

SOCIALIST REVIEW

NEITHER WASHINGTON NOR MOSCOW, BUT INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

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Industrial Militant —

for

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SIXPENCE

THE STRUGGLE IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE shootings at Sharpeville drew the attention of the whole world to South Africa, and it is heartening to see the indignation of peoples all over the globe at the brutal conditions imposed by the white ruling class in South Africa on its black masses, and the almost complete isolation of this paranoic herrenvolk.

The origins of the present vicious *apartheid* system with its innumerable restrictions on African and Coloured (of mixed descent) people hark back to the period following the digging of the gold mines towards the end of the last century, and are all designed to perpetuate a cheap labour policy which permits exaggerated profits.

Very soon after Union—whose golden anniversary is being celebrated this year—the white government set about driving the 'Kaffer op sy plek' (Kaffir in his place). The Land Act of 1913 robbed the Africans of all but 13% of the land (they constitute nearly 70% of the population); the poll tax in the Native Reserves forced them to leave their villages to go to the mines or towns to earn a cash wage to be able to pay the tax collector; the Land and Trust Acts threw squatters and labour tenants off farms without giving them any other home on the land. Over the years hundreds of thousands of families became wanderers in their own country, without land, homes or work in the countryside. This was just the situation connived at by the white businessmen and their Govern-

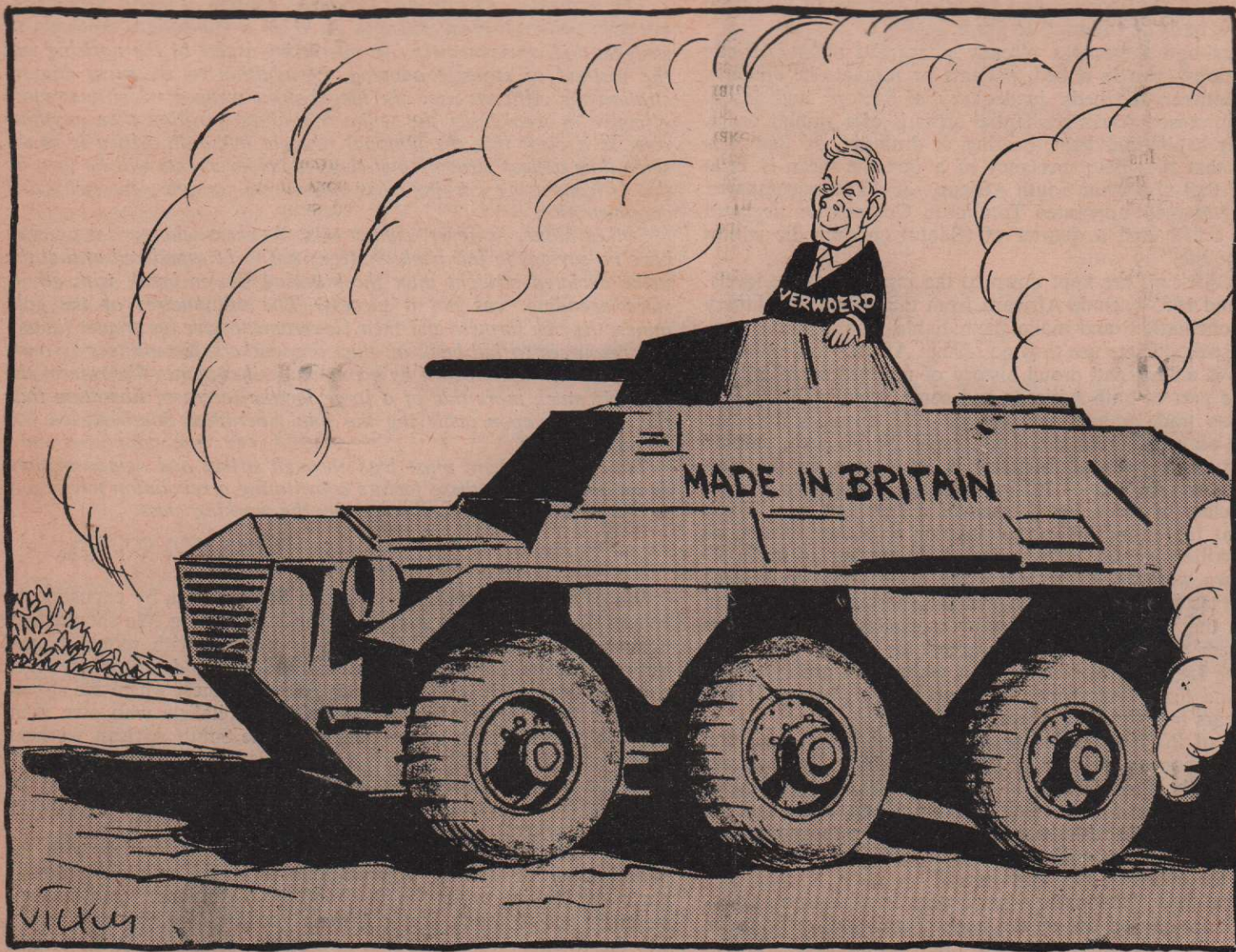
ment, whose Pass Laws very effectively directed this labour and that wandering in from bordering poverty-stricken countries like Portuguese East Africa to fields most unattractive to the workers but most profitable for the capitalists—the mines and farms.

In the mines the African earns £1 a week plus board and lodging, this being barrack-like compounds of men only, tribe segregated from tribe, entry and exit being strictly supervised. Great care is taken to keep these human tools efficient. A bare minimum of finely balanced food keeps the moving parts fit. If the tool nevertheless falters, a highly advanced medical diagnostic unit for chest troubles detects disease at the very earliest possible moment, so that the sufferer may be sent away before he becomes a financial burden.

On the farms there is widespread use of forced, semi-slave labour backed up by farmers' private jails organised in what is fantastically described as the Farmers' Prison Co-operative Society.

Again the lifeblood of this traffic in human life is the Pass Laws. Arrests for Pass Law offences run into vast numbers—in 1957 alone 1½ million Africans came before the courts for these petty offences. Large numbers of those arrested, many of whom never even get to the courts, are given no chance to defend themselves. They are bundled into cages on the backs of lorries and taken to the farms

● contd page 2



by
courtesy
of the
Evening
Standard.

"You export to us raw materials and food... and we in return send you consumer goods..."

(Mr Macmillan in Cape Town Feb. 3rd 1960).

● contd from page one

where they are kept as forced labour for officially six but actually seven to eight months. Out of many cases which came to the courts after the exposure of the scandal last year we shall quote from one, that of James Mkabela.

"After I had been at the Pass Office for approximately one week I was taken to Nigel in a locked prison van... we were told that we would be sold to a farmer who was waiting outside. The farmer chose the six biggest and strongest...

That evening, all the workers in the fields were taken to a brick building with only one entrance, consisting of a door constructed from iron bars, and all the windows were barred with iron.

That first evening all my clothes except my trousers were taken by one of the boss-boys who gave me a sack and told me to wear it... During the whole time that I was on the farm I was not able to wash or shower...

The building in which we slept was in a filthy condition. There were two half drums provided as a lavatory, and these two half drums remained inside the building where we slept. This was the only sanitary arrangement for approximately 60 workers employed on this farm. During the whole period that I was there, the dilapidated blankets and sacks given to us were never washed or aired. There were bloodstains and they were infested with insects and smelled. The walls crawled with bugs and other insects and they were never cleaned whilst I was there.

Like the other workers, I received wounds on the head and elsewhere on my body, and I still bear the scars of these wounds."

Mr VR Verster, the Director of Prisons, in a speech in February 1959, said: "Lack of labour is the farmers' greatest problem. The Department of Prisons has become the focal point for the farmer, from the Limpopo to the Cape. They all want labour from us but we cannot supply it all, but we are doing everything in our power to meet the emergency." They are, indeed, at the cheapest possible rate to the farmer: 1/9 a day per worker to the jail. This is less than half the wage paid to a free worker who indeed gets little enough.

The strictest methods are adopted to hide these facts from the world at large. For instance it is an offence punishable by a fine of £100 or one year in prison to "photograph any prison, portion of prison, prisoner or group of prisoners, whether within or outside any prison..."

