

# FIGHTING

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# TALK

## The Accra Pan-African Conference

“Zeke” Mphahlele Writes  
from Nigeria

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Dr. Zhivago . . . . Bertolt Brecht



# "Fighting Talk"

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Editor: RUTH FIRST.

## FROM THE SIDELINES

Perhaps few things illuminate so brightly the rate at which the world is changing — for the better — than the transformation which has come over Africa since the end of the Second World War. Nine African states already independent, with Guinea the latest recruit to this band; Algeria in ferment; East and Central Africa, long subdued under settler rule, astir for the rights of the majority, the Africans; the promise of new federations sweeping aside artificial frontiers and re-uniting, after centuries, peoples and lands carved up in the nineteenth century Big Power Scramble for Africa. "Africa is like an exploding mass of yeast" says John Gunther.

This month's Accra Conference when Africans on African soil plan for African's freedom and advance is a far cry from the day when the Jamaican Negro Marcus Garvey proclaimed himself Provisional President of Africa (and his closest followers were "knighted" by him Earl of the Congo, Baron Zambesi, and Duke of the Nile) and announced that he would lead the Negroes of the Western World back to freedom in the land of their forefathers. Garvey's promises were grandiose but pie-crust; impracticable and harmful to his own people for soon he found his cry for a "pure Black race" extolled by America's Ku Klux Klan which thought it was a splendid idea to clear all Negroes out of the States. The Klan was fighting to make America a White Man's Land, and Garvey was declaiming about making Africa a Black Man's One. Garvey's followers invested thousands in ships to take them back to Africa: most of them turned out not to be seaworthy, a few sank and others were seized for the

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movement's unpaid debts. The Back to Africa movement became the prey of romantics but also crooks and Garvey himself served a period in jail for using the United States mails to defraud. He spent his last years addressing Hyde Park crowds from a soapbox.

The Pan-African movement as a scheme for co-operation among African people for African freedom owes its origin to that Grand Old Man of all African struggles, Dr. W. E. B. du Bois. Ninety years old, he is nevertheless expected to be at Accra this month. He it was who convened the First Pan-African Conference in 1919 when Africans demanded to have a voice at Versailles; the second in London, a few years later, the third in London and Lisbon (there were two sessions) in 1923; and the fourth in New York. Their demands were starkly simple "In fine we ask in all the world that Black folk be treated as men."

The Fifth Conference in Manchester in October 1945 was steered by men like Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta before their return to Africa to suffer such unlike fates, and Dr. du Bois flew from America to preside over these proceedings. From this conference many of its delegates went to their home countries to help lead their peoples' political struggles.

Their successful achievement of independence makes possible the holding of the Sixth Pan-African conference, on African soil for the first time.

RUTH FIRST.

**Africa will not be the same after the Accra Conference . . . . A breach will have been made in an age-old wall . . . A beginning will have been made towards the total liberation of the Continent.**

# The Accra Conference

**THIS** year will be a year not to be forgotten in Africa. From 1958, men and women of the future will date the process of unifying Africa and her peoples from the hostile, divided, often warring splinter groups and nations inherited from the dark days on the Dark Continent — the days of tribalism and of imperial conquest. If there is a beginning to be marked in the new resurgence it is in the conference of independent African states held in Accra in April. Here there were gathered together the forerunners of the future — the representatives of the only eight independent and self-governing territories on the continent — Ethiopia, Ghana, Libya, Liberia, Morocco, Sudan, Tunisia and the United Arab Republic — one third of the peoples of Africa.

Their aims at this starting were simple; to consolidate and safeguard the independence of African nations; to strengthen economic and cultural ties between them; to play their part in preserving world peace and in promoting international disarmament; to find ways of helping those in Africa who are still under colonial rule. Kwame Nkrumah, in the keynote speech, spoke of the responsibility of these pioneers of African independence to "hasten the total liberation of Africa — the last stronghold of colonialism."

**THE** year has not yet ended.

This month in Ghana's capital, Accra, the first part of that hastening will be set afoot. Here, for the first time in African history, representatives will gather from every part of the continent to consolidate and strengthen the struggle for independence everywhere. The 'All African People's Conference' will represent not governments but people — political workers, trade unionists, women's movements, youth organisations — through whose struggles for independence and liberation the future of the continent of

**Africa is being shaped. In its way it is perhaps the most important gathering in our history.**

It would be easy to hope for too much from this conference — to see it not as a reflection of the developing liberation struggles of the people but as the climax of the struggle. True the liberation of Africa has come with giant strides in the space of the past five short years. But, equally true, it has a long way yet to go before "the total liberation of the last stronghold of colonialism" is at hand. Nor should it be imagined that, because the spirit of African unity is spreading like a veld fire, political differences and disagreements in Africa have died out. The liberation of Africa will require not only good intentions, but also clear intentions, clear-cut and correct policies, solid pan-African co-operation based on principle.

How far will Accra measure up to these needs? At this moment none can say with certainty. There is the danger that many of the outstanding leaders and statesmen of Africa — Kenyatta, Lutuli, Dadoo, to mention a few — will be prevented by their colonial authorities from attending and helping lead, clarify and guide. What are the chances of the attendance of the leaders of the people of Algeria, of Rhodesia, of the Congo? And this is a moment for statesmanship of high order; because already long before the conference was ever thought of, prominent personalities in Africa, especially George Padmore, one of the prime movers in the conference, have begun to pose a false issue for Africa — the issue of pan-Africanism or Communism. At the Accra conference, this issue can prove only to be a red herring leading the conference and Africa astray.

There is only one issue today — the issue of African liberation or continued African subjection. If the conference allows itself to be sidetracked from the issue of reality, and to pass into the abstract issues of whether Africa when free will be guided by the mystique of "pan-Africanism" or turn to Communism, the outcome can be only division where unity is needed, confusion where clarity is essential.

Perhaps these warnings sound a gloomy note. Certainly they would be unnecessary

were it not that the official call to the Accra Conference betrays something of the same confusion of thought, covered over but not concealed by a heavy layer of meaningless jargon. "This Conference," says the call, "will formulate and proclaim our African Personality based on the philosophy of Pan-African Socialism as the ideology of the African Non-Violent Revolution." To make confusion worse confounded, the aims and objects are said to be ". . . to work out the Gandhian tactics and strategy of the African Non-Violent Revolution."

But this is the negative side, the flaws on the picture and not the picture itself. On the positive side, the provisional agenda envisages discussion on "Colonialism and Imperialism, Racialism and Discriminatory Laws and Practices, Tribalism and Religious separatism, The position of the chieftaincy under Colonial Rule and under a Free Democratic Society." The Conference will also discuss plans for the re-grouping of independent African states on the basis of "adjustment of existing artificial frontiers; amalgamation or federation of territories on a regional basis; and the progressive confederation of state groupings into an ultimate Pan-African Commonwealth of free, independent, united states of Africa."

Whatever decisions are reached on items such as these, one thing is certain. Africa will not be the same after the conference. A breach will have been made in the age-old wall which has stood in the way of co-operation, understanding and united action between the peoples of Africa. A beginning will have been made towards the vital task of bringing all Africa's millions — the seventy million in the independent states and the more than one hundred and forty million in the still subject countries — into a single camp, each lending a helping hand where they can to the other, for the single aim — the total liberation of Africa and the restoration to all its peoples of their right to liberty, independence and self government. Whatever the pitfalls, the Accra Conference will mark the dawning of that future.

L. BERNSTEIN

# Letter from Lagos

**'ZEKE' MPHABLELE**  
writes from Nigeria

Lagos at night. Why not "night in Lagos"? Because the former fascinates me more. People seem not to sleep in this city. At midnight hundreds are still milling around in the streets, and radios are still blaring. Policemen are nowhere to be seen. Night life continues to buzz till the early hours of dawn. And yet big-time crime is heard of only when the morning papers report a burglary. No brawl at dances, no-one staggering in the streets. I've never heard it reported that someone robbed another person and inflicted physical injury on him in the process. Amid all this buzzing, there is still a heavy concourse in the hotels, bars and restaurants. The befuddled look on the men's faces and the half-drooping ebony mouths of the women almost escape you. There are no social taboos here: the Whites appear no longer as custodians of some mythical civilisation or as a sharp reminder of some negative law or another. In the slummiest parts of Lagos women are still selling on the streets. Scores of people are to be seen sleeping on pavements or shop verandahs and for a few moments you think you've stepped into the India of Mulk Raj Anand's *Coolie*. Several of these people will be homeless folk who have simply drifted into Lagos from the provinces.

Lagos, the city that never sleeps. Lagos, the city of a thousand beggars, some blind, some crippled, some evidently just emerged from the ravages of a disease and swept down in the southward stream. They're soon on each flank of you shouting, "God bless you, mastah!" Something inside you seems to come up and wants to spill over. If you are near the window in a bus at a stop you hear a Hausa voice vibrating with its begging song and you see the blind man's fingers clutching the top edge of the window and you must do something. Sometimes you do, sometimes you don't. Later you think back of the millions of starving people living in police terror, people who might well be begging but will or dare not. And you've also known the bite of starvation and the bite of many lice and you've felt poverty crawl all over you and so all these beggars can't leave you unmoved. They are all Hausas from the Northern Region. Yorubas and Ibos are too proud to beg, and Lagos, together with other regions, says it's not going to carry someone else's burden.

The poorest man survives here. With sixpence he can buy rice and hot pepper stew and plantains — enough for a single meal. The climate doesn't ask for more than a strip of cloth to wrap oneself in during the night.

Friday evenings rows and rows of Moslem Africans kneel on their small mats in prayerful attitude, muttering incantations, dark faces etched against yellow lights, looking to the east. During the day it was the Mosque. Crowds that couldn't find room in the building clustered around the walls outside, their sandals off so as to make sure that the God of Islam wasn't only looking at the 2,000 feet inside the Mosque.

