

Everyone commented on the power of the Traditional Art Exhibition, and it was one of the highest achievements of the entire festival. What amazes me is that nobody passed comment on the fact that practically all the pieces were owned by foreign museums, and that a very strong case can, and must, be made for returning them to their countries of origin, since the manner in which they were acquired can be questioned. As for the exhibition of modern art work, it is true that there was much there that belonged to the foyers of air terminals to tempt tourists, but there were a number of pieces which convinced, especially from Nigeria. And the eye was drawn to some amusing pop, especially from Ivory Coast.

OF THE FESTIVAL AS A WHOLE, perhaps there was too much that was similar, and not enough variety. I think that a future festival will have to see that different countries are encouraged not to

duplicate the efforts of their fellow states. And I did hear mutterings that there was too much dancing altogether. I must say that many of the most meaningful moments were attained during these sessions.

The conclusion must be that, in spite of everything, it was worthwhile. Apart from what this Dakar Festival offered during the talks and discussions, and during the performances and exhibitions, it gave artists a chance to meet. Some were old friends separated by huge distances, others were strangers meeting for the first time, who, again and again, found themselves talking the same language of creativity. And it was the first festival of its kind. The fact that it happened at all, and that even then people were already talking about a second one, tells a lot about its achievement. And I will not quickly forget the sight of the ordinary people of Dakar dancing in the streets.



3. Sita and Sewgolum

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BY SOME STRANGE CHANCE I find myself thinking about Nana Sita each time I want to think about Papwa Sewgolum. The two Indians live in somewhat different worlds even though they, like all non-Whites, suffer a common injustice. Mr. Nana Sita of Pretoria, Transvaal, is a businessman-philosopher of the Gandhian tradition and Mr. Papwa Sewgolum of Durban, Natal, a modest golfer of world class.

Mr. Sita, determined, high-principled and 70 years old, is the kind of person who would rather suffer for what he believes in than allow evil to triumph. For almost three years he has been fighting, single-handed, against the Group Areas Act, the law under which white South Africa determines which kind of people should live where.

Twice he has been brought before court, twice convicted, and each time sent to jail for refusing to get out of his house and business premises which lie in an area now proclaimed "white." Another court action is pending against him as he still occupies the premises. To him, as it ought to be to all right-thinking people, the order to get him out of the premises where he has lived almost all his life, is more than mere nonsense.

His defiance is sustained, by his belief that evil can never overcome good and he has bluntly told his persecutors: "I will resist to the end." On the other hand Mr. Papwa Sewgolum seems to be saying that he will do anything, right or wrong, and without complaining, as the Government decides.

AND TO BE MR. PAPWA SEWGOLUM is like being in the dark, not knowing exactly where you stand. Although a professional golfer, he has in the past few years been banned and unbanned and banned on several occasions from participating in the money game. First he was banned from the Professional Golf Association's recent tourney in Johannesburg but later permitted on condition there would be no black spectators around during the game. The Western Cape Open turned out not to be so open to him, as he was barred from participating. Somehow without the usual, customary moanings, he was allowed to play in the Port Elizabeth tournament. He was later banned from the Natal

Open Championship but this decision was rescinded principally, I think, because he was holder at the time of the championship trophy and even these men did not want to grab it from him without his losing it himself. And much to their comfort, he has now lost it to Gary Player.

Papwa was also banned and, at the last minute, permitted on appeal to take part in the South African Open "this year and in any other tournament in which he has previously played up to the end of last year." It is apparent that this will be his last participation in "white" golf in South Africa, his fatherland.

Mr. Sewgolum does not cry out against this injustice although there can be no doubt he is, like almost all of us, a living bundle of discontent. His resilient courage, his good golf, his brilliant sportmanship — all earn him complete rejection. And there is no doubt, too, that all this unassuming, self-effacing man needs is assimilation into the golfing world, no matter how strenuous the circumstances are.

Twice when he participated in the Natal Open, that is, when he won it and when he lost it recently, he received his purse in the open because by South African law there would have been a violation of social apartheid if he were invited into the nearby white club house. And as if to comment on the ugliness of human relations here, it rained on both occasions, which means that he actually stood twice in the rain to receive his purse.

I HAVE A FEELING that golf means more to Papwa than it does to any other golfer of repute anywhere in the world. The facts are simply that Papwa is poor and, as an unskilled worker, knows no other job. No doubt he could work as a waiter or street cleaner or a messenger. Or he could make some living from golf by becoming a caddy, for no one is in any hurry to stop non-Whites from humping White players' clubs around the courses.

The treatment of the Indian golfer, which can be summed up as "now you see him, now you don't," ought certainly to be abhorred by golfers the world over. In South Africa, however, fellow golfers remain silent. No one has protested against his bannings. Everybody seems to agree to his being tossed about.

A Johannesburg daily which commented editorially on Papwa put it this way: "No sportman ever asked for less than Papwa. But to the politicians this self-effacing little man who is hardly literate and aspires to nothing except professional golf, became a symbol — the symbol of a party's determination to have its way. His very appearance on a "White" course became a "threat" — to the separate identity of the White man. So he has had to go, aided by the majesty of the law and the vast panoply of power the State wields.

"With his going an era ends. There has never really been any mixed sport in South Africa. The little there has been has not been noticeable. Now this has been stopped. But the world must still be "satisfied" and the White man's games go on; so the tortuous search continues for a formula whereby White and non-White sportsmen can be separate but together. All Back teams can become All White and athletes run together (elsewhere) as long as they travel separately.

"To the vast majority of White South Africans this doubtless makes sense. To the rest of mankind it is stark, staring lunacy." ●