THE AFRICAN UNIONS

To bolster up the cheap labour system, the Government must see to it that the Africans' other conditions do not conflict with it. Hence only 41% of Africans receive any schooling and most for only two to three years. 3% of Africans and 4% of Coloureds receive secondary education, 5% of the 20,000 university students were non-European, and of these the Africans are now being compulsorily removed to special tribal colleges of an inferior kind under the patronage of a fanatical white Nationalist appointed to head them. The Bantu Education Act which caused such widespread anger during the last couple of years, considerably debased the content of African education, in case he be misled, as the Minister of Education cynically said, "by showing him the green pastures of European society in which he is not allowed to graze."

Twenty years ago there was already a scandal about African hospital conditions—two in a bed, patients or mothers in numbers on the floor between the beds, inadequacy of doctors, and so on. Public health in most African residential areas is of a similar order, with no proper sanitation, light, heating or drainage, so that it is not surprising that the life expectancy of a non-European is little more than half that of a white South African—35-40 years compared to 66. The Government-appointed Tomlinson Commission declared that "between a fifth and a quarter of (Bantu) children die within the first year of life."

At work the Africans are kept down to the lowest possible levels. Acts of 1953 and 1955 exclude Africans from the normal machinery of industrial conciliation, and make them liable to a criminal conviction if they strike. There are thus no official African trade unions, although there is a long and proud history of martyrdom in jail for attempts on the part of both Africans and some Socialist Europeans to form African trade unions. An Act of 1955 specifies that "no person shall in an urban area, elsewhere than a Native area, employ any Native on skilled work." Industry is, of course, in the non-Native urban areas. An Act of 1956 allows the Minister to reserve any specified class of work for persons of a specified race. These laws mean that the entire African population with few exceptions is kept as unskilled labour, with wages at an average of under £3 a week for town workers. There is a large inspectorate to enforce these laws, but as there has been a general shortage of labour in industry since the war, many an employer evades them and lets coloured workers practise the skills reserved for whites—except at the moment the Inspector arrives, when a white man quickly takes over the job, and the coloured man picks up a handy broom or pail or just disappears into the back yard.

This evasion of the law has led to quite a large-scale acquisition of skill and education on the part of the urban Africans and an accompanying growth of confidence in themselves as a class and as a nation. Of course the further they develop along this road the more irksome become the restrictions attendant upon the policy expressed so clearly by Verwoerd's predecessor, Strijdom: "Our laws vest power in the hands of the white man."

In the political field elections to a parliament in which no coloured man may sit are carried out on the basis of universal suffrage for the 3 million whites who elect 156 MPs, but voting rights (in the Cape Province only) for only a tiny handful of the 12 million coloured people who are allowed to elect indirectly three or four white representatives to sit in Parliament.

With the rising wave of freedom all over Africa the peoples of the Union could not remain untouched. No longer were they prepared to suffer the burden of oppression and exploitation. Whatever the vicissitudes of the struggle the past is gone, submission will not return. In the first round of the struggle the African showed a magnificent capacity for self-sacrifice, courage and solidarity. The massacre at Sharpeville did not subdue the people.

However, the struggle is bound to be long, hard and bloody. Both the camps of the oppressed and the oppressors will have to go through a long period of travail before the final victory of liberty will be achieved.

To begin with let us look at the camp of the privileged Whites. The direct struggle against apartheid opened up a latent split in the white bosses' ranks, a split between the Chamber of Mines and farmers on the one hand, and secondary industry represented by the Chamber of Commerce on the other. The latter have long been unhappy with the extremer forms of apartheid for two reasons: first, the development of secondary industry is unnecessarily hampered if labour is not free and fluid and allowed to become skilled; secondly, the market for its products is restricted by too low an income level. As the "Times Review of Industry", (April 1960) stated: "The chief economic need of South Africa at the moment is to increase consumer purchasing power. Most manufacturers producing consumer goods have surplus capacity..."

WHITE COMMON FRONT

In the controversy the Chamber of Mines has the overwhelming political strength. It is to be noted that this body is mainly British, not South African. Would it be stupid to ask if that is the reason the Tory Government did not condemn the Verwoerd Government in the United Nations? And to suspect the worst hypocrisy in Tory crocodile tears against apartheid when in actual fact the South African Chamber of Mines declared emphatically that it had no thought of protesting to the Government against apartheid?

However, one should not overestimate the depth of the cleavage in the white ranks. For as this article has attempted to show the overwhelming majority of the whites have vested interests antagonistic to those of the black toilers, and one cannot but agree with Ronald Segal, the refugee editor of *Africa South* when he said he did not think that the concern some liberal white South Africans were now feeling about their Government's policy was anything more than superficial. There were very few who would be willing to risk a continuous political struggle if the black-versus-white agitation become really violent—"As soon as it looks as if the enemy is advancing all the whites in their fortress will stop their present tactical wrangles and rush to the walls to pour down boiling lead." (*The Guardian*, 19 April)

STRIKES NOT ENOUGH

The oppressed African and Coloured peoples of South Africa cannot win without great changes in their organisation, methods of struggle and consciousness. An interesting aspect of the uprising was the method of struggle adopted. In addition to the mass demonstration the Africans used the illegal strike weapon which was more effective in weakening the white capitalists' position than anything else. It is clear that the national struggle in South Africa is at the same time a class struggle and that its achievements will be won by the Africans using working class methods of struggle: the strike and demonstration.

Strikes alone, however, cannot win. Workers who earn a pittance have no savings to fall back on. (It is not to be wondered at that the strike declared straight after the four-day Easter break with all its extra spending, was not a success). The millionaires of the gold mines, the rich farmers and their Government have far greater financial resources to fall back on than the workers. No military tyranny has ever been overthrown by economic strikes alone. The role of the strike is much more that of a forge for the forces of liberation than the actual weapon achieving the final liberation. South Africa will be no exception.

The struggle there must lead through strikes and demonstrations to an uprising—all these factors constituting a revolution whose aim is the seizure of political power by the working class.

BACK UP THE BOYCOTT

We can help our toiling brothers in South Africa by exposing the role of British investors particularly in gold mining. We should fight against British capitalists' lining their pockets with money coined out of Africans' blood. If the nationalisation of industry is anywhere a crying demand it is in the South African mines, where we should fight for the expropriation of the British capitalists who own them and their transference to the control of the South African workers.

We should press the British Labour Party to disassociate itself from the segregationist South African Labour Party. (The AEU expelled its South African branch a number of years ago for excluding coloured workers).

More directly, we should back up the boycott—which, with the participation of Labour organisations in many countries, already hurts—by striving to get the TUC and the big unions to call on their members not to touch South African goods at their point of entry into the country—otherwise it is impossible to distinguish the origins of goods (such as wool, etc) and this move would ensure a complete boycott—and to 'black' Saracen armoured cars and other arms shipments due to go to South Africa.

TRADE UNION COMMENTARY

AFTER the publication of the Guillebaud Report, the NUR and ASLEF have been engaged in negotiating a wage settlement that will add 42/- a week to the wages of LTE tube-train drivers and raise their basic pay to £13.11s. Simultaneously the officials of the T&GWU have signed agreements that will add only 10/- to the weekly wage of the LTE bus driver and raise his basic pay to £10.12s.

In 1939 both these men had an identical basic wage. Now the bus driver is going to get 59/- a week less than his colleague on the underground.

Never was the need for industrial union greater, to unite all transport workers. They are employed by the same employer; they should be united when meeting him.

As a first step towards an industrial union, at least a liaison committee between London railwaymen and busmen could be formed. In the words of the busmen's militant rank-and-file paper, *Platform* (March issue):

"Surely it is possible that a joint consultative body could be established between road and rail staffs working for the same employer—the LTE. Surely such a bridge established between ourselves and our railway brothers would be to our mutual advantage? Surely nothing but good could come from an occasional meeting between our own Central Road Services Committee and the corresponding bodies covering the tubemen?"

This is a first step. It is high time it was taken.

A HALL (TGWU)

* * *

Earlier this month after prolonged negotiations, the British Transport Commission agreed to pay railway shopmen a five per cent wage increase back dated to January 11th in line with all other employees. There are some 47 unions catering for the workers involved with about half in the industrial union—the N.U.R.

