

# FIGHTING

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# TALK

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MAN AND CHILD

## THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE NATIONALISTS

By Peter Meyer

## HOW TO BREED A "PURE" RACE

By Dr. H. J. Simons

ON GEORGE BERNARD SHAW — A Centenary Article

AFRICAN MUSIC — WHICH WAY?

Articles by : Duma Nokwe • Edward Roux • Father John Shand • Father M. Jarrett-Kerr.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS

## "FIGHTING TALK"

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## COMMENT

**MR. STRIJDOM'S** London plea for visitors to South Africa—"South Africa is not a Police state!"—left one vital thing unsaid. Tourists who come here must be prepared to rough it. They must not expect to be hurled from their beds at midnight and asked for their passes; nor can they hope to be tossed in a pick-up van for failure to produce a tax receipt. They will not be transported to a farm prison if they fail to find employment in the city, and their hair will not be given the comb test to determine their racial origin. Their homes will not be raided by the "Special Branch", their books confiscated, their photographs taken for some secret dossier. Their telephones will not be tapped, nor their gatherings with their friends prohibited.

They will not be hauled out of their jobs, or confined forever within the limits of a single town because of their political convictions. Their passports will not be cancelled. They will not be arrested for sleeping in the same room as their wives, nor prohibited from buying intoxicating liquor.

Clearly, these things are not for foreigners. They are the simple liberties and luxuries of South African life which are provided by the Strijdom government at great cost to the people, and for the benefit only of the South African people. These are things we refuse to share with foreigners and tourists. In the circumstances, therefore, we can look forward with confidence to a boom in the tourist traffic. South Africa, as Mr. Strijdom says, is not a police state! But—as the monkey said to the keeper that depends on which side of the bars you are.

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## FROM THE SIDELINES

This month's writer:  
**DUMA NOKWE**

**I**N the dying days of the last session of Parliament the United Party got its courage up to condemn the Natives (Prohibition of Interdicts) Bill as wicked and a violation of the Roman Dutch law principles which protect illegal infringements of personal liberty. The real test of U.P. opposition to this measure is of course not to confine condemnation within the warm, privileged walls of the Assembly or to let opposition to it fade out with the session, but to join the bitter struggle of the people against the Nationalists outside Parliament.

### COURAGE FAILS

Mr. Cope's "vital point" against the Bill was that it discriminated against Africans. A good point but it turned out to be rather superficial. "It is discrimination against the Native people because this measure is not going to be applied to any other section. It is definitely not going to be applied to Coloureds." How can the member for Parktown be so definite? Fascism recognises no colour boundaries and as long as the United Party misses seeing this it will underestimate the Nationalists in every battle. Can one really think that the Nationalists are past pretending that they see "agitators" among other sections of the people who will then have to be "saved" from "exploitation" by lawyers—and thus denied access to the courts?

Mr. Cope said: "I am absolutely and unequivocally against discrimination as far as Natives or any race is concerned." Fine! Minister Swart of Suppression of Communism Act fame could not let that go by. "Discrimination of any kind?" he probed. Mr. Cope hesitated: he was only speaking of discrimination in the courts. A Nationalist gave him a fatherly warning to be careful what he said. What a dismal retreat!

**M**ORE Europeans are beginning to see that the Africans are suffering from starvation, disease, a shortage of schools and a surplus of prisons, too few nurses, doctors and teachers and too many police. It is encouraging that people are thinking about the problems of our country but some of the solutions put forward are hair-raising. Take Prof. A. C. Cilliers who suggested that it should be made an offence for any African family to have more than three children. Will the police soon have the additional burden of searching for illicit children?

### MORE CONTROLS

This abominable proposal is based on the argument that rather than spend millions on better services for Africans there should be fewer Africans. So—birth control. Ingenious? My sound advice to the author of this solution is to exercise a little more mind control.

Even influx control has not reduced the populations in the cities, or managed to stop the working of the inevitable laws of nature. Now the professor wants to control the influx of innocent children into the world just because an avaricious few refuse to give the people their legitimate share of the wealth of our country.

Surely, this rich land of ours is crying out for more people, not fewer. If not, why the campaign for immigrants from overseas?

**T**HE Board of Censors sometimes does its film-slashing surreptitiously enough for the public not to notice the cuts. However, towards Africans it has adopted a policy both humiliating and insulting. All Africans are classified with European children under the age of 16. A spokesman of the Board said recently that the reactions of Africans were child-like, they believed what they saw and would in future not be shown films in which a European was a bad man or crook, because this would influence them. In the same speech she said that European children knew the "dreadful dangers" experienced by film characters were all part of the play, and this did not terrify them. The time is not far off, it seems, when Africans will be classified with European babies.

(Continued on next page)

# The NATS. NEED FOREIGN FRIENDS

The Nationalists are trying to whoop up a cold war . . . but they are years too late, says PETER MEYER, discussing South Africa's foreign policy.

WHEN he was Prime Minister, General Smuts made no serious attempts to evolve an independent foreign policy for South Africa. He was content to follow Britain's tortuous path through the field of international politics. The Nationalists, in those days, objected strenuously to being "dragged into Britain's wars," and demanded that South Africa should assert its sovereignty and put its own interests first.

Yet no South African Government has tied itself more slavishly to the English-speaking Powers than the Nationalists. What little sovereignty South Africa asserted under Smuts has been surrendered. The Nationalist Cabinet has committed South Africa years in advance to any war which might involve Britain and America; and far from turning its back on what it used to label "foreign wars," the Cabinet has emerged as one of the principal warmongers in the world to-day.

The Simonstown agreement is an example. The Nationalists have tramped up and down the country claiming the agreement as a further step along the path of sovereignty. The fact is that the agreement allows Britain to use Simonstown as a naval base even if South Africa remains neutral in a war.

## A war would help . . .

Why are the Nationalists so keen on a war? Why are they trying desperately to establish close military links with Britain, America and the colonial Powers in Africa? Why this incessant scare-mongering?

The Nationalists have made it clear that an international war would suit them very well. They believe it will help them to establish full authoritarian control in South Africa, suppress all opposition and criticism of Nationalist rule and apartheid, and guarantee the permanence of their regime. Unfortunately for them, their warmongering is reaching its peak at a time when the forces of peace are gathering momentum everywhere. The Nationalists seized on the recent flare-up in the Middle East, and went around shaking their heads gloomily, but again the war failed to materialise.

## FROM THE SIDES LINES

(Continued from previous page)

The Board of Censors, if it ever comes out of the darkness of the cinema in which it works, must be aware that there is no shortage of living bad men and crooks among Europeans in South Africa. For the African the European bad man does not exist only on the screen, but brushes shoulders with him daily and may even brush his chin brutally. There are enough bad men scenes in South Africa for the Board members to help in cutting these scenes out of our common life. If they would focus their attention less on the screen and more on the tragic living drama of our country, they would soon discover that Africans are as mature and intelligent as they, and that is why they have not reacted in a child-like manner to the bad man scenes of South Africa.

The Nationalists, therefore, are having to make the best of the cold war. They are going at it hammer and tongs.

## Finding Foreign Friends

The Cabinet's aim is to win foreign friends through the medium of military alliances. However many points of individual contact exist between South Africa and the outside world, the cold fact remains that South Africa is an isolated country, the world's leper. This has brought about many practical problems, not the least the breakdown in the capital inflow. The Cabinet, obviously, is convinced that if it can establish South Africa as an integral part of the "Western world," on the friendliest of terms (politically and financially) with Britain, America, etc., then many of its financial and other difficulties will disappear.

At present, South Africa's position is too precarious. The slightest disturbance internally now has its repercussions on London investors. Overseas criticism is another serious factor.

The Nationalist Cabinet fervently desires to be accepted into the "Western world" on equal terms. Malan experimented unsuccessfully with African "pacts" and "charters," but the experienced colonial Powers north of the Limpopo realised fully the dangers of associating themselves with an apartheid government. Even Malan's inter-Africa "transport conference" — supposedly a purely technical conference — collapsed in chaos. Gradually, the Nationalists were forced to limit their horizons and change their tactics. The accent now is on military alliances.

The main job now of the Minister of Defence, Mr. F. C. Erasmus, is to convince Britain, America, etc., that they cannot afford to be without South Africa as an ally in the impending holocaust. Erasmus's entreaties are quite abject. He has committed South Africa unreservedly to "the side of the Western nations" in a future war; he has promised a task force for the Middle East; he has pushed up the Defence budget from £10,000,000 a few years ago to £25,253,000; and he has shown himself a ready customer for the obsolete equipment of Britain and America.

