

it has over Umkhonto weSizwe is its extremely powerful emotional appeal. Its simple and direct message to the young African who has been born into the tyranny of apartheid is that he should sacrifice his life itself to rid South Africa of the White scourge and push the White man's Asian lackey into the sea. This line sells brilliantly among young people who have been through Bantu Education schools. On balance, P000 is closer to the hearts of the African who wants violence than Umkhonto.

Some

Some people imagine that sabotage alone will bring apartheid crashing to the ground. A superficial understanding of the mind of the Afrikaner and of the power dispositions in this country will easily dispel illusions of easy victory. Sabotage can destroy apartheid only if it leads ^{to} economic chaos or bloodshed on a scale to force the Great powers or the United Nations to intervene. Umkhonto's tactics seem designed to provoke apartheid slowly until explosion-point is reached when the Africans will be massacred as happened in Sharpeville. Verwoerd seems to have learnt his lesson. He seems in no hurry to be goaded into committing the same blunder again. On the contrary he has now decided the Africans' revolt by gaoing or detaining indefinitely ~~is thinking now in terms of concentration camps before things got or even hanging some of their leaders~~ ~~at a time~~. The No-trial Act (1963) and the use of the Robben Island penitentiary for political prisoners are significant straws in the wind.

P000 used quite different tactics to achieve Umkhonto's end. Instead of nibbling away at apartheid, it launched ~~on the~~ direct and dramatic attacks on the White community as at Boshie bridge in 1963 to ^{avenge} Sharpeville, involve the ~~country deeper in~~ ^(the bloodbath and force the hand of the) United Nations. If reactions from both sides of the colour line are any guide, P000 has certainly made a deeper ^{underground} impact on the nation than any other organisation at the moment. The government fears it more than it does Umkhonto. The fact that over 2,000 P000 men are in goal at the time of writing and that some of them face the death sentence

while recruits continue to join gives it the character of the most powerful though badly trained underground organisation.

Umkhonto weSizwe has to its credit more than 60 incidents of sabotage. But these, no matter how many they are, do not have the emotional appeal and the impact of POQO'S heroicism. The anonymous men who blow up pylons and railways are not known to the African masses. The youths goaled for POQO activities are the sons and relatives of the African community. Everybody hears of them. They can be seen being marched to prison. They are accepted as the heroes and the martyrs of our struggle. Their languishing in gaol and their readiness to sacrifice their lives in such large numbers make a deeper impression on the mass mind than "Umkhonto's" activities.

The point emphasised in this comparison of the two main underground organisations is that apart from the ideological and racial collisions, South Africa is also caught in a situation where the rivalry between Umkhonto weSizwe, POQO ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~idea~~ will increasingly incite to extremism underground. In competing for power and influence all could quite conceivably produce ^{an} an explosion in the near future - the ^{one} ~~one~~ to advance racial and the other class interests. This, apart from the warlike mood of the major races, is one of the most dangerous factors in the South African situation.

The pattern which unfolds in all this is simple. We are unlikely to see a mass revolt of the Mau Mau type in the immediate future. The conditions on both sides of the colour line militate against it. The African is no longer bound by tribal loyalties and taboos. For a Mau Mau to develop, the tribe needs to exist as an entity together with the customs and sanctions which give meaning to its life. It has to feel that these are threatened, that its soul and survival are in danger.

People need to feel a strong sense of group coherence. Like the Holy Immortals of the Jain Faith, they must forever be of one mind and always think alike. Most of these conditions no longer exist in South Africa. While their hatred of race oppression is very real, the Africans are not agreed on who the real enemy is. A declaration of war against the Whites would, as the Paarl murders showed, provoke powerful resistance within the African community itself. In their Cape city, P000 had to kill Africans first in order to break the opposition to its plans. For its part, the White community is well armed. It has the most powerful army in all Africa. The police force is armed and completely mobile. Great trunk roads are being laid leading to every possible danger spot in the country. A Mau Mau in these circumstances would be an invitation to butchery and defeat. P000, Umkhonto and the Men of the Hill all had their activities limited very severely by the armed power of the White community. Largely as a result of this, the situation we are moving into is one of a widening area of violence to property and the person. On the surface the attacks might seem sporadic, but underground they would be ^{regarded as} probing provocations to goad the state into more ruthless suppression of the African and in that way incite him to extreme reactions. Thus, we are likely to see spectacular attacks like the Bashee murders when a group of Whites, including women and children, were suddenly set upon and murdered without very clear provocation, by way of avenging Sharpeville. The state would be forced to react violently to these attacks. ~~The state would reply with even greater violence.~~ This process would go on until one or all of three things happened: until the economy was paralysed, leading to a bloody explosion or the United Nations intervened or the African states did something

spectacular against apartheid. I wish very much that this analysis were wrong. But the pattern is too familiar to lead to a different conclusion. Both Black and White are now too deeply involved in the use of violence, ^{bloodshed} ~~barbarism~~ and terrorism as political arguments to be able by themselves to stop their drift to disaster. They are already caught in the first round of the bloodbath against which South Africa has so often been warned.