Although the bosses' negotiators including later the L.T.E.,

PROFITS AND WAGES

Between the last quarter of 1958 and the last quarter of 1959 *hourly earnings* in manufacturing rose by less than 4 percent, *profits* by 10½ percent and *profits* of companies only (which is the predominant form of organization in manufacturing) by 16 percent.

Between 1954 and 1959 the number of *workers employed* in the car industry in Britain rose by 8 percent, *real wages* by 20 percent while *profits* rose by 52 percent.

Labour Research March 1960.

struggled to avoid accepting the Guillebaud Enquiry to be made applicable to shopmen, the weight of the whole of the rail workers was felt leaning on the whole proceedings.

The N.U.R.E.C. declared its right to seek further review of shopmen's wages in the light of further developments elsewhere in the industry. A shopman member of the E.C. went so far as to pledge the help of the whole of the organised strength of the N.U.R. in securing treatment as favourable as that accorded to the conciliations grades (ie all other rail workers).

At the time of the rail crisis the N.U.R. had actually called upon all shopmen to strike in support of the rest without then being directly affected. Other shopmen in other Unions felt the position most keenly and many had declared that they would not cross the N.U.R. picket-line although they were being advised to continue at work by their unions. This was a clear demonstration of the superiority of the industrial form of unionism and the most tidy and most effective means of class struggle.

The A.E.U. and Carron policy of a 42 hour week instead of wage increases, has been tossed out by the N.U.R. shopmen. The N.U.R. executive realistically argues that the shorter working-week as evidenced by the whole European pattern is coming anyway, and it is therefore better to exert pressure on the wages front.

SID BIDWELL (NUR)

* * *

THE EC of the ETU, after the failure of the dragged-out negotiations on the South Bank over electricians' rates of pay, has decided to impose a national ban on overtime on all building sites in the country. However, the leadership showed extreme dilatoriness in carrying out this decision. Although the ban was announced for March 28th, the EC notice about it was dated 31st March, and it was received by shop stewards on the sites only on April 14th. No wonder that with such enthusiasm and promptness, reports say that the response has been very poor indeed, and on many sites has been totally ignored.

This slowness of the EC of the ETU contrasts vividly with their speedy handling of all recent critics of the anti-democratic control of the union.

'SPARK' (ETU)

* * *

'WE WUS ROBBED': 'we wus robbed'; 'we wus sold down the drain hook line and sinker by the duplicity and treachery of Sir Richard Coppock and his craft leaders.' This is the cry of thousands of labourers and semi-skilled building

operatives through their affiliated unions to the Building Federation over the recent widening of the differential hourly rate between labourers and craftsmen.

Despite a policy democratically agreed at the Federations' annual conference, despite the rules and constitution of the Federation, the union leaders decided by sixteen votes to four to violate the Constitution: to forget about conferences, and to accept the 2½d per hour crafts' and 1½d per hour labourers' increase offered by the employers. The Bricklayers' Union, whose motto is 'United we stand, Divided we fall', which caters for thousands of bricklayers' labourers, had three votes. Bro. Weaver their President and Bro. Lothian their Secretary, voted for the increase and Bro. Clark, an official, against.

What a shower of Dr. Verwoerds we have leading the crafts on the NFBTO! Why do they treat building labourers as sub-standard humans? Remember the cost of living, on which wage claims are based, has gone up for all workers, not just craftsmen. The voices of the General Secretaries of The T&GWU and the NUM&GW, and not only the voices of officials who represent sections of those unions, must be heard defending their building workers at the Federation Conference. All workers must insist that this differential is decreased. Procedure must be adopted for dealing with leaders that ignore and violate decisions and rules democratically reached. Brothers! Wake up and remember that because of apathy Hitler and Mussolini took over the trades unions without resistance. Notting Hill Gate is not the only place to be vigilant. Let us have discussions on the future of the Federation, on industrial unionism and see where the hell we are going. Let us unite against the bosses—'United we stand, Divided we fall'!

'TRAMP NAVVY' (TGWU)

* * *

THE printing industry is riddled with craft prejudice. There are fourteen trade unions in the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation. This does not include three other unions, the most important being Natsopa, a union that draws its members from printers' assistants, ink and roller makers, engineers' mates and clerical workers. The other two unions are the ETU and the AEU. The PKTF should serve all the unions, but the craft unions are never willing to sink their own differences for the common good, so the result is a divided house.

The reason Natsopa are outside the PKTF is that they feel they can function better without the millstone of the craft unions around their neck.

For some years the question of amalgamation has exercised the minds of all the unions in the industry, and discussions on the subject have taken place between unions on different occasions. One example of these discussions being brought to a successful conclusion was the amalgamation

of the London Society of Compositors and the Printing Machine Managers' Trade Society. They are now the London Typographical Society.

In 1957 the National Union of Paper, Bookbinding and Printing Workers and Natsopa recommended their members to amalgamate, but the recommendation was rejected.

Natsopa and the LTS held talks with a view to amalgamation. These discussions were brought to an abrupt end when both parties quarrelled over the manning of machines in one of the newspaper offices. This year the question of amalgamation has been raised. Now five unions have formed a committee which will discuss the problems involved. At the same time the LTS have just rejected an offer to join with NUPB & PW.

One can see that within the industry the chances of all the unions joining together are at this stage rather remote.

However we should not wait with folded arms until industrial unionism is presented to us on a platter. Members of different print unions should combine in order, to show in our separate unions the desirability of amalgamation. A common paper for all printing workers, irrespective of their union, is a crying need.

C. COYTE (NATSOPA)

* * *

THE April issue of *Typographical Circular*, official organ of the Typographical Association, reported: "Court cases and claims for damages against Continental Unions for supporting their striking British colleagues have occurred both in Federal Germany and in Denmark. The Danish case, lodged by employers who had accepted orders for ice cream wrappers for British firms, against the Danish Typographers' Association, which had requested its members not to carry out strike work, has apparently not so far led to a verdict. On the other hand, the Industrial Court of Wuppertal-Barmen, in November, 1959, decided in favour of a printing firm in Wuppertal-Elberfeld (Federal Germany) which had agreed to print a periodical and a leaflet for British employers and whose workers had refused the work, suing the local Union branch for damages because they had so instructed their members."

* * *

LAST year accidents on the job caused the death of 1,249 workers. Heaviest losses for single industries were mining and quarrying with 389, building and engineering construction 218 and railways 159.

(AEU Journal, April)

TURN TO PAGE 5

FOR A

MAY DAY MESSAGE

BY 'JOCK' DUNBAR.

BY PETER SEDGWICK

After Aldermaston — THE ROAD TO PEACE

THE about-turn in Tory defence policy should not pass unnoticed by those active in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, least of all by Socialists. Informed correspondents agree that the policy (identified with the name of Sandys but in fact that of MacMillan) of complete reliance on the British Bomb is distinctly on the way out. "It is a safe prediction that, within the lifetime of this Parliament, the independent British deterrent will have been quietly buried" (Crossman and Wigg, *New Statesman* 12 March) The *Observer* political correspondent has even forecast that shortly the only people in Britain in favour of the British bomb will be Mr Gaitskell and his friends.

The motives behind the change are various. Modern nuclear strategy requires the allocation of resources to several separate sub-strategies, involving different missile carrier and base systems which no single State can afford to undertake. Hence the call for a combined Western deterrent, in which the eggs of death would be taken from each nationally autonomous basket and re-assigned to the separate containers of Polaris submarine, V-bomber, IBM, or what have you. The Marketing Board being in this case NATO.

CONTRADICTIONARY PROGRAM

Then too, the strain of keeping up with the strong-arm Jones's of Washington and Moscow has made it impossible to reduce defence expenditure by cutting manpower in favour of bombs. In fact Britain's military expenditure has now risen to £1,630 millions. Finally, it has proved impossible to raise by voluntary recruitment minimum manpower that would be necessary to create a mobile nuclear force.

It is possible that British capitalism will abandon its own Bomb rather as it abandoned slavery in the early nineteenth century, because it is bad business. The permanent war economy only requires enough boost from military expenditure as is sufficient for current needs. In a boom period a properly enlightened bourgeoisie may find it expedient to rationalize and prune the resources of war.

