

FIGHTING TALK

ORGAN OF THE SPRINGBOK LEGION

Volume X. No. 8.

AUGUST, 1952.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WE ANSWER STRAUSS

WIDESPREAD interest was aroused by Mr. Strauss' gratuitous attack on the Springbok Legion's pamphlet, "Action Stations", which he described as "scurrilous".

We publish hereunder portions of a reply sent by Legion Secretary, Jack Hodgson, to Mr. Strauss' attack, and to the letter published in these columns last month from Mr. Strauss. Mr. Strauss rejected all talk of a national stoppage of work and confidently asserted that he had complete confidence in the ability of the United Democratic Front to win the next election despite every manoeuvre and trick which the Nationalists are using and will continue to use to safeguard their power.

Dear Mr. Strauss,

It should not be necessary for us to establish our *bona fides*, but for the record let us state again . . . The Springbok Legion members have given the most concrete demonstration possible of their love of South Africa and their adherence to democracy. They have put their lives and limbs between the shores of this country and its enemies . . . Surely this is the most conclusive evidence of patriotism that can be required of a citizen?

The action proposed by the Springbok Legion, that is a national standstill of all commerce, industry and agriculture, is not unconstitutional. It is not illegal.

We are not reassured by your expression of confidence as to the results of a General Election next year.

Although we do not doubt that the great majority of the electorate will support the United Democratic Front, we are convinced that the Nationalist Party will "rig" the Election, so that, although up to 70% of the electorate may vote for the U.P., the Nationalist Party would still be returned to power.

We ask you to consider the following possibilities: An analysis of the voting figures in the 1948 Election shows that the Government Parties polled 41½% of the votes cast, against 58½% votes cast for the opposition. If a conservative allowance is made for the uncontested seats (10 urban and 2 rural) the figures are: pro-government 39% and anti-government 61%.

To create the position where up to 70% of the voters vote for the United Democratic Front and the Nats. are still returned to power, requires only the cancelling out of approximately 9% of the votes cast for the democratic parties.

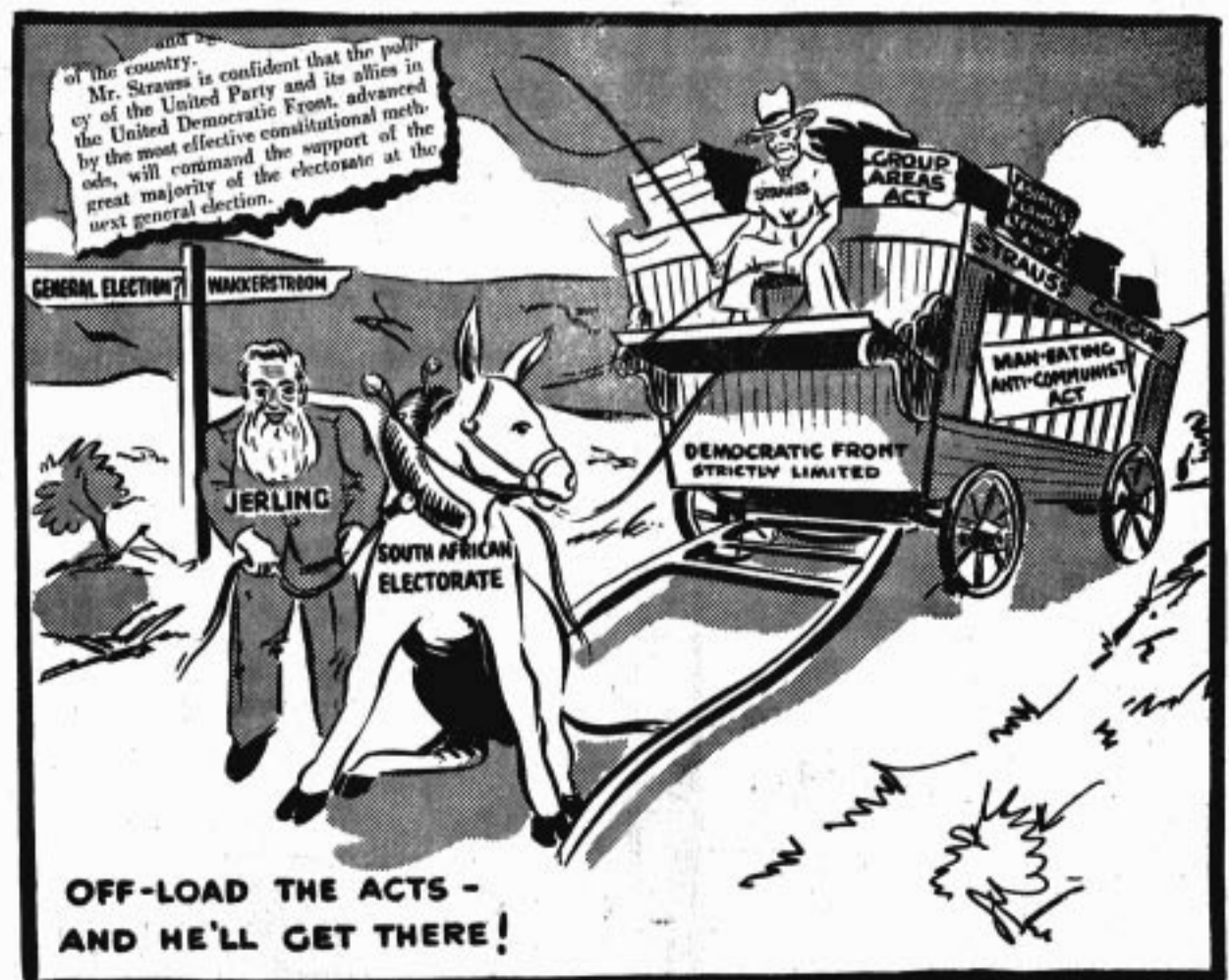
Let us see what they have already

done towards this end and what they still can do:

Delimitation is now based on registration of voters and not on census figures as hitherto. We know from experience that this has tended to work against urban constituencies.

The removal of the Coloured Voters from the Common Roll may benefit the H.N.P. in 8 to 10 seats, in each of which the U.P. majority was less than the number of Coloured Voters in the constituency. Taking into account the 4 representatives which the Coloured Voters will vote for on the communal roll, this may mean a gain of 4 to 6 seats for the H.N.P.

(Continued on page 4)



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BOOK REVIEW

THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF KOREA

By I. F. STONE.

EVER since the start of the Korean War, it has been my wish and probably the wish of thousands of others, that a man with sufficient time and energy should compile a book and set out therein every major statement made by the American political and military leaders, thus sketching the course of the war and the way its true character has been hidden behind a mountain of misrepresentations, half-truths, distortions and downright lies.

I. F. Stone, an American journalist and for a long time a diplomatic correspondent in Washington, is the man who has done this task and done it so well that for a time it was impossible to find a publisher for a book that was "too hot to handle", until the "Monthly Review" of New York courageously undertook to issue the book and which Turnstile Press of Britain later published.

To begin with, Mr. Stone casts a very grave doubt upon the consistent American assertion that the Korean war was a surprise. By comparing statements from Washington and Tokyo during the fateful June day as well as quoting such authorities as John Gunther, he indicates quite clearly that, although the outbreak may have come as a surprise to the Pentagon, it was by no means so at General MacArthur's headquarters.

From there the author traces every step of the American Big Shots, to the present day — the summoning of the Security Council, the bulldozing through of the resolution declaring North Korea an aggressor, the appointment of McArthur as Supreme U.N. Commander in the Far East, the refusal to consider any early peace settlement although, as Mr. Stone claims, the overtures were there. The climax was reached with McArthur's pig-headed drive to the Manchurian border, Chinese intervention, the disastrous "home-by-Christmas" campaign, which culminated in McArthur's dismissal and replacement by General Ridgeway.

I. F. Stone, let it be said, would be dubbed a communist only by Senator McCarthy and his fellow-paranoics. He is sharply critical of Soviet Russia, but that does not blind him to the bomb-happy policy of America's power politicians. To read his book carefully one must come to the conclusion that throughout the last two years Russia has made a persistent effort to bring the Korean war to a close but has been blocked at every turn by the Western

diplomats. Not a happy conclusion for those who believed implicitly in America's self-assumed role of saviour of democracy, but an inescapable one to all sincere lovers of peace.