Because of the heat, cinemas are unroofed. They have high walls, and the interior is like a garden. In one picture yard a row of hedge trees separates the low from the high price seats. Cinema audiences lack the Johannesburg sophistication and movie sense, and dance and night clubs draw bigger crowds. I've seen quite a few pictures that I couldn't see in the south because I'm black and because a film like *The Seven Deadly Sins* will arouse the kaffir savagery in me. It hasn't done so yet. I'm sure the day the kaffir in me breaks loose the catechism of the seven deadly sins will prove too tame.

Standing on the bridge that joins Lagos island and the Lagos mainland makes night a glorious experience. On one side of you are the market slums and a waterfront atmosphere. On the other is suburban Lagos. Again you are flooded with yellow light. The water ripples farther and farther away. If there is moonlight you see canoes silhouetted against a white expanse of water. Somehow you feel you're not in Nigeria, you're no longer African either: you feel a vague sense of cosmopolitan neutrality. But it's only for a time.

I said earlier that burglary is the big-time crime here. The victims are the rich and upper classes. When there's any killing, it's a result of mob passion. Otherwise, there's a much weightier reason for killing a single person than that of robbing him. The common weapon is proportionally brutal: a cutlass which can't be easily hidden on one's person. Recently, Ibadan, the university town 90 miles north of Lagos, was on fire with mob violence. A man called Adegoke Adelabu, Oppo-

sition leader (Dr. Zik's NCNC Party) in the Western Region House of Assembly, was killed in a motor-car crash. Within a few hours of his death Ibadan, NCNC stronghold and the biggest all-African town on the continent, was plunged in an orgy of killing, arson, violence. Some people were roasted alive. The victims were persons belonging to the Action Group and its sympathisers. The Action Group is Chief Awolowo's government party in the Western Region. The rumour had spread that an Action Group clan was responsible for Adelabu's death. So much for yet another ugly feature of Nigerian tribal politics.

People rarely fight as individuals here. The farthest point quarrelling parties ever get to is shaking fists at or pushing each other. And then it's, "I'll slap you!" not "I'll punch you!" I must confess to a twinge of impatience often when I see big men threatening a slap instead of getting on with a more masculine scrap. But no fear—one couple's quarrel is everybody's. In a moment everybody joins and takes sides in an argument, be it in a bus, on the market, in the street. Nigerian languages, except for Hausa, the language of the North which is as light as our Bantu language, require a large mouth. People have thin lips but have extra-large mouths which give Yoruba and Ibo a wide range of vowel quality. This results in a good deal of shouting.

From what one sees in the press here, the articulate members of the population know their strength and their weakness, and they use their freedom of speech commendably. Not a day dawns but someone is calling upon the government and the masses to exercise self-discipline and thrift. And this self-criticism, I believe, will yet contribute something of immense value to the growth of Nigeria.

NEXT MONTH  
'Zeke' Mphahlele will write a  
special report on  
The Accra Conference  
for "Fighting Talk"

# THE PAPER WRITERS

A Short Story by  
PHYLLIS ALTMAN

RANSOULI set off at sunrise, a slight black man, and against the flame of the sky he seemed no more than a spider or a beetle. When he looked back, his shadow — elongated, grotesque — stretched along his path, caught his eye. He stared at it for a long time as though drawing from it a strange re-assurance. Then he turned and walked the way he had not walked since his youth when he had come to this place to make his life.

Now, his eyes, pocketed in wrinkles, almost blind from his work, made him look older than his sixty years. But his sharp nose and his beard, worn in a small imperial, gave his face a grave dignity. Beard and hair were stubbled grey. His bare feet contrasted oddly with his dark suit and white shirt. A red cloth bundle, carried on a stick across his right shoulder, held his shoes and his few possessions.

An old simple man, a self taught tailor who had made his life and now it was unmade. By the full majesty of the law. By a paper he could barely read and still less understand. He had a great awe of the written word for he could only sign his name in big untidy letters like a child. This small paper decreed that he must go back whence he had come.

He could not understand the power of authority. He did not know how, in this vast land, its eye had found him, living so quietly in his small shop and two-roomed house. This eye had seen him, an ant in a turbulent, congested community, and the sight was so hateful that he had to be abstracted from the scene; taken away from his wife and from Siphon and Thabo, his gift and his joy, the two young sons of the daughter who had died.

What can one man do when lines on paper break the shape of the world? He held the document in trembling hands as the African clerk at the Pass Office explained it to him.

"You must go," the clerk said, with a curious, deflected anger. "You can't stay here. You must go back to the place of your birth."

"But my pass is right." He proffered it hesitantly, hopefully.

The clerk brushed it aside. "No pass of yours can ever be right now. You come from the outside and you must go back there."

"Why."

"Because this is the law. A new law."

"What is the law? Can it make a child return to his mother's womb? Is it medicine I can drink to make my face smooth, my legs young so that I can stand at the door of life again? THIS is my home. From your people I took my wife . . . ."

"All this talk is nothing. You come from Portuguese East and you can't stay here in South Africa. You must go." The clerk's anger intensified.

*Portuguese East; South Africa* — Ransouli had little understanding of the world. He had walked many sunrises to this land. No one had told him that he had had no right to come. They had taken his strength to dig in the blackness of the earth, to plant, to herd, to drive oxen. No words were written when he straightened his back, looked about him, made his fingers nimble, took a woman, begot a child.

How could he explain this to Foulane, his wife? He told her with his head bowed, for he did not know what wrong he had done.

"Do not go, my husband," she whispered, pressing herself against his breast. "Do not leave me."

He had sheltered and protected her all their days together. How could he make her accept that it required no more than words on paper to strip him of his manhood, leaving him impotent? When she realised that there was no hope she threw her apron over her head and cried the cry of death, while Siphon and Thabo clung wailing to her skirt.

Ransouli was not the only one the eye had sought out. Families, here, there, next door, two streets away, were stricken as by plague. The men disappeared, no one knew where, their wives and children grew old in hunger. Majunga, their neighbour, a proud, fearless man, who had also angered the paper-writers, defied the law, only to be caught and trapped like a dog; driven away in a police van while his wife lay in childbed.

Whereupon Ransouli knew there was no escape. Stunned, he went to talk to Mokele, the brother-in-law of Majunga. Mokele laughed, and the laughter, like the clerk's anger, was not directed at him.

"You must go because they're afraid of you. They with their education, their buildings, their gods and their guns, they're afraid of you — an illiterate tailor. Such is their fear that you, an old man, make them tremble. Pah, I spit on them."

Ransouli looked at himself in dazed disbelief.

Mokele laughed again, harshly. "Yes, my father, even you, old and bent as you are, make their bellies weak."

It was these words which gave a crust to his grief. He bit it deeply to sustain him through the sale of his shop, when his lengths of cloth, his antiquated machine, his spools of thread, his treadle, his ruler, his stubby pieces of chalk, were transformed into a meagre pile of notes. He stood erect, his face immobile, willing himself to keep back the tears which could have quivered so easily down the deep lines of his face, while others with unloving hands touched the things he loved.

Now it was at an end. The thin paper notes represented forty years; the roundness of his adult life. He gave all but one to Faulane and she took half her share to Majunga's wife for the newborn child. While she was away he called Siphon and Thabo to him. They came quietly, very subdued, for there had been great sadness in the house which they did not understand. But their grandfather was smiling, as he had always smiled before, and they laughed, thinking all was well. He gave them each a treasured sixpence which they received delightedly in their cupped hands.

"And what have you got for me?" he asked, teasingly. They were abashed. "It is nothing we have," they answered.

"Go then." He cuffed them lightly and they skipped down the street, till Siphon, suddenly troubled again, turned to look at his grandfather. Ransouli lifted his hand in salute to the boy who had now become the man in the house.

He was ready when Faulane came back. They gazed at each other and found they could not speak. It was known between them that they would not see each other again, for in his age, almost blind, how could he make a new life for her and the children? Her face was taut with pain as she straightened his collar — her last gesture as his wife. Then she touched her hand to his cheek; he caught and held it for a splinter of time. When he stopped to pick up his bundle she averted her head. He whispered "Foulane," softly and walked away; walked quickly for there was a wild jackal of sorrow waiting to devour his heart.

He made his way north to live among strangers, whose tongue he no longer spoke. As he walked a persistent question worried his tired mind. Was it true what Mokele had said; that the great Whites feared him so much that they had sent him out of their midst? He shrugged the thought away. What could they fear in his frail body; his almost blind eyes? But it danced in his head; it would not go away.

At midday he leaned against a tree, gasping for breath. For the last time he looked back and it seemed to him that the sky and the earth blurred together and that darkness had come across the land he was leaving behind him.

# “Thoughts . . . in a Dry Season”

by PETER RODDA

THE Rand Daily Mail's enterprising political commentator, Owen Vine, has been probing the nature of resistance to Apartheid and prodding the organisations embracing this resistance on their lack of unity. His timely comment has provoked a good deal of discussion and engendered the two articles in the last issue of Fighting Talk. Now the ball has been tossed to me.

This lack of unity has been evident for some while and from time to time the need for joint action has given expression to significant events like the Congress of the People and the Multi-Racial Congress and less spectacular joint action.

It is becoming clear that small organisations with a common enemy are becoming tired of skirmishing among themselves and that many members of these organisations would welcome further co-operation. The urgency of the situation is underlined by the emergence of a new body of organised racialism — namely the Africanists.

## United Front and Common Front

When contemplating co-operation an important semantic distinction must be drawn between a United Front and a Common Front, since some sort of Front must be the target aimed for by those visualising ambitious co-operation. A United anti-Apartheid Front (and I mean “United” in its precise sense) would be impossible in this country because the differences reflected in the different organisations are more radical than Owen Vine imagines when he says that “a specific organisation for every shade of opinion is surely a luxury that liberals simply cannot afford.” But there is a good deal of ideological overlapping — witness the unanimity on contentious issues at the Multi-Racial Conference. Thus a Common Front is a far more viable proposition, with co-operation on the numerous issues on which there is agreement. Such a Front would not mean the amalgamation of all the organisations and would leave individual organisations free to give expression to their particular points of view, as Mr. Turok points out. (Fighting Talk, November, 1958.)

