

FIGHTEERING

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TALK



DUMA NOKWE



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SANCTIONS AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA

—The ANC Team Abroad—

POQO — 'We Go It Alone'

TANGANYIKA:

One Year After Independence

SANCTIONS:

HOW can one explain the unruffled calm with which most South Africans have taken the UN call for a world-wide trade ban on South African goods and traffic? No doubt on the part of those big business and commercial interests most directly threatened, the calm is spurious. It is a surface calm, adopted as a matter of policy regardless of the misgivings and panic which might exist in fact. The purpose of the calm is two-fold; it is to persuade the South African people that the boycott cannot really shake the rock-like solidity of South African commerce, and thus to discourage them from campaigning vigorously to see the UN resolution is carried out to the hilt. And it is designed also to reassure foreign investors and would-be investors that this UN call is so much hot air, which no one need take seriously.

It must be admitted that this policy is paying dividends. Thus far, the bulk of the South African supporters of the boycott have been taken in; they have accepted the UN decision as a welcome gesture, but—like the well-meaning British drinker's deci-

sion to switch from South African to French sherry—not a matter which shakes the edifice of South African apartheid. Thus far, too, foreign investors and industrialists and traders have also been taken in; and shipments of eggs for the Arabian Gulf, pilchards for the Phillipines and maize for China go off as though nothing has happened to change last year's pattern.

If this illusory calm is allowed to continue, here and abroad, the greatest movement of solidarity with the South African people and the most powerful foreign challenge to Verwoerd could founder. Disastrous though this might well be for the future of South Africa, it will be more disastrous still for the future of UN itself, whose feet will be revealed to be of weakest clay, and whose resolutions will be established by precedent as being pious and ineffectual hot air. Is this the real situation, as some like Dr. Verwoerd himself bluntly claims in his New Year message—that

"The United Nations has failed . . . It solves no problems; guarantees no peace or protection against genuine aggression; is financially weak, and has involved itself in futilities whenever it acts"?

Or has the UN resolution on the boycott of South Africa really got teeth? Can it work? Can it help? These are vital questions here and now for South Africa, and for civilised peoples and governments throughout the world.

But even here, the volume of trade concerned was small compared with the tremendous overall volume of South African exports. The big buyers did not join in. So though the pinch was felt—and amongst some exporters of manufactured goods felt sharply—it was still a pinch. The economy of South Africa did not shake. New markets were explored with vigour. New and unique devices were found to make good the losses suffered—such as proclaiming Japanese "honorary whites" in exchange for large trade deals. The pinch could be shrugged off, especially by those whose markets have never been in the new states of independent Africa, and especially by those whose exports are not manufactured consumer goods but raw materials—the main sectors of South Africa's ruling families.

For South African supporters of the boycott movement, these facts have for long been cold comfort indeed. The statistics triumphantly produced by the Verwoerd government have been equally chilling; for they show a steady rise in the total of South African exports, even during the years of the growing boycott. Statistics, naturally, do not tell the whole tale. Would the rise have been greater without a boycott? And if so, how much greater? These are facts we will probably never know. But one fact remained. The boycott had not noticeably shaken South Africa's economy, or diverted the government from its apartheid course.

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IN THIS ISSUE

ASSESSMENT:

Sanctions against South Africa: From Sherry to Oil - - - - -	2
POQO—'We Go It Alone', by Howard Lawrence - - - - -	4

THE STATE OF THE LAAGER:

Discrimination Unto Death—The Police and Prisons, by Peter Thom	5
--	---

AFRICA:

Tanganyika—One Year After Independence, by Frene Ginwala -	7
The First Congress of Africanists, by 'Zeke' Mphahlele - - - - -	8

WRITING:

Paton and Sponono by Bennie Bunssee - - - - -	10
'No Voluntary Silence', by Lionel Abrahams - - - - -	11
The Homecoming, by J. Arthur Maimane - - - - -	12

Looking Back

The first move for boycott of this country was no accident. It was asked for, campaigned for and worked for by the national liberation movement of this country. It grew, as such things do, slowly and painfully. Its first results were to be seen abroad rather than felt at home. They were in simple things and small deeds—in the simple actions of well-meaning supporters of South African freedom abroad not to buy any product made in South Africa. A family here, an individual there changed from South African canned fruit for his home larder, and paid more—and got often worse quality—from somewhere else. The movement spread slowly to a few organisations of consumers with a larger social conscience than the rest, to some co-operative trading concerns, to some trade unions.

In the way of things, these first beginners could only be slightly felt at home. Individual consumers do not buy the things on which South Africa's export trade in the main subsists—raw wool, coal, manganese, gold, base metals. Their purchases are restricted to a few fields—to canned foods, to fresh fruit, to wines and cigarettes. Undoubtedly the boycott in these fields pinched some if not all the South African producers. But it was, at best, a pinch and not a mortal body-blow.

The pinch became somewhat more severe when some few newly independent governments in Africa and Asia commenced official embargoes on South African goods.

New Dimensions

These cheerless facts, however, do not tell the whole story. The consumer boycott of South African goods was the start of a movement. It was the start of a movement by individual men and women to take direct action themselves against the inhumanity of South Africa's way of life. The movement has spread far beyond the ranks of shoppers and consumers. Individual sportsmen, writers, artists and preachers, under the stimulus of the boycott movement, have begun to find ways for themselves of striking a direct blow in condemnation of South Africa. As with the consumer boycott, small individual beginnings have given rise to larger organisational acts. The individual decision of a Yehudi Menuhin not to take part in any exclusively white concert tour has opened the way for British Equity's ban on all colour-bar contracts for its members visiting South Africa. Sportsmen refusing to participate in contests against this country while teams are selected on a

COMING

EXCLUSIVE TO FIGHTING TALK
IN SOUTH AFRICA

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

formerly the United Nations special representative in Katanga, now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ghana

on

THE UNITED NATIONS AND AFRICA
and

NEO-COLONIALISM

FIGHTING TALK, FEBRUARY, 1963

FROM SHERRY TO OIL

'whites only' basis have paved the way for the international freezing out of South African sports teams. A many sided movement of condemnation and isolation of South Africa has grown up. This is an offshoot of the boycott movement. *It should have awakened everyone to the fact that, statistics notwithstanding, the boycott movement has life and vitality; it grows and extends itself to new dimensions, despite the seemingly unyielding, unshaken and unconcerned calm of the Verwoerd government.*

THE U.N. RESOLUTION

In November 1962 the United Nations passed its strongest resolution against the apartheid policies of South Africa.

In the key Special Political Committee, the voting was 60 for, 16 against, with 21 abstentions and 13 absent.

