

LIONEL FORMAN writes on

Ray Alexander's Winning Election

"It is a stock practice of Communists to keep on seeking election. They like to stultify the workings of parliament and the democratic system by obliging the government repeatedly to prevent their nominees from coming to the house." (The Minister of Justice Swart, 9th March, 1954).

THIS thoroughly undemocratic Communist habit of keeping on getting an overwhelming majority of votes in a free election is infuriating the Nats and delighting the people. Nothing is more sure than that Ray Alexander, the candidate described by Swart as a Communist, will win the Cape Western By-Election.

Interest is lively and all the signs—even long before the election—showed that the electors will support Ray as solidly as they did Kahn, Bunting and Carneson. Meetings are large and enthusiastic — reports that this or that meeting has been the largest election meeting in the history of a place have come in so often as to be monotonous — but the important thing is that the reports are not election hyperbole — they are fact.

Other criteria — the spontaneous letters of support coming in, the fizzle that dogs every step of the opponents — everything points to it being possible to make it the safest political prediction that Ray will top the poll.

The target electors are setting themselves is not mere victory but that Ray's figures should rival those gained by Brian Bunting (4,123) and her opponents' total should not exceed that of Bunting's opponents' (940).

FACTORS FOR VICTORY

A big advantage Ray has over her opponents is her simple uncomplicated programme — summed up as "Full immediate equality, with Africans in Parliament."

Also of great assistance to Ray's campaign are the records of her two predecessors, Sam Kahn and Brian Bunting.

There is no doubt that the electorate is completely satisfied with the way these two members of Parliament (who were expelled because they were Communists) carried out their election pro-

mises. Ray stands on the same platform as they did and has their whole-hearted support.

Third important factor is the anger of the people at the contemptuous attempt of Swart to force an unpopular candidate onto them. This put any candidate who has not been named as a Communist under a heavy disadvantage in the election.

And fourth point is that Ray is such a strong candidate. She has been well known among the voters for donkey's years and almost everywhere she goes, workers young and old get up spontaneously and tell their fellows of the struggles they have fought in the past, side by side with Ray.

"Full, immediate equality." There isn't a single voter who doesn't want that. This makes it awfully difficult for the rival candidates, who, of course, are standing for election precisely because their clothing becomes moist at the thought of immediate equality for Africans.

Let's look at them.

WHO ARE RAY'S OPPONENTS?

Both of Ray's opponents suffer under what must be a great handicap for an election candidate — they have no popular support.

Mrs. Jonker-Fiske can be dismissed as a bad joke. She calls herself Christian Coalition and wears a blanket. Her candidature defies political analysis, invites psycho-analysis.

What opposition there is comes from Advocate Gibson, the Liberal Party candidate. He hopes for votes on the plea that a vote for Ray is "wasted" because she cannot sit in Parliament. As subsidiary election material the Liberals use such things as the fact that Gibson is a lawyer and can give "legal advice", and also very delicately handled anti-Communist and anti-Soviet propaganda. Faced with the overwhelming support for Ray's programme, Gibson has found it best to say nothing of the Liberal policy of limited franchise in the sky when you die.

While Gibson himself cannot take a very big part in the campaign for the very reason that he can't very well disavow his party's franchise policy, his election agents take this line: of course we really support Ray Alexander's poli-

cy, but she can't get into Parliament, so better than nothing let's have Gibson.

THE MOOD OF THE ELECTORATE

Cape Western has again and again shown itself to be the most advanced and politically aware constituency in South Africa. The voting figures have been consistent and completely unaffected by the changes in the tactics of the opponents of the policies of the candidates Swart describes as Communist.

The electorate has always been quick to see through every government manoeuvre against these candidates, as well as every action whose effect would be to assist the government.

No candidate who opposes the policy of complete, immediate equality will be returned in the Cape Western constituency in its present climate.

LIBERALS SHOW THEMSELVES UP

Before Sam Kahn was returned to Parliament the speeches of Liberal leader Mrs. Ballinger seemed brave and brimful of battle compared with the rancid racialism of the reactionaries.

But now the people have experienced the kind of stand made by the representatives who were expelled as Communists. And the people will be satisfied with nothing less.

The speeches of the other "Native Representatives" are pale mush compared with those of the expelled members. And the people would rather see empty seats in Parliament than seats full of pale mush.

The Liberal Party makes little pretence that it has entered the election to fight anyone other than "the Communists". Certainly it is not fighting apartheid.

A startling example is embodied in the second issue of "Liberal News" (Gibson's election leaflet). It contains 72 inches of election matter and 71 of them are devoted to an attack on Advance, and the Liberal idea of "Communism"; one inch takes a side-swipe at fascism — but only by linking it with "Communism".

WHAT OF BOYCOTT?

The boycott slogan had absolutely no success in the previous elections. It is even less realistic, has even less attraction, this time.

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BEHIND THE OVERSEAS NEWS

EXIT THE NEUTRALS

By BEN GILES.

FIVE years ago, the Congress Party was India; and Nehru was the Congress Party. How rapidly India's millions have moved was revealed by last month's dramatic news. In Travancore-Cochin state elections, the Congress ministries were swept from office, despite the desperate efforts of Nehru himself. An absolute majority of the seats, 53 out of 117, went to the United Front of the Left, composed of Communists, Revolutionary Socialists, and local Praja Socialists acting in defiance of the wishes of their national leaders. The first people's Government has been born on India's soil.

There had been forerunners. Almost two years before, in the first national elections, the Communist Party of India had emerged as a serious rival to the Congress Party, despite tremendous legal difficulties placed in their way. There had been United Front victories on a smaller scale in Telengana, where the peasant revolt had led to the seizure and redistribution of land from Congress Party supporters amongst the semi-feudal landlords.

IN KASHMIR

And there had been Kashmir. Here, in this little state, hemmed in between India and Pakistan, there had come to a head all the conflicts which have torn India since her dismemberment into the separate states. There was the struggle between India and Pakistan, leading in 1948 to armed war; there was the British-inspired Pakistan invasion, repelled by the people of Kashmir with aid from India; there was the election of a Congress-Party type Government, followed by the entrenchment of feudal landlordism, of speculation, graft and intrigue with British and American imperialism. There had been the mass people's struggles for agrarian reform and the abolition of the royal dynasty, and the tremendous united democratic advance of a starving, exploited people, which ended in the overthrow of the Abdullah government, and in the accession to power of a popular government of democratic reform.

But, above all in Kashmir, there had been American penetration. With Abdullah in office, there had been intrigue and influence brought to bear, to turn Kashmir into a nominally independent state, guaranteed by the U.S.A. and like South Korea, thus subject. To the American plans, the new Government of Ghulam Mohammed gave a sharp rebuff. The American observers were sharply warned not to interfere in Kashmir's internal affairs; the police were bluntly ordered to arrest them if they were found in places where they had no business to be.

"What we have, we hold" has become, like so many other one-time British possessions, the unspoken watchword of American imperialism. Their schemes to hold Kashmir have not easily been abandoned. There are reasons—good reasons for the planners of anti-Soviet war—why Kashmir is important, almost vital. Only a narrow strip of territory to the north separates this very suitable air base from the U.S.S.R. On the east, for three hundred miles, it is bordered by the People's Republic of China. And all around to the South, threatened by air power from bases in the fertile Kashmiri valley, lies the territory of 'neutral' India, 'unreliable' India, possibly even hostile India in the event of imperialist war against China. A valuable prize for American war strategists, and one not readily abandoned.

NEXT PAKISTAN

But the democratic upsurge in Kashmir has made its development as a Yankee base difficult, unlikely. The UNO 'observers' are still there, trying. But the main emphasis has shifted to the next best thing, to Pakistan. It is a longer flight from here to the U.S.S.R. or China, true. But its government is more willing.

Rebuffed in Kashmir, meeting at best benevolent neutrality from Nehru's India, American imperialism has turned its heat on Pakistan. As always, military 'aid' opens the way for full domination. For some weeks, Washington has been insisting on Pakistan's need for military 'aid', ramming it down Pa-

kistani throats. Last week the deal was finally done. Pakistan's tame Muslim League Government signed the deal for 'aid' which her people never wanted. In exchange, as always, bases, special privileges for economic and military enterprises, special rights for American forces of occupation have been freely granted.

Oil and politics, imperial politics, are always closely woven. Before the ink could dry on the Pakistan-American agreement, Washington was announcing its new "Defence Pact"; Turkey, Pakistan, Iraq. A military pact for aggression certainly; but equally part of the 'big squeeze' of American big business, circling Iran, dominating Saudi-Arabia, ruling Iraq, the tremendous money-making hearts of the Middle East oil reservoirs. While the American generals moved in on Iran to seal the ring, American oil-men moved in on Iraq amidst the pale beats of outraged British feelings. In the best Chicago gangster tradition, the ring of trigger-men stood around, fingering their guns, lest the squeezed-out rival decide to make a stand for it. And also in the best Chicago tradition, no one paused to give a thought for the ordinary undistinguished working people whose fate was being settled by the big shots.

WAR PLANS MISFIRE

In this profound contempt for people the new international gangsters find their best-laid grabs misfire. From India's government, threatened itself by American bases in Pakistan, and facing eclipse at the hands of the rising united front of anti-imperialist struggle, came strong and sharp objection to the Pakistan 'aid' pact. The benevolent neutral of the Korean putsch, is driven to become the hostile opponent of the Pakistan adventure. The balance of power shifts against the American world-conquerors.

And into the scales enter the people of Pakistan. From Bengal, Pakistan's eastern province centred on the strategic port of Calcutta comes the electrifying news of the formation of a United Front against the Muslim League Government. Into this united front have entered every section of the Bengali people, from extreme left to right-of-centre, dedicated to the ousting of the government which bartered the country to American imperialism.

The United Front movement grows like wildfire. Close behind the news from Travancore comes news of United front successes in Alwar City, in Pepsu. If India moves, can Pakistan be far behind?

BAD FOR ART

WILLIAMS

Manhattan Brothers, have been refused passports: the Coons Carnival company was prevented from going abroad and I don't know yet whether Lukas Scott, the baritone, who has been accepted at Milan, has got over his red-tape difficulties. And so the tale goes.

