

# FIGHTING

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# TALK



## THE UNITED NATIONS, KATANGA and the CONGO

### REVOLT IN THE SCHOOLS

### Swaziland: Zwane on 'ONE MAN ONE VOTE'

Sartre on CASTRO OF CUBA



# The UNITED NATIONS, KATANGA and the CONGO

Operation Katanga was seven vital months too late. WHY? asks a Special Correspondent

The UN clash with Tshombe received 'the full treatment' from the local press: nine-column headlines screaming "War!" special correspondents' reports full of battle reports and military assessments, eye-witness accounts of atrocities, sob-stuff about widows and orphans.

A picture was created of a major war; of a gallant little country fighting courageously for its independence against overwhelming odds; of Tshombe as the man-on-the-white-horse rallying Katanga against the dark forces of international communism, aggression and disorder; of the UN forces as cowardly and incompetent, outclassed by the well disciplined, tough fighting force of the Katanga army.

The picture is patently false.

The 'war' of over two weeks duration produced UN casualties of thirteen — repeat, thirteen — dead. By way of comparison, be it remembered that some weeks ago a man shot and killed five members of his family, then himself, in a five-minute rifle frenzy on the Witwatersrand; and that a crowd armed only with sticks and stones, killed six policemen in a matter of minutes at Cato Manor not very long ago; or — more pertinently — that a small party

of South African policemen with rifles and sten guns shot 87 people to death and wounded some two hundred more in a two-minute burst of gunfire at Sharpeville eighteen months ago.

## Out of Focus

This war was manufactured by the press out of what appears to have been a comparatively minor skirmish. It could be that the press, reputedly hungry for sensation, decided simply that war is bloodier, hence more sensational than skirmish.

But what explains the rest of the reaction to the Congo events — the sudden White South African — Nationalist and UP — enthusiasm for Tshombe? The sudden *volte face* by which the UN becomes the bearer of disorder, and a black Congolese government the custodian of order? The UN's belated decisions to act and the feebleness of its actions?

This is no simple, black-and-white picture. It is as complex as the most complicated political problems of our time; it is made more difficult to understand by the inadequacy, and the distortions of the press.

## Dangling Strings

Some things at least are clear. As, for example, the fact that the vast copper-uranium resources of Katanga are the key to the industrial and financial stability and future of the entire Congo. Without them, the Congo is a state crippled economically as would be Rhodesia without its copper belt, or South Africa without its gold mines.

Union Minière, a combination of British and South African capital, owns

Katanga's copper. And it is not going to relinquish its prize without a struggle. If Tshombe, formally, controls Katanga, Union Minière controls Tshombe. Without Union Minière his army would not be paid, his budget would not balance. Tshombe is a political figurehead for Union Minière, a puppet.

Like most puppets, Tshombe is maintained in power by military force. While the UN last year disarmed and rendered the Congolese Force Publique ineffective, Tshombe built an army on a combination of Union Minière financial resources, and a mercenary officer corps of Belgians, French paratroop generals from Algeria and South African and Rhodesian adventurers.

There is nothing to indicate that he has any popular support in the country; there is nothing to indicate that African civilians took any part in his recent brush with the UN; everything indicates that the resistance to UN came from the white settlers, the officer corps, and paid regular troops, with the African population either hostile or indifferent.

## Ripe for the Picking

In February of this year, UN resolutions called for the dismissal of all Belgian personnel from the Congo, and in particular for the repatriation of Belgians serving on the staff of the Katanga Government. The decision was ignored by Tshombe, and by the Belgians. No steps were taken by UN to see that it was carried out.

These seven months were the vital months, the months in which Tshombe's army was built, trained and equipped.

They were equally vital to the rest of the Congo. During these months, with-

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## **"Why — having decided to move did the United Nations not move effectively?"**

out the financial resources of Katanga, the Congolese economy wasted, and economic breakdown deepened. Unemployment and disillusion spread; it was during these vital months that Patrice Lumumba was deliberately murdered by Tshombe's hirelings; here was the one leader with a political message capable of inspiring the masses, and a policy capable of unifying the Congo and protecting independence. With his death, the Congo situation was one of many-sided crisis — political, economic, financial. A plum ripe for the picking.

The picking has been done under the banners of the UN, by many interests, especially American. The picking, it must be acknowledged, has not been crude — as in Korea — but subtle, quiet, unspectacular. But none the less effective.

The Congo economy has been brought steadily deeper and deeper into dependence on American dominated financial agencies such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. White technical personnel have moved in to key positions in all the government agencies. American aid, with its accompanying domination of local planning and policy, has become the crutch without which the crippled Congo can not even hobble along.

Finally, the ripest fruit. The central Congolese government has been reformed, under Mr. Cyrille Adoula as Prime Minister — without the sanction of the constitution, and without any reference to the Congolese people. This is claimed, brashly, as a victory for the "west" — for America. Adoula, it is apparently believed, is a safe man for American interests; he has been prominent in the International Confederation of Trade Unions (ICTU), a body which has been repeatedly attacked in Africa as an arm of the US State Department. Thus the picking of the Congo is complete — or so it is imagined.

### **Seven Months Behind**

Shortly after its completion, UN forces moved into Katanga, seven months behind the resolution. It is claimed by constitutionalists that they could not move before; there was no authorisation for such move from the Central Congolese government. Adoula, it is said, provided the legal authority only on August 24th, "authorising" the UN to expel Belgians from Katanga. UN moved, with American backing. UN had been the lever to prise out the Belgians and admit the Americans to the rest of the Congo; UN, it was imagined in the United States, would be the lever to ease out the Belgians — and thus the British behind them in Katanga — and open up Katanga for American penetration.

The UN military intervention, such as it was, moved against an almighty uproar of protest from Britain. It is no

longer possible to claim that Britain's rights in Africa were being threatened; this is the age when Britain no longer publicly claims any special rights. There was only one propaganda weapon to use against UN. Shout 'War!' Claim that Katanga — little Katanga — was the victim of unprovoked aggression. Blacken the UN name by repeating stories — real or imaginary, what difference? — of atrocities, shooting at ambulances, machine-gunning of hospitals. The British and South African press, with few exceptions, used every device.

### **Frittered Away**

Thus far, the story is fairly apparent. **But why — having decided to move — did the UN not move more effectively?** It has been suggested by the press that the quality and stubbornness of Tshombe's military resistance surprised them. Perhaps so. Though the casualty figure of 13 UN dead does not make that story likely. It is possible that UN officers on the spot — Indian, Tunisian, Irish — had no enthusiasm for a project which was dictated by American influences elsewhere. It could well be, perhaps, that the US interests overplayed their hand by launching military forces against Katanga.

After the UN was irrevocably committed to military action, Premier Adoula came out in favour of nationalisation of Union Minière when Katanga is brought back in the centralised Congo Republic. Perhaps this accounts for the UN's wavering; caught in the midst of a military operation, they suddenly became aware of the dangers of complete victory — that Tshombe's fall might open the way for nationalisation of the ripest fruit in the Congo orchard. Under such circumstances, would victory in the military-political offensive be less damaging than defeat? **Certainly, UN wavered, temporised, and finally frittered away whatever advantages it had already gained by stalemate and so-called "cease-fire talks" with Tshombe, even after the fighting had ground to a standstill.**

This possibility raises interesting questions about the character of Premier Adoula. It would appear, from the UN actions, that American imperialism imagined that it had Adoula in its pocket. **But has it?** It would seem that it is easier to help a safe, pro-Western candidate into power in the Congo than to make of him an open stooge and hireling of the Tshombe type.

It is unlikely, on the evidence thus far, that Adoula is a puppet of America as Tshombe is of Union Minière. It could well be that American imperialism imagined that it had Adoula in its pocket, and went ahead on that assumption. It would appear that this assumption needs reconsideration. **It is just another of the complexities of the African scene that a leader can lean heavily on American aid and subscribe to Ameri-**

can cold-war policies, and yet have sufficient genuine nationalism to act in a nationally responsible manner on a matter of vital national concern.

No such considerations apply to Tshombe. Here is the stooge and hireling par excellence, complete with the big mouth, bluster and complete lack of any national pride which are everywhere the hall-marks of the toady.

### **Strange Bed-Fellows**

These things do not count with Welensky or Verwoerd. Indeed, they fawn on Tshombe. He is the only ally anywhere in the whole wide world on whose support they can rely completely. Why not? They — and the Anglo-American Corporation — own him, lock, stock and barrel. **All logic is stood on its head to muster support for this "good native."**

Welensky has 2,600 Northern Rhodesians in jail, in order to force the North — with its copper mines — to stay inside his Federation. But no voice is louder than Welensky's in denying the right of UN or anyone else to force Katanga — and its copper mines — into the Congo Republic. Verwoerd's break with the Commonwealth turned finally on his refusal to exchange diplomatic representation with "black" states of independent Africa. But nothing stands in the way of VIP treatment for Katanga cabinet ministers in Pretoria; Eric Louw is photographed with them, beaming in his simian manner; for a simple reason. These are not diplomats in the normal sense of the word, representatives of a sovereign foreign power. These are stooges, trained performing dogs. Nothing is beneath them, neither stooging for Tshombe, nor trading with South Africa when the whole wide world boycotts. They are "good natives", who know their place, and stick to it, without upstart ideas of independence or national equality. **In South Africa itself, they would qualify for membership of Bantu Tribal Authorities.**

Thus, naturally, Tshombe becomes the black white-hope of White South Africa. Bloody hands, with the murder of Lumumba upon them? In Southern Africa we think nothing of such things. Our own governments have Sharpeville, Windhoek, Salisbury and Langa massacres behind them. **Tshombe is a natural ally for white Southern Africa. He is equally, the natural enemy of African liberation, and everyone knows it.** Not a single African state recognises his government. Nor will they do so now, despite the demagogic appeal of his "gallant resistance" to "UN aggression." His regime is caught in the middle — between independent Africa and the rising militant liberationist forces of the South. It cannot long survive. If the UN action has hastened its downfall, then that is about all the good that one can see from its otherwise incompetent action.