Speculation of this order may run too far. Side by side with the calculations of MacMillan wisdom, there exist the inflating demands of jingoist interests and the free-wheeling extravagance of the military. Tory defence policy may well serve these competing pressures with a contradictory programme which panders to the morbid imperial lust for 'Our Big Bomb' at the same time as it denies any satisfactory outlet in the flesh of actual strategy.

CROSSMAN'S BRAND

What is of more interest is the spectacle presented by Labour's divided counsels. The official Opposition spokesmen argued, as usual, for the British Bomb, oblivious of the 'non-nuclear club' which they had urged upon their own supporters a few months previously as the only proper method of getting rid of the British bomb. The forty-three rebels who abstained constitute a melting-pot of divergent attitudes. They include those who would prefer an efficient and co-ordinated NATO deterrent to the useless British one, those who like Crossman and Wigg, support the extension of conventional forces, if necessary by the continuance of conscription, and honest-to-goodness pacifists and left-wingers of all shades.

It is urgent that supporters of the CND should be aware of the alternative defence policies that are being canvassed as possible successors to the Sandys—Strachey line. Not many marchers would feel easier at heart in a year or two if they had to march past a Nuclear Research Establishment decorated with the NATO emblem and dedicated to the division of destructive labour among the Western powers rather than to its concentration for the exclusively national aims of the British deterrent.

The disputations of official Labour and Liberal strategists, concerning the relative priority of the British Bomb or the NATO Bomb are pointless as well as disgusting. The ownership of humanity's death does not interest us: only the ownership of humanity's means of life.

Nor should Mr Richard Crossman's brand of anti-nuclear advocacy tempt us. Crossman believes that the Labour Party should proclaim the retention of conscription in order to man conventionally-based strategy which, within his preconceptions, seems to be the only alternative to outright reliance on the Bomb.

The assumptions behind this argument need to be examined quite independently of its obviously disastrous effect, were it ever implemented, on mass opinion.

British conventional forces have never since the early years of World War Two been deployed to preserve this island from attack. Their post-war role has been that of garrisoning colonial dependencies, of repressing native liberation movements, of installing right-wing dictators like Rhee and Metaxas, and of forming counter-checks in the game of power-balance against the Stalinist East or the rival powers of the West. Only within a world-outlook which accepts such military roles as both righteous and everlasting, can a strategy of conscripted man-power make any sense, whether as an alternative to the deterrent, as Crossman would have it, or to supplement deterrence, as with the post-war Labour government. This point is of no mere academic interest. All the post-war incidents in which World War Three seemed just around the corner—Korea, Suez, Indo-China, the Lebanon landings—have been fought by con-

ventional forces in pursuit of one or more of the conventional purposes listed in the preceding paragraph.

An anti-nuclear approach which attacks the Bomb whilst ignoring, or even applauding, the more traditional aspects of bourgeois defence policy is useless. A State which rejects the deterrent while continuing to pursue expansionist, repressive or Cold-War objectives by conventional means, may indeed congratulate itself on its clean hands: the first bomb that lands on the capital of an opposing Power will not bear our name. But the trip-wire to destruction, the police action or emergency operation, whose effects expand across space as they extend in time, may be the responsibility of that State: the 'conventional' prelude to the 'unconventional' holocaust.

THE ROLE OF CAPITAL

The fight against the Bomb is therefore the most urgent and evident front of a wider struggle. As we look back on our march from Aldermaston, we are tempted to think that we have tracked the trouble down. Behind the barbed-wire fenced patrolled by fierce dogs, within the angular glass and concrete of the factories, under the lines of too regular green hummocks, the sealed bunkers of contamination, lurks the mischief. Here is the origin, the cause of it all, the lair of the Beast. But of course this is not so. In marching to the capital, we re-traced a spoor.

In the metropolis, the seat of Power, we shall find the den: the tracks are numerous around Whitehall, Downing Street, and in the approaches to the Commons. How is it, then, that at the end of it all, so near the Beast's refuges, we yet feel that we have missed it, have been perhaps tricked by it? The creature is cunning, and its spoor complex. For those skilled to follow its ramifications the track leads quite elsewhere. The home of the mischief is further afield, in the City; and the name of the Beast is Capital.

International notebook

BY T. CLIFF

Khrushchev, De Gaulle and Algeria

WHEN General De Gaulle visited Britain practically the whole press from the *Times* to the *Daily Herald*, and practically all politicians from Macmillan to Crossman licked his boots. They forgot that De Gaulle's troops in Algeria every week kill as many of the people of Africa as Verwoerd's do in a year. And they forgot that the massacre in Algeria has lasted for six long and terrible years. "...there is an ironic contrast between his popular acclaim here (in Britain) and the rising public anger against the South African government. For the French in Algeria, though rejecting the racist ideology of apartheid, are similarly committed to the maintenance of white supremacy by violence. Indeed, their physical record has been, in some respects, worse than that of Dr. Verwoerd's police and troops. Some of the latter, in fact, have visited Algeria to study French methods of 'pacification', and now openly proclaim that they are applying them." (*New Statesman*, April 9th).

Alas, Khrushchev's visit to France served to enhance de Gaulle's prestige. In the words of the *New Statesman's* Paris correspondent: "He has been talking; and his speeches have given more practical comfort to de Gaulle than to Thorez. Vague phrases about the sacred cause of Communism have not been adequate to counterbalance the flood of eulogy on the merits, past, present and future, of President de Gaulle. In French eyes, Khrushchev has allowed

himself to appear first and foremost as a Gaullist of the left—occasionally even as a simple, unqualified Gaullist... Ever since he arrived at Orly, Khrushchev has deliberately chosen the tactic of flattering de Gaulle." (*New Statesman*, 2nd April)

DURING the Algerian crisis, a couple of months ago, it looked as if the army's wishes were the question marks that governed the fate of France. De Gaulle was in the position of a medieval king who must constantly wrestle with powerful barons, not one of whom could successfully challenge his authority, but who, collectively, could force him to yield to their wishes. The fate of France looked as if it was dependent on the inter-relationships between De Gaulle and the army commanders.

The French working class hardly intervened in this crisis. How far from the days in August 1944 when the armed French workers expelled the Nazi troops from Paris and took control over the city, its factories and streets! Now, the most the French trade unions dared to do was to call for an hour's token strike to express disapproval of the seditious ultras in Algiers!

Algeria has eaten into the marrow of French democracy and the French labour movement. For more than five years the country has been paying for the most expensive colonial war in history, and submitting to the longest military service of any Western country. The former

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A MESSAGE FOR MAY-DAY

In these arid days of Gaitskellism, it gives us joy to reproduce a real, vital, pulsating call to struggle in a May Day message written by the revolutionary Socialist, "Jock" Dunbar, for the Willesden Labour Party in 1946.—Editor.

★ ★ ★

On this, the first day of May, 1946, the strains of 'The Internationale' and the 'Red Flag' will unite the whole world's working classes, as we dedicate our lives anew to the great cause of world socialism. Floods of memories will be ours, sad and glad, as we sing "The People's Flag is deepest red." Its every fold dyed the heroic blood of workers of all lands. Even to-day wherever unfettered capitalism rules the stain of martyrs' blood deepens the scarlet of our symbol.

THIS WE MUST NOT FORGET!

In Great Britain our flag is a mighty symbol.

In this land, that gave impetus through the Chartist Movement to all who struggle against oppression in modern times, we have had many martyrs. But our martyrdom had secured a mighty achievement. Our Tolpuddle Martyrs are indissolubly linked with a great Trade Union Organisation. The humble folks of Rochdale struggling bitterly against poverty, laid the foundation for our socialist ideal—a Co-operative Commonwealth—and the names of Keir Hardie, Tom Mann, Jim Connolly and John MacLean will for ever be remembered when we recall the political struggles of the two past generations, when the common people of this land, moulded and formed the Labour Party which governs to-day.

It is indeed good to be a member of the working class on this historic day. It gives a feeling of proud strength in our solidarity that makes a mockery of all the tawdry, tinselled trifles that a corrupt society has to offer. We get the feeling of being one of the workers of all lands, forgetting Fatherlands in our knowledge of the closeness of mankind.

LENIN! LIEBKNECHT! LUXEMBURG!

