

arrested in the corner. The police chief, Sergeant Daan, was vexed by the idea of the man resisting. He alternated his looks and questions between the constables and the resisting man. "Hey, what's this, Jack? What are you trying to do, you?"

Tom came to as the two constables relaxed their hold on him. He gathered his shirt into his trousers, restored his tie and collar to their due position. "I don't know what's wrong with this man," he indicated one of the constables. "He always treats me like this. Whatever he

has against such a quiet chap as me I don't know."

"What is it, Jack?" Sergeant Daan asked.

"He refuses to show his pass."

"No," Tom put in. "I told him the other policeman has already seen my pass and he doesn't want to understand. I don't know what's wrong with him. He's doing this for the third time now."

A hot exchange of words followed. Tom put his defence so strongly that the sergeant was likely to believe him. But he did not score.

"You lie! Go back there among those people." And Sergeant Daan pushed him into the group of men who made way for him as he faltered.

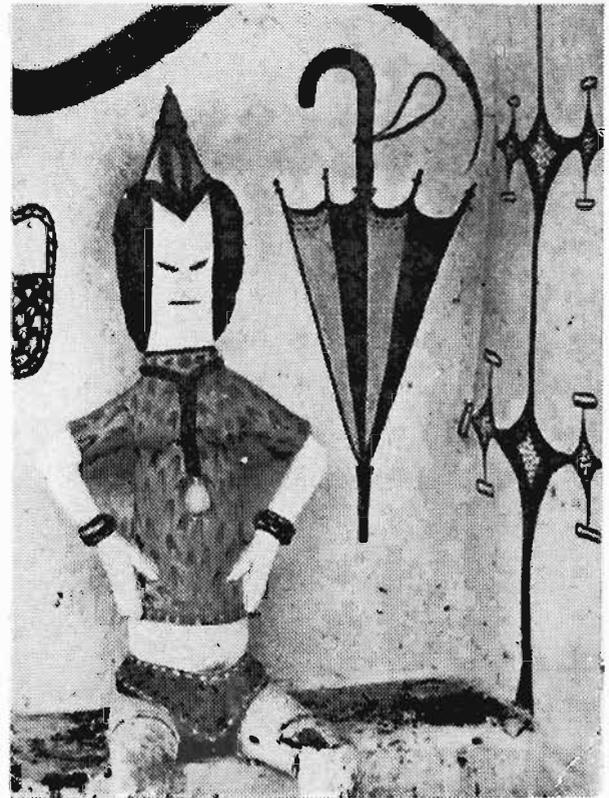
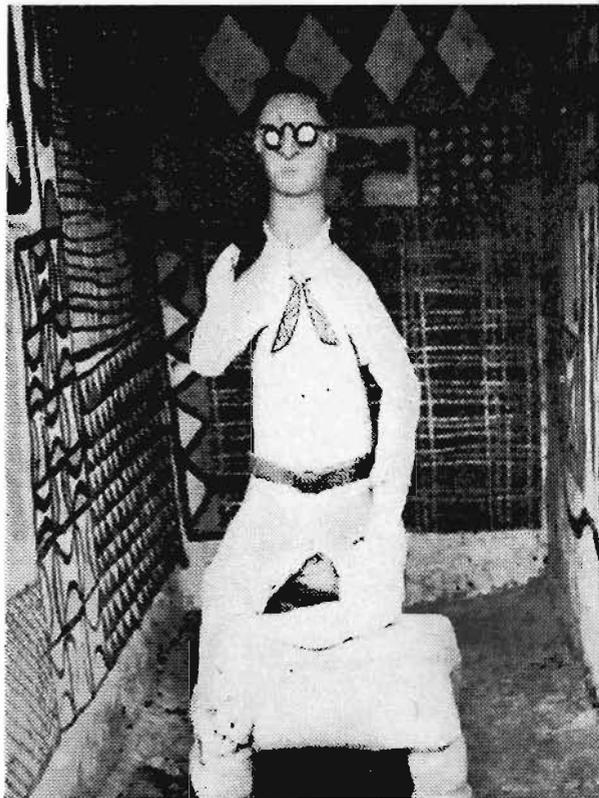
"Look . . . look . . ." Tom stammered forth.

"Hey, whom are you addressing in that manner?"

"I only want to ask if you think I must be arrested for no reason while I'm expected at work."

"You don't want to go to work."

"How can that be? You don't understand . . ."



Schoolmaster and Attendant of Ala

African Mud Sculpture by Ulli Beier (Cambridge University Press), 25s.

The brass, ivory and wood sculptures of the Benin region of Nigeria and Dahomey are well known.