ALAN DOYLE discusses

# NON-VIOLENCE—THE END OF THE ROAD?

The South African Treason Trial which began in December 1955 and ended during the State of Emergency in 1960, must surely be one of the most remarkable cases in history. All the resources of the State were mobilised in an attempt to show that the democratic movement, the Congress Alliance, was a Communist conspiracy to seize power by force and violence.

Innumerable documents emanating from the movement were brought into court. Police observers reported on countless meetings held up and down the length and breadth of the country over a period of four years. Voluminous though they were, the documents had naturally been selected by the prosecution to show the movement in the most unfavourable light. The police witnesses to the meetings were — as repeatedly proven by the defence — not only incompetent reporters, but had also selected and noted only those portions of speeches which might be used as evidence against the movement.

## Proving the Opposite

Yet after four weary years of tremendous effort, involving fabulous expenses both to the taxpayers and the accused, the State ended by proving exactly the reverse of what it intended.

The movement, though it included individual Communists (which no one had ever denied) was not itself Communist, but a broad united front, including men and women of widely varied shades of democratic opinion. It was not a conspiracy, but a wide open movement, conducting all its activities in the full view of the public — and the police.

Above all, as borne out by document after document, speaker after speaker, witness after witness, with almost wearying monotony, the movement was peaceable. The insistence on "non-violence" had become a slogan and hallmark of the Congress alliance, echoed repeatedly in its documents and by its spokesmen, Communist and non-Communist alike, reflected in all its practical activities.

Unlike the Indian National Congress under Mahatma Gandhi, the Congress movement in this country had never officially adopted a "philosophy of non-violence" (*satyagraha*) based on effecting a change of heart on the part of the oppressor through sacrifice and suffering by the oppressed.

But it honestly and deeply believed that the sweeping reforms called for in the Freedom Charter, reforms which Congressites are convinced are urgently and vitally necessary in the interests of South Africa, were capable of achievement through the methods of peaceful

mass struggle and resistance to tyranny. And it was devoted to achieving such changes by these methods.

To charges that the changes envisaged in the Charter amounted to a South African Revolution, the Congress replied, in effect, Yes — but a revolution does not necessarily mean fighting and bloodshed. Similar changes have taken place elsewhere without violence; we intend to achieve them without violence, here.

Non-violence did not mean inactivity. Vigorous mass campaigns were embarked upon to build the movement organisationally into a powerful force. Widespread boycotts, stay-at-homes, and other campaigns were embarked upon nationally through the traditional means of meetings, demonstrations and the printed word. At the same time, international aid was sought to bring pressure on the ruling and enfranchised groups in South Africa through exposures of apartheid at the United Nations, Afro-Asian and other international forums, through economic and other sanctions.

In many ways, these dynamic campaigns succeeded in their objectives. They immeasurably raised the political consciousness of the masses of Non-White, subject peoples and filled them with hope and enthusiasm. They transformed the content of political discussion, forcing the central issues of the status and rights of the majority of the people into the consciousness of all who think or care about the future of our country. They put South Africa into the spotlight of world opinion, familiarising the public of five continents with the meaning and unsavoury significance of the word "apartheid."

## No Answering Chord

But the studied moderation and peacefulness of the Congress leaders has struck no answering response from the country's Nationalist leaders or among the bulk of the European electorate.

So far from making concessions or adopting a conciliatory attitude, the proclaimed policy of Verwoerd is that of the granite wall; and each Parliamentary session ends with a new mountain of obnoxious race legislation heaped on the backs of the unfortunate Non-Whites.

The Congress of Democrats, the Liberal Party and the Progressive Party, it is true, represent a dawning of sanity among the Europeans, but they cannot claim to speak for more than a small minority.

At the time of writing I must confess that I see little prospect of the Progressive Party avoiding the fate of the late Labour Party, which paid for its cour-

ageous championship of the Non-White workers (in its last few years of existence) by forfeiting every seat it held in Parliament.

On the other hand, the Nationalist Party has steadily increased its support. In 1943 it won 45 seats in Parliament; in 1948, 70; in 1953, 94 and in 1958, 103. Even allowing for such gerrymandering as the exclusion of Non-White voters, shrewd delimitation of constituencies and the introduction of six Nat. M.P.'s for South-West Africa, these figures indicate a swing-over of the electorate, confirmed by the Nat. success in the republican referendum, when for the first time they succeeded in lining up an absolute majority of votes.

Add to this the steady degeneration of the United Party to the stage where, on most major matters, its policy has become virtually indistinguishable from that of the Government and one is left with a pretty depressing picture of the state of mind of the White minority; determined, it would appear, to extend its privileges and domination, to defend them to the last ditch, rather than concede an inch to the clamour of the majority within the country and the whole wide world beyond.

## Sharp Questions

Faced with this situation, it is inevitable that, increasingly, sharp questions are being raised among the Non-White people as to whether the policy of non-violence, under all and any conditions, can any longer be usefully applied to the present situation, where practically every avenue of peaceful negotiation, representation or protest, has been closed by the Government, every democratic leader banned or otherwise silenced, and the foremost spokesman of the African people, the African National Congress, been declared an unlawful organisation after 48 years of legal existence.

The Government, it is said, is openly inciting and preparing for civil war; it gave its final answer to peaceful approaches at Langa and Sharpeville last year, repeated (lest anyone hoped it had changed its mind) at Warmbaths in 1961. In any case, it is pointed out, people have ceased to observe calls for non-violence, which have no possible application in areas like Pondoland where the least sign of criticism or discontent is answered with the most extreme severities of punishment and physical resistance to violence has become the sole alternative to utter submission.

## Shift of Direction

These problems are discussed with considerable frankness in an article by a special correspondent of the London

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London Evening Standard

"It's all so confusing. Mr. Louw. Do tell me, informally, what is the difference between the Africans and the Afrikaans?"

**Observer**, "Road to Violence in South Africa" (September 17, 1961). He considers that there is a marked shift from the policy of non-violence among Non-White and White opponents of apartheid.

The writer deals at some length with the attitude of the illegal South African Communist Party, as expressed through its journal **The African Communist** and other publications. He quotes an article on lessons of the May-end strike: "With practically every channel of opposition stopped by Dr. Verwoerd's dictatorship, it is inevitable that patriots and democrats will be compelled to an increasing extent to find new methods of struggle which are 'unconstitutional and illegal.'" The journal while paying tribute to the "honest and courageous" leaders of the strike, criticises "the repeated eve-of-strike calls for non-violence from the people (when it was obvious that the police, not the people, were as usual preparing for violence.)"

It is noteworthy, however, that the **Observer** rejects the assumption which one might have expected from a Conservative newspaper — that the Communists are to blame for everything.

### 'Verwoerd is Responsible'

"It is incorrect," he writes, "to assume that Communists are responsible for the present abandonment of the philosophy of non-violence. Dr. Verwoerd is responsible."

Dr. Verwoerd is accused of creating a "classical revolutionary situation." "Throughout South Africa today there is talk of violence among the 13 million Non-Whites". And the reason is that people cannot see any alternative. The **Observer** writer doubts whether Verwoerd can be defeated at the polls, and as for the effect of economic boycotts, these are unlikely to affect the Afrikaner voter in the near future. "Trade with the Afro-Asian countries has been too limited for its cancellation to upset South Africa, whose main customers are the big Western Powers — and whose ever rising gold production pays for half her total exports . . . Britain has nearly £1,000 million invested in South Africa. The United States has more money invested in South African than in all the other African territories put together."

His conclusion? "A change in South Africa seems more likely to come about

from within, not from abroad; and it is more likely to come violently from the Non-Whites than peacefully from the Whites. By removing all safety valves, Dr. Verwoerd is introducing textbook conditions for an explosion."

It would seem that a great many people in South Africa share this conclusion — not least among them the Nationalist Government. True, the other day the Minister of Defence, Mr. Fouche, said that the "Russian" allegation that South Africa was developing its Defence Force to shoot down the Blacks was "a lie out of Hell." The Force was being prepared for defence "against outside attacks." But this statement was in direct contradiction to previous statements by Mr. Fouche and his predecessor, Mr. Erasmus. For example:

"You must not think that we are arming against an external enemy. We are not. We are arming in order to shoot down the Black masses." (Erasmus, reported in "Contact", 26th December, 1959.)

"The maintenance of peace and order internally is the main requirement of any operation against aggression" (Fouche, reported in the State "Fortnightly Digest", April 28., 1961.)

"In the same way as world powers were continually preparing for war, so South Africa intended to be ready for internal trouble." (Fouche, reported in the "Cape Times", March 2, 1961.)

The Nationalists may say that they do not want civil war. Perhaps they may not consciously want it — though much of the sadistic talk one hears these days from the man-in-the-bus-queue and the man-in-the-pub shows that many of their supporters can't wait to get some Non-Whites (unarmed, of course) into their rifle-sights. A man, the lawyers say, must be held responsible for the reasonable consequences of his actions. Whether the Government leaders desire it or not, by intensifying every grievance to the utmost and suppressing every outlet for its legal expression, they are objectively bringing the country nearer to armed conflict every day.

They are playing with fire. To say, as does the **Observer** correspondent, that the Non-White leaders have abandoned non-violence as an invariable principle, does not mean that they are now committed to the path of violence.

They are committed to the goal of a South Africa based on freedom and equality, whatever the cost; but no sane democrat would prefer to gain that goal through bloodshed and suffering so long as there is some other road open.

Yet this country and people cannot breathe in the suffocating dungeon of apartheid and white supremacy and no force can prevent South African from achieving her historic destiny: a society of equals, sharing equal rights, opportunities and responsibilities. The Nationalists cannot prevent us achieving that historic destiny.

What the Nationalists are doing is to make sure that no road is left open to its achievement save that of bloody conflict, in which they rally their misguided supporters to a last-ditch defence of injustice and oppression, without a friend in the world or a hope of victory. That would be their last, and their greatest crime — one for which this and future generations would never forgive them.

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# REVOLT IN THE SCHOOLS

The storming of the Bastille  
in African classrooms is  
described by  
**BENSON DYANTYI**

There have been ugly incidents in the schools, boarding schools to be exact. Schools have been closed and lately, a black list of students who should not be allowed into Bantu Education schools has been circulated to principals.