## Frogmen and Skiet-Commandos

Regularly, Erasmus trots out some new decision intended to impress the American and British war-lords: the U.D.F. is buying frogman units (got your eye on the Soviet whalers, Mr. Erasmus?); £5,500,000 is being spent on radar; electronically-equipped coastal minesweepers are being bought for the Navy, as well as two harbour defence ships; modern helicopters are replacing a number of motor launches; full information is being secured on nuclear weapons; civilian defence is receiving attention; and the U.D.F. is preparing to defend itself against "potential enemies with their guided missiles." The final

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# HOW TO BREED A "PURE" RACE...

By Dr. H. J. SIMONS

EVERY South African is supposed to be proud of his race. One of our myths is that only a "degenerate" would wish to cross the colour line. General Smuts thought it a "common place," on which all South Africans were agreed, that "racial blood mixture is an evil." (Assembly Debate, May 19, 1949).

Even the Coloured people, descendants of "mixed" unions, are expected to be race-proud. Dr. Dönges praises them for being "opposed to mixed marriages!" The Sun, read mostly by Coloured people, prints long, bitter attacks on "playwhites," whose "loathsome and detestable attitudes and characteristics have for a long time been disgusting in the extreme."

This is humbug. Most people, here as elsewhere, will, if they have the chance, pass from an inferior social group into a higher bracket. The greater the prize, the stronger the urge to climb. Africans will cross (officially) into the Coloured group to escape pass laws and police raids. Coloured people will "play White" to gain admission into a hospital, school, or theatre.

Such a tendency is a normal, to-be-expected reaction to discrimination. It is no more "detestable" or "degenerate" than the movement of a worker into middle class status. The worker who succeeds in "bettering himself" in Britain or United States is acclaimed as a social success and a good citizen. The African or Coloured who tries to "climb" runs the risk of landing in gaol or, at least, of being hauled before the Race Board.

The number actually making the attempt is very small. Only "marginal" types, whose appearance does not label them unhesitatingly as members of one or other race, could pass, and many of them have no desire or opportunity to do so. Perhaps not one in a thousand South Africans makes the attempt.

Though only a handful, the climbers are however the racist's nightmare. They throw into disorder the neatly stacked cards of his population register, blur the rigid lines along which his colour-caste society is drawn, and—most dreadful of all—sully the "purity" of his blood-groups.

## Keeping Numbers Down

Why do racials attach importance to this notion of "blood purity," so contrary to the teachings of scientists and ordinary experience?

W. H. Stuart, the former member for the Transkei, once suggested that the aim was "to establish a closed monopoly for the White prostitute." (Debates, March 1, 1950). This cannot be the whole explanation, however. Even stronger objections are raised to intercourse between a Black man and a White woman. "Both should be shot," shouted Dr. van Niekerk, the member for Mossel Bay. (Debates, May, 19, 1949).

Mr. Swart might have been nearer the mark when he explained that the ban on sexual relations between White and Coloured persons was introduced "to protect society against the danger of a very large population of half-breeds being created." (Debates, March 1, 1950). Stated more specifically by ds. V. Visser, of Kempton Park, the proposition is that "the Coloured population must not be allowed to increase." (Debates, May 24, 1949).

Racialists will have difficulty in explaining why they expect the Coloured to multiply faster by making love to members of other racial groups than by keeping strictly to themselves. But this is what they believe and act upon.

The theory applies at the African, as well as the European, end of the racial scale. While the problem of marriages between White and Non-White was bad enough, said A. Steyn, of Kroonstad, "it is getting far worse when we realise that we also have marriages between Coloureds and Natives." (Debates, May 19, 1949). Mr. Botha, the member for George, thought so too, and wanted the Immorality Act to apply also to "stop miscegenation between Natives and Coloured." "And," interjected another Hon. Member, "between Asiatics and the Natives." (Debates, March 1, 1950).

The Coloured people must not be encouraged to increase because they are so close to the White people—are their brothers and sisters—that they threaten the colour bar. *Rank, privilege, profit are geared to racial differences. If these are blurred, the class structure will be in danger.* Therefore, declares Dr. Dönges, "the law says that the White man must be in this place, the Native must be there, and the Coloured there." (Debates, May 8, 1950). *This is like feudalism, or a caste society, in which the law fixes the status of every person at birth and for life.* To make it work, White, Coloured and Native must remain distinct and distinguishable. They must be labelled.

## Classified

Labels are affixed by the courts, police, location superintendents, race boards, land tenure boards and the rest of the gigantic bureaucratic machinery evolved to apply the race laws. Their guide is the definitions contained in the Acts.

This business of defining races is difficult. We may all think we know what a "Native" is: obviously, someone who looks like a Native! Indeed, statutes often define "Native" in terms of the word "Native" as used in a popular sense, which is left undefined. For no description of looks will fit all persons who are regarded as "Natives."

More precise definitions are therefore framed in terms of descent, as usually: "any member of an aboriginal race or tribe of Africa." Now a person can leave his "tribe," which is a social group, but not his "race"; yet the courts blandly ignore the distinction and give the words the same meaning: a full-blooded descendant of the original peoples of Africa. Looks, education, way of life do not count; a person is a "Native," regardless of everything else, if both his parents were full "Natives."

There are of course no birth records such as the Nazis used to enforce Hitler's Nuremberg Laws. In practice, however, evidence as regards descent is needed only when it is denied that a person is a "Native." Such cases usually involve persons of mixed descent, having perhaps an African mother and a Coloured, European or Indian father.

They are not regarded as members of an "aboriginal race or tribe," even though they look and act like a "Native." All

Griquas are said to have White forefathers, and so are excluded from the "Native" category.

If Parliament, however, includes appearance, habits, associations and mode of life in the definition, a Coloured or even European may be declared to be a "Native." Thus the Native Administration Act of 1927 states that "Native shall include any person who is a member of any aboriginal race or tribe of Africa: Provided that any person residing under the same conditions as a Native in a scheduled or reserved native area shall be regarded as a Native for the purpose of this Act." He too has the Governor-General for his Supreme Chief.

This shows that a person may be a "Native" under one law and not under another. He may even be given a choice, as under the Representation of Natives Act, which includes under "Native" "any person, not being a European, who is desirous of being regarded as a Native for the purpose of this Act."

### **"Uncivilized Tragedies"**

Disputes over the definition of "Native" nearly always involve persons who want to be classed as Coloured. Disputes over the definition of "Coloured," however, usually arise when persons claim to be "White." This is an even more difficult and delicate question, for it affects also some of those already classed as White. How many—including some in high places—would not be cast out from the White group if it and the Coloured were defined in terms of descent?

In this situation, therefore, the definition gives pride of place to appearance, association, and way of life, with descent pushed into third place, or receiving no mention at all. Parliament may even fight shy of defining the words European and Non-European, as in the Mixed Marriages Act. For, suggested Mr. Justice Fagan, the legislature

"no doubt recognises that any attempt to draw a definite dividing line when the Creator himself has blurred it will not merely be unreal and artificial, but will also—since the mating urge is a natural attribute of human as of all other life—result in such tragedies as no civilised community would care to contemplate." (1950 (4) S.A. 199 (C) at p. 204).

The absence of a definition may protect the Coloureds who have already crossed the colour line, but it also opens the way to others to follow this example. This is the dilemma that has forced the legislature into some extraordinary verbal gymnastics. Take, for instance, the definition contained in the Immorality Act of 1927 as substituted by Act 21 of 1950, which extends the ban on lovemaking also to Europeans and Coloured:

"Any person who seems in appearance obviously to be a European or a Non-European, as the case may be, shall for the purpose of this Act be deemed to be such, until the contrary is proved."

If it seems obvious (that is to say manifest, evident) that a person is in appearance a European, then by definition he is a European. Yet the Act says that he can be proved to be not a European, that is, that he is not obviously, manifestly, evidently a European—which he, of course, is!

What happens in practice is that evidence is brought to show that, in spite of appearance, the person's associations and descent—though not mentioned in the definition—are those of a Non-European. Usually it turns out that he or she is accepted as a European in some circles and Non-European in other circles, and that one parent is European and the other Non-European.

All this is confusing and upsetting. The courts don't like the vagueness and abiguities, and often show sympathy for the unfortunate people whose ancestry and private life are dissected in public. They have even been known to classify as "European" persons whom the racialists "know" to be "Coloured."

