

sadness are well expressed in his description of this man, of his "strong-willed", "characteristic" face:

"A mass of varied feelings filled my heart as I looked at this chief. Once patriotic feelings inspired this tanned face; these eyes, once burning, were now festering and watering. Great sorrow must have fallen on this grey-haired head to turn a formerly formidable chief into a pitiful person that was sitting before us . . ." Vysheslavtsev describes Maqoma too, who was by that time defeated and overthrown by the British.

"The famous Maqoma is decrepit and enfeebled; he is poorly dressed, if his clothing can be called dress at all; he lives wherever he can, at the expense of others, since he is absolutely beggarly. He accepts charity, but nobody has ever seen him begging,—he accepts what is given to him as a due tribute. His face bears the expression of independence, his eyes burn with intelligence and his entire face manifests boldness and resoluteness."

Vysheslavtsev supposes that Maqoma served his countrymen "with unusual skill, persistency and conscientiousness" in the course of the struggle against Europeans that invaded the Xhosa lands.

From T. Pringle's book, Vysheslavtsev cites a peculiar text of the Xhosa envoy's speech addressed to the British Commander-in-Chief in the Kaffir War in 1818, and he admires the force and original poetry of his speech.

As for several large farms that he happened to come across, Vysheslavtsev wrote that they reminded him of the spirit of Russian serfdom landlords, of Gogol's characters.

HOWEVER, PARTICULAR ATTENTION in the widest circles of Russian public opinion was attached to South Africa during the Anglo-Boer war. The Russian public absolutely sincerely and unreservedly took the side of the Boers. Russian volunteers and two medical detachments were sent to South Africa. Boer fightingmen and European volunteers elected a Russian, Colonel E. Y. Maximov, as General who was to become the commander of all foreign volunteers detachments among the Boer Republican troops, but heavy wounds which he sustained in the battle of Thaba Nchu brought him out of action. The population of Russia collected money to build up a relief fund for wounded Boers. Hundreds of books, leaflets, magazine articles wrote about the South African War, newspapers were full of photographs of bearded Boers in wide-brimmed hats. Boys dreamed of running away to South Africa to fight on the side of Boers. In his reminiscences *People, Years, Life* ILYA EHRENBURG writes that he too tried to escape from his home and to leave for South Africa. K. PAUSTOVSKY, a well-known modern writer, writes in his autobiography how deeply impressed was his childish imagination by the stories told to him by his uncle who had returned from the South African front.

The book by IZYEDINOVA, who was a nurse, is among the most interesting books written by the Russian eyewitnesses and participants in the Anglo-Boer War. She was well acquainted with General Botha and his wife, with State-Secretary Reitz as well as with many other prominent persons of the Transvaal and Orange Free State

Republics. She wrote, about living conditions of the African population in South Africa, that she was never struck to such an extent as by "the actual absence of any attitude to a Negro as to a man: he is treated here only as a working hand. This was especially striking in examination of a hospital where the section for the whites was very well furnished while sick 'Kaffirs' were lying actually on bare boards in awful stifling closets hardly protected against scorching sun rays. It is said that the black are not used to the convenience of a European bed and do not want to lie in it. I suppose, however, that any bedding on bare boards and protection against stifling heat and mosquitoes are good and pleasant for any diseased human being, and, at least, I know that in the infirmaries of the Russian Red Cross detachment, sick 'Kaffirs' placed in equal conditions (though in separate apartments) with the white patients, not only could bear it, but also were extremely thankful for the conveniences and comfort granted to them."

Volks Radio

A satire

H. B. KIMMEL

ANNOUNCER: This is the national net-work of Volks Radio.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: This is the Volks Bibles Programme.

Our bibles are best. Buy one of our bibles today.

The Volks Bibles programme presents the sermon of the week.

Here is Dominee K. du Plessis to give you spiritual guidance.

DOMINEE: You might find it odd for an Afrikaans minister to be addressing you on an English programme. Well, the reason for this will become apparent when I mention my theme—my theme is Love. Quite simply, I believe in loving one's neighbour, no matter what language he speaks.

We all know the old saying that 'money is the root of all evil'. But what does it mean? Do we not all grumble over our salary? If you really let love into your heart, you would not grumble over your salary. Love your employer as yourself for he clothes and feeds you. As for strikes and trade unions, leave them alone for is it correct to bite the hand that feeds you?

The countries which have the most strikes and where trade unions are strong are often the most ungodly.

H. B. KIMMEL is at present visiting England, after several years teaching in Cape Town.

The subject of Izyedinova's pride in the activity of the Russian detachment was first of all its humane attitude to the Africans.