On May 28, 1960, students at Kilnerton refused to attend the Sunday school inspection on the grounds that their visitors were unceremoniously driven out of the school grounds. One thing led to another. An attempt was made to set the school building on fire and the matron of the girls' hostel was attacked. Afterwards students refused to attend classes. Two boys were suspected of being ring leaders and were taken to a police station to be charged with incitement. Prefects who in any school are the exemplary students, told the authorities that they were responsible for the activities of the students. When it was known that the two boys were to be expelled, the prefects told the authorities the whole school would rise in revolt. . . . The school closed a few weeks later. Admittedly these were not normal times, what with the Sharpeville shootings and the number of school pupils who went to gaol with Sobukwe or who courted arrest but whom the authorities refused to lock up.

The pattern at St. Johns in the biggest Bantustan was similar. The students in this institution revolted because they complained that there was very little soap for them, and that in the lavatories and the bathroom there was no electricity. Whenever students had no money to pay for their fees (they should have added, through no fault of their own) they were chased away like dogs. With no sympathetic ears to hear them, they were forced to take desperate action. A government van was set on fire. To add insult to injury, the Bantu Education administrators who so like the Bantu that they are prepared to hire teachers and build 'model' schools, made criminals out of schoolboys by gaoling them, facing them with charges such as arson and the carrying of dangerous weapons.

Again admittedly, these incidents at St. Johns are taking place in a Transkei pregnant with revolt against authority and the children at St. John's are the sons of the peasants who face the Sigcau's and the Matanzima's.

What would you say to a son who writes to you like this? "The Principal virtually identifies himself with a military dictator. His attitude towards the students is one of contempt. Frequent threats invariably followed by expulsion are the order of the day . . . The school it would appear has turned into a police camp . . . an atmosphere of suspicion dominated by the Special Branch . . . Visitors who happen to call are chased away as they are suspected to be political propagandists."

The leaders of these revolts are senior boys doing their matric or teaching courses. What makes them, or those who have to reach their standards of education jeopardise their future?

It was an eye opener to the class and the teacher who asked a first year Matric boy why Sir George Grey built roads or coaxed people that it was quite obviously because he wanted to grab the land by enabling his troops to move faster! The teacher was flabbergasted because Fowler and Smit didn't say so. Where could the boy have got that?

**Obviously you can't teach a boy about the industrial revolution in England, the French Revolution and the revolt of the thirteen American States and expect him not to see that he is oppressed. You can't expect him to read David Copperfield and accept the indignities of slum life.**

You cannot expect him to say with Wordsworth,

"Bliss was it on that day to be alive  
But to be young was very heaven",  
and not envisage a revolution in his own life, however far from France.

What matriculant does not want to repeat that famous Tennis Court Oath, "Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and we won't be driven out except by swords."

Academic education has always been the yardstick of success amongst Africans because the law prevents Africans doing skilled work, thus blocking other types of education.

A schoolboy in an illiterate family becomes the adviser of the family in interpreting legal documents and writing letters to important distant relations.

There has always been a joke amongst students that when you pass Std. VI, the family frames your certificate to show off to relatives. When you pass the Junior Certificate, the other children are starved to buy you suits so that you can show off to other children. When you pass Matric, you are the pride of the community, consulted on everything important. If you have a degree, you are

entertained by the best families in your locale and you are good enough for anybody's daughter.

These then are the boys who are leaders of the revolts in the schools. How can you expect them to accept insults like, "Your hair is as short as your brain"; "I am talking to that boy who is as black as my shoes." These insults might be levelled at individual boys but when there is agitation against what the students feel to be a common cause, these individual insults make the student body rise up as one. Individual insults are the catalysts for the big bang.

It is true that the parent and the book evolve a boy but without the teacher the process cannot be completed.

Until recently, the teacher was a lay preacher in the church as well as an adviser of the community. It was S. E. K. Mqhayi who thought of the concept of a united African Nation as against the separate tribes. To make his fellow Xhosas understand this, he started distributing the stars, by which Xhosas counted their years of manhood, amongst the other tribes. It was a teacher, J. J. R. Jolobe who in one of his poems proved that the ceilings against which the African is struggling will themselves be destroyed. Was it not D. D. T. Jabavu, Africa's teacher, who proved to what heights an African can rise? Is Tambo not an ex-teacher or for that matter Sobukwe? How then can you expect the teacher of today to refuse to play his role in the class room?

I remember as a scholar our history teacher telling us that what he was about to teach us was not meant for the examination room. After that he would tell us about the causes of the French Revolution and liken them to our status. He would explain why we had not enough books, because our parents could not afford the money, and why they couldn't. Every Friday, there was a study period where we could ask any question under the sun and the answers were frank. I have been talking to teachers recently and they told me that in their classes they will tell children anything. Why do teachers do that?

**It would be expecting too much of a slave to teach fellow slaves servility.** The general laws of the country apply as much to the teacher as to the pupil. When there is a Sharpeville, the student and the teacher are both shocked and must discuss the matter as fellow slaves. The low wages paid the African teacher compared to his white colleague teaching at the same school make him resentful and he will explain this to his students.

(Continued on page 11)

FIGHTING TALK, OCTOBER, 1961.

# 'ONE MAN ONE VOTE' FOR SWAZILAND

In dealing with the subject of the franchise in relation to the Swazi, we should first consider the position in which the Swazi now finds himself under British Protection.

Ndabaningi Sithole in his book *African Nationalism*, makes the following remarks, "History has taught the African many things. The French occupied North West and Equatorial Africa in the name of Protection, but that turned out to be humiliating domination. The British occupied Central, East and West Africa in the name of Protection but that turned out to be humiliating domination. The Portuguese occupied Mozambique and Angola in the name of Protection but that turned out to be humiliating domination. The Belgians occupied what is now the Belgian Congo and that also turned out to be humiliating domination."

Our protectors came Bible in one hand and sjambok in the other, they came hymn on their lips and hate in their hearts. Their techniques of domination can roughly be classified as economic domination, social domination, educational domination, sexual domination and political domination. The imperialists are afraid that if the African is given the vote white supremacy will be liquidated. They fear that with the end of white supremacy in the continent their vested economy in the continent will also be liquidated; hence, the cry "Do not give the African the vote."

## Obstacles

The Swazi, however, should not be perturbed by these obstacles. The Swazi should realise that in demanding the vote he is not begging for some favour from the imperialists. He is merely asking them to give back to him his God-given right — a right to have a say on the way one is governed.

**When the Swaziland Progressive Party asks for the enfranchisement of all citizens it merely requests that the right of every citizen be recognised.**

Jeremy Bentham, arguing on the side of universal enfranchisement contended that if a man claimed the suffrage for any one human being but refused it to another it lay upon him to justify the refusal. In Mr. C. S. Lewis' words "all men are so good that they deserve a share in the government and so wise that the Commonwealth needs their advice."

But in our opinion the most powerful argument in support of universal suffrage is to be found in J. S. Mill's *Representative Government*. "It is a personal injustice to withhold from the ordinary citizen the privilege of having his voice heard in the disposal of affairs in

by DR. A. P. ZWANE,  
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which he has the same interest as other people. If he is compelled to pay, if he may be compelled to fight, if he is required implicitly to obey, he should be legally entitled to have his consent asked and his opinion counted at its worth, though not at more than its worth. There ought to be no pariahs in a full grown and civilised Nation; no person disqualified except through their default."

## Non-racial Policy

The Swaziland Progressive Party stands for a non-racial policy. We wish to warn the people of Swaziland that a non-racial policy is the only solution to our problems; Multi-racialism will only propagate discrimination. And the Swazi people are now sick and tired of discrimination. It must go. We are aware however, that in Southern Rhodesia Imperialism is still holding on. The number of Africans given the vote is only 50,000. Britain's only fear is that this number of African voters may soon far exceed the number of white voters. Where is this democracy the West is so ready to speak about? It is mere bluff, mere eye-wash.

**There is no democracy until every tax-payer has been given the vote.**

The Swazis should, however, not be daunted by this. In *African Nationalism*, Ndabaningi Sithole has this to say, "If Africa is denied Western democracy, then it is only natural and right for Africa to forge on the anvil of necessity other political ideologies accessible to her. Westerners do not want her to go democratic since the latter process would liquidate White Supremacy. Western democracy in Africa carries in her womb not democracy but dictatorship. It is futile, unstatesmanlike and ridiculous to expect a people who are denied democracy to fall for Western democracy in the event of crisis. People defend that which they enjoy, not that which oppresses them."

Now, for the Swazi, let the cry be for democracy in full. We want the franchise, we want democracy!

In detail our demands are clear and unequivocal.

First, we want the vote and with the right to vote goes everything: freedom, manhood, the honour of our wives, the chastity of our daughters, the right to work and the chance to rise, and let no man listen to those who deny this. We

want full manhood suffrage, and we want it NOW, henceforth and for ever. Second, we want discrimination in public accommodation to cease. Separation in railways and public vehicles based simply on race and colour is unAfrican, undemocratic, and silly. We protest against all such discrimination.

Third, we claim the right of free men, to walk, talk and be with them that wish to be with us. No man has a right to choose another man's friends, and to attempt to do so is an impudent interference with the most fundamental human privilege.

Fourth, we want the laws enforced against rich as well as poor; against capitalist as well as labourer; against white as well as black. We are not more lawless than the white people; we are more often arrested, convicted and mobbed. We want justice even for criminals and outlaws. We want the constitution of the country overhauled.

## Our Children's Education

Fifth, we want our children educated. The school system in the country districts of Swaziland is a disgrace and in a few towns and villages the Swazi schools are what they ought not to be. **We want a national government that will wipe out illiteracy in Swaziland.**

And when we call for education we mean real education. We believe in work. We ourselves are workers, but work is not necessarily education. We want our children trained as intelligent beings should be, and we will fight for all time against any proposal to educate boys and girls simply as servants and underlings, or simply for the use of other people. They have a right to know, to think, to aspire.

Those are some of the chief things which we want. How shall we get them? By voting when we may vote; by persistent, unceasing agitation; by hammering at the truth; by sacrifice and work.

