful countryside. Rural education for the Bantu lags behind that in the cities, but the State is now working to rectify this position."

**TOO CUNNING**

By this cunning caption SABRA no doubt expects the reader to jump to the conclusion that there are hundreds of bigger and better schools for Africans in the urban areas. But what about the recent State directive to urban "Bantu" schools not to admit rural "Bantu" pupils and threatening the rural African children with prosecution if they dare go to the town school? Schools in the urban areas, says the State, are "usually overcrowded," and they therefore cannot allow the country children in. SABRA cannot have it both ways. (There is one picture of a big urban school—but it is a Coloured school. A rather shabby SABRA trick, that.)

Other pictures talk of the "vast number of creches and nursery schools provided for many of the children of working Bantu mothers." How vast the number is, is not stated. But elsewhere in the booklet, if you look hard enough, you will see that in 1954 there were eight nursery schools for African children in South Africa—and all of them in Natal!

Everywhere there is emphasis on the "white man's money" that made training of graduates, lecturers, professors and in fact all schooling, possible; and the old, old lie

BY  
NAOMI SHAPIRO

that it is the whites who pay for the blacks (SABRA even talks of the "white man's burden!") is repeated ad nauseam. Without an "unstinted flow" of money from the pockets of the white man, says SABRA, Bantu education would still be confined to a few mission schools.

But SABRA does not mention that without an "unstinted flow" of cheap labour, the rich in South Africa would not be nearly so rich, nor would the State receive nearly so much in supertax—apart from the millions contributed directly by the Africans themselves. Nor does SABRA anywhere mention that under the new education system, African children who cannot afford school books are turned away.

SABRA claims that South Africa has reached a "*modus vivendi*" which, however, inadequate, still enables a country of 13 million people—nearly three million whites and ten million black and other races—to live in comparative contentment and enjoy a measure of prosperity higher than in almost any other part of Africa."

Said Dr. M. W. Sussler of the Alexandra Township Health Centre the other day: 34,000 of the 80,000 Africans in and around a quarter square mile area of Alexandra Township live in absolute poverty, below even the "sub-human" level of the poverty datum line. Young men born in Alexandra are forbidden under the Urban Areas Act to seek work in Johannesburg, a few miles away. . . . Obviously a *modus vivendi* of which only SABRA and the Nationalists dare be proud!

SABRA makes other extravagant claims: "The new system aims at training the Bantu to occupy ultimately every position in the service of his own people, thus replacing over a period of years, the whites who now occupy such positions, in view of their higher level of education and development."

Are the "Bantu" who, SABRA and the Nationalists keep assuring us, are so backward then expected to be able to reach the European level (so that they can ultimately replace them) on three hours a day in the primary classes, much of the time taken up in cleaning duties?

Again: "The new syllabus will also enable the Bantu children to pass through the lower classes more quickly than before, thus aiding them to achieve a higher level of education in their years at school. . . ." But will this education equip even a favoured few for University and other higher studies? This question the Nationalists have never answered.

**STATISTICS**

Although there is a chapter headed "Figures that Speak" SABRA's statistics have been carefully chosen to reveal as little as possible. Thus SABRA compares the position of Africans here with that of Africans in the rest of the exploited colonies of Africa and also with India (thrown in for good measure to tell our Indians here how lucky they are?). But nowhere is the position of the African in South Africa compared to that of the European here.

SABRA tells us that the South African Government spends 15/9 per year per head of population on Bantu education, which is £4 2s. 4d. per pupil.

SABRA does not tell you that the figure for the white pupil is about ten times as much, that in 1951, for example (the latest figures available in the Year Book) of a total of £32,421,636 spent on primary and secondary education only £5,701,584 was spent on the African school child, with close on

£22 million on the European (who comprise about one-fifth of the population). For the half million white pupils, there were 20,000 teachers; for the one million non-white pupils, there were 27,000 teachers.

But even SABRA's figures are a give-away. If you study them closely, you will see, for example, that while there were 363,938 pupils in the sub-standards in 1954, there were only 508 Africans in Standard IX in the whole of South Africa. "Bantu Education" does not even pretend to try to remedy this state of affairs.