What is more, every single statement quoted in "The Hidden History of Korea" has been checked and re-checked and the authorities for such quotations are listed at the back of the book so that no charge of misrepresentation or assumption can be levelled at the author. So extensive indeed has been the research work necessary for this task and so exhaustive the sifting and comparing that one prominent Witwatersrand lecturer has said that he would have given Mr. Stone his Ph.D. for the research work alone. This is the way to win the battle for peace — a constructive, objective analysis of the progress of a war that is highly unpopular with everyone but the Syngman Rhee and the Chiang Kai-Sheks.

As an example of how McArthur almost plunged the world headlong into war, the author cites the instance of how, at the height of the "home-by-Christmas" campaign, the Chinese and North Koreans suddenly withdrew and refused to make contact with the U.N. troops. That was the stage at which to call halt. It would have enabled the Americans to quit gracefully without loss of face. But this did not suit the plans of the U.N. Supreme Commander and his political advisor, John Foster Dulles. They plunged on, with the results we already know. Only the combined efforts of world public opinion prevented a major conflict.

No, to the chagrin of the war-makers, I. F. Stone is not a communist but a member of the growing army of American citizens who are fed up to the teeth with the senseless, costly and barbarous Korean adventure. The ranks of this army will be swelled by every sincere reader of this book.

J.P.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!"

At best, we face in the immediate future a decline in the rate of increase in the national output, a worsening of the balance of payments, a fall in the supplies of some consumer goods and a continuing rise in prices.

For this unhappy prospect our own need for re-armament, and the similar needs of our allies in the Western world, are the main and unavoidable cause.

(British) Economic Survey for 1951.

The possibility of a temporary truce haunts United States policy planners.

(U.S.A.) Business Week, April 12.

The foreign policies of this country, Britain and France, have now entered a truly agonising crisis. The cause is the so-called peace offensive now being carried out by the masters of the Kremlin.

(U.S.A.) Washington Post, April 16.

One of the biggest stimulants to (Japanese) expansion has been and continues to be the American encouragement for Japanese industry . . . With the former main markets in the Far East irrevocably written off, Japanese textiles and other exports must seek other outlets.

Financial Times, January 25.

British manufacturers of heavy commercial vehicles and diesel engines, two of Britain's best long-term exports, are losing important foreign orders at a crucial period, mainly to Germany.

Financial Times, May 26.

PEACE

"It is Peace, therefore, which we need in order that we may live and work in hope and with pleasure . . . Whatever the nature of our strife for peace may be, if we only aim at it steadily and with the singleness of heart, and ever keep it in view, a reflection from that peace of the future will illumine the turmoil and trouble of our lives . . . we shall, in our hopes at least, live the lives of men: nor can the present times give us any reward greater than that."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

WE ANSWER STRAUSS

(Continued from page 1)

According to the Electoral Act, an overall load of up to 15% is allowed on urban constituencies, and an overall unload of up to 15% for rural constituencies — a total difference of 30%. In the 1948 election, the average unload for rural constituencies was 7.9% and the average load on urban constituencies was 7.9%. An increase of only 4½% on the average load on urban constituencies and an increase of 4½% on the average unload off rural constituencies, therefore, could by itself cancel out the vital 9%.

It is possible to carve up constituencies in such a way that the H.N.P. can win a number of seats out of all proportion to its actual electoral support in the areas as a whole. The South West African delimitation and the results thereof indicated how cleverly this can be achieved — although the H.N.P. polled only approximately 55% of the votes cast, it won every single seat.

The effect of this process, every step of which is constitutional, can very well create the situation we have indicated.

In addition there are other factors: Between now and a General Election next year Ministers may make ruthless

use of the various powers they have acquired from the Suppression of Communism Act and similar measures. These powers can be employed to victimise, intimidate, ban or penalise individuals and organisations opposed to the H.N.P. The use of hooliganism during the Election Campaign and particularly on polling day itself with the actual intimidation of voters at polling booths, could have the effect of preventing voters from registering their votes.

The H.N.P.'s activities since 1948 indicate clearly that they are fully capable of such unscrupulous tactics. The rejection of the Appeal Court decision indicates that they will stop at nothing to further their programme.

ACTION NOW:

We are of the opinion, therefore, that the electorate must be mobilised NOW around a demand for an immediate general election and in action that will force a general election before the process of "rigging" is completed, and particularly, therefore, before the new delimitation can become operative.

THE WHEREWITHAL!

OUR work is being seriously hampered at the present time by a crippling shortage of money. For example, the printing of our finest pamphlet — on the Defiance Campaign — is being held up for the lack of the "wherewithal".

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PLEASE SEND YOUR DONATIONS TODAY.

With reference to your statement to the press, we have no quarrel with your rejection of the action proposed in the pamphlet "Action Stations" or your rejection of the Springbok Legion as a part of the United Democratic Front. These rejections could have been motivated by a very real doubt as to the advantage to be gained from our proposals. *But that you should do so publicly and directly as a consequence of a Nationalist Party canard in an effort of appeasement is a matter of grave concern to us.*

Your public rejection of the Legion and the action it proposed, the tone and implications of your statement, provided a green light to the Nationalist Party. You told them clearly that the United Democratic Front would not offer any real resistance to the H.N.P. programme and, equally as serious, that the Springbok Legion is an embarrassment to the United Democratic Front and is, therefore, an easy victim.

My Committee is gravely concerned with the possible effect of your statement on many thousands of ex-soldiers. While we are deeply conscious of your belief in the need for the United Party to strengthen its position in the platteland, we believe that the affront you have given to ex-service men and one of their organisations is too high a price to pay. It was both needless and unjustifiable.

No reply has as yet been received from Mr. Strauss.

PATIENCE NOT EFFECTIVE.

"I am sorry to say that if no instructions had been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to remember to hate violence, to love order and to exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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WHITHER TORCH COMMANDO?

ONE of the dominating political forces in South Africa today is the Torch Commando. The torch for centuries has been the symbol of the fight for liberty. In our own history the word 'commando' recalls the gallant resistance of the Boer troops in 1900 and the daring exploits of the specialised, hand-picked troops in World War II. Combined the two words *torch commando* denote the quintessence of heroic struggle in defence of freedom.

The Nationalists, to whom liberty is *ana hema*, anxiously wait today to see whether the Torch Commando will live up to the ideals which its name implies.

The Torch Commando came into existence twelve months ago at a time when the majority of people were realising that the fight of the minority parties in Parliament was of no avail against the ruthless programme of the Nationalists. People finally had come to understand that the Nats. were using their parliamentary majority in an attempt to entrench themselves in power, so that not even a general election could dislodge them.

Since the Nationalists in Parliament represented a minority of the people, there arose the urgent need to make the wishes of the majority known. The struggle shifted from the Houses of Parliament into the streets.

Already by mid-1951 it was apparent that the leaders of a number of anti-Nationalist organisations were politically timid. The Torch Commando offered a new rallying point for all rank-and-filers who wanted to come to grips with the Nationalists. The Torch Commando at its very first appearance showed startling militancy with its slogans "*Down with the Nats.*" and "*We Demand a General Election.*" There was something wildly stirring in the picture of the ex-servicemen of the country rallying to the country's aid. The staleness, the apathy, the appeasement of the United Party was forgotten in the upsurge of hope, determination and willingness-to-fight. Our hopes centred in the exciting, strong saviour . . . the Torch Commando.

THE ATTACKS BEGIN.

Soon after the memorable commando convoys to Cape Town, the Torch Commando to our bewilderment revealed something of its political attitudes and, perhaps, its political inexperience. When Dr. Malan at Brits attacked the Commando as a Springbok-Legion-Communist organisation, instead of exposing Malan's smearing tactic and creating closer unity among the anti-Nat. forces, the Commando took pains to prove to Dr. Malan that no secret Legionnaires

or Communists were hiding in their executive committees.

A little later, revealing more political expedience than sound judgment, the Commando debarred Non-Europeans from the Alamein Demonstrations.

As the months went by, the Commando never lacked a press statement to refute Nationalist accusations of one sort or another but the organisation seemed to reach an *impasse* as far as effective activity was concerned. Throughout the recent Parliamentary session little effective action was forthcoming, although numerous forms of activity were considered (and some put into operation) including a petition to the Governor-General, support for the unprofitable Natal line of a new National Convention, 'silent marches', a day of national protest and intensive house-to-house political work in marginal seats for the General Election of 1953.

