

pendent democratic Namib State with fundamental constitutional guarantees for all so that all citizens of our country may participate in the total life of the nation. The restoration of our sovereignty and national independence must be achieved in unity, peace and tranquillity. The African political power must be reflected through a super non-tribal democratic party. This emphasis of freedom and independence in unity, peace and tranquillity, is neither a chivalrous choice nor

one determined by narrow tribal or racial considerations. It is a choice determined by the reality of our situation.

The time has come for us to face the future in unity and with a common purpose. South Africa is on the way out and we must replace her colonial administration with a national independent government of our choice worthy of the pride of all South West Africans. ●

Their Jacaranda Festival

CARL MAFOKO

FOR YOU THE Jacaranda celebration might as well have been on a Monday in far-away Waterkloof and Wonderboom. You were just not impressed by the excitement of the crowds in Pretorius Street as you prepared to go home. For it was twelve o'clock, knock-off time in your office on a Saturday.

Outside was the rain and the festive noise at Jacaranda celebration. There was life in Pretoria on that rainy November day. You stood looking from a window, for you could not defy the rain. You stood looking, and before your eyes were Whites of all descriptions in their happy moods, they being the merry-makers on such an occasion.

It is said that the idea of the Jacaranda festival was prompted by a desire to add more life and drama to the streets of this city, said to be dull. Thus with the end of every year, which bears the promise of a happy year ahead for them, the Whites, and Whites only, are seen celebrating, as if they were Pretoria, and the masses of Africans in the locations mere incidental appendages of Pretoria.

Probably other Africans stood looking from other corners and windows, enforced spectators like you. That is the part they play in Pretoria, this and the monotonous life in distant locations. That is how they share in the wealth and luxuries afforded by South Africa's mines. The mines they dig.

Along streets and arcades greens of pot trees added more life to the occasion with their natural tints. Sets of tables and chairs, fully dressed, lay alongside pavements and around small vendors' tents. Hanging in the air were variously shaded globes of light, and in the day their pride was to appear like neat decorations.

Yet who played a greater part in arranging these scenes? Who made possible the leisure and life that goes with trees, the comfort of neat surroundings?

An African iron muscle wielded an axe, lifted a

CARL MAFOKO is the pseudonym of a Pretoria clerk and free-lance writer.

branch, and in a day or two half the Jacaranda population lay blooming in the square, the streets and posh arcades of Pretoria . . . you never know how well Pretoria is planned until you avail yourself of the pleasure of passing through its arcades. Yes, an African rough palm planted a twig, a seed in a bed of carefully selected soil, watered every day, pruned and nursed with care, and as a result these big trees are part of Pretoria's life. The excited mob buy the trees and will profit by their pleasure. The monies go to the plantation companies, owners and perpetrators of the cheap Black labour.

THE RAIN HAD STARTED drizzling earlier in the morning, and by the time you had to go home it was quite a pour. There was hardly an umbrella or overcoat for you to use. The bus and taxi ranks were far out of town, and you could not defy the rain. Thus you were forced to forgo the pleasure of beginning a cool weekend with friends at home. You might as well resolve yourself to the enforced looking and listening.

With every second the crowds swelled; with every second the joy mounted. Every second saw here or there one eating, the other drinking and the next singing or sharing a jest. And you imagined it would be more glamorous at the city square where skaters and acrobats performed to cheering crowds. Photographers were taking pictures of old women in large early Cape dresses and hats, of jesters in funny garments and masks, and youths just eager to pose.

And as the fiesta mounted with the crowds and drinks all were just inclined to sing. The music was varied. From a sombre hymn a cool love song, an old battered anthem such as "To the Promised Land", it soared to the heights of modern jazz. To all this they danced and jived accordingly.

DISTINCT IN THE SINGING was a group of young women who sang mostly the jazz varieties. Distinct to you among the tunes they sang was one of Miriam Makeba,

GERHARD COHN

Photographer

For home portraits of distinction

P.O. Box 4716

Phone 45-4050

JOHANNESBURG

"The Lion Creeps Tonight", which with their thin voices they could not render to satisfy your ear as does the Makeba woman. An old song sung in the early days by Xhosa men, it has been revitalised by Makeba. Her command of voice and adeptness at cadences has made it a catch song. It is remembered even at Whites-Only celebrations.