### **Registration**

*The Population Registration Act was brought in to stop this intolerable meddling of liberal judges like Justice Fagan with the race laws. Register every person's race, issue him with a card showing whether he is White, Coloured or Native, make it a crime for him to marry or make love outside his caste—and the Colour Line will have been made impregnable for ever more!*

The first difficulty is to sort people into their proper places. This is the duty of the Director of Census. He is told that:

"Coloured person" means a person who is not a White person or a Native;

"Native" means a person who in fact is or is generally accepted as a member of any aboriginal race or tribe of Africa; and

"White person" means a person who in appearance obviously is, or who is generally accepted as a White person, but does not include a person who, although in appearance obviously a White person, is generally accepted as a Coloured person.

If a person objects to the Director's classification of either himself or anyone else, he may complain and, if he deposits £10 with the complaint, it will be submitted to a Race Classification Appeal Board.

The Board is designed to take over the function of the courts in deciding disputed cases. *The courts are guided by judicial reasoning; the Board by intuition and undisclosed standards.* That, of course, is why the racialists prefer the Board to the courts.

When, recently, Mr. Goliath, a Pretoria citizen, appealed to the Supreme Court against a ruling that he and his family were "Natives," Mr. Justice Hiemstra told the Director and the Board that the onus was on them to show that the Goliaths were "Natives" and ordered them to be classified as Coloured.

Following its usual tactics of breaking down the judicial barriers to absolute dictatorship as fast as they are erected, the Government without delay introduced a Bill to amend the definition of "Native" by adding a new clause:

A person who in appearance obviously is a member of an aboriginal race shall for the purposes of this Act be presumed to be a Native unless it is proved that he is not in fact and is not generally accepted as such a member.

The test of appearance is subjective and arbitrary. *By placing the onus on the individual, the government has virtually freed the Board of the need to be judicial and fair-minded.* It has also made appeal to the courts useless in most cases.

Mr. Justice Fagan, it seems obvious, underestimated the malevolence of the racialists in the legislature. They certainly are not restrained by the knowledge that their Rassenkampf "results in such tragedies as no civilised community would care to contemplate." But then it is a moot point as to who form the civilised community in South Africa.

# BEHIND THE LINES IN ALGERIA

By TABITHA PETRAN

Since 1954 a French army has been held down in Algeria, trying to put down the independence movement. The more French troops, the more skirmishes

and battles, the fiercer the war becomes. This article describes the background to the Algerian freedom fight, how it began and who leads it.

A CORDON of black steel-helmeted CRS (tough political police used to break strikes, etc.) guarded the Chamber of Deputies the day the French parliament debated the "extraordinary powers" demanded by the Socialist Government to deal with the Algerian situation. Across the Seine, in the huge Place de la Concorde, 50 or more truckloads of CRS waited. Big caged police vans, drawn up near the Tuileries Gardens, were empty except for a few "flics" (cops) playing cards. Near the first in line, three small and very young-looking Algerian students were searched, prior to being pushed in and carted away.

This vast CRS-police turnout was designed to head off Algerians (there are 90,000 in the Paris region) bringing petitions to parliament. All morning trains into Paris from the poorer suburbs had been crowded with Algerian workers on their way to the Mosque for a religious service. By noon the Mosque had long been filled and thousands stood silently in neighbouring streets. A few hours later, led by a girl in white carrying the nationalist flag, more than 10,000 began to walk slowly toward the Chamber of Deputies.

They did not get far. At the Hotel de Ville, a massive charge by CRS and police broke their ranks; many were hurt; more than 2,000 were arrested.

## Terror Tactics

The strength and cohesion of the nationalist movement among the half million Algerians in France — as demonstrated in this march and in strikes by Algerians that same day throughout the country—has greatly worried the French government. Subsequently, Algerian workers struck east, north and west, and planned a demonstration in Paris. On its eve, however, motorcycled police units swooped down on workers' districts—from the Latin Quarter to Montmartre and beyond—arresting anyone who looked Algerian. Soon 3,000 were in custody.

These terror tactics have not weakened the determination of Algerians to continue their strikes and protests until the government frees Messali Hadj, leader of the Algerian nationalist movement, now held in solitary exile on Belle Ile in the Atlantic. Unlike nationalist leaders in Morocco and Tunisia, who are men of property, Messali was a worker before he became leader of the independence movement.

In the early 1920's he worked at the Renault works in Paris—in the same shop with Chou En-lai and Ho Chi-minh, who were his friends. Since 1937 his life has been one of imprisonment, forced residence (after the allies landed in North Africa in 1942) and exile—the Sahara, Equatorial Africa, France and now Belle Ile. The independence movement he has headed has been called by half a dozen names. Since the revolt in November 1954 it has been known as the MNA (Mouvement Nationaliste Algeriene).

## How it began

The revolution in Algeria was launched following a split in the Messali movement which broke into the open at the party's Congress in Brussels in August, 1954. Militants insisted the time had come to fight, but the leaders were unwilling. Read out of the party, this right wing remained in the cities, while the militants decided to begin the armed struggle on February 1, 1955.

Their hand was forced, however, by a group of 300 who, without preparation or planning, and on their own, launched the revolution on November 1 by declaring war on France. Of these 300, 150 were arrested by the French the next day. The resolution thus promptly came under the direction of the Messali majority. Faced with an accomplished fact, they ordered their followers into the fight. At the same time, Messali in exile proclaimed MNA's conditions for a cease fire: (1) recognition of Algerian independence; (2) liberation of all prisoners; (3) withdrawal of all troops.

## Progressive Starvation

The Messali revolt coincided with uprisings at a village level throughout the mountain areas. Messali spokesmen claim these were sparked by revolutionary committees and Messali agents located in every village. Others picture the village uprisings as spontaneous, born out of the misery of a people who had waited years for France to fulfil its promises of land reform and first-class citizenship.

Under French administration Algerians have been progressively starving: each individual has less than half of the amount of local grain to eat than he had in 1871. Rapid industrialization of farming since World War II has created a new army of landless, with European settlers pushing Algerians to ever worse land or off the land altogether. After nearly a century and a half of French rule, only 5% of Algerians can read and write, and the number of children receiving no education at all has almost doubled in the last ten years. Malaria and trachoma are rife: one child out of eight has tuberculosis. Except for the big cities of Oran and Algiers, there is but one doctor to every 10,000 inhabitants.

## No Class Struggle

Whether the revolt was spontaneous or inspired by the Messali, or both, it is certain that the MNA now has the full support of the villages and the peasants. In the mountain regions where the liberation movement took hold, soil is too poor to have attracted European settlement: communal ownership of land still prevails; chieftains, charged with practical jobs of irrigation and crop rotation, are traditionally chosen by the people.

Here there was no struggle of class against class—the chieftains went with the people into the fight for libera-

tion. And where formerly not a peasant in these regions belonged to a political party, all now belong to the liberation movement. Today over an area of 10,000 square miles—the Aures, Constantinois, Philippeville—the resistance movement has absolute control.

Moreover, in many areas "under French control" the French presence consists in sending in troops periodically to open roads for convoys. French soldiers don't risk their lives by going into the villages. The port of Colo, for example, has thus been isolated except by sea for the past six months.

### **Long Pitched Battles**

When the fighting began in 1954, it consisted of small skirmishes localized in the Constantinois. By November, 1955, in the Philippeville region, the liberation army could carry out its first big concerted action—attacking 25 French military centers at the same hour. This was done by sending 10 uniformed soldiers into each of 50 selected villages: in each case the whole village, men, women, children—went out with the soldiers to fight.

Today 15 to 20 engagements, sometimes night-long pitched battles, take place in any given 24 hours and the fighting is spread all over the mountain country and even into the cities. Some 2,000 French military men have been killed, including many officers. As in Indo-China, the French are losing their trained cadres.

MNA'S liberation army numbers about 10,000 uniformed, organized, disciplined men. In addition, there are uncounted thousands who are peasants by day and

soldiers by night. Its cadres consist mainly of Algerians who fought with the French Army in Indo-China and either deserted to, or were captured by, the Viet Minh.

The French no longer dare send Algerian units to Algeria because of the high rate of desertions. These men bring military, and above all, political experience learned from the Viet Minh, to the liberation army.