As we remember our own martyred dead, we know that in Germany, too, they are recalling names. Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht! In Russia, Lenin and his comrades of the Revolution. In America, Eugene Debs, Sacco and Vanzetti. All over the world workers are remembering deeds and names. Names are remembered, not for themselves, but because the men and women who bore them were the very embodiment of all the common men and women who have lived and died for the cause of socialism through the world, and because we are sure that one day the child-

ren of the common people will grow up to control the destiny of mankind.

May first is Labour Day, and on that day the unity of socialist brotherhood is real.

Hands of toil, calloused in a long time slavery, stretch out open to the firm handclasp of brother toilers... and clench fiercely in righteous anger against oppressors everywhere.

Recently it has become almost a crime to mention our enemy. But the enemy of every worker is the capitalist exploiter. And that enemy often seems strong and united against us while schisms develop within our ranks. Paradoxical as it appears, this is as it should be—for the so-called rulers of to-day are but the selfish, greedy puppets of history, who through our ultimate unity will be overthrown.

AND WE ARE NOT ROBOTS. We are thinking men and women who, through our differences, are hammering out the destiny of the human race, on the broadest basis of democratic freedom.

Here, in our own land, we are selecting and electing our democratic representatives to achieve a bloodless, socialist, revolution. Elsewhere in the world the struggle continues in a more cruel and bitter form. But the fight is the same everywhere, and we shall not cease from conflict, until the exploitation of man by man is banished from the face of the earth.

All over the World we are heartened by the awakening of labour, for elsewhere, no less than in Great Britain, the nearness of the new dawn of the common man is being proclaimed. Our heritage of a free, socialist world draws nigh. We have played our part in building for that day. Let us march forward boldly, despite all obstacles, to claim our heritage.

★

ASK YOURSELF...

Is it enough to record a vote every now and then? Is that the beginning and end of a citizen's responsibilities? You feel tired after a day's work, and it is pleasant to relax at home, or at the cinema or at the local. There are many pleasant things in life preferable to attending meetings. *BUT* civilisation is in the melting pot. If you want world peace and a happier life in this country, it is essential that you should give your elected representatives the benefit of *your* ideas, *your* criticism and *your* suggestions.

Achieve your full stature as a citizen by joining the Labour Party NOW.

"Socialist" Prime Minister, Mollet, promised peace in Algeria, but in the face of determined settler opposition recoiled and hailed instead the "war to the end". The French Communist Party, while paying lip service to peace, voted for the Emergency Powers in Algeria, and refrained from calling on the dockers, railwaymen, etc. who have been largely organized in the C. P.-controlled unions, to take industrial action against the colonial war! This, together with the general stabilization of French capitalism (after the big revolutionary crises of 1944-47 when it was saved by the opportunist policies of the "Socialists" and "Communist" leaders) has created a general atmosphere of political apathy in French public life. In Lilliput, an Emperor a thumb taller than the rest looks like a giant. In the vacuum of French public life, De Gaulle is King!

So long as the French labour movement remains largely passive, the fate of the Algerian war depends on three main factors: 1) The army; 2) the settlers; 3) the Algerian national movement.

De Gaulle is balancing on these contending forces. The army plus the settlers are not strong enough to impose their will on the Algerian national movement of liberation. De Gaulle, while declaring for self-determination, is vehement in stating that the French Army will remain in occupation to ensure a

decision, and this decision will be "the most French" one.

De Gaulle is also balancing between the different elements of the Army. The infantry officers are most intimately tangled with the settlers and the war, their livelihood and prestige being bound up with it. The airmen, tank specialists and technicians are more interested in the modernization of the Army and they look upon the war as a burden and impediment to the development of French militarism into a modern, up-to-date industrial power. It is no accident that in the shifts in army command of the last few months, De Gaulle has more and more given precedence to the commanders of air force, and tank units and the technicians.

However, the balancing act cannot continue for ever. And with the moribund state of French democracy and the labour movement, the most probable result will be that after Algeria has had her Curragh rebellion, it will have her partition. In this case the sores of partitioned Algeria will make those of struggling, divided Ireland look pale.

Of immediate concern to the British Labour Movement is the fact that it is only thanks to NATO, to US economic and military support to France, that the war against the Algerian people can continue so long. To fight against French imperialist oppression in Algeria, therefore, is to fight against NATO.

International Socialism

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N.W.1.

CANDID COMMENTARY — John Wilkes

I don't say that Hugh Gaitskell is actually in the pay of the Conservative Central Office. All I maintain is that if he were then he would have done exactly what he has done during the past few months. First there was his Blackpool conference speech. His proposed constitutional changes—Clause 4—threw the Labour Party into turmoil. Then at a time when the Tories were divided, and evidently considering modifying their nuclear policy, Gaitskell missed a glorious opportunity to give a lead.

His silly insistence on including support for the H-bomb in Labour's motion before the House led to the rebellion of 43 MPs and divided his own Party, not the Tories. Adding to this catalogue of errors was the decision to discipline RHS Crossman. This high-handed action of Gaitskell not only alienated thousands of supporters of nuclear disarmament but also large numbers who consider there should be a modicum of toleration within the Party. To have a leader who combines a lazy reluctance to attack political opponents with a prodigious enthusiasm for attacking members of his own Party makes Hugh Gaitskell a highly dubious political asset.

The poor morale of the Party's rank-and-file, the loss of Brig-house & Spenborough, and almost certain losses in this month's Municipal elections are ominous signs. But there is no need for the sad, inglorious decline of the Labour Party to continue. It could have been halted—and still can—if an all-out socialist assault was made on the Budget and other Tory measures. However as Gaitskell can never be expected to make such an attack on the Tories, perhaps it would be better if he relinquished his leadership of the Labour Party. Gaitskell would be well-advised to devote less time to practical politics and a little more to writing. What about a book with the title 'How to make enemies and not influence people'?

* * *

TALKING about books I see Noel Barber has written *The Flight of the Dalai Lama*. This should make exceptionally interesting reading. For Barber covered the Dalai Lama's flight from Tibet for the *Daily Mail*. In turn, his coverage was covered by Mr Connery in the March issue of the American journal *Atlantic Monthly*. Under the title 'Waiting for the God King' Mr Connery reveals how Barber had cabled his vivid first-hand description of the Dalai Lama's flight when he was at Assam in India, hundreds of miles away from Tibet. This depressed his fellow journalists. As Connery says, "For Barber's competitors, this was distressing news. His scoop, however imaginary, automatically made useless any observations they might have made after aerial views of the

Dalai Lama. But they were profoundly comforted when told by the charter pilot they could not take off after all... Still, Barber had a terrific story. The *Mail* splashed it big on the front page 'Noel Barber flies at the 'End of the Line' as Dalai Lama prepares for Next Lap to Freedom."

* * *

NOT simply its political reports but in many other ways the British Press leaves much to be desired. It glorifies the squalid in society, cheapens human values and makes the important appear trivial. Its one guiding principle—the supreme arbiter of what is good and bad—is the circulation graph. When this starts to sag literally anything is justified to boost sales. Take, for example, the *News of the World*.

Its gigantic circulation was built up, as Bernard Levin so aptly describes in *The Spectator*, 'by feeding, week by week, the British public's apparently insatiable desire to read reports of cases of sexual crime, and civil cases with a sexual theme, heard in the courts. The tastes of the proprietor and editors have been extremely catholic; no section of the aberrant community has been overlooked or underplayed. Here a rape, there a buggery, and everywhere copious details—key-holes, instruments and all—of the wide range of sexual deviation practised in Britain. A credulous reader of the *News of the World* might have gained, over the years, an impression that half the population of the country spent its time interfering with infant members of its own or the opposite sex, while the other half occupied itself with seducing its neighbours' spouses.'

Unfortunately, readers' palettes have become jaded by a surfeit of saucy sex, and they are no longer so interested in reading about how the other—and queerer—half of the community lives. To the dismay of the proprietor, the *News of the World* circulation dropped from 8½ to 6½ million. A desperate remedy was required. So—enter Miss Diana ('I've been a naughty girl') Dors. It is a sad commentary on the state of our society that the serialization of her life story gave the *News of the World* its biggest sales fillip since the war. People evidently with nothing better to do eagerly awaited each Sunday episode with its account of vapid parties, endless beddings and sexual aberrations. Indeed, the remarkable interest displayed makes one wonder whether they might be some truth in the story of the fierce Alsatian dog which was supposed to have a notice round its neck:

'I am Diana's little dog.
I keep the wolves from Dors.'