We do not believe in violence, neither in the despised violence of the raid nor the laudable violence of the soldier, nor the barbarous violence of the mob; but we do believe in Lumumba, in that incarnate spirit of justice, that hatred of a lie, that willingness to sacrifice money, reputation, and life itself on the altar of right. And here in Africa we consecrate ourselves, our honour, our property for the final emancipation of the nation which Lumumba died to make free.

## Our Demand

Those who are anxious to deny the Swazi the vote propose that when the time for elections shall have come all Swazis will gather in selected courts or *inkhundia* as we call them in Swazi.

(Continued on page 11)

# A Tour With Fidel Castro

## LEADER OF CUBA'S REVOLUTION

by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

The first Saturday of the Carnival we had watched the parade and the dances of the 'comparsas' as we wandered among the celebrating crowds. I went to bed at 5 o'clock in the morning. Two hours later I was brusquely woken by the alert voice of Franqui telling me that Castro was coming to pick me up at 7.45. At 7.45 the telephone rang to say that Dr. Castro was waiting for me in the lobby. I wasn't ready. It was only ten minutes later that I got to the bottom of the stairs.

Castro wasn't in the lobby; it was as if the marble and chandeliers had stopped him dead on the threshold. He was outside, under the canopy, one foot on the bottom step. On his right was a young woman in uniform, his Secretary, Celia. She had guided the rebels to the Sierra after their landing, had stayed with them and fought with them. She was famous.

I rushed up to him to apologise. He greeted me, but remained morose; he was irritated not so much by our lateness, as by the absence of an interpreter: Arococha hadn't been warned in time and was being looked for. Meanwhile we waited, ill at ease. I gazed at this sullen giant who wasn't looking at me. He was wearing the simple rebel uniform: khaki shirt and pants, black boots up to the knee. Everything seemed very clean but worn.

We left instructions to Arococha to catch us up, and set off; anything was better than this stupid tension. Conversation continued, slowly and sparsely in English. We rode along the coast, besides wide stretches of pale sand. Before 1950 these beaches were up for sale with the nearby villas; the poor could not set a foot on Cuban sand. Since the liberation, they are national property. Then we were moving along a cross-country road. On our left, a little above us, we saw a fence; men in Cuban shirts and straw hats were watching us. There was an awkward hairpin bend, on a road which was rising sharply; the car slowed down, and one of them at once jumped on the bonnet. We had to stop or run him down. The car came to a halt, and was immediately captured by the peasants.

All the doors were opened: straw hats and brown heads leant in around Castro. Long argument: the co-operative wanted Fidel to pay it a visit while Fidel said he had to continue his trip. They explained to him that the co-operative was proud of being in front of schedule: they still hadn't received the plan from INRA\*, and for more than a month now, every Sunday, with the help of workers from the town, they had begun to build their village, which would be ready within a month.

"Come, Fidel, come! Come and see what we're doing!" Suddenly I saw Castro standing out on the road. He was frowning, and appeared more mistrustful than impressed. He crossed the road in great strides and pushed through the fence, with us at his heels. The peasants — tall and thin — hemmed me in, and I lost sight of him. Suddenly I heard him cry in a reproving, upset voice: "But where is the village? Where is the village?"

Disconcerted, the peasants drew away. Everyone looked at him; he had eyes only for the small huts of reinforced concrete, grey under their blazing corrugated iron roofs and strung out along the dusty road. Castro turned towards them, he seemed vexed.

"Look at them!" he said, pointing at the grey houses, "look at them. But, you poor bastards, you're the ones who've got to live in them."

Wounded, a young man said: "Then we were wrong to start in advance? It was you who asked us to gain time, and now you . . ."

"No, you weren't wrong," said Castro. He hesitated: "Give me a stick".

They brought him a branch. He tried to sketch a plan in the dust. He threw the branch away.

"Give me a bit of cardboard and some charcoal". There was a rush to get them. They brought him the materials. He said: "Good. Look!"

He lay down on the ground, on his stomach; leaning on his left elbow as he spoke, with his right he drew heavy coal lines on the cardboard. I leant over with the others. I understood: he wasn't copying the INRA plan; the co-operative had gone too far away from it to return without demolishing everything they had built so far. Fidel was trying, with the passion I now observed in everything he did, to adapt the plan to the circumstances, to give them a model which was livable and which was at the same time the closest possible to the previous disorder. At the end he raised his head and held out the plan.

"Do you understand?"

I looked at them with curiosity; how would they receive this additional task? Their eyes shone — and I realised they had understood quicker and better than I. Castro had explained to them the point of a circular construction; and then, above all, instead of referring them to the INRA plan, he had devised a compromise solution, valid only for their village and taking into account their previous efforts. They had lost time, but in compensation they felt themselves the object of a special concern; they felt that this colossus lying in the dust loved them.

In the afternoon we left the coast; and it was then that I discovered, in the fierceness of the demands they made on each other, the quality of the human relationship uniting leader and peasant.

Castro made a sign, the car left the road and entered the <sup>is.</sup> We were thrown around on the stony ground as though on board a pitching ship. In the distance, like a threat — I saw one everywhere — the scrub, ready to recapture the entire surface of the island at the least piece of negligence: like spiders, hostile and imminent on the horizon, waiting to launch an invasion.

We stopped in front of a group of 7 or 8 workers. Behind them, an agricultural machine; to their right, the car belonging to the co-operative. They had seen us coming, and hadn't doubted for a moment that it was Castro. The two sides grappled immediately; they began as soon as greetings were exchanged. But somehow, this underlined their warmth. These people didn't know each other, they had never shaken hands, but such formalities could be reduced to a minimum because they were all of a same family, with the same interests and the same needs.

Castro greeted them gravely: the peasants said: "Hullo, Fidel". And, straightaway, he began his questions: "How much? When? Why isn't more being done? Why aren't things going quicker?"

The replies came as rapidly: because the difficult jobs had been given to people unable to do them. The oldest, dark and about 40, with greying temples, called the others to witness: he knew better than anyone else how to drive and repair tractors; he had said it and proved it to the man in charge who out of obstinacy had retained an incompetent in this important position.

INRA: Cuba's National Institute of Agrarian Reform.



"Give me a tractor", he said to Fidel, "and I'll show you straightaway what I can do."

In cases like these, Castro feels pulled two ways. His taste for immediate relationships, his revolt against all forms of hierarchy, prompt him to settle the question sovereignly on the spot; I can easily imagine him saying: "Go and get the tractor." Yet the hierarchy which he would disrupt if he did this is INRA, which he himself set up and which he is in general very satisfied with.

He knows that he is, in a curious way, a constant factor of disorder: the fact is that as he tours the island and can be met everywhere in it, work-groups, of whatever kind, find it natural to demand that he solve their problems in person; why should they be satisfied with the first or second instance when the supreme instance is so close at hand?

I had seen Celia scribble some lines in her note-book a minute before: I knew that Castro would find out about the situation; he would not allow a wastage of productive forces which might brake all the schemes already under way.

But I also saw that he would not be induced to disavow those in charge, men whom in any case he didn't know.

"Go and see your leaders here!" A young man at once protested: "They're the ones that have made the mistakes; it's no good counting on them to recognise them".

"Go with them to the head of the region," said Castro patiently.

But from this moment I saw that he wanted to leave: the enquiry was over, he would tell Jimenez, but for the time being he didn't want to vindicate or condemn anybody. He went back brusquely to the car, cutting the workers short. As I got in after him I saw a truck pass along the road and disappear in a cloud of dust.

Half-turn. Behind us, our disappointed interlocutors were gesticulating. We jolted along the road for 3 or 4 kilometres. And then, suddenly, it was blocked; women, children and old people formed a solid mass against us, determined not to let us pass.

Fresh stop; I was beginning to become familiar with these tactics. Once brought to a halt, the car was rapidly infested. Suffocating heat; I saw hands, faces leaning in, I was breathing fire.

Fidel growled. Arcocha translated for me: "He says it was that bloody truck which gave us away." He added anxiously: "It'll give the alarm from one end of the road to the other. We're sunk."

Women leant in and stretched out their open hands; some only wanted to touch him, others tried to grab hold of him to get him out of the car.

"The people demand that you come and see our village" said a matron, rather nobly.

Fidel yielded. In fact he had no choice. He got out, we got out after him; I saw him towering head and shoulders above the crowd, but solidly hemmed in. He was looking morose again, he wore an air of uncertainty and even of timidity.

"He will go as far as the entrance of the village" said Celia, "and then he will try to cut things short and get away; keep close to the doors and you can jump in the car straightaway." We didn't even have a chance to flee; the dust rose along the road we had just come down, swirled like a whirlwind, come closer and subsided, revealing an ancient car which had just pulled up behind our own. We immediately recognised the 7 men crammed inside; they were the unappeased peasants whom we had just left. They too had seen the lorry pass, and had foreseen that their wives, warned in time, would delay Fidel, and that they would have the time to catch him up; they were set on continuing the interview. Continue it they did, and Fidel acquiesced. Without good grace, but without ill will. I must admit that I quickly lost track; Arcocha was no longer at my side, he had been tossed and swept away by this exuberant and tropical crowd, then suddenly I got the impression that the conversation had moved on to something different.

Other young people joined in, and then some of the aged. The tone was always the same: urgent, spirited and friendly, yet unremittingly tense. Castro let them do the talking to

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*'What is going on in Cuba today is no mere palace revolution at the top, in which one oligarchy has ousted another. This is a social revolution involving the masses of the Cuban people, and its aim is not to instal a new set of rulers but to work out a new social order.'*

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Walter Lipmann.  
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begin with. Then someone made a remark which seemed to embarrass him. I saw, for a flash, Castro's habitual anxious, earnest grimace; then he began to speak, forcefully but without violence. The older men supported him, it was the end. We went back to the car. Castro was cheered, and we were allowed to make off.

In the car, Arcocha said to me: "At the end, we were talking of just about everything." Castro turned towards us, smiling.

"I tricked them."

"How?" I asked.

"We got on to rice. We've laid down how much should be grown per caballeria, and one of the young ones attacked me: in his father's time, they grew twice as much."

He was laughing now. "Jimenez and his men know well enough why they have limited the amount; I myself had no idea. But as I trust INRA and as they've cut the rice quota 100%, it must be that previous experience gave bad results. I played the lousy trick of playing off the older men against the young."