But never mind overseas, what goes on here at home? Our cultural activity is cruelly limited by the operation of *apartheid* and the doctrine of 'white supremacy'. Is it any wonder? Out of a population of twelve and a half millions, we allow only one-fifth to participate in play productions, opera seasons, ballet and orchestral concerts. More foolishly, we allow only one-fifth of the population to enter our music halls and theatres. With what results?

Municipal and theatre orchestras are disbanded: only Durban and Cape Town maintain professional repertory companies: nowhere else in the Union — including Johannesburg — is there a professional repertory company. There is nowhere in South Africa a permanent professional ballet company. With the exception of the 'Windmill' in Johan-

nesburg, there is no professional music-hall company . . . because we deny four out of every five people the freedom to enter the theatre.

Strangling Costs

The production of a straight play, even on an amateur basis, today costs several hundred pounds. The mere costs of production, leaving aside the thought of a profit, cannot be recovered under a two-to-three week run. But, with our custom of restricting admission to the theatres, the small amateur companies cannot be certain of finding sufficient support for their ventures. Consequently they have to abandon their more ambitious projects: they tend to reject the plays which are not sure-fire box-office successes: they are compelled to economise on settings and costumes and on dress-rehearsal time in the theatre. Under these circumstances how can we reach the standard which both actors and audiences desire and demand? Audiences are dissatisfied and next time go to a film instead. We lose all the way round in this miserable circle.

But, if we were to increase our au-

dience potential five-fold, plays and ballet performances could run three or four times as long, thereby removing a great number of the present obstacles to higher achievement. (I do not think that we would immediately have full-houses and long-runs by the removal of the colour-bar. An interest in the theatrical arts would have to be fostered in the Non-European people. Times, place, transport, cost of admission, type of plays and ballets would all have to be reconsidered. Ultimately, however, the benefits would be enormous.)

It is maddening to realise how thoroughly the ramifications of *apartheid* have infiltrated into the world of the theatre — almost without our knowing it. In order not to jeopardise a government grant the board of the Labia Theatre in Cape Town introduced a colour bar. The theatre for a long time was severely boycotted by democratic Europeans, with consequent loss of revenue and artistic standards. Municipal regulations in Johannesburg forbid the entry of Non-Europeans into the Library Theatre — even on the basis of a segregated audience.

Playgoers Are the Losers

In my own limited experience I have come slap up against the barrier of *apartheid* with the result that already in this year alone two planned play productions have been dropped and we are the losers.

In the first instance, I had started rehearsing for the Witwatersrand University Players a Restoration comedy, Congreve's 'The Way of the World', a classical piece of theatre, rarely performed. It would have provided a gay, unusual, interesting, enjoyable evening in the theatre. But it is not to be produced. Why? . . . because of *apartheid*. The University authorities are insisting on segregation in the Great Hall — the University's theatre. The students, rather than acquiesce in this retrograde ruling, decided to boycott the Great Hall. So — no play!

Mrs. F. L. Friedman has effectively translated Alan Paton's novel, 'Cry, the Beloved Country'. She asked me to produce it. At the moment it looks as if it cannot be done. I cannot find in the whole of Johannesburg a theatre (or even a workable substitute for a real theatre) where a cast of whites and black can perform. (And could you imagine 'Cry, the Beloved Country' with an all-white, or an all-black cast?)

So you see, I believe we are the losers all the time. *Apartheid* is no good for democracy, for politics, for economics and *apartheid is no good for art*.

al African dances. The Fairburn Quintet will sing selections from the folk music of the national groups of Europe, Jewish dancers will perform the "Hora", and other groups will demonstrate traditional English dances such as the Morris dance. There will also be the Volk-speletjies of the Afrikaans-speaking people. A Coloured people's group from Vrededorp will sing the songs of their people, and will present dances typical of Coloured tradition, as well as an accomplished ballet performance.

An evening of plays will feature "X O" by John Drinkwater, specially produced for the Festival by Cecil Williams. Roy Cousins is producing "Alfred and the V.I.P." by a young South African playwright Joe Podbrey, with a European and African cast; and a play by an Indian author will be produced by Colin Romoff with a cast from the Islamic Studies Group.

From Pageant to Jam Session

Other aspects of the wide cultural programme include informal discussions led by prominent artists in the fields of music, theatre and the fine arts; a pageant, with which the festival will

open, depicting by mime and narration the central theme of the Festival — "Peace, Friendship and Racial Harmony"; and an afternoon of jazz culminating in a "jam session" of bands composed of all national groups.

The sporting events offer the opportunity for multi-racial competition and for healthy rivalry. There will be both competitions and exhibitions, and entries have already been received from hockey, basketball and football teams, from weightlifting and Barbell clubs, and from boxers and wrestlers.

All these programmes will take place at a camp on a most attractive farm with trees and a river. Food is provided for all participants and every spare moment can be occupied in community singing and dancing. Admission price for participants is 15/- for adults and 7/6 for schoolchildren, and any further information about the Festival can be obtained from Box 2948, Johannesburg.

The Festival offers something unique in South Africa and it is open to every young person to participate and so to contribute to the growth of culture and of sport, of lasting peace and racial harmony. See you at the Festival!

Battling on for Emmanuel Bloch

THE ROSENBERG CHILDREN HAVE YET TO BE SAVED

IN his final letter from the death cell, before he and his wife were executed, Julius Rosenberg wrote to one he called his 'dearest friend and devoted brother'. To this man he dedicated the care of his two young sons, Michael and Robert.

'Our children are the apple of our eye, our pride and most precious fortune. Love them with all your heart and always protect them in order that they grow up to be normal healthy people. That you will do this I am sure . . .'

The man to whom he wrote had been a stranger to the Rosenbergs up to three years before, when Julius came to him for legal advice. In those three years, lawyer Emmanuel H. Bloch had become a true friend and brother that he was the one person to whom the doomed parents could entrust their precious fortune with utter confidence.

Emmanuel Bloch was born in New York, the same year (1901) when his father began to practice law there. In 1924 he entered his father's law office, and the successful father-and-son practice did a lot of trial work as well as representing various business clients.

During the depression Bloch fell under the influence of the New Deal, and gradually accepted more and more civil liberties cases. He gave up practice with his father to concentrate on labour and civil rights cases.

UNSEATED BILBO

He became special counsel for the federal Fair Employment Practices Commission set up by President Roosevelt. He tried cases in several parts of the country against employers who discriminated against Negroes and other minorities. But in 1946, when F.D.R.'s New Deal gave way to Truman's cold war, he resigned from federal service.

Back in New York in private practice, civil rights cases preoccupied him. In Mississippi he undertook for the Civil Rights Congress a dangerous and difficult assignment. Senator Bilbo was campaigning for re-election; it was reported that Negroes were being kept away from the polls by terror. Bloch went into the state to collect evidence of intimidation. To get it, he had to hide during the day, move about at night. Bilbo was re-elected but when Bloch's evidence was offered he was refused his seat in the Senate. To confirm the evidence, a Sen-

ate Elections and Privileges subcommittee held a hearing in Mississippi for first-hand reports. Whites in the state were convinced that no Negro would risk his life by daring to appear in public against Bilbo. But hundreds came from all over to testify. Bilbo never sat in the Senate again.

ENTER THE ROSENBERGS

On a night in the middle of June, 1951, Julius Rosenberg called on Manny Bloch. That day his brother-in-law David Greenglass had been arraigned as an atom-bomb spy, and Julius had been questioned by the F.B.I. A month later, Rosenberg was indicted for "atomic espionage", and Bloch entered the harshest and meanest battle of his career.

The Rosenbergs were all but penniless, and stood isolated with none to come to their aid. For Manny, too, it

By
HILDA WATTS

was soon to mean isolation. He was maligned and abused for taking the case; gradually he found himself shunned both by acquaintances and by other lawyers. But he was totally convinced of his clients' innocence.

There were endless sleepless nights, for the day-to-day work of the trial that should have been done by a large staff was performed single-handed. There were no funds; the Rosenbergs had to file a pauper's oath so the government would provide a daily copy of the trial record. Eventually a colleague, who worked anonymously, came to help with research and preparation of motions and papers, but the task was still overwhelming.

"There was never a friendly face in the courtroom," said Bloch, "nothing but an air of hostility so thick it was all but smothering." Bound by the ethics of his profession, he could make no public appeals, use no channels of public information.

BATTLE FOR LIFE

When the verdict was in and the sentence passed, the work load on Bloch increased instead of diminishing. To exhaust every possible legal effort to

save his clients would take years — and did. It meant abandoning his routine practice for an indeterminate time. The continued fight meant a tremendous financial loss. A lesser man could have quit after a formal appeal with no blot on his professional reputation. But Bloch said: "I vowed to do all in my power to right this miscarriage of justice".

In addition to this endless work, Bloch had long since undertaken the burden of responsibility for the Rosenberg children. Most of the expenses were paid out of his own pocket.

Then came the first break in the isolation in which Bloch had lived and worked so long.

THE WORLD JOINS IN

In August, 1951, the *Guardian* newspaper began publication of a series of articles on the Rosenberg case asking: "Is This the Dreyfus Case of Cold War America?"

To hundreds, later thousands, eventually millions, it was. The articles led to formation of the National Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case, which in turn led to the phenomenal world-wide campaign to save the couple. Lawyers in America and abroad who became familiar with the case began to pay tribute to Bloch as a man and attorney.

Legal assistance, so long withheld, was now forthcoming. A prominent and wealthy attorney, John Finerty, associated himself with the defence after the American Civil Liberties Union declined to intervene. In Chicago a prominent professor of law, Dr. Malcolm Sharp, read the record and became convinced of the Rosenberg's innocence. He too gave valuable assistance to Bloch.

Scorned and reviled through most of the case, his dogged persistence won tributes from judges in all courts to whom he carried the appeal: On that last incredible day when the Supreme Court in a precedent-breaking special session decreed that death must be done, Justice Robert Jackson, in an unusual gesture, leaned over the bench to say to Bloch:

"These people were fortunate to have a counsel of your courage and persistence. I'm all for you."