In conformity with its "holier than thou" attitude, which premeates the booklet, SABRA gives us another gem: "The Bantu Education Act itself gives no indication of the new education system. . . . In actual fact, therefore, criticism as to the type of education to be supplied under the Act had, if it were to be honest and well-founded, to await publication of the syllabuses."

**LET VERWOERD SPEAK**

Really!! As if Dr. Verwoerd, the "father" of "Bantu Education," did not give enough indication of the new education system when he said: "There is no place for him (the Bantu) in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour. . . ."

No wonder SABRA quietly omits to quote Verwoerd!

Still speaking loftily, SABRA declares grandly that the supposition "that from educational indoctrination the Bantu may be brought to an acceptance of a status of perpetual inferiority and subjection does not merit serious discussion." Why? In supplying the answer, SABRA, unwittingly perhaps, hits the nail on the head: "There is no proof that through education people may come to accept willingly what it fundamentally knows amounts to a complete negation of its very existence and growth."

Precisely. That is why the African people are determined never to accept "Bantu Education."

# Sports Review

By JACKIE DORASAMY

**T**HE fighting Frenchman, fiery, aggressive little Robert Cohen, the only world bantam-weight champion to have fought a South African Non-European, Jake Tuli, was given a cheer usually reserved for Indian Maharajas, when he was introduced from the stage to a Non-European audience at a variety show in the Witwatersrand University Great Hall.

## HOW WOULD MOKONE SHAPE AGAINST COHEN?

The bouncing little Frenchman who was bursting with pep and confidence said there was no questioning of his losing to Willy Toweel. I believe him. Robert is a ferocious little bull in the ring and even Toweel's dandy footwork and quick punching won't save him from a knockout in September.

### A More Suitable Opponent

While not wishing to take away any credit from Willie Toweel, I honestly think that a more worthy opponent for Robert Cohen would have been our duel champion, Elijah Mokone. Of course, such a fight could only take place at the feather-weight limit. I'm sentimental, but I feel that Elijah has all the attributes and qualities to give Cohen a boxing lesson.

Mokone is not an ordinary fighter. On his present form many think he could one day win a world title. He is not demonstrative, showy or even aggressive. Nor has he a sledge-hammer punch. He has the brain of a mathematician, the footwork of a ballerina and the accuracy of William Tell. Without exaggeration this humble black fighter who carries a pass is one of the greatest fighters in the world today.

### Belgian Visitors

With the arrival in Johannesburg late in August of the Katanga Football Club from the Belgian Congo, some lively soccer is expected. This is a reciprocal tour. Katanga who acted as hosts to a J.B.F.A. team in Elizabethville in 1949 were hardly kind to the tourists. They gave them a handsome licking of 8-1.

It is likely that the tourists will not have things their own way, because they will meet a vastly improved combination of both J.B.F.A. and J.A.F.A. It is hoped, however, that other centres will also be privileged to see these outstanding visitors.

### Good Going!

Mahomed Chummy Mayet, acting treasurer of the Johannesburg Indian Sports Ground Association has deputised worthily for hard-working Checker Jassat who is presently on pilgrimage in Mecca. On his own initiative Mayet, who has already collected £600 for improvements to the Natalspuit Sportsground, has organised a film show with Al Debo on the stage in the middle of August. The money realised from this show will enrich the strain-

ing coffers of the J.I.S.G.A. This new regime under the chairmanship of Bob Pavadai and with W. Warnasurya as secretary, has been doing a grand job of work in erecting a pavilion and stands around the grounds.

### "Terrible Tuli"

Boxing fans will be happy to know that "Terrible Tuli," the life story of Jake N'tuli has just been published. The book contains a lively account of Tuli's sensational rise to fame and his sudden, inexplicable decline, and contains a number of photographs of his local fights. The author, G. D. Govender, seems optimistic about Tuli's future and believes that he may go on to win the world title. The other section of the book deals with many well-known past and present-day fighters. Famous names among them are Elijah Mokone, Enoch Nhlapo, Black Hawk, Fondie Mavuso, Kid Sathamoney, Slumber David, Young Hassan and Lingum Pillay.