"And? . . ."

"Then they all remembered: above the quantity which we've established, the rice becomes watery and inedible."

Celia looked in the mirror. "They're still following us," she said. And in fact, on turning round I saw the seven peasants in their car.

"It's like a hunt", said Castro, "it amuses them. In any case, it's Sunday . . ."

As he spoke, the car was once again stopped and mobbed by a crowd. Another village, another co-operative. Here they didn't ask for anything: they just looked, and cheered. Yet no: they parted and pushed a priest in a long white robe, obviously very intimidated, up to the front:

"Go on", they said, "speak to him, now's your chance, don't let it slip."

The priest called Castro 'Fidel' like the others, he spoke very fast; he had to explain the idea of his life, and his time was short; he had a real peasant face, he looked like his parishioners. But his soft and modulated voice seemed to indicate a genuine culture; he had, he said, explored the district for 20 years with German geologists and experts whose names he quoted, and who it seems are authorities in their field; he was absolutely certain that the sub-soil contained important deposits of petroleum, which could be exploited straightaway; all the more so as he had perfected new instruments and techniques for extraction which were less expensive and more suited to the local terrain. I remember the exact wording of his appeal:

"Fidel, I am sure of what I am saying. If you believe me, give me a million. If I don't earn Cuba double the amount in two years, have me shot!"

Castro smiled; he never commits himself as far as I could see, but Celia makes a note. The seven peasants got out of their car for a minute, wanting to pursue the interrupted argument. But the village was more interested in its priest than in their misadventures; they gave up, I think, for lack of support. They went back home when we left, but one thing struck me: Castro had never once forbidden them to follow him.

This diminution of our escort was scarcely noticeable, in any case: the relentless truck-driver had alerted the entire countryside.

After we had left the village priest, I asked Castro: "What do you think of his story?"

"Petroleum?" he answered, "why not? For a long time now expert surveys have indicated deposits of natural gas in this area."

He was going to go on when we were stopped. This time it was a single negro, massive and furious; he emerged from

a wall as we were passing through a small town with low houses, and threw himself on us. He struck the bonnet of the car violently several times with the flat of his hand.

"You fool!" he said angrily to Fidel. "Take care of your life, its ours not yours! What are you doing in the front of this car? You know very well you can be shot at there or you might crash into a lorry. What would we do then? We would be in a nice fix. Go and sit in the back with Celia and do me the pleasure of making these people who are lounging at the back sit up in the front."

"They're my guests" said Castro with a smile.

The negro shrugged his shoulders: "So what? Take them around as much as you want, but if someone has to die, it's better if it's them."

Some children came running towards us, shouting; he saw them and very gracefully withdrew: "You'd better move off", he said, "you're in a hurry; it won't be me who holds you up."

Fidel smiled broadly at him, the negro returned the smile, but shook his finger at him; the car bounded forward towards new adventures.

It stopped ten times more: it was an omnibus. We picked up an old peasant woman who was waiting for a bus and put her down in her village; neither Castro nor his ministers refuse hitchhikers.

I had a hundred images in my memory: they were going to become confused, it was a pity. I said to Arcocha: "I am going to forget these faces, they are going to get mixed up. I regret it, each of these peasants had such a strong personality! And then, they are individualists; each one hopes that one day Castro will be there before him; meanwhile they think; each one according to his character works out some invention or some criticism, but it is always the same thought they return to it every day. I've felt everywhere, that they were suddenly coming out with their *idee fixe*, explaining it at top speed, and without ever having to improvise."

"Say that to Castro," said Arcocha.

"Very well, translate it."

He did so. Castro smiled at me: the ice was broken. We spoke of the peasants: he too thought them the greatest individualists. What excited and moved him in the co-operatives was the tension between the common will and the free personality of each:

"When the leaders are good, the workers passionately want to work together: it is in their interest and they feel it. But what pleases me in them is that they all remain individual persons."

"Exactly what I noticed", I said, "In spite of the round hats, the Cuban shirt and sometimes the machete, nobody is like anybody else. Do they know how to read?"

"The ones we've just seen? Probably not, most of them."

"And yet these people who can't read or write seemed truly cultivated to me. Can you explain it?"

"It's because they think", he said. "All the time. The revolution was a kind of release; in each of them, thought began to move. It won't stop again in a hurry."

We were back again on the coast, on a good road. The sea was violet in the setting sun.

"So many demands!" I said to him. He said:

"How else do you want them to realise their freedom? They demand everything of us. That's our bad luck. We beat some mercenaries and ever since they've thought we can do anything."

He lit his cigar and added rather sadly: "They wrong: It's much easier for a hundred brave men to rout 5,000 bad soldiers than for six billion enthusiastic workers to double production in a year. You see, it's our existence and our success that have given them this inalienable right: to demand; and yet it's we who must say to them: not yet, not this year."

"When they drag you out of the car?" said Simone de Beauvoir, "you look, at least for the first few minutes, in a very bad mood. Is my impression right?"

He turned towards her and looked at her in surprise, without replying, as always earnest when he is being talked about. But Celia said quickly:

"It's true, it's absolutely true."

"I suppose it must be" he said. "I'm happy when they surround me and jostle me. But I know they are going to ask me for things they have a right to receive, but which I have no means of giving."

We were travelling through sugar-fields, into a small town. A man rose up out of nowhere, waving his arms. He didn't try to stop the car, he simply cried:

"A factory, Fidel, a factory!" and let us pass.

"Three years ago" said Castro, "he would have asked for a job in a government office. You see the progress." He would like all the sugar-workers to find work in industry for the 8 months of their unemployment. Unfortunately, this won't happen tomorrow. And if a man like this one by the side of the road must wait for industrialisation, how long will he keep his *élan*?

He fell silent and turned towards the windscreen. This time I saw him draw once or twice on his cigar. But nobody dared to start the conversation up again. I suddenly remembered an anecdote Oltusky had told me, which now took on a new meaning for me. One evening, a few days before my arrival, a council of ministers was to be held. Everyone was there on time except Castro; his colleagues, leaning out of the window, finally discovered him below surrounded by a hundred or so young women shouting and crying. Castro escaped, entered the building by one of the doors, wandered about in the corridors and only reached the conference room much later. He was grave:

"Some girls held me up."

"We know," they said, "They follow you everywhere".

"They're claiming their rights," he said and sat down.

These young women, as far as I remember, wanted to be teachers; a private school, more or less swindling them, had taken their money, a year's work and issued them with a diploma which they told them was officially recognised by the State and gave them the right to teach. The diploma, of course, was worthless; the young women went to the Minister of Education and were told that they had been the victims of a swindle and could get no job. Ever since they had wept and waited for Castro at every street-corner.

The ministers waited for the meeting to begin. But Castro remained grave and silent. One of the young men standing near the window looked down and saw that the tearful chorus was still there.

Castro finally said in a tired voice:

"Something must be done for them". He wasn't speaking to anybody in particular. He repeated himself, turned, and this time spoke to Hart: "You'll do something for them . . ."

Hart protested: not in order to refuse to help them, but to justify himself.

"They're not just victims" he said, "they're more than half accomplices as well. They've always failed the State examinations. Several times over, in fact, which excludes them from trying again. They knew perfectly well those private diplomas weren't worth anything, they just wanted them to force our hand." The whole meeting agreed and gave Castro to understand that they were all wasting precious time: the girls had let themselves be tricked in order to trick the State, and they should be sent packing. Castro didn't move:

He repeated softly but firmly: "They must be given something, Armando". Everyone asked why. He answered with conviction but without any other explanation:

"Because they demand it."

He pointed down to the courtyard: "They've come, and waited, and cried." The others asked in surprise: "And that's enough?"

He nodded and said with such force: "Yes, that's enough," adding he felt it best to settle the affair on the spot: the

private certificates would be denied all validity, but although they had forfeited the right, they would be allowed to take the official examinations again.

Oltusky finished simply: "He had given us a lesson". I didn't answer; I thought I recognised in Castro an idea which was so dear to me I didn't want to ask about it, except to him.

Now, in the soft grey light of the evening, I looked at his broad shoulders in front of me and decided I must ask him.

"All those who ask, whatever they ask for, have a right to obtain it . . ." I said. Arcocha translated. Fidel didn't reply. I insisted:

"Is that what you think?" He drew on his cigar and answered violently:

"Yes."

"Because all demands in one way or another express a need."

He replied without turning round:

"A man's need is his fundamental right over all other men."

"And if someone asked you for the moon?" I said, sure of the answer.

"If someone asked me for the moon, it would mean they needed it."

I have few friends; I value friendship too greatly. After this reply, I felt that he had become one of them; but I didn't want to waste his time by announcing this. I said simply: "You call the Cuban revolution a humanism. Why not? I recognise only one humanism, one founded neither on work nor on culture, but on need."

"There is no other" he said. And then turning towards Simone de Beauvoir:

"It's true, now and then they intimidate me; thanks to us they are daring to discover their needs, they have the courage to understanding their sufferings and to demand that they be ended, as men should. And what are we giving them?"

His train of thought swerved sharply, but I had no difficulty in following it. He said abruptly:

"We have to demand his utmost from each man. But I will never sacrifice this generation to the next. It would be too abstract."

## SCHOOL REVOLT

(Continued from page 6)

Our African students come from homes where they were told to pursue their studies so that they should not be miners or road diggers like their fathers. They lead because they have at last grasped the truth that father is a road digger because he was not educated. They have grasped the truth that it is not because Africans are backward that they empty pails of dirty water on the streets. They have learnt to clamour for drains.

The principal's office or residence is the symbol of lauthority and so pupils have decreed, should go up in flames like the Bastille; or in the case of St. Matthews in the early forties, the principal who claimed to be a Christian must be crucified, his feet taking the place of Christ's hands. Are these revolts against Bantu Education or the policies of the Government?

I talked to a boy who had left school and said he preferred to work because he was afraid that by 1984, the children who are now attending school will have two heads like a hydra; he even gave a scientific name for the species, *Homo Eiselenitis*.