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LONDON LETTER from SIMON ZUKAS

Not Enough Outcry About Kenya

WONDER how much more gruesome the news from Kenya will have to become before there is a really vigorous outcry from the British Labour movement, but there are encouraging signs that at long last the movement is waking up. The Kenya Committee, a representative body of which Monica Whately is Vice-Chairman, is receiving a flood of letters in support of its pro-

tests; the Committee's "Kenya Report", exposing settler and Colonial Office misrule in Kenya, has already sold some 2,000 copies and is now in its third edition; the committee's postcard protest reached the quarter million mark after only three weeks and is still receiving wide support; it is to be presented to the Colonial Secretary on Empire Day!

Reynold News, the Co-operative Party's weekly newspaper recently said in an editorial that on no other issue had the British people been so united in their protests as on Kenya. Yet the number of protest meetings are still few and far between. Of the daily papers the Communist *Daily Worker* is alone in constantly demanding an end to the war in Kenya, the freeing of the imprisoned African leaders and the granting of votes for all.

IRELAND FOR FREEDOM

In Ireland, where the news from Kenya brings back memories of the Black and Tans, sympathy for the oppressed people was strong right from the declaration of the so-called Emergency there. Recently the Republican Forum obtained the Mansion House in Dublin for a protest meeting — they think this is significant of public feeling in Ireland for on no other issue had they been able to obtain this hall — and packed it out; in fact they had to hold several overflow meetings.

KENYA PEACE TALKS

Then there was nothing but approval in the British press for the negotiations through General China. When Peter Wright, the Kenya school teacher (and war-time Intelligence Colonel) arrived here after his deportation in 1952 he told British audiences that the declaration of the so-called emergency in Kenya was engineered by the leaders of the all-white Kenya Electors' Union in an attempt to achieve by force of arms what they could not achieve by legislation — the subjugation of the *spirit* of the Kikuyu people.

This is now confirmed by this Union's condemnation of the negotiations through General China as "a demonstration of the Government's failure to subdue the rebellion by *force of arms*." (my emphasis). What they are after is

the instillation of a sense of conquest, a sense of defeat in the Kikuyu and this fact still needs to be hammered home here.

In Parliament twelve Labour backbenchers were quick to welcome the approach through General China in a resolution which also urged that "every constructive effort should be exerted to restore peace in Kenya so that a beginning may be made with the establishment of a democratic multi-racial society based on equality of all peoples." The approach was also welcomed by the Communist Party and by the Kenya Committee in press statements. The slightly liberal *Sunday Observer* urged "the provision of new constitutional machinery that will make it possible for an intensive political struggle to take place by legitimate non-violent means."

That the Colonial Office paid little attention to public opinion on this matter became evident when Lyttleton gave out his diktat for Kenya's new constitution. Fleet Street made every effort to present Lyttleton as a fair-to-all-sides Minister but his constitution found no support in the Labour and Liberal press. *Reynold's News* and even the *Daily Mirror* condemned it. The B.B.C. excelled itself by announcing that Lyttleton's proposals had been accepted "by all the racial groups — with the exception of the Africans and Arabs". What an ingenious way of saying that the proposals were accepted by 2 per cent. and rejected by 98 per cent. of Kenya's population!

NEW BODY AGAINST IMPERIALISM

A new anti-imperialist body is to be set up in Britain. There is need for such a body to keep the Labour Party from going completely imperialist. Speaking in Parliament on Germany, Mr. Attlee recently advocated that she should be granted facilities for using her resources to develop underdeveloped territories — as if the colonies have not had enough of imperialist "development". The new body, to be known as the Congress for Colonial Freedom, seems to be little more than the Congress of Peoples Against Imperialism under a new name. Its objects include support for the rights of colonial peoples to independence but by no means all of its individual sponsors are fully anti-imperialist. I would say their attitude is rather "we must not go on like this or we shall lose Africa". Still, if it can rally the British public in support of concessions to the people and to the colonies (not to the settlers there) it will be doing a useful job of work.

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HOUNDING TWO CHILDREN

Emmanuel Bloch, legal guardian of the two boys Michael, aged 10 and Robert, aged 6, went on fighting to raise money for a Trust Fund for the boys, whose parents died penniless. He raised the balance of the target for the Fund (150,000 dollars) just before he died of heart failure, seven months after the Rosenbergs had been executed. There can be no doubt that his tireless, unceasing battle, his bitter and exhausting struggle, hastened his death.

The Rosenberg children were placed with foster-parents; but the foster-parents were victimised, and the children thrown out of the school they had been attending. They then went to live with a New York musician and his wife, where they were very happy. Before he died, Bloch repeatedly expressed his delight that the boys had found such a happy home. "There is real gaiety in that house," he said. The happiness did not last long. Once more the Rosenberg children were hounded, removed from their new foster-parents by court action on the grounds that they had been "exploited for fund-raising purposes", although the Trust Fund had been closed.

What tribute can one pay to a man like Bloch? Only by carrying on his battle — by upholding his cause. The Rosenbergs dedicated their sons to Bloch's care. Now Bloch is dead, the task falls upon ordinary people all over the world to fight for and protect the two boys. To do this will justify the courage, integrity and purpose of Emmanuel Bloch, whose devotion to justice sent him on a long, hard journey, that has ended now at death's door.

APARTHEID MEANS GHETTOS FOR THE INDIANS

By Y. A. CACHALIA

Dr. Malan has called the Group Areas Act "the essence of apartheid" and since the passing of the Act in 1950 the Department of the Interior has been hard at work perfecting machinery to enforce this measure.

The caste system has been elaborated and the Non-Europeans divided into Coloured, Malay, Chinese, Indian and African groups for the purpose of removing them from their present homes and segregating them in ghettos, locations and camps reserved for their group alone.

SETTING UP GROUP AREAS

The Land Tenure Board, a quasi-judicial body set up under the Act, has made a thorough survey of ownership and occupation of land by members of the different groups that inhabit South Africa. The Board has held public inquiries in various places to consider the desirability or otherwise of setting up group areas and the Minister of the Interior has created a Reference and Planning Committee to assist the Board in segregating the people.

Evidence submitted to the Board disclosed the true aims of apartheid. All plans for segregation, particularly those affecting the Indians, showed a callous desire on the part of the upholders of apartheid to rob the Indians of their property rights and other economic interests. In all cases the plans involved uprooting of the settled population and the destruction of their means of livelihood.

Although the Group Areas Act introduces rule by proclamation it has not succeeded in making any speedy headway. The opposition of the Non-Europeans, particularly of the Congresses, has bogged down the work of the Board. Legal defence has shown that the Nationalist dictatorship can not yet have its unchallenged say in the present set-up of South Africa which, to some extent, still gives the people the protection of the rule of law. In 1952 an effort was made to remedy the deficiencies found in the "smooth running" of the Act by introducing amendments, but these proved to be unsatisfactory and, therefore, further amendments are being considered by the Minister of the Interior.

The Government is impatient with the slow progress that is being made in effecting segregation and is, therefore, applying more ruthless methods. The Minister of Native Affairs has devised a new and vicious plan to deport thousands of people from the Western Areas of Johannesburg because the machinery of the Group Areas Act is too slow. The Native Resettlement Bill, in its present form, gives absolute dictatorial powers to Dr. Verwoerd over the lives of hundreds of thousands of people; it provides for the expropriation of rights and forcible sale of properties; its provisions will enable him to throw the people out on open veld, there to live in misery at the mercy of the authorities.

USING THE RENT BOARD

When the efforts of the municipality and the Reference and Planning Committee failed to bring about the quick establishment of group areas at Lydenburg, the Government arbitrarily abolished the Rent Board there, thus withdrawing protection given to the persons concerned. Consequently, about seventy-five Indians, or half of the Indian population of the town, who occupy and trade on premises owned by European business interests face immediate ejection. They will be thrown out on the streets, lose their means of livelihood, and lose much of their assets which include large sums of money owed them by European farmers and others. The Land Tenure Board will now only have to deal with the fate of half the Indian population of Lydenburg, as the fate of the other half has already been sealed by the mean and underhand act of the Minister of Health.

LENZ FOR INDIANS

In comparison with what has happened to the Indians of Lydenburg something even more drastic is taking place in Johannesburg, which contains 50% of the entire Indian population of the Transvaal. The City Council has succumbed to Nationalist propaganda of apartheid and is prepared to assist the Government in uprooting and removing the Indian people from the city. It has already recommended Lenz as a group area for Indians. It is to be

called Lenasia — is situated about 20 miles from the city, has more than 2,600 stands and can accommodate about 25,000 persons or, in other words, the entire Indian population of Johannesburg.

Plans are already under way to eject and displace 10,000 Indians now living in the city. About 5,000 will be thrown out from Sophiatown, Martindale and Newclare under the removal scheme of Dr. Verwoerd. Another 5,000 now living in Vrededorp face a similar fate. This is made clear by the application of Section 14 of the Group Areas Act there. Its application means that the Minister of the Interior is desirous of changing the racial character of Vrededorp, and, therefore, in terms of the Section, no new buildings may be occupied by Indians without the authority of a permit. These Indians, together with all others who live and trade in different parts of Johannesburg will, in time to come, be forced out of the city. It is obvious that they will be forced into the ghettos of Lenz.

The Minister of the Interior has issued an open permit to the owners of Lenasia to sell land to Indians there. By doing so he has departed from the usual practice of having an inquiry into the desirability of establishing a group area in terms of the Act, and has thus obviated any opposition from the people who are vitally concerned. In effect he has established group areas for the Indians of Johannesburg through the back door. It is schemed to present the Indian population with a *fait accompli* in an effort to drive them into the wilderness of Lenz, there to be segregated and isolated.

REPATRIATION OR RUIN

According to the policy of apartheid South Africans of Indian origin are considered to be "foreign and outlandish" and the expulsion of as many as possible from the country is the declared intention of the Government. It cannot forcibly throw them out, but segregation has long been used as an instrument of economic exploitation and those Indians who refuse repatriation are to be faced with ruin in their isolated and closed ghettos.



THE LYING DAYS, by Nadine Gordimer. (Gollancz).

South African literature has been growing up fast in recent years. The whole period before the last war can be regarded as the period of infancy. There was an occasional precocious flash of genius, but on the whole South Africa produced few and bad books. Social and political questions were evaded, or treated with the tame conventionality. The mass of the South African people were ignored or introduced as part of the colourful local scenery.