In the main the Resolution said that member states should take these measures, separately or collectively:

1. Break off diplomatic relations or refrain from establishing them.
2. Close their ports to all vessels flying the South African flag and enact legislation prohibiting their ships from entering South African ports.
3. Boycott all South African goods.
4. Refrain from exporting goods, including arms and ammunition to South Africa and refuse landing facilities to South African aircraft.

The resolution said the Security Council must take appropriate measures, including sanctions, to secure South Africa's compliance with resolutions of the General Assembly, and if necessary to consider South Africa's expulsion.

The resolution accused South Africa's Government of flouting world opinion and regretted that some member states indirectly provide encouragement to the South African Government to perpetuate segregation.

It called for the establishment of a special United Nations Committee—nominated by the General Assembly's President—to keep the situation under review when the Assembly is not in session.

In themselves, these new extensions of the boycott movement have only pinched; they have not yet shaken the Nationalist edifice. Our white soccer sides are no longer recognised by the international soccer organisation; our athletics teams are on the verge of exclusion from the Olympic Games. A few slender cracks in the wall of apartheid have been prised open; an outstanding Indian golfer competes with whites in an open national championship where no non-

white had ever set foot before except as caddy; an unofficial team of whites and non-whites — travelling separately under separate managers—competes in a boxing tournament in Rhodesia. But the wall remains.

These small cracks and minor pinches have been little comfort to many who hoped of grander, greater things from the boycott movement. Only those who saw not only the statistics, the cracks and the discomforts, but also the tremendous pressure of life and growth beneath the surface which these revealed, were prepared and ready for a new and profound transformation of the boycott scene. That transformation was marked by the UN call for world sanctions against South Africa. A new life, a new birth! *The boycott movement of the past had served its purpose well, magnificently! It had moved the consciences of men; it had inspired them to act against South African inhumanity; it had paved the way for real world action against this strongest last fortress of race reaction!*

If South Africans reacted to this new situation with such unmoving calm, it was because they were looking not at the process of life and growth and development, but at the cold, comfortless facts of past achievements; because they had still not awoken to the fact that last year's boycott movement has shifted from the centre of the stage, and in its place stands a new, vital and powerful participant capable of shaking South Africa where the old only pinched, capable of shattering an edifice where the old only minutely cracked.

It is time to look at the new, right now!

Obligations of Nations

The UN resolution is **not** a call to individual consumers, like the early appeals of the boycott movement in South Africa. **It is an instruction to governments!** From this several consequences flow. On the political front, the consequence is that strict adherence to the boycott call is no longer a matter of support for the South African liberation movement; it is a matter of honouring and upholding a UN decision reached by an overwhelming majority, and thus of maintaining UN as an effective weapon for the peaceful settlement of international scores. Up to now, many foreign governments have refrained from boycott action—or have even discouraged boycott action—on the grounds that such action would be unjustifiable intervention in internal South African affairs, unjustifiable support for the national liberation movement against a friendly government. Such argument can no longer be entertained. All member states of UN have solemnly undertaken to abide by decisions. The boycott of South Africa is now a decision! And those who flout it or ignore it brand themselves as transgressors.

Is this important? Cynics here and abroad—the Verwoerd government amongst them

—claim that the resolution of UN will never work; the big nations will transgress because it pays them, in pounds, dollars, francs and yen, to transgress. Right here and now they are right. The big nations, the big traders with South Africa—Britain, the United States, France and Japan—are ignoring the UN order, and are trading with South Africa as though the UN decision had never been. But for how long will they continue to be right?

There is, as we have seen, more life and vitality in the boycott movement than is at first apparent. And life must burst through. Japan's trade with South Africa is growing rapidly; but compared with Japanese trade with the Afro-Asian nations it is small, and if necessary expendable. Today those Afro-Asian nations who themselves sponsored the UN resolution, tolerate Japanese trade with South Africa. But is it beyond our imagination that the day will come when Japan will be told bluntly by them that continuing trade with South Africa in defiance of the UN resolution will mean the ending of trade with the rest of Africa and Asia? For how long will Ghana continue to protect the United States interests in the Volta River Development scheme, while the profits from that scheme are channelled through to build up aggressive South African military and economic threats to African independence from the South? Can Nigeria for long continue to accept military, air and a large measure of economic domination from Britain, while the same Britain supplies weapons, ammunition and planes to the Verwoerd government, for eventual use against African liberation?

These are questions that must now be asked. The UN resolution poses them sharply for the whole world; the boycott movement lives and grows, and will raise these questions sharply tomorrow if not today. The time is coming when every government which today trades with Verwoerd and ignores the UN instruction will come face to face with its moment of truth; and will discover, as Britain, France and Israel discovered at the time of the Suez events, that UN resolutions are translated by men from words into action. Of this the South African people and their liberation movement should have no doubt.

On the economic front, the consequences of the UN decision are equally powerful and significant. Because this decision shifts the boycott movement from a private movement of individual consumers to a national obligation of nations, it shifts also the arena of the boycott movement from petty commodities like canned fruit, pilchards and sherry to the life-blood of the country—base metals, maize, wool, oil! These are the commodities in which governments traffic. And it is to these commodities that world attention will certainly turn in the period ahead. And to airports for South African planes, to harbours, shipping.

(continued on following page)

SANCTIONS

(continued from previous page)

New Challenges

The Verwoerd government consoles itself with the fact that, in these areas, the individual consumer does not count! The men and women who have made the boycott up to now (do not buy and sell oil, or manage airports or harbours. And thus, they believe, the shift from consumer goods to new arenas will mean the slow collapse of such boycott movement as there has been. If life stood still, perhaps they would be right. But life asserts itself. **There is a new challenge to the men and women of every country who have made the running for the boycott; and that is the challenge to force their own governments to take over the boycott campaign where the individual consumer leaves off.** Inevitably and certainly, the boycott pioneers abroad will now, with the backing and authority of UN behind them, turn from the individual refusal to buy South African to the political campaign in their own country to bring their own governments into line with the conscience of the world. Last year, perhaps, it was important for British Co-op members not to buy Rembrandt cigarettes; this year it is more important for De Havilland's to stop supplying aircraft to Verwoerd's military machine. Though the realisation of this may be slow in coming, it will come. Because the vitality of the boycott movement makes it inevitable that it will come.