Maybe the boy had read too much science fiction but when he said that I remembered that the junior students at Fort Hare had demanded that their seniors take action against the dictatorial Rector. When the seniors complained that they couldn't they were threatened with poison pen letters reminding them that after all they were getting a third grade education. The seniors acted and the S.R.C. constitution was thrown out.

It is in the same Fort Hare that the Governor-General Van Zijl under the United Party Government was boycotted. St. Matthews, Healdtown, Lovedale and St. John had their riots before the Nationalists came in. The pattern has been the same as today; these revolts are motivated by politics. It would be

extreme naivete not to recognise as political the demand that no scholar should be chased away if his fees have not been paid.

An African student lives under fear, fear of expulsion if he has not the right uniform, the right books and fear that the parents will not pay the fees on the right date. There is always fear that he will be fired if he breaks some of the school regulations like being found out of bounds.

This constant fear is never understood by the so-called moulders of a young mind. It is this ever-present revolt against victimisation because of the poverty of one's parents that makes the situation always inflammable. Some of the principals are careerists who have neither the understanding of the situation nor the sympathy to handle children who are in a changing but stultified society. With the insecurity of the whole nation and an urge to see a change for the best, there will always be these revolts and more especially under Bantu Education the situation will be ugly until the B.E.D. will find itself closing all the schools, instead of circulating black lists which the students regard as a roll of honour.

If the parent has no stake in the society where the child has to be brought up, the child will sense this. A student searches after truths and not half truths. If taught half truths he will find the truth and will be angry because he will think he has been cheated, while the family was sacrificing for him to learn the truth. Our High School students occupy the position of universities in other countries in the war for liberation.

## SWAZILAND

(Continued from page 7)

Then one man will stand up and say I propose the name of so and so, the son of so and so and the people will reply "carried" (*elethu*).

This primitive method of conducting elections which was in vogue in Europe before the invention of paper should now be discarded. It is a most retrogressive way of choosing representatives.

As a tax-payer, I should be free to choose my representative in the Legislature by secret ballot, without fear of victimisation from the Induna or the chief.

If this is done in Nyasaland, in Bechuanaland, in Basutoland, in Tanganyika, in Kenya, in Sierra Leone, let alone in many other parts of the world, should it not be done in Swaziland?

People should realise that the Swazis are now becoming impatient. We want our political rights here and now and there is nothing to stop us from getting them. After all, these rights are ours, we are not begging for them as the imperialists are inclined to think.

### The Stooges

There are some Africans in this country, who occupy senior Government positions and spend most of their time helping the imperialists to oppress the Swazis. So much for that, but now when a Swazi goes to the Swazi King to seek the Protection of the King's Blanket, what does he find? He finds these stooges, these Tshombes lying at the King's gates. Dear God, where will the Swazi go to? The answer is the vote. The stooges must be booted out by the vote before they perform the Tshombe atrocity on the Swazi people.

Forward to a Free and Independent Swaziland!! NOW OR NEVER!!

# Africa's Trade Union Federation

by KUMAR GOSHAL, writing from GHANA

After a series of preliminary meetings, heads of 45 union organisations from almost all countries in Africa, representing about 3 million workers, formed the All-African Trade Union Federation.

There was hot debate at this meeting, although no one opposed the basic concept of unity of African unions. The major bone of contention was the requirement that all African unions sever their ties with international union organisations. On the basis of giving members ten months to leave other organisations, agreement was reached.

The charter was adopted by acclamation. It called for positive neutrality, support for colonial liberation and oppo-

sition to foreign interference of any kind in the affairs of African nations.

Moroccan trade union leader Mahjoub Ben Seddik was elected president. A seven-man secretariat composed of representatives of Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Morocco, Kenya, the United Arab Republic and the Provisional Algerian government was set up.

There were many reasons why African union leaders decided to form the AATUF. They had observed with dismay the division of the world union movement into the World Federation of Trade Unions and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. They have been repelled by the American

AFL-CIO programme pouring thousands of dollars into Africa to obtain allegiance of African unions in countries still ruled by foreign powers, when the U.S. itself rarely supported freedom movements in such countries and often allied itself with the ruling powers.

It has been asserted that British and American unions have developed a bitter rivalry over control of African unions. Most galling to independence-minded African unionists has been the British and American advice that unions in Africa should confine activities to wages-and-hours issues and not get involved in politics.

## Interview with J. Tettegah, of Ghana's Trade Unions

John K. Tettegah, secretary-general of the Ghana Trade Union Congress, explained the AATUF view to me. Tettegah is a dynamic, eloquent young man, whose career will be worth watching. Words pour out of him, trying to keep pace with his swift thoughts.

Behind the enormous desk in his office, he answered my questions forthrightly. He said: "Have you noticed that ICFTU — and that means largely AFL-CIO — activities in Africa are mostly in countries where Africans are still struggling to be free? Isn't it preposterous for American and British trade unionists to tell African workers not to be involved in politics, when it is political power that enables their employers to exploit them economically?"

"It is strange to hear the British TUC telling African workers to 'keep out of politics' when its own leaders are affiliated with the Labour Party in Britain. British workers had to go into politics to protect their interests, although they live in a free country. Most African workers today don't even live in free countries. How can they try to better themselves 'legally' or 'peacefully' when, in South Africa, for instance, it is illegal for them even to organise trade unions.

"Also, have you ever thought about how western trade unions have been able to obtain better wages and working

conditions peacefully? They have been able to do so because their employers have made fortunes out of the hides of colonial workers like the Africans and have thrown a few morsels to their domestic workers. Tell me, instead of giving us impertinent advice, why doesn't the AFL-CIO spend its hundreds of thousands of dollars in helping free the Africans in South Africa, the Africans in the Portuguese colonies and the people of Algeria?"

### The Issue

"But Mr. Tettegah," I said, "some of the countries like Kenya and Tanganyika, where you said American money is being used to influence the trade unions, are more or less on their way to independence. Tanganyika is to become independent on December 9. Surely there the struggle for independence is nearly over, isn't it?"

"That's only partly true," he replied. "We feel that the Western powers are worried by our decision to build a socialist society, adapted to the needs of Africa. They are trying to protect their investments, their interests in colonies on their way to freedom, by using the trade unions against, say, possible nationalisation of industries when these colonies become independent. They are trying to weaken the political movement

in these countries by politically neutralising the workers of these countries."

"By calling on AATUF members to leave international organisations," I asked, "are you trying to isolate the African trade unions?"

"Not at all," Tettegah said. "We have not thrown overboard the noble concept of solidarity of the workers of the world. But the Western trade unions have been treating us patronisingly, attempting to impose on us the way they run their own unions, even forgetting the bloody battles they had to fight to establish their rights. What do the Western trade union bureaucrats know about our struggles for freedom from colonial rule? We resent their condescending attitude. We want genuine unity of the workers of the world, in which the African trade union movement is treated as a full and equal partner. Only a strong, united, free African trade union movement in a free Africa can demand and receive such equality."

### No Conspiracy

"Is it true, as I have heard," I asked, "that you are also using Ghana money to help trade unions in other African countries?"

"Of course it is true," Tettegah said, laughing. "Is that supposed to be shocking? If it is all right for American dollars to be used to persuade the African trade unions to lean toward the West, why should it be wrong for us to use Ghana pounds to protect the interest of Africans? Besides, we are not involved in any conspiracy. Let me show you how it works."

Tettegah pulled out of a drawer a file of letters and showed me a letter from Rhodesian African workers who needed money. He said: "These are our brothers. Do you expect us to turn down their appeal? Sure we help them, and we will help African workers everywhere to the best of our ability."

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PAGES FROM  
SOUTH AFRICA'S  
TRADE UNION  
HISTORY BOOK

The need to organise Africans was recognised early on in South Africa. The **International Socialist League**, at its January 1916 Conference resolved that the organisation of the African workers was necessary for —

“the lifting of the native workers to the political and industrial status of the White”.

It organised classes for Africans where the history of the working class movement was discussed; and decided to organise an all-in union for unskilled workers called the **Industrial Workers of Africa**. Its motto was “Sifuna Zonke” (We want everything.) It made the following appeal:

“There is only one way of deliverance for the Bantu workers, unite! Forget the things that divide you. Let there be no longer any talk of Basuto, Zulu or Shagaan. You are all labourers. Let labour be your common bond”.

### The 1918 'Bucket Strike'

The African workers in the Transvaal began to move. In 1918 the famous “bucket strike” took place when 152 African workers employed by the Johannesburg Sanitary Department struck for better pay. The men were sentenced to two months' imprisonment for daring to strike. The Magistrate Mr. McFee, in sentencing the men said:

“While in gaol they would have to do the same work as they had been doing, and would carry out that employment with an armed escort, including a guard of Zulus armed with assegais and white men with guns. If they attempted to escape and if it were necessary, they would be shot down. If they refused to obey orders they would receive lashes as often as might be necessary to make them understand they had to do what they were told.” (Cape Argus 11/6/18).

This vicious sentence did not intimidate the African workers but infuriated them.

The “**Industrial Workers of Africa**” was at the time led by Talbot Williams who worked in close unison with the **African National Congress** and the **I.S.L.** A strike for higher wages was urged. The African miners responded on July 1, 1918.

The men remained quiet in the compounds, and did not go underground. This did not prevent the Government from mobilising large forces of police and troops to drive the men down the shafts. The workers refused, but were overwhelmed by the heavily arm-

# 'Hear the New Army of Labour Coming'

E. R. BRAVERMAN  
on the  
EARLY STRUGGLES

ed police and troops, and hundreds of the strikers were wounded.

One further result of the work of the “**Industrial Workers of Africa**” should be noted. It established a branch among the Cape Town Stevedores and Dock workers, and this became the nucleus of the **Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union**.

### I.C.U. Days

On January 7, 1919, a meeting of Cape Town dockers convened by Clements Kadalie and presided over by Mr. A. F. Batty resolved to form the **Industrial and Commercial Workers Union (I.C.U.)**. Within a year the membership rose from 24 to 400.

A strike of some 2,000 dock-workers was called as a protest against the exporting of foodstuffs when thousands of low-paid workers in the Union were on the verge of starvation. They also demanded 8/6 a day for stevedores. The police and military drove the Africans from the locations. The Cape Federation and the Railway workers who urged the workers to strike gave practically no help, they were scabbed on by White labourers, and the strike ended in a fortnight.