## Liberal Reservations

Mr. Turok says that some members of the Liberal Party have reservations about unity because they “are staking their hopes of building their party on the collapse of the United Party.” This is not my attitude, nor that of many of my fellow-

Liberals. Though we would welcome “reformed” United Party people we envisage no U.P. split or collapse, much as we would like it. Nor do we value political respectability above integrity.

Is there any reason to expect the United Party to split? Following their attempted “toenadering” and their rebuff, the U.P.'s machinations recently indicate a re-affirmation of their desire to be all things to all their supporters. They are in the process of hardening their flabby anti-Republicanism to placate their followers in Natal, and are extending their pragmatic “policy” of containment of U.P. liberals (if this is not a contradiction in terms) by elevating the “progressive” Dr. Steytler to the position of Cape Chairman, and by talking of consultation with “responsible” Non-White leaders. The U.P. is as soggy as ever, and there is little likelihood of anything useful crystallising out.

## Federals and the Front

The inclusion of the Federal Party in any anti-Apartheid Front would be most delicate. Perhaps it would be better to discount the support of the whole organisation and hope for the support of individual members. The Party's opposition to Apartheid has been at best equivocal, their opposition to the Government based mainly and unashamedly on the “suppression” of English-speaking Whites, and allegiance, in the main, emotional to Crown and Commonwealth. Any firm stand on colour issues would go with a jettisoning of the majority of their supporters. Their franchise policy is tentative and ill-defined, their membership confined to Whites and they have recently suffered their twenty-second straight election defeat. This is important in that they have never considered their field of action as embracing more than White politics. Those who aim at large-scale co-operation with the Federal Party

may come across unforeseen difficulties and the Common Front might be wrecked by teething troubles which could be avoided. It is unlikely, anyway, that many Federals would be interested in a Common Front.

## Blank Cheque

Father Jarret-Kerr's penetrating article (Fighting Talk, November, 1958) seemed unrealistic only in its conclusions, where the federation of White organisations he envisaged (the Liberal Party is not White, anyway) is seen as offering a blank cheque to the three Congresses. (“Here we are, use us as you wish.”) However desirable such a move might be, if the members of the Federation were inclined to offer their services to Congress the easiest way would be to join Congress. But they do not, and any consideration of a Federation must be based on a recognition of the fact.

I hope that a Consultative Committee will soon be set up, that this will lead to a loose Federation, which will later come under a common banner with the Non-White Congresses in a powerful Common Front. Probably this Front will emerge from a Multi-Racial Conference in the not too distant future if we all act with wisdom, vigour and integrity.

## A “Non-racial” Future

It is thus that we can defeat the Africanists in the race to topple the forces of White domination and ensure a “non-racial” future for our country. Not that African Nationalism is by definition unenlightened and exclusive, but in the context of race-ridden South Africa the potential of any nationalism is dangerously explosive. Only by non-racial solidarity can we defeat Black and White Nationalism and prove that Auden could be wrong when he stated dogmatically:

“Those to whom evil is done,  
Do evil in return.”

“. . . The Group Areas Act is an evil instrument, repugnant to all true religion and morality, and contemptuous of human rights.

It has given the advantage, almost without exception, to the ruling group in the country.

It has been cruel and merciless to the Indian people of South Africa, whose record of industry and law-abidingness is unsurpassed by any.

It has blackened the name of South Africa abroad, so that our Prime Minister is nervous to attend any overseas conference where he would have to face the unanswerable question: “Is this how justice is done?”

from THE PEOPLE WEPT, The Story of the Group Areas Act, by Alan Paton.

# Exit the Africanists

by DAN TLOOME

**D**URING the time in which these articles have been appearing, a dramatic change has taken place in the fortunes of the "Africanist" clique and its struggle against the policy and leadership of the African National Congress. That change took place at the Transvaal Provincial Conference of the A.N.C. on November 9, 1958, when, following their repudiation by the majority of delegates and members, and the determined repulsion of their plans to disrupt the conference by force, the members of the clique, headed by the expelled ex-Congressmen Madzunya and Leballo, withdrew from the Conference and announced their intention of founding a new organisation.

The walk-out was accompanied by a blare of publicity. In fact, few of those who declared they were "seceding" were really Congress members. Many of those who marched out of the Orlando Communal Hall were merely gangsters hired for the occasion. Others were members of Madzunya's private "Congress branch" at Alexandra, which has paid no membership fees to head office for at least a year. Yet the newspapers did not scruple to present the incident as a "major split" in Congress.

## Headline Sensation

The "Sunday Express" told its readers that Madzunya had become the most influential Non-European leader in the country. A week later the same "influential" leader could hardly gather half a dozen listeners to a meeting he tried to hold in the open air at Alexandra; while nearby a large crowd gathered to attend a meeting called by the local Congress branch.

The "Golden City Post" announced in screaming headlines, covering half its front page: "The Big Split is Spreading — NOW THERE ARE TWO A.N.C.s." The paper "revealed" that "the breakaway by the Africanists is developing into a full-scale national split — the most convulsive thing which has ever happened in the 46 years existence of the A.N.C." Excitedly the "Post" speculated whether Madzunya, Mothopeng, Raboroko or Sobukwe would be elected president of the "new A.N.C." Its crypto-Africanist columnist Matthew Nkoana explained that the Africanists weren't really anti-White, just anti-Communist. One spokesman of the clique is even quoted by the "Post", in fat, black capitals, as being of the opinion that the present Congress leadership "would close up shop in the immediate future."

Any readers of the "Post" who might have rushed eagerly to buy the paper the

## The fourth and concluding article in the series.

following week for more exciting news of "the most convulsive thing in 46 years" were due for a serious disappointment. Supporters from the Cape, Natal and the O.F.S. were not flocking to the Africanist colours, as the "Post" had promised. And Congress was by no means "closing up shop"! In fact, it was carrying on steadily organising the people against oppression and for freedom, as it has done for the past 46 years, and as it will continue to do until equality and democracy have been won.

Congress issued a brief statement describing the departure of the "Africanists" as "a good riddance." It did not seem to be very much worried about the "big split." With passes for women being issued in Johannesburg there were far more important matters to worry about.

## A Hot Brick

Far more realistic and accurate in its assessment of what had really happened at Orlando was "The World." All along "The World" had been backing and boosting the "Africanists", supporting Mr. Madzunya's ridiculous campaign for presidency of the Transvaal A.N.C. (as if an expelled member could be seriously considered as a candidate for office!) and giving currency to Africanist propaganda against the Congress alliance and the Freedom Charter. All of a sudden, after Orlando, "The World" dropped the "Africanists" like a hot brick. All of a sudden it discovered what everyone else had known all along — that these people were "disruptors." Has "The World" reformed? Has it decided to stop its old game of trying to stimulate discord in the A.N.C.? Not at all for in the very same breath it claims to have discovered a "new force" — "African nationalists" — who are going to steer Congress away from its present course of alliance with non-African democrats. The fact is that "The World", unlike the "Post", saw Orlando for what it was: a glaring exposure of the Africanists, a crushing defeat for them, and the end of their role as a public nuisance inside the Congress. And "The World" was furious with them. Inside Congress the Africanists could always be a nuisance; "The World" could always pretend they were stronger than they are, the "true voice of the people", etc. Outside Congress they are useless. Their pitiful weakness and lack of public support will be exposed. "The

World" knows. It has been through the whole experience before, with its former editor, Mr. Thema, and his ill-fated "National-Minded Block."

## Political Suicide

In this assessment "The World" is right, and the "Post" and the "Express" are wrong. At Orlando the "Africanists" committed political suicide. The whole history of anti-Congress splinter groups, not only the "National-Minded" but many others as well (and here I would include the sad fate of the All-African Convention, once it embarked on an anti-Congress path) indicates that the "Africanists" have put to sea in a leaky vessel which is unlikely to survive the first stiff breeze it encounters. As long as it was merely a question of getting up at a Congress branch meeting or conference and slamming out at the leadership, while carefully avoiding any constructive work, or anything likely to lead to trouble with the police, everything was fine, and these fellows were in their element. But once they have abandoned the shelter given them by the broad shield of Congress, once they aspire to go out before the people and stand up as self-appointed "leaders", something more will be expected of them than ranting against President Lutuli, the Congress of Democrats and Communism.

The people will ask: what is your positive policy, what is your alternative to Congress leadership in all hard and bitter daily struggles, against apartheid and job reservation and low wages and passes; for freedom and equality and democracy? And since these men, mostly embittered and frustrated intellectuals, have never had any real contact with or love for the working people, have never led or even taken part in a genuine people's struggle, but merely stood by and criticised those who were taking the brunt of those struggles, they will be unable to answer these questions from the people, and the people will turn their backs on them. And since they have only learnt to quarrel and to slander and never to co-operate and pull together, since they know only how to destroy and not to build, it will not be long before they fall to bickering among themselves and any organisation they try to create will soon fall to pieces.

To the patient reader who has borne with me for so long in this detailed, and not very edifying analysis of this sect who call themselves "Africanists", it may seem that they are not very important, and that I have spent too much time and space on

(Continued on page 12)

# Atomic Fall-Out Over Africa

by 'PLUTO'

When the first two atomic bombs, now considered puny by modern standards, were dropped on Japan in 1945, 100,000 people were killed almost instantaneously by the intense heat flash and blast. This historical event is separated from us in South Africa by 7,000 miles of space and 13 years of time, which might be thought sufficient to render us immune from its effects. However, while the initial blast was limited in space and time, the much more insidious though less spectacular effect of the large amounts of radioactive by-products are no less lethal and are limited neither to the geographical region nor historical epoch of the explosion. It is now known that atomic bombs will kill and maim people in large numbers even though they are remote from the target area and live many years or even generations after the explosion, and that these remote injuries may equal in number the casualties of a bombed city.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of this hazard, it is necessary to consider the following quantitative data. The unit of radioactivity, corresponding to one gram of radium, is the 'curie' (a quantity sufficient to meet all requirements of a large hospital, and necessitating the most elaborate measures to ensure safe storage and handling). The total world's supply of radioactive material, accumulated over the 50 years preceding the discovery of atomic fission, amounted to no more than 1 Kilogram (2 pounds) of radium, yet immediately after detonation each bomb yielded some thousand-million curies of radioactive fission-products, corresponding to many tons of radium, which were widely dispersed over the target area, and carried further afield as a fine dust spread by atmospheric and stratospheric winds. Fortunately, about 90% of the radioactive products are short-lived isotopes, which tend to disappear before reaching any great distance, but two important products, Caesium-137 and Strontium-90, persist for some decades and constitute the chief biological hazard to the world at large.