### Sympathy

This Columnist extends his sympathy to an old Indian Springbok, P. G. Brown Naidoo on the tragic death of his late son Narasoo Naidoo.

### DURBAN RACING

First Race: 1, Jaguar; 2, Preliminary; 3, Kitch.

Second Race: 1, Redback; 2, Ray Ban; 3, Aces Five.

Third Race: 1, Kim; 2, Mondesire; 3, Spur.

Fourth Race: 1, Tabriz; 2, Battle Chant; 3, Cape Storm.

Fine Figure; 3, Rapsallion.

Sixth Race: 1, Magic Link; 2, Eighth Race: 1, La Parisienne; 2, Butcherspet; 3, Lilly Pond.

Ninth Race: 1, Dark Warrrier; 2, Mealfeast; 3, Anns Cat.

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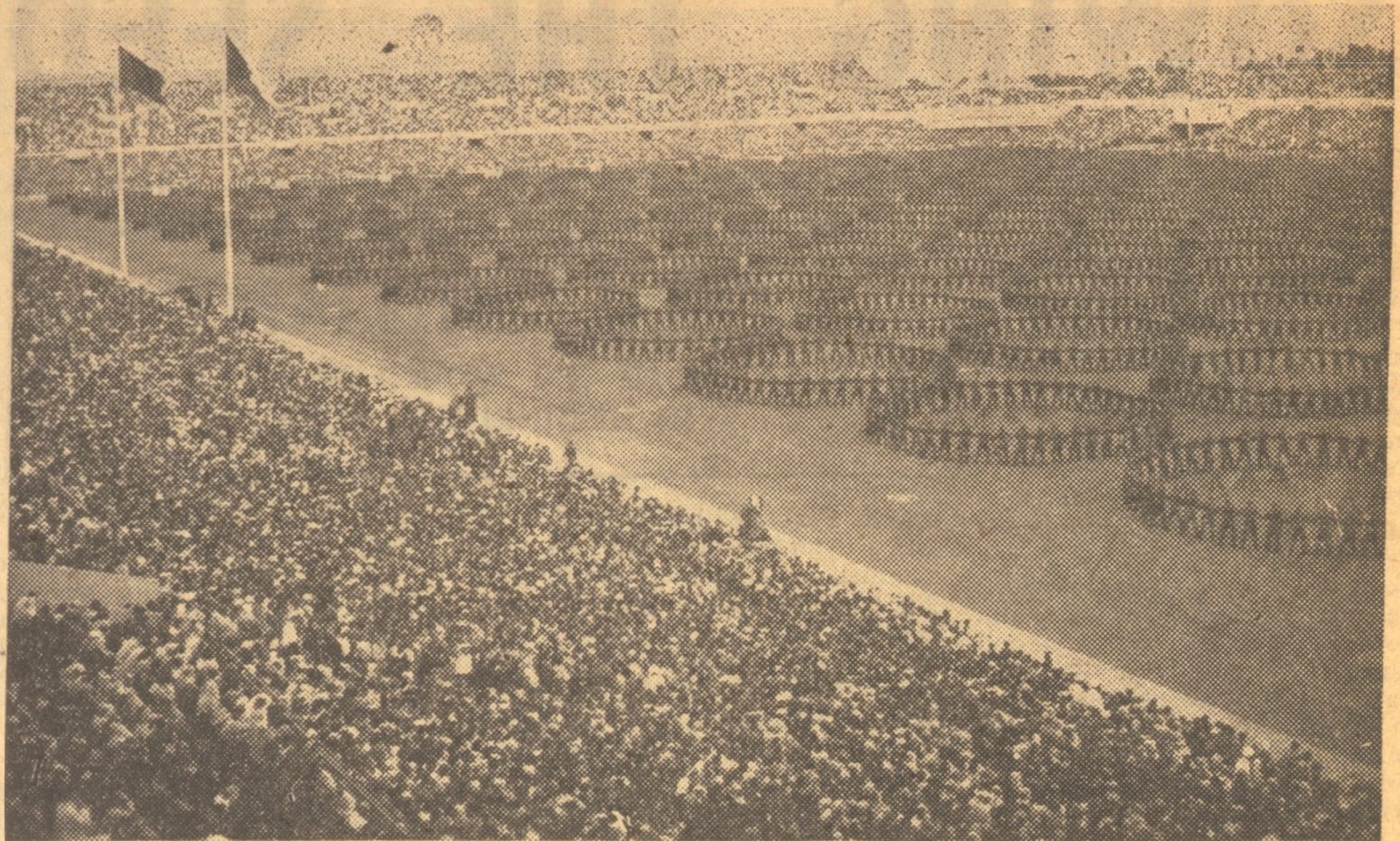
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PROCEEDS IN AID OF NEW AGE