"Cry the Beloved Country" marked the beginning of adolescence. During the post-war years the real problems and tasks of the South African writer have been recognised. With varying degrees of success, several authors have tried to depict the realities of present-day South Africa.

Where they have tried, Nadine Gordimer has succeeded. With *The Lying Days*, South African literature has come of age.

Nadine Gordimer has been known through her short stories as a writer with brilliant powers of description and great feeling for atmosphere. *The Lying Days* has these virtues and a great deal more. With ruthless insight, Miss Gordimer has demonstrated the anatomy of urban middle-class White society in South Africa. She has shown, on the one hand, the moribund "British" community, inhibited, bigoted and ignorant, existing in a vegetable unawareness of the living Africa. With them are contrasted the young intellectuals, rootless, lost and afraid, wanting desperately to make a better South Africa but not knowing how to set about it. No Non-European characters feature prominently in the book, but there is no compromise with the myth of "White South Africa." The Whites are firmly placed in their context as a part of many-coloured South Africa.

Miss Gordimer has succeeded in conveying all this without sermonising, without sociological digressions, through a vividly realised personal story. The characters are not, perhaps, all equally well drawn, but at least three emerge

RAY ALEXANDER—(Continued from page 5)

Boycotters have argued that the government want a white "representative" so that Africans can be bluffed that they have some democracy. But the frantic ass the government has been forced to make of itself to keep Ray out makes the argument that they want her in Parliament look very silly indeed.

For this reason the boycotters are weaker than ever. The freedom of action which has been allowed to African National Congressmen to decide for themselves has led to a situation where a large number of influential Congressmen — not only in the constituency but throughout the country — have come out for Ray. In fact the boycott is now pretty well limited to the highly dis-

credited Unity Movement. And even they content themselves mainly with attacks on Fiske and Gibson, for attacks on Ray's meetings, they have found, can be dangerous.

THE PEOPLE SAY

Let anyone who doubts how the people feel about this election look at some of the letters which have been coming in since Ray's candidacy was announced. They are written with all the beauty so often found when deeply-felt sentiments are expressed in a language not one's own.

"The news came to my heart and I was mad with joy," wrote a woman.

"We know that what is honey to us is a bitter pill to the government," said another.

"We congratulate her for her beauty — it is her deeds which are beautiful." was one line of a verse to Ray.

The words of one African farmer: "Her name is found among those wrongfully restricted from sowing seeds of love," are unconsciously complemented by another, "We should send Ray Alexander to Parliament because it is a plot which does not yield good crops."

solid and memorable at the end of the book — the heroine, Helen Shaw, her mother and her friend Joel Aaron.

Read this book; it is a memorable experience and it is the yardstick by which future South African novels will be judged. A.O.D.

BUILD OUR CIRCULATION

IN the battle for culture and progressive thought in South Africa, "Fighting Talk" is one of the last available platforms.

Two main tasks face us: (i) to improve our magazine; (ii) to enlarge its circulation. These two jobs are interdependent. Ours is the responsibility of ensuring the constant deepening and enrichment of the content of "Fighting Talk". You, our readers, hold the key to ensuring that we are able to survive the trying months that face us.

All our old subscribers and supporters are urgently asked to take out subscriptions and to help enrol subscribers. We appeal to you to do your share in getting "Fighting Talk" to its rightful audience. This you can do by undertaking to sell as many copies as you can, and by helping to organise groups of sellers.

Advertising support can greatly assist us in our task and we ask you to let us know whether you can help us.

In the long run, however, new subscribers are the answer to most of our problems. Subscription books (five forms in the book) are available at the Fighting Talk offices. Readers Norman and Leon have written to us to say "We want to help in any way we can. We each undertake to sell a book of subscriptions every month for the rest of this year." What a wonderful lead this is! If every reader would give us the same undertaking, our problems would be solved. And with subscriptions at only 5/- there is no reason why every supporter of Fighting Talk should not give us the same undertaking.

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Voorwaarts Verkeerdevlei!

By ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELY.

IF all these smart-alecs on the daily papers knew the facts about Verkeerdevlei as I know them, then perhaps they'd be grinning on the other side of their faces.

It was one of those evenings in the Royal Hotel pub. The whole town was there as usual, all fourteen of us having a regmaker after a hard day cashing in our agterskots. And as usual it was that big mouth, Piet Kakel, who had to start laying down the law on this and that. Always taking airs to himself, he used to be, just because he had a cousin on his wife's side who studies at the Joh'burg Tech.

That night, it seemed, he'd heard from his cousin about this here evolution stuff. So just when everyone's quiet for a minute, knocking it back, he ups and says, cool as a cucumber: "Seems these here scientific fellows has just proved men was monkeys before they was men" he says. Now we've got used to Kakel's line of bull over the years at the Royal; but that one was a bit thick, even for him. Especially as he was looking straight at Apie Jonker as he said it; and Apie's no answer to a maiden's prayer, not by a long chalk he isn't. "Yer been drinking too much" Apie managed to grunt. "Monkeys!" he said, spitting over the rail. "Monkeys" he said. "Well, where's our blurry tails, hey?"

That silenced Kakel for a minute. But not much more than a minute. "Facts is facts!" he said. "Can't go against science!" he said. "Look at aspirins," he said, "see what I mean? Can't go against science!" he said.

Apie considered it for a minute; he's no quick thinker, is Apie; but when he says something, it's usually worth listening to. "Bull!" he said at last. "Just bull!" "What'll you bet?" Kakel asked. Now that was the day that Kakel got his agterskot; and on top of that, he seemed to think his grandfather was somehow at stake. "Fifty quid," he said slowly, "Fifty quid!" We all thought Kakel would drop it at that stage; but he's a great believer in science, he is; and on top of that he'd also got his agterskot. "Done!" he said. "I'll prove it to you. Facts is facts!" he said.

The next morning, the whole town turned out to help Kakel catch his monkeys; none of your fancy Durban peanut-eaters mind you;

but real, honest-to-god, Vrystater baboons; we reckon that if men are bred anywhere, well by God they're bred in the Free State!

And with us all there to see what went on, there was no crook stuff on the side. Fair's fair. We took a male and female back to Kakel's farm, and put them in a cage. "Now we'll see if facts aren't facts", Kakel said, satisfied.

And we did. Every day, year in and year out, we went down to Kakel's place to see that Apie didn't try any sabotage. Hard work it was; but you: know us farmers boy? Gluttons for work. Sometimes it was just plain hard grind. But I tell you, when an addition to the baboon family was expected, well the excitement was terrific. Wilkens opened a book, and took bets on whether the next brood would be man or monkey. The odds started at seven to one on monkeys — that was the first year, when he had only two. At the end of five years, well the odds had lengthened to seventy-five to one, and even then there weren't many takers.

But the feeding problem became terrific. In the second year, twelve baboons got through some pumpkins, believe me! But when it got to seventeen hundred and sixty-five, that was last year — well perhaps now you understand why the price of vegetables was so high in these parts. All the local boys kicked in with their agterskots, and the Ko-operasie cornered the whole Eastern Free State crop for us.

But even then, Kakel was stubborn enough to keep it going another year. And would have, too, if it hadn't been for Blackie Swart. Now he came down from Parliament one day to see how things were going. As you know, he's a thoughtful sort of chap, though you might not think so to look at him; and he just stood there there by the cage — four morgen it covered by that time — and he just looked. And thought. And thought.

Well, it is not often that we get a Cabinet Minister down our way; so we just stood around and waited. Finally Blackie turned round. Pale and worried sick he was. He took Apie with one hand and Kakel with the other. "Look here fellows," he said solemnly, "You've got to call this thing off." You could have knocked Apie down with a feather. It took him a full five minutes to get

his breath back, what with the fifty quid at seventy-five to one being good as in his pocket. "Call it off!" he shouted at last. "You're blurry crazy!" he shouted. "You stick to your poisoned water-wells!" he screamed, "And leave science to chaps as knows about it!"

It took Blackie quite a time to quiet him down. But when he had, he said solemnly: "Look fellows. Think of this. What the bliksem would happen if next time you do get a man, hey?"

Well, I can tell you that shook us all rigid. In the excitement, we'd overlooked all that. Makes you think, doesn't it. Before anyone else could say a word, Blackie dropped his voice to an awful whisper. "Suppose it was a WHITE man!" he croaked. "What would the kaffirs think about us then, hey?"

Well, put like that, well, dammit, what would you do? We were all quite sick with worry for a moment. Kakel was first to speak — and who had better reasons? "Dammit! You're right!" he said. "We'll call it off!" Apie protested; who wouldn't in his position. But you must hand it to these politicians; smooth, boy! Smooth. He smoothed Apie over in no time. "Okay, fellows!" he said. "Bet's off. No bet, no hard feelings. After all, we're white men!" Well that did it.

The excitement was almost over. There were a few loose ends. We got rid of the baboons, alright, and we managed to sell the pumpkins we had laid in for the next week's feed. Got twenty-five quid for them too, which is not bad, considering. Of course there was a set-to between Apie and Kakel about whose money it was. But fair's fair. After all, we'd all stuck in for feed. So we were all due a share.

So that's how the Verkeerdevlei Farmers' Association came by the twenty-five quid. I could see the fellows getting ready to tear each other apart over it. So quick as a flash, I ups and suggests that we give it to the Bloemfontein University, to abolish the theory of evolution. Well, it was a master move, though I says it myself; and it went through unanimous.

So as I say, those newspaper fellows can sneer and jeer. But believe me, five hundred of those baboons were pregnant at the end; and the future of the white man hung by a thread. It makes me feel cold even now to think of it. But one day the nation will understand the debt that it owes to Verkeerdevlei and the Nationalist Party, for keeping South Africa a white man's land.

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COMMENT

OF PEACE AND PANIC

A NOTE of panic is beginning to creep into press reports from Britain, as trade union conference after conference rolls up a practically unanimous vote against German rearmament. On this question — the centre of the whole N.A.T.O. military strategy — the Labour Party leadership, headed by Mr. Attlee are fighting a desperate rearguard action. And losing.

Late in February, a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party voted by a majority of two — 111 to 109 — to approve German rearmament. And that majority was only secured by calling in all the "Labour peers" — who represent nobody, neither electorate nor Party Branch, to participate in the vote. "... the institution of the European Defence Community, including a German contribution was essential for the defence of N.A.T.O." Thus the British Government White Paper, "Statement on Defence, 1954", which the Attlee leadership has accepted but which the annual Whitsun Party Conference is likely to reject.