The deposition of radioactive dust at a distance from the site of the explosion is known as 'fall-out', and the presence of both long-lived fission-products is easily detected in the atmosphere of all countries shortly after each explosion wherever it occurs. In the case of the more powerful thermonuclear or 'hydrogen fusion' bombs the amount of radioactive products is little greater than with conventional fission bombs, but their

fall-out is more widely dispersed and constitutes a much greater hazard to distant communities.

## Fall-Out Effects

Some very severe injuries, including 'radiation burns', were produced in Japanese fishermen and in residents of the Marshall Islands by the relatively 'fresh' fall-out following the American atomic tests in the Pacific in 1954. Apart from these immediate victims, the population of the earth was subjected to a small general fall-out, which has been increasing slowly since that time as further atomic devices are tested by the great powers. While producing no immediate or visible effects, this slow irradiation is likely to prove much more serious in the long run. Long continued irradiation of low intensity has two important biological effects. One, affecting only the individual exposed, is the induction of cancer and leukaemia; the other is the genetic effect, or the induction of mutations leading to inborn and inherited abnormalities in future generations.

The two long-lived fission products contribute differently to both these effects. Strontium-90, the radioactive analogue of strontium, an element resembling calcium in its biological behaviour, accumulates in the atmosphere, rains down upon our fields, is taken up into plants, absorbed by grazing animals, and thence reaches our milk supplies. In milk, this poison is fed to our children, and like calcium, it is concentrated in their growing bones. Here it stays and bombards the sensitive growing cells with ionizing radiation for an indefinite period. By this process some of these cells will become cancerous, and cancer of bone, bone marrow and other adjacent tissues is almost certain to increase throughout the world during the next few decades.

Bone cancer is a particularly lethal form of the disease, and up to now has been relatively infrequent since bone cells are largely protected from the cancer-inducing stimuli of the environment. However post-mortem studies now show that all children born in re-

cent years have slightly, but perceptibly, radioactive bones, due mainly to Strontium 90. This level of activity is still increasing, and it is estimated that the peak danger period will be about 1975, even if all bomb tests were stopped tomorrow. The prospect of a substantial increase in bone cancer in children over the next 20 years, should in itself be sufficient to move every conscientious citizen and every responsible government to demand the immediate cessation of all bomb testing.

## Postponed Disaster

The second important product, Caesium-137, resembles potassium in its biological affinities, and will consequently appear in all living tissues, delivering continuous whole-body irradiation at low intensity to all mankind. Whole body irradiation is a potent cause of leukaemia, a disease which is already increasing markedly in persons exposed to radiation such as physicists, radiologists, and certain other categories. However, while every effort is being made to limit and control these radiation hazards in medicine, industry and research, the accumulation of the caesium isotope will irradiate the whole population indiscriminately, and is, therefore, likely to increase the total incidence of leukaemia throughout the world.

This general irradiation will also reach the reproductive cells and induce genetic changes, which, though more remote will probably eventually prove the more serious. "Every mutation" according to Dr. H. J. Muller, the leading expert on radiation genetics, "represents a postponed disaster", and the burden of a substantial increase of mental and physical congenital defects, including idiocy, deformities, blindness and deafness, missing limbs and organs and many other monstrosities, will have to be borne by future generations. The ultimate total of such 'disasters' attributable to a nuclear explosion may well exceed the immediate mortality in a deliberately bombed city. In other words, an atomic or hydrogen bomb eventually kills just as surely, and probably almost as many, whether it is dropped over an



# "They Call Us Jim . . ."

TENNYSON MAKIWANE  
on African Work Songs

AT a Johannesburg timber yard a White foreman took on a job to "supervise" the hundreds of African labourers employed there. After watching the routine for hours the new "baas" shouted out to the workers to halt and gather round him.

He was boiling with rage when he said: "You kaffirs, do you think you have come to a picnic here? Come on, get on with your job and stop that singing."

The workers were silent robots as they off-loaded logs of wood from trucks and went about doing their work. Only the sound of the electric saws could be heard as they went "terrrrr . . .", slicing the timber.

Within a fortnight, however, the foreman found himself in the manager's office. And this time he was on the receiving end as questions were fired at him as to why production had dropped. "Did you say you ordered them to stop singing?"

That was not the only time the work songs triumphed. There is another episode.

Some railway workers had to remove a heavy steel block. A batch of White workers who were at the job battled for a long time but in vain. A squad of African workers was then brought up to give it a go. Seeing this, passers-by stood around to watch what would happen now.

The workers started a song and reached for the load slowly, moving with the rhythm of the song. Whilst the soloist completed his part, the rest then remained glued down on it. The chorus came and the solid steel moved as the workers thrust forward amidst cheers from the onlookers: "Hurray!" "Hurray!"

Our new foreman could not understand a simple principle. That a group of workers performing heavy manual labour require the maximum co-operation amongst them.

We all know the common counting

method of ensuring unanimous action: "one, two, three . . . heave."

African workers achieve this vital co-operation by using their wonderful talent for singing, and work to the rhythm of the songs.

A good example is a song sung by workers sliding a heavy object along the ground.

It says:

Watshitshiliz' umadala,  
Watshitshiliz' umadala, umadala,  
umadala.

Let him slide along, the old man,  
this old man.

The workers push to the rhythm of "umadala, umadala . . ."

Similarly with this one:

Ayilvumi thela amanzi NYIKITHI,  
Ha uthi NYIKITHI, NYIKITHI.

It refuses to budge, loosen it with  
water,

Nyikithi.

Shake it!

Usually a soloist starts the song, the rest of the workers reply and then they all join in chorus at the same time getting stuck into the job.

As in this Zulu road workers' song.

*Solo:* Kukhat' umabengwana. (At this stage the workers are resting on their picks.)

*Reply:* Wen' uzothini. (Lifting their picks.)

*Chorus:* Iyoo . . . oo . . . oo (All bringing down the picks.)

The song simply means that "birds are singing overhead — how about us — we just have to struggle along (Iyoo . . . oo . . .)."

Many themes which come into these songs range from love, to skits on various problems one comes across in the big city like the fact that you have to lock your house

(a thing that does not happen way back in the reserves).

Here is one such song:

Nguban' ebevuli indlu yam,  
ndingay' vulanga. Ngu kiya.  
Ukiy' unetyala.

Who opened my room without my  
permission?

It's the key, blame the key.

By far the most inspiring, however, are the songs the workers have composed as a direct reaction to oppression, the colour bar and so on.

There is the classic:

Abelungu ngodem, abelungu ngodem,  
basibiza ooJim, basbiza ooJim.

Be damn the Whites, they call us  
Jim, they call us Jim.

In spite of the fact that they despise us, however some of their women love us, the next verse goes on to say:

Umfazi womlungu, umfazi womlungu,  
bamthumel' ePitoli, bamthumel'  
ePitoli, ePitoli.

Recently one of them (the White women) has been jailed and sent to the Central Prison.

Then the various administrative formalities come under fire. There is the Sotho round entitled "He motsoala." My Aunt went to lay a charge (in Pretoria) and she was made to sign this and that document and have it stamped. Then she stamped and signed the documents again and again.

"Ka saina, ka ba ka tempa,  
ka tempa, ka ba ka saina . . . ."

One day South Africa will be like the other advanced countries and unskilled labour will be mechanised. Then worksongs will be heard no more. Something must be done now to preserve this wonderful heritage of the working people.

inhabited city or tested in a remote uninhabited region of the planet.

## Effects on South Africa

Although we now know what type of casualties to expect, it is difficult to make accurate quantitative predictions as to how many people will be so affected in our population. Since the majority of detonations to date have occurred in the Northern Hemisphere, and the prevailing winds tend to keep the fall-out in the same latitudes, South Africa is likely to be less affected than most northern countries. It was somewhat reassuring to note that the Strontium-

90 concentration measured in fall-out over Pretoria by the National Physical Laboratory and recently reported in detail in the South African Medical Journal, was considerably less than that recorded in Britain or the United States.

Very rough estimates suggest that the present level of atmospheric contamination could induce cancer or leukaemia in about 1 in every million of the world's present population, and also produce approximately one mutation in every thousand children conceived under present conditions.

If British tests in the South Pacific and Australia continue, and the proposed test of a French Atomic bomb on

this continent is carried out, South African fall-out activity will probably approach or exceed the world average. If this happens, it follows that about 10 to 15 South African children will die of cancer and leukaemia directly attributable to nuclear testing, and that another 10,000 'postponed disasters' — congenital abnormalities in generations yet unborn — will help to fill our mental homes and hospitals.

Since South Africa is one of the world's major producers of uranium, the essential raw material for all atomic developments, our Government is in a position to take a firm stand on the pertinent international issues.

# BERTOLT BRECHT

by ALBERT THOMAS

"... He was probably the nearest equivalent to Shakespeare ever to appear anywhere — indeed, if one believed in the transmigration of souls, one could be tempted to think that he was Shakespeare reborn. The parallels are striking; on the lower plane, the combination of the dramatist and the theatrical producer, writing plays for his own stage, and the liking for the adaptation of the work of others, which inevitably becomes all his own under his hands; in the higher sphere, the fantastic register of poetic language, reaching from the bawdy to the sublime and from the purest tenderness to an almost unbearable harshness, and the incredible fertility of character creation." Such were the words of the obituary announcing Brecht's death in the London "Observer."