The prospects are boundless. Today the issue is South African eggs for the Arabian Gulf. How long can it be before the issue in the Middle East and throughout the world becomes Arabian Gulf oil for South African military suppression of its own people? It is doubtless with these considerations in mind that the African National Congress recently sent two more of its most senior men, Duma Nokwe and Moses Kotane, abroad to join its team of foreign representatives, Oliver Tambo, Tennyson Makiwane, Robert Resha, James Hadebe and others. This small team, which has all along been the nucleus of the world boycott movement and its inspirational source, has brought the movement to the heights where the UN vote has been recorded. **But the new situation requires more yet; it requires that, without delay, the supporters of the boycott movement everywhere are brought into line with the new tasks before them, so that real and irresistible pressure develops in all countries to force their governments to honour the UN resolution fully and to the hilt. For a task of these dimensions, it is doubtful whether, even now, the ANC team abroad is large enough or adequate.**

For South African affairs are moving towards their climax. Internationally the stage has been set for a really considerable economic campaign to shake the Verwoerd edifice. Inside the country, the strains reach closer to the breaking point. Planned acts of sabotage are extending; desperate outbreaks of violence have flared up, especially in the Western Cape, where the Nationalist attempt to drive all Africans out is gaining speed; in the Transkei, the struggle around the future of Bantustans begins to approach

'We Go It Alone'

POQO

By HOWARD LAWRENCE

STELLENBOSCH, a little wine-farming town in the Boland about thirty miles from Cape Town, the legislative capital of South Africa, is a unique town that figures prominently in the history of South Africa.

It is the town named after the only Coloured Governor in the history of the country—Simon van der Stel who took over control of the Cape from Jan van Riebeeck, the Hollander who established the first White settlement on South African soil.

It is also the town where Dr. Malan, the father of apartheid, lived and from where, together with the other leaders of the Nationalist Party, he gave the world apartheid—the policy designed to educate the Non-White people for an eternal role as the servants of the White man in South Africa.

It is here, at Stellenbosch, at the university named after the town, that the present Prime Minister, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd the father of the Bantustan 'state-within-a-state' received his formal political education.

And it is here too, in this town that feeds Afrikaner nationalism with its intellectual brainpower, that POQO—the underground terrorist movement; was first introduced to the world.

Sharpened Car Springs

In April, 1962 a number of African farm labourers were sentenced in the Stellenbosch Magistrates' Court for attempted murder. Evidence was that, acting on the instructions of their "leaders" in Cape Town, they had sharpened car springs and made pangas from them in preparation for an attempt to murder the farm foreman and his family, set fire to the farm buildings and then march on Stellenbosch, firing buildings on the way.

This trial gave the world its first introduction to POQO—"we go it alone." It was the first intimidation that there existed in South Africa a terrorist movement whose cry was "kill or be killed."

a climax; the iron fences are being drawn tighter around the borders of the country, and inside it the conditions of police rule, arbitrary confinement and wholesale banings extends at a dizzy pace. It is into this situation of approaching climax that the UN boycott resolution has erupted.

And it is in this situation of rapidly developing climax that the new growth, extension and transformation of the boycott movement will take place, with a pace, a scope and an effectiveness which may yet confound the cynics, the critics and those who are still—despite everything—unconvinced.

But it was not until the months after the trial that it became possible to establish a definite pattern of thought and activity of the POQO organisation.

Poqo and the Katangese

What is it? POQO consists of a group of the banned Pan Africanist Congress whose ages range from 16 to 30 years. They represent the militant wing of the Africanists and find their strength among the unemployed as well as the low-paid African workers—especially the farm labourers of the Western Cape. They are a frustrated and desperate lot who believe, fanatically, that Black domination must take over from White domination.

Within P.A.C. ranks, the POQO group is the strongest of two rival groups. It opposes bitterly those P.A.C. men who 'openly flirt with the Liberal Party and its members'. These the POQO group have named "The Katangese"—'the treacherous ones who are playing the same role as Moïse Tshombe in the Congo.'

Both groups have little or no contact with so-called 'national headquarters' of the Pan-Africanists, neither do they have contact with P.A.C. abroad.

The POQO group has no economic policy or programme; no set of aims or beliefs except an ingrained belief in "African exclusiveness". It rejects co-operation with other racial groups; believes that only the African can liberate the country and regards White participation in the struggle as anathema.

Formed after a sharp split with the "Katangese", early in 1961, POQO has found its strength in the wine-farming towns of the Western Cape—Paarl, Stellenbosch, Wellington and Worcester. At one stage there was a cell in De Aar, but that is now defunct.

POQO is not a national organisation. It is confined to the Western Cape, although people who have similar views and beliefs can be found throughout the country. It was not formed on the orders of the P.A.C.'s national leadership but was an inevitable reaction of young men driven by desperation into 'action—virtually any action.' Leaders are not chosen on political merit but on physical strength. There is no organisational cohesion, no constructive thinking in POQO. POQO activities, although used to an extent by the P.A.C. abroad for its propaganda value, are in fact an embarrassment to them.

At the time of writing, the P.A.C. in the Western Cape which is the only area in the

(continued on page 6)

FIGHTING TALK, FEBRUARY, 1963

THE STATE OF THE LAAGER

No. 2

THE POLICE AND PRISONS

Discrimination Unto Death

By PETER THOM

IN 1962 the South African Police prepared for war but talked of peace and public relations. This was the drift of Verwoerd policy. Superficially—as superficial as South Africa's "stability" last year—the police force set about improving its manners.

The old, familiar "Kaffer waar's jou pas" was officially forbidden following orders of 1960. "Bantu" and "reference book" were now supposed to make the kaffir happy with his pass. Senior officers said the police could at last afford to recruit selectively: all White recruits had to pass standard 8, and they promised the force would now accept only "a better type of man". Top-brass ordered the police to be more courteous to the public, especially to Non-Whites. Stern directives proclaimed that in future any policeman convicted of a crime would be sacked, and police were warned against assaults on prisoners or suspects.

Phoney Peace

Police scandals were in fact slightly less obtrusive than in previous years. After the hectic days of Sharpeville and the Emergency, then the three-day general strike in 1961, no country-wide mass defiance from the Non-White peoples and no mass police shootings last year disturbed the torpor of White rule. To the casual observer, the country's politics seemed becalmed. Reserves accumulated, sales improved. Government and big business together expressed their joint faith in the prosperous future just around the corner.

All this . . . deceptive and temporary. 1962—a full year of wide-scale sabotage and the drastic Sabotage Act—was the first formative year of the revolution. If the country was still, it was a time when the political forces, straining against each other, slipped into neutral before moving into higher gear.

Only this phoney peace made public relations possible for Verwoerd and his police. While the South African Information Service and the S.A. Foundation—Government and Business, Incorporated,—together peddled their propaganda whitewash abroad, and at home the Government relaxed the liquor laws for Africans, the police and the Defence Force bought more equipment, improved their "drills" and trained more men for longer with better weapons.

Last year the police force numbered just under 30,000 men, "one of the largest police forces in the world", the Divisional Commissioner of Police at Port Natal (Durban) told a benign Rotary luncheon. The force stood at over 14,400 White policemen and probably many more than the 15,786 Non-White policemen there were in 1960.