The government often tells the world that it has suppressed subversion. Some of its apologists, even in the English-language Press, often proclaim that revolution is not round the corner in South Africa. On the face of it the government has now succeeded in crushing most of the opposition to it above ground. But neither this nor the economic position of the African in the republic when compared with that of the rest of the continent, are the decisive factors ~~toward~~ the final explosion. The police state is all-powerful when it deals with a majority within its borders which is not supported in its opposition from outside. Hitler could organise the mass murder of both the Jews and his German opponents and Stalin could butcher the Kulaks and other opponents without these hitting back effectively because they stood against tyranny virtually alone. There was not an external force powerful enough to keep up their spirits and to inspire them to fight with increasing determination. The position, in South African is ^{somewhat} ~~more~~ different. The might of a modern police state is all there. Every attempt has been made to cow and shock the African community into submission. The fact that in spite of all this South African courts are trying scores of ^{charged} people with treason, sabotage or sedition illustrates the difference between the South African situation and the conditions in Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany. The African opponents of apartheid ~~have~~ have the advantage of being continually encouraged

The consultative conference of African leaders met, in Johannesburg toward the end of 1960. It was attended by people of nearly all political persuasions in the African community. Most delegates took up the view that opposition to apartheid could be effective only on the basis of co-ordinated action. They said the point had been reached when no single organisation could hope to defeat apartheid. A basis of unity had to be sought which would bring together the Africans in the first place. I was keen on seeing apartheid opposed effectively. I realised that while African Unity had become a catchword with no really significant meaning in the situation we found ourselves in, the co-ordination of the fight against race domination was the first condition for victory. The problem of unity had been solved in 1912. After 1919 the political expressions of African Nationalism forked into two clearly defined streams—into the heroic and the realistic; the conservative and the radical. I did not think it was possible to reunite these. Both of them were the visible expressions of outlooks on which the very survival of the African community depended. They were the foundations ^{on} of which we were building a democratic tradition suited to our conditions. The co-ordination ~~of~~ the activities of the two streams was quite a different thing. ~~It meant that they would pool their~~ resources and march in step toward freedom. After that they would go their different ways to their different destinies.

To facilitate this co-ordination I agreed to become the chairman of the co-ordinating committee set up by the conference. It was known officially as the continuation committee. My second reason for accepting office was the realisation that there could

be no hope for a truly free society if we did not give to Liberalism a meaning which was valid in the African's life. To achieve this end, it was not the African who had to go to Liberalism; it had to come to him and project before him an image of itself he could accept. The Liberal dared not be afraid of African freedom. He had to involve himself actively in the struggle for it... in such a way as to become an integral, inseparable part of the entire movement toward freedom. Only if this was done could we succeed in becoming significant opponents of totalitarianism.

My third reason was that in time I was persuaded to ^arelise that I could not successfully blame Luthuli for running around with the communists while I took up a purely negative role and refused to involve myself in situations where proof had to be given of democratic effectiveness. The democrat in South Africa always fought on two fronts. There was the totalitarian of the Right represented by apartheid and the totalitarian of the Left, the underground communist. African Nationalism and Liberalism were forever being harrassed by the two. Both totalitarian outlooks, significantly enough, worked continuously for the destruction of African Nationalism and the demolition of its achievements while sparing no effort to cripple Liberalism. I realised that African Nationalism, in particular the realistic wing, was committed basically to the humanistic principles which gave content to the Liberal's outlook on life. Both abhorred the moral depravity which punished the individual for having a particular skin colour or for belonging to a given racial or language group. They wanted a society in which the individual could be free to make the best possible use of his life. These great principles

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had made the ~~unification~~ of the African people possible in 1912.

Wherever they were being defended or upheld I felt I had a duty to perform. I was not the type of Liberal who contented himself with adhering to constitutional means when very many of the things I did which are accepted as legal in every free country were regarded as criminal in mine. I was involved in White domination's mass humiliation of the African. Fulfilment for me was in doing all I could to destroy apartheid.

I did not lose sight of the fact that if I accepted the principle of co-ordination, I would soon find myself caught in the situation Luthuli had found himself in— when he had to work with those whose outlook he rejected. I was aware, also, that my participation in a united front could boost the morale of the communists who would regard it as a tactical victory to them. I did not lose sight of the fact that along the path of collaboration ~~with them~~ there was the very real possibility of being goaled or being finally eliminated from active politics. I weighed all these considerations very carefully. I agreed that apartheid was as wicked as communism; that, however, my most immediate enemy was the former. If I sat back and surrendered the initiative to influence events to the latter, I would be inviting defeat. I had to involve myself and do all I could to ensure that the proposed front was steered in democratic directions. Both the communist and I were under no illusions about our respective parts in the united front.