At this stage the Commando became one of the legs in the tripod carrying the banner, 'United Democratic Front'. Since the declaration announcing the formation of the Democratic Front, nothing positive has come from the new organisation: in fact, as far as is known, there has not even been a meeting of the leaders of the three bodies to discuss ways and means of guaranteeing a defeat for the Nats.

One repercussion, however, seems to be that the Commando has lost some of its independence and, therefore, some of its initiative. It seems to have become subservient to the United Party.

ARE THEY LEADERS?

Can we, then, continue to look to the Commando to lead us to victory over the menace of fascism?

There are many factors which can justify our hopes in the Torch Commando. The leaders are above all things sincere. No one can doubt their desire to restore democracy to South Africa and to see democracy extending its influence. The leaders are men of admirable ideals. These same men carry with them the

conscious and unforgettable experience of participating in a mighty conflict to preserve the freedom and worth of the human individual against the tyrannous forces of Nazi *herrenvolkism*, whose counterpart strangles liberty in our own country today.

These leaders are young and of undauntable courage. Moreover, they have behind them, not alone the moral support of the people, but their practical support.

The Torch Commando has, however, certain weaknesses. Because of inexperience the leaders seem uncertain of their ground and great enterprises founder on the rocks of indecision. The tragic fumbling for policy which characterises the United Party seems to have a paralysing effect on the Commando. As the high tide of militancy ebbed last year, the leaders fell victims to their own 'decency' and sense of fairplay. Brought up in a tradition of fairplay, respect for the law and 'constitutionalism', the Commando leaders find themselves inhibited today from taking unorthodox action . . . even while the Nationalists throw aside all pretence of playing the game according to the rules.

It is time, then, for the Torch Commando to reassess the political situation, to discover afresh their abhorrence of the Fascist State that comes daily ever nearer. It is time for them to reject once and for all any hope that they can win friends by 'proving their innocence' against Malan's Hitlerian accusations. Let them take confidence from the rightness of their cause, from the nobility—yes, nobility—of their destined role in South African history; let them draw strength from the people behind them and go forward with undeflectable resolution to realise their very first objectives: "DOWN WITH THE NATS!"

... "WE DEMAND AN IMMEDIATE GENERAL ELECTION!"

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THE '52 OLYMPICS

By DENNIS CHAMBERLAIN
(Well-Known Johannesburg Athlete)

THE amazing thing about the 1952 Olympic Games is that the world has been able to record such progress in branches of science totally unrelated to jet turbines, rockets, or atomic fission. For make no mistake about it, success in any sport at the Games involves applied science to a high degree. At a time when there is so much war and so much talk of conflict spreading to world-wide proportions, it is important too to realise that the people of the world can associate peacefully and with so much good will if given the chance.

At the games emphasis is intentionally placed on individual rather than national prestige, and then rather on the performance or game than on the individual or team competing. Hence it is fitting that the performance of an individual should have stolen the thunder rather than the number of gold medals won by this nation or that. That individual is Zatopec. He won the 10,000 metre track event in record time on a Sunday. The following Wednesday he won a 5,000 metre heat. On Thursday he won the final, again in record time. Then to round off his week's activities, he ran the marathon — his first attempt at a race over this distance — for fun and won — need I say in record time.

What is the story behind such an achievement; an oversized heart or lungs, terrific muscles, natural ability or technique? The answer is none of these. Just hard work, perseverance and the will to win. Did I say hard work? An average of four hours and ten miles training a day, for seven days a week, for fifty two weeks a year. That is Zatopec's training schedule. With such a schedule you too can become a wonder of the world. If you doubt my word, try it for two or three years and you will change your mind!

Many of you may ask why our male athletes were a comparative failure at Helsinki? The answer is twofold. Lack of competition for the four months interval between their selection and the Games themselves is one. The other is

lack of hard work. The hardest workers were relatively successful, namely our marathon trio, who although unplaced improved on their previous best performances by minutes.

Our women athletes excelled themselves. In spite of the critics' adverse comments — I was one of those critics — Esther Brand won the high jump with a jump inches above her previous best. Many said that she was given her Springbok colours this year, because she deserved them four years ago and did not get them. How well she has repaid the selectors' faith in her. Then Daphne Hasenjager exceeded her previous best to gain second place in the 100 metres, another brilliant effort. Even Edna Maskel, though not qualifying for the final of the 80 metres hurdles, equalled the previous Olympic record. Well done the little ladies!

Of the swimmers, Joan Harrison and Patrick Duncan proved themselves in world class, though the water-polo team were disappointing, as were the rowers. The wrestlers gave a good account of themselves as did sculler Ian Stephen. Once again it has been upon the boxers we have had to rely for the fireworks, with the cyclists backing them up. Up to press the swimmers, boxers, cyclists, and small bore shottists are still busy, leaving me unable to name any medal winners other than Esther Brand and Daphne Hasenjager.

The success or failures of our representatives give us little indication of that progress I mentioned at the start. Nor is it possible to assess that progress on the results of team games. Athletics is the sport that lends itself most readily to the recording of progress and to comparison, so let us look at some of these results.

In the marathon Zatopec beat the previous best by six minutes or more than a mile. Yet the man behind him came in only one minute later and the next five also beat the old record. A

time that would have enabled Bill Keith, South Africa's No. 3 selection, to win the 1948 marathon, gave him nineteenth place only in 1952! Allowing for differences in weather conditions, road surfaces and gradients if that result does not record astonishing progress, what does?

It is not just the number of records broken that has been so astonishing. More impressive still is the number of competitors that have broken or equalled each record. Equalling the previous record was not good enough to get Edna Maskel into the final of the 80 metres hurdles. In the 1,500 metres, six of the twelve finalists beat the record set in 1936. In the 100 metres it is true that the winner would have been a yard behind Jesse Owens in 1936. But where Owens was three yards ahead of the next man, Remigino was separated from the fourth man by less than eighteen inches in 1952. And so the story goes on.

If this rate of progress continues to 1956, then the qualification for selection for any national team will be simple. Best or equal the Olympic record to be sure of a trip to Melbourne. There is just time for you to reach this standard — if you train the Zatopec way.

MR. STRAUSS AND THE SPRINGBOK LEGION.

Sir,—I was rather shaken by Mr. Strauss's reply to Dr. Malan's statement on the Springbok Legion's so-called 'secret pamphlet'.

Mr. Strauss disdainfully rejects the Legion's offer to join the United Front and brands the pamphlet as pernicious, but let me remind him that in 1948 the United Party welcomed the assistance of the Legion, and, in case he has forgotten, the policy they now advocate was no different then.

When Mr. Kane-Berman makes mention of the possibility of a nation-wide strike as a means of halting this Fascist Government, is his statement also called pernicious by Mr. Strauss?

The Leader of the Opposition does not realize that he has fallen for the Nationalists' propaganda about the legion, and he now seems as determined as they are to libel this group of ex-servicemen, in whom Smuts showed his great interest and faith.

Let Mr. Strauss not be afraid to accept the Legion as an ally, as they have shown themselves more determined and active than the United Front itself to get rid of the Nationalist Government.

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The World Today

Troubled Waters

by Ben Giles

OIL, it is said, should be poured on troubled waters. Maybe so in the Navy. But not in the Middle East, where troubles of all kinds flow from the pouring out of oil. Generals stage coups d'etat; kings tremble and prime-ministers flee in the heaving, oil-born ferment of the Middle East.

All the deep and bitter conflicts of the fight for mastery of the world's oil are coming to full flower in these sun-baked lands of the Arabian Nights — in Iran, in Egypt, Iraq, Trans-Jordan and Saudi-Arabia. Above all in Iran, the old order is passing, and there will be few save the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to mourn.

It was oil that destroyed the old order, the sinking of wells and the laying of pipe-lines. Nomadic tribal herdsmen left their hill-side tents for the prefabs., lathes and rivet-guns of the Abadan refinery. The local chieftain of antiquity, deriving his authority from his followers' respect and exercising it under the guidance of Allah and the tribal elders, gave way to the standing army and the Vickers gun. The feudal potentate in keeping with his new status of junior partner and guardian of a millionaire enterprise became an absolute monarch, surrounded with the trappings of Empire, paid, flattered but kept strictly to the rein of the oil concessionaires and their navies.