The note of panic on this question finds no echo in Attlee's reaction to the H-bomb. The effect of American experiments, he declared in Parliament, now clearly showed that war would be so horrible that no-one would dare start one, or drop the first bomb. The Hon. gentleman's memory needs jogging. The first two A-bombs were dropped — against urban, civilian communities — in 1945. There is not likely to be more reticence about the H-bomb, so long as the British Government and the Attlee opposition pin their faith on the White-Paper strategy which proclaims that: "The primary deterrent (to war) however, remains the

atom bomb and the ability of the highly organised and trained United States strategic air power to use it."

THE GRAND SHOW

ALL that was needed to make the Chamber of Mines exhibit at the Rand Show the greatest bit of ballyhoo ever, was Mr. Harry Oppenheimer delivering his speech about the A-bomb being a wonderful contribution to world peace and human happiness.

As it was, the lavish set-up of charts, moving pictures, models and electrical exhibits gave the public the clear idea that this gold mining business is just an act of sheer philanthropy. There were figures — plenty of figures — big as telephone numbers, about the millions of pounds the workers take home with them every year. They were a bit coy about profits and dividends. There were wonderful pictures of paved streets, grass lawns and a scarcely seen corner of a brick bungalow, nicely described as "living quarters of some of the native employees". They were a bit coy about the T.B. rates, and the number of sufferers returned to the reserves.

But the piece de resistance was the uranium section. Lights flashed on and off in glorious technicolor, showing everything that uranium means to a suffering world — industrial power, medical isotopes, scientific research gadgets. Not a whisper about A-bombs and H-bombs. That would have spoiled the carefully contrived atmosphere of unparalleled benevolence.

BLACK SPOTS OR KETTLES?

A NOTE of righteous indignation crept into Nationalist speakers voices during the Parliamentary debates. "How dare the United Party kettles call the Nationalist pots black?" The United Party, it seems, is not above issuing manifestoes about "kaffirs", urging the voters to turn out the Government because it is spoiling the "kaffirs" by spending too much money on their education.

Mr. Harry Lawrence, who makes a habit of rushing in where Mr. Strauss fears to tread, kept up a running commentary of interjections: "Who published it? Tell us who?" throughout the patient reading of the "kaffir" manifesto. The Nationalist speaker obliged. The manifesto was issued during the general election by the United Party candidate for Pietersburg. The press reports fail to record any further comment by Mr. Lawrence.

There is also no sign that any disciplinary action will be taken against Mr. Teichmann for issuing the manifesto. U.P. disciplinary threats are reserved exclusively for those members who resisted the Western Areas Scheme before the Parliamentary caucus got around to it. No doubt there will be, in due course, a well-rounded United Party statement to explain just why the manifestoes about "kaffirs" are not inconsistent with the policy known formerly as "trusteeship", now retitled "integration". Not just now. Because at this moment the Party headquarters are busy wrestling with an intricate problem; should the Party withdraw from municipal politics, in order to allow those U.P. councillors who oppose their party's policy to take seats on Dr. Verwoerd's Board to remove the Western Areas?

To others it might be hard to face both ways at once. But the U.P. are rapidly becoming past masters of the art.

COOKS AND COMMISSARS

THE day is no doubt a long way off when every cook will be able to fill a commissar's shoes. But at last month's Women's Conference in Johannesburg, there were steps along the road. While women of all races discussed womens' rights, womens' place in the liberation movement and womens' role in the fight for peace, several commissars did duty as cooks.

For two days, the men took over the cooking, bottle-washing and provisioning of the conference, and made a first-rate job of it, while the women went ahead untroubled with the usual chores. This is practical help to the women's movement indeed. If the Conference showed that the women's movement has come of age and is really going places, the catering department showed that men are at least beginning to realise the need to assist practically with women's work.

TRAGEDY AND TORCH

WHILE the ill-fated 'Citizens Action Group' was convened in Johannesburg to fight the Natives Resettlement Bill, there was a proposal that the Torch Commando be asked to take over the whole campaign. Even Torch-bearers felt a little diffident, and the proposal was defeated.

But if the Torch isn't carrying the baby, it was certainly carrying all its old prejudices and errors. A proposal to ask Non-European organisations to join in the campaign was defeated. Torchmen and Liberals achieved a United Front against. Later, on the committee, the Congress of Democrats was debarred — just as the Torch had once banished Springbok Legionnaires.

There was talk — lots of talk — of rousing the nation, of torchlight demonstrations, of mass action. Once before — on the Coloured vote issue — war veterans had given birth to a mountain of opposition to Malan. This time, the mountain gave birth to a mouse. There has been one meeting — even its friends call it a flop. And from there on, nothing.

History, as someone once remarked, repeats itself; first as tragedy and then as farce.

The Fight Against the Industrial Conciliation Amendment Bill

THE TRADE UNIONS' LAST CHANCE

By M. MULLER.

IT is the avowed purpose of the Nationalist Government to supercede trade unionism and collective bargaining with State control over the workers: their wages, working conditions and right to work. The decisive step in this direction is the Industrial Conciliation Amendment Bill, the debate on which will dominate news from Parliament during May.

During the first week of May two trade union conferences will meet in Cape Town. The first will start on May 1st and is convened by the Transvaal Council of Non-European Trade Unions. All trade unions which are opposed to Schoeman's Bill have been invited to this Conference. On May 3rd the conference convened by the "Unity Committee" will meet. At this conference only registered trade unions will be represented, that is, African workers are excluded. The fate of the trade union movement will be decided by the lead given to the workers from these conferences.

Why Two Conferences?

Why two conferences at this moment when unity is all that matters? The answer to that question is the story of the failure of the trade union movement to make itself secure against destruction. This failure is essentially twofold: the fact that the trade union movement did not bring the African worker firmly within its fold, and its inability

to stop the savage onslaught of the fascists through the Suppression of Communism Act.

The trade union movement, by which is meant the movement as a whole, and especially its co-ordinating bodies, failed to insist upon the inclusion in the I.C. Act of African men. There was a time, during the war and immediately after, when the Smuts Government could only with great difficulty have withstood a determined stand by the unions on this issue. This stand was not made. The right-wing leaders fell for Ivan Walker's "separate recognition". The way was paved for Schoeman's Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act of last year. Again on the passage of that Act through Parliament the movement brought forth nothing more than brave resolutions, but it failed to organise a mass protest.

This sorry tale is even better illustrated by the impact of the Suppression Act on the movement, which caused the breaking away of the bulk of the craft unions from the S.A. Trades and Labour Council to form the S.A. Federation of Trade Unions, which is to-day the largest trade union federation in the country. The reason for this split was alleged to be the insistence of the majority in the Trades and Labour Council to defend *all* trade unionists attacked

Ray Alexander — People's Representative

By J. POBBREY



THE scene was a picket-line outside a Cape Town garment factory. The year was 1936. The picketing, which had been carried out with the usual high spirits, was suddenly interrupted by a lorry-load of police who swooped down on the line and began rounding up all the girls in sight. Later, at the station, the name-and-address routine began. "What's your name?" asked a policeman of a young, well-built girl. "Ray Alexander", she answered primly. Hearing her accent, he looked at her suspiciously. "Where do you come from?" he growled. "From Mamma's belly" she answered without hesitation. Laboriously the policeman wrote down the answer, and the next day, at Court, it was solemnly announced: "Ray Alexander, who comes from mamma's belly . . ."

This incident has become a classic in the annals of local Trade Unionism and is quoted with much glee to show what an ass the Law can be, or at any rate, what asses a number of its minions are.

Ray Alexander had emigrated from

(Continued from previous page)

der the Native Representation Act the Africans are represented by four Europeans under a very indirect system of election, and in the Assembly the 10 million Non-Whites are represented by three Europeans, while 159 M.P.'s represent three million Whites. If we further reveal that in only one province do the Africans exercise the vote, then the extent of the falsehood becomes even clearer. Africans are not represented in provincial or municipal councils. As for the fuss the Prime Minister makes of the advisory boards and Bungas, it is sufficient to indicate that these have no legislative authority whatever, and that

Latvia just seven years before this incident, in 1929. She arrived in Cape Town with little more than a strong militancy born of a long tradition of working-class struggle. Though handicapped by language difficulties, she entered the Trade Union field where her prodigious organising abilities soon showed results.

The garment industry, with its then shocking working conditions and miserable wages, was the first to claim her attention. Together with a number of other stalwarts she launched a campaign against the iron heel of the clothing bosses which lasted many years. In the end, the employers were forced to recognise the Union and to negotiate with it. A large measure of the amenities enjoyed by garment workers in the Cape today can be attributed to people like Ray, but mostly to Ray herself.

However, there were other industries crying out for organisation, and the young immigrant with the foreign accent tackled them all. Textile, Food and Canning, Laundry, Distributive, Railways and Harbours — all received their first taste of collective bargaining under her firm hand. It was no easy task. A full-time job as Union organiser was no sinecure. On more than one occasion Ray went without a meal in order to pay the telephone account, or walked to town from her lodgings so as to be able to buy stamps for the office. Add to that the very real police intimidation and you have a fair picture of what she had to contend with.

It was the Food & Canning Workers'

under the 1927 Native Administration Act, the Governor-General (in effect the Government) is the dictator over all Africans in the Union.

The figure of 800,000 "Bantu children" receiving school appears large and formidable. But the vast majority are in the primary schools, and the 800,000 represents about 37 per cent. of the total number of African children of schoolgoing age. In what schools do Africans receive "free education"?

The idyllic picture which the Minister paints of the conditions of life in the reserves is completely misleading. It does not tell of the terrible overcrowd-

Union that she finally adopted. This was a difficult industry to organise, with its seasonal employment and widely scattered factories, but today it is a highly organised and militant union, a living testimonial to the amount of hard and grinding work put into it by Ray Alexander.

She became General Secretary of this union and held the post until last year, when she was ordered to resign by the Minister of Justice in terms of the Suppression of Communism Act. It says much for her prestige that a number of sporadic strikes were called by her workers in protest against the banning.