That was the idea that struck you as you listened to the young women pulling at the song. At least there was an African woman eager and desirous to catch up with her. But then it struck you as possible that those women, born and brought up in South Africa as they were, would not know they were singing an African creation, and would never pay open homage to Makeba's achievements. Such are conditions here, where truths are hidden from the knowledge of youth.

AT THIS YOU AWOKE from this musing to the realisation of your weariness. It was unhealthy to have such weighty thoughts hounding a man. Yet you could not but remain there looking and listening, while many thoughts rushed to your head. Such as what a friend of yours once remarked of the accompaniment to Makeba's voice in the song: that the drum variations in the instruments were introduced by the Belafonte group in recognition of the need to Africanise the atmosphere. This remark had invoked many comments from others in the party then, and one had pointed out how the originators of drum music, regarded as savage and immoral in their prolific song and dance, foiled in their compositions by missionary influences, have no claim to the high standards reached in "tamboer" music. True sources as in many other arts, have not been acknowledged.

The Whites look today at Jacaranda celebration a refined and clean nation, for, unlike the Blacks, they have been aided and genuinely encouraged out of the savagery of a few centuries ago. They celebrate and care little for tomorrow, nor for the dresses that crease and wear; and far less for the Black man who is near starving, who envies them and is therefore a menace. Short sighted!

THE RAIN HAD gathered more strength in the meantime; it was pouring fast and hard, enough to water down their rank enjoyment. One whisked off a friend, a granny or a daughter. A child was raised to the bosom; a hat flew in the air as an umbrella was thrust to the head. And the photographers flashed their cameras left and right, straining to capture the atmosphere of excitement mingled with a slight horror, in the youngsters laughing and screaming, and old ladies attempting a feat of running. Gradually as it had gathered, the crowd thinned down.

They had hurried to take shelter, leaving you with the patter of the rain and a bleak Pretorius Street. And you were left with a longing for home, and a desire to console yourself with the usual momentous party at home, full of conversation. The rain, certainly, would belabour itself out.

The Jacaranda celebrations had come and vanished, and you would care little if it were not for that Makeba creation. ●

Kenya's Lesson in Land

*An agricultural revolution
by experiment*

FRANCIS WILSON

SINCE 1958, WHEN the land resettlement plan was first put into operation, farming in Kenya has been undergoing such a rapid and radical transformation that one can only describe the change as a revolution. In an attempt to settle large numbers of landless Africans on peasant farms the Government is buying up big 'European' farms and dividing these up into small holdings on which to settle African families as peasant farmers. Although the total resettlement envisaged by the plan has not yet been completed, enough has been done for the observer to see what effect, on the life of Kenya, the plan is likely to have. Will this revolution succeed either politically or economically? If so, what can we in South Africa, who also have an acute land problem, learn from the experiments of Kenya?

Land, in Kenya, lies at the root of most of her political and economic problems. It was jealousy over land that provided the main driving force of the Mau Mau revolt: it is anxiety over the land that is causing many white settlers to leave the country: and it is the agricultural land, rather than industry or mining, which provides the backbone of the Kenya economy. The major exports, coffee, tea, pyrethrum and meat, are all agricultural products.

Until a few years ago most African farming was at a purely subsistence level while it was the white farmers who produced the cash, export crops on their fairly large farms in the white highlands. One must acknowledge that it was very largely the enterprise, initiative and skill of the settlers which developed the agriculture of Kenya to such an advanced stage. This is not the place to consider whether the white highlands were stolen by the settlers, as the blacks claim, or whether they were undeveloped and unused, as the whites assert. But it was clear that, politically, it was no longer possible for a small group of white settlers to control the economic life of the country particularly as it was so easy to see their wealth in the form of large farms in comparison with the poverty of the blacks, many of whom had no land at all.

The African people were no longer prepared to tolerate the reservation of vast areas of good farming land for the exclusive use of white land owners and

FRANCIS WILSON, a South African, did a science degree at the University of Cape Town and the economics tripos at Cambridge. He has recently made a six-week tour of East and Central Africa.