It is against this background that oil has flown from the underground reservoirs of the Middle East to the markets of the world. Millions of gallons feeding millions of machines. And bringing in millions of pounds to the investors in London and New York and Paris and Amsterdam. Twenty-five million tons of that oil flowed from Iran in a single year, and from it the Anglo Iranian Company netted over seventy million pounds profit.

THE OLD ORDER PASSES.

But the measure of the change wrought by the tapping of Iranian oil is not to be found in the counting of money or the filling of barrels. It is to be found in the destruction of the old, feudal and nomadic way of life, and in the hurling of Iran's people in one generation from their ancient ways into the modern, twentieth-century civilisation of capitalism.

Not surprising that here, as in every country of the earth, this convulsion has been accompanied by the spectacular rise of modern political parties and political creeds. Inevitably there are trade unions, not fashioned on the constitutional and legalised pattern of the British, but in keeping with the harsh conditions and the harsh tyranny used against them, revolutionary, crusading, and going forward through strike action. Inevitably too the liberal parties, fighting the claims of the Iranian merchants, professional men and petty manufacturers to own and exploit their country's oil resources for themselves. And inevitably in modern times, the Communist Party, heading the assault of the workers against foreign exploitation, leading them to national independence as a step towards the goal of socialism.

The developments have not been easy. Backward local monarchs, safeguarding the interests of the foreign investors, and thus too their own share in the fabulously mounting profits, have met every new development of consciousness and opposition with the most brutal and feudal measures of oppression and repression.

OIL AND WAR.

So it was in Iran in all the years before the second world war. But oil attracts militarists as well as profit-seekers; and the Nazis began the steady infiltration of Iran in the early years of the war. They found a congenial and ready-to-listen atmosphere at the Shah's court. The way was patently being prepared for an invasion of the Soviet Union from the South. Obvious too to the U.S.S.R.; in accordance with a 1921 treaty with Iran, the Soviet Armies occupied the Northern portion of the country for the remainder of the war.

When the Soviet armies withdrew from Iran, strictly in accordance with the treaty provisions, they left behind a new Iran — an Iran through which the

war-time winds of liberation had blown strongly, an Iran in which, under the new conditions of Soviet-supervised freedom of association and assembly, great political parties had emerged, openly and strongly. The Iranian national cry for liberty and independence rose to new heights — "Iranian oil for Iran". As the tide of war ebbed, the tide of struggle against the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company surged up.

The post-war world did not return to the patterns of before. New competitors of Anglo-Iranian had emerged, strengthened by the war — the oil millionaires of America, entrenched behind the benevolent facade of Marshall Aid. A cut-throat race between American and British business-men and diplomats for the domination of the world's oil supplies got under way. Key to victory was Iran, producing two-thirds of the Middle East oil.

Into the already bubbling cauldron of Iranian political life, the Americans dropped a suggestion that any move to "nationalise" Anglo-Iranian oil-wells would have U.S. support. There was neither altruism nor political sincerity behind the suggestion. Just the hard calculation that a nationalised oil industry under the weak control of Shah and tame liberals would need U.S. dollars to keep the winches turning. Dollars, they calculated, buy everything, including political allegiance.

THE UPHEAVAL.

'Sow a wind and reap a whirlwind.' The Americans in Iran have learned the truth of the old saw. The movement to nationalise the oil fields started as a respectable, sober movement of men and property. But its influence gripped the Iranian masses, under the leadership of the Tudeh (Workers') Party. Where liberals sought to compromise, the workers' movement by strike action carried the nationalisation measures through to the bitter end. Where liberals and Shah hesitated, the workers demonstrating and rebelling in the streets, forced them to bend to the peoples' will or break before it.

The Anglo-Iranian Company has gone from Iran, unwillingly, fighting a bitter rearguard action through the courts, through political threats and armed manoeuvres. Nonetheless, it has gone. And Standard Oil of America has found no foothold, because the people in the streets, in revolutionary mood, defeat every attempt to compromise with foreign capital which lays claim to Iran's national heritage. Where the Shah hangs

(Continued on page 14)

THE best thing about Economics — from the politicians' point of view — is that the average man knows so little about it. In these days of world-wide political consciousness, politicians (unless they are making a tour of the platteland) cannot easily put one across the voter in the political field, but in the Economic sphere it is still unfortunately true that they are on much safer ground. Thus Mr. Havenga might declare that a higher Gold price is the panacea for all South Africa's Economic ills, and his statement will go unchallenged—leastways in South Africa! And when he talks his most arrant twaddle about South Africa acting independently of Sterling, even those who follow the opposition are inclined to nod their heads gravely and mumble something about, "... the best finance minister we've ever had."

But of all the Economic Problems (with capital letters!) which have bedevilled modern man, probably none is so completely shrouded in mystery as the so-called Dollar Problem. What with Hard Currencies and Soft Currencies

tential and restore its depleted wealth, it required very large stocks of all manner of raw materials. Since few of the countries of Western Europe are self-sufficient, large quantities of raw-materials and other requirements could be ob-

in the "normal" course of competition. Or it can come about by one country refusing to buy foreign goods, while demanding that foreign countries buy its goods.

And in this second possible cause, we have the basis of the Dollar Problem, for herein lies the essence of the Economic Policy of Uncle Sam. There is at the moment in operation in America a law which forbids the American Government to buy foreign goods unless those goods are 25% cheaper than the corresponding American article. Do you get the idea? At the same time Uncle Sam has so arranged matters that he seeks to force other countries to buy exclusively in America — unless the particular ma-

WAR, PEACE, and . . .

and Visible Trade and Invisible Trade and the E.P.U. and the I.M.F., most people are inclined to shrug their shoulders, say "What the Heck!" and get on with their own business.

IT'S OUR BUSINESS.

The trouble is, you see, that the Dollar Problem is their business — and yours and ours. The average Englishman while he may have only a hazy idea of what it is all about, does at least realise that it affects him profoundly — affects his standard of living, how much he has to eat and how much he has to pay in taxes. But the average South African is not nearly as aware of the profound importance of this dratted problem — of its solution or intensification.

And the point about the problem is that it is an artificial one — or rather it is a self-imposed one, however real it may be. It springs from the fact that world trade is aglay, that one half of the world will not trade with the other, that the productive capacity of the Western World is increasingly geared to the production of guns instead of butter. Inject one atom of sense and sanity into Western political and economic policies, and this problem would be resolved easily enough.

THE PROBLEM.

What, then, is the problem? Briefly it is as follows:

One of the consequences of the War was the widespread destruction of the economic wealth of Europe, of its means of production, its scope and its factories, and the impoverishment of its people. In order to rebuild its economic po-

tential only as imports from foreign countries. However, it has often been remarked that one can buy nothing if one has not the money to pay for it, and the only way in which a country can get the money to buy goods is by selling goods. Thus, if Britain wishes to buy beef from the Argentine, she can do so only if the Argentine will buy goods from her in exchange. A complicating factor in international trade is that — in the above example — the Argentine will not accept British money for her beef, but will demand payment in either Argentinian currency or Gold or, in these days, dollars. Likewise Britain will usually refuse payment for her goods in Argentinian currency.

This problem presents no particular difficulty while there exists a continuous flow of trade between the two countries, for then British and Argentinian purchases are continually being balanced against each other, and whatever either country buys in excess of what it sells, can be paid for with relatively small quantities of gold or the required currency, of which there will always be stocks in the Argentinian and British banks respectively.

THE BASIS OF THE DOLLAR PROBLEM.

Now, the trouble starts as soon as one country consistently buys more than it sells or sells more than it buys. This state of affairs can come about in many ways: by one country collaring the bulk of the world's trade, either by force or

In the language of the layman, W. Miller discusses the vexing and highly involved subject of international money and its relation to war and peace.

materials required are unobtainable in the United States.

This results in two things: (a) America does all the selling and Europe does all the buying. (b) Since America will accept only gold or dollars as payment for her goods and yet denies Europe the means to earn either, there is a chronic inability on the part of Europe to pay for American purchases. And that is the long and the short of the Dollar Problem — the problem of how to get dollars.

UNCLE SAM'S PARTNER.