* * *

WHILE people are engrossed by reading trivial tales about how Miss Dors, when only 12-years-old, was fingered by ardent schoolboys in the local cinema, scant attention is being

given to the really important questions, such as the Government's nuclear policy. It is terrifying to know that, with the British people only dimly aware, the Government continues to produce weapons of mass murder.

Its advanced warning system at Fylindales will cost £43 million. For this gigantic sum, we get a four minute notice of annihilation. In this short time, as Government spokesmen admit, it would only be possible to launch a small fraction of Britain's missiles and bombers; the rest would be wiped out on the ground. And what of the few who do get away before Britain is made into a vast radioactive coffin? These pilots will know, like the Japanese suicide pilots during the last war, that they have reached the point of no return. To kill and be killed—that

is their fate. And what of the British people? As they die in misery from burns and radiation sickness, will they be comforted that, thanks to Fylindales, it has been possible to condemn millions of Russian men, women and children to the same agonising death? I have no hesitation in awarding the Fylindales project the John Wilkes prize for being the most foolish and wicked plan made in 1960.

SEGREGATION

After hearing such a lot about measures to end segregation in schools in the Southern United States, it has come as a shock to find that "in the last four years the courts have managed to get only 752 Negro children into white schools." (*The Economist*, March 19)

● PARLIAMENT

BY MICHAEL MILLETT

ANGERIA (ARMY TAX) IS LIKE DEATH

Jewish proverb.

DUNCAN Sandys fired a rocket in the air, it came to earth on—Duncan Sandys.

The discovery that the Government has wasted one hundred million pounds on the Blue Streak Missile has had a wonderfully tonic effect on the opposition. Anybody would think that they had been against the missile program. The mystery is, what use was imagined for these ridiculous expensive hunks of fragile machinery by either Government or opposition?

Who were we to use them against? Egypt? or Iceland? Or has the American High Command reserved the North West suburbs of Kiev for the British deterrent as a sort of special treat?

In any case, the main reason that prevents the Russians occupying Europe is the same reason that prevents Britain from occupying, for example, Denmark. They've got more sense.

One can imagine the Red Army setting up a Soviet in a British car factory:

Col Andreyevitch. Comrades—The day of liberation has dawned. Freed from the degrading toils of Capitalism...

Workers: Hurrah! give him the money!

Col A: We can raise production...

Workers: Wotcha fancy pants! Joe for personal manager!

Col A: And by emulation and self criticism eliminate bourgeois anarchist tendencies...

Workers: Talks posh don't he? Wonderful ain't it?

Col A: At the Molotov Car Plant production has been...

Voice: Tea's up.

Exit all except Col A...

It is imagining this sort of thing that stops Governments

from using military advantage. Do the Russians want half a dozen bigger and better East Germanies? Some day, the truth will be realised that Britain has about as much need of armed forces as Ireland.

THE wisecrack that Mr Amory is the finest Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Labour Party's had yet. This ought to be gross libel on the Labour Party.

That the Budget should be so timid and unenterprising is rather interesting. Since the economy is doing better than ever and the Government has four clear years ahead of it there is plenty of room for manoeuvre. So it should be an ideal opportunity to clear up the dreadful arbitrary muddle that is the British taxation System. Let us consider Purchase Tax.

It was introduced as an emergency war measure nearly twenty years ago. It is expensive to collect and full of illogicalities. For example, radio sets are taxed but not tape recorders. Worst of all it is a much heavier penalty on the poor than the rich.

A sensible Government of any political colour would have got rid of this tax years ago. Why don't the Tories? Because they're frightened to.

The Butskellist left-wing-Tory and right-wing-Labour mixed economy is a mechanism so delicate and unpredictable that any change is liable to have the most alarming effects. It is necessary to pedal along like an inexperienced cyclist frightened to turn either right or left for fear of overbalancing.

Therefore, if there is an external change—a slump in America, Russian price cutting or a revolution in South Africa—there is liable to be a financial panic and slump in Britain through sheer technical ineptitude.

Short story

FROM "AFRICA SOUTH"
APRIL-JUNE 1958

JUST A TSOTSI

By J. ARTHUR MAIMANE

IT was hot. The sun shone straight down on the flat acres of mealies. The green dazzled the eye, in a shimmer that made it difficult to make out one plant from the next.

They came running through the plants, bursting through the green haze, laughing and panting. They jumped into the stream, feet first, cooling off their naked, baked soles in the water.

Then they sat down, still panting, leaning against the rough bark of the tree. Hot little fingers dug into the clay, wriggling luxuriously in the yielding coolness of the clay.

"What are you going to make, Kleinbaas?"

"Oxen. Big, fat and strong oxen—like my father's."

"With long, curving horns—sharp ones?"

"And with soft, glossy skins... And you?"

"A car. Big, shining and beautiful—like the one the Baas bought after the last harvest... Like the car I'll buy after I have worked in the city and become a rich man."

"Kaffirs can never get rich—anywhere! Look at your brother. He's been all these years in the city—and he does not even own a bicycle. Just gets cheekier, my father says!"

"Because he does not work hard enough! That's what my father told my mother. I heard him. I will work hard."

"And my father says all kaffirs who go to the cities become bad. They become too clever—and rude too. He does not like your brother. Why do you want to go? When I'm big, I'll be the Baas here. I'll have a fine time!"

"But my brother says the city is the place for all of us to go to. There, he says, we can have meat three times a week. There we can all get rich—"

"Nonsense!"

Their little fingers worked, fashioning the clods of clay into their day-dreams. The talk ended abruptly; but the fingers did not seem to have noticed. They flew on. Two pink tongues were held tightly between two sets of teeth.

"Kleinbaas, why does the Ou Missus call you Piet?"

"Because it's my name, you silly!"

"Then why must I—and my father too—call you Kleinbaas?"

"Because my father is the Baas, and I am his son"

"But why—"

"What's wrong with you to-day, Klaasie? You are a funny sort of kaffertjie! I never thought you had so many questions in your head!"

Piet started on his fourth ox, working fast and effortlessly; toes dug into the cool earth and head held to one side. He stopped for the first time since they had started, and lifted up his head to look at the other tilted head.

"You and I—we are friends, nê Kleinklaas?"

"Yes. We are friends."

"We have been friends for as long as we can remember, nê?"

"How long is that?"

"I don't know... let me see, I'm eight years old, now. You too, isn't it—I bet you wouldn't know! Anyway, there you are—we've been friends for eight whole years! We could be twins, if you weren't black."

"Yes."

"My cousin Gert tells me—you know him, the son of Baas Gert on the farm over there. Well, my cousin Gert, he reads big books—he goes to school in Pretoria—and he told me that one of his books says there are men over the sea who, when they are very good friends, like you and I, mix their blood!"

"Mix their blood? How?"

"Easy—if you are not a coward. They make cuts on the insides of their wrists, and then hold the cuts together. The blood from one man flows into the other. You see?"

"Shoo! That must be painful, nê?"

"Ag, you afraid of just a little pain? We must do it too—then we will be blood brothers for ever and ever."

"What will the Ou Missus say, when you get home with blood and cuts? You know she always gets angry when you are hurt; then she hits me."

"Don't worry about me, ou neef! This will be our secret—nobody else must know about it. Reg?"

"I haven't got a knife."

"I've got one—here!"

He pulled his faded khaki shirt out of his faded khaki pants, undid his fly, and showed his friend a sheath knife tied around his middle with a leather thong. The knife was new and shone in the sun. His initials had been roughly cut into the bone handle.

"Ooooh... what a nice knife! Where did you get it?"

"Cousin Gert brought it for me from Pretoria. He said I must never show it to my mother or father—they would tell him off. That's why I keep it like this. Now, let's go ahead!"

"But isn't it too big to make such a small cut?"

"You've got to know how to use it, that's all. I know how to use it—like the doctors in the big hospitals when they cut open sick people. Now give me your arm—the left one, I think."

With his tongue sticking out tightly at the corner of his mouth, Piet made a neat incision on the inside of the wrist.

"There—klaar!" he gasped proudly.

The black eyelids fluttered open and the eyes turned from the burning sky to examine the slightly bleeding cut.