A record number of White recruits—1,150—qualified after almost a full year's training. Top officials were happy because more English-speaking youths, who tend to prefer the Rhodesian police, enrolled at the South African Police Training College; the "best cadet" of 1962 was in fact English-speaking. For the first time since the Nationalists came to power, the police felt they were at full strength.

Paying for Police

Police and Defence Force began to feel their muscles. Parliament voted steep increases to both. Additional estimates injected a further R2 million to the 1961 Police Vote of R40,411,000. Most of the money went to buy equipment, arms and ammunition. Speaking on the additional Prisons Vote, Justice Minister B. J. Vorster asked for money to pay new warders and said he needed R155,000 for "detained persons"—almost a 50 per cent increase—because the number of people in jail had shot up from 53,100 a day to 63,000 a day in 1961. The unexpected detainees were the thousands jailed without trial over the May stay-at-home.

The 1962 Budget pushed even greater increases into the force of the White State: the Police Vote rose to R40,800,000, and the Prisons received R10½ million. The Defence allocation soared to R120 million.

Arrests and prosecutions probably tapered off a little last year. There were no mass political arrests, the pass raids were officially relaxed late in 1959, and offences exclusive to Africans under the liquor laws were whittled down towards the end of the year. There still were numerous political, pass and liquor arrests, but fewer.

The most prosecutions in South Africa's history were in 1959. That's probably one reason why police were told to cut down on their pass raids. That year 1,810,027 people were prosecuted in an estimated population of then 15,516,000—approximately 118 prosecutions to every thousand people. Three out of the four offences for which there were most convictions were under laws applied only to Africans.

For illegal possession of "Bantu liquor" there were 177,702 prosecutions. Under the Native Taxation and Development Act, 148, 526. For offences against proper registration and production of documents, 142,959 (an increase of 37,000 over the previous year). Location, mission station and reserve regulations claimed 112,853 convictions. These offences relate only to Africans. There were a further 127,222 convictions for trespass, which is in practice one of those almost exclusively Non-White crimes.

Prison figures for 1958 state that the

number of Whites in jail as against the total White population was 4.2 per thousand; the corresponding figures for Non-Whites was 32.8 per thousand. This is the proverbial White man's burden.

Prisons Always With Us

Prosecution figures for 1960 show the effect of relaxation of the pass raids. Prosecutions dropped from 118 in every thousand to 101 a thousand. There were 21,000 fewer cases at the Johannesburg Magistrates Court. Out of the 1,018,984 people then in the Johannesburg magisterial district, 251,921 cases were heard—one case to every four people. We see from this that basically there was no change, and it's obvious that there will be no change in crime figures until discriminatory laws like the pass laws are scrapped. Besides, why is the Government now extending the pass laws to women if it does not contemplate police checks to see they are obeyed?

While police were ordered to go easy on passes and be nice to everybody, the Prisons Department proclaimed a new system of rehabilitation and parole. This was just after the notorious 1959 Prisons Act virtually prohibited public scrutiny and criticism of the South African jail system. "Our treatment of prisoners is among the best in the world and we believe that our parole system is one of the most enlightened in the world today", beamed a senior officer at the Department of Prisons Pretoria headquarters.

But in South Africa, like the police, the prisons are always with us and they do not change. From official figures, South Africa is hanging people at the rate of 68 a year, all but four of them Non-Whites. Before the hanging categories were reduced in Britain, there were 13 executions a year in a total population of 50 million. Proportionately, over 20 times more Non-Whites are hanged here. Many of these men die for one-way offences, like raping White women. White hangings in South Africa are at the same ratio as Britain's before the hanging laws were changed there. Discrimination, unto death.

The Commissioner of Police, General J. M. Keevy, told the Press last year that the police were receiving basic military training. This was mainly in the use of machine-guns, but the police are already well-equipped for military-type operations. Parliament voted extra money to Vorster in 1961 to equip new mobile units to crush the Pondoland uprising. Vorster said the police were forming special mobile security units equipped with their own helicopters. In the past the Air Force flew helicopters

(continued on page 6)

Discrimination Unto Death

(continued from page 5)

and Harvard spotter-planes in reconnaissance and transport operations for the police during emergencies. Now the Air Force will train policemen to man their own aircraft, and already two police officers have completed the course in close-support flying.

Last year the force was issued with 400 Belgian FN rifles—just like the army—and over a thousand police college cadets each received a revolver. Police announced that within three years a two-way radio system would link every one of the thousand-odd police stations in the Republic and South-West Africa to their divisional headquarters and from there on to Police Headquarters in Pretoria.

Saracens Stand By

The South African Police is apparently the only police force in the world to have a mobile armoured division—the Saracens. The 80 Saracens bought at a cost of over R2 million from Britain for the Defence Department are technically “on loan” to the police. They are stationed in batches throughout the country at strategic points, at least three to every divisional office.

The Saracen seats 10 passenger troops, is fitted with a .30 Browning mounted in the turret, a Bren machine gun and smoke discharges. Its job is to get into the thick of the fighting in the shortest possible time and it can move at 45 m.p.h. over difficult terrain. Despite this, the old-guard militarists complain that the Saracen was meant to support tanks as an auxiliary “war machine”. It is not designed for internal security operations “short of a full-scale revolution”, they say.

As with the Defence Force, there was

stringent reorganisation in the police after Sharpeville, 1960. This was the work of Nationalist Minister F. C. Erasmus. First as Defence Minister, then as Minister of Justice, Erasmus wrenched the total armed force of White reaction into battle-ready condition and reorganised it to counter revolution more effectively. Reorganisation made him many enemies among the Whites—many of them in the Army and in the police itself—and he lost in turn his control of Defence, then Justice, leaving South Africa late in 1961 as Ambassador to Italy.

There have been changes in policy since he was retired, but these either developed what he began or cut out unnecessary innovations. Erasmus's police policy was: “closest possible” co-operation with the Defence Force; police militarisation; greater internal efficiency in the force; more extensive country-wide police control; and, to cover up, “better relations” with the Non-White peoples.

Erasmus' New Broom

To link the police and the Army, he re-divided the 11 police divisions covering South Africa and South West Africa into 16 commands to coincide with Defence Force boundaries and headquarters. “Drills” were worked out for rapid and efficient collaboration. He decided to form a White police reserve, with an initial strength of 5000, to take over routine duties “when the police are engaged in combating riots, disturbances and so forth.” African “home guards”, set up in Pondoland by the police to protect Government-appointed chiefs, were in line with what Erasmus called his policy of “decentralisation.” It was not in fact decentralisation; central control was strengthened. He did, however, extend the scope of police power and diversify it.