The struggle started in earnest the moment the continuation committee was set up. The underground communists who manipulated events from behind the scenes and who worked through Duma Nokwe made it unmistakably clear that they had a fixed goal to move to and a purpose from which they would

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not be deflected by anybody. They were very heavily financed for purposes of moving toward their ^{goal} ~~purpose~~. They would not allow anybody to ask questions or know about their sources of funds. There was so much money available that almost ~~each~~ ^{every} time I ^{was} sent to Johannesburg for the sessions of the continuation committee I flew there. We went by plane even when we travelled with Bill Bhengu, a colleague on the continuation committee. Expense was no problem when it came to preparing our meals as members of the committee. Money flowed even when we were entertained. Beer, wine and spirits were available in large quantities. The spirits were served in quart bottles. I had grown up in a different form of struggle. When we built up the Youth League we had never had money. At no conference were we ever treated to ordinary soft drinks—let alone the dinners and the liquor. We paid our travelling expenses and ^{paid} for our board and lodging wherever the conferences met. This gave us a freedom of thought and an independence which I had grown to prize above everything. Nobody outside of ourselves laid down the law for us. As a result we did not want to hide anything from anybody. I was inclined to be suspicious when so much wealth was flaunted while the poverty of our people was so real.

I had not been on the continuation committee for long when a friend of mine in Johannesburg, also a member, pulled me aside and warned me that by a certain date four men would arrive in Johannesburg from Basutoland bringing in money for the Maritzburg conference. I was shaken very badly when I heard this because it shed a little more light on my fears. When I met him again, he told me the men had since come to Johannesburg. He had been able to identify some of them. They had brought the money. It had not been handed to the treasurer of the continuation committee. It would never be, he warned. He said it had been given to a fellow

whom/....

whom the communists trusted. Part of it would be used to convey African delegates to Maritzburg, for the conference which was to project Mandela to the fore as the heir to Luthuli's mantle. I met my Johannesburg friend ~~who~~ after the conference. He said on the day the delegates left for Maritzburg

an Indian who had the confidence of the people with the money distributed it. When it came to this mysterious cash, no African could be trusted. Not even those who had been to Moscow or Peking.

When I pressed for a clear statement of our financial position and our sources of funds, I received all sorts of evasions from Duma

Nokwe, the communists who liaised between the committee and the secret source of funds. I realised that the situation was very much graver than I could ever have imagined possible. The atmosphere of mystery and wealth created tension in the committee. Some of us felt that we were not collaborating as equals. We had been reduced to the position of mere rubber stamps. My own position was slightly better; so also that of the other Liberals in the continuation committee. A

White Liberal in Johannesburg had personally donated a fairly substantial sum of money toward the expenses of the continuation committee when he was told, by Duma Nokwe, that the basic intention behind everything was to co-ordinate African opposition to apartheid.

This concrete demonstration of solidarity made it difficult for the communists to regard us as expendable just then. Besides, our Liberal benefactor allowed his name to be mentioned quietly to the

committee. For him there had to be no secrecy. The crisis deepened when ~~one of the~~ members of the committee, reported to me that he had

laid his hands on papers in which the communists' intention in the continuation committee was outlined. It was, he said, to project Nelson Mandela as the hero of the African people's struggle. He would appear dramatically at the conference, in circumstances which would give him sufficient stature to compete successfully with Sobukwe when Luthuli moved off the political stage.

Suspicion became acute when some of the members of the committee made efforts to elbow Joe Moofi of the PAC out. His withdrawal created an impossible position for me as chairman. In my acceptance speech I had stated that I agreed to take the position because the committee represented the various viewpoints in the conference. As long as this was the case I would do all in my power to work for co-ordinated opposition. When the ~~former~~ PAC ^{men} ^{ed} walk out, a situation arose for me which altered the conditions under which I had agreed to serve. I believed so strongly in co-ordination that I asked the committee to allow me to negotiate directly with the PAC man. Duma Nokwe opposed this very strongly. I realised that it would soon be impossible for me to remain on the committee if the intention was to make it gang-up against any section of African political opinion. It had been set up to consolidate unity and not to use itself as a battering ram against the enemies of Moscow. ~~I believed so strongly in co-ordination~~ that I asked for a postponement of the Maritzburg conference to enable us to mend the rift in the committee. I was informed in time that the underground communists who financed the committee's work were determined not to change the date. They paid the money. They could afford to do what they liked even if I walked out.

As the money poured in, the communists continued to treat the committee with absolute contempt. Things were done behind our backs. When we protested, there followed profusions of apologies from Duma Nokwe and assurances that we would never again be made rubber stamps. When we met, we found that we had been committed to more outrageous things. On one occasion we were confronted with the accomplished fact of telegrams having been sent in the name of the committee to well-known communist leaders. This raised a storm in the committee. We had appointed a working committee to keep an eye on things. All its members ^{lived} ~~worked~~ in Johannesburg. The chairman of this committee, Julius Malie, was ignored when it came to all the important things affecting ^{the} ~~the~~ work. ^{As}

~~Various~~ Circulars were printed without his prior knowledge.

Those of us who were hostile to the communist line were still most eager to find a new basis of agreement. When the crisis approached breaking-point the ~~committee~~ committee decided that Luthuli, ~~and~~ Matthews and Mahabane as our elder statesmen should be consulted, that I and Duma Nokwe should fly to see them. Duma went behind my back, flew to Durban and went to see Luthuli by himself, contrary to the clearly-expressed instruction of the committee.

