

independence. Hence the rapid spread of the independence movement.

THE QUESTION MAY NOW be correctly put, "Is the demand for independence a valid one?" Yes. If the demand envisages complete freedom from South African rule, complete political control of the country, the use of state power in the interests of the masses now oppressed and exploited, and the launching of schemes to promote technological, medical, social, cultural, agricultural and economic development—then the demand is most valid. In spite of their absence of trained personnel, in spite of their lack of doctors, engineers, civil servants and the lack of educated

persons generally, and in spite of having only three university graduates, the non-white people of South West Africa have every right to demand complete independence from South African rule and the immediate establishment of the sovereign independent state of South West Africa.

MAKING THIS POSITION clear and re-asserting the right and validity of the demand for independence does not in any way abolish the very real problems that will face a newly-independent South West Africa. However, these problems make the administration of an independent state more difficult but not impossible—nor do they invalidate the demand. The political leadership is therefore seriously

## Evening Out

*After the bears on bicycles some queers,  
Dressed up like state officials, contorted  
Under canvas—distorted  
Life into a dance of death.  
Masks hoisted up on poles  
Leered down at us,  
And ethnic smirks, with salivation  
Proclaimed salvation.  
Glossaries of limited vocabulary  
Lay on our laps and asterisks  
Marked out correct interpretation.*

*The charismatic leader on trapeze  
Struts, cock on wire,  
And crows obscenities  
To a faked dawn,  
Streamlining imperfections  
He is a model of deformities.  
He brings the house down.  
Applause and rubble tumble  
On our heads.*

*Confined by circus blaring,  
By painted poles, by struts, wires,  
Cages, we are laced  
Into recollections of the red temple,  
Of trial by fire,  
Pulses heating in tunnels  
Selves caught by tangles of unnamed trees  
In the closed woods.  
The devil is at hand.*

*But comes the clown—  
Ageless as time, colourless as glare.  
Watch him at work—  
My God the sky between his ribs—  
His organs are in tatters.  
Blessed be his lack of mastery.  
Blessed be his incompleteness.  
He wears the bloom of the hot kettle,  
Of the used tool,  
Of creature in hand of Creator.*

## That Way

*That way. He went that way.  
The pink road through the brown hills,  
The path across the yellow grass  
Towards that lifted place  
In those stone folds.*

*Bleak, they say,  
The wind has no caress  
But strips and burns.*

*The journey will be dusty,  
Footfall after footfall.  
And first the ash of evening  
Will put out colour  
Then nightfall overtake him.  
The going is blind at times  
For rock engulfs.*

*Moments of shelter,  
And of peace, perhaps . . . .  
When torn land is consoled,  
The broken earth grows whole  
And hills are loved by light.*

*Those coming back?  
It's difficult to say . . .  
Worn by weather,  
Exposure under stars.*

*But that rock marks. It makes.  
They look the same but have a different shape.  
They say, when nothing is withheld  
Rock takes them on,  
Takes over, gives itself.  
They say that terror goes,  
That, after night,  
The shining of the morning is most marvellous.*

ANNE WELSH