He raised the education minimum for

White recruits, introduced a full year's training and, to attract more recruits and keep the force content, said he would raise lower-grade salaries. He established a police inspectorate with branches in the provinces, armed with full powers to make the force more efficient. Most significant internally, he changed the system of senior officer promotion to one of selection. This enabled him to choose men not only capable but ideologically fit.

“The result has been confusion”, wrote crime reporter Harold Sacks, the unofficial “voice” of the police force. He quoted one officer as saying: “All of us here are quite at sea with the new developments. We just do not know what is happening.” Officers resented juniors being promoted over their heads. They resented the new uniform regulations and the new names of ranks. Many resigned when the promised pay improvement took too long to materialise.

Some policemen even considered seeking an interdict to restrain the Minister. Erasmus was eventually sacked because he laid himself open to criticism from his own men by meddling in police and Army traditions while the changes Nationalists wanted were forced through. Useless innovations were dropped when he was dropped, but all the important changes—promotions, army liaison, inspectorate—stayed put. Vorster, his successor, took over the reorganised police force without the enmity that reorganisation cost Erasmus.

NEXT MONTH:
THE SPECIAL BRANCH
“FRIENDS and PROTECTORS”

POQO

(continued from page 4)

country where they have managed to gain a large following is on the decline. Intensive organisation by the South African Congress of Trade Unions, and the banned A.N.C., which have mature political leadership, a working-class basis and a strong economic policy and programme (the Freedom Charter) is taking its toll of P.A.C. support.

The Fee for Joining

But a major contribution to its decline has been the methods used by POQO in organising in the townships and locations in the Western Cape. Groups of POQO members have conducted campaigns of terrorism against the African people, forcing them to pay ‘a joining fee’ of 25 cents. Those who refused were assaulted and their homes were stoned at night. In Langa, Paarl and Stellenbosch, the residents of the locations formed vigilantes to protect themselves from the organised terrorism of POQO. Instead of achieving a following with this method of organisation, POQO instilled fear and hate into the hearts of the people.

Some who felt that perhaps POQO had something—that perhaps their way would attain freedom—now shake their heads in disgust. ‘They are children’ one man told me the other day. ‘They cannot think. They cannot free us. They have already proved that everything they do will cost us the lives of many African people. They are giving the police a reason to beat up our people. And they will harden the hearts of the world against us.’

Many people doubt that POQO will be broken because, they feel, the African people are desperate. They have no legal way of fighting the laws of apartheid. They are looking for new ways of struggle, and this is a search for inspired, but responsible leadership; sacrifice but not needless suicide; militancy but not wild recklessness. Almost to a man, the people agree, some way must be found—“but that way is not through POQO” many say. The killings at Paarl and the mass arrests that followed have destroyed what confidence there was in POQO.

With the top leadership of the P.A.C. out of the country and in prison, the P.A.C. in the country has been left disorganised and floundering for a realistic programme to lead them out of the political impasse which they themselves have created. Without this

thinking leadership that in 1960, at least, held them together, there is no reason to believe that it can grow and flourish merely on the basis of its chauvinistic slogan.

But it is also true that if consistent effort is not made to give a correct political orientation to the anger and militancy of the African people, especially in the Boland, it is possible that groups like POQO will be able to multiply in this area and feed on the hate born of frustration and desperation.

And this much is certain. The Western Cape has been the stronghold of the P.A.C. It is the only area in the country where it was able to maintain mass support for any length of time. If, as seems likely, the P.A.C. fails to regain the ground it has lost here, the whole organisation may well collapse nationally, leaving only an ideological trend as disorganised and as amorphous as that of the Unity Movement.

MORE ON POQO
NEXT ISSUE

TANGANYIKA

ONE YEAR AFTER INDEPENDENCE

TANGANYIKA'S "jamhuri" celebrations at the end of 1962 reflected in their differences from the 1961 "uhuru" celebrations, a year of independence and changes.

Then the independence celebrations could have been those of a model British colony anywhere—the schoolchildren dutifully lined up to wave flags at a smiling Duke, the predominance of British officials and British ways, and the invitations restricted mainly to the white gloves and black tie brigade.

A year later, one had no doubt one was in Africa. In deference to a British Colonial past, a military tattoo still marked the change over, though it was preceded and followed by traditional dancing. The next morning President Nyerere's arrival at the National Stadium was heralded by the Great Drum of the Haya, and his installation was carried out in Swahili, according to African traditional ceremonial accompanying the installation of a great Chief. The famed Ballet Africain from Guinea, the Haile Selassie Ensemble, and the best dance troupes from Kenya and Tanganyika danced and sang their way through three days of jollification in the capital, whilst across the country every village and organisation celebrated.

For Tanganyikans however, this was not a mere lip-service to the notion of an African personality, but a reflection of the fact that in all walks of life the people had asserted themselves and had come into their own.

Building a Nation

The government has embarked on a deliberate policy of Africanising the civil service, and has repeatedly appealed to commerce to do likewise. But despite the most vigorous efforts of the Africanisation commission, the years of neglect of education and inadequate training, have resulted in only 36% of the senior and middle grade civil service posts being Africanised.

The government's policy has often been misunderstood by non-Africans, and has been regarded as discrimination and vengeance for the past. But racial feelings, which have at times run high, are now slowly settling down. The opening of TANU's doors to non-African members at this last conference, has gone a long way to allay fears of the future.

The country has embarked on a conscious course of "nation building." The fact that Tanganyika is a loosely held unit of 126 tribes and has never been a nation with a national instead of tribal loyalty, is never far from the minds of the leaders, and has been behind many otherwise incomprehensible decisions.

'Native authorities' are being replaced by district councils, and the Chiefs have voluntarily resigned their administrative powers whilst retaining their traditional functions.

The conversion of freehold land tenure to leasehold with development conditions, whilst ensuring that land is fully used, has also ensured that the Kenya land problem will never occur in Tanganyika—where large areas of fallow land are held by one tribe whilst a neighbouring area is overpopulated.

By

FRENE GINWALA

Writing from Dar es Salaam

A new Ministry of Culture and Youth has been set up. The recording and publicising of the cultural wealth of the people, apart from restoring a pride in being African, will also assist in the establishment of a distinctive Tanganyikan culture. Plans are also in hand for two year national service for all youth, who will be formed into workers' brigades regardless of race or tribe.

"Nation building" is the name also for the country-wide programme of voluntary building schemes. Tanganyika's major achievement has been the channelising of the enthusiasm of the people into constructive development projects.

Projects valued at nearly a quarter of a million pounds were completed in the six months after the Prime Minister Mr. Kawa-wa launched an appeal to the people. Over 7000 miles of village feeder roads, 165 schools, 134 community projects have been completed at the instigation of small village development committees.