Ray Alexander has three children, two girls and a boy which by some miraculous feat of strength she managed to bear and raise in the midst of strikes, lockouts and Conciliation Boards.

In the elections for the Cape Western seat Ray topped the poll, getting almost four times as many votes as the Liberal Party candidate.

A few hours after the result was announced the Speaker of the House decreed that in terms of the Suppression of Communism Act she could not take her seat. A vacancy was announced in the constituency . . . a revealing comment on a country where legislation has gone mad.

It is hard to predict what the outcome of all this will be, but one thing is certain. It was a sad day for the Minister and his little friends when they picked on a person like Ray. She has that extra asset so elusive to our legislators: she has the people with her.

ing in the reserves, the abject poverty of the people who are driven to the urban areas through sheer economic necessity, where they are rounded up by the most cruel application of the notorious pass law system, which gives the Africans only 72 hours in which to seek employment.

The Prime Minister's explanation to the Reverend Pietersma is the most scandalous Party propaganda that has been sent abroad to masquerade as fact. It is even more shocking that such a document should have come from a reverend gentleman who professes to have a "divine calling to Christianise the heathen."

NATIONAL WOMEN'S CONFERENCE FOR FREEDOM

By HILDA WATTS.



A delegate from the Eastern Province wearing her national dress, addresses the Conference.

ALTHOUGH women's rights were featured at the National Conference of Women held in Johannesburg over the week-end, they did not appear as the over-riding issue of the Conference.

The emphasis was clearly on the struggle for full rights and freedom for all, and on the role that women can and must play in winning those rights. If the women delegates who attended the Conference are typical of women from their various areas, then it is certain that the force for freedom in South Africa is more powerful than many think.

Delegates numbering more than 150 came from many different areas, including many towns in the Cape, as well as Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, Bethal, and Kimberley. They represented approximately 230,000 people, and included a representative number of African, Indian, Coloured and European women.

The Conference was opened by Ray Alexander, who spoke of the important role that women played in the past, and

must play in the present and future of our country. Ida Mntwana spoke of the position of women in South Africa, and a most interesting report on the position of Indian women in South Africa was given by Mrs. Fatima Meer, of Durban. Mr. D. Nokwe, deputising for Mr. W. Sisulu who was unable to be present, read a paper on the position of women in China today, and I spoke on the role of women in the struggle for peace.

Delegates Spoke Up

The most interesting and inspiring part of the Conference was provided by the many delegates who spoke during the discussion. The subjects covered showed the real political awareness of the delegates, who linked up the question of women's rights with their own struggles and problems, the Bills now before Parliament, and the political issues of the day.

One delegate was loudly applauded when she said that if it were not for the husbands, many more women would have attended the Conference. This dele-

gate spoke with bitterness of the Western Areas Removal Scheme, describing the terrible conditions under which families lived in the Orlando shelters, while the Government threatened the forcible removal of people from their homes in Sophiatown.

Women from Durban, Cape Town and other areas spoke of the conditions under which children were brought up today, the lack of proper family life, the lack of amenities and education and other opportunities, the need for schools, creches, maternity homes, the high rents and poor houses. But over and over again delegates emphasised the fight against unjust laws the Bantu Education Act, the Industrial Conciliation Amendment Act, the Population Registration Act and the Pass Laws.

Resolutions were passed on these Acts, as well as on the issue of peace, Kenya, and support for the Freedom Congress.

A Charter of Women's Rights was adopted, and this Charter summarises the demands of women in South Africa

today, for themselves, their children and their families. The Charter forms the basis for the organisation that was formed, and for the work of the Committee that was elected at the end of the Conference.

The purpose of the Conference was achieved — to advance the role of women in our fight for freedom. Without the active part of women, — one half of the population — that fight cannot succeed. To organise the women, we must also fight against those traditions, customs or habits that relegate women to an inferior place in our society and prevent them from playing their part to the fullest extent. In fighting against this inferior position of women, we are also fighting for freedom for all.

all the delegates' accommodation and transport problems while they were in Johannesburg.

In the early hours of the morning of the conference the men folk were up and about, taking arrivals to their places of accommodation. At 6 a.m. on the Saturday we were at Park Station to meet the Port Elizabeth and Cape Town delegates.

A visit to the kitchen showed a hub of activity. You would find John Motsabi, banned Secretary of the Transvaal African National Congress, and Youth Leaguer Harrison Motlana slicing ham (and too often slipping a morsel into their mouths!). Young Farried Adams was preparing biscuits and munching some at the same time. Leon would be washing lettuce while Norman would be preparing fruit. The Moola brothers would be washing cups while Stanley Lollan of SACPO was busy with the tea urns. Shy Solly and Abdulhay of the Indian Youth Congress would be tidying up. The women were on no account to see an untidy kitchen.

Occasionally Rica and Beata of the Congress of Democrats would sniff around and pass favourable comments.

In the evening the men organised a social for the women.

After the conference I arrived home near midnight, fagged out, but hoping that I, for one, would not be "swept aside".

.... AND THE MEN TAKE THEIR PLACE IN THE KITCHEN

By PAUL JOSEPH.

I WILL not easily forget Saturday, 18 April 1954. It was one of the most exciting and inspiring days of the national liberation movement.

It was inspiring for it was then that the women of different nationalities came forward to launch the first women's national organisation to fight for their rights and the protection of their children. It was inspiring because the founders of the organisation each have a proud record in our struggle for liberation.

As I looked round the crowded hall, I saw Mrs. Njongwe and her comrades in their traditional dress, her entire delegation consisting of defiers; veteran trade unionist Hetty du Preez; Mrs. Fatima Seedat, a steeled fighter who

served two terms of imprisonment during the defiance campaign; Mrs. Debi Singh, defier wife of the Natal Indian Congress secretary; Mrs. Dora Tamane, the inspiring secretary of the Retreat (Cape) branch of the African National Congress; and scores of others with similar records.

On the platform was the veteran anti-pass fighter from Durban, Miss Mkize; hard-working and rousing freedom song leader Miss Ida Mntwana; powerful orator and energetic worker Miss Hilda Watts; and Miss Ray Alexander, one of the most inspiring women of our time, a woman who has reared dozens of trade union leaders, and brought happiness to thousands of workers. Ray was indeed the brains and driving force behind the conference.

The delegates were trade unionists, housewives, social workers, nurses, factory hands and farm workers, women with a diversity of religious and social outlooks, yet all determined to remove their social, economic and political disabilities and to make life free and happy.

Above the platform was a banner: "Greetings to the Women of all Lands"; an on the walls round the Conference hall: "No more war! Let our Children Live! Ban the H and A Bombs!" and so forth.

The level of debate and discussion was impressive. The only practised public speakers were Ray Alexander and Hilda Watts. The rest of the women made impromptu speeches — but rous-

ing and impressive ones, at that. One when she said that if it were not for the speaker said: "If the men stand in our way we shall sweep them aside for our rights." Another: "I live in bondage, everything I do, drink tea or work, I mix with tears. No longer can I stand this oppression!"

They finally adopted a women's charter of rights, elected a committee and established their new national organisation.

Here were women in revolt!

The day held yet another excitement!

The men were in the kitchen preparing teas and lunch. They also tackled



A delegate makes her contribution from the floor.

LONDON LETTER FROM SIMON ZUKAS

Double-Cross - - In Kenya and Saigon

THE recent assault on African resisters, who had been (as is officially admitted) assembling near Nyeri in response to General Erskine's negotiations through General China and other captured African leaders, has been presented by the British National daily press — with the notable exception of the Communist Daily Worker — as an accident. The Manchester Guardian saw it as a "tragic mischance"; when 700 arrests were later announced as "the result of information obtained by police and Army intelligence officers during the contact with Mau Mau leaders", the same press did not even hint that it all smelt of an unsavoury trap.

Yet these very moulders of British public opinion had only the week before been presenting as uncivilized and ruthless the illegal disregard by the Viet Minh People's Army of French appeals to allow the landing of planes at besieged Dien Bien Phu for the evacuation of French (actually, mainly German) wounded.

□ □ □

I was therefore quite relieved to see the "Fire Eaters", a play by Charles Fenn, and produced by the Progressive Theatre Workshop in the East End of London. This well produced play about the war in Indo-China was written in 1948 — one had almost forgotten that the French started this war as long ago as 1947, soon after recognising the autonomy of the state of Viet Nam (under Ho Chi Minh's leadership) in March 1946.

This play shows why this was not just another war to be fought under the rules of war. It was a war between parties, defenders of newly won National Liberation, and mercenaries fighting on behalf of the imperialist power which had never treated the subject Viet Namese as human beings let alone recognised rules of war, an imperialist power which had no regard for human rights of colonial peoples.

Tom Driberg, M.P., in his column in Reynolds News recounted recently how this war began — "with French double-cross" in Saigon. Driberg was there and reported at the time that the French raided the town hall in which

some of the Nationalist leaders were camped — "and did so . . . with maximum ineptitude and considerable cruelty."

The, of course, politically unbiased play critic of the Sunday Observer did not like the play. Because of faults in its production? Oh no, because it was put on at a time when the ground under the French forces was slipping fast and because the French Settler in the play did not conform to his concept of the Settler. The General Secretary of the N. Rhodesian African Mineworkers who was with me at the play thought otherwise.

I hope it will not be long before "The Fire Eaters" is published and reaches South Africa. By the way, "Strangers in the Land", the progressive play about Britain's colonial war in Malaya which was put on in London last year, has now been published.

□ □ □

Sir William Lawther, retiring president of the British National Union of Mineworkers has just returned from N. Rhodesia's Copperbelt where he carried off a rather smart stunt. He went there on behalf of the International Miners' Federation, a subsidiary of the American-controlled I.C.F.T.U. The I.M.F. was about to lose the membership of the African copperminers because it had not uttered a word in support of the Union's struggles against the industrial colour bar and because it had never criticised the European Mineworkers' Union (also a member of I.M.F.) for frequent scabbing during African strikes.

Lawther got the two unions to resolve jointly to support African advancement in the mining industry on the basis of *quid pro quo equal work* — not a word about equal opportunity to acquire skill. The status quo is thus to be preserved but Lawther can go back to the miners affiliated to the I.M.F. with the story that he achieved support for the Africans' claims. How far this is from the true position will have to be made clear, at least to the British Miners, by many of us, but the fact that the I.M.F. leadership was forced to intervene in this matter shows that there is support for

African Miners even amongst the miners of the imperialist countries.