**B**ERTOLT (Bert, in his unorthodox period and Berthold in his exile) Brecht has been a theatre artist of such versatility that full-scale survey of his work and influence is very much overdue. In this article I can only touch on certain aspects of his life, work and theories.

## Fountain-head

He has been the unacknowledged fountainhead of so much of the theatre of the last 30 years, that it is amazing that he was practically unknown in the English-speaking world until Eric Bentley (the most authoritative theatre critic writing today) gave him a prominent place in his book "The Playwright as Thinker"; and then rumour reached the West in the late forties of his remarkable work with the Berliner Ensemble in East Berlin. And last year has been a Brechtian one. His plays were performed the world over and discussions of the Brecht Theatre held everywhere. At the First World Theatre Conference held in Bombay in 1956 discussion ranged from a defence of propaganda theatre to the lauding of classical drama, but the playwright on whom all delegates seemed to agree in terms of his power and genius was Bertolt Brecht. Such was the tragic fate of the most controversial modern figure of the theatre ever to appear that he did not live to receive this acclamation.

The humane elements in Brecht's works are so strong that his residence in East Germany became more and more an enigma not only for the bureaucrats but also for Brecht himself. How to tolerate this

artist, whose works not only intentionally subverted bourgeois capitalism but also, unintentionally, Stalinist repression, became a major embarrassment for the D.D.R. Soon after Brecht's death when his company mounted his *Galileo* a West German critic who was overwhelmed with the production proclaimed that it "is to undergo an experience where one expects every moment a revolution to break loose." It is to the lasting credit of the D.D.R. that they allowed Brecht to realise his artistic creative genius almost unhindered (though acknowledged). In his last years the Eastern critics have remained silent.

Brecht was born in 1898 and served in World War I. He participated actively in the post-war revolutionary councils and demonstrations. A song of his, "The Legend of the Dead Soldier", circulated throughout Germany. It tells of a dead soldier being patched up and sent to the front to die again for the Kaiser and Fatherland.

In 1921 he won the coveted Kleist prize at the height of the Expressionist movement for his "Drums in the Night." Max Reinhardt employed him for a year when he adapted Chinese and Elizabethan plays. With the collaboration of Kurt Weill in 1928 he scored a major success with his "Threepenny Opera." Before the Nazis banned it in 1933 it was performed over 4,000 times in Germany alone.

Brecht never intended his works to be regarded as complete. He considered them as *Versuche* — experiments. He was continually altering, adding and re-writing his earlier works. Consequently for every single work of his, several versions exist. He wrote a number of "Lehrstücke" ('learning pieces'), the best of which are "Der Jasager" ('He who says Yes') and "Die Ausnahme und die Regel" ('The Exception and the Rule').

## In Exile

With the coming of Hitler, Brecht had to flee. For a long time he had been number five on the murder list. His exile was spent all over Europe and in the U.S.A. from 1941 to 1948. In his exile Brecht never doubted the destruction of the Nazis whom he satirized in his play "Round Heads, Peaked Heads." During his exile he wrote his most controversial works: "Mother Courage and her Children", an indictment of war, the force, power and beauty of which, in the whole range of modern drama has no counterpart, and "The Goodwoman of Setzuan", a simple, almost naive morality in which Brecht expounds that goodness is impossible in this world.

"The Caucasian Chalk Circle" and "Galileo" are also masterpieces of the first order.

After the war, and after appearing before the Un-American Activities Committee in Hollywood, Brecht returned to Germany. The East German regime gave him a company of seventy state-paid artists, a theatre and almost unlimited opportunities. The Berliner Ensemble ranks with the greatest theatre group such as the Moscow Art Theatre, the Saxe-Meiningen group and the Theatre Antoine.

## Epic Theatre

The production of "The Threepenny Opera" in 1928 inaugurated fully developed Epic Theatre. Others have written more fully on this particular style of theatre so that I will briefly state its principles. Aristotle said: "The Epic poem represents above all things circumscribed activity; tragedy circumscribed suffering. The Epic poem gives us man working outside of and beyond himself, battles, wanderings, enterprises of all kinds which demands a certain sensuous breath." Epic theatre thus, as opposed to the "dramatic theatre", generally means a theatre concerned with events, ideas, problems, morality, etc. Brecht has employed everything the theatre has seen for the last 2,000 years. He will borrow anti-illusory elements from the Chinese, the Elizabethan heroic characters, Greek attic choruses, commedia-del-arte asides and interruptions, expressionism, dadaism; in fact, run the whole gamut of the theatre to serve his conception of life. There has been much condemnation and approval of his theories. The important point is to place them in proper perspective. The contemporary German theatre as Brecht saw it "ist alles kitsch." His overstatements such as: "I hate plays to contain pathetic overtones, they must be as convincing as court pleas. The main thing is to teach the spectator to reach a verdict," is more of an attack on contemporary sentimentalism than literal truth. The famous "verfremdungseffekt" ('alienation effect') is employed to shock and awaken his audiences into analytical criticism. The placards, projections, songs, mimes, asides are all employed for this purpose. For Brecht the theatre must not become a place of escape, amusement, illusion or magic, it must be a place of enlightenment, of search for truth and understanding of life. In fact it is a restatement of theatre art as all great playwrights have known it.

## From Gay to Brecht

As we all know, "Threepenny Opera" is a modern adaptation of Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." It also contains poems by Kipling and Villon adapted by Brecht. Its new title was given by Lion Feuchtwanger. The success of "Dreigroschenoper" pre-

# Wanted: Theatre Halls

by JENNY JOSEPH

**I**F the Union doesn't look out it will lose not only its best teachers and professional Africans, but a vigorous new baby — local theatre.

By local I mean plays that spring from the life around us, not the pleasant attempts at reproduction of Restoration London that amateur groups here are so fond of. And strangely enough these "local" plays have a far less provincial tinge than imported English Literature played before audiences who don't understand the jokes.

Cecil Williams last month discussed the difficulties (he will probably have a stroke at the use of such an understatement) of staging plays for Non-European audiences.

There is another problem, as Athol Fugard and those who have worked on his play "No-Good Friday" have found out. It is practically impossible to put on a play with African actors at all.

You must have an all-White cast playing to all-White audiences, which cuts out any really modern South African play.

It is amazing that in spite of the widespread fame, the letters in the papers, the offers to sponsor the show, and offers from abroad to tour the show, "No-Good Friday" has in fact played only three times before Whites and four times before Africans.

One was at the Bantu Men's Social Centre where they opened on August 30 with two floods, and a tape recorder and one electric plug; with completely inadequate stage facilities; where the prompter had to rush round to the entrance of

the hall to turn off the house lights as the curtain rose; and where it is, anyway, not possible to have a run or a dress rehearsal.

"We thought we would begin there and end there," Sheila Fugard, the playwright's wife, said. "We played to about 100 people. Africans are definitely not theatre minded at the moment. But suddenly we found ourselves the centre of the most enormous enthusiasm from those who had seen or read the play."

Since then, two and a half months ago, the Fugards, the Union of Southern African Artists, and people interested in the play have been trying their utmost to get it started again.

The result has been two nights at Darragh Hall and a night at the Brian Brooke Theatre (where the rent is £400 a week) in aid of the African Children's Feeding Scheme.

Why no more?

The Library Theatre is out because the cast is African.

The Reps showed great interest but "No Non-Europeans" is written into THEIR constitution.

There was a moment of hope for performances in December at the Jewish Guild, but the fire restrictions prevented THAT venture.

There was one performance at the Donaldson Centre in Orlando (2/6 a seat) where a select, appreciative and very thin audience turned up, but as Mrs. Fugard said "We want to show this play to Whites."

A further little restriction is that African and White actors are not allowed to appear on the stage together! So Mr. Fugard had to

change one of his character's colour (something not unknown here but surely not approved of?) and the actor who replaced the White actor learnt the part in two days.

But if the restrictions in this country make it impossible to have a live modern theatre, a little further north they have not yet reached this pass.

The African Administration of Southern Rhodesia has invited "No-Good Friday" to Rhodesia. Whatever Southern Rhodesia may be doing it apparently can still allow recognition of a good thing to have practical results. Before the play was even staged they had heard of it, wrote for a copy and asked for a tour.

The idea is that when Bulawayo City Council can raise enough money to finance it (and it is reckoned that the minimum is £400) the four main actors and the production side will go to Bulawayo to rehearse for three weeks with local actors in the minor parts. Then they will probably play in Bulawayo, Gwelo, Salisbury and Umtali.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Fugard said, trying to sound thankful for the hope held out and not too bitter about the brick walls they have bruised their heads on, "There seems far more scope for theatre in Rhodesia."

It's obvious that our government reacts to plays much like King Claudius in "Hamlet." Or maybe they are so restriction minded that they just can't help spoiling something vigorous, useful and productive that might have gone on from strength to strength.

sents a real enigma. While being anti-romantic, like Shaw's "Arms and the Man" (Brecht's play being even horrific in its content), it becomes romantic because of its entertainment value; its whores, pimps, prostitutes, thieves and beggars impart to its spectators positive enjoyment. The Broadway version by Marc Blitzstein, which is being used in Johannesburg, is very much watered down and Americanised. Eric Bentley has simply called it murder. Needless to say, the Broadway staging almost completely ignored Brecht's notes to the play. Its entertainment value and, of course,

commercial value (it is well into its third year on Broadway) seems to have been the sole interest of its Broadway promoters. Marc Blitzstein betrayed his author by removing the style and meaning — but with a different weapon. The classic irony of Brecht can be destroyed either by sheer weight on the one hand or by sheer lack of it on the other—by crudity or whimsicality, coarseness or cuteness. Blitzstein's "Threepenny Opera" is flippant and effete. The Ballad of Sexual Slavery becomes the Ballad of Dependency, the Ballad of the Pimp becomes the Tango

Ballad, and so on. Blitzstein can justifiably claim authorship of "Threepenny Opera", but not Brecht. (A recording of the Broadway production is available in South Africa, compare it with Bentley's translation.) Brecht is coarse yet beautiful and entertaining. Blitzstein is saccharine and amusing. Blitzstein did to Brecht's "Threepenny Opera" what Oscar Strauss did to Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Kurt Weill, the composer of the score, must be given equal credit for its success.