Here is an introduction to the contemporary mud sculpture of the same area. It is full of vigour and yet, because of its material, is short-lived. The sculpture is most often housed in an *Mbari* hut centred round the earth goddess

Ala. Many of them are in modern dress, like this schoolmaster; and district commissioners in pith helmets and moustaches are very frequent. In visiting an *Mbari* hut an outsider "gets inside" the symbols of a culture.

them were seasoned veterans, not callow youths. But football fans ignore formal details and become absorbed in the excitement of the game.

At the end of the hour allotted for play the score was 3-3. During extra time the Lads scored again and managed to hold the lead until the end. Consequently the Aces were eliminated from the tournament and I played no football that day.

By this time the missing All Blacks players had arrived and the All Blacks v. Cedarville 'B' match took place. Despite their name most of the All Blacks wore khaki shorts and some of them even wore red shirts. In fact the shorts and shirts of their opponents, though not of an entirely uniform shade, were more consistent with the concept "All Blacks". Anyway the All Blacks made up in standard of play for any defects in their uniform and were worthy winners 6-0.

It was now time for Cornish Lads 'B' v. Starlights, but there were two serious obstacles to this. Firstly, none of the Starlights had arrived. Secondly, most of the Cornish Lads 'B' had drifted away. However there had been an interesting development, viz. the arrival of the Mariazell players, who had been delayed by their insistence on attending Church in the morning. When they first appeared, I anticipated a hectic debate between them, on the one hand, and the verbal gladiators of the morning, on the other hand, on the subject of why provision had not been made for the participation of Mariazell. Strange to say, there was nothing of the sort. The whole problem was solved in a masterly manner and in a minimum of time, Mariazell were deemed to be the winners of the match between Cornish Lads 'B' and Starlights.

THE NEXT ITEM on the programme was the semi-final between Cedarville 'A' and Mariazell. This was the best match of the day. When Mr. Connolly had spoken in glowing terms of the Mariazell team earlier in the day, he had not done so idly. Mariazell were quick to demon-

strate their talents. However, Cedarville twice took the lead against the run of play. Cedarville were on the attack more in the second half than they had been in the first half, but Mariazell were unlucky to lose 3-2.

The semi-final between the All Blacks and Cornish Lads 'A' was played in failing light. When it was no longer possible to see the moving ball, the match was abandoned with Cornish Lads leading 3-1. The period of play was approximately ten minutes short of the prescribed one hour. Players and spectators departed amid suggestions that the final should be played at Cedarville on another day.

My immediate reaction to the conclusion of the proceedings was to reflect back with sorrow upon the golden hours wasted in the morning. If those hours had been playing football, the tournament would have been completed. Subsequently meditation brought about a modification of opinion. There are things in life other than football—and I am not referring to lunch. Viewed objectively, the events of that morning had a distinctive value of their own.

ALTHOUGH I SHALL not be playing, I hope to be present at the final. The All Blacks have expressed their opinion that their semi-final with Cornish Lads 'A' should be replayed, for the reasons that the duration of play was ten minutes short of the prescribed period and that the light was poor. Their view has found sympathy among the football fraternity. Despite this, it cannot be expected that the second day's play will take place without a prelude similar to that which preceded the first day's play. Even in the unlikely event of there being no opposition to the suggestion that the All Blacks and Cornish Lads 'A' should meet again, there is abundant scope for the talented debaters in deciding whether the game should start afresh at 0-0 and last for an hour, or simply resume from 3-1 in favour of Cornish Lads and last for ten minutes. ●

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Tender Consciences

Jill Jessop

A Dragon to Kill by Kenneth Mackenzie
(Eyre & Spottiswoode, R2.10)

TENDER CONSCIENCES don't kill dragons. And this book is about how Tony Cox, a White student at the University of Cape Town, discovers the brutality of South African politics.

He is proud and flattered at being in on the organisation of a peaceful demonstration in Cape Town. But the demonstration becomes violent; a policeman is fatally stabbed outside Caledon Square police station. The incident results in the unjust indictment and execution of an African man Tony has known all his life.

Tony begins to understand what the anti-apartheid struggle is all about, when he realises that colleagues are gladly using this tragic event as political capital. He concludes that one cannot be a liberal in South Africa, and retires, perhaps rather prematurely, from politics.

Tony begins as a typical woolly-minded idealist. This makes his final disillusionment all the more inevitable—it would have come anywhere, under any circumstances. But it is bitterest in a society bristling, as ours does, with moral problems, and perhaps no moral solutions.

There are some good scenes. I particularly liked the snooker games between Tony and his student friend, Herbert.

Mr. Mackenzie, a South African now living in London, clearly understands what he is writing about.

If the atmosphere seems dated, it is not his fault. The book is set in a pre-Sharpeville South Africa.