The I.C.U. concentrated on avenging this defeat. It submitted demands to the stevedoring companies to increase the daily rate from 4/- to 8/- per day. Coloured and African workers stood shoulder to shoulder. The strike was successful; the companies gave in. This first victory was also its most spectacular achievement.

The story of this great victory carried the name of the I.C.U. to all parts of South Africa and beyond.

The I.C.U. caught the imagination of the African and Coloured workers. Workers from all over joined the I.C.U. They came from factories, farms, shops, municipal services, docks, railways. The wage increase gained by the Cape Town stevedores provided an outstanding example of the effectiveness of trade union organisation.

In February 1920, the Port Elizabeth I.C.U. branch, after repeated representations for a 2/- a day wage increase, called a strike. Mr. Mashabalala, the P.E. leader was jailed. A large number of African workers went on deputation to the commissioner of police and demanded the release of their leader. Instead of releasing Mashabalala, the police attacked the unarmed peaceful procession, killed 24 and wounded over a 100. The strikers were driven back to work.

At the same time the first big strike of African miners on the Rand took place. It started with a boycott of the

stores and local strikes. The miners based their demand on the increased cost of living and their inability to send as much money to their homes as they had done when the prices were lower. The demands varied from 5/- to 10/- per day.

On the 3rd of January, 1920 the Chamber of Mines in response to the boycott and local strikes, increased their pay by a 3d per shift. The men regarded this as an insult. The movement spread and by the 18th of February there were fifty to seventy thousand African miners on strike.

Smuts, in one of his election meetings, warned South Africa of this “tremendous change.” “Forty thousand Blacks are out on strike, well organised, picketing and doing things that we would have considered natives incapable of doing.”

The Chamber of Mines refused to grant any wage increases and demanded that the government suppress the strike. Only a week earlier, the Chamber had conceded to the European miners their request to consolidate their wages and allowances and granted them an additional increase of £2.8.0 per week.

The government carried out the Chamber request. Police and army were drafted to the mines, surrounded the compounds, prevented the miners from communicating with one another. Asked to state their grievances, the men elected spokesmen, who were handcuffed and marched off to jail. The strike was suppressed by military and police force. A number of miners were killed and 40 wounded.

### 'New Army of Labour'

It was during this strike that the **I.S.L.** issued its famous “Don't Scab” leaflet appealing to the European workers to “hear the new army of labour coming!”

The I.C.U. spread all over this country, S.W. Africa and Rhodesia. It held regular annual conferences; brought out a newspaper called the “**Workers' Herald**”; and became a household word in the homes of Africans and Coloured workers. At its conferences, delegates came from farms, country towns and big industrial centres. Its organisers courageously tackled the organisation of the farm and country workers and met with great hostility from the Government, employers and farmers. Their organisers were arrested, banished, thrown out of work and evicted from their homes.

The **Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union** ran a brief course of 10 years, before it disintegrated into a number of splinter groups. It suc-

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# BATTLE IN THE FACTORIES

In recent years, the workers' struggle for Trade Union and democratic rights has been led by the South African Congress of Trade Unions. This trade union centre has carried on the work of the trade union pioneers of the 'twenties and the Transvaal Council of Non-European trade unions in the 'thirties and forties.

## Bleed to Death

From the start SACTU was confronted with the Nationalist Government's drive to exterminate unions of African workers. The first Minister of Labour in the 1948 Nationalist Cabinet, Mr. Schoeman shouted from the rooftops his policy was to bleed African unions to death.

This was not a hollow threat, for the Nationalist Government has in fact never stopped persecuting the trade union movement as a whole, and more particularly unions of African workers.

In spite of this declared aim of the Government, trade unions of African workers have fought and are still fighting every inch of the way for survival. Their refusal to submit to the Government has inspired unorganised workers to support them and the unions are growing in numbers and strength.

## First Shot Fired

The Nationalist Government fired its first shot in 1953 with the Native (Labour) Settlement of Disputes Act, placing wage fixation entirely in the hands of the state, denying the African workers any say in determining their conditions of work, and imposing a maximum fine of £500 and/or three years imprisonment for the use of the strike weapon.

To fit the White, Coloured and Indian workers into "the New Order", the Government amended the Industrial Conciliation Act and took powers to weaken the trade union movement by dividing labour organisations on racial lines; to undermine and destroy the power of collective bargaining; and to restrict to a considerable extent the right of trade unions to control their own funds, elect their own officials, and exercise democratic control.

As much as the members of the White unions needed the unity of all workers to protect themselves, they feared an alliance with the African workers. In their deep-rooted colour prejudice, and fear, they considered that they would lose their monopoly of the better jobs.

It was a notable victory for the Nationalist Party, which since 1933 had laboured hard to undermine co-operation between Black and White workers.

By 1954 the fragmentation of the non-African Trade Union movement had reached the highest level in South Africa's history. Organised labour was

so weak and disunited that there were four trade union co-ordinating bodies, with widely differing views, each claiming to represent the true interests of South Africa's workers.

## Unity in Struggle

It was in this situation that the South African Congress of Trade Unions was formed, on March 5, 1955, to organise the workers of South Africa, irrespective of race or colour; and cater for the ever-growing mass of unorganised African workers being absorbed into South Africa's expanding industrial economy.

SACTU recognised that the organising of this great mass of workers was linked inextricably with their struggle for political rights and liberation from all oppressive laws. Every attempt by the workers to organise themselves was hampered by general legislation affecting their right of movement, domicile and political representation. Every effort for higher wages, for better working conditions, for the smallest advance in factory conditions or the reinstatement of unjustly dismissed fellow-workers was immediately met by the full force of the State.

For this reason, it sought allies among the liberation movements and decided to join with them in a common struggle.

At this time the liberation movements were in the process of establishing a National Consultative Committee to co-ordinate the activities of the Congress Organisations which adopted the Freedom Charter in June 1955. The National Consultative Committee provided the Congress and the Trade Union Movement with an effective consultative machine; and was authorised to initiate joint campaigns.

When the National Consultative Committee was established, SACTU became a willing constituent part of it. The five organisations working together — the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the S.A. Coloured Peoples Congress, the Congress of Democrats, and SACTU mirrored the future multi-racial harmony based on equality for which the liberation movement was fighting.

For SACTU the task of organising new African unions and co-ordinating the existing ones was formidable, for the restrictions placed in their way were designed to force them out of existence.

African workers in the ranks of the existing unions, but also among those industrial workers who were still unorganised were in a new mood to advance their claims and SACTU gave expression to this spirit.

It welded into a single federation the loosely-organised unions of African workers and those affiliated re-

gistered trade unions which had never deserted the post of workers' unity regardless of colour. SACTU did not abandon all White workers as a lost cause but propagated the idea of multi-racial unity, in spite of White labour's apparent resolution to look to the State and not to trade union unity for the protection of its living standards.

## Hide and Seek

There were, and still are, severe difficulties hampering the growth of African trade unionism. Access to factory premises is usually denied to organisers of African unions, and when they are discovered on factory premises they are often arrested and charged with trespassing.

## Strike War

When a strike occurs, it resembles a small scale civil war. Lorryloads of police armed with batons, sten guns, tear gas bombs are rushed to the place of the strike. Great "pick-up" vans are driven into the factory premises and all the strikers are arrested.

A typical example of this method of handling disputes is the strike of 288 workers employed at the Jones Canning Factory, Industria, Johannesburg, in January 1959. These workers protested against being forced to work on Christmas Day and claimed that they had been paid short for that day. While their spokesmen presented their grievances to their employer, the workers sat on the ground. When the police arrived, however, they were not given an opportunity to negotiate directly with their employers but were arrested. They were not even permitted to remove their overalls, gumboots and work caps before being pushed into the vans and taken to the cells to be charged with illegal striking.

Notwithstanding the severe measures meted out to workers for striking, this is their only effective weapon to improve their conditions and they have used it fearlessly, though thousands have been convicted under the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act.

Since employers are not compelled by law to recognise unions of African workers, the unions must rely solely on the pressure that their members can exert on the employers to induce them to negotiate and recognise factory committees.

The role of the South African Congress of Trade Unions can best be seen in the light of all these difficulties. It is the ability of this trade union federation to use the resources of its fifty three affiliated trade unions to present demands to employers, negotiate agree-

(Continued on page 16)

# AFRICA AND EUROPE: FIRST ENCOUNTER

A new history of Africa by Basil Davidson

Fifteenth century explorers from feudal Portugal found in West Africa, in the Congo and Angola, a feudal Africa. That Africa, which according to one school of thought has no history, had developed a social system curiously similar to the contemporary European one. There was the same system of fiefs and vassals, liege-lords and serfs or retainers, duties and obligations up and down the social scale.

But while the feudal system in Europe was coming to an end to be replaced by capitalism, the feudal system in Africa "had reached a social equilibrium and evolved a society that was largely balanced in itself, any overflow of discontent being allowed to disperse across the endless lands."

The history of some of the peoples of Africa can be traced back to a period five centuries B.C. when their Stone Age ended and they moved into the Iron Age. (Later the techniques of smelting copper and iron developed in Africa were carried by slaves across to Brazil.)

From the time of the first Portuguese discoveries until early in the sixteenth century, Europeans dealt with Africans on terms of equality. "And if European attitudes to Africans in the early times displayed a wide range of contrast, they were generally uniform in one important respect. They supposed no natural inferiority in Africans, no inherent failure to develop and mature. That was to be the great myth of later years . . ."

## 40 million Slaves

The author asks, and answers, a question of the greatest importance. If, at the time of their first contact, feudalism was the prevailing system in both continents, how was it that Europe developed and became industrialised while Africa stagnated?

The answer is to be found in the slave trade, in the tremendous consequences of this trade for the people of Africa. It is estimated that about forty million were sold as slaves. How many times this number were killed in obtaining so many slaves cannot even be guessed at. In exchange for slaves the sellers received "luxuries and the means of war", firearms, gin, beads, trashy goods and whatever could be ostentatiously consumed by the rulers and rich men of the tribe. The firearms were used to capture more slaves.