Symbolising the universal desire of the Czechoslovak people, together with the people of the whole world, for peace, these soldiers stack their rifles and join in folk dances at a great Prague gymnastics rally.

## EVATON USES "POOR MAN'S WEAPON"

### Fight Against Fare Increases

JOHANNESBURG.

**T**HE people of Evaton are boycotting their bus service as a protest against fare increases recently pushed through despite their opposition, and, they say, the boycott will continue until their demands are met.

The police have been standing by since the boycott started over a week ago, yet the buses remain virtually empty and Evaton residents are standing solid. They are walking several miles to the nearest station to catch trains in to town.

When a fare increase was first mooted by the bus company the people appealed against an increase to the Local Road Transportation Board. Their case was rejected. They made representations to the National Transportation Board, only to be turned away once again.

"Then we had no choice but to use the poor man's weapon—the boycott," Mr. J. S. P. Molefi, secretary of the Evaton People's Transport Council told 'New Age'.

#### ONE-FIFTH OF INCOMES

The monthly season ticket from Evaton to Johannesburg has been increased by 10s. from £2 5s. to £2 15s. The weekly ticket has been increased from 15s. to 18s., and the daily fare has been increased by 6d. from 2s. to 2s. 6d.

The great majority of Evaton residents are therefore paying as much as one-fifth of their incomes, or more in some cases, on transport alone.

The people are protesting against the steep rise in fares, but also against the irregular service and the rudeness and discourtesy shown to passengers by the company's employees, especially the European inspectors.

Mr. Molefi told 'New Age' that the people wanted African inspectors appointed, to give employment opportunities to the African people.

Virtually the only users of the buses during last week were visitors to Evaton who had not heard of the boycott, and the Evaton People's Transport Council has issued an appeal to people from other areas who travel to Evaton to use the trains and to join in the boycott of the bus service.

#### POLICE CALLED IN

The police called in during the boycott have not only stood along the bus route but have also boarded the buses on their runs.

On the second day of the boycott four African women and two men were arrested on charges of violence and creating a public disturbance, and all allege they were assaulted by the police. Bruise marks on their arms and backs are clearly visible.

Daniel Lempe, a metal worker, alleges he was beaten in the police van with knobkerries. A doctor who examined him shortly afterwards states in his certificate that he suffered concussion.

All six were later released on payment of £1 each.

One special branch detective told Mrs. Iris Moore, one of the leaders of the boycott: "We now have the right to use firearms and we will shoot you."

Iris replied: "We are prepared to be shot for our rights."

The police have stood by passively while members of the staff of the bus company brandished revolvers in their presence and assaulted women boycotters. Last Wednesday a group of bus company staff rushed two women carrying a banner. Using filthy language, they knocked the women about and tore the banner from them. The police did not interfere.

But when pickets peacefully approached prospective passengers to talk to them, police knobkerries immediately came into play.

Inspectors of the Road Transportation Board have also tried intimidation. One called on a prominent member of the boycott committee at one a.m. and threatened him with deportation.

Despite the terror and intimidation, the boycott is continuing firmly. Mr. Zimmerman, the supervisor of the bus company, admits the takings have dropped by 50 per cent.

One has the impression the company would be willing to enter into negotiations with the boycotters but are prevented by the special branch. It is understood a rival European bus company is willing to organise a service at the old fares and may make an application to the Road Transportation Board to do so.

The Evaton people believe they can win their fight for lower fares and are determined to carry on.

"The boycott will go on until the people win," Mr. Molefi told 'New Age'. "The people are quite prepared to carry on for another full month, for as long as necessary."

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