### **The Leadership**

The army's weapons consist of rifles and automatics, only a fraction of which comes from foreign sources. The bulk probably come from "loyal" Moslems to whom the French some time ago distributed rifles. Robin Hood legends have grown up around a number of the liberation army's heroes, but few have become widely known. The army's military chief is 39-year-old Mustafa Ben Boulaid, who was captured in February near the Libyan frontier and sentenced to death. But not long ago he was rescued, along with 10 other condemned MNA soldiers, by his followers.

Whether or not there is unity of command on an all-Algerian level is a subject of disagreement. Some nationalist sources tend to claim there is. Others think it has yet to be achieved. These latter see the Algerian movement differing from the liberation movements of China and Indo-China which, they say, were inspired by political parties and then had to win mass support. The Algerian revolt, they say, began with the masses and has yet to win overall political direction.

*(Cont. from page 3)*

## **THE NATS NEED FOREIGN FRIENDS**

touch is that the rifle commandos will have 80,000 members.

This list of warmongering activities is the first argument in Erasmus's campaign. His next argument is to claim that "Africa is the greatest prize on earth and must be secured for the West." Several Cabinet Ministers have warned the West that Russia has her eye on Africa, and Erasmus adds that "Russia is the only great country with an overall plan for Africa." Mr. Louw, meanwhile, warns against Russia's "new look." Russia's proposed method, according to Erasmus, is "economic and financial infiltration of Africa and the Middle East."

Addressing a political gathering in Pretoria on May 1, 1955, Mr. Erasmus summed up his views:

"The Western world realises the great value of South Africa and her resources, and it realises that the policy of *baaskap* is the only one which can ensure that South Africa will remain under the control of the Europeans and on the side of the West . . . It is vital that there should be closer co-operation, with the countries to the north. A threat to them is a threat to South Africa. Just as we are prepared to help in the event of Communist aggression, so those countries should be prepared to help us. The Western nations are realising that a policy of integration or liberalism, in fact any policy other than the Nationalist policy, will lead to South Africa's riches falling into the hands of the Natives and the Indians."

At a military gathering in Pretoria during May this year, the Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, declared:

"I venture to predict that before many years are past the nations of the Western world will appreciate South Africa's exceptionally strategic position in world affairs." Mr. Swart said the West would appreciate the importance of this southern tip of Africa to Western civilisation, and in time the West would have greater respect for us. "They will have greater

respect for us, because during all the fluctuations and trials of our history, we have preserved South Africa for civilisation, for democracy and for Christianity."

The Cabinet is not only willing to put the U.D.F. at the disposal of the West. It is making a few other gestures to facilitate the formation of new friendships. For one thing, it is building a multi-racial hostel in the Union so that distinguished Non-White visitors need not suffer the humiliation of the colour bar, and it is also putting on its best smile (a sickly one, nevertheless) and going out to make friends with the Black states in Africa. It hopes that by doing this it will not prove such an embarrassing ally of the colonial Powers.

### **Too Late!**

The pivot of South Africa's foreign policy, therefore, is—warmongering. The Nationalists would prefer a shooting war, but failing that a cold war will have to suffice. All their hopes of snuggling in under the blanket of the big Western Powers depends on the continuance of a war atmosphere. It is a bestial piece of thinking, but at the same time the Nationalists look rather pathetic. Their mistake is that they came to power 20 years too late. They are trying to apply apartheid in a post-war world which has set its face decisively against racialism; and they are trying to whoop up a cold war at a time when the peaceful co-existence of nations and free trade is the world's slogan.

Strijdom still lives in the past. He sees the world split between East and West, with Africa as the battleground—and the Union as the eagerly-wooed champion of "Western civilisation." Mr. Strijdom is wrong. He will end up as a solitary little man, brandishing his fist against the rest of the world.

# THE SHAW CENTENARY

By

MICHAEL HARMEL

"WHY are you surprised at a little thing like that?" said the black girl. "Why cannot White people grow up and be serious as we Blacks do? . . . The most wonderful things you have are your guns . . . You use your guns to make slaves of us . . ."

"Our guns have saved you from the man-eating lion and the trampling elephant, have they not?" said a huffy gentleman . . .

"Only to deliver us into the hands of the man-eating slave-driver and the trampling baas," said the black girl. "Lion and elephant shared the land with us. When they ate or trampled on our bodies they spared our souls. When they had enough they asked for no more. But nothing will satisfy your greed. You work generations of us to death until you have each of you more than a hundred of us could eat or spend; and yet you go on forcing us to work harder and harder and longer and longer for less and less food and clothing. You do not know what enough means for yourselves or less than enough for us. You are forever grumbling because we have no money to buy the goods you trade in; and your only remedy is to give us less money. This must be because you serve false gods. You are heathens and savages. You know neither how to live nor let others live."

—The Black Girl in Search of God.

I FIND it quite unbelievable that Bernard Shaw was born one hundred years ago. And this is not only because he lived such an extraordinary long time—he died in 1950. I felt nothing of such incredulity when I read the other day that that delightful writer Walter de la Mare had died at the age of 88; nor last month at the news of the death of Max Beerbohm, aged 84. To be frank, and not in the least derogatory of two writers from whose works I have derived much pleasure, my reaction to both these news items was one of some mild surprise that Beerbohm and de la Mare were living in 1956.

The real reason why my mind just refuses to accept that Shaw was born in 1856 (to be exact, on July 26) is not just because so recently, or because with his unrivalled flair for publicity, his doings remained front-page news to the last. It is in the first place, and above all, because what he had to say was so challengingly contemporary that it is manifestly absurd to think of him in terms of the Nineteenth Century, Queen Victoria, Rudyard Kipling and Max Beerbohm. You can hardly read a page of his vast output (a list of his "principal works" includes some fifty volumes) without coming across an arresting thought that is as novel and "advanced" today as it was when it was written—anything from ten to seventy years ago. Centenary or no centenary, Shaw belongs to our times; as up to date as tomorrow's newspaper, and a good deal more sensible.

BERNARD SHAW could write about any subject under the sun—he tried his hand at most—and make it fascinatingly interesting to read. In 1888 he launched

upon his literary career by becoming the music critic of a foreign London weekly, an occupation in which he continued for several years. His weekly articles, collected and published in three bulky volumes, stand on the shelves of the Johannesburg Public Library. But "stand" is the wrong word; they are always being taken out and read, and you will seldom find all three on the shelf. Why on earth should people read these books? Nearly all the pieces were written in praise or disparagement of artists long gone and forgotten, or of first performances of compositions which have failed to survive the nineteenth century. Nor was Shaw, though competent enough, a critic of profound musical perception—he praised Wagner extravagantly and just as extravagantly belittled Brahms. Yet people keep taking out these old volumes and reading them, entirely, I am sure, because of the captivating manner in which they are written. Shaw broke through the frightful crust of pedantry and snobbishness that disfigured most music criticism (still does, for that matter). In place of a lot of pretentious jargon and technicalities he treated his readers to lively, intelligent conversations about music and various related bypaths. He never mumbled or sat on the fence; he had pronounced opinions on everything which he expressed with the utmost gusto. The result was immensely readable and, as you can see, still is.

This same tone, of intelligent, rational and critical conversation, sounds through everything Shaw wrote. He wrote about Ibsen, about prize-fighting, economics and vegetarianism. About prostitution and vivisection, the medical profession, religion, vaccination, the Irish question, about war . . . But there is no end to it, for there is no end to the questions he was interested in, and whatever he was interested in he wrote about. As he was a brilliantly clever man there is hardly anything he ever wrote that is not worth reading and thinking about—not just for the manner, the style, which makes his work so supremely readable, but far more for the content.

IT IS this very manner of Shaw, this brilliancy and fluency of expression, that partially defeated his object. It won him by far the biggest reading public of any socialist writer in English. Yet, at the same time, it prevented a large part of that public from taking him seriously as he meant to be taken. There is a strong parallel between Shaw and his fellow-countryman Jonathan Swift.

I should count Swift and Shaw as the two most truly witty writers of English prose. Unlike the glittering paradoxes of men like Wilde and Chesterton (and one could add the punning of Shakespeare's clowns and wisecracking girls) which are merely fashionable playings with words, the wit of Swift and Shaw consists in a genuine play of ideas, which outlasts all the fashions. Swift was a profoundly serious man, filled with a passionate hatred of oppression, injustice and war. But the brilliant fantasy in which he clothed his social writing has prevented its being taken seriously, and "Gulliver's Travels" the most profound and adult satire in the language, has been relegated to the nursery.