TANU: One Party

But the inspiration and drive have come from TANU. Mr. Nyerere's resignation soon after independence, in order to "re-orientate the party to independence" has by and large been successful. The party has been used at all levels to exhort, to advise and even to administer. In fact the administration has been increasingly politicised. TANU party officials have been appointed as regional and area commissioners in place of the colonial provincial and district officers, who have been relegated to a technical advisory capacity.

When this policy was embarked on, there were fears of the increasing identification of party and state and the abuse of power by party officials. It is surprising how little abuse there has been. Where there has been abuse both party and government have taken immediate action.

There can be no question that Tanganyika has been in practice a one party state. "TANU is irremovable through the ballot box", claimed President Nyerere, and this was confirmed when the opposition ANC with every possible freedom to organise was unable to muster even 2% of the vote in

the Presidential elections.

In a thesis published as the TANU executive was considering a resolution asking government to give statutory recognition to the one-party state, Dr. Nyerere says that in view of the overwhelming support of the people for TANU, the disciplines and practices of a two party system had led to the restriction of debate and criticism. There was no room in the country's political life for anyone who differed from the party, and the real discussion took place in the national executive of TANU rather than in Parliament.

He proposed therefore, the recognition of the one party state, and the establishment of machinery to ensure that every citizen could take part in the political life of the country. The TANU conference has endorsed this, and a committee is being set up to consider constitutional and other changes necessary.

Economic Hang-over

Though politically Tanganyika has taken great strides, economically she has had difficulty in even standing still, much less progressing. Severe drought, followed by floods and the resulting famine (even now nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ million people are on famine relief) have placed a heavy burden on the economy, and money earmarked for development has had to be spent on relief. Tanganyika has found also that the promises of aid from the United States and West Germany, made for propaganda purposes at the time of independence, require long and protracted negotiations before they materialise.

On economic policy the country's thinking has not yet emerged from the colonial hangover. Mr. Nyerere proclaimed his basis of African socialism—"Ujamaa", and it has been accepted as the basis of Tanganyika's development. But the economic argument always runs—"you must first create capital before you can socialize it, and capital can only come from outside." Thus legislation is promised to guarantee the repatriation of foreign capital and profits. The Tanganyika Development Corporation will help establish local industries and will then sell its shares. The establishment of an African bourgeoisie is thus being encouraged.

The establishment of a national planning board under a director of planning was announced early last year, but nothing further has been heard nor does it appear that a director of planning has been appointed. In his address to the first Republican Parliament, President Nyerere announced that he had set up a new planning organisation under his direct control, and perhaps this may start functioning soon.

One of the main difficulties has been in the recruitment of personnel. Up to now, "technical aid" has come only from the non-socialist countries, and the colonial

(continued on page 8)

ALAN Paton is something of a paradox in South African writing—a field in which Non-Whites themselves are becoming more and more articulate about their world instead of leaving it a predominantly white domain as in the past. Paton is both admired and heavily criticised. Even South Africa's finest literary critic, Ezekiel Mphahlele, appears to have steered clear of making any serious assessment of Paton's works. And this strikes one as being somewhat odd, for Paton is perhaps the only living writer in the country with a high international reputation. His *"Cry the Beloved Country"* is universally admired and is in its own way a masterpiece of world literature.

"Cry the Beloved Country" was the South African novel that had to be written, for the complete breakdown of African tribal life and the sordid transplantation that it underwent in the industrialised urban areas under the white man's oppressive jackboot had sooner or later to be crystallised in novel form. William Plomer before him and others after him wrote upon the same theme, but under Paton's pen the subject was treated in all its shatteringly realistic and stark tragedy. The white man's monstrous machinery of enslavement, the black man's chains of slavery, the soul-killing humiliations and hardships, the unbearable poverty, were all in its pages. But despite all this Paton's novel had a luke-warm reception from Non-White intellectuals.

No Hero

His Rev. Kumalo, the central figure in the book, instead of being the grand hero determined to uplift his people with bold defiance was more interested in observing the tenets of Christianity, and he was despised and even ridiculed for that. For Rev. Kumalo was not the sort of hero that the black man wanted. Just as the American Negro rejected Uncle Tom for his submissiveness so too was Rev. Kumalo rejected. Kumalo was a sickly, sentimental character sorrowing over the tragedy that overtook his land, appealing to God, he did not condemn the white man for a situation for which he was solely responsible, and he was not interested in doing anything about it. But among non-whites, influenced by defiance and protest against white man's rule, it was considered humiliating to go hat in hand; freedom as a birthright had to be demanded. Richard Rive's well known short story, *"The Bench"* reflects this attitude, and also marked the divide from missionary-influenced writers like Jolobe and Dhlomo who believed that by moral argument the white man could be changed.

Do we see in the Rev. Kumalo the difficulty of the white man and the white writer in sympathising completely with the black man's aspirations? Paton writes from a deeply ethical viewpoint (every man has the right to lead a happy life in the manner he thinks best for himself) but also from deep humanistic compassion. When he quotes from the Bible, his quotations drip with the sorrow of evil and the need for

love and understanding and compassion to clear this away. He is deeply touched by the hardships of the black man.

But in his writing he does not go further than this. Consequently almost all his characters are sentimental beings. We don't see them as people leading independent lives. They strike Christian poses that touch on the surface of life. The characters don't live as they do in Alex La Guma's *"Walk in the Night."* In the latter novel the thieves, prostitutes and other characters of the underworld move naturally, their twisted lives manifesting themselves spontaneously. Paton's Non-White characters are acting out a part.

Paton's Christian solution to the South African race problem, based upon love of one's fellow beings is also hardly acceptable to Non-Whites for their contact with Christianity has been a complete disillusionment. To the Non-White the missionaries and the Church have played their part in keeping him down, and the White man's Christianity has come to be regarded as the subtle appendage of his machinery of oppression.

It is not enough to say that we must love one another. What is even more important is to remove those factors that prevent us from loving one another. To expect a change of the white man's heart is ridiculous. Approaching the race problem on this basis evades the real issues and tends to make such an approach abstract. In nowhere is this more discernible than in Paton's *"Sponono,"* the play which was directed by Krishna Shah.

Mark of Cain

"Sponono" is based upon a number of short stories by Paton. In writing *"Sponono"* Paton wanted to write something of universal value, and also to get away from the stream of social realism with which he was preoccupied before. Man's difficulty in understanding and communicating was to be the theme. Paton had an acute sense of this while he was Principal of Diepkloof Reformatory in Johannesburg, where he handled juvenile delinquents from broken homes. According to his short stories in *"Debbie Go Home"* he was faced with the difficulty of punishing and forgiving. It was on a more general level the problem of the State, Law and Order and the Individual.