Many of foreign volunteers who came to help the Boers were infected with the poison of racism. The French Colonel Villebois-Marcuil who had been for some time the commander of all European volunteers in the Boer War wrote that an African could not even light a fire if he was not first given a flogging. In her book Izyedinova repeatedly turned her attention to this disgraceful, to her mind, point of view in contrast to her own experience of associating with Africans, especially with the Zulu.

THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION that took place in our country after the overthrow of the Tsarism, resulted in the fact that millions and millions of people started to strive for knowledge about the surrounding world. Interest in South Africa has grown as well. It attracts by its originality, by the complexity of its problems. Though personal contacts

between peoples of different countries on the whole has greatly increased in the course of the last decades, and peoples from different parts of the world have got to know each other better. South Africa has been cut off from the USSR by the iron curtain already for the past two or three generations. This iron curtain was built up by those forces of South Africa which shunned everything that was Soviet like the plague. The world-acclaimed film "Battleship Potyemkin" was banned on the screens of the Union of South Africa in the thirties. Mayakovsky's verses written for children were prohibited in the fifties. Soviet people are deprived of the opportunity to see the present South African reality with their own eyes.

Despite all this, new research works devoted to Africa are elaborated in the USSR. The readers of *The New African* magazine know about them for example from the article "Studying Africa in the Soviet Union" by Professor I. Potekhin, published in the June 1962 issue of the magazine. ●

Now, I am thinking of a particular country. In that land the name of which I shall not mention, a man, a writer from another country, used a certain library and wrote a most pernicious book, still treasured by blasphemers and materialists.

Now, if this country of which I am speaking had truly had a Christian atmosphere, he could never have completed the book. There was no love in that man's soul but at the same time Christian love had drained from all the people living in that country. He could never have written that book here and have had it published. Yes, loving one's neighbour is the essence of all religious teaching. Now a certain member of my congregation once said to me, 'Dominee,' he said, 'because of apartheid the Kaffer is not our neighbour anymore so are we justified in hating him?' 'No', was my reply. It is precisely because we love the black man that we are giving him the facilities to develop in his own area. Even if he is in his own area, he is still our neighbour and it is because we love him that we are not going to abandon him. Are we not going to look after the foreign affairs of the Bantustan and attend to matters like defence?

No, I still believe, love your neighbour as yourself.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: Next time you have an accident, ask your ambulance-driver to take you to the Volks Hospital.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: The Volks Hospital presents this week's episode in our wonderful serial 'Leonardo'. Our story revolves around that great figure, Leonardo da Vinci—painter, engineer, philosopher and lover.

In our last episode we saw how Leonardo rescued the countess from the burning art-gallery. Their lips had just parted from a kiss when they were interrupted by none other than the husband of the countess as he happened to be strolling by.

COUNT: Listen oke, what is the meaning of this?

LEONARDO: Hell man. Count, we were going to tell you. We like each other.

COUNTESS: Hey!

COUNTESS: Yes, I like Leonardo, Antonio.

COUNT: Yislaik!

LEONARDO: Stop looking like that. If you have anything to say, say it.

COUNT: We'll have to have this out, da Vinci. You arty types think you can get away with anything.

LEONARDO: O.K.? O.K.? If you want to have it out, it's O.K. with me.

COUNT: Then meet me at the tavern in quarter of an hour. Come on you.

COUNTESS: I'm staying with Leonardo.

COUNT (*leaving*): You'll be sorry.

COUNTESS: Don't fight him, Leonardo. What will I have left if he messes you up?

LEONARDO: I have completed my painting of you, Mona.

COUNTESS: He's always like that. He can't bear to see me having fun. What shall we do in the meantime?

LEONARDO: I have a new oil-technique. Come up to my studio and have a look.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: Next week the Volks Hospital brings you another episode in our great serial—'Leonardo'!

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: This is the 'Volks Lipstick Programme.' Would you let your daughter go with a kaffer? See that she wears 'Volks Lipstick' and gets a white husband!

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: We are privileged to have with us in the studio the noted rocket-expert, Dr. Koos van der Merwe, who directed the launching of the successful 'Project Ossewa.'

--Dr. van der Merwe, is it true that our first attempt to launch a South African rocket sent the missile over one mile into the air?

Yes.

--How does this compare with the work of the Americans and the Soviet Union?

Well, you know, they have many captured German

scientists working for them.

—I see. Dr. van der Merwe, did our rocket carry a passenger?

—Yes. It did. A little white mouse.