Shaw, too, aimed at far more than being a successful dramatist and entertaining journalist. Marx's "Capital" was the most formative and lasting intellectual influence in his life, albeit he never accepted or even fully grasped the Marxian dialectic of the class struggle. ("A good man," Lenin called him, "fallen among Fabians.") If he expended all his great talents in gaining a mass audience, it was not just because he wanted an audience, or riches, or notoriety. It was because he wanted to preach to them. To preach socialism. The love of socialism and the hatred of poverty and inequality were and remained the abiding passions of his life. In his youth and his middle years he campaigned ceaselessly on the political platform with William Morris, Hyndman, Blatchford and other pioneers of the British Labour movement; he remained to his dying day an outspoken friend and champion of the Soviet Union.

Yet from the first to the last he was the victim of his own scintillating wit. Because he would not and could not be dull, people refused to believe that he was serious. He could say the most outrageous things about everything they held most sacred—and mean every word of it—and the patriotic, pious middle and upper-class English would roar with laughter and say "Have you heard the latest priceless joke of that droll fellow Shaw?"

Here he is (through the mouth of Napoleon, in "The Man of Destiny") on the Englishman:

"When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who possess the thing he wants."

On parents:

"If you must hold yourself up to your children as an object lesson (which is not at all necessary), hold yourself up as a warning, not as an example."

On schoolmasters:

"Slaves and schoolboys often love their masters."

And professors:

"When a man is incapable of abstract thought he takes to metaphysics; and they make him a professor. When he is incapable of conceiving quantity in the abstract he takes to mathematics; and they make him a professor. When he is incapable of distinguishing between a clock-work mouse and a real one he takes to biology; and they make him a professor."

I would like to go on—only space prevents me. But, take my word for it, no one and nothing, however exalted and sacred, was safe from this man's devastating pen. Doctors and barristers and soldiers, the Church, the Empire, even Sport: all fell under the lash. Each new audacity only established him more firmly in the affections of the English upholders of King and Empire; they made him a rich and famous playwright, and would, if he had been prepared to accept it, have given him a peerage.

**T**HERE was in all this, let's face it, more than a trace of the privileged position of the court jester, and Shaw himself was fully conscious of and exploited this position. "I am a natural-born mountebank," he wrote ("Three Plays for Puritans"), and elsewhere, in a letter, "For ten years with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinary witty, brilliant and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England, and no power in heaven or earth will ever change it." Shaw justified his clowning by the unanswerable

argument that it had won for his message the ear of the masses in a way that had never before been accomplished by an English socialist publicist.

But he paid a heavy price for it. You cannot read his books or attend his plays without coming across repeated examples of mere buffoonery for its own sake, in which he seems to sell his artistic and political soul for the sake of a cheap laugh from the stalls. Along with it went a certain intellectual arrogance and contempt for the common people that was reflected in his rejection of the working-class socialist groups of Morris and others in favour of the reformist middle-class Fabian group which imagined that by a gradual extension of municipal bus and gas service Britain would somehow grow into socialism.

Mr. Alick West in his fine study "A Good Man Fallen Among Fabians," has traced out in detail the disastrous effects of this Fabianism upon Shaw as an artist and political thinker, and how the isolation, opportunism and inevitable disillusioning failure of this movement has reacted upon the integrity and dramatic value of the plays.

**T**HOUGH he fell among them and was even one of their outstanding spokesmen and leaders, Shaw was never fully and truly a Fabian of the Fabians. There was ever that revolutionary daring in his spirit which spurned and endangered the respectability which they sought. There was ever that proud Irishman in his heart who scorned and hated the imperialism and jingoism which their rags of half-socialism barely sufficed to conceal. There was ever that fierce intelligence which might flash out to illuminate and destroy one of the compromises which they had erected as a screen between themselves and reality. He was the Fabian's best speaker and publicist, an invaluable acquisition, but also a dangerous and unpredictable one. In the end, reluctant as he was, probably constitutionally unable, to undertake any sort of fundamental self-criticism, he publicly broke with them, under the impact of the historical events of November, 1917.

He visited South Africa for a holiday in the summer of 1932, had a car accident and was laid up, crocked, at Knysna for five weeks. He occupied his time writing that charming fantasy "The Black Girl in Search of God." From it I have taken the quotation which stands at the head of this article, and which shows how easily he saw through the pretences of White South Africa at a time when its Government was far less disreputable and notorious than it is today.

Of course, Shaw was often wrong. No one could say so many things so vehemently for so many years without being wrong. "The man who has never made a mistake will never make anything," he wrote, and he made plenty.

Yet I, like countless others of the past three generations, are under an incalculable debt to Bernard Shaw. I shall never forget the exhilaration, nay intoxication, of first reading those plays and their grand Prefaces; that heady logic! that splendid intelligence! that sweeping-away of accepted humbug! that noble intolerance of poverty and ignorance and all that demeans the human spirit!

He liberated us from triviality, from being egocentric little prigs. He made decent human beings—that is to say, if we had enough guts and intelligence, socialists—of us. And for that we must forgive him all his sins and pay homage to the memory of his tempestuous spirit.

# AFRICAN MUSIC — WHICH WAY?

By NALEDI

LAST March Dame Sybil Thorn-dyke and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, two celebrated British actors, performed to a mixed audience at the Bantu Men's Social Centre. A memorable occasion by any standards. At their own request and for their special pleasure Africans sang afterwards.

I found disturbing the type of music rendered. Jazz. What's wrong with jazz? you may say. I shall not oversimplify the answer. There is a great deal that is beautiful about the mood, the idiom, the rhythm of jazz. There is something very African about its rhythm and mood. This is what people ought to mean when they say jazz has its origins in Africa. After all, the American Negro who burst the shackles of slavery and later freed his art from the plantation tradition had an African background. New Orleans was the cradle of that freedom.

## Far from Africa

In spite of these rhythms and mood that recall the savage drama and grandeur of Africa, Marcus Garvey's "Back to Africa" call of the early twenties could never catch fire with the Negro masses. How Garvey could ever hope to succeed in moving people who had lived so many generations in America to regard Africa as the natural and God-chosen home of the Black man to which they could go back eventually, is a mystery. He failed. The Negro had too big a stake in America. He had slaved for it and was being lynched for it.

When the White novelist, Carl Van Vechten, wrote "Nigger Heaven," he was trying to portray the squalor of Harlem life and the semi-paganism of Harlem's cabaret life. He heard in Negro jazz the tom-tom beat of drums, barbaric rhythms, which sharpened love and sex and other animal urges and recalled the dances of the Hottentots and Africans. But his was a romantic version of Harlem life and therefore false, as men like Professor du Bois pointed out.

The fact of the matter is that the Negro regards himself as an American. And rightly too. In the process of time his jazz has been moulded and remoulded by himself and white composers and is now indigenously American and an organic part of American culture.

## Our cheap copies

And now our jazz troupes have adopted it as their own. A good deal of it is thoroughly bad imitation. Sentimental songs are hatched almost like flying ants after the rain. American jazz rhythms are used. Sometimes stupid, and at other times translated vernacular lyrics, are pasted on. Crude and often near-obscene bodily movements accompany the singing. The themes and the rhythms (if one can even speak of a theme) are all facile and lack emotional depth. Undoubtedly some African troupes have talent, but it is being applied to the production of this cheap kind of music.

Those who make it have little or no knowledge of music theory. Granted that Africans have an excellent musical sense and ear and that they compose without a piano. But again we realize how pathetically misapplied these qualities are.

I should like to think that this stage of our musical development is but a temporary one. I should hate to think that the Manhattan Brothers, for instance, who are only now approximating an original style, will always wallow in the sentimental puddles of such imitative music.

## Escape from stress?

Like a good deal of our literary imitations this is escapist "art." It gives some relief from the stress and strain of our daily work and irksome contact with White bosses and foremen, and with impudent typistes and shop assistants. It may even act as a tonic for our aching minds and bodies. But it is just a tonic. Such music acts on us like a drug. Real art should not do this. We don't sing because we want to forget our troubles. We sing because it is natural to do so. We sing and listen to music to feel and express the poetry of life and its meaning and purpose for us.

The jazzy jargon that is relayed by the Rediffusion service and music record companies leaves us with a hollow feeling. We feel we have not come into contact with the true African soil. We have been transformed to a land of mists that quickly dissolve. The pity is that children in homes that have Rediffusion sets grow up on such music.

What should we sing, then? What should our bands play? Let them play American jazz. People like to have their lighter moments, and are often simply not in the mood or serious music.