From this tussle Paton's final message emerges that we "must love unto seventy times seven." And because the Principal fails to do this he must have the "mark of Cain put on his forehead." Paton arrives at a Christian solution to the Principal's problem of his relationship with Sponono, which turns out to be really the problem of Sponono's happiness.

And this is precisely where Paton is wrong for the answer to Sponono's troubles lie in his social environment. His broken home of which he complains to the Principal in the abstract Third Act and the search for love and understanding are from a system of oppression which shatters black lives.

Contrived

One wonders why Paton deliberately evaded the political-social situation in the country. In several places in the play he however, gives himself away, e.g. Mabaso announces to the Principal that Mrs. Makatini will not have the child Ha'penny as her adopted son because she is a Coloured and Ha'penny a Mosuto and Mabaso adds, "some Coloured people regard themselves as being superior to Africans to make up for being regarded as inferior to whites." In the song "white lick for white boots and black lick for black boots," the political overtones are hinted at. And besides, the social framework within which the drama takes place reflects the same shattered torn lives, the products of the townships: Spike trying to get out of the clutches of gangsters, Elizabeth looking for a husband who can give her a decent home, Ha'penny the orphan without a home living in a world of phantasy where he imagine he is amongst brothers and sisters, all these people cry out for love and understanding and decent living in a situation that continually denies it to them.

Why does the Principal (he must be a man of at least ordinary intelligence) overlook the political aspects of his relationships with the inmates of the Reformatory? Why can't the Principal understand this and not punish Sponono, especially when he knows that basically the boy is good and that he is consciously trying to change his ways. For the Principal is not a magistrate who cannot evade the laws of the country contrary to the dictates of his compassion. He can punish and forgive as he wants to. For is not his purpose to understand and reform, and Sponono is not a recalcitrant delinquent beyond hope. When the Principal hears Sponono's complaint about his broken home in the 3rd Act he forgives him. But couldn't the Principal know this. The Principal in *"Debbie Go Home"* did.

Thus the conflict between the principal as the representative of Law and Order who has to "punish for the consequences of a man's act", and Sponono, who tries to reach him, is a contrived one.

In *"Debbie Go Home"* Paton writes about a gangster trying to reform, called Woody. He says that Woody in the end went back to his old ways and that society would condemn him for that. And Paton adds there are hundreds of Woodys and the change in them can only be brought about through a change of the social system that creates them. And this also sums up Sponono's problems answers to his.

Father Symbol

Sponono is also not in need of the Principal as a father symbol, an impression we get when we see Sponono debasing himself from the position of an imaginary judge to a silly supplicant. What Sponono

(continued on opposite page)

Writers—as individuals and as a community of artists—must take action against the barbarians, wrote J. B. Booth in the January issue, protesting at the Gagging clause of the Sabotage Act.

'They must refuse to have their books sold in South Africa.'

'NO VOLUNTARY SILENCE...'

replies

LIONEL ABRAHAMS

I SHOULD like to associate myself with J. B. Booth in his vehemence against the gagging clause of the Sabotage Act. Between us, he and I have described much of what is evil in it. But I should like to indicate one more of its destructive implications.

The gagging clause falls into a context of intimidation. A government which is openly afraid of its legitimate opponents has lately more and more been trying to threaten them into inactivity, group by group and individual by individual, with either explicit or implicit forms of warning. Magisterial chats against a background of imprisonments or without trial (at home) are only the most obvious and direct of the blackmailing devices.

The warning in the gagging clause is implicit, and the group it might be used to intimidate is that of the writers. I say "might be used" with deliberate caution. Apparently the gagging clause was drawn up with singular clumsiness: it has had to be modified four times already since its promulgation. Perhaps it is to the same clumsiness that we ought to attribute the effect it appears to have of placing the right

to publish of every South African author in the untrammelled hands of a cabinet minister who plainly knows what he doesn't like. We should never forget that, like house arrest, "gagging" is imposed without indictment or trial; and no writer should require to be told that "gagging" is an even more atrocious indignity than house arrest. As things stand at present, the law affords no protection against that indignity to any writer in this land.

For these, as well as other reasons, I am surprised and disappointed at the lack of a loud outcry from local writers on this specific issue. To the extent of joining his call for such a protest, I subscribe to J. B. Booth's suggested programme of action against the gagging clause.

But further than this I can't go with him. He urges all writers to "... refuse to have their books sold in South Africa ... refuse to grant performing rights for their works in South Africa's apartheid theatres, cinemas, concert halls ..."

Even if it were reasonable to expect a palpable response to this demand—and I am sure it is not—we can be certain of

only one thing about the effect of that response: it would hurt many and destroy much.

Mr. Booth's view, apparently, is that it would only destroy a "disgustingly hypocritical façade of culture." Surely this implies a deeply mistaken view of what culture is. One may as well speak of someone sporting a disgustingly hypocritical façade of character. South Africa's culture is now no better or worse, more or less real, than she deserves. To speak in terms of stripping it aside is to take a stand against culture itself. To be consistent in his support of the proposed line of action, a South African writer would have to lay aside his pen and begin burning books.

Apart from all this, what of relevance to the gagging clause? The only connection I can see is that instead of a handful of writers having been gagged by the minister, under Mr. Booth's plan all overseas writers of conscience will have assumed a voluntary silence as far as South Africa is concerned. And to what end would these flagellant-like gestures have been made? Nothing good at all. For instead of having been increased thereby, the forces favouring the repeal of this law will have been reduced.

My feeling is that if we calculate the means carefully we may be able to induce the repeal of the gagging clause. I believe that its framers, in their single-minded concentration on the problem of hampering their political critics, may have miscalculated and produced an instrument of far more sweeping and damaging effect than they intended. I believe, too, that there are those among the government's supporters who find the clause repugnant.

Now if a campaign of studied criticism alone is insufficient to make the government reconsider this cowardly, destructive and ridiculous law, then my suggestion is that it be forced into the courts—repeatedly if once does not prove sufficient. Even if it holds together in the legal sense, which I doubt it will, the official exposure of its disgraceful and ludicrous effects may well embarrass the government with its sensitivity about "civilisation," into suppressing it after all.

PATON AND SPONONO—cont.

really needs is love and understanding. That is why he goes to Elizabeth and pleads with her to marry him. But she rejects him and tells him that he is incorrigibly bad, and in anger he rapes her. And why should Elizabeth have so much faith and confidence in the Principal? Here we get the impression that the white man is a trustee of the black man.

The Charity Bowl

What we see in "Sponono" is liberal-Christian jargon twisting normal facts and lifting them up in the air instead of having them solidly on the ground. We get all the Christian mumbo-jumbo about "loving unto seventy times seven" instead of a realisation that people need love and understanding and security to lead decent lives. For "Sponono" should not have been a play about the difficulty of human understanding. This is a mere metaphysical contrivance emanating from Paton's Christian beliefs. It should have been a simple play about the human being's need for love and understanding. Paton's treatment of "Sponono" shows what irrationalities arise when simple facts are twisted to meet Christian tenets. That is why also Christianity is a lost cause

in modern literature. Modern literature has taken an almost wholly rationalistic-humanistic bent because it is realised that man's reason can in itself create a happier human existence.