□ □ □

The T.U.C. report on S. Africa, while it has received great publicity here, has so far received little comment. With the report, the T.U.C. sent out a circular advising unions not to contribute to the Fund for African Democracy as support for African trade unions may hamper the "Unity" move! Now, if there is any sympathy at all in British trade unions for S. Africa, it is for the African workers and there is a great deal of such sympathy.

The T.U.C. obviously decided to send Messrs. Bell and Crawford to S. Africa in order to head off pressure for direct support to African trade unions. The Official Report of the delegation did not help them very much but it did help them a little: it enabled them to shout "Unity at all costs".

This business of "Unity" by sacrificing the African was also evident in the lukewarmness of the T.U.C.'s opposition to Central African Federation. It is in good tradition. Leonard Barnes, in the days before he made his peace with the Colonial Office, once quoted in an article in "Freedom", a letter from Alfred Milner to the Colonial Secretary in which Milner says that it would be easy to bring about Union in S. Africa: "all you have to do is to sacrifice the niggers." "He had," in the words of the Times (on the centenary of his birth) "the power of divining the item on which everything hung."

□ □ □

"The Government of Dr. Nkrumah", reported the Under Secretary for the Colonies, "had made good progress in the difficult task of governing . . . and was justifying by its conduct the further constitutional advances which were in prospect." What is in prospect? A "two-tier Commonwealth" — an arrangement by which colonies such as the Gold Coast and Nigeria when given "full" self-government, would not join the British Commonwealth on a par with other dominions but in a colour-bar category. Anyway, Dr. Nkrumah's Government is pleasing the Tories by the whittunch which it has instituted against the more militant members of the Convention Peoples' Party.

□ □ □

Hugh Latimer, who has often reported for the Sunday Observer on Central and South Africa, recently went to Nairobi — to discover that during the week-ends "You may see the tribesmen come-to-town, with a couple of wives in tow, strolling down Delamere Avenue, as if he owned the place."

Kill! Kill! Kill!

"The Game of Death" — Albert Kahn's Spine-chilling account of America's Cold War Practice

MIKE HAMMER is conducting a one-man crusade against the 'Red menace' in the United States. Hammer has proposed this simple method of ridding America of its radical citizens:

"Treat 'em to the unglorious taste of sudden death. Get the big boys and show them the long road to nowhere and then none of these stinking little people with little minds will want to get that big. Death is funny . . . people are afraid of it. Kill 'em left and right, show 'em that we aren't so soft after all. Kill, kill, kill, kill!"

Who is this Mike Hammer? He is the ferocious 'hero' of the sensational 'sex and sadism' novels written by Mickey Spillane. Spillane is America's best-selling author. His books sell in millions — by 1952, five books had sold more than 13 million copies. The figure is much higher today.

Spillane himself graduated to the ranks of 'author' from the position of comic book writer. This proved good training for his novel-writing. More than 10,000,000 copies of comic books were sold each month in the United States in 1952, the overwhelming majority of them being 'macabre compendiums of mayhem and murder, perverted sex and sadism, weird and ghastly adventures, crime, brutality and blood-curdling horror'. In the words of a noted psychiatrist, Dr. Frederic Wertham, "You cannot understand present-day juvenile delinquency if you do not take into account the pathogenic and pathologic influence of the comic books . . . they immunize a whole generation against pity and against recognition of cruelty and violence."

Cruelty and violence. Read, for instance, this report on children's programmes on seven Los Angeles television stations during one week of May, 1951:

"Sponsors and station managers used the lurid details of murder, mayhem, and torture to compete for the attention of the more than 800,000 children under twelve who are regular viewers of TV in this area.

. . . the paragon of American manhood was impressed upon these children as a heavy-muscled, trigger-happy simpleton who settles all the problems of life with hard knuckles and

six-gun bullets.

. . . 70% of all programming televised specially for children was based on crime. 82% of the major acts of violence viewed by the monitors took place on programmes designed for child viewing."

Cruelty and violence. A nationwide network of narcotic rings in the United States garnered fifty million dollars a year profits from the sale of drugs to children.

"The niagara of horror and sudden death with which young Americans are being inundated day and night through motion pictures, TV, radio and comic books is not only training them to regard acts of brutality, violence and homicide as a natural, every-day part of life. It is also conditioning them to commit such acts."

These words end one of the chapters in Albert E. Kahn's latest book, "*Game of Death.*" No Mickey Spillane best-seller ever told such a horrifying story of terror and brutality as Albert Kahn outlines in this book. For here is the creed of "Kill, kill, kill, kill!" translated into the lives of millions of children; the story of the effects of the Cold War on the children of America today.

I have never read a more moving and heart-breaking story than that of Jean Field, whose two children were forcibly taken from her because she taught them to believe in peace, and in equality for negroes in the United States; nor of a case more appalling than that of Rosa Lee Ingram. These are two of many 'Cold War' cases that Albert Kahn mentions in his book.

He tells you many things you have read about in the papers, and many things that have never been reported here. He describes, for instance, how the wives and children of Americans charged with political offences are being persecuted by the F.B.I., watched and followed, day and night, expelled from holiday camps and nursery schools. He tells of Nazi Storm-Troopers Youth Clubs, one of the conditions of membership being to hit a negro on the head with a brick; of anti-semitism on an alarming scale. He writes of the systematic and deliberate destruction of young minds.



He shows the effect of 'atom bomb drill' on school children; the terror and hysteria that is worked up among the little ones; the wearing of metal identification tags ('dog tags') by New York School Children for purpose of identification in cases of atomic bomb attack. (Newspapers publicised the fact that the metal of which the tags are constructed will withstand heat that will incinerate human bodies. A seven-year-old girl gravely told a woman that she wore the tag "so that people will know who I am if my face is burned away" . . .

The service that Albert Kahn does to us all through this book is not, however, simply to reveal this nightmare of our times that is ravaging and deforming millions of people; he shows quite clearly that the 'comic' book, the crime and sadism of radio, TV and film, the drug-taking among school children, the terrifying growth of juvenile crime and delinquency, the phenomenon of Mickey Spillane — all these things are not a matter of chance, or simply the outcome of a certain type of 'modern' civilisation. They are a basic, important part of the Cold War. They are part of a plot, not against the children of America alone, but against the children of the world.

The plot is so well-organised and well-planned, that it is surprising the extent to which people still hold out against it. The mother of a soldier killed in Korea wrote to President Truman in 1952: "Today I buried my first-born son . . . Having known the depth of his soul I can find no place among his memories for the Purple Heart or the scroll . . . I am returning it to you with this thought — to me he is a symbol of the 109,000 men who have been sacrificed in this needless slaughter, a so-called police action that has not and could never have been satisfactorily explained to patriotic Americans who love their country and the ideals it stands for."

"We ask you, Mr. President," wrote a group of mothers in Tacoma, Washington, when their children were issued with 'dog tags', "Will these tags save the lives of our children? No! They will

(Continued on page 13.)

CECIL WILLIAMS' "THE TROUBLEMAKERS."

THE PRICE OF FIGHTING TALK

A Review By Roy Cousins

CECIL WILLIAMS' search for a play of the calibre of "Home of the Brave" and "Deep Are the Roots" has at last been rewarded. "The Troublemakers" is not only good drama, but is excellent propaganda on a vital contemporary issue.

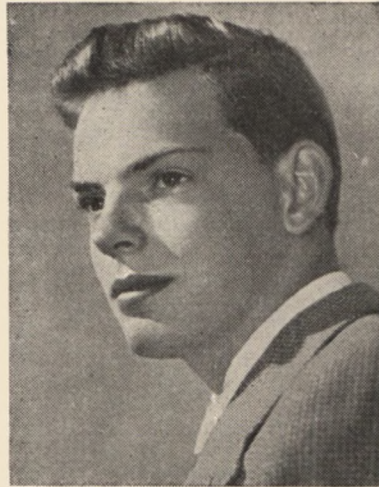
The Play

The plot is primarily concerned with the dilemma of Stanley Carr, an American undergraduate who sees a roommate beaten to death by four more or less drunken students. To keep himself from getting involved he keeps silent about the identity of the murderers. As he comes to realise that they were really motivated by political intolerance — the victim was an outspoken critic of the Government — he decides to speak the truth and bring the whole matter into the open.

The authorities gloss over the affair as an irresponsible accident, and Carr and the four students are expelled. Soberly, the latter come to Carr's room to beat him to the point that will make him a hospital case, but he is now a determined young man with his eyes wide open, and he fights them off.

The play's greatest virtue is its truthful picture of human behaviour in a witch-hunting neo-Fascist society. It is at once an indictment of such a society and the violence it breeds, and an appeal to every decent person to fight back vigorously.

The play, as a whole, is well constructed,



BOB HABER
who plays Stanley Carr.

its strong climax flowing logically from consistent character development and the events preceding it. Some individual scenes, however, are not so well developed, and there are a good deal too many unmotivated entrances and exits. The relationship, between Stanley and the murdered boy's sister is hazily drawn and the dialogue is occasionally inadequate. Cecil Williams, the producer, deserves every praise for the manner in which he triumphed over most of these difficulties.

The Players

The key figures in the cast gave him fine support, notably Bob Haber, whose only defect was a failure to use every opportunity to play on a quieter note. Shelagh Ross as the mother and Colin Romoff as the grandfather were excellent, and Bill Fischer as Como was a complete success. Sandy Stewart ("Remington") and Philip Parvis (Sgt. Bender) did well in smaller parts, and Pamela Reed and Abe Katz looked very well and had their moments. The other players were below the standard we have been accustomed to in Cecil Williams' productions.

The set and lighting were excellent.

(Continued from previous page.)

Three Times Peace

The Viet Minh has made very definite peace proposals at Geneva. On the same broad principles as those put by the German Democratic Republic for the unity of Germany and of North Korea for peace in Korea, the Viet Minh propose free elections controlled by the people of Viet-Nam themselves.

The reaction to these proposals at the time they were put, mark stages in the victory of the forces of peace.

When the proposals for German unity were put at Berlin in January, Dulles simply snorted and his satellites lined up in total rejection.