But the position has now got out of hand, and we shall have to give direction to our musical talents, as indeed to our whole cultural life. We must face the fact that our jazz troupes are composed of working people few if any of whom have had music training. Music is not taught in our schools: children merely sing, often under the directorship of a poorly equipped teacher.

## Choral Music

Our one salvation at the moment lies in choral music. We have some beautiful and moving compositions in that field by men like the late Masiza, Mohapeloa, Marivate, Matshikiza and Moerane. And there are some school choirs that have reached a very high standard of performance, in spite of the many crippling restrictions laid down by the Education Department.

This is the music we should have been proud to sing to Dame Sybil and Lewis Casson. We should be proud enough to sing it anywhere outside South Africa. It does not fit into the pattern of Verwoerd's mythical "Bantu culture." It does not belong to the class of indigenous music that is Hugh Tracey's pet subject and which he goes about recording for his museum. It is music that adapts African rhythms and idiom to European forms and notation, which are universal and are a link by which we can contribute to world culture. A whole concert programme of such music would not only be entertaining but would also be a moving experience and an index to the new spirit of Africa.

## A Music Academy

This is the direction we must take. Unfortunately our composers work without sponsorship, haphazardly and without the guidance and musical atmosphere they need. We require an academy of arts that will feed our artists with fresh material and with money to help them travel about in search of new subjects. No new composer has appeared on the scene for

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# BANTU EDUCATION : A SHAM

"WAIT AND SEE," we were told by those who tried to defend the imposition of Bantu Education when we denounced it two years ago. We have now seen that Bantu Education in operation for over a year, but far from moderating any criticism I feel it needs to be attacked more vigorously than ever. Seen in its context as one of the multitudinous measures to restrict and retard the African people, its evil becomes more apparent every day.

In the last two years I have travelled 45,000 miles over the Transvaal and taken occasion to find out what was happening in schools and the attitude of the African people themselves.

## Three attitudes

The African people on this matter seem to fall into three classes: the large number, often uneducated and desperately poor, who are "punch drunk" with the successive blows of repressive laws and are quite bewildered; those whose bread and butter depends on their holding their jobs under Bantu Education and who are completely muzzled by the regulations which forbid them to utter any criticism of the government in this or other fields; and the thinking Africans who clearly realise that Bantu Education, because it strikes at the minds of the future, is the most damaging of all repressive laws. Many of the second class not only comply with the regulations which rob them of the right to

By **JOHN SHAND**

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express any opinion contrary to those in power, but feel they must safeguard their jobs by convincing the powers that be that they are in favour of Bantu Education. This is a common occurrence in history and of course such people are not always conscious of the motives which impel them to such action.

## Sham claims

The claim that Bantu Education would be administered "by the people" has been seen as the sham we knew it was, by the dismissal of teachers without any reference to local school committees. The claim that the iniquitous double sessions were introduced merely as a necessity can be easily disproved: last week at the Diocesan College I learned that though in their junior school there was ample room for all children to come at the same time, and sufficient staff to give education as formerly, this was not allowed and double sessions were insisted on.

This month, too, I learned of a school where there were *three* sessions daily. Those many teachers still concerned with the welfare of the children and the future of the African people rather than primarily for their own bread and butter, point out how already the standard is falling. What

must inevitably happen is that there will be a "Bantu Junior Certificate"; a "Bantu Matric" and a "Bantu B.A. degree."

## Schemes on paper

Great play was made by the Native Affairs Department and the enthusiasts for Bantu Education that the syllabus issued was not made the subject of attack. There are definite improvements in the new syllabus; but the essential thing is not any scheme on paper but whether there exist the people and the means to translate it into reality. With the lessened hours of schooling, with the acknowledged intent of the Native Affairs Department to have as the teacher of the future the girl with no post-primary education, and with the pegging of the amount to be spent on Bantu Education in the face of rising costs and an increased number of pupils, one does not need to be an educationist to realise that all the paper schemes in the world cannot overcome these handicaps nor disguise the underlying purpose which Dr. Verwoerd made so plain in his speech to the Senate—that Bantu Education is meant to condition the African to a pre-determined place in society, a place where he will be forever subservient to the White man. That this is to be despite the fact that God may have given an African gifts of character and mind to fit him to take his place equally with men anywhere, deepens in me the conviction that Bantu Education is contrary to the will of God, and so must fail.

# They Can't Fight Our Battles For Us

By **HILARY HANCOCK**

ONE of the major faults of people everywhere is their readiness to see the faults of others while they are somewhat blind to their own, and here the English are no less human than others.

When I arrived in England in 1954 South Africa was in the news and many English people were very concerned about the situation in this country, about the application of "apartheid" and about the welfare of the African people particularly.

I had introductions to some of the people who belong to the handful of organisations who seek to further the

cause of justice and freedom in Africa—but chiefly in South Africa, as I discovered later.

## Two Standards

On the whole they turn a deaf ear to the plea that they should campaign against the growing colour prejudice in Britain. They say it isn't actually colour prejudice, they insist it isn't growing and they reject the need for legislation to prevent discrimination which they know to exist on the grounds of colour. They will discuss the evils of "apartheid" in South Africa with great indignation but any

mention of what is happening in Kenya, Malaya and Cyprus and even in the British Protectorates in South Africa brings a lull in the conversation.

I hear that one of the organisations in England concerned with self-rule in Africa suggests the launching of a campaign to collect £1-million to fight colour prejudice throughout the world. A commendable effort to be sure, but one cannot help wishing that someone in England would launch a campaign to collect a quarter of that sum towards the development of the

(Continued on following page)

British Protectorates in South Africa—or even a tenth of the sum towards a campaign against colour prejudice in Britain itself.

I remember going through a stage of great frustration during my stay in England. I loved the English people who had been so kind and good to me but I swore I would, on my return, form an organisation in South Africa to fight the colour bar in England. (I won't do any such thing of course because I know that one cannot fight the colour bar in England from here.)

### Settled in Exile

I agreed to assist an important voluntary welfare organisation by carrying out a social survey of the living conditions of Coloured persons in a particular area in London. Now Coloured people live in pretty sordid conditions in many parts of England but my interviews in this area turned out to be fairly satisfactorily settled and they had adapted themselves, I thought, every bit as well as many of the South Africans I knew who were living on a semi-permanent basis in London—except at a lower standard of living, of course, because they could not get well-enough paid jobs.

I was puzzled by the reception of my report on the findings of this survey. The idea of this group of "Coloured people" (mostly West Africans) being adaptable and independent and not in need of special-help-and-social-facilities-especially - for Coloured-people-living-in-England, but rather of opportunities to work and live like other persons foreign to British soil—came as a shock to most of the members of the welfare organisation. This body seemed intent upon helping them in all kinds of ways which somehow did not touch upon their civic and human rights—they were British subjects after all. It was a delicate subject.

I went to seek out other South Africans whom I knew in London. There are many South Africans living in London today and a good many of them mean to live there permanently. Some say they have left South Africa "in disgust" at the situation here and they are vague as to what they mean by that. Some cannot do the work they were trained to do because of new restrictive laws which "banned" them in South Africa and so they seek this opportunity abroad. Some say quite frankly that they can't face the problems which are

# RATIONALISM AND RACIALISM

THE modern rationalist movement originated in the second half of the nineteenth century at a time when the discoveries of science and particularly the theory of evolution were spreading havoc in orthodox religious belief. The tumult and the shouting have died down considerably since those times. Sophisticated present-day clergymen have discovered a formula which enables them to accept most of the views of scientists without feeling that these undermine the basis of their faith. The formula states that science and religion are independent disciplines each autonomous in its own sphere and that there should not be conflict between them. The formula appears to have worked very well for a number of reasons. For one thing the churches (apart from those which remain fundamentalist) no longer make pronouncements on such matters

peculiar to South Africa and they prefer to bring up their children in England.

### Between Two Worlds

I got no comfort from these "exiles" and I have the impression that they are faced with a whole set of new problems (some of which I shared with them for two years) and, while there are a few who have adjusted well to the change, there are a great many more who seem to be living unhappily between two worlds.

If there is anything to learn from these experiences I think it is that all people have problems which they have to face wherever they are. The British people have troubles of their own and, quite clearly, will have to attend to them.