I was very much worried about the finances ^(and the double-crossing in) of the committee. I went to a friend who was close to the underground communists. He connected me with a man then in London. Shortly after this, the London man returned home. I subsequently met him. He told me that he had been in touch with certain communists in London. One of these, a very senior man, told him that the money had come straight from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. He did not give proof of this. He did indicate, however, that he knew of a well-known African in Basutoland who flew in and out of the Protectorate using chartered plane. This man went to Iron Curtain countries to collect money sometimes for the struggle in South Africa. I had already had concrete evidence that this man was certainly in the habit of flying in and out of Basutoland by chartered plane. It was against this ^{complicated} background ^{because} ^{of} ^{the} ^{fact} ^{that} ^{when} ^I ^{realised} ^{that} ^{the} ^{communists} ^{financing} ^{the} ^{activities} ^{described} ^{of} ^{the} ^{committee} ^{were} ^{determined} ^{to} ^{wreck} ^{our} ^{effort} ^{to} ^{co-ordinate} ^{opposition,} ^I ^{decided} ^{to} ^{resign} ^{from} ^{the} ^{chairmanship.} Four others followed me.

Working in close collaboration with some communists, gave me one more view of how they worked subtly to sabotage African Nationalism wherever they could not destroy it. They posed as its friends while quietly they created every obstacle for it. They claimed

to support African unity and wrecked it the moment they had the chance to do this. They told the rest of Africa that they were not the enemies of Pan-Africanism. On the home front they were its bitterest foes. They smashed it in the committee and did all in their power to destroy its image elsewhere.

This is one of the most remarkable things about communism in Africa. It proclaims that it is the enemy of imperialism and the friend of the oppressed. It is certainly a convincing enemy of capitalist imperialism. But our experience of it in South Africa is that when ^{we} it comes to realities it is as determined and dangerous an enemy of African Nationalism as apartheid is. One can understand why this is the case. Communism sets the greatest store by the group; by the class. For it, the individual human being does not matter. Fulfilment for him is in maximum conformity. The basic urge which moves the African Nationalist, on the other hand, ^{enable the individual to} is the desire to ^{the African Nationalist} make the best possible use of his life. For a very long time ^{he} he had been the victim of a very vicious form of group consciousness. In order ^{of} to defend himself, he ~~was~~ had to fight not only for freedom; he ~~had~~ had to see to it that he ^{ed} rejects the basic presuppositions of the doctrine he opposed. If it ^{saw} ~~was~~ men and events from the perspective of the group, he ^{had} ~~was~~ had to approach them from the angle of the individual. This ^{was} ~~is~~ what our fathers did in 1912. This ^{was} ~~is~~ what the Accra Conference did in 1958 when it allowed the Arabs to become delegates. The conference took the very sensible view that the fact that a man ^{was} ~~is~~ an Arab ^{did} ~~does~~ not necessarily mean that he ^{was} ~~is~~ an enemy. What ^{made} ~~makes~~ him an enemy ^{was} ~~is~~ not his race; it ^{was} ~~is~~ the ideas which gave content ^{of} his life. One Arab might be good; another might be wicked. That ^{went} ~~good~~ for all races of Man, ^{Russian} ~~exploiters~~

The flights into space and other scientific achievements cannot be the product of an inferior type of mind. I am never impressed

by the criticism that millions in Russia have to be starved in order to throw a man into space. If these are the sacrifices people have to make in order to develop a certain quality of the mind, Russia is not the only sinner ~~there is little wrong with that~~. Millions starve in Europe and the Americas while the rich live in criminal wealth. In South Africa the White minority exploits the African in a manner which can be described, in all soberness, as shameless.

The point I want to make here is that it is dangerous ~~(It is America and Britain and not Russia who enable Verwoerd to~~ for the African to be a doctrinaire opponent of communism. We who have been so bitterly humiliated and so cruelly oppressed must have realistically open minds. We must be as ready to learn as we should be to teach. If communism can succeed in wiping out infantile mortality from preventable diseases and free millions of mothers for effective use as producers of material wealth in addition to bearing children, we should be ready to learn from it. At the same time we must denounce the belief that in order to reach paradise, men first have to be transformed into monsters in human form or ogres. We must make it clear beyond all shadow of doubt that we are determined to choose and take what is best in the communist and capitalist traditions and combine that with the best in our own for purposes of producing a syncretism which will enable us to make better use of our lives. My own quarrel with the communists on this plane is that they deny our right to determine our lives in this direction. They want us to see in Russia and China the only paragons ~~(when the first oppresses the Hungarians and the second the Tibetans~~ of political and economic virtue. If we do not, they sabotage our fight to free ourselves and in that way betray us to the Verwoerdian race oppressors. They brand us chauvinists; they damage the characters and slander the good names of our leaders. They ridicule our noblest achievements and cast aspersions on the integrity of ~~the~~ African nation-builder. People who do this cannot be the friends

of Africa. Right inside the Soviet Union we, who come from Africa, are subjected to a humiliating form of apartheid. There is the special, Lumumba Friendship University. Basically, this is a segregatory institute— as effectively so as is the Non-European medical school attached to the university of Natal in Durban. Some non-Africans might be admitted to Lumumba university, to create the illusion of non-racialism... just as some Whites might ^{once have been} admitted to the Durban medical school. Quite a number of African boys who have been to Russia complain of contempt for the African which finds expression in refusals to allow Russian girls to go out with them. Persistence in taking out Russian girls, as so many Africans have testified, leads to assaults. In Great Britain they have their Notting Hills while America still lynches the Negro. In this situation how can the emergent and the free Africans say Russia has a monopoly of virtue? ^{or vice}

Geographically, Africa stands almost halfway between the East and the West. Historically, she is the point of convergence for a wide variety of influences stemming from the Occident and the orient. Politically, she is the catalytic ^{agent} which ~~has~~ capacity to ^{be better} shall be raised. This is her real destiny and, one might add, her most precious contribution to civilisation. If she rises to it, she can be a decisive factor working for peace in the world. If she fails, there is a lot on the continent to produce war.