When similar proposals for Korea were put at the beginning of the Geneva Conference Dulles snorted but Australia

and New Zealand refused to line up, said the proposals should be a basis for discussion.

And now when Viet Minh puts its proposal "*with most Frenchmen ignorant of the pitfalls in such a cease-fire, and impatient for peace Bidault would find it difficult to reject it out of hand.*" (Time, May 17).

The same issue of Time gives a very revealing exposé of the genuineness of the puppet governments Bidault is insisting should speak for Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. When a meeting was agreed upon they were not present because Bidault "had not bothered to discuss the situation with them seriously before going to Geneva — a French aide frantically telephoned the Quai d'Orsay: "Send me three Viet-Nameese in a hurry. Otherwise we shall produce my cook — he's a Vietnamese."

Yes the Geneva Conference has thrown into the open the confusion, contradictions and cut-throat competition in the ranks of those who threaten the peace. But it has not eased the need for a continued and ever stronger campaign for peace. The S.A.B.C. report on May 22nd that Soviet newspapers have for the first time carried an article on precautions in the case of atomic air-raids is a sign of the times. Seeing everything crumble around them, the U.S. war-makers may yet try a last insane, suicidal effort.

Strengthening our own struggle for national liberation and for peace is the most effective way that we can help to strait-jacket that insanity; for the strength of the world wide struggle against imperialist oppression is today one of the most important guarantees of peace.

Gunther Stein's Picture of

"THE WORLD THE \$ BUILT"

IS it true that every American family owns a car, a vacuum cleaner, and a radio? That there is no depression, or even a possibility of a depression in the U.S.A. but only a "slight readjustment"? Does the American economic system develop the tremendous resources of this vast and wealthy continent in the best interests of the American people? Every week the flood of literature pours into our country — Look, Life, Time, the Readers Digest — and all the others. All carrying in their extravagant pages the stirring saga of the "Great American Century"! All spreading the fabulous fables of the system of Free Enterprise which guarantees that the United States of America is the biggest, strongest, happiest and most wonderful country 'in the whole world'! Press, films, radio and all the other avenues of big business advertising and propaganda combine in the creation of the bally-hoo.

Many people, progressives included, eventually succumb, in some measure, to this glamorous portrayal of American splendour and prosperity. It is as a powerful antidote to this propaganda that "The World the Dollar Built" can be strongly recommended. With carefully chosen facts and quotations Gunther Stein reveals a picture of the American 'way of life' which brutally destroys the myths of the magazines.

Perhaps the most informative section of the book is that discussing the "City Workers' Family Budget" prepared by the U.S. Department of Labour. This budget which would provide a family of four with "a modest but adequate standard of living" is beyond the reach of fifty per cent. of all American families. A further 38 per cent. of families earn just this "Necessary minimum" or slightly more.

Other graphic chapters describe the terrific inequalities in wealth and the concentration of all power over every aspect of American life in the hands of eight gigantic business empires such as those of Rockefeller, Morgan and du Pont. We learn of the extent of malnutrition and of the rise in the profits of the food corporations. Of the appalling shortage of houses and of hospitals and health services which have caused nearly 45 per cent. of men drafted for military service since 1948 to be rejected on grounds of physical or mental ill-health. We are told that 8,000,000 Americans

are suffering from some form of acute mental illness, while a further 10 to 20 per cent. of the population are classed as neurotics. Education — America spends only 2 per cent. of its national income on public education, but "more than 7 per cent. should be spent if we expect to surpass Russia in her effort to educate her youth." Nearly 3,000,000 Americans are unable to read and write, and over 10,000,000 more are "functionally illiterate" which means that they cannot read a newspaper or a book, or write a letter.

A particularly important chapter deals with "The Other America" — the 15,000,000 Negroes, the remnants of the Red Indians, the Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and other non-white groups. Their higher death-rates and lower incomes and wages, the discrimination in trades and professions, in housing and schooling, the racial riots and the judicial frame-ups — all these make grim reading but must strengthen our bonds of solidarity with Americans in our common fight against all oppression.

Towering above all else is the great contradiction which dominates every feature of American life. With almost unlimited natural resources the American economic order is totally unable to make full use of her rich potential. *Yet even with production forcibly restricted she still produces more than her people can afford to purchase, even though many millions starve, go without clothes, schools and houses.*

This is not a dry collection of official facts and quotations. Gunther Stein has written a most absorbing book which gradually builds up to a terrific climax, as he brings us to a full understanding of the perilous position of the American economy, as the certainty of crisis and of collapse becomes apparent. There is however one flaw which mars this otherwise excellent work. Nowhere does the author show clearly the changes required to eliminate all the contradictions and injustices present in America's society. He discusses the weaknesses of organised labour and mentions the failure of the trade unions "to lead the way to reform of the economic order". He is altogether too vague as to the nature of the 'reform' required, so that his books is of value only as a description of contemporary America, but fails to offer any real solution to the problem facing all Americans today.

C.F.

KILL—(Continued).

only make it easier for us to identify their lifeless, mutilated bodies. We don't want our children to die! . . . The only security for our children is peace."

This is the importance of the book, the lesson it teaches: that the only security is peace, and that the Cold War drains more than simply the money and resources of a nation. If there are any among us who doubt the importance of the peace movement and the struggle for peace today, let them read this book.

But read it, whether you doubt or not. It is a powerful and compelling argument against those whose only cry in the face of progress and social change is: 'Kill, kill, kill, kill!' H.W.

WHO IS ENSLAVED?

*So captive slaves in cringing servitude,
Before base lords must stand with bended knees;
Must toil in bondage for their scheming ease,
And live in thralldom, shackled and subdued.
Thus we, constrained in manacles of laws,
Struggling to hobble in restrictive gyves,
Are forced to yield our subjugated lives —
Dark chattels to a petty grasping cause.
But when we turn towards our spirits freed,
And view — with souls unhindered soaring strayed —
Our masters caught in chains of hate and greed
And prejudice, the biting scars engraved
On lordly spirits warped; our bonds relieved:
We lift our eyes and ask, "Who is enslaved?"*

ESTHER NAIDU.

VERWOERD'S WAY BACK...

It is fashionable, especially in U.P. circles, to regard apartheid as a bit of a joke. "What is apartheid?" ask the pundits sarcastically and think they have disposed of the matter.

It is, of course, easy to dispose in this way of the sort of nonsense that the Nats talk about apartheid in Parliament, in Dr. Malan's letter to America or in polite and temperate articles in "The Forum". But there is another side to apartheid — a very real and practical side. The average European knows little about this practical apartheid but it has become the dominating factor in the lives of 8,000,000 Africans. The strangling of African education, the savage application of the Pass Laws, the farm prison system, the "redistribution" of rural squatters, the threat to confiscate land and homes, the attempt to abolish freedom of contract and collective bar-

gaining — these are the elements of practical apartheid.

"Where the Devil Drives" gives a brief but vivid summary of the effects of these measures. It goes on to reveal the motives behind the apparently crazy pattern of Nationalist tyranny. The motive is simple and sordid — cheap labour. It is primarily for the sake of the farmers' profits that 8,000,000 people are being reduced to slavery and the remaining 2,000,000 being dragged to ruin with them.

This is the most concise, forthright and thought-provoking pamphlet which has appeared for quite a time.

It is very well worth the expenditure of 3d.

"WHERE THE DEVIL DRIVES." A S.A.C.O.D. Pamphlet obtainable from Box 4088, Johannesburg. Price 3d. per copy.



EVERYTHING, according to the newspapers, is ready. The blueprints have all been drawn up; statutes completed; areas proclaimed; transport provided. There have been a few houses built at Meadowlands (charming pastoral name that). All that remains to be done is to shift 70,000 people from one place to another by the sheerest force.

For any bloodshed and suffering that might arise from this fantastic piece of planned injustice, Verwoerd, Mentz and Company will have to accept the full responsibility.

What Strauss Saw

Hans Andersen's story of the little boy who saw the king parading through the streets stark naked when everyone else pretended to see him beautifully robed, was enacted in the House of As-

sembly last month. Mr. Strauss suddenly shook the whole country by announcing that integration of Africans in industry is actually taking place on an increasing scale.

Of course "Fighting Talk" has been saying the same thing for years. It was we who were some of the first to expose the naked sham of "Aparthate". To be fair, however, let me hasten to add that we had an advantage over both Mr. Strauss and Dr. Malan — we started on the basis that the Black man was fully as human as the White, and as deserving of the fruits of his labour. And we welcome this process of integration.

What a Pair!

The latest news from the U.S.A. indicates a sorry state of affairs for the Great American Public. Imagine the situation where democracy, endangered by Senator McCarthy is defended by Vice-President Nixon! A new St. George yet. It's a toss up which of these two is the more unpleasant species to crawl out of the American jungle. It reminds me of what Clarence Darrow once said.

"When I was very young I was assured that anybody can become President of the United States. When I grew up I found to my horror that this was quite true."

Considered Clerihew

So Bekker's a "rebel" (excuse the aroma). My friend, you're guilty of a grave misnomer. A rebel is a man whose daring not like Waring.

Two Pamphlets for Our Time

Moses Kotane
Points

S.A.'s WAY FORWARD

It is almost two years since the first incisive analysis of the political situation in South Africa, and of the way forward for those who love liberty appeared under the signature of Moses M. Kotane in the newspaper "Advance". On that occasion, the article appeared while the writer was in prison, awaiting trial on a charge under the Suppression of Communism Act. This time, with the appearance of a second, penetrating investigation of the tasks and prospects before us, the writer is out of prison, but yet confined by arbitrary bans on his attendance at gatherings. Mr. Kotane's restricted activities have not in any way restricted his understanding of the scene in and around the liberation movement, nor have they reduced the clarity and preciseness with which he outlines the steps that are now due.

This time, "Advance" has taken the timely step of reprinting the series of recent articles by Mr. Kotane in pamphlet form, under the title of "South Africa's Way Forward." When the liberation movement is as poor of publications, statements of aims and of prospects as is ours, this pamphlet fills an aching void. It should be in the hands of every Congress member, every trade unionist. Properly used, studied and digested, it can be a great source of strength and understanding, without which there can be no progress.

South Africa's Way Forward. Obtainable from Advance Office, Box 436, Cape Town. Price 6d. per copy.

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