We, in South Africa, must look to ourselves, must find new resources within ourselves to carry on the struggle for a decent way of living for all our people. There are fine people everywhere, especially in England, who are sympathetic to our cause, but they are needed where they are. They are our allies but they cannot fight our battles for us. The evil of racialism is everywhere and we must fight it where we find it—joining forces with those who do the same in other countries.

as the shape and movements of the earth and the methods of organic evolution. There has been a general retreat into the realm of metaphysics where the scientist does not usually follow.

### Reason, not Revelation

Rationalism is defined in McCabe's Rationalist Encyclopaedia as "the principle that all questions relating to religion or religious creeds must be settled by reason or by the individual critical examination of arguments and evidences, not by revelation, authority, tradition, emotion, instinct or intuition." Most rationalists would not confine this approach to religious questions only but would like to treat all other questions of human relationships in the same spirit, including the question of race.

The Rationalist Movement inevitably has its extremists and its moderates, its left and right wings. The leftists usually call themselves free thinkers and are vigorous and uncompromising atheists. They are loth to admit that any good can come out of religion, which is at best unmitigated superstition and more often a deliberate opiate employed by the priesthood to keep the oppressed masses in subjection. More moderate rationalists prefer to think of themselves as agnostics or sceptics. They are prepared to investigate the psychological motives behind religious impulses and to find these impulses, though irrational, not wholly bad.

The feeling that rationalism, as chiefly concerned in an attack on religion, has in the past been too negative, has led to the growth of so-called ethical or humanist movements. Humanism affirms "the dignity, grandeur and worth of man . . . rejects the idea of a cosmic purpose, but holds that man must inject purpose into the creative process and assume control of his own destiny." Its ideal is the good life for *all men* in the here and now. It "accepts the authority of science in questions of fact; it rejects the idea of special revelation and is non-supernaturalistic." These quotations are from a recent American humanist tract.

### Reject Racialism

Though a rationalist is not necessarily a humanist, most rationalists

By  
**Dr. E. ROUX**

in fact are. National or racial dogmas of superiority or exclusiveness are unlikely to find favour in the minds of those who have already rejected the claims of the hundred and one dogmatic religions. The idea of a chosen race seems to them as ridiculous as the idea of a special revelation.

Rationalists, of course, have emotions, though the scientific outlook is not associated with emotion apart from a pervasive hankering after truth and objectivity. If he must have emotions, the rationalist would like them to be as broad and tolerant as possible. This may explain the expression "scientific humanism" which many rationalists are now adopting as a description of their social creed.

Just as he rejects dogma and authority in the realm of religion, the rationalist is equally sceptical and dogmatic and authoritarian political beliefs. Thus scientific humanists would, in most cases, regard Marxist communism equally with catholicism as undesirable and dangerous to free human development.

As far as racialism is concerned it is interesting to note that it is con-

demned in theory by humanists, communists and most Christians. In this respect the humanists and communists have been more consistent than the Christians in putting theory into practice.

When it comes to the Christian attitude on racial matters we are dealing with doctrines less clearly defined, and there is so often such a wide divergence between theory and practice. We may distinguish between "automatic" Christians whose christianity is merely conventional, and "true" christians, who take their christianity seriously. Automatic christians in South Africa, if they are Whites, usually share the prevailing colour prejudice. Many of the "true" christians do also. The man who takes christianity seriously may be more concerned with his soul and his personal relations with his god, than with social matters like the "colour problem." This applies to many a fanatical Bible thumper. Recently an African journalist who entered a Seventh Day Adventist Church met with a hostile reception, and no one will deny that the Adventists take their religion seriously.

#### Doctrines conflict

One of the main troubles with christianity is that its book of words is a pot pourri of conflicting views and doctrines. From it both the re-

actionary and the liberal are able to extract ideas pleasing to themselves. One need only mention the predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church on the one hand and a man like Trevor Huddleston on the other. In his book Huddleston says that he often felt he had more in common with agnostics than with some members of his own church. May we not conclude then that christianity as such does not provide an antidote to racialism but that humanism does; that the Michael Scotts or Trevor Huddlestons are products of a liberal political education who happened incidentally to be active members of the Anglican Church?

One wonders finally whether the case against racialism benefits in the long run from being stated in terms of the scriptures. The body and blood of Christ, the vicarious atonement, the mysteries of the sacrament — these things may mean something to some Christians. To rationalists they sound like so much mumbo-jumbo. The appeal to reason and to our common humanity, the scientific debunking of racial chauvinism—these may equally fall on deaf ears, but at least there is no suggestion that the man to be converted must be prepared to accept one set of myths as the price of ridding him of another.

## CHRISTIANITY AND RACIALISM

A REPLY  
by  
**FATHER MARTIN  
JARRETT-KERR, CR.**

**T**HERE is a war on—a war for Justice — and we don't want to waste bullets or energy sniping at our allies. So I am not going to engage in polemic with Dr. Roux. But there are, I think, certain misunderstandings or misrepresentations in his otherwise fair and interesting article which I should like to reply to.

#### **Theology and Action**

About twenty-five years ago a young aristocrat went up to Oxford, and joined all the "correct" societies—correct for those with adequate private means if not with opulence. While in Oxford, however, he came across a small and little-known group of Anglican-Catholic priests and laymen who used to meet to discuss the "theology of social action." There he met a Cathedral Canon who had led a "hunger-march" of the unemployed, carrying a petition about the "means"

test to Parliament; a priest who had, almost singlehanded, smashed a "Cement Ring" (building firms who had held up the distribution of cement, to increase costs and their profits, at a time when slum-clearance was causing a desperate housing shortage); another priest who started the "St. Pancras Housing Association" in East London for the very poor . . . and so on. The young aristocrat became a convinced member of the "Christendom Group," whose central tenet was—and is—that social action without theology may be directionless, but theology without social action is hypocrisy. The young man's name was Trevor Huddleston.

Dr. Roux's question, whether such people may not be "products of a liberal political education who happened incidentally to be active members of the Anglican Church" may be answered, then, with a clear nega-

tive. But, Dr. Roux will rejoin, perhaps this group he got it from was itself a "product . . ." etc. Again, a historian must answer (so far as one can with certainty identify human motives, influences and inheritances): "No." For a study of the Christian Social Movement from (say) F. D. Maurice to our time will show how very little political "liberalism" or "radicalism" was lying round the place to influence this movement: rather, the secular radicals learned from, or vigorously criticised, or still more frequently misunderstood, Christian social teaching. (To justify such a dogmatic statement, I refer to, e.g., M. B. Reskitt's "Maurice to Temple," or J. S. Mill's celebrated essay on Coleridge.)

#### **Pitfalls**

What is the difference, if any, between the social teaching of a Christian of this brand, and of a "secular" (Continued on following page)

humanist?" Often not much, so as you'd notice it, in practice. But a great deal if you could look round the back. For the Christian socialist will claim that the secular humanist is much more open to (a) despair when the job doesn't seem to be getting anywhere; b) the swing of the pendulum when the first optimistic analysis of human brotherhood breaks down on the rocks of human wickedness; and c) the ordinary pressures which tempt man to subject the very reason he exalts to the passion or common selfishness he thinks he has grown out of. I say, much more "open" to these dangers: I am not claiming that the secular humanists can be proved, statistically, to have given way to these dangers more often than Christians. The evidence that could be marshalled for such an examination could probably be interpreted, like most historical factors, in any way the examiner likes. But the works of social philosophers like Niebuhr or Demant which analyse these "swings of the pendulum" are worth careful consideration. (See, e.g., the former's "The Irony of American History.")

#### Charter for Equality

On the other hand, the Christian claims that in the doctrine that man (not White man, or Black man or bourgeois man or proletarian man, but man) was made in the image of God lies an original charter for equality—a charter that is "given," not merely agreed upon by human convention; and that in the doctrine of redemption lies a charter for respect for human personality above every other consideration (social, economic, national, scientific, etc.). Of course, those who don't believe these doctrines find them irrelevant; but they mustn't state categorically that they are irrelevant to those who do believe them. And put it in simple human terms: if I see an African shivering with cold, and I know I've got a spare coat I don't need; and then I don't give it to him; don't you see that it makes the offence even more serious when, my conscience pricking me that night, I seem to hear the voice of someone saying "Inasmuch . . . etc." (in other words "it wasn't only that African you didn't clothe—it was Me.")?