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For me, co-ordination and the defeat of apartheid were merely means to an end. The goal was to create conditions in my country which would release the energies of all our peoples for the task of enabling Africa to rise to her destiny.

During the crisis under discussion I was in fairly regular communication with Luthuli. His position was most distressing. He was not fully informed on the course of events. His head office saw to

to it that he did not know too much. He did not know, for example, that at least three of the executive committee members of the ANC had become recruiting agents who sent students secretly to Russia and China. I was to discover, a year later, that the technique used was to approach each individual student and create the impression that he was being interviewed on behalf of the ANC. The average student they approached was the more intelligent type, with powers of leadership. As most students were poor, the prospect of a period in a European, Asian or any other foreign university was almost irresistibly attractive. And, with university doors now being shut against the African, the average student did not really have much of a choice. By denying the African the right to true knowledge, as distinct from Bantu Education propaganda, Verwoerd was once more showing that he was the most effective recruiting agent that communism has in South Africa. Luthuli did not know what some of his former colleagues were doing on this plane. He had other difficulties. He yearned passionately to see the African people free. To him this was such a powerful urge he did not bother much about trying to understand the difficulties to be encountered in uniting the Africans. He did not have a positive attitude to the ideological angularities which complicated the crisis in the continuation committee. He gave me the impression that he did not appreciate fully the difference between the meaning I gave to freedom and that of the communists. He was very sorry when Dhengu and I decided to leave the committee. At the same time I was under no illusions. His attitude was influenced largely by his consciousness of his own impotence. The government confined him to the Stanger area. Some of his most important sources of information on the outside world were known communists. Once more, by isolating Luthuli and bottling him up in a rural reserve, Verwoerd had served the communist cause.

We discussed/.....

We discussed the continuation committee extensively. On one occasion we went up with Bhengu to acquaint him with our version of what had led to our resignation. He gave us the impression that he knew little or nothing about the origin of the funds used in making the preparations for the Maritzburg conference. He did not seem happy about the mystery.

My association with the continuation committee narrowed down the gulf dividing me from some Congressmen in Durban. One of these was George Mbhele. I had a soft spot for George. He held a university degree and had qualified as a teacher. He had been associated with the Youth League. He ^{had} opposed Bantu Education so effectively in teaching circles that he ^{had} lost his job. For some time he knew poverty and did not squeal. I respected him for this. We were on friendly terms. He then devoted his ^energies to the Congress cause before the hans. I often teased him by calling him a communist. He was a very loyal Luthuli-man. When Lumumba was killed he was most articulate in condemning the atrocity. He was also an ardent advocate of the line taken by the Congress Movement. One day, in conversation, he surprised me by saying that in spite of the Bullabaloo about Lumumba's murder by the imperialists nobody knew precisely the real origins of the crime. He said he did not know if the communists were not implicated; if Lumumba was not a martyr ^{who had had to die} after he had served their purpose. I had never seen Lumumba from this angle. It was quite a revelation to me when George said this. It was a doubt in his mind. He was not stating a fact. He was merely examining a complicated situation.

One afternoon Bhengu and I motored to Luthuli. As we were leaving Yengwa stopped us on the road. I was not keen to meet him. In a sense he had played an important role in widening the gulf between

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Luthuli and me. He had been one of the best administrators the Youth League produced. At the critical moment he had allowed the communists to use him to pull down with his own hands the superstructure he had helped build with heavy sacrifices. I was not inclined to treat him with much kindness. At the same time I knew the nature of the crisis in which he had been caught when the communists crossed his path. The resistance movement had imposed very heavy strains on the leaders of the League. His own family had been wrecked. I knew the inside story only too well. He had been prepared to go through private and public humiliation while serving the cause of the League. His wife was unsympathetic to our cause. In addition to these domestic disasters, ^{his business} ~~business~~ collapsed. These troubles affected him so deeply that they drove him to the point where the individual's capacity to endure suffering broke down; when the physical body's potential for tolerating strains and stresses was almost destroyed. The real tragedy and immorality of apartheid lay in the way it pushed people systematically and relentlessly to this extreme. When it was reached; when the individual's powers of resistance were gone; when his bargaining strength was on the minimal side, the communists came in to tilt him beyond the point of no return, if possible. It required exceptionally strong characters to remain on the medial line, trying painfully to see vice and virtue in both African Nationalism and Communism. Yengwa had been one of these characters. Luthuli was another. I regarded Oliver Tambo as a third. I could not sympathise with them in their dilemma because I had warned them of it and they had branded me an enemy for the warning. And yet I understood their position. I could not treat them with kindness. Yet I could not turn my back on them. It is possible they had the same dichotomous attitude toward me.