The question immediately compels itself: How on earth did Britain and the other European countries, which, one assumes, are not completely lacking in self-respect, come to be parties to Uncle Sam's abominable Economic policy? Can you imagine yourself, in your normal economic life, accepting a proposition whereby a particular firm demands that you shall buy its goods while denying you the right to work and earn the money to pay for them!

Well now, do you remember how, in 1946 was it? — there burst upon a startled world a plan which Mr. Churchill hailed as the greatest example of national generosity the world has ever

seen? It called itself the Marshall Plan, and to the gullible it seemed as though America had suddenly decided to shower untold millions of Free Dollars upon a grateful Europe, while only the You-know-whats (must get around Mr. Swart somehow!) were ungracious enough to be sceptical.

Well, the snag about the Marshall plan was, of course, that it had numerous strings attached to it. One was that the Marshall Dollar must be spent in America only, another was that Uncle Sam reserved the right to dictate how those dollars were to be spent and yet another was that, in gratitude for this "gift", the countries receiving Dollar Aid were to agree to establish American Air Force and other bases in their countries. Quasi-fascist elements abounding in the Cabinets of Europe — those whose criterion of democracy is freedom to amass profits from Europe's needs — and those, like our Mr. Swart, who find a Red in any man whose ideas of democracy do not coincide with their own — willingly swapped economic freedom for American "protection" and, at the time, entertained no thought for the consequences of their folly.

When Marshall Aid ended it was replaced by dollar loans, and these loans were in turn granted under certain con-

dwindled, while the flood of defence dollars has steadily increased.

Now, two consequences have flowed from this: (a) Europe's already over-burdened economies have found themselves increasingly saddled with tremendous armaments programmes, while, (b) the shortage of money wherewith to purchase the needs of the people has become increasingly acute. You see, the labour and materials, which should have been producing goods for export in order to earn dollars, have had to be increasingly devoted to the production of arms, and so, despite Marshall Aid and despite dollar loans, the "dollar problem" has again become critical. In terms of British economy, the position at the present time presents itself in the following way:

THREE CATEGORIES.

British industry is divided into three categories: (a) those industries producing domestic goods; i.e. goods for home consumption; (b) industries producing export goods, mainly devoted to the dollar-earning trade; and (c) arms industries. Now there are just not sufficient "factors of production"—raw materials, labour, capital — to cater for all three. If arms production is to be expanded, then domestic and export production must suffer; if export production is to be expanded, then domestic production

in the face of the £4,000,000,000 arms programme foisted upon the British economic structure.

Now, what is the solution to this problem? There are two alternative suggestions:

- (1) The Butler Plan. We have received only brief and sketchy reports of this plan. The "Rand Daily Mail" has called it bold and imaginative. It amounts to this: Britain concentrates on arms production and sells huge quantities of arms to America for dollars, thus combining "export" and "arms" drives into one glorious, poverty-inducing rearmament binge.
- (2) The Bevan Plan. This plan, like the above, is a simple one. It requires that arms production be cut to a minimum consistent with normal security requirements; that a vast programme of trade be initiated with "Iron Curtain countries" (Russia, China and Eastern Europe), who are prepared and able to pay for their purchases in gold, dollars, sterling or any other currency Britain may require, and that Britain inform America, firmly but politely, that the only thing she is not prepared to buy under any conditions whatsoever is Uncle Sam's war aims.

the DOLLAR PROBLEM

ditions: they were to be made only to those countries having political systems of which Uncle Sam approved; they were to be made only on condition that the recipient used the dollars to purchase American goods and that these goods were not re-exported to countries of which America disapproved; that trade with "Iron Curtain" countries was cut to a minimum and, last but not least, that the countries receiving dollars agreed to contribute men and armaments to the so-called "European Defence Community."

TWO CATEGORIES.

Henceforth dollar loans were divided into two categories: there were "rehabilitation dollars", which theoretically were to be devoted to the rebuilding of Europe's shattered industries, and "defence dollars", to be devoted exclusively to the rebuilding of Europe's armies.

Over the past five years the quantity of rehabilitation dollars has steadily

and the arms drive must be curtailed, and so on.

It goes without saying, of course, that in this big squeeze the needs of the British people themselves have come a very poor third. The recent rise in the bank rate was calculated to discourage private investment in domestic industry in order to release available capital for the other two categories.

HOW TO MAINTAIN EXPORT?

Domestic production thus being out of the race, the problem resolves itself into the question: how to maintain export industries at a sufficient peak to earn the required dollars, while yet satisfying Uncle Sam's insatiable appetite for arms. The 1949 devaluation of the £ vis-a-vis the dollar was undertaken with a view to marketing British goods at prices low enough to compete in the highly nationalistic dollar area. It gave a tremendous impetus to the export industry (for a time at any rate), but the resulting level of production could not be maintained

WHICH PLAN?

Which plan is it to be? See how intimately economic and political decisions are bound together and how the nature of the struggle between the Aneurin Bevan group and the Churchill-Attlee group becomes clear. Mr. Butler has a plan, but what a plan! It means abject surrender to American war aims, and abject surrender is never either bold or imaginative. It means the further impoverishment of the British people, the return to rationing, higher purchase taxes and compulsory saving. Incidentally, it means war, for no country can commit herself so completely to a war economy without resorting, sooner or later, to armed conflict.

On this issue there is a crisis blowing up in Britain, the likes of which we have not seen since the General Strike.

Make no mistake, the danger signal has gone up. The time has come for Mr. Bevan and his followers to hit hard and with boldness and imagination.

The Secret of Flying Saucers

(As told to our Reporter by Theodore Jenks — Discoverer)

ONE day when the history of it is all written, they'll trace it back to where it really started — with me and Dave Broadley's pumpkins. They won the prize that year at the local Agricultural Show. Nothing much would have come of that, if it hadn't been a hot summer, hotter than usual. I was sitting with my back against a tree, letting the beer run down my throat, when Bessie snuck up on me in that quiet way she has when bent on mischief.

"Drinkin' again is it, you good for nothing" she says, loud enough to be heard right over at Broadley's pig-house. "Drinkin' again! And who's going to feed the hens I'd like to know? And chop the wood? Up you devil, before I clout ye."

Its no good arguing with Bessie when she's in that mood. In any case the beer was finished. So I got up and made tracks for the wood-shed. Like a woman she made the most of her victory, tramping along behind me muttering and raving to herself. "That I should have picked such a lazy good-for-nothin' — should have had my head examined. Could have married any feller in the district, that I could. But no; I must pick a drunken bum that sits drinkin' all the day, while I slaves my fingers to the bone."

I said nothing. That always gets her tail up. "Could have married Tom Williams, who's got a bank" she said, exaggerating wildly—he only works there anyway. "Or Dave Broadley too — three times he asked me — and I turned him down for something better to turn up." She gave a bitter laugh, daring me to tell her — as I did that time we didn't talk for four days — that he got drunk every Saturday and proposed to every woman that came along. "But no" she says, sardonic like, "I have to marry Mister Theodore Jenks. And be skivvy to the laziest, most shiftless loafer in the district. And Dave Broadley with the prize for pumpkins, and his picture in the papers, and famous too."

Now that riled me. I like Broadley as well as any other of the dim-witted hill-billies who live around here, but that pumpkin of his that won the prize—well, dammit, that's not farming. It just happened that someone dropped a seed on the patch where Dave closed over last year's privy hole, and up it come, as big as a cart wheel, without his lifting a finger.

So I told Bessie to go boil her head, and before she could think up an answer, I started in chopping wood in the wood-

shed. But that shot about David being famous, well that rankled, and I went to bed with it and it still rankled next day when I got up.

It was hot that day too, damn hot, and I was back under the tree when a Chevvy drove up to the house and a young feller got out. I thought of shuffling over to see what he was after, but it was too damned hot. And in any case Bessie was there and her delicate voice would carry. So I just sat and listened. I didn't hear what the young feller had to say, but I heard Bessie alright. "Broadley's?" she said. "Why right over there Mister" and she waved a hand. "What you be wanting at Dave's?" she asked.

I just sat and rankled again, while the feller replied. And then Bessie did it. "Newspaper man" she shouted. "Well, I never did!" I suppose the idea had been growing on me over night, but as soon as she said 'newspaperman' I thought: "Famous is it. I'll show her famous." And I got up and raced round behind the shed.