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## Exit the Africanists

(Continued from page 7)

them already. Yet there are implications in these events which go far beyond this unimportant group.

The 'Africanists' were never able to muster much support in Congress. At provincial and national conferences they never got more than about half a dozen votes for anti-Charter and anti-alliance resolutions. No avowed member of the sect was ever elected to any senior office in Congress. The only times they have ever been able to cause any real trouble in the organisation was when they attached themselves to the coat-tails of some group which had some genuine dispute or misunderstanding with the leadership. Yet certain journals and journalists, outside the A.N.C., have consistently blown up their pretensions to be an "important" force in Congress, and inflated their significance to absurd dimensions. Why?

Mind you, I am not speaking here of such a newspaper as "The World", which has been announcing "major splits" in Congress weekly for the last ten years or more, or of the "Golden City Post", which obviously believes that any sort of irresponsible sensationalism is justified. But why should newspapers like the "Sunday Express" and the "Rand Daily Mail" imagine it to be in their interests to boost a rabidly anti-White sect? Even more strange-seeming — why do Liberal Party publicists like Jordan Ngubane, of "Indian Opinion", and Patrick Duncan, of "Contact", flatter and pander to these illiberal meeting-breakers and racials, and give currency to their slanders against the leadership of the A.N.C., with which the Liberal Party is anxious to co-operate?

### Anti-Communist Phobia

An important clue to the solution of these riddles is to be found in the fact that — in addition to their chauvinism, malicious slander-mongering and other disorders — the Africanists suffer severely from malignant and obsessive anti-Communist phobia.

Now there are lots of perfectly reasonable, sane people who do not agree with Marxist philosophical outlooks and economic analyses, who indeed challenge them vigorously. Yet they are able to debate such matters rationally and calmly — or would be, were such debates permitted under the present laws of our country. In this they differ markedly from the man who has been bitten by the virus of Communophobia. The Communophobe might be able to talk fairly reasonably on various matters, but the moment his obsession is mentioned reason flies out of the window. He spends his life looking under beds for Reds and inventing monstrous conspiracies instigated from Moscow.

When a body like Congress protests against the invasion of Egypt by imperialists, as at the time of Suez, they cannot understand the simple truth: that it is a perfectly ordinary act of African and colonial solidarity. They hint darkly that the protest is all part of a deep-laid Communist plot. Every simple act of the democratic movement is twisted to have some hidden and sinister significance.

The disease is extremely infectious, and is rife in the Nationalist Party where Minister of Justice Swart is practically the textbook example of an advanced and incurable case. His ravings about Communists being about to poison waterwells and blow up power stations, which precluded and were supposed to justify the Suppression of Communism Act are characteristic symptoms of the mania.

**It is surely because the Nationalists recognise the Africanists as fellow-psychopaths that people like Madzunya are permitted to get up, in the presence of the police, and get away with gross anti-White incitements such as would earn any other speaker an immediate arrest and conviction under the Riotous Assemblies Act or some other such law.**

### Strange Bed-fellows.

Unfortunately the virus has also got a hold on certain elements in the South African Liberal Party. Obsessive anti-Communism, like adversity, makes strange bed-fellows. It seems almost incredible that the reformists of the Liberal Party should find anything in common with the "Africanist" fire-eaters. **Yet it is because he recognises the "Africanists" as fellow-sufferers from Communophobia that a Liberal like Mr. Jordan Ngubane displays such marked sympathy for them.** For Mr. Ngubane is indeed a sad case. For years he has been trying to smear Congress with the "red" brush, and he has not stopped yet. There is scarcely a slander spread nowadays by the "Africanists" whose source cannot be found in the sort of thing which Mr. Ngubane was writing in 1956. President Lutuli wrote a lengthy, dignified and restrained reply at that time, which tore Ngubane's flimsy case to ribbons. But that did not deter or restrain him.

It is precisely here, on this ground of red-baiting and malignant Communophobia that the illiberal anti-Whites of the Africanist sect find themselves on common ground with certain Liberals of "Opinion" and "Contact" and the antiBlacks of the Chamber of Mines press.

The Africanists, even though they may not recognise this, also find themselves on common ground here with Verwoerd, Swart, Rademeyer and Company. Here, indeed, lies the whole weakness of the position of those who try to work the well-worn anti-Communist racket in this country. The Nationalists have done it to death. The

people have learnt — to their bitter cost — that the man who comes along to "save them from the Reds" is in fact the man who suppresses not only the Communists, but also the whole of their civil, political, religious, educational, trade union and human rights.

### The Horse Won't Run

This is something that the Africanists and other political punters who put their money on the broken-down, discredited hack of anti-Communism, should understand. So far as the African people and other democratic elements in South Africa are concerned, this is a horse that definitely won't run. Congress fought against the Suppression of Communism Act from the start, and it has never accepted that legislative abortion which conflicts with the whole democratic outlook of the liberation movement. The former Communist Party of South Africa, until its dissolution was forced by the Nationalist Government, was traditionally accepted and welcomed as a partner and an ally in the struggle by the African National Congress, even under such conservative leaders as Dr. Xuma and Dr. Moroka.

The late Mr. Matseke, then Transvaal Congress President, invited the Party to co-operate with Congress in founding the African Mine Workers' Union, in 1942. In 1943 the A.N.C. invited the party to be a co-sponsor in the anti-pass campaign. The Party was a member of the Congress-led United Front which held the monster V.E.-Day demonstration in Johannesburg in 1945. Right up to the day of its dissolution in 1950 the same Party was one of the five-fold alliance which called the historic June 26 Day of Protest, under former President Moroka.

**Those who are really in earnest about the struggle for a democratic South Africa, who regard it as a matter of life and death, will not reject brave and sincere partners who are dedicated to the same goal — whatever difference they may have over philosophical conceptions and ultimate goals. The most urgent task of all South African democrats and patriots, of whatever school of philosophy, is the winning of freedom, the ending of the stifling autocracy which today makes free debate impossible. Afterwards we shall have time, opportunity and occasion to debate the rights and wrongs of socialism.**

Neither the "Africanists" nor anyone else can succeed today in provoking a split between "Right" and "Left" in Congress.

The exodus of the "Africanist" group of noisy disruptors has not in any way weakened the African National Congress. On the contrary, it has strengthened the Congress and the entire democratic movement. Congress is a broad, all-embracing

(Continued on back page)

# DR. ZHIVAGO

**THE advent of a book not published in the U.S.S.R. but published abroad, a book by a distinguished and accomplished Russian writer clearly against the general current of Soviet literature, bitterly emphasising the suffering of the revolution days, breaking a lance for individualism against the collective in the name of Christianity — what a natural for the apostles of cold war!**

Fortified by its mere size — it runs to 510 pages including the poems attributed to the name character — the critics have found it easy to hail it as a sort of masterpiece; some (who will no doubt repent this in a year or two) have not scrupled to speak of it in the same breath as *War and Peace*. The book has appeared in Italian, French, now in English for Britain and U.S.A. No doubt there will be plenty of State-Department-sanctioned "culture projects" to ease its way into yet further tongues.

## Master of Language

Pasternak has the reputation of being probably the greatest living master of the Russian language. His words are exact and construct an image with harmony and subtlety. As a translator he has accomplished the colossal feat of achieving a *Hamlet* in Russian that is said to be a work of poetic genius. He has never sought popularity and remains aloof. The poetry on which his reputation chiefly rests was, much of it, circulated before the revolution and in its early days in manuscript and influenced other writers deeply long before it was printed.

He was one of those poets who broke the dependence of poetry on romantic cliché, introducing the vigour of current speech. But in his poems, as in his prose sketches — the latter slight in scope and number hitherto — he has always been more engrossed with personal moods and emotions than with social themes. He was born in 1890 and is thus nearly seventy years old.

This is his first large-scale original work. The name-character, the centre of the novel, is represented as being born about the same time as the author, and, like him, of well-to-do parents. Here the biographical resemblance ends. It is true that Pasternak says of his hero at twenty-one:

"Ever since his schooldays he had dreamed of writing a book in prose, a book of impressions of life in which he would conceal, like buried sticks of dynamite, the most striking things he had so far seen and thought about. He was too young to write such a book; instead he wrote poetry. He was like a painter who spent his life making sketches for a big picture he had in mind."

But Yury Zhivago grows up to be a doctor. He lives through the 1904-5 war, marries Tonya, the daughter of a Professor and grand-daughter of a wealthy factory-owner; goes to war; suffers with his wife, father-in-law and first-born the ordeal of the first winters after 1917 in Moscow; flees

with his family to the Urals where he spent some childhood years and where his in-laws' estates are situated; meets there again Lara (the grass-widow of a young railwayman's son, become teacher, officer, Red Army leader fighting in Siberia), whom he had known as a nurse when they were together on the western front, starts a liaison with her.

He is kidnapped, on the eve of the birth to Tonya of their second child, to act as doctor to a partisan band; when he gets back he discovers Tonya and his family have been exiled to Paris, pairs up with Lara, renounces her when he believes the safety of both is threatened, makes his way back to Moscow, declines, and dies of heart failure in about 1930 trying to open the window of a tram.

## Hardly a Novel

This, of course, covers a wide canvas and world-shaking events. It involves innumerable characters. But with that, and the considerable length, all analogy with *War and Peace* totally ceases. Indeed this

## books

is hardly a novel, in the sense of the realistic creation of people and setting, at all. It is beautifully written (smoothly and sensitively translated), the writing often holds one spellbound by its vivid and subtle descriptions of nature for which Pasternak has always been renowned, by evocative and delicate descriptions of mood, especially anguish, in passages of great intensity, but yet the arbitrariness, the contrivedness, of the incidents and the one-sided attitude of the author to his characters leaves one cold and indifferent to their fate.