Yengwa had earlier come to my house to propose a new alignment. I had already taken the initiative to move events in this direction in Durban. I rebuffed him. On this particular evening he went to the side of the car away from me. He was not trying to be as far

from me as possible. He ^{was} happy to see us come out of Luthuli's place. I was at the wheel nearest the centre of the road. We exchanged polite formalities. Bhengu did most of the talking. Then, I heard a note of earnestness in Yengwa's voice. He addressed himself to me: "J.K., You always distrusted the communists. I was willing to work with them. More often than not events were to prove you right..." I was moved very deeply by this bit of awakening to the truth. In the days of the League Yengwa had been closest to me. There was nothing dazzlingly brilliant about him. His main virtue was a solidity which inspired confidence. He was the sort of man who got things done.

Although Luthuli was distressed over our resignation from the continuation committee he asked us to come to his house as often as we could. Toward the end of the third week of March 1961, all the members of the continuation committee had stated our reasons for this publicly. When the government arrested us we realised that the intention was no longer to crush communism. It was to intimidate all opponents of apartheid. This raised a number of very complicated issues. The most important of these was the attitude to take up when we got to court. Should we rise and enter the witness box to say that we were not responsible for what happened in Maritzburg? That we had opposed much of it so powerfully we had had to resign? If we took this line we were likely to be acquitted. But this, in turn, would have its bitter fruit. We would be compelled, under cross examination, to give information which would hold the men of apartheid against Duma Nokwe and others. In Court we were not there to fight communism. If we were forced to ^{choose} ~~to choose~~ between supporting apartheid and communism we would view the latter as a lesser evil at the time. If we did not enter the witness box we were sure to go to gaol for policies we clearly disapproved of. Neither Bhengu nor I wanted to go to gaol. At the same time we did not want to side with apartheid against those who fought to destroy it even though we did not agree with them. In the end we agreed that

there could be no greater humiliation for us than to enter the witness box and arm apartheid against its enemies. We decided to go to gaol and preserve our silence no matter what happened to us or our families.

Bhengu had just started his legal practice in Durban. He had a very large family. He was not a rich man. For him to go to gaol involved greater sacrifices than for me. And yet when we faced ^{the} real issues confronting us he did not have the slightest ~~least~~ doubt about the right thing to do: he even stated bluntly that we had no choice other than to go to gaol.

We agreed that our own attitude to silence would not be influenced by what the non-communists in Johannesburg, who had also been arrested, would do. I was in a particularly vulnerable position. As chairman of the continuation committee I was in danger of being subjected to the heaviest cross-examination. I had attended all the meetings of the continuation committee, Very many of those who had resigned with me had not. My political position was a complicating factor. I was vice president of the Liberal Party. If I broke down and took fright when face to face with a long ~~gaol~~ sentence, I would say things which would hurt many people in the Party. Thus, for personal as well as political reasons I found it impossible to enter the witness box. One of the police who hovered around court came to me and suggested that I would be a fool to go to gaol to protect ^c the communists. If I told the magistrate what I knew the charge against me would fall away. This, he explained very carefully, was his own personal opinion. For me the issue was no longer one of personal safety. It was whether or not there was any common ground between me and apartheid. Since there was none, I had to go to gaol without identifying myself with the communists.

The issue of entering the witness box came up again when we got to Johannesburg. I was encourage^d tremendously when those who

had resigned with me and others decided, after a lengthy and very frank debate, to go to gaol rather than enter the witness box.

For Congress Mbatha, a research officer of the South African Institute of Race Relations and one of the foundation members of the Youth League, principle mattered more than personal advantage. He was not a politically-committed person. He disapproved strongly of apartheid and would not come anywhere near it in Court. Paul Mosaka was in bad health. He had never attended any of the meetings of the continuation committee. Rather than side with apartheid, he, too, chose to go to gaol. Old Reverend N.B. Tantsi had not only the years against him, his health was also frail. He saw no point in opening his mouth. The Progressive Party man, Reverend B. Rajuili, also chose to go to gaol with us.

Our behaviour in court impressed Luthuli very deeply.

His attitude was very much warmer. The personal relations between us had improved in such a way that I could take my wife to Groutville when visiting him. On the way she decided that she would remain in the car and not intrude into our delicate discussions. I saw little wrong with that. When we got to Luthuli's house I parked the car outside, left her there and walked in. Luthuli peeped through the window as we talked and saw her. Without another word he rushed to the door in the dawning style so peculiarly his, got her out of the car and escorted her ceremoniously to where his own wife was. The whole house rang with laughter and the warmth which came out of him spontaneously. After that he returned to the sitting room and we turned our minds to the grave matters before us.