Perhaps if Paton had treated his play in this manner we would have been given a powerful drama, needing much less of the theatricality with which it is loaded to compensate for its weakness as a play.

But Paton's play teaches us, although negatively, that there is no need for Christian charity; what people need is a chance, simply, to live decently. To drip with humanistic compassion is not enough. We must get to grips with facts of progress and reaction. In the short story "Debbie Go Home" we find just how harmful sentimentalism is. Paton in the story opts for the sentimentalism of the mother when a firm attitude would in the end give her what she wants from life.

Much as I admire Paton's humanism and know him to be a man of the utmost sincerity and honesty and integrity, yet his Christianity with the charity bowl only bolsters up reaction. His Christianity is good for those who practise it but not for the millions who find it used to protect vested interests.

Next Month:

K. A. NORTJE — Poet

THE HOMECOMING

By J. ARTHUR MAIMANE

HE climbed slowly over the steel side of the lorry, holding on with shaking, skinny, festering hands. He placed one naked, cracked and swollen foot carefully on the dawn-cool tarmac near the side of the street. He was bringing the other as carefully down when the lorry jerked forward and away with its high-piled load of potatoes. He landed on his face in the street, then rolled into the gutter.

He did not make a sound. He lay in the gutter, without movement. And later as the first hurried footsteps went by on their way to work, his eyes did not turn up. Much later he rolled onto the kerb and sat up, his feet planted in the water trickling along the gutter. One side of him felt cold in the warm morning sunshine from having lain in the water. He bent down, resting one forearm across his knees, and scooped up the water to bathe his cracked and swollen feet.

He slid on his backside along the kerb until he reached the nearest lamp standard. He leaned back against it. Then he looked around him. He recognised the area: the poorer section of commercial Johannesburg. Not far from the central market. Small, cramped and aged shops; long stretches of blank guarding guessed-at fortunes or squalor. People walking the pavements. Looking at him mildly curious as they walked.

They think I'm a beggar, he thought. He looked down at himself. The trousers had been hacked off below the knees, exposing thin, sore-encrusted legs that sank into the bloat of his cracked feet. He closed his eyes and felt wearily ashamed. What was left of his shirt had no definite colour. He did not have to look at it. He passed the palm of his hand over his withered face. The calloused palm made a leathery, tearing noise as it passed over the stubble on his sunken cheeks. I do look like a beggar.

I am. Don't ask for much. Sevenpence for the train; home to Orlando. No: first the strength to walk to the station. How far? Slowly and carefully his faltering mind plotted the route to the station, trying to remember landmarks and streets he had walked along so casually—How long ago was that? Maybe a year. Or a year and a half. No calendars. Two years? Heavy-booted footsteps coming towards him. He turned his head carefully: a black man. Maybe a street sweeper.

His face jerked and cracked into something he hoped would look like a smile. He lifted one hand towards his head in respectful enquiry and greeting. The workman frowned at him then looked ahead.

"I am sorry, my brother." His voice was low and cracked.

The man slowed down, hesitated, stopped. "Yes?"

"What day is today?"

"Tuesday. Don't you know?"

"I mean what month; what date?"

The man's eyes squinted. "Seventeenth of October. Don't—"

"Thank you my brother."

His head lolled away from the man and his chin rested on his chest. His neck and one shoulder were painful. That makes it seventeen months, he decided dully. Since they arrested me. His shoulders jerked once and a grunt wheezed from inside his chest. He stopped as suddenly from the pain. First attempt at laughter in seventeen months; needs getting used to: even if it's only this. He wagged his bent head; slowly. Seventeen months to complete a three-month contract: If you sign this contract here, then we won't take you to court, see boy? You'll work on the farm and get paid. No fine, y'see boy? Seventeen months to complete . . . No. Seventeen months for Sjambok Viljoen to expend me. Then dumped here. No good at grubbing potatoes anymore. Fingers too stiff, weak and sore to dig into the hard ground, after seventeen months.

Must get that sevenpence. Train to Orlando. Is it still there? They still there? Forgotten me. Sevenpence. But who's got money to give away on a Tuesday? Only a white man. He won't. Maybe one will. Hope so. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the lamp standard.

He woke up when his head bumped on the pavement. He lay on the hot pavings, his legs still drawn up in a sitting position. The sun hurt his eyes.

"Stand up, jong!"

Don't have to look up. A policeman. White one. He stretched one hand slowly out and around the lamp standard. He pulled himself back into a sitting position.

"Come on jong, Kaffer! *Staan op!*"

His head drooped down and lolled painfully from side to side. His chin scratched along his chest with the motion.

"Goddammit, jong! What t'hell you mean shaking your head at me? Gerrup, you bloody Kaffer! Sleeping in the *verdomme* street in your stinking rags!"

The man lifted his head a few inches and looked with blank intentness across the street; trying to control the giddiness. A short, fat Indian stood across from him in the entrance to his shop; arms folded. Four black men stood in a loose group near the shop. They were all watching. Near them a white policeman watched from behind the wheel of a squad car.

"Look! I don't want to arrest you. You stink too much for even another Kaffer to touch. But 'strue's God's in Heaven, I'll lock you up if you don't get the hell from here!"

The man's chin fell back onto his chest.

"Where's your pass?"

The raggedy shoulders jerked up then settled lower along his body. He grunted and wheezed. My Pass. Where's it, after seventeen months? That's why you arrested me, policeman. I forgot to take it with

me. When I went to the corner shop. He closed his eyes. His body went limp and he huddled on the pavement. Through the droning in his ears he heard the angry voice of the policeman. Then a car engine came violently to life, tearing through the steady drone.

The squad car came across the street in a tight, rubber stretching u-turn. It rocked to a stop before the huddle of shivering rags, missing the man's swollen toes by a few inches. The car growled and jerked back to keep its back door clear of the lamp standard. The driver climbed out, walked round the car and stood beside his partner.

"We'll have to fumigate the bloody car afterwards!" His voice was impersonally disgusted. He opened the back door of the car.

They grabbed the man gingerly around his skinny arms and heaved him up.

"Throw him on the floor, Hannes. He'll mess up the seats."

Three doors slammed in quick succession. Then engine roared and the big car shot forward, horn blowing stridently.

J. ARTHUR MAIMANE, once a journalist in Johannesburg, is now working in London for Reuters. He won a prize in the literary contest of the Mbari Writers and Artists Club.

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