All reviewers have noticed that the principal characters are always coincidentally meeting each other. This is not, as it might be with another author, failure in constructional invention. It is obviously quite deliberate. But the result is, we realise that although the canvas embraces spaces of thousands of miles, time in decades, three revolutions and two world wars, really all we are doing is to witness the gyrations of a small batch of people arbitrarily selected to illustrate an argument.

Pasternak's personages are not living novelists'-creations at all, they never develop according to the laws of inward being. They are, a fact often concealed momentarily by the brilliance of the surface descriptions, crudely cut-out puppets who behave only to suit Pasternak. The nearer they are to Zhivago, the more cardboard.

His closest friends, Dudrov and Gordon, are colourless. He has a total of five children by three different mothers and only once is a couple of lines exchanged between him and any of them.

And as for himself, though we are told he is a doctor, we only once see him called in to a patient, a conscience-stricken partisan with "the creeps", and the sequel (it would perhaps be unkind to say result) is that the latter exterminates his entire family with a knife. But equally Zhivago is a scientist, a writer, gardener capable of growing his own vegetables. In fact he does whatever his author would have him do.

## The Argument

We never believe in him for a moment. The background is quite equally arbitrary. It is not that sufferings and injustices did not take place, not that the issues raised are unreal and do not require argument and answer, but that, in a story purporting to traverse history, they are often made to appear in their wrong time-context, with present hindsight, for the convenience of the thesis.

What is the thesis? Simply stated: that the exigencies of revolution, revolutionary state and Marxism turn their backs on truth; that the death and destruction involved in change are futile and to no good end; that the falsehood lies in substituting the concept of the people for the concept of the individual, because the individual conscience should be enshrined supreme; and that this last was the great Christian contribution to history.

This is not an argument to be rejected out of hand — especially when it is set out with such a wealth of incident that cannot be repudiated, lyric poetry much of which we must find deeply moving, touching moments skilfully inviting pity, and eloquent persuasive sermonising. Where it fails is through its bias. First, because the author is that rare bird in Russian literature, an unmitigated snob. The bearers of Pasternak's creed for human salvation are invariably gentry, his groundlings — like Shakespeare's — are all clowns or rogues; but whereas Shakespeare's are painted with humour and humanity, Pasternak's, alas, almost to a man with not only contempt but malice.

Second, in that Pasternak has chosen for his central figure so unattractive and self-centred a personality. It is true that his wife, in a letter, calls Zhivago "weak". But, really, Pasternak does not seem to realise what an insufferable squirt his hero really is. He writes that Zhivago "believed that a man should do something useful in his practical life", and hence learned medicine, but he does not seem to see anything despicable in allowing him, when doctors are needful, to run away and grow potatoes.

For all Zhivago's morality, never was there anyone who exceeded him in wanting both to have his cake and eat it. While carrying on with Lara he can reflect on Tonya that "her peace of mind meant more to him than anything in the world." For all the high-falutin' talk about his loves, it is obvious in every case that they are merely egoistic rationalisations of propinquity; he can even accept in the end to be mothered by the porter's daughter

and breed children on her, Oblomov-like, then leave her flat, concealing his address, in order "to rebuild his life as completely and rapidly as possible" (of course with someone else's help).

### Non-gentry Invisible

And, finally, because of the utterly one-sided picture of the revolution's shortcomings; in this intricate tableau the tens and hundreds of millions of benefiting non-gentry are as invisible as the other side of the moon. There is but one oblique and significant reference near the end, to a once miserable peasant lad whom Zhivago picked up on his way back to Moscow:

"There came a time when the friendship between Yury (Zhivago) and Vassya cooled. Vassya had developed remarkably. He no longer thought or spoke like the ragged, barefooted, dishevelled boy from Veretenniki. The obviousness, the self-evidence of the truths proclaimed by the revolution attracted him increasingly, and Yury's talk, with its obscurities and imagery, now struck him as the voice of error, doomed, conscious of its weakness and therefore evasive."

Zhivago just simply has no use for a proletarian who will not play Uncle Tom, he has no respect for anybody's development or happiness that is not achieved his way. Is there any reason to suppose that Pasternak realises how unsavory is his hero? Is he perhaps over-subtly trying to discredit thus the ideas of which he is made exponent?

Alas, no. For this is intended not as a book about the usefulness and self-deception of the Russian liberal, but about the ruthlessness and blindness of revolution. It is just simply that the author's aloofness has made it impossible for him to see life as it is, the Soviet Union as it has become, the full obnoxiousness of his central character as he has represented him.

The same obvious failure of aim, much

more expectedly, marks the welcome abroad accorded in his book. Of course, any book that depicts happiness in the Soviet Union, progress, decent people, is *ipso facto* untrue, propaganda churned out at the cost of integrity by an author corrupted by lust for roubles or fear of the knout. Of course, any book that depicts misery, injustice, futility, with the revolutionaries a stony-hearted pack of sadists, is thereby proved true, profound, realistic, a masterpiece. This is cold war.

If any pundit with a spark of his own critical integrity left wants to compare fake with true, flat with round, characters "typed" to bolster up a thesis with human beings as they must have been in life, let him read the chapters in *Doctor Zhivago* about the Forest Brotherhood and then re-read Fadeyev's picture of partisans active about that time, same place (Siberia) and under the same conditions of stress and defeat, in *The Nineteen* (sometimes called *The Rout*).

Tolstoy, indeed! Tolstoy thought Shakespeare tripe and he couldn't write poetry for toffee, but when he wrote about people he had more reality in his little finger, than Pasternak has got from all his smell of rain and tint of sunsets. To each his trade.

### Written in Sincerity

I am anxious not to denigrate Pasternak, his sense of beauty, his sensitivity to mood, his power to express both, I am sure his book is written in sincerity, with no desire to harm, just as, according to report, its manuscript was handed in good faith to a reputable Western publisher before there was any question of its non-publication in the U.S.S.R.

A recent report runs that a Soviet Writers' Union official, explaining its non-publication in U.S.S.R., said: "It is against our Soviet morality." Many people may feel, though they find both this saying and my appraisal of the novel just, that these provide no adequate reasons for its Soviet

non-publication. That society is stronger which can afford to allow ideas to be settled by discussion not suppression. The exercise of censorship for necessary security can degenerate into an unnecessary tyranny of cliques. These things in principle we know. But it is absurd and hypocritical to pretend that the problem is not a complicated one.

Many of Pasternak's "truths" cannot be reaffirmed too often, but the dramatic shape intended to embody them, the terminology of his characters — which may owe something of its tradition to Dostoevsky — are utterly confusing to the real issue. What Pasternak calls Christianity, and sets up as contrast with the ills he has assembled in his novel, bears little relation to "Christianity" in the real world, or indeed, anywhere outside his ivory tower.

On page seventy the young Zhivago, in fine words, delivers an impromptu lecture on how he "has always understood Christ's words about the living and the dead" — it is in fact one of the noblest statements of the humanistic — more even — the dialectical materialist view of death and resurrection in modern writing: every Marxist would endorse it, every B.B.C. preacher dispute it.

The argument between good and bad has long since ceased to be, if it ever was, as the author represents it. Pasternak would swoon with shame and horror if he realised that the very slogan of the sacredness of the individual in the name of Christ, which his "good men" cherish in their bosoms as a key to resolve injustice, is the banner under which Dulles and the Archbishop of Canterbury advance against humanity, H-bomb, napalm and deadly bacteria in hand.

IVOR MONTAGU.

DR. ZHIVAGO, by Boris Pasternak. Collins and Harvill. Price 21s.

## Michael Scott Speaks Up

THE Rev. Michael Scott's book, "A Time to Speak," should be read by all who are interested in the African continent and particularly by South Africans, for Michael Scott has made it his life's work to struggle for the rights and freedom of Africans.

This is the struggle of one man to carry out what he believes to be the attitude of a Christian towards a subjected people; and the vast knowledge of the conditions of Africans he acquired during this process.

The first chapters dealing with his childhood and early years, and his close association with communists are naive, almost pathetic. I find these chapters very revealing of the man himself; and one could accuse the Rev. Michael Scott of being an egoist, for throughout the book he finds himself unable to work in a group for the cause he has nearest his heart — he is constantly going off on his own to right a wrong.

He starts his career in his struggle to merge his religious outlook with his politics — "The Question" he calls it — in his parish of Lower Clapton by his assistance to the Hunger Marchers from Tyneside and Scotland. Here he is first introduced

to communists and of them he says: "I was impressed by their courage and self-sacrifice, both as leaders and rank and file. They had their own views of the world, and of their own part in its remaking which make them capable of great endurance and initiative and often heroic conduct."

He later excuses himself for having worked with communists by saying: "I wanted to see from the inside something of their methods and organization."

One must admit that the Rev. Michael Scott has been able to do much of his work because of the experience and assistance he received from communists, irrespective of how he feels about them at the moment; and that though he used their energy, courage and self-sacrifice he now discards his helpers for the popularity and respectability he has achieved for himself.

His chapters on South Africa and South-West Africa are knowledgeable and extremely moving. It is a horrible indictment of White South Africa that Bethal as Scott saw it in 1947 is still much the same in 1957, or perhaps worse.

Discussing his work in the campaign for

Right and Justice he deals with the Broederbond and characterizes it as a "State within a State." A pamphlet was prepared by an Afrikaner exposing the Bond, its constitution and its activities, but, unfortunately, a dispute arose about the source of information contained in the pamphlet, and fearing court action by an individual who maintained the information had been stolen from him, the pamphlet was suppressed.

One is horrified to note how the present government is carrying out, to the letter, the political demands of the Bond.

Yet with all the criticism one may make of the man, his book, or his methods of work, one must acknowledge that he has remained consistent in his struggle for justice in Africa, and I personally believe that it is due to Michael Scott's early struggle in South Africa that certain sections of the clergy of our country had eventually to declare themselves on the side of the African people in their struggle for liberation.

BETTY DU TOIT.