The wise and far-sighted among the African rulers, for example the Mani-Congo in 1526, opposed the slave trade but then found that they could not get firearms to defend themselves — and to be defenceless among slave dealers meant to become a slave yourself.

The first white dealers in slaves had only limited markets to supply — the small domestic requirements of their home countries. "In the sixteenth century neither France nor England had any significant interest in slaves . . . A royal declaration of 1571 stated that 'France, mother of liberty, permits no slaves . . .' Then came the development of sugar and tobacco plantations in the West Indies, and "A royal order of 1670 threw open the slave trade to any Frenchman who wished to engage in it. The King's desire, declared this order, was to promote in every way possible 'the trade in Negroes from Guinea to the Islands' . . ."

The dealers left the European ports with cargoes of trade goods for Africa and loaded up with slaves, the survivors were sold in the West Indies and the ships loaded with sugar, tobacco, rum etc., and returned to the home ports often showing profits of 300% on the round trip.

Many Europeans believed that all Africans were cannibals — that the slaves they bought were saved from the stew pots; they would have been surprised to learn that it was commonly believed in Africa that the Whites bought slaves in order to eat them.

Basil Davidson throws a clear light of reason on many beliefs that are hal- lowed by age, and debunks them. Supporters of apartheid should read this book. It is their common argument that they have thousands of years of civilisation behind them; they will find from it that this also applies to Africans. Slavery existed in Africa, as it did in Europe, but the slave was able to grow rich and to obtain his freedom. In the heart of darkest Africa, at the time of their first contact with the explorers from Europe, there were men wise in statecraft and great in civilisation, genuine leaders of their people, who wished to gain from Europe teachers and technicians, carpenters and boatbuilders, and begged for them to be sent, but in vain. At that time White slave dealers were throwing overboard sick slaves because if they died on board the insurance money would be forfeited.

"In the nineteenth century there were many cases of slavers who threw their whole living cargoes into the sea when pursued by British anti-slaver patrols, since capture with slaves aboard meant the impounding of their ships."

The Leopard Society, which has enjoyed fame in a certain type of story book and occasionally in the press, one finds to be not very dissimilar to a Chamber of Commerce.

This is a most instructive book. It is arresting at first reading but one ventures to suggest that its main value will be in use as a work of reference and as a stimulus to further reading.

A.L.

**BLACK MOTHER**, by Basil Davidson. Published by Gollancz.

## COLOUR BAR IN INDUSTRY: THE DOSSIER

The industrial colour bar had its earliest origins in the days when all skilled workers were White immigrants, and the untrained, "raw" tribesmen, drawn into mines and factories by the poll-tax, were able to do only the simplest unskilled jobs. Their children and grandchildren, although no longer tribalised or illiterate, were not permitted to do skilled work by a great barrier of laws.

The catalogue of these laws makes horrifying reading, and the author deals with every one of them. They had their effect on the White workers, whom they were supposed to protect, too. "Not only is the Non-White prevented from the opportunity to rise in the job scale

and consequently denied the chance of revealing his true capacity, but the efficiency of the White is reduced through lack of effective and healthy competition."

The thirteen years of Nationalist rule have added copiously to the list of colour bar laws. And the Non-White workers have suffered. Expressed as a percentage of a White worker's wage, the average wage of a Coloured worker fell between 1944-5 and 1953-4 from 43% to 37%, and of an African worker from 24% to 20%.

The author confesses his inability to understand a policy which "refuses Non-Whites a proper place in society on the

ground that they are not qualified for it, while at the same time denying them worthwhile opportunities to qualify."

Most sensible people will agree with the statement ". . . it is now apparent that apartheid has achieved little else than the creation of a vicious circle of restriction, frustration and fear . . ."

The book is a concise and valuable survey of industrial legislation in the Republic.

A.L.

**The Industrial Colour Bar in South Africa**, by G. V. Doxey. Oxford University Press, 1961. p. 205. R2.25.)

## 'THE NEW ARMY OF LABOUR'

(Continued from page 13)

ceeded however, in making an extraordinary impact on South African political as well as industrial life during this decade and its impressions were not effaced for many years after it ceased to exist.

It introduced the idea of trade unionism and the possibility of political action to many thousands of people both in town and country; it stimulated a national consciousness in tribal Africans, was the indirect cause of a Cabinet crisis and a split in the Nationalist-Labour coalition. More than anything else it brought home to White workers the realisation that Africans had become a proletariat, and an active element in the relationships between workers and capitalists.

Despite the great popularity of the I.C.U. it did not stand up to the aspirations and hopes of the labouring masses.

Its programme was fine. It demanded the abolition of pass laws, free hospitalisation, free education, relief for sick and unemployed. In all, it demanded equal status for the African worker. In its constitution it recognised the class struggle and the need for abolition of capitalism.

Many observers blamed the downfall and the weaknesses of the I.C.U. on Clement Kadalie, its founder, general secretary and the most dominating personality the I.C.U. produced. It is more correct to say that he failed for the same reasons as the many African organisers who followed him. They were

broken by the political impotence of the African workers.

In Hansard of those days, the I.C.U. was attacked in the same way as the A.N.C. and S.A. Congress of Trade Unions are attacked today. The I.C.U. was fighting for trade union recognition, and for the right of collective bargaining. Morris Alexander, M.P. who reminded Parliament of the struggle of the White trade unions for recognition, urged Parliament to recognise the right of the Africans to develop trade unions freely "upon lines as are enjoyed by other workers". He failed even to get a seconder for this motion.

The Industrial Workers of Africa, the I.C.U. and the Non-European Council of Trade Unions struggled for collective bargaining rights. The African workers are in the same position as the British workers under the Anti-Combination Laws and as the White workers in South Africa before the Industrial Conciliation Act, of 1924.

### The Iron Hand

The African workers struck work, demonstrated and did what workers here and elsewhere have done to win trade union recognition. But the White Government's response to their action was in the same pattern of suppression used in the bucket strike and the miners' strike. That pattern was repeated in subsequent years. When Pretoria African Municipal workers in 1942 demanded higher wages they were shot at.

When African workers in the power stations demanded higher wages in 1944, soldiers were called out and used as blacklegs. When African miners in 1946 once again risked their lives in the struggle for higher wages and recognition of their trade unions they were shot down.

In all subsequent African strikes the Government knew only one way of handling the workers' demands for higher wages. Whether textile, food, dockers or milling workers, the police imprisoned their leaders and drove the workers back to work.

Ours is by far the oldest and most advanced industrialised country. Our African working class is the largest and most mature on the continent. It has a magnificent record of struggle and achievement.

African trade union organisers and leaders are constantly persecuted by the administration and endorsed out of towns. Employers are told to sack them. They are banned, banished; and African unions are not allowed to occupy offices in the towns. All the oppressive laws are used to hamper them in their work.

There is no other country on the continent of Africa where Africans have struggled so long and sacrificed so much for their trade unions as here. The results are meagre because of the viciously oppressive nature of White Supremacy.

For these reasons African workers realise that their trade unions must be linked up with political organisations and play a leading role in the struggle for political and democratic rights.

## BATTLE IN THE FACTORIES

(Continued from page 14)

ments, help settle strikes and educate trade union officials which has made existence possible at all for unions of African workers.

### £1 A Day

SACTU started the campaign for a national minimum wage of £1 a day; and this demand is now recognised by employers in all wage negotiations.

It has achieved *de facto* recognition of African unions in many industries by negotiating and settling disputes between workers and employers.

At the International Labour Organisation, it has exposed the practice of using convict labour on farms and in industry in South Africa. It has fought racial discrimination and encouraged the workers to fight against all oppression.

SACTU's outspoken stand for racial unity and its sharp criticism of undemocratic practices has been the only serious opposition to the government put up by organised labour. This truth is borne out by the fact that in 1956, 23 trade unionists from SACTU were arrested on the charge of High Treason. In 1958 many were convicted of incitement, and in 1960 scores were detained

under the State of Emergency. The government has also invoked the Suppression of Communism Act and the Riotous Assemblies Act in order to silence SACTU field workers.

The rise of the liberation movements in Africa, and the granting of full independence to some states meant that the continent of Africa took on a meaning in the factory cloakrooms.

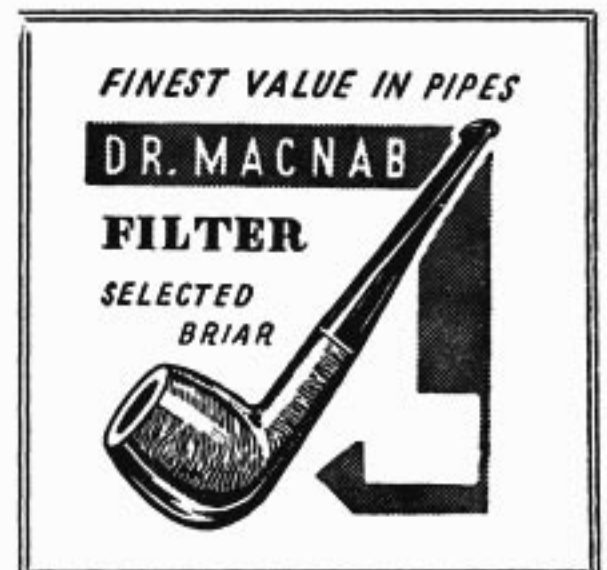
With the advance of the liberation movements in Africa, powerful trade union centres emerged and SACTU kept in close contact with them. A study of their activities revealed a strong resemblance to SACTU's and a common feature was the close alliance between organised labour and movements for national liberation.

In 1958, this strong reliance on organised labour was given expression to at the All African Peoples' Conference at Accra. The delegates at this Conference, representing the liberation movements of most states in Africa, voted for a resolution calling for trade union unity throughout the continent of Africa.

SACTU responded immediately to the idea of establishing a federation of trade unions in Africa. It sent a delegate to the preparatory meeting in Accra and accepted a seat on the 19-member pre-

paratory committee for an All African Trade Union Federation.

The Trade Union movement in South Africa has mighty tasks ahead of it. Tens of thousands of workers have still to be unionised and many more battles against the state and the employers lie before them. But if the past record of struggle can be used as a guide for the future of the trade union movement, one need have no doubt about its ultimate success.



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