As May 31, 1961, approached we visited him more frequently merely to exchange views that is, Bhengu and I. He was very worried man. The split in the continuation committee had upset him. We told him of the duplicity and our being used as rubber stamps. I thought it curious that he did not offer a constructive alternative. He politely took note of what we said and all seemed to end there. He did not seem free to examine the situation with the boldness I had known in the past. At the same time Bhengu and I were very

heavily impressed with one fact ; He was almost completely ~~out~~
out of touch with the course events were taking on his own side.
He was not informed at all. The special factors which decided
policies were, it seemed to us, never presented to him . He now and
then received couriers from Johannesburg who merely came to acquaint
him with the decisions taken there. On another day Bhengu and I visited
him just before the sun set. Tension was in the air then. The government
had bared its teeth. Armed police and the army were almost everywhere.
Luthuli asked us to sit under a large tree in his garden. This was the
safest spot ^{where} we could have a chat. During the conversations he told us
that Nelson Mandela had been to his house. He had ^{come} ~~come~~ to ask him to
leave the country before ^m May 29-31 for Swaziland. From there he
would operate with greater freedom . Luthuli told us frankly that he
had said his place was in South Africa; that he would stay there.

Bhengu and I immediately saw what was brewing in the
communist mind. Luthuli with his commitment to non-violence and the
moral ^{conscience} ~~experience~~ could be a stumbling block to communist plans. He
had to be got rid of subtly. He was no longer young; yet he still
remained a symbol of resistance accepted by many people. His house
was open to men of all persuasions. That did not suit the
communists. We could even have access to him with our "pernicious"
ideas. Mandela was in a hurry to project himself to the fore as the
heroic leader who would respect no law and no ban. If Luthuli fled ~~&~~
and crossed the border into the Protectorate, that would ^{cut} ~~cut~~ off ^{him} ~~him~~
promptly from the struggle. He would become a refugee, with no
hope of ever returning to South Africa again. If he went back he
would be geoled and would, with his health being what it was,
probably die in ppison. He had seen through the trick and had
decided to stay in South Africa whatever happened.

A few days before the day of the stay-at-home strike
called ~~for~~ by the Maritzburg conference (at which Mandela appeared
dramatically to send his ultimatum to the government and disappeared

equally quickly) we called on Luthuli again. The changed man was really worrying me. During our talks he confided to us one of his problems. There was the possibility ^{he said,} that violence might break out on the day of the strike and blood might be shed. He felt in his heart, he ^{continued} ~~said~~, that he would like to intervene at that stage and pronounce against violence. He specifically asked us to help him and say how we would handle that situation if we were in his position. He explained that he did not want to do things and be repudiated. This was a new Luthuli speaking. In nearly twenty years of working with him I had never heard him say he was afraid of being repudiated. There was I, faced with the symbol of our resistance uncertain about the reactions to what would be morally correct. In the past the fact that the act was morally correct would have settled everything for him. He had been pushed to the point where he was no longer certain about the wisdom of doing the moral thing if political advantage could be lost. What was happening to the man of God, I asked myself?

Apartheid had pushed him ruthlessly to the position where the laws of God and the laws of Man conflicted in such a way that Luthuli had had to recognise the potency of the laws of Man in the world of men. He still leaned on God, I thought. But he dreaded repudiation by men in a critical situation almost as much as he feared being rejected by God. He had to make the bitter choice between standing for the moral truth and paying the price and taking up what was an equivocal position on a moral issue and saving his political skin. He had not made up his mind when we arrived. By telling us of his difficulties, he was probably trying to find his bearings. The long years of isolation from the world of his friends; the trying period of the treason trial; the illness and humiliation in prison; the brutality of the Boers who had beaten him up at a meeting some White had asked him to address in Pretoria; the snooping around his house by government agents and ^{other} ~~under~~ traitors; the ineffectiveness of the Church and the democratic world, all these and other trials weighed heavily on him. He had gone through and survived the physical

strain. A more critical phase had begun. He was feeling the spiritual strains. By slow degrees, he was beginning to ask, perhaps unconsciously, if the power of men in political life was not ~~more~~ ^{too} real ^{for him to} ~~than the power~~ ^{continue to think of non-violence} ~~to~~. To me this was the real significance of his fear of being repudiated. Bhengu replied promptly to say that Luthuli did not have much of choice. He had to raise his voice against violence to the person and bloodshed. I agreed wholeheartedly with Bhengu. I added that I would go farther. If I were in his position I would not hesitate to call off the strike. As the more vocal and intransigent of his two colleagues, I even assured him of my public and private support if he took up the position he was contemplating. I got the impression that he was happy with this not because we were on his side, but because the man of God in him had triumphed.

Two or three days before the strike we called on him again in a borrowed car. The owner did not know where I was really going. I took Bhengu along with me. We found Luthuli rather in a tense mood, like us. The government had mobilised the army, the police and the air force, The army and police reserves had been alerted, so also the navy. Blood was in the air. Suddenly, the brave men who had hurled defiance at the government in Maritzburg, had disappeared. The men of courage who had sworn to lead the masses into action took fright when they saw the power of the White man in the form of armed tanks in the locations. They did not have the nerve to face the consequences of their deeds when the police started rounding them up. That demoralised the multitudes and left them in an excited mood. All of us feared that if they did not have any leaders, they might get out of control and nobody could say where they would stop once this happened. The three of us decided that a drive around the magisterial district of Stanger would do all of us a lot of good. We drove round and round the place, in and out of the sugar-cane fields. At one place I drove into a narrow road. Luthuli warned me that if we travelled too far along this narrow route we might go beyond the

magisterial boundary. Nobody wanted that sort of thing to happen.