"Hey—it wasn't so painful, after all!"

"I told you. Now to make my cut."

"Give me the knife."

"Naw. You don't know how. I'll do it myself. Safer."

Slowly and tensely the blade descended on the wrist of his left arm, which was held tightly against his body to keep it from shaking. The knife hand was shaking slightly from the concentrated effort to keep it steady. The blade touched the skin and jerked slightly. The first globule of blood appeared.

A horse neighed sharply and rattled its bit, a big voice hollered—"What are you two skelms up to now?"

The knife hand jerked forward, then backwards across the wrist. The blood spurted.

"Einaaaaah!" Piet wailed, looking round and across the stream to where his father sat on his horse. The eyes swivelled back to the wrist where the blood was jerking.

The horse splashed across the stream and Johannes Petrus Wessels jumped off to kneel near his frightened son.

"Where in the devil did you get this murderous knife—and just what could you have been doing to cut yourself like that?"

The black boy cowered against the tree, his own cut forgotten, and his eyes held by the fury and anxiety of the big man who was deftly making a tourniquet with a strip of cloth torn from Piet's shirt.

Only after he had bandaged the wrist did Wessels take his attention from his son to glare at the black boy as he lifted Piet in his arms.

"You no-good swartvel!" he hissed. "This is more of your devilish work, hey? You wait until I come back to the groothuis from the doctor—I'll whip

your stinking black hide off your back, that's what I'll do! I don't know why I ever allowed Piet to play with a savage like you. Weg is jy, klonkie!"

The big horse galloped off. The black boy snatched the bloody knife out of the grass and scurried home.

The Ou Baas did not whip him that night. Ou Niklaas, angry at his son for bringing on the Ou Baas's frightening fury, knelt and pleaded on the stoep of the groothuis, proffering a sjambok with which he begged the baas to thrash him, instead of his son.

"My kaffertjie is still too small for such punishment, my baas, my kroon en my koning. Give the thrashing to your Ou Niklaas, who has never failed to obey your wishes."

Wessels softened and roughly told the old man to go.

"But don't let me see that little savage of yours on my farm again, Niklaas, d'you hear? Take him away—anywhere—tonight—and all will be well between us," he said. "Now stop snivelling like an old woman and get him off, you old fool!"

Before the boy was borne away that night, his father relieved himself of the evening's fear and tension by giving him a sound thrashing, while his wife cursed him for a man who was too cowardly to defend his son, but instead did the white man's filthy work for him.

The old woman had to carry the youngest of her sons on her back when they left that night. His leg muscles were still stiff and sore from the thrashing with a riempie, and he could not walk.

She carried him for ten miles to her sister's home, near the railway siding. In the morning she would take the boy to his married sister in Alexandra Township. The boy would get to the city of his dreams earlier than he had ever thought.

* * *

It was hot. The room was like an oven filled with roasting, sweating black bodies, presided over by a white uniformed man behind the deal counter. The roast spilt out and into the police station's courtyard with its coal-hot, roughly cobbled ground.

Four white policemen leaned against their rifles on the cooler veranda, lazily watching sixteen sweating and cursing black constables pushing, slapping, cursing and kicking the overflow into some kind of order. But the constables didn't seem to know what kind of order they wanted. They had been jabbing batons into backs and stomachs for four hours now.

"Hell, but those constables have got energy," Piet said casually. "And fancy doing all that to their own people."

"If it wasn't for this blasted heat, I'd be out there helping them," a short, pug-nosed, bulky young constable said, cold eyes squinting into the glare of the court-yard. He tilted his cap a little forward.

"I was bloody disappointed this morning," he went on. "My first raid—and nothing happens!"

"What did you expect to find, Hannes?" a tall, thin corporal—the oldest of the four—asked with amusement all over his fallow face.

"Well, I don't know exactly," Hannes replied. "But I had hoped something would happen."

"Who was your rifle instructor, Hannes?" the corporal asked quietly. I expect it was Oelofse—telling all the students to imagine the target they were lining their sights on was a kaffir! I know him. We started together."

"He wasn't so bad, Oom," Hannes replied. "There was that other chap—what was his name, Piet?—who had notches on his gun for every swartvel he had killed; he'd been in a few riots." "I don't remember his name," Piet said, scratching the back of his neck. "I didn't like him—he was too much of a bloody show-off. Like you, Hannes."

"So this was the first raid for you two young cowboys, hey?" the fourth policeman, who had been standing some distance off, said as he came nearer. He was a handsome, medium-sized man, with a thick black moustache.

"Don't be in such a hurry for a riot, my boy," he went on. "Because these kaffirs are not always as submissive as they look now. Just remember this, Johannes my boy; remember this the next time you hope for a riot: those bloody bastards can shoot back too. You won't feel so brave when they start firing at you from out of the dark in those locations!"

He gave a short, nasty laugh.

"Now, don't scare the boys, Gert," the corporal said mildly.

Hannes forced out a laugh. "That kind of talk doesn't scare me, Oom. Maybe it scares Piet," he added, looking slyly at Piet. "I know him—every time he starts massaging that scar on his wrist I know he's nervous!"

"I'm not scared of any kaffirs," Piet retorted, "but I wish you'd stop talking about shooting them as if they were game. Why don't you go somewhere and be a big-game hunter, if you're such a good shot, Hannes?"

Johannes forced himself to join in the laughter of the two older policemen. The black mass took the proddings, curses, slaps and kicks without any resistance. Only their eyes showed the smouldering hate they felt towards their tormentors, who were doing their best to show what conscientious workers they were.

"I know that fat swine," a young boy murmured to the man next to him after he had been pushed. "He lives in Seventh Avenue. We'll fix him, one of these nights!"

Some in the mass looked with envy and trepidation at those men who walked out of the charge office free. One would see an acquaintance, and shout a message to be delivered at home or at work before the nearest constable could stop him.

"Who wants to phone his boss?" one of the constables was saying as he walked round the men. "Half-a-crown and I'll do it for you. Or you want to lose your jobs?"

* * *

"Hey, Buya lapha, jou nonsens! Come back here," the fat black constable shouted as he waddled after a young boy who was running towards the stoep where the four white policemen were standing.

The boy dodged past another policeman and came onto the veranda in front of Johannes, his eyes big with fright. Hannes jumped back as the boy agitatedly grabbed at him and started babbling: "Please, baasie! I've never been in jail—don't want to ever go there—I'm good boy, baasie—my pass is at home—under my pillow, baasie. They arrested me as I was going to the lavatory—never gave me a chance to go and get it—please baasie, help me. I—"

Gert's fist stopped the babbling as it smashed into the quivering mouth. "Weg is jy, kaffir!" he grated as the boy fell back into the arms of the fat constable. "Take your dirty hands off the baasie—and stay away!"

The stunned boy was led away by the scruff of his shirt.

"The cheeky bastard," Gert said, a smile on his handsome face as he rubbed his knuckles. "He had you scared for a minute, hey, Hannes?"

They laughed and Johannes turned red.

"Hey, you bleksem!" the fat constable half-wailed, half-shouted as the boy with the swollen mouth started running again—away from the crowd and towards the gates.

LETTER — a reply to P. Mansell

I SHOULD like to take up a few points raised in the article by P. Mansell in the February issue of *Socialist Review*. The article by Ken Coates with its violent personal abuse of individuals in the socialist movement and his bright idea of the Seven Hour League can be treated only with contempt. The ideas put forward by him are as far removed from Marxism and the working class struggle as the journal which gives him hospitality.

The teachings of Marxism, for the last sixty years, on the relationship between the revolutionary party and the working class, and the lessons of many revolutions seem to have escaped P. Mansell's notice completely. The condemnation of a "pre-fabricated leadership" (?) is really an attack on the need for a revolutionary party, the need for a disciplined fighting organization of the working class, armed with Marxist theory. In doing this P. Mansell helps to disarm the working class in face of its enemies and leave it prostrate before its historical task—the overthrow of capitalism.

In their struggle against the feudalists the bourgeoisie had economic power, property, culture and education; whereas the working class has no weapon in its struggle against the capitalists and their state machine but its own organizations, primarily a revolutionary party. The party is "the memory of the class". Embodied within it are the experiences and lessons of decades of struggle and revolutionary theory.