"A TIME TO SPEAK," by Michael Scott. Published by Faber. Price 26/-.

## Soft Pedal

BY way of variation from the current pattern of South African novels, Wolfe Miller's "Man in the Background" is — whether the title intended it that way or not — the African. Throughout this easily flowing tale of the childhood of two young Europeans in the neighbourhood of Pretoria, this black figure stands like a shadow in the background, intruding itself subtly and unconsciously into their games, thoughts and fears, until it comes to dominate their horizons without ever emerging from the shadows to take on flesh and shape. For a South African, at least, the actual incidents of the tale are neither new nor, unfortunately, very shocking. A European farmer beats an African for trivial reason; the African dies, and the European receives a trivial punishment. Some time later the farmer himself dies under circumstances that point to murder, and local prejudice — police and private — turns against the brother of the dead African.

Imperceptibly, from the startling realisation that Naude might have been murdered, the South African myths begin to develop — that Blacks are savages, unpredictable; that every White man walks with only his revolver and his mastery between him and a host of primitive assassins; until the myths become part of their way and life, and even the children, knowing nothing of their origins and understanding nothing, come to carry them as part of their own thinking. Thus is a White South African made.

Wolfe Miller writes simply and well. He avoids the usual tone of novels on South African race relations, of excessive shrillness and overtone. This is writing with studious understatement, quiet writing; and the more telling and effective for it. I know that Miller, from time to time a contributor to Fighting Talk, has been beating unsuccessfully on publishers' doors for many years. Now that he has at last got his foot into the door, we look forward with keen anticipation to more work from his really talented — and different — South African pen.

L.B.

MAN IN THE BACKGROUND, by Wolfe Miller.  
Published by Jonathan Cape, 15/-

## No More War

Linus Pauling, Nobel prize winner, has written the unanswerable case for the abolition of nuclear weapons. His chapters deal with the nature of nuclear weapons, radiation and heredity, radiation and disease, the facts about fall-out, the nature of nuclear war, the scientists' appeal for peace, and the need for international agreement. Scientists like Dr. Edward Teller who act as spokesmen for the Atomic Energy Commission deliberately mislead the public on the facts, says Dr. Pauling. There are no such things as "clean bombs", there is no safe threshold for radiation,

every explosion of every bomb is a threat to the health of the world's people, and there is no way but to strive for agreement for the ending of all explosions.

NO MORE WAR! by Linus Pauling.  
Published by Gollancz. Price 18s.6d.

## People Like Us

Paul Hogarth's PEOPLE LIKE US are, of course, ourselves: African miners deep underground, children and the dagga-smoker of the Orlando Shelters, farm squatters, factory workers, the thronging crowd round the 'Harlem' Cinema near the Bantu Men's Social Centre, White holiday-makers on the Durban beach, and black-eyed Indian women and children. These drawings and the diary extracts are the artist's record of the weeks he spent in the Union and the Rhodesias in 1956. Those who know Chief Lutuli well will have difficulty in seeing the resemblance here; for the rest Hogarth has caught the grimness and the swagger, the tenseness and the slum poverty, the pathos and the strength of the people of our land.

PEOPLE LIKE US. Drawings of South Africa and Rhodesia by Paul Hogarth. Dennis Dobson. 13s.6d.

## CIRCLE OF GUILT

A seventeen-year-old Puerto Rican boy, walking down a New York street, went up to an American youth of fifteen (who was a stranger to him) and shot him dead.

Here was a cold-blooded killing that shocked New York and all America. An apparently pointless and unprovoked murder, another terrible example of juvenile delinquency. Santana, the Puerto Rican boy, pleaded guilty to second-degree murder, and was sent to jail for twenty years. There was no trial, and so the psychiatrist who had been called in by the boy's lawyers, and had been unable to place his findings before a jury, has written a book, a testimony for a "larger jury."

### Neglect

His book is a plea for understanding of those larger social forces that operate upon the individual. "Under the moral disguise of attention to the individual," he writes, "and the scientific disguise of abnormal psychology we have been neglecting delinquency's social causes. That is understandable, because social and economic forces affect the observer as well as the observed. Both are exposed to social pressures."

Dr. Wertham, the psychiatrist who has written the book (he is known for his fight against violence in mass media, particularly in comics), has uncovered the social pressure that work on a Col-

oured immigrant boy, both the basic internal needs of the individual youth and also his objective social environment. "This environment includes not only the narrow circle of the family but also social economic conditions in the widest sense. The connections between the wages of a needle worker in Puerto Rico and a gun in the hands of a boy on the sidewalks of New York may not be apparent; but they do exist. A continuous process of interaction takes place between the individual and his social environment."

### Poisoned

Santana's case becomes a reflection on the society in which the boy grew. "Atomic bombs have a physical fallout. The immense harm which that can do is being recognised and widely discussed. They also have a psychological fallout, however, and that is NOT widely recognised. It poisons this generation and—like the physical radio-active particles—affects the next one. The human mind in its technological advance has created the atom bomb. But the atom bomb has also had an effect on the human mind. Many delinquents are not 'bad' they are poisoned. If we follow all the clues, the circle of guilt enlarges in every case. No single focus within the individual or family is enough. We must view the individual also in the wider perspective of his historical existence . . ."

### Pressures

Here are thoughtful and telling comments on these problems that have special meaning for South Africans. Dr. Wertham gives a brief history of the dreadful rape of Puerto Rico, the pitiful exploitation of its people, and the conditions under which they live when they emigrate to America. Prejudice against Puerto Ricans leads to street gangs and persecution. "It is fashionable to say glibly that it is all up to the home. That means being completely blind to the social evils that exist outside the family, exerting pressure on it . . . It is a question not only of pressures IN the family but of pressures ON the family. To accuse individual parents and to threaten them with punishment is easy. It shifts attention from social to individual influences and creates the illusion that except for these parents there are no delinquency-producing circumstances. The it's-all-up-to-the-family argument is really directed against the family. It makes it appear that the family, the home, is an entirely independent unit. Many parents try to prevent their children from becoming delinquent. But the very authorities who threaten them with punishment fail to provide the services and facilities which would make it possible for the parents to have their children protected and treated."

Strangely enough although Santana  
(Continued on back page)

## EXIT THE AFRICANISTS

(Continued from page 12)

movement of all African patriots, democrats and fighters for freedom. It can, and will continue to, tolerate within its ranks men and women of many shades of opinion. But, obviously, in the stern struggles of the day, an element of discipline and unity is necessary. Once a majority decision has been taken the minority must fall in line. A minority which does not; which creates its own, hostile organisation within the movement; which does not scruple to employ vicious slanders, gangster methods and outright sabotage, cannot be tolerated by any serious political movement.

No doubt all the Africanists and those influenced by them have not yet quit Congress. Perhaps some members who, in the past, were impressed by their demagogy, will by now have been disgusted by their self-exposure at Orlando and have seen them for what they are — open anti-Congress disruptors. For such people, who are prepared to support the decided and agreed policy of Congress, based upon the Charter and the Alliance, I am convinced that there will always be a place in the national organisation. But, from now on, it is clear that those who try from within to work on behalf of the hostile, anti-Congress organisation of the "Africanists" will soon be given their marching orders and told to join their friends outside. Far too much time has been expended already on barren controversies with this sterile and disruptive clique, and Congress has a big job of work to do.

And so I have come to the end of this lengthy analysis of the group of so-called Africanists. I cannot pretend that it has been a pleasant task. Although I have striven to write without rancour or bitterness, one cannot help feeling sad that it has been necessary at this crucial period in the struggle for freedom to devote so much space and time to so barren a sect. Yet I believe it has been necessary, and perhaps not without its lessons for the future. Though the leaders of the "Africanists" have departed, their ghost will no doubt return to haunt Congress in the future. The slanders they spread — the same weary old stories about "domination" of Congress by the Congress of Democrats; the distortions of the Freedom Charter; the smear of red-baiting — all will crop up again in the future as they have in the past. And our experiences with the Africanists will help us to deal with such attacks better in the future.

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What of the "Africanists" themselves?

I cannot bring myself to believe that all of them are equally to blame. Let us hope that, with advancing maturity and understanding those who have been misled by the wild allegations and wild talk of this unhealthy sect will return to the broad main road of the struggle for the Freedom Charter and the Alliance for Democracy — the Congress Road.

### Circle of Guilt

(Continued from page 15)

is the central character, the boy around whom the book is written, he is not, individually, of tremendous importance to the theme that Dr. Wertham develops. There are thousands of Non-White boys in New York, Negroes, Puerto Ricans and others, subject to the same persecutions and pressures as Santana; there is still something exceptional in his character that made him get a gun and use it. But the boy who has come to such public grief has provided the clues to our society. It is like looking in a mirror, says the author. Some mirrors give an unflattering picture, showing all the unwanted wrinkles. Man cannot truly see himself without wishing that he were different. That is true of society too.

So this book is a plea for our society to examine itself, and that is the first step towards a change.

HILDA WATTS.

Circle of Guilt. By Fredric Wertham. Published by Dennis Dobson. Price 18s.

### Bertolt Brech

(Continued from page 11)

A composer of serious operas, chorales, a violin concerto and several other pieces for the stage and cinema, Weill was Brecht's most celebrated collaborator. He became the leader of the "gebrauchsmusik" ('utility music') movement and ended his career on Broadway with such musicals as "One Touch of Venus", "Street Scene", "Lost in the Stars" (a musical-drama version of "Cry the Beloved Country"), etc., and died in 1951. His score for "Threepenny Opera" is not incidental music or the usual type of theatre-music. He believed that music must not be integrated with the theme of the play. Consequently the tunes of "Threepenny Opera" were deliberately written in a jazz-style and serve as comment and criticism of the text. It is completely unemotional and does not serve to heighten the emotions of the protagonists. In other words it expounds the play which it takes for granted. Some of the songs are called hymns, chorales, etc. Tangos, foxtrots and quick-steps seem to be the order of the day. The result is a masterpiece of the modern musical theatre.

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