I could not turn back, there was a blind rise ahead. The road was too narrow. I was not familiar with the peculiar workings of the borrowed car. I decided to get over the blind rise and turn back. If the police found us in that lonely place they would certainly arrest the three of us. Apart from everything, if an enemy of any one of us saw us around there and then ^{set} ~~was~~ one of the fields on fire, we would find it very difficult to explain our presence near where the conflagration would have started.

I tried to race toward the rise and changed gears as I would have done in my own car. The thing did not pick up strength. I changed swiftly on to the second gear. It stalled half-way up the rise. I allowed it to roll down a little and tried to start in reverse gear. It would not move. I swung it into the cane field and rolled it down again; it would not start. I stopped it and tried to open its bonnet. I had never seen ^{an} ~~an~~ engine like that before. I closed it and was moving toward my door when a van loaded with police suddenly appeared on the rise above us, hurled a cloud of dust against us and raced past. I was so frightened my legs trembled. I felt as though my trousers ^{were} ~~was~~ falling down my legs. In a sense I was responsible for Luthuli being with us. The fact that we were together in a strange place could be used as proof that he had attended a meeting of ~~the~~ three ~~was~~ in the car. As he was not allowed to attend gatherings he could be charged and gaoled for a long period. I opened the door and sat down by Luthuli's side quietly. ^{My} ~~My~~ voice was still hoarse with fright. When I told ^{him} ~~that~~ the police had just ^{driven} ~~gone~~ past, he laughed and said we were lucky they were in too much of a hurry. The three of us agreed that we ^{should} ~~better~~ move on as quickly as possible. As luck would have it, when I pressed the self-starter the engine revolved powerfully and we drove out of harm's way.

~~over~~ He told Luthuli about some of the groups in ^{underground}

the process of forming in Durban. These had reached the point where they had no time for non-violence. They were determined to attack property in a bid to hit the White man where it hurt most. ^{Some} They drew the distinction between violence to the person and violence to property. ~~They were against the A. Man.~~ They accepted the latter as the proper language to speak to a government which was unresponsive to moral pressures or peaceful agitations for reform. For a while he sat still in the car. We pointed out to him that we were keen to know his reactions to this development. He was engrossed in deep thought. We ourselves had given very careful consideration to ^S ~~the~~ ^{our} attitude to violence and had reached certain conclusions. We expected him to reply either condemning it or expressing very serious doubts on the wisdom of the course pursued by some of the young men in the African community. After a while he replied and said: "I can understand how the younger ~~people~~ are feeling...." To me, this reaction meant that he was no longer under any illusions about the line he had pursued. He had reached the point where he was caught firmly between two tides of implacable violence— the one from the ~~White~~ side and the other from his. He could ^O ~~adpt~~ ^S one of four courses. He could stand between the two, preaching non-violence and peace until he was crushed between them. He would then go down history a Great martyr. The moral courage of the true Gandhian in the face of suffering would reach its moment of triumph when he fell for the moral ideal he had upheld. If he thought in terms of political effectiveness he would realise it was all nonsense to talk of non-violence when the government was absolutely unresponsive to any type of moral or peaceful pressure. He would become a theoretical advocate of non-violence. He would continue to preach it as a confession of his own personal faith which had no direct bearing on the actual realities of the situation underground. When called upon to pronounce against violence he would be reluctant to rush to risk being repudiated. On the other hand he could retire from the struggle and watch African Nationalism and Afrikaner Nationalism

collide and destroy each other because they would not accept his peaceful lead. His health was certainly no longer good. Finally, he could openly shift emphasis from the unqualified advocacy of non-violence to the acceptance of violence to property.

What impressed me at the time was his growing appreciation of the realities developing on the White side. Apartheid was supported by the overwhelming majority of the Whites. The Afrikaner Nationalists were very strong; they were united in purpose. World opinion was not effective enough. The enemies of apartheid internally were divided. He was unable to bring them together because of his association with the communists. For him to understand in this context was, in the final analysis, to admit the failure of non-violence. He had risked his reputation and spent the best years of his political life upholding it. He had not made the government change. He had not been able to offer his people anything. Ahead of him lay the possibility of repudiation— not only by his opponents but also by the very people whom he had led. There were serious clashes in the underground over the issue of violence. Very many of his most determined supporters when the ANC was a legal organisation clamoured powerfully for a realistic policy of violence. The bans tied him down to Groutville. That created a vacuum in the leadership circles of the African people. Sobukwe could not fill it. He was in gaol. The communists pushed in Nelson Mandela. After May 31, 1961, he announced that the days of non-violence were over. Luthuli did not repudiate him. He had lost the initiative to influence events. His young ^{supporters} saw in Mandela the hero who would speak the language the White man would understand. The situation created by the government called for a desperate leader with a desperate policy. Mandela provided just this in the section of the underground which saw virtue in Moscow and Peking. Luthuli was too sick, too old, too religious and too moderate to be.