Such a party was the Bolshevik party of Lenin and Trotsky. It is true that the workers in Russia in 1905 and 1917 spontaneously set up soviets as organs of power (as was done in the Paris Commune and in Germany in 1918-19). But in alternative to their present conditions—a socialist program and party were necessary.

The victory of the working class is a strategical task, and for this a conscious leadership is required. "It is necessary to mobilize the masses, propel them forward, teach them to understand where the weaknesses" in the capitalist forces are, when to assume the offensive and when to hold back. The necessity of the party is shown dramatically in the 'July Days' 1917, for, if the party had not kept the masses in check, the revolution would have been destroyed, "the soviets would have been crushed by the counter-revolution." (*The Class, the Party, the Leadership* by Leon Trotsky).

The success of the October Revolution was very much dependent on the preparations of the Bolshevik Party by Lenin since 1903. In Germany, where such a preparation did not take place the revolution was crushed.

It is not a question that the working class is regarded by Marxists "as passive material to be manipulated." The point is that the class cannot improvise a new leadership in a revolutionary situation if it has not inherited from the previous period revolutionary cadres capable of utilizing to the full the collapse of the old leading parties. Perhaps P. Mansell would tell us exactly where or when the working class came to power without the weapon of the revolutionary party. There are many examples where the working class were close to power, but lacking a bold or truly revolutionary leadership were beaten back and crushed (Spain 1936 France and Italy 1944-5).

Because of legal conditions, it is argued that the Leninist party is not needed in Britain today. This argument creates dangerous illusions as to the nature of bourgeois 'democracy'; let the situations in France, Western Germany and other countries be a warning that the capitalist

class will use such methods of repressions here too.

The pressures of reformism and so-called prosperity, creating apathy in sections of the Labour Movement make the need for a firm disciplined movement greater. The capitalist class is well organized, so must be the working class party. Of course the working class are "the dynamic force in the class struggle" and I challenge P. Mansell to show me where the 'Newsletter' has ever said otherwise. But phrases like the Marxists having "no automatic right of succession to the leadership" are typical of centrist muddle-heads who do not understand the task of the Marxist movement.

This is not to leave the working class to the tender mercies of the Trade Union bureaucracy and the Stalinists who will only betray the workers, but using the powerful weapon of Marxist theory and program to link up the workers' day-to-day struggles with the struggle for working class power.

It is regrettable that P. Mansell, like so many anti-Marxists, sees the role of the Marxist party and its program as an Apostolic succession!

The ideas used by P. Mansell & Co, against the Marxist movement can only weaken the struggle of the working class against capitalism. Only the Socialist Labour League has confidence in the workers' ability to fight, and is laying the basis for the revolutionary party of the future. This will be done in the teeth of all pessimists and capitulators.

David Prynne

London N.W.2

Comrades, please limit your letters to 250 words. Editor.

FIGHTING FUND

Our income in April was:

	£	s	d
Hackney	3	10	0
Islington	7	3	0
Notting Hill	5	7	0
Shoreditch	2	0	0
Lewisham	1	19	6
Harrow	1	12	0
Ramsgate	2	0	0
Hendon	10	0	0
Liverpool	15	0	0
Nottingham	10	0	0
Ipswich	1	0	0
Epping	10	0	0
Reigate	6	0	0
Total	£27	2	6

WE NEED £40 a month. Up to the end of April we received £27.2.6. Thanks! and keep it up,

Comrades should also remember that they could do us the world of good and themselves no harm by making all their purchases through London Co-operative No. 350498. Comrades! Help your paper by introducing it to your friends, by ordering bulk copies, by giving donations!

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WHAT WE STAND FOR

The SOCIALIST REVIEW stands for international Socialist democracy. Only the mass mobilisation of the working class in the industrial and political arena can lead to the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of Socialism.

The SOCIALIST REVIEW believes that a really consistent Labour Government must be brought to power on the basis of the following programme:

- The complete nationalisation of heavy industry, the banks, insurance and the land with compensation payments based on a means test. Renationalisation of all denationalised industries without compensation.—The nationalised industries to form an integral part of an overall economic plan and not to be used in the interests of private profit.

- Workers' control in all nationalised industries ie, a majority of workers' representatives on all national and area boards, subject to frequent election, immediate recall and receiving the average skilled wage ruling in the industry.

- The establishment of workers' committees to control all private enterprises within the framework of a planned economy. In all instances representatives must be subject to frequent election, immediate recall, and receive the average skilled wage in the industry.

- The establishment of workers' committees in all concerns to control hiring, firing and working conditions.

- The establishment of the principle of work or full maintenance.

- The extension of the social services by the payment of adequate pensions, the abolition of all payments for the National Health Service and the development of an industrial health service.

- The expansion of the housing programme by granting interest free loans to local authorities and the right to requisition privately held land.

- Free State education up to 18. Abolition of fee paying schools. For comprehensive schools and adequate maintenance grants — without a means test — for all university students.

- Opposition to all forms of racial discrimination. Equal rights and trade union protection to all workers whatever their country of origin. Freedom of migration for all workers to and from Britain.

- Freedom from political and economic oppression to all colonies. The offer of technical and economic assistance to the people of the underdeveloped countries.

- The abolition of conscription and the withdrawal of all British troops from overseas.

- The abolition of the H-bomb and all weapons of mass destruction. Britain to pave the way with unilateral renunciation of the H-bomb.

- A Socialist foreign policy subservient to neither Washington nor Moscow.

● JUST A TSOTSI (contd)

"Now he's asking for trouble," Hannes said, seeing a chance to vindicate himself. With one fluid motion he grabbed his rifle from where it was leaning against the wall and fell down on one knee. "He won't be cheeky any more, after this!"

He fired deliberately low, the bullet hitting the ground between the running boy's legs and ricocheting at an angle with a whine. The boy yelped and ran faster.

"Don't kill him, Hannes!" the corporal said in a low, tight voice.

Hannes laughed. "This is what I've been waiting for!"

His next shot whined close by the boy's ear. With another frightened yelp the boy crouched down and started running zig-zag fashion. He had almost reached the gate now. He straightened up to grab at the gate post and swing round it.

Hannes grinned and fluidly shifted his rifle to the hand holding the post. He fired two quick shots, smashing the hand with the first and hitting the boy's head with the second as it came round and above the post.

The satisfied grin came off his face as a rough hand grabbed the rifle from his cheek and threw it down. He looked up into the red, angry face of the charge sergeant, who had rushed out at the sound of the shots.

"You-you!" the sergeant gasped. "What do you think you're doing!"

"The boy was trying to escape, sergeant," Gert said easily. "Hannes here fired two warning shots first—like the regulations say."

The sergeant hardly heard this. He was running towards the gate, with the four following behind. They ran past the mass of black faces without seeing any of them.

The black eyes were riveted on the heap of rags that lay just outside the gate. There was a soft murmuring growl from somewhere inside the mass.

"Keep quiet, keep quiet," one of the constables said, the earlier harshness gone from his voice.

"Here, God, man! Must you shoot to kill?" the sergeant ranted when Constable Johannes de Villiers and the other three came up to the body. "You bloody fool! Shoot these bastards in the leg, man! Now we'll have God-knows-who asking questions around here—and think of all the paper-work it means for me! You damn recruits will be wanting to shoot a white man one of these days!"

The sergeant went through the pockets of the boy. Piet looked on, his stomach slowly tightening as he examined the face of the dead boy.

"He's got nothing on him. Who the hell is he? What a lot of bother this is going to be!" the sergeant looked round angrily as he straightened up.

"Askies, Baas," the fat black constable said, waddling forward. "We got him in Seventh Avenue—he didn't have a pass. He's just a tsotsi—we found this on him."

The constable proffered a bone-handled hunting knife. The sergeant grabbed it, gave it one look and held it out to the constable. Piet seized it and examined it, his stomach a tight, sickening knot.

He bent down quickly and looked at the left wrist of the dead boy. He licked at his thumb and vigorously rubbed the inside of the wrist.

Then, slowly, he came to his feet. The initials "P.G.W." were still clear in the bone handle after ten years. "No wonder I never found the knife afterwards," he muttered as he walked away, ignoring the questions that were fired at him.

He looked at the jagged scar on the inside of his left wrist and walked away, massaging it.