Dr. Roux's simplistic account of "rationalism" and of the tussle between science and religion is a little surprising at this date. Let me be as dogmatic as he, and say that he seems to have ignored all the recent work in this field (M. B. Foster's famous articles in *Mind* on the origins of the scientific movement; Lynn Thorndyke,

## books

# TROUBLE WITH COPS

"RAILROADING" is the characteristically vigorous American slang for what is known elsewhere as "a frame-up." For such travesties as the trial of the Scottsboro boys or of Sacco and Vanzetti, it is an apt description. For here, frame-up was neither subtle nor concealed. Scapegoats for the venting of ruling-class political passions had been found; and trial and conviction rolled ahead with all the public clangour, fire and thunder of an express loco, and with as little attempt at concealment of fraud. "Railroading" is under way; let those who wish to get hurt stand in its path and argue legal niceties!

But for the case of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, "railroading" is not the apt term. This was something more horrifying, because it was more careful, more subtle, more deceptive. John Wexley traces every smallest move and minute of that trial in "The Judgement of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg," just released in an English edition. He misses nothing. He traces the characters and plot back to the earlier trial of Klaus Fuchs in England; he follows through the grim, F.B.I. process of blackmailing men and women into agreeing to give evidence for the state in order to avoid prosecution themselves; he traces the devious turns by which the F.B.I. coerce the witness into improving on truth to concoct an acceptable story by a subtle combination of bribery, flattery and tightening the thumbscrews.

As Mr. Wexley moves deeper and deeper into his researches, one begins to feel incredulity creeping on. Is it possible, this fantastic network of per-

Butterfield, M. B. Hesse, etc.), even Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World* should have made him modify his use of "rationalist."

Finally: if I have talked about what Christians ought to hold, and have not discussed the actual failures, stupidity, prejudice of Christians as they are—that merely means I have not discussed the one factor that more than any other distinguishes the human animal from all others of the species: his infinite capacity for self-deception — called by Christians, "Original Sin."

jurers, sadists, liars and false witnesses, which embraces everyone connected with the case, F.B.I., witnesses, judge, prosecutor, "experts"? But it is real; Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are dead, executed; that is the reminder that this horror is true. Wexley is not impartial. He has done the research which proves the Rosenbergs innocent, their traducers guilty of murder and suborning perjury. He is not afraid to say so. But never does his bias master his determination to let the facts — facts quoted with the most painstaking references to official records and documents—speak for themselves. This is the last word on the innocence of the Rosenbergs. After this, only charlatans and fools will dare claim them guilty, or defend the frame-up which sent them to their deaths.

Perhaps it is the sheer horror created by this factually told analysis of evidence that makes Harvey Matusow's "False Witness" seem dull, pedestrian, almost commonplace by comparison. Matusow is the professional witness against "Communists" whose conscience revolted after he had helped to railroad an untold number of American citizens. He resolves to tell it all. What he has to say lends credence to Wexley's portrayal of the F.B.I. process of procuring perjured testimony. Matusow tells it from the inside, from the position of one of Senator MacCarthy's experts, who testified as an expert and as a "finger-man" time and time again.

There must be something about such slimy perjurers which makes even their repentance and their confessions ring counterfeit. Publisher Albert Kahn, in a foreword, voices the doubt. Can a professional liar tell the truth? Kahn concludes that the revelations in the book are completely true; and he has had the advantage of studying fully all the documents Matusow has to prove them. But of Matusow himself, Kahn has reservations. Not surprisingly; for about Matusow's breast-beating there is still something that doesn't ring true, something he is keeping up his sleeve. Perhaps it is that he portrays himself as a rather weak, mistaken, but almost normal human being, whereas, in fact, nothing he says so slickly about himself can drown the feeling that he is a thor-

oughly unbalanced monster, with much of his personality still hidden beneath the slime in which he moves.

From these two books, there is material enough to start a thesis on American justice—more properly injustice—and what makes it the travesty it is, at least on matters of radical political opinion. Albert Deutsch essays an investigation into a part of the problem, the state of the American police force. Was it discretion more than valour that led him to omit any mention or study of the F.B.I. in "The Trouble with Cops?" As a result, this study which could be so timely, is strangely insubstantial, insignificant. Deutsch knows that there is much wrong with the cops; there is corruption, graft and common-or-garden crime amongst them, in good measure. But when he tries to grapple with the question of how to clean up the police force, he comes down to mountainous platitudes. The police, he says, will only be as good as the society that employs them.

This could be a good starting point for an investigation of the mortal sickness that is in a society which can railroad the Rosenbergs and yet pay good hard dollars for the testimony of a Matusow. But, for Deutsch, this is not the starting point but the end. For whether he knows it or not, he is shut into the iron limits of the discipline that Senator MacCarthy has imposed — the limits which make any serious discussion of social and political change taboo, and which elevate the clay-footed American democracy into a sacred cow to be worshipped blindly by the multitude.

L. BERNSTEIN.

*The Judgement of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, by John Wexley. Published by Bookville. Price 35/-.

*False Witness*, by Harvey Matusow. Published by Cameron & Kahn. Price 10/6.

*The Trouble with Cops*, by Albert Deutsch. Published by Arco Publishers. Price 15/-.

## Battles of Scottish Miners

A hundred years ago boys and girls of seven toiled in the dark and stuffy pits of Scottish coal mines; by 1954 when R. Page Arnot's "A History of the Scottish Miners" ends, the industry was struggling to make conditions sufficiently attractive to draw youths of 14 into the pits.

South African readers will find in this book many points of similarity between the struggles of Scottish and our miners. At times the Scottish miners looked to a sympathetic Labour government to improve their working conditions, but time and again it was through strike action, and strike action alone, that improvements were won. Legislation for an eight-hour day was enacted in 1908 but only after 40 years of struggle, beginning with the heroic strike of the Fife miners who in 1878 were the first workers in Europe's mining industry to win an agreement for a reduction in hours. Strikes were long and bitter, some were lost, some were victorious. The mine owners made use of police, baton charges, mass arrests, the army, scabs brought in under police protection, refusal of poor relief to miners' families, and a hostile press.

The miners had their own troubles

within their own ranks as well as with their bosses. It took years of effort before the local or county unions were able to form one national union for Scotland, and then to bring about unity with the coal miners of the rest of Great Britain. Having achieved unity, the miners were faced at times with a reactionary union leadership, which tried to collaborate with the employers or appease the government. A new militant body was formed to cater for the miners' day-to-day problems, and to prod the leadership into action. Often when negotiations were protracted rank and filers expressed their feelings in unofficial strikes.

The Union is organised on a democratic basis: meetings are held at the pit heads, rank and file workers are circulated with information on any issue concerning them, week-end schools are held for them and summer schools for their leaders, and when necessary a vote is taken of all members as they come up from work.

Our Scottish brothers have had approximately 140 years of Trade Union organisation, and considering that our Non-European workers here, generally speaking, have had but a fraction of that time, we need not be disheartened

## This South Africa!

### WORK FOR APARTHEID

Bloemfontein.— Because Non-Europeans were not allowed to enter the Free State Sports Stadium in Bloemfontein, special arrangements have had to be made to send press reports on the soccer match between the Football Association and the Free State.

A European messenger had to take messages from the Press box to the gate. There Non-Europeans took the reports and delivered them to the post office.

(STAR, 22/6/56)

### TREATMENT FOR SHOCK?

CAPE TOWN. — A memorandum submitted by a nursing sister in her personal capacity says that "the parents of the vast majority" of nurses would be shocked if they knew that the names of their children appeared on the same register with Non-Europeans and that they wear the same uniform and insignia.

(SAPA, 21/6/56)

at our own achievements. But the Scottish miners know their strength: Robert Brown, a miner, speaking at a branch meeting called to discuss strike action in order to force an agreement for a minimum wage, said: "No one else can go below and take the position of the miner. The Government may interfere, but they cannot produce coal," and he called upon the members to stand firm in a general strike (which they did). Here, too, the Government can, and does, do a lot of interfering, but they cannot produce the goods. Only the workers can do that, and the day must come when our masses of low-paid, Non-European workers will realise the power that lies in their own united hands.

N.D.

(Continued from page 10)

the last 15 years or more. We need an academy to set up music schools and provide itinerant teachers for them. We must surely have hundreds of potential composers looking for training and encouragement. And what richer material could the music composer want than that which he can draw from the present conditions of turmoil and strife?

There is a new body called the Arts Federation of South Africa under the chairmanship of Fr. Martin Jarrett-Kerr which wants to knit together as many cultural organizations as possible—Black and White. It is now inviting such organizations to join it. An academy such as the one I propose would be a fitting item on the programme of the Arts Federation.

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