And then I did it. I began to shout "Bessieeee! Bessieeee!" and I kept it up till I heard them both come running. "What's biting you?" Bessie shouted. "There;" I said. "There! Quick before it goes!" and I pointed out past the creek, into the sun, staring madly and never looking at them. "There" I said. "There! See it? Quick, before it goes!" I didn't really know, even then, what I was going to say it was.

They peered foolishly. I almost grinned and gave the whole thing away. "What is it?" they shouted, excited. "Flying things," I said, searching around for an answer. "Flying things. Gone now. Did you see them?" Somehow they hadn't managed to see them.

"Airplanes?" the reporter asked, not really interested. "Airplanes!" I said disgustedly. "Think I'd make such a fuss about airplanes. Great roaring things they were. And with flames pouring out of them too." I added when I saw they weren't really impressed.

"What were they like?" the reporter asked, warming to it a bit. "Roaring" I said, while I thought it over. "And round, round like anything with flames pouring out. And fast too — faster than any plane you ever saw." "Like Balls?" he asked. "No" I said with as much scorn as I could raise. "Not like balls; like . . . like saucers, see, round, and all orange and green with flames coming out. Spinning too."

They began to get impressed at last. Saucers had been a stroke of genius. I think back on it with pride. The reporter questioned, and I improved on it as I went along. Metallic, yes. But orange metal. And not just spinning like something you throw, but turning corners and doing dives, just as though they were driven by human hands. I really began to amaze myself with all I thought up about it.

I posed carelessly for my photograph, told the reporter fellow some of my life history, thinking all the time of Dave being famous and watching Bessie get blacker and blacker with anger. She wouldn't be able to talk so big after this. When the reporter fellow went at last, he said he was going to check with Dave and see whether he had seen the saucers. Dave, of course had. How could you expect anything to happen in the district and the prize pumpkin-grower not know all about it. He hadn't seen as much as me of course, but just enough to get two lines at the bottom of the story when it appeared in the papers.

From there you know it all. Its like when you stand on a street corner and stare up at nothing in the sky. In a few minutes you'll have cleared the pubs and shops, and have a thousand people all staring up, pointing it out to their neighbours and telling them what it was.

In a few days, farmers all over the country were seeing saucers flying; scientists were giving stories to the papers; people were suggesting men from Mars, and air force flyers were standing by to try and shoot them down. I must say that when it comes to pitching yarns, well it makes me look almost truthful to read some of what these fellers tell the papers, now that saucers are being seen all over the world.

But I sure blacked Dave's eye with that one. And Bessie's not been so quick to shout since then either. My name was printed from coast to coast, not just in the Farmers' Weekly. But when you think it all started with Dave moving that privy and someone dropping a pumpkin seed, well it sure makes you think, don't it?

The Much Maligned Dean

A SILLY, querulous, eccentric old man in his dotage: this is the picture of Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, presented to the world by his attackers in Britain's Parliament and the press of Britain and America, following the Dean's outspoken allegations of the use of germ warfare in Korea by the United States forces.

"This pathetic figure should be sent to a psychiatrist," said a member of the House of Commons.

The Archbishop of Canterbury joined in the chorus of denunciation. His chief complaint was that people abroad confused him with the Dean and attributed to him all the "nonsense" expressed by Dr. Hewlett Johnson!

Ridicule has ever been a powerful weapon used in political polemic and today the world is being asked to discredit the Dean's allegations on the grounds of his senility.

Yet his attackers can't quite decide whether to paint him as an eccentric and old nuisance, or as a danger. So, during the House of Commons debate, Tories demanded his trial on a charge of high treason, a crime for which the only penalty in Britain is death.

If the Dean's allegations are so monstrously absurd, surely an examination of the facts would prove so?

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

How did the Dean come to make his allegations?

He has just returned from a visit to China where he painstakingly examined the evidence on the spot. In addition, he talked to Christian doctors and nurses who, as members of public health teams in the areas attacked by his new weapon, gave personal testimony of the facts. The Dean returned to Britain also with an appeal for an end to germ warfare from the Chinese Christian churches.

His is not the only testimony. There is the detailed evidence collected by an International Lawyers' Commission that visited Korea, the statements by a former French Minister of Food, M. Farge; the statements by American P.O.W.'s who took part in germ bombing raids and about whose statements the Duke of Bedford, a Tory Peer, said he did

not think it was possible to invent "the immense amount of technical detail given in an extraordinarily natural way which these airmen were claimed to have given when they described hush-hush lectures on germ warfare which they attended."

(The Duke added: "When a person like the Dean tries to draw the attention of his fellow countrymen to the good on the other side and the shortcomings on his own side, he is performing a Christian service of reconciliation, no matter how unpopular that task may be.")

BACKGROUND.

The background and past of the Dean of Canterbury, far from discrediting his charges, give added substance to them.

His position as a leading English churchman in itself challenges descriptions of himself by hostile attackers as just a silly old man. Coming from a prosperous Manchester family, one of his grandparents a noted Lancashire preacher, the Dean in his early years studied theology at Oxford, founded and edited a theological quarterly journal, served for twenty years as a parish priest, rose to be Dean of Manchester and then of Canterbury.

But before the Dean entered the Church he trained as an engineer and a scientist, and before that had worked in the 1890's for the current wage of less than £1 a week in a Manchester factory.

The son of a wealthy factory owner in the days when a homely air pervaded the factory and there was an intimacy between operatives and employers, and later as a working artisan himself, he had long years of experience of the hardships of the poor. He was appalled at the waste of the modern industrial order in which men become cogs in the great machine. Watching the factory system spread and speed-up, Hewlett Johnson decided that the constitution of industry demanded overhauling. In the same town and at the same time an acquaintance, Charlie Chaplin, formed impressions that were later to move a world to pity at the pathos of the mechanical product of modern industry.

UNCHRISTIAN

Hewlett Johnson found the economic and social order flagrantly unChristian and palpably unscientific.

"An age of science," he wrote in some autobiographical notes, "has given place to an age of frustration of science . . . Still less is it Christian. Placing a

premium on selfish motives, it inflames the acquisitive instinct, tolerates hunger amidst plenty and smashed human lives. I recall the words of an American Professor of Agriculture after seeing ten million acres of cotton ploughed in and five million pigs slaughtered: 'If this will bring national prosperity, then I have wasted my life'. The thing is monstrous."

The Dean set out in search of a true Christian outlook, a faith more humanistic, more searching in its claims on conduct, less content with conventional platitudes only. Finding the economic hardships of working people intolerable, he has all his life been a practising Christian searching for a true brotherhood of man on earth.

He has never wavered, where his Christian beliefs and scientific training have led him, to denounce what has been at the time commonly acceptable. He has never hesitated to hold a point of view, even revolutionary and upsetting to the vested interests of the day, when truth and the cause of humanity have demanded his allegiance.

Extracts from Our Plays

From "Deep Are The Roots" — by D'Usseau and Gow.

ALICE: There's a difference between us: your skin is dark and mine is white. In the world we live in today, everything conspires to make that a very great difference indeed. It's wrong, it's base, but there it is. I tried to call you my equal, I was very nice to you, but I realise now that always in my heart I felt you were *different* . . . No, that's wrong. I'll try to tell it honestly. In my heart I felt you were — inferior. I pretended to be fair and judicious. I was even able to impress myself with my own great good will . . . Well, with one blow, you destroyed my lovely self-satisfaction. Whatever understanding I had, I lost in a moment. I just couldn't stop to think that you were intelligent and truthful. Like any red-necked planter, I leaped to conclusions. I invoked the white man's law . . . I don't want to be that kind of person, Brett. I don't want hatred on my conscience. I want to be free too. Free from fear and free from guilt . . . What can I do, Brett?

A Personal Reflection on the Defiance Campaign

"Mine Eyes Have Seen The Watch Fires"

By Cecil Williams (National Chairman of the Springbok Legion)

AS I read in the newspapers of the arrest of Non-Europeans for breaking apartheid regulations in Johannesburg, Boksburg, Randfontein, East London and Port Elizabeth, I am reminded of the American freedom song,

*"Mine eyes have seen the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded them an altar in the evening dews and damp;
O be quick, my soul, to answer them, be jubilant my feet,
For God is marching on."*

The defiant gestures in many and distant parts of the country are the watchfires of the camps of liberation — and my soul is jubilant. Jubilant, because their struggle is my struggle, their confidence is my confidence and their liberation is my liberation.