—And how did you and your fellow scientists decide on this?

—Well, we couldn't find a black.

—Dr. van der Merwe, have you anything you would like to add?

—Yes, whenever my daughter goes out, she wears 'Volks Lipstick'. It's wonderful.

ANNOUNCER: It's a fact! Most scientists' daughters wear 'Volks Lipstick'!

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: If you are going to have a blue baby, order your blood from the Volks Blood-bank. Ours is pure European blood, taken from the veins of rugby-players.

(Volk Music)

—Next week, same time then?

—O.K. Dominec. God, you're terrific, man.

—Shut-up! you're with a white man now!

(Silence)

ANNOUNCER: We apologise for the delay but we had to overcome a certain amount of disturbance in one of the empty studios.

(Pause)

Everything is in order now.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: The 'Volks Blood-bank' presents another 'Culture programme.'

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: As the holiday season has arrived, there will be many visitors in Cape Town and today's talk on the Cape Coloured people is presented for their benefit.

READER: When the visitor arrives in Cape Town, he will be struck by the warm, smiling faces of this naturally happy folk. A musical race, they are a great delight especially around New Year when they take part in their lively 'Coon Carnival'.

The women make excellent housemaids and can often be heard singing in their rooms after hours, while the men are very interested in fishing although many of them are employed in the town.

They can be persuaded to work on reasonable terms although the odd worker might become a nuisance on being engaged. On these occasions it is never really necessary to give a thrashing or to call the police as with Bantus, for a good scolding will often do the trick. For a white gentleman the correct form of address is 'Baas' and never 'Sir' while a white lady, whether single or married should always insist on 'Madam' although 'Merrim' is not meant to be offensive. This mispronunciation occurs on the part of those women who have had their front teeth extracted. This is done for the benefit of the men who find it more attractive.

The Coloured people, as old as Cape Society itself, have their own schools, universities and hospitals and provide their own teachers and quite often their own doctors. They do not seem enthusiastic about professions like engineering or architecture although, no doubt, this will come when they show greater responsibility.

The 'Volks Blood-bank' wishes the visitor a happy stay

in Cape Town and hopes the Cape Coloured people will add to this amusement.

(Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: Attention all Bantus! why not come into the Volks Bazaar today and see our exquisite range of leather wallets with zips. Ideal for carrying your pass.

A noted Bantu artist says,

'I carry my pass in a Volks wallet!'

(Volks Music)

ANNOUNCER: The Volks Bazaar presents today's chapter in our thrilling serial for children—'Supervoortrekker'. Supervoortrekker stands supreme in defending apartheid from would-be transgressors.

One bite of the 'magic-boerewors' and Jan Meintjies is instantly transformed into 'Supervoortrekker'.

Jan Meintjies, the good-looking South African sportsman, is returning home from an afternoon of Volkspeler, and is crossing a platform at the station. He has emerged from the shadows and the good South African sunlight is flooding his Aryan features. There is a look of alarm in his blue eyes as he notes a commotion in a railway-compartment.

CONDUCTOR: Come on, get out. This compartment is for white people only.

AFRICAN: But there is no room in the other coaches.

(Jan Meintjies, infuriated at this breach of the law, darts behind an open door.)

JAN MEINTJIES: Quick, where's the magic-boerewors? Ah, here! here!

(Thunder)

Ah, I've been transformed! Supervoortrekker uniform, mask, cloak. I'm ready!

(Thunder)

SUPERVOORTREKKER: Take that you black trash!

(Crash)

AFRICAN: Oh, Baas!

SUPERVOORTREKKER: And that!

(Crash)

INDIAN: Oh!

SUPERVOORTREKKER: Take that hotnot!

(Crash)

COLOURED: Oh!

SUPERVOORTREKKER: Here's some more, kaffer!

(Crash)

AFRICAN: Oh, Baas! oh, Baas! I've had enough. Truly it is wrong to sit in a white man's railway-compartment. Apartheid is for the best in this wonderful country. Non-whites must stay with non-whites. The white race is good and will look after us.

SUPERVOORTREKKER: I am glad that you have learned your lesson.

(Volk Music. Cheers)

DIGNITARY: Supervoortrekker, you are a true patriot and on behalf of the people of this country, I wish to present to you with this medal. The emblem is that of another proud country in its golden age the ideals of which now inspire our own.

(Applause. Volk Music)

ANNOUNCER: Tomorrow, you will hear how Supervoortrekker frustrates a Bantu from stealing a loaf of bread from the home of a hardworking white businessman.

(Volk Music)