Many people are anxiously asking how the Campaign to Defy Unjust Laws is progressing. Before I give a review of the current situation, let us — you and I, Fellow-Legionnaire — bring our vision into clear focus, free of the myopia of ignorance and the astigmatism of prejudice.

Let us focus our attention on a single African "campaigner", who was arrested last Sunday night in East London for not carrying a "pass". Let us suppose he is called Joseph Mlambilo.

He is an ex-soldier, married, with three children. He shares a poor house in the location with another family. He works for a firm of wool merchants and earns ten or twelve pounds a month. His life has been one of poverty and sickness: deprived of schooling, he is ignorant: being black, his manhood has been humiliated; locked out from the centres of craft and professional training, his natural abilities have wasted away, even as they cried out to be used.

And on Sunday night, July 20, 1952 he was arrested by South African policemen for not carrying a piece of paper.

What does he think? What does he know?

The conditions of his life, every day and every year of his life, have propelled him to this day, this hour, this gesture. Does he know what he is doing? DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE IS DOING?

The early Christian in the arena, the sans-culottes in the French Revolution, the English Chartist in a hunger-march to London, the Indian peasant in a civil disobedience strike, the soldier at Alamein or Stalingrad, none of these could have known what their gestures would give rise to, what contribution each was making in the great struggle from which none of us can escape — the ultimate liberation of all mankind from a hostile

universe and from the penalties of our own ignorance.

Joseph Mlambilo has not read "Time Longer than Rope". He does not know that for decades his people have risen in large and small protest against intolerable exploitation and discrimination. He rarely reads the "Daily Dispatch" and only dimly knows that Africans in the Congo and the Gold Coast and Kenya and Rhodesia, that Asiatics in India and China and Malaya and Vietnam are fighting for their place in a safer, healthier, happier world.

But Mlambilo made his gesture on Sunday night in East London, because circumstances stronger than he propelled him.

Can you remain indifferent? You have a wife, children, ambitions. You seek for yourself and your family the best things in life. Joseph Mlambilo seeks no more than that.

Let us not, however, hoodwink ourselves that Joseph and all the other Campaigners are coming to you and me BEGGING for a share in the good things. Not at all. The misery and frustration of their lives have gnawed so near their very vitals, that at last they are saying, "We take our stand on the fact that we are men and women. We now insist on creating the conditions which will make our lives worth living . . . and you cannot stop us."

And yet, they say this with so much more wisdom than white South Africans have ever shown. They point out to us that they at anyrate still believe there is room and food and work enough for us all. They do not need or wish to dispossess the white people, for, after all, they say, white people are human too!

Moreover, despite the inner cringing and apprehension of the whites, they do not come with assegais and guns. They

have planned a peaceful strategy, which — let it be noted — not all our hysteria and batons and guns will be able to withstand.

And now for a review.

The Campaign is going according to plan. Many sympathisers, I surmise, are disappointed that there have been no tremendous explosions, no violence, not even from the police! That is as arranged.

The first stage of the Campaign was designed as an organisational and propaganda step. The first batches of volunteers in selected centres have given demonstrations to all the other Non-Europeans of the pattern of the Campaign. At the same time, the acts of defiance and the arrests have enabled the leaders to carry their organisational work into wider fields, where previously there was not even a branch of the African National Congress.

Today the leaders have available groups of volunteers ready to go into action. But they are being held back until appropriate times. Only last Sunday, for instance, was East London given the signal to go ahead. Cape Town is still being restrained. As time goes on gradually the whole country will come alive, until the ripe moment comes for masses of people to make their defiant gestures.

Already the leaders are learning lessons from the early demonstrations. For instance, the extreme 'passivity' of the Boksburg group — where the Campaigners gave notice to the magistrate and the location superintendent of their intention to enter the location without permits — has been dropped, since in court they were charged not with illegal entry but with incitement to public disorder. The early decision not to appeal against convictions has been rescinded and every case that can possibly be fought will be fought out in the law courts.

Far from being despondent with the results so far achieved, the leaders are well satisfied. The slow and steady tempo of the Campaign so far is indeed indicative of the massive, solid, inexorable movement that will develop.

Mine eyes have seen the watchfires of a hundred circling camps. There are ten thousand fires waiting the signal for kindling.

"*The River*" has been hailed as a unique film experience. It certainly is, in more ways than one. It is difficult to recall any art form — play, novel or film—where badly flawed parts amount to such a magnificent whole.

Jean Renoir, who before he went to Hollywood was responsible for some unusual French films, directed "*The River*" in India with a largely unknown cast. With the assistance of the Authoress he adapted the script from a novel by Rumer Godden.

The story centres in an English family whose home is on the banks of the Ganges. The fourteen year old daughter Harriet, her friend Valerie, who is sixteen, and their friend and neighbour Melanie, daughter of a European father and an Indian mother, fall romantically (and impermanently) in love with a visiting American ex-Serviceman, crippled and embittered as a result of his wounds. Harriet writes poetry in an exercise book to attract his attention; Valerie, alternately cruel and tender, eventually drives home his disability by making him fall heavily during a game of quoits. Only Melanie comes close to understanding him and helps him to come to terms with himself.

The death of Harriet's young brother from snake bite, following her romantic disillusionment, drives her to attempted suicide. The ex-Serviceman consoles her and helps her to adjust herself to a more mature attitude to life.

The whole approach of the film is that of a tourist in a strange land. With the aid of Claude Renoir's wonderful technicolour photography Renoir has assembled a magnificent picture of India as a fortunate visitor might see it. Brilliantly coloured blooms, soft-hued landscapes, excitingly staged ceremonies, — all are a delight to the eye. Harriet's story of Krishna and the girl is pictorially delightful and incidents, such as the flying of the kites, where the gaily coloured kites dance in rhythm to sprightly music, are superbly done.

The Indian musical background is enchanting and contrasts effectively with the Viennese waltzes which accompany the scenes of the English home.

The casting of Harriet and the ex-Serviceman is far from ideal and a good deal of their playing is inept. It is interesting to recall that Renoir has stated that he does not approve of the trend to casting "natural" actors (as opposed to professionals). The Indian actress Radha as Melanie is sometimes a little stilted although she dances magnificently.

Screen and Stage

"THE RIVER" and "MONTSERRAT"

Adrienne Corri as Valerie looks superb and shows signs of real ability, while of the older actors Arthur Shields as Melanie's father is perhaps the most convincing.

But it is in the film's construction that the most serious flaws are apparent. An unnecessary and irritating commentary by the adult Harriet reflecting on her youth is the constructional frame upon which the film is built. Although occasionally quite beautiful most of the commentary reiterates what has already been made clear visually. The dialogue is often inept but sometimes very good indeed. Some individual scenes betray the same messy construction as the film as a whole, and it is a tribute to the brilliant handling of certain sequences that they so quickly dispel irritation previously raised.

Apparently Renoir's French films were known for their untidy construction, while his Hollywood productions were, with one or two exceptions, efficient and empty. If that is true, one feels inclined to accept Renoir as an imperfectionist whose products are very much more worthwhile than those of his more efficient but uninspired counterparts.

Extracts from Our Plays

From "Montserrat" by Lillian Hellman adapted from Robles.

"Now Spain* is a country of the dark and the sad. The days of light have gone from us: we have only half light, half knowledge, half Christianity. There is no man in Church or University to light the candle; or if he be, and if he dare, he is killed and the candle flickers out. Back, back we go to the purge, the angelic water, the rejection of natural science, the refusal to honour human life. When will Spaniards understand that ignorance is cruelty and cruelty is death? Not to others, as he now interprets it, but to himself. Because the murderer is his own executioner."

*Substitute South Africa for Spain.

THERE is an old theatrical superstition that a good dress rehearsal means a poor opening night. Everyone present at the dress rehearsal of "*Montserrat*" reports that the important second act was absolutely inspired. Unfortunately, tradition was upheld and the following night's performance was ragged indeed.

Fortunately, the reviewer saw two subsequent performances, and I must say immediately that both the play and the production were well above the average we see in Johannesburg.

The melodramatic device, whereby six innocent people will die unless a man betrays their country's liberator, may have one or two flaws, but the strong situation is so dramatically developed, is so revealing of human nature, that Miss Lillian Hellman (or Monsieur Robles) deserves far more praise than censure.

The cast was, generally excellent. Michael Drin, who played the sadistic, neurotic Colonel Izquierdo, gave a sustained, strong performance that revealed a wealth of technical resource with which to implement his clear conception of the character. Simon Swindell, as the actor Salcedo, was very effective and is obviously an actor of unusual range, but on re-seeing the play I discerned vagaries in his performance that were a little distracting.

Ronald Wallace did very well indeed as *Montserrat*, particularly when he remembered to tone down his performance in the earlier stages. It is an almost insuperably difficult role which has partly defeated at least two eminent overseas actors. It is to Ron Wallace's credit that he almost always achieved conviction through his sincerity.

As the Venezuelan hostages, Ray Matuson, Laura Cherry, Cillah Jaskan, Ronald Arden and Leon Cohen were all good. It was interesting to see how well even the less experienced amongst them responded to Cecil Williams's direction. Ronald Arden as Luhan deserves unqualified praise for a beautiful performance. Colin Romoff, who undertook the part at rather short notice, was an authentic Father Coronil.

Len Grossett's set was most appropriate. Its mottled red walls so effectively heightened the atmosphere that at times the feeling of horror was almost unbearable. In fact, the most valid criticism of the play itself was that horror was the final emotion left with the audience at the fall of the final curtain, where a small adjustment could have sent us away uplifted by the spectacle of courage.

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Troubled Waters

(Continued from page 7)

back, the people are carrying through their own national liberation in their own way.

The closing chapters in Iran's struggle for nationhood and independence are being fought out. Lulled by the popular quiet, the Shah sought to place in office as Prime Minister Ghawvam es Sultaneh, friend of foreign imperialism; the people defeated the manoeuvre in the streets of Teheran. The future of the Shah himself hangs in the balance in the face of the public anger his attempt has aroused.

ON THE TIGHTROPE

Back to office comes Dr. Mossadeq, liberal leader of the middle classes. But this time he holds office in a new situation. Nine months ago he was strong enough to ban the Tudeh Party. But the sands are running out against him. Mass unemployment, poverty, want and oppression have stoked the fires of popular discontent. Today, Prime Minister he may be, but unable to rule without the assistance and support of that very Tudeh Party which he banned. He too stands at the parting of the ways. Either rule with the Workers' Party, or go under with the Shah against them. This is the classic dilemma of the colonial bourgeoisie in a revolutionary situation;

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and the decision cannot be long in the making.

The story of Iran, in a minor key, is the story of Egypt. For Shah substitute Farouk, to oil add cotton. Through palace putsch and army coup the Egyptian bourgeoisie walk the same tight-rope, balanced precariously between their twin enemies — imperialism and their own revolutionary workers. The events when Shepherds Hotel was burnt show that despite Farouk's repression, the workers are a force to be reckoned with. And the day of reckoning is fast approaching.

As the flames of Middle-East liberation flare up, they consume more than just the chains of foreign imperialism. They consume too the American plans for a Middle East "Defence" Treaty to complement the European "Defence" Pact for aggressive war against the Soviet Union. In their struggle for independence, neither Egypt nor Iran will swallow the dollar-baited American war hook, for to do so would be to follow the road and suffer the fate of the ill-fated Qhawvam.

In the Middle East, as throughout the world, peace and liberation are indivisible.



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Two Parties—Four Faces!

By a Special Correspondent

THE first thing to remember about American politics is that the United States is a vast sub-continent divided into forty-eight states which have a great deal more independence than, for instance, the provinces of South Africa or the counties of Britain. This means that state politics are almost as important as national politics in America, and political parties do not exist, as in most countries, primarily to fight national issues and only incidentally to fight local issues. The American parties are primarily state organisations, which come together in a loose federation on the national scale. Thus they have not the cohesion and unanimity on national issues which the political parties of other countries have.

A NEAT SWINDLE.

For many decades this fact was used to put a very neat swindle across the American people. Each party had two faces which it used in different parts of the country. The Democrats appealed to the industrial workers of the North with a pro-labour policy, but at the same time they were the party of anti-negro reaction in the South, and it was the reactionary Southerners who dominated the party and took the highest offices in it. Meanwhile the Republicans exploited progressive sentiment in the South with a liberal attitude towards the negroes, but it was in reality the party of the big Northern industrialists. Thus the progressives of each area were tricked into voting for the reactionaries of the other, and all possibility of progressive government was effectively excluded.

This system does not work quite so smoothly today. The tremendous strain which was put on the American economy during the depression of 1929-33 led to a shake-up in American politics and the introduction of a new policy by Roosevelt. This policy amounted to the abandonment of nineteenth-century capitalist theory and the adoption of Keynesian anti-depression measures. These measures, assisted by the approach of the second World War, were brilliantly successful in ending the depression, and the Democrats have been trading on this success ever since. This has given them a well-defined national policy, and the result has been a partial breakdown of the two-faced nature of the American parties. The Democrats have discovered the possibility of appealing to progressive sentiment throughout the country without seriously endangering the existing set-up, and this seems to pay better dividends than the old schizophrenia. They have therefore abandoned their defence of "white supremacy" in the South

and now present themselves as the standard bearers of progress in all parts of the country. This has led to serious discontent among the "Dixiecrats", but the gain in negro votes has made it well worth while.

These new tactics have placed the Democrats in an extremely strong position. Their boast is "In 1932, the American worker was looking for bread; today he is looking for a parking place," and there is sufficient truth in this to sway a lot of votes. Furthermore, they have given millions of Americans a vested interest in their policy. The farming community receives immense subsidies, and the number of Government employees has skyrocketed. The trade unions are given Government backing in their wage claims and the workers do not yet realise how completely and regularly these increases are wiped out by inflation.

NO ANSWER.

To all this the Republicans have no answer. They cannot attack the Democrats on the ground that the workers should be getting increases in real wages as opposed to money wages, or that the American workers' prosperity would be still greater if corporation profits were cut, or that Keynesian palliatives are no permanent answer to the danger of depression. They can only bleat out "rugged individualism" and fantastically accuse the Democrats of Communism. When they talk of decreasing state expenditure, they please a few hundred thousand super tax payers but terrify millions of farmers and Government employees. They have not lived down the depression, and until a Democrat depression arrives, it seems that they never will.

In this melancholy situation, the Republicans had a choice of two stunts to overcome their handicaps. The first was to fight the 1952 election mainly on

questions of foreign affairs. Senator Taft, supported by MacArthur, the demented McCarthy and the "China Lobby", wanted to attack the Democrats as "appeasers of world communism" and stampede America into an immediate war with China. With an electorate in a state of war hysteria, this was a promising line, but it had its drawbacks. MacArthur's recent record is one not only of blatant warmongering but also of gross incompetence as a general. The proposition that America should have prevented the formation of Communist governments in Eastern Europe and China can be destroyed by the simple question "How?" (quite apart from the morals of the matter). The proposition that Mr. Dean Acheson is a secret Communist agent is so ludicrous that even Americans must boggle at it.

GLAMOUR BOY IKE.

So the Republicans have fallen back on their second alternative, which is the nomination of a "glamour" candidate who, they hope, will pull in votes by his personal reputation, irrespective of his policy. This candidate is, of course, Mr. Eisenhower.

On foreign affairs, Mr. Eisenhower substantially endorses the policy of President Truman. On internal affairs he has no policy and is completely ignorant of the issues at stake. All he can do is repeat the old parrot-cries of "freer enterprise" and reduction of state-spending. He will no doubt attempt to attack the details of Democrat foreign policy, but he does not endorse the lunatic proposals of MacArthur and has nothing new to offer in this field. He must rely almost entirely on his winning personality and his war reputation to get his majority.

Can he do it? Probably not. If the democrats can live down the corruption in the Truman administration, they stand an excellent chance of winning with Governor Stevenson who was nominated in spite of protestations of "I don't want it" (quite touching, that). In any case, it can safely be assumed that the Democratic candidate will be a confirmed Trumanite and will faithfully repeat the formula which has served so well for twenty years.

What is the significance of it all for the rest of the world? With Taft and MacArthur eliminated, the answer seems to be "Very little". American foreign policy will not be much changed, whoever wins the election, and we need have no sleepless nights about the subsidisation of